

# 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 18, 1848.

NO. 16.

## The Principles of Nature.

FROM THE EDINBURGH PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

### PHRENOLOGY AND MESMERISM: THE TRUE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT IN WHICH THEY SHOULD BE EXAMINED.\*

It is hardly necessary here to do more than allude to certain cases of alleged failure, in which the only cause of failure has been the extravagant and unreasonable expectations of the experimenter or the skeptic. A skeptic, having read the account of the mesmeric phenomena exhibited in a case, and having, perhaps, soon after, the opportunity of seeing another case, quite new, proceeds to examine it, and instead of studying the case as presented by Nature, he insists that the patient shall either do all that the other patient was said to do, or submit to be denounced as an impostor. Without some experience of the style of reasoning prevalent among what may be called lay-skeptics (that is, skeptics without scientific training,) it is difficult to imagine the extent to which bad logic can be pushed. Yet nothing is so common as to hear a person ask, a test of truth, on being told that another has been thrown into the mesmeric sleep, "Is he clairvoyant?" and nothing is so difficult as to convince such a person that a patient may experience the mesmeric sleep, without possessing a trace of clairvoyance, or even of insensibility to pain. But we can hardly be surprised that lay-skeptics should reason thus, when we find a medical man asking of a patient who was said to exhibit insensibility to pain, or some other mesmeric phenomenon, "Does he read with his belly?"—as if any writer on Mesmerism had ever stated, or even hinted, that each patient must exhibit the higher phenomena, or all the phenomena; or, as if the truth of one depended on the existence of the other.

We shall not dwell on the singular objection to Mesmerism, namely, that it proceeds, from the arch-fiend, and is to be shunned or denounced as a snare of Satan. This objection, like those which refer to consequences, presupposes the truth of the facts.

Having thus briefly gone over the common objections to Mesmerism, it plainly appears that they are, for the most part, founded on ignorance of the laws of scientific evidence; and that, if the evidence produced in favor of the alleged facts of Mesmerism is to be treated as scientific testimony on questions of fact generally and very properly is, then the essential points in the statements of the chief writers on the subject must be admitted.

We have already established a parallel between Phrenology and Mesmerism in regard to their first reception; and it appears to us that this parallel may be extended somewhat further, so as to embrace the present state and widely-extended reception of both.

With regard to Phrenology, the Edinburgh Review no longer ventures the amazing dictum, "that there is not the smallest reason for supposing that the mind ever operates through the agency of any material organs," except those of the external

senses and voluntary motion. Not only is the brain allowed to have a connection with the mind, but it may be looked on as a generally received truth, that the forehead is the seat of the intellectual powers, so that no man, with a view to intellectual superiority, would desire for his son a low and contracted forehead. It is even very generally admitted that the coronal region is connected with the higher moral sentiments, and that the basilar and posterior regions bear a similar relation to the animal propensities. It is very common to hear the great regions of the head admitted, while the detail of each (that is, the existence of the organs of the special mental faculties) is denied or doubted. The merits of Gall, as an anatomist, are universally admitted; nay, even his classification of the mental faculties is extensively acknowledged as superior to those of his predecessors. But it is supposed, somehow, that he first of all constructed his system of faculties, and then deduced the special organology from the great regions above mentioned, very much according to his own fancy. Nothing can be more remote from the truth. Gall first noticed the organ of Language, seated in the anterior lobe; next, perhaps, that of Locality, also seated there; then that of Love of Offspring, seated in the occiput; and so on—for years, without even the idea of the three great regions, till the greater number or the whole of his faculties and their organs being fixed, he then noticed that the organs of the intellectual faculties were all in the anterior lobe, those of the moral sentiments in the coronal region, and those of the animal propensities in the basilar and posterior parts of the brain. Those, therefore, who admit the three great classes of faculties, with their corresponding regions (which they almost instinctively feel to be true,) are not aware that this admission implies that of the very details to which they object, inasmuch as the former have been established only through the latter. Instead of, as they suppose, assuming a class and locality of moral feelings, and mapping this out into organs of Benevolence, Veneration, etc., Gall did the very reverse; for he discovered, one by one, the organs of these and other sentiments, and found at length that they were allied in nature as well as in the position of the organs, and thus formed one of the great class with its corresponding region of the brain. The details, then, which are denied, proved or established the general fact which is admitted.

In regard to Mesmerism, in like manner, a great change has taken place. Formerly the whole subject was denounced as a deliberate imposture. Now, the charge of imposture, when made, is confined to some of what are called the higher phenomena, and a general impression exists that "*there is something in Mesmerism.*"

On examining a little more closely, we find that one mesmeric phenomenon, namely, the existence of a peculiar state, called the mesmeric state, the mesmeric sleep, the mesmeric coma, somnambulism, sleep-waking, etc., is now almost universally admitted. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive how it could ever have been denied, considering the abundant testimony of all ages to its occurrence as a spontaneous condition. We are prepared to maintain that the testimony in favor of its production by artificial means, such as mesmeric passes, is quite equal to that which establishes the fact of spontaneous somnambulism; nay, that it is absolutely irresistible. The admission of this state as produced by Mes-

\* Concluded from page 229.



merism, or even as a spontaneous phenomenon, we look upon as the turning point of the controversy, as important to Mesmerism as the admission of the three great classes of faculties and the three regions of the brain is to Phrenology. Before, however, making some observations on the bearings of this point, we may remark that another mesmeric phenomenon either is now or very soon must be admitted as universally as the existence of somnambulism. We refer to the production of insensibility to pain by Mesmerism.

It is not going too far to say, that no natural fact is more satisfactorily established than this. Even the first case recorded in England of the performance of a capital surgical operation without pain on a man in the mesmeric state (the case of the man Wombell, reported by Messrs. Ward and Topham,) is supported by an amount of testimony, such as, in any other case, would have commanded instant belief, and such as, in every unprejudiced mind, will produce entire conviction of the truth of the statement made by the patient and the gentlemen who mesmerized him and performed the operation. The whole account of the case bears the obvious impress of truth; and the manner in which it was received by the London Medical and Chirurgical Society is a very marked instance of the prevalence of those fallacious notions of what constitutes evidence in such cases, to which we have already referred, and will long remain a lasting stigma on that body.

But, so far is that case from being a solitary one, that hundreds of similar cases have since been reported, and among these, upward of one hundred painless operations performed by one gentleman, Dr. Esdaile, in the presence of numerous officials of the East India Company, and others, in the company's hospital at Hoogly.

We look on the mass of evidence adduced to show the production of insensibility to pain by Mesmerism, by Dr. Esdaile, in his *Mesmerism in India*,\* as many times more than sufficient to establish that point, had no other evidence existed; but there exists even a larger amount of unimpeachable testimony to the same effect in the cases collected by Dr. Elliotson, and published in the *Zoist*, on the authority of the operators.

When we look at this testimony, we are at a loss even to imagine in what way it can be evaded. We cannot doubt that the same amount and quality of evidence would prove entirely satisfactory, on any other subject, to the opponents of Mesmerism; and we are therefore compelled to believe that the feelings, in this instance, are so warped by prejudice as not to recognize the presence of convincing evidence. Indeed, we have recently had a complete demonstration that the difficulty lies not in the absence of evidence in favor of the fact, but in the state of mind of the recipient. We allude to the discovery that insensibility to pain may be produced by inhaling the vapor of ether.

When this fact was first announced, it came to us on the authority of two or three respectable American surgeons, unknown, however, even by name, except to a very few private friends in this country. The number of cases was very small, and the facts of these cases were described, as nearly as possible, in the very same words as the painless mesmeric operations. Yet, up to this time, there has not appeared a doubt as to the truth of the facts. They have been, if not at once considered as established, at once received, as alleged facts ought to be, respectfully; they have been repeated, and, being true, of course confirmed. Above all, no one has ventured to say that the American surgeons or their patients were impostors. In short, this discovery has been received as it ought to have been.

How different was the reception of Mr. Ward's case, above alluded to! in which the patient was publicly accused of deliberate imposture, because he declared he felt no pain. It was held to be a proof of fraud, that he said he heard "a sort of crunching" when the bone of his leg was sawn through, while he felt no pain in it; but precisely analogous statements are every day

made by those rendered insensible to pain by ether, and are not supposed to prove the existence of fraud.

The two cases are absolutely parallel; except that during the first fortnight of the ether discovery, perhaps much later, the balance of testimony, both in point of amount and of quality, was vastly in favor of the truth of the mesmeric method of causing insensibility to pain. And yet, while the power of the ether was at once admitted, not only was that of Mesmerism denied, but the patient and operators were, and by some still are, publically accused of fraud and imposture. It is plain that, in the latter case, some very strong prejudice blinded the mental vision to the force of the testimony, which was absolutely, in point of cogency, the same as that which in the former case produced instant conviction. We rather think that many imagine that they can understand, account for, or explain, the action of the ether, which is a tangible material agent, whereas the action of Mesmerism, being of an intangible or spiritual nature, appears to them incapable of being explained; therefore, the alleged result is incredible, impossible, forged! It is hardly necessary here to add, that we can as little explain the mode of action of ether as we can that of mesmeric passes.

As little is it necessary here to point out that this discovery of the power of ether is destined to clear away an enormous mass of prejudice still existing on the subject of Mesmerism. When people are accustomed to believe (and already hardly any one doubts this) that insensibility to pain can be caused by artificial means, they will easily discover that there may be various modes of doing this; and as soon as they try the experiment, they will find that one of these is the so-called mesmeric process. They will also find that passes are far from being the only means of producing the mesmeric state. All this will take place before long; and people will ask themselves with wonder, how they were ever able to shut their eyes to the evidence laid before them of the power of Mesmerism in producing insensibility to pain; and, above all, how they could so far forget the dignity of scientific investigation as to accuse medical gentlemen of highest honor, and patients whose characters had been till then unimpeached, of conspiring to deceive the world by such stupid, unmeaning frauds; frauds, moreover, which must infallibly have been exposed in a very short time.

Let us now consider for a little the bearing on the whole controversy of what we have just stated; namely, that the existence of the mesmeric sleep as the result of certain processes is recognized; and that the artificial production of insensibility to pain, in like manner, is, or presently will be, generally admitted.

The former of these is an immense step gained. It is but a few years, or rather months, since even the very existence of the mesmeric sleep was flatly denied, and those who, having seen it, professed their belief in it, were designated as either duping or duped, either rogues or fools. But now, most persons who have thought on the subject at all, are ready to admit the sleep, even while they deny most vigorously the existence of clairvoyance. In regard to the sleep, they seem to have a notion that they get rid of the matter by ascribing it to the imagination. "No doubt," they will say, "the mesmeric sleep exists, but it is entirely caused by the imagination." Be it so; and let it be granted that those who use this phrase mean merely this, that the body is ultimately affected so as to cause sleep, in consequence of a previous affection of the mind reacting on the body through the brain. The questions still recur, Is this peculiar state producible by artificial means? And what is the state? Surely if the imagination, in what way soever, can give rise to the phenomena of somnambulism, it is time to study the imagination, and to trace the laws and conditions of its action, of which, on this supposition, little or nothing is yet known. And surely it is equally plain, that to ascribe these phenomena to the imagination, if the phenomena be true, is not to explain, nor even to simplify them, but only to add another link to the chain

\* For sale by Fowlers & Wells, New York. Price 75 cents.



of causes which have been supposed to give rise to them. There is, in many minds, a vague notion, that to ascribe any thing to *imagination*, renders it *imaginary*, or rather annihilates it; whereas if a phenomenon, such as the mesmeric sleep, be true, it is not the less a substantial fact because it has been brought on through or by the imagination, that is, in consequence of a mental impression, as there is no doubt it can be.

The only real question, then, here is, that of the reality of the phenomenon of the mesmeric sleep. We cannot on any theory yet proposed explain its nature or origin, but we can convince ourselves of its existence. And here it may be confidently stated, that the recorded testimony to the fact is, in precision, in fullness, in consistency, and in the trustworthiness of the witnesses, equal, if not superior, to any collection of testimony bearing on any point in natural science which can be pointed out. Accordingly, in spite of prejudice, and in spite of the prevailing fallacy which leads men to reject that which appears incredible or impossible, or which cannot be explained or accounted for, for no other reason but that it appears incredible or incomprehensible, the conviction is generally spread among well-informed people, that the fact of the mesmeric sleep is established, while even the most skeptical are heard to say that there is "something in it."

But it is impossible logically to admit this fundamental fact, without at the same time admitting a great deal more. If the operator, and the patient whom he throws into the mesmeric sleep, be in regard to that phenomenon trustworthy and accurate, we cannot suppose that they should become all at once dishonest in regard to the subsequent stages of somnambulism. Again, if there be one fact connected with the sleep more firmly established than another, it is that of the divided or double consciousness, or the circumstance that the somnambulist, when awake, does not, as a general rule, recollect what has occurred during his sleep, although he may recollect it in his next sleep. To this rule there are exceptions; and this fact is of itself a strong proof of *bona fides* in the patients. Were they impostors, they would all exhibit what is believed to be an essential mark of the true mesmeric sleep. Now if this divided consciousness exist, a lesson in fraud given in the waking state would be of no avail in the sleep. If it be said that the fraud is devised and carried out in the sleep, this admits the sleep as a fact, and we come again to the altogether inadmissible theory that all the patients and their mesmerists who have told the truth as to the first stage of mesmeric sleep, at once rush into deliberate falsehood in regard to the more advanced stages.

We have seen many who admit the entire truth of the first, which they consider the least marvelous stage of the mesmeric condition, yet who absolutely reject the higher phenomena. Now it does appear to us very wonderful indeed, that such persons, professing a wise incredulity, should either admit the existence of so astounding a mass of deceit appearing in the same forms in all parts of the civilized world, on the part of persons who give a true account of the earlier phenomena; or should not perceive that this is implied in their utter rejection, as the produce of fraud, of the higher, while they admit, as facts, the lower mesmeric phenomena. Least of all, are those who adopt so amazing an hypothesis as that of the existence of fraud in all mesmeric cases, entitled to sneer at Mesmerism as a theory.

Having felt from the first that the testimony in favor of the facts of Mesmerism was of such a nature as to entitle the subject to the most earnest and careful investigation on the part of all who feel an interest in natural truth, we have availed ourselves of such opportunities as have been presented to us of studying the phenomena. This we have done in private, because, from the very nature of the thing, it is very ill adapted for public exhibition; and we have, in several instances, seen and produced the ordinary mesmeric sleep, entire insensibility to pain, divided consciousness, and some others of the more common phenomena. It is altogether unnecessary here to specify cases or

details, inasmuch as, with peculiarities in each case, the general results are precisely such as have been described with perfect truth in hundreds of published cases. Most of our observations were made on individuals who had never been exhibited, even in a private party, and some of them had never been mesmerized before. We cannot possibly be more certain of the entire absence of willful deceit or fraud in any persons or circumstances whatever, than in these cases; and we are bound to say, that, as far as they go, they entirely confirm the statements of all the best writers on Mesmerism.

But our opportunities have been but very limited, and we have not yet met with the higher phenomena, more especially clairvoyance. Still, it would be contrary to all sound principles of reasoning were we, on that account, to deny the existence of clairvoyance, seeing that it rests on the testimony of the very same persons whose statements, in regard to the lower phenomena, we have found to be not only true, but in a high degree accurate and minute. And it would be even far worse, were we, because of our own want of success in the attempts to elicit those higher phenomena, to accuse of imposture those same observers whose testimony we have, in other points, found to be so trustworthy. Belief is involuntary, and no one can insist on our believing the existence of clairvoyance when we have not seen it. But not to believe or feel satisfied of the fact is a very different thing from accusing of falsehood those who say they have seen it, and whom we have no reason to doubt. On the other hand, it is not always necessary to see a fact in order to believe it. There are many facts which we believe on testimony, without having ever seen them; and it cannot surely be said that no amount of testimony would be sufficient to convince us of the existence of clairvoyance. There are many people, nay, there are probably some medical men, who have never seen a case of ague; yet none of these persons doubt that an ague can be cured by means of quinine. Why is this? Simply because the testimony is sufficient. It cannot be said that the power of quinine to cure ague is more easily explained than clairvoyance; for those who have most studied the subject, best know how far we are from any thing approaching to a satisfactory theory of the action of quinine, or indeed of any other remedy. It is well remarked by a modern writer on physiology, that, in truth, the formation of a crystal is to the full as wonderful as the production of an organized being; and we may say, that our ordinary nightly sleep is not less wonderful than clairvoyance, as far as concerns our ability to explain these phenomena.

While, therefore, we have not yet been able to see any case in which the highest mesmeric phenomena have occurred, we find it utterly impossible to resist the mass of recorded testimony, both of the dead and of the living, on this point. We doubt not that there may have been exaggeration; that the phenomena may frequently have been ill observed; and that many fallacious theories may have been founded on them: but making all possible allowances, there remains an amount of absolutely unimpeachable testimony, more than sufficient, if fairly weighed, to prove that, in the higher stages of the mesmeric sleep, the patient frequently acquires powers which, in his waking state, he does not possess. Whether these powers be acquired merely through an exaltation of the delicacy and acuteness of the ordinary senses; or whether, as some suppose, a new sense or senses be developed; or what, finally, may be the explanation or the true theory of these facts, we cannot say; but the evidence of the facts we hold to be irresistible, and to be such as, in any question where prejudice was not excited, would never for an instant be doubted. It is not within the limits of possibility, practically, that so many observers, during the last sixty or seventy years, in so many different places, and under such various circumstances, should, in regard to clairvoyance, agree on all essential points, unless the facts were facts; and besides, the very idea of deceit on the part of all these observers is at once felt to be preposterous.



The testimony of modern observers on this subject is greatly strengthened by the existence of numerous recorded cases of spontaneous somnambulism, exhibiting powers far beyond the ordinary reach of the senses; of double or alternate consciousness; and even of insensibility to pain. And although there be little recorded exactly corresponding to mesmeric clairvoyance, yet the agreement of the descriptions of the recorded cases with those of mesmeric somnambulism in all the recorded phenomena, is such as to give us great confidence in the accuracy of the modern reports. There are, however, some facts recorded, which would seem to indicate that some of the higher mesmeric phenomena had been observed as spontaneously occurring, generally in cases of disease of the nervous system, such as hysteria and catalepsy, and usually ascribed to supernatural influence.

This leads us to notice the very common objection urged by those who are not so ready as some are to charge others with falsehood; namely, that the mesmeric phenomena, being observed only in "hysterical females," are, on that account, unworthy of attention.

We profess our inability to perceive the cogency of this argument. It cannot be meant that a fact is less a fact because it occurs as a symptom of hysteria. It is probably intended to maintain, that hysterical females are so fanciful, and so uncertain, that their statements cannot be relied upon. But surely no one will maintain that it is impossible so to study an hysterical case, as to ascertain the presence or absence of certain facts or powers. Even admitting the existence, in all cases, of what probably occurs in some cases of hysteria (namely, a peculiar proneness to deceit,) there are many things that can be ascertained in spite of that tendency, which is in itself a very curious phenomenon, and worthy of careful study. Indeed, if such a deceitful patient were capable of stimulating the mass of recorded mesmeric phenomena, even in a small degree, this power would be quite as wonderful as clairvoyance.

But, in truth, mesmeric phenomena are just as often seen in persons not at all hysterical, as in those affected with hysteria, and nearly as often in males as in females; and if there are some cases in which a tendency to deceit appears, this has been noted and described by the writers on Mesmerism themselves, while they all agree in the statement, that a most frequent characteristic of the mesmeric state is an exalted moral sense, and the highest degree of truth and sincerity.

There is another point connected with Mesmerism which must here be noticed. We allude to its employment as a remedy. There can be no doubt that if one tenth part of the evidence which has been published, as to the remedial employment of Mesmerism, had been produced in favor of a new drug, it would long since have been tried by every practitioner. Here we see the same fallacy that has caused the difference between the reception given to the alleged facts of insensibility to pain, as produced by Mesmerism and as produced by ether. Men imagine, that where certain properties are ascribed to a drug, a tangible means of acting on the system, it is, somehow, easier to understand the result than where there is nothing material employed. There cannot be a greater fallacy; for, in the case of the drug, we only know *that it acts*, but not *how it acts*: and, with regard to the mesmeric process, apparently so immaterial, it not only acts through the nervous system, but its effects are capable of being produced by other and more material means, as the contact of a magnet, or of a crystal, or of the wire through which the electric current is passing, or of the human hand, as well as by passes made at a certain distance from the body. Mr. Braid has even shown that the mesmeric sleep, and other mesmeric phenomena (excepting, however, the highest, which he has not produced,) may be caused by the patient's acting on himself, either by fixing the eyes on a point, or by concentrating the thoughts on the subject.

Of course the remedial efficacy of Mesmerism is likely to be exaggerated by those who have witnessed, or experienced it.

But the same remark applies to all new remedies, and cannot justify us in refusing to try them. An agent which has so powerful an effect on the nervous system, ought to be made the ally of the physician; and the less understood and the more dangerous the power is, the more is it the duty of the physician to study it with care. The best precaution against its abuse is the fullest possible knowledge of it. On the whole, we must confess that medical men have been very far from attaching due weight to evidence produced in favor the curative powers of Mesmerism. Considering its direct and powerful influence on the nervous system, we should naturally expect to hear of its efficacy in diseases of that system; and, accordingly, we find that the alleged benefits of Mesmerism have been chiefly in cases of epilepsy, paralysis, hysteria, neuralgia, melancholia, and mania. Surely where other means have failed, as they too often do in such diseases, we are bound to try this remedy, were it merely on account of the respectable testimony by which it is recommended.

With regard to the use of Mesmerism in surgical operations, the introduction of ether, as a means of producing insensibility to pain, will very much limit its employment. There is, however, much reason to conclude that the state induced is the same in both methods; and if so, we must be prepared for the occurrence of very great varieties in the effects of the ether. It is highly probable that cases will present themselves which will not yield to ether; and some of these may yield to Mesmerism. Cases also may occur in which ether is injurious, and in which Mesmerism may be safely employed. It is also to be expected, that a careful study of the phenomena produced by the inhalation of ether will throw much light on the mesmeric phenomena.

Having thus gone through the circumstances connected with the reception of Mesmerism, it appears that it was at first rejected, not for want of evidence, but because men's minds were so prejudiced as not to give the evidence a fair consideration; that the evidence, being exactly such as is required in all other branches of natural science, is gradually producing a general conviction of the truth of Mesmerism; that to admit the lower phenomena, and, with regard to the higher, to assume *mala fides* on the part of all mesmeric observers and writers, would lead to endless difficulty and contradiction; that we are not entitled, even when the alleged fact appears to us incredible, to impute fraud to the reporter; and that, where prejudice has not been active, as in the example of the inhalation of ether, the alleged discovery has been received and treated precisely as all alleged discoveries in natural science, including those of Mesmerism, ought to be. As there is no difference between the evidence in the two cases, sufficient to justify the opposite reception they have met with, we cannot avoid the conclusion that, after some time, the evidence in favor of Mesmerism will produce its full effect, and that the subject will be studied, in all its departments, precisely as any other branch of natural science is. w. c.

---

IN the soul of man are certain signs which testify to his celestial origin and his glorious destination. If he had been created for a day, what would signify that insatiability of the spirit which searches every where, resting no where—that curiosity of the mind which knows no limits—that immense capacity of suffering—that noble enthusiasm for truth and virtue—those profound reveries at the aspect of the grand in Nature images of infinite greatness, and, also, that indomitable energy of the passions, so inconsistent with our fragile and perishing envelop.

---

WITHOUT light, we often love that which is not worthy of our love, fancies of a weak intelligence. A more attentive examination soon discovers the error; with the illusion the sentiment vanishes, and we grieve because of a void. We perceive another object of love, another subject of admiration, so much the spirit of love is ardent in the heart of man; hence, this sad inconstancy so derived, may sometimes result from reflection and wisdom. To change is often to have experienced the imperfection of things in attaining to a better life.



## Lectures for the People.

## MENTAL SLAVERY.

BY W. J. FOX.

THESE words present a fearful combination. Freedom has been hunted through the world, and is ever exposed to insult and injury. It is crushed by conquest; frowned from courts; expelled from colleges; scorned out of society; flogged in schools; and anathematised in churches. Mind is her last asylum; and if freedom quail there, what becomes of the hope of the world, or the worth of human nature?

The association of "mind" with "liberty" may almost be called natural or instinctive; the one term suggests the other. To think of mind is to think of freedom; it occurs as readily as in connection with whatever in nature is most expansive and universal. We use the phrase "free as the mind," in the same way as we speak of being "free as the waters or the air." And the analogy holds beyond that first association; for both air and water may stagnate; and, instead of becoming elements of life and enjoyment, be rendered sources of disease, pestilence, and death; but even these are only feeble types of the miseries which result from a stagnation of thought, and the evils inflicted on society when its mind is subject to the curse of slavery.

So intimate is this connection, that even the philosophical doctrine which traces the laws of mind and of thought—for they, like all existences, have laws by which their powers are developed and their results produced—even that has been prejudiced by the unhappy choice of such a term as "philosophical necessity" to such an operation as that of thought; a disposition to assert freedom even in a sense incompatible with the existence of law and the harmonious connection of cause and effect. This instinctive attachment to the union of mentality with liberty is warranted by experience. Nothing can be done for a people who are mentally enslaved. The wisest and most liberal institutions may be established by some great legislator; but the groveling spirit of the people will take away all the power of such institutions, perverting and bringing them down to their own sordidness. You may conquer freedom for such a country from external force; but even when the invader has been resisted, or when, by some Brutus or Cassius, the tyrant has been struck down to the earth, the innate slavery will be found too much for the external emancipation; still will chains be sought and worn; nor is there any hope of redemption for a nation, or prospect of progress for the world, except as intellect can be aroused to assert its own dignity, claim its rightful province of investigation, and pursue its career of independent examination and individual conclusion.

There are various states which alike belong to this general description of "mental slavery." It exists wherever any topic of thought is what they call in Tahiti "tabooed;" a phrase which the attention drawn toward that distant region has rendered not unfamiliar. Certain ruling classes in society have placed a religious restriction around particular objects of thought; they have warned the popular mind from off these regions, in order that they might the more effectually subdue it into subserviency to their own dictates. Whoever submits to be debarred from the investigation of any subject of human interest, thereby confesses himself slave. The man who signs a declaration that he will believe certain propositions to the end of his life, or consents to hold his position upon such conditions—the individual who subscribes either to articles of faith or war, (for they both come to much the same point) "subscribes himself slave," as Milton most appropriately says of ecclesiastical impositions. They are like the bishop who, in reference to some plausible heresy, said, "I dare not inquire." So it is with any clergyman or soldier in what are called their *professional duties*: "I dare not inquire" is, in fact, the language both of the one and the other, whether the subject of investigation be the justice

of the war in which the latter is called upon to draw the sword and shed the blood of his fellow-creatures, or the truth of the doctrines which the former is required to place before men professedly as a revelation from Heaven.

Each is a mental slave. So also is that large class of people who, in a country like this, divided into parties, are so often found playing the game of "Follow my leader,"—men who look not at principles but persons; pinning their faith upon the sleeve of some one individual; who has managed to ingratiate himself with them; who denounce what he denounces, and praise what he praises; who look to him as a kind of fogleman, by whom it must be determined whether they shall shout or remain silent, whether they shall clamor for this or for that; who investigate not the principles upon which measures are founded, or the results to which they may tend, but who think it enough that *the master* has said that such measures must be adopted; thus making themselves his "tools" in the very worst sense of that word—following him wherever he may choose to lead, and elevating him upon their shoulders, it may be into the possession of an authority from which, when attained, he will look down with scorn upon those who have placed him there, becoming a far greater tyrant than those whom they have enabled him to supersede and displace.

Nor is this the only way in which mind is debased, and the human spirit degraded. Not only the tools themselves, but the tool-user is often caught in this net; for as he consulted their prejudices to gain its influence, so must he continue to study them in order to maintain his ascendancy. If they dare not say their souls are their own, so he in his turn is reduced to have them become, as it were, his soul, so long as he requires their aid. He has to look closely to his words, lest he offend them; he is obliged to think what will please them, rather than what is true, just, and right in itself. He has to endeavor to extend his influence, although it be by the compromise of their dearest interests and the sacrifice of the truest principles. It is necessary that he should look to the right hand and the left, and often forego the support of, and sometimes even have to denounce, measures which he believes to be most wise and desirable; and thus cajoling his own conscience, he bows his neck to a yoke, while he is, in appearance, wielding a scepter. As they disgrace themselves by playing the game of "Follow my leader," the leader himself plunges yet more deeply into the mire, by practicing the far more base and despicable game of *following his followers*.

What catch-words have been employed to impose upon men, and frighten from investigation! In what different ways have they endeavored to reconcile themselves to foregoing the exercise of some faculty of their minds on topics that well deserve and demand the exercise of all their intellectual energies! Dr. Watts, for example, entertaining a profound veneration for John Locke. He wrote an ode, in which he placed the spirit of that great writer in the celestial regions; but after this description of the soul of John Locke in heaven, he recollected that his great favorite was unfortunately a heretic, and did not believe in certain doctrines professed by the theological school to which the doctor himself belonged, and which by them are deemed essential to salvation. To obviate the difficulty, he stretched his poetic license a little farther, and actually converted the soul of John Locke to orthodoxy after death had dismissed him from the visible to the invisible world. Now Dr. Watts was a man, who, upon other topics than that of theology, gave proof of possessing a better spirit than this would indicate. How just and true, for instance, is his estimate of the nature and work of education, as he expresses it in the ode addressed to his own teacher, Mr. Rowe:

"I love thy gentle influence, Rowe;  
Thy gentle influence, like the sun,  
Only dissolves the frozen snow;  
Then bids our thoughts like rivers flow,  
And choose the channels where they run."



Nothing can be more true or beautiful as a description of what education should be; but then the enactments and dogmas which forbid our thoughts to

"Choose the channels where they run,"

stop the course of those "rivers," dam the free current of thought, and prevent its benignant and fertilizing influences.

Good principles and just in their origin, becoming perverted or unmeaning in the lapse of time, have sometimes enslaved even great minds. There was a period when the inhabitants of this country were most reasonably and justly attached to their sovereigns; when the people and the crown were united against the baronial aristocracy, and in that alliance, offensive and defensive, they were paving the way for a greater enjoyment of political freedom. Hence sprang that fervent loyalty, of which tyrannical sovereigns subsequently took advantage, and which became a conventionalism to such an extent that the cavaliers who followed the standard of Charles I. declared they would fight to death for the crown, even though it were only stuck upon a thorn-bush.

This reverence for royalty affected strongly even the mind of such a man as Lord Bacon. He could see truth clearly on other subjects, at a period when it had been obscured by the jargon of the schools, and he prepared the way for those wonderful advances which have since been made in science; but while his eye was so keen for the perception of those maxims of freedom, justice, and policy which belong to social life, yet he spoke with the folly of a child of the acquirements of sovereigns. In his history he idealized that man of mean cunning and dirty trickery, Henry VII.; and before James I., at whom all Europe laughed, he bowed as to a right royal British Solomon; consenting even to become his victim in the disgrace which he suffered, without defense, because he knew that that mean-spirited monarch wished to preserve his favorite from the storm of public indignation; and so Bacon was made a tub for the whale in his impeachment, and the fury was exhausted upon him which should have hurled Buckingham into disgrace. He retired, relying on distant nations and future ages to do justice to his memory.

But what station is exempt from the influences which reduce to mental slavery? What is the condition of the sovereign of this country—what the mental freedom of the British monarch? No British regality is allowed the right of conversion to certain theological doctrines, whatever the individual possessing that royalty may think of them. If the doctrine of transubstantiation could be proved to the satisfaction of the mind of a king or queen of England, it is at the peril of forfeiting the station they possess to accede to the proofs which they deem conclusive, and to avow publicly their religious principles. I call this mental slavery. The sovereign of this country dares not choose a religion, and must not see truth in any theological doctrine unless it be contained in the articles of the Protestant Church of England as by law established. He is debarred from that which is the common right of human nature, and may not even marry a person who entertains an honest conviction of the truth of such doctrines. Thus has ecclesiastical ambition managed, in the proud and wanton exercise of its authority, even to stamp "mental slave" upon the diadem of the British empire.

One of the influences of mental slavery on which I wish particularly to dwell, is that which affects the literature of the country. This is, perhaps, a form of the evil more important than any other, because it is more insidious. It corrupts the intellectual air we breathe; penetrating into the thoughts, and coming upon us unawares. Political slavery and external bondage give some warning, and may be guarded against, resisted, and thrown off; but the mental slavery which is conveyed by books infuses itself into minds as corrupt air does into the physical frame, rendering them feeble, inert, incapable of helping themselves, and undesirous of assistance from others.

There is a remarkable instance in English literature of the

embodiment in an individual of this mental slavery. We very often hear Dr. Johnson spoken of as "the great moralist." He is held up to veneration by those who desire to affect the public mind in a particular way, and would have it grow within certain restrictions, but not attain to any very high degree of strength or the fulness of its maturity. Johnson was just the man for this purpose. Notwithstanding the praises which have been heaped upon him by those who might have been expected to look at literature a little more philosophically, even as a critic Dr. Johnson was an impersonation of whatever is most prejudiced, narrow, gross, and groveling in the vulgarest portion of the British intellect. He appeared to be great, merely because he gave back in high-sounding words what the ignorant thought in plainer terms. His greatness was like that which is sometimes observed in mountainous countries—for instance, upon the summit of the Brocken. The stranger looks up, on a misty morning, and in the vapor on the top of the mountain he sees the huge form of a human being, of colossal dimensions and proportions, one to whom the fabled giants are but as pigmies—a being who might ride the mammoth. The observer gazes on this figure with a kind of veneration as something wonderful and preternatural: but by and by he discovers that when he moves, it moves also; when he inclines his head, it does the same toward him; when he stretches forth his arm, it extends its arm likewise; when he kneels, it kneels; and at last he perceives that this figure, upon which he has been lavishing his admiration and veneration, is merely the reflection in the mist of his own form, an unsubstantial magnification of himself.

This is precisely what Dr. Johnson was to the vulgarest of English minds and morals; it saw itself magnified in the mist of his learning, and therefore it paid adoration to "the great moralist." And what was he in reality? What truth did he elucidate, or what error explode? What dying superstition was there in religion and politics, the existence of which he did not endeavor to uphold? He was a Jacobite when Jacobitism was all but worn out. One of the last of those who held allegiance to the house of Stuart, he was one of the first of its adherents who accepted a pension from, and rendered Tory loyalty to, the Hanoverian intruder. He was a believer in ghosts when every one else began to smile at the very idea; nay, he was even a ghost-seer, or rather a ghost-hearer himself, seriously and gravely recording, that about the time of his mother's death, at midnight, he heard a cry, "Sam! Sam! Sam!" three times over—though "nothing came of it." He was an advocate for hereditary faith, contending that no man had a right to change the religion of his forefathers. He was so narrow in his charities, that he sets it down as a great act of Christian feeling, that one day when he had partaken of the sacrament at church, he gave an old woman half-a-crown, "although he saw she had Hart's hymns in her hand," the evangelical hymn-book of that period. He was an advocate of the doctrine of "taxation no tyranny" at a time when political parties in England had begun to abjure the notion, and when America was in arms, making its final struggle against imposition. And over his whole course of life there was the gloom of that fear of death which superstition nourished in him, ever growing more and more terrible, leaving his name at last

"To point a moral and adorn a tale;"

to be a watch-word to those who would tie people to worn-out superstitions, and make them dwell in the shadow of things gone by—regarding the rising of the sun, whether of thought or political liberty, as owls and bats do the appearance of the luminary which sheds joy and brightness over all creation.

I think it is worth while to illustrate somewhat further the character of this celebrated person, and for that purpose refer to some passages in his *Lives of the Poets*. Dr. Johnson's *Life of Milton* has often been exposed and deservedly censured. It is full of passages which call for animadversion, and which seem to have been dictated by a bitter spirit of animosity, un



mitigated by any strong perception of the beauties and grandeur associated with the name of Milton.

A dislike of physical science is not uncommon amongst those who are opposed to the progress of human knowledge, and for a very obvious reason. It is by advancement in physical science that the people have bettered their position, and gained a greater abundance of the means of supporting human life, and been enabled to turn their thoughts toward the great principles of political society, or the abstruse speculations of theology. It is by the progress of physical science that maxims which have been received through long ages have been corrected and amended. It is by the material that the intellectual has been advanced; and if we look for a country and people most to be relied on for their acquaintance with what concerns justice, right, charity, and human advancement, we find them in connection with the most extensive and accurate acquirements in the physical sciences in their application to the common arts of life and the extension of the means of human subsistence and enjoyment.

While Dr. Johnson advanced the commonest opinions and prejudices for the sake of talk, he was continually uttering the most paradoxical assertions. In the multiplicity of his recorded dicta, which were received as the effusions of an oracle, we find such outrageous statements as these: that Dean Swift had very little humor; that Sheridan was dull; Foote was not a good mimic; that Garrick's personations of character upon the stage displayed less of intellect than a common street ballad-singer; that Dr. Price was not a person to sit down with him in a room; that Thomson was a sensualist—Rousseau a rascal; and that Shakspeare never wrote six lines without some fault. Upon philosophical opinions he used the same regal license of issuing his decrees. On the doctrine of philosophical necessity—a question surely not of easy decision, or to be disposed of summarily—he said "Sir, we know we are free; and there's an end on't." In education he considered Greek and Latin as the great essentials, "because they gave a man an advantage over others." He preferred public schools to private, because their emulation could be brought into play—the very reason why any sound moralist would have thought differently; and his profession, as to public interests, was very characteristic; "Public affairs vex no man; I have never slept an hour less, nor ate an ounce less meat; it is a mode of talking in society, but don't think foolishly."

Such was the real character of a man whose praise has been so loftily sung by the friends and supporters of whatever exists. There was a verse which Dr. Johnson was disposed to criticise with great contempt—

"Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free."

He alleged that this language was as absurd as his own parody of it—

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat;"

but it little became the character of a critic to overlook the circumstance, that want of fatness in the driver of the oxen does not incapacitate him from fulfilling his office, but is some advantage; while most assuredly, in ruling freemen, a participation in their freedom of spirit is not a disqualification, but an essential. Let a slave be placed in command over freemen, and all their liberties, political, religious, and intellectual, will be in jeopardy. A slave cannot well rule even over slaves; and if Dr. Johnson was, in reality, for a time, mental king of England, as he has sometimes been represented; why then it amounts to this—that there was one slave-mind ruling over a multitude of other slave-minds in virtue of the mere reflection and magnification of their own servility.

I have dwelt long upon this instance, because by the books of a people the mind is either nourished or poisoned. There is no better method of invigorating the mental powers, or rearing the soul to maturity, than the companionship of books, written in a

high, pure, free, and lofty spirit. The warning of Cassius was well founded—

"Let noble minds keep ever with their like."

What had Brutus to do with companionship to Cæsar? The true and free intellect will have its chosen familiarity with books of kindred spirit; delighting to wander with More in his Utopia, where he found refuge from the oppression of his time, and indulged in the anticipation of what society should some day become; luxuriating with universal Shakspeare in the world at large, with men of all ranks and characters, in their diversities forming the loftiest and truest harmony; ascending with Milton to "breathe empyrean air," and look down on the world from an elevation to which they alone can attain who dwell in an atmosphere of truth, seeing how clear and bright all things are, viewed through that transparent and elevated medium; consorting with such young philosophers as Akenside, in his first aspiration endeavoring to "breathe the soul of Plato into British verse;" and recreating himself with the lyrical strains of Burns, or the true-hearted Nicoll. Let but the spirit of such men as these encompass the votary of mental freedom, and he will live to some purpose in the world. If these are his literary tastes, his political principles will not be for measures which reduce five-sixths of the country to the condition of a slave-class, and lay the whole nation prostrate at the feet of a grasping aristocratical clique.

One cannot but rejoice to see emancipation from mental slavery in an American writer. We should be glad that, with all the faults of that country, and the faults, somewhat dissimilar, of this particular work, such books should be printed there, and republished here, as the "*Essays of Emerson*;" probably the first genuine effusion of American thought which has yet found utterance. How well he has spoken upon the very subject on which I have been addressing you to-night! how admirably he rebukes the timid spirit which looks fearfully around in society, and, before it gives utterance to a thought, asks what one will think and another will say if he employs such and such an expression. Emerson says:

"Man is timid and apologetic. He is no longer upright. He dares not say, 'I think,' 'I am,' but quotes some saint or sage. He is ashamed before the blade of grass, or the blowing rose. These roses under my window make no reference to former roses or to better ones; they are for what they are; they exist with God to-day. There is no time to them. There is simply the rose; it is perfect in every moment of its existence. Before a leaf-bud has burst, its whole life acts; in the full-blown flower there is no more; in the leafless root there is no less. Its nature is satisfied, and it satisfies nature in all moments alike. There is no time to it. But man postpones or remembers; he does not live in the present, but with reverted eye laments the past, or, heedless of the riches that surround him, stands on tip-toe to foresee the future. He cannot be happy and strong until he too lives with nature in the present, above time. This should be plain enough. Yet see what strong intellects dare not yet hear God himself, unless he speak in the phraseology of I know not what David, or Jeremiah, or Paul. We shall not always set so great a price on a few texts, on a few lives. We are like children who repeat by rote the sentences of grandames and tutors, and, as they grow older, of the men of talents and character they chance to see, painfully recollecting the exact words they spoke; afterward, when they come into the point of view which those had who uttered these sayings, they understand them, and are willing to let the words go; for, at any time, they can use words as good, when occasion comes. So was it with us; so will it be, if we proceed. If we live truly, we shall see truly. It is as easy for the strong man to be strong, as it is for the weak to be weak. When we have new perception, we shall gladly disburden the memory of its hoarded treasures, as old rubbish. When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook, and the rustle of the corn."

It is much better that Americans should write in the style which Emerson has adopted, than imitate our Addisons and Johnsons, or ape any thing that belongs to the old world, and take their expressions from the language of the literature produced in this country in other times, instead of consulting their



own impulses, forming their own notions, and expressing their own aspirations.

The great dead weight upon, and hindrance to, the expansion of thought, and intellectual progress, is most generally found in the established priesthood of a country—in men who are themselves sworn to think only certain things which are set down for them—who begin their lives with subscription to articles and creeds, which subscription has to be renewed with every preferment; so that their thoughts must keep on in the course marked out for them as long as they have consciousness, and mean to retain their position. There is something in this system not merely hostile to progress in one particular thing, but opposed to progress in any department whatever. It is inimical to political, scientific, and moral truth; it sets itself in array against whatever principles belong to the best interests of humanity; for those interests are bound up with its freedom and progress. Accordingly, it is always the endeavor of this class of men to obtain possession of the education of the country, and by that means to take the guidance of the popular mind, and insure its subserviency to their views. This object is evidently contemplated in the present day by the clergy. This is manifest from the jealousy with which all educational movements are watched by them, in the privileges which belong to such forms as have their approbation, and the difficulties with which all other endeavors, however seriously made and useful in their promise, are sure to encounter. But the attempt to effect the permanent mental thralldom of this nation cannot ultimately succeed.

To enslave the mind and thought of this country is a gigantic enterprise, and those who embark in it will be sure eventually to find themselves mistaken. The mind of England enslaved! That mind which showed its power in the very commencement of our history; which, in our Saxon ancestors, prevailed over the feeble aborigines, and made itself national—which quailed not to subsequent conquests, but subdued the conquerors themselves—which, in Wickliffe and Chaucer, created from a chaos of words the grand language of this country, so capable of all modes of expression, the utmost depth of sensation, the most fervent glow of poetry—which won at so early a period a then unrivalled freedom of institutions, and the germ of the representative system, while the rest of Europe still struggled under the yoke of feudalism—which rebelled against despotism over conscience, and so reformed itself, even before the outward adoption of the Protestant reformation; nor quietly bore even that as a yoke when it also became a domination—which kindled up in the Elizabethan era that magnificent constellation of poets and philosophers whose light will beam upon the world through long coming ages—which has originated the most ingenious mechanical inventions, and applied them to the useful arts of life, laying, as it were, a foundation for the future prosperity of the country in its wealth, and subduing the earth to the good of humanity—which even now, in spite of all difficulties and obstacles, of all cant and conventionalism, heaves and throbs with the birth of new forms of civilization, better adapted to the wants of human nature—which, in due time, will give them vitality, and cherish them to maturity, thus asserting the worth of its own freedom, and the extent of its powers.—Enslave that mind! Could that be done, we might well say, that

"The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,  
And earth's base built on stubble!"

Little passions do not profoundly disturb the soul; they are like the breezes which ripple the face of the waters. Great passions, stormy tempests, agitate the sea even to its depths; oft wreck the vessel and the mariner; sometimes carrying them afar off into newly discovered regions.

The butterfly is at once the symbol of inconstancy and of immortality. This is not contradictory: man is inconstant because he seeks; he seeks because he is immortal.

Who can feel what a beautiful and elevated sentiment may develop in the soul? It is the perfume in the flower, the flavor in the fruit, the light in the atmosphere.

## The Physician.

### OTALGIA—ITS CAUSE AND CURE.

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

THE human body, when in a complete state of symmetrical development, is the most harmoniously beautiful and elegant specimen of divine architecture anywhere presented. Its many and delicate apartments cannot but attract and engage the attention of the anatomist, the physiologist and the metaphysician; nor can they fail, it seems to me, to induce the thoughtful individual in any of the walks of life, to contemplate their elegant and useful structure. And the entrances through which outer impressions visit the interior inhabitant, how beautiful! But they demand the strictest possible watchfulness, so that no external disturbance may impair their structure and render them unfit to receive visitors from the outer, or to perform their appropriate functions. No one of the many organs or entrances require this protecting attention more than the EAR, which is one of the most delicate and useful members of the organism. Its bony and muscular portions and general construction, are wonderfully complicated—admitting of no suggestion as to improvement. But I must defer an examination of its anatomical peculiarities until I treat upon the various and painful diseases to which the organ is subject, and with which it is, more or less, very frequently afflicted. In this article, however, I shall be obliged to notice but one of its afflictions, which comprehends many others—indeed, I may with truth and propriety say, it is the development of every other affection, with the exception of deafness, with which the ear is afflicted—and consequently admits of the clearest simplification and treatment.

Otalgia is the common ear-ache. Its causes are many. Our object, then, is to discover what will develop and what will cure, the simple or compound ear-ache.

I. THE CAUSES.—The simple causes are irritation and inflammation of the membranes which line the cavities; tenderness of the actuating muscles, or an acute sensitiveness to sound; the intrusion of insects, or the generation of them in the chambers of the ear; or the presence of morbid matter, and ulcerous depositions, after the retrocession of eruptive malignant fevers; or the changes from a warm to a cold temperature; which develop tooth-ache, head-ache, tic-doloureux and occasional rheumatism. Otalgia is also produced by frequently cleansing the cavities of the ear of wax, and leaving them exposed to cold, piercing and chilling winds. The ear should but seldom be cleansed, as the membranes are exceedingly liable to be punctured and injured beyond remedy. Children should never be allowed the privilege or habit of working at, or cleansing their ears. Pins, or pieces of stone, wood, paper, and other substances, may work into the orifice and cause intense pain—perhaps dissolution. The membranes of the eustachian tube may be affected with minute tubercles, or collections of catarrhal secretions and mucus from the head; or the muscles (*superior auris*) which control the retreating and advancing motions of the external of the ear; or the *laxator tympani*, which is inserted into, and actuates, the malleus; or the *tensor tympani*, which co-operates with the *laxator* in drawing and attracting the malleus and tympanal membrane toward the petrous cavern; or the *stapedius*, which has its beginning near the temple, and extends to the mastoid process, and operates upon the stapes to augment and delicately modify sounds which enter the meatus auditorius (or the general passage)—these muscles, I say, may be swollen, or dry, inflamed and inactive—in which case ear-ache would ensue.

II. THE SYMPTOMS.—It may seem absurd to write concerning, or to classify, the symptoms associated with otalgia, inasmuch as ear-ache is its own symptom; but this may be said of every other disease—dyspepsy, consumption, head-ache, hicough, hoarseness, hydrophobia and inflammations—these are simply



the ultimate symptoms of first and secondary ones, which, as in ear-ache, are important concomitants—demanding careful attention. The indications of inflammation of the membrane are acute pain, darting through the cheek and temple bones; roaring and whizzing sounds accompanied with alternations of chills and heat, and even delirium sometimes ensues. The parts are painful to the touch, and experience heavy, throbbing pulsations.

If the muscles are affected, the symptoms are occasional or continued deafness; a thick, reddish and yellowish discharge; fetid and ulcerated matter in the external orifice: the glands are enlarged below and behind the ear; sopor or stupefaction, accompanied with piercing or lancinating pain, frequent alternations of chilliness and heat—are the prominent indications. If the ache is caused by a retrocession of malignant fever, or measles, the symptoms are simple discharges which continue to appear, sometimes for many years; intermittent deafness; occasional coma or drowsiness, and slight head-ache.

If any foreign substance is in the ear, the symptoms are concussions; roaring, deafening, bewildering sounds; if an insect, the sound seems like the deep roaring of a tempestuous ocean, or the heavy, smothered breathings of the sea; delirium, and a general excitement throughout the brain are the usual symptoms—especially, when the first sensation is experienced in the external, and subsequently in the internal chambers, caverns or orifices of the ear. If the ache is caused by a cold in the face or head, the symptoms are correspondingly intimated. It is presumed that every individual sufficiently understands this affection not to need a further description.

III. **THE REGIMEN.**—Food and drink always influence the atomic structure and motions of the system, to a greater or less extent, and therefore, should always be judiciously selected and methodically committed to the stomach. But in simple affections the patient must be his own judge in matters of diet, as the physician cannot tell what will or will not agree with his constitutional peculiarities and temperament. Otalgia or its inciting complaints, demand no more care in reference to nourishment than those affections which are purely nervous; for, in either case, whatever excites the fluids and particles, or reduces and weakens them, will influence the disease and its accompanying sensation—it will diminish or exacerbate it inevitably. Therefore, the only direction that I can give is this—eat and drink agreeable substances in reasonable quantities, while laboring under this disease; and study the science of longevity, while in the enjoyment of health; it may at some day be of no small importance.

IV. **THE CURE.**—For inflammation of the meatus auditorius and internal muscles, apply a poultice of bayberry bark, or of potatoes, or of carrots, or onions, or bread and milk, or precipitated yeast, or flax-seed, or stramonium leaves, green tea and ashes, or mustard seed, or of any soft warm substance, and place it immediately under and behind the ear. Then place a Burgundy pitch plaster on the back part of the neck, or over the cervical nerve and vertebra, and administer a mild cathartic. If the inflammation increases, cold affusions to the head and warm to the feet, are a sure relief. Should insects or any other foreign substance get into the ear, they must be removed. Should the surgical instrument, or any other that may be in haste employed, prove non-availing, let fall into the ear one drop of camphor spirits, or castor oil, or amber oil, or spirits turpentine, or of any relaxing essential oil. If an oil is used, it should be applied while warm; if the spirits, it should be applied cold. Bayberry bark is a most powerful provocative to sneezing, and should be frequently used. Equal quantities of lavender and brandy may be used for simple ear-ache; and bathing the nerves behind the ear with cold water mornings, or with brandy, or camphor, will be found highly serviceable and perhaps efficacious. Also, the constant practice of bathing within and without the ear before exposure to cold, bleak winds, will ultimately cure this distressing complaint. Be watchful and do not fail to studiously avoid all predisposing causes. More than has been said is unnecessary.

## THE UNIVERCELM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1843.

### THE MISSION OF BEAUTY.

We open our eyes on the external world, and find ourselves placed in the midst of a scene of order, beauty, and magnificence, which is singularly adapted, not only to supply the physical wants of universal nature, but also to a much higher purpose—to minister to our spiritual necessities, to allay the hungering and thirsting after truth, which every healthy mind recognises as one of its strongest elementary principles. This light of the inner shrine may, indeed, become dimmed, and the sanctuary desecrated by the continual predominance of low ideas, by sensual indulgence, or by accustoming ourselves to a narrow range of thought, or a low standard of taste; but the eyes of the soul cannot be quite put out—even by Fashion, that most inveterate foe of Individuality—as well as of every thing vigorous and true in nature—nor yet by Ignorance, which is, as it were, an accretion of dead matter, accumulating and encrusting itself upon the living germ of mind, shutting out the healthful light, and the necessary air, until its native functions, its vital energies, become paralyzed, and almost inert. But there is an active, a self-restoring power in the human mind, which repels, if I may so express it, circumstances tending to its injury, and is continually struggling to reach that state, for which, even in its lowest condition, it feels an instinctive sense of its adaptation. The principles of taste then, and the love of truth, are inherent in the soul. This, I think, admits of hourly demonstration, in the numerous facts that are continually coming before the eye of the attentive observer. Objects of great beauty, or sublimity, are also objects of universal interest and admiration; birds, flowers, shells, waterfalls, rocks, mountains, sunset skies, clouds, and the ocean, as well as fine specimens of art, address themselves to the universal heart of man: and next to the eye of the man of highly cultivated intellect and taste, that of the savage is, perhaps, the most delicate in its perception of beauty and sublimity—showing that the principle is an element of man's nature—and that a state of nature is more favorable to its development, than the false refinement of an artificial society. The rudest plowman, in some particular mood of mind, will stop to admire the blossom which his heedless share has rent from its parent soil. Its structure, its coloring, however familiar they may be, will steal into his bosom with unwonted thoughts of delicacy and beauty; and though he be not a Burns, there will be always something of poetry in his emotions—something that gives evidence of the inherent dignity of human nature. And so the most thoughtless and roughest school-boy, may, occasionally, be affected by the tint of a shell, or flower, or even the structure of a leaf—by the graceful motions of waving corn, and the majesty of wind-swept woods; and the rustic milk-maid will pause in the midst of her blithest carol, to pick up a curious stone, to observe the various shades of green in grass and foliage, to watch the flight of birds, or to forget all the dark necessities of the present, in the bright colors of an insect's wing. Then will be awakened feelings, and emotions, of whose origin they may be perfectly unconscious, but which are, nevertheless, excited by the finger of Nature, touching the one living spot, in bosoms whose sensibility is well nigh lost amid the darkness and the incrustations of ignorance. Yet the very lowest state of humanity is susceptible of culture; and there is no occupation—no calling—there are no absolutely necessary struggles of physical want, which must, of consequence, shut out the light of science, and the common perception of beauty. Could human beings only be taught their own dignity, and their own power—could they perceive that they were not created for the purpose of eating and drinking—of being covered from the cold, or of wearing fine apparel—nor yet, even, to go to Heaven, in the vague and unmeaning



sense in which the phrase is generally held before the multitude; but that they are creatures invested with the responsibility of educating immortal souls, of unfold and put unimagined powers which are destined to live, and progress in wisdom and virtue, through the interminable periods of all subsequent time, which we call eternity. There is something in this thought capable of lifting up every human soul out of the dirt and mire, and turning it into its true natural position—*heavenward*; and Beauty acts as an interpreter of this thought—and of much else that is dark and infinite—and otherwise unintelligible.

A remarkable instance of the effect of beauty to disarm man of his warlike instincts, is told of a hunter of the great North-West. He came suddenly and unperceived, upon a plantation of beavers. The little ones were frolicking about the doors in a variety of innocent and exhilarating gambols. He gazed a moment. He drew near. They looked upon him without fear; for they knew nothing of danger, and continued their sports. Their beauty, their innocence, their confidence, melted his hunter's heart. He thought of his own dear cabin, and his clustering babes, as happy, as innocent, as unsuspecting and weak as themselves. The instrument of death fell from his hand, as he turned aside, and wept. In this instance the external beauty was a symbol of kindred affections; and this, perhaps, is the true use of beauty in the visible creation. It is a shadowing forth of the Unseen—the Infinite—the Eternal.

The most restless devotee of pleasure will, sometimes, steal away from the din of the brilliant assembly, with a sense of hollowness in her echoing bosom, where the fearful cry of squandered time seems echoing through the void places of a wasted intellect; and, as she leans her burning forehead against the moment, turning her heavy eyes up to the starred heavens, which seem to be looking down upon her—ay, into the very depths of her soul, with the calm deep eyes of Eternity, the beautiful Silence will speak to her as language never speaks. The Soul will then assert its own immortal essence—its fellowship with the Divine—its alliance with the Infinite—and it will struggle upward, even against the iron bondage, which years of perditional habits have been fastening on its crushed, but still heaven-born wing. Were such admonitions heeded, how many waste places of the human heart and mind would be gladdened! How often might the wilderness, and the ruin, be made to blossom as the rose, and smile as the morning! Of all the sad things which we meet with in this world, the perversion—the desecration of mind, on the altar of Pleasure and Fashion, is the saddest, the most deplorable! The ignorance of the poor is a subject of regret, of sincere sorrow; but the mental suicide of which the wealthy are often guilty, is to be thought of with deep shame—to be wept over in dust and ashes!

There are few persons entirely callous to the perception of external beauty; and perhaps there is no form of it so universally felt, and so deeply interwoven with the strongest and most enduring affections of the heart, as in the beauty of flowers; and herein must be their obvious design, and use, in the economy of nature. It is not known to be at all necessary to the perfection of the fruit, that the coral, or blossom, should be of brilliant hues. The same great processes of vegetation and reproduction might probably be carried on, were all nature dressed in one unvarying garb of russet, or gray. But our Benevolent Father has tinged their delicate petals with every imaginable hue and shade of beauty, contrasting exquisitely with all the various combinations of green, in grass and foliage, that a perception of this beauty might steal into the harder and sterner elements of our nature, awakening thoughts of affection and gratitude to Him, who has not merely administered to our necessities, but to the luxuries of taste and sentiment.

The beauty of flowers, then, subserves an important moral purpose in the economy of Nature. It awakens and refines the social affections; it attracts to the study of Nature; it is a sweet relief to the weariness and the cares of life; and, above all, it comes to us with the sweet teachings of piety and benevolence, and thus ministers to one of our strongest spiritual tendencies—that of seeking the unseen in the visible—the infinite in the tangible.

It is not without design, then, that God has sprinkled the

common way-side with gems of beauty—that he has dotted the hills and meadows with the richest verdure, crisscrossing them with unnumbered blossoms—that he has lifted up the majestic trees, and taught the graceful vine to ascend through the airy portals of the wood; for each, and all, contains not only a luxury for the heart, but a lesson for the soul of man. The contemplation of external beauty creates a refined and holy joy whenever the spirit is open to the teachings and the lessons of Nature! It is a symbol of the all-pervading Life. It is, in a way, the visible presence of the Omnipotent—the sensible expression of his benevolence. All that grows is teaching the great lesson, from the oak of a thousand years, to the mushroom of an hour; and not more truly does the cedar of Lebanon shadow forth his majesty, than the little valley flower whispers of his love; while the simplest moss—the very blade of grass we crush beneath our feet—is, in itself, a complete manual of wisdom. Let us open our hearts, then, to the gentle influences of Nature, and we shall find them daily growing better; let us yield our intellect to her teachings, and we shall be wise.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

We are most happy to hear from Bro. Plunk, and should do we rejoice that he is free. We have been conscious of his invisible presence and the announcement that his own earnest spirit is with us, was not unexpected. He does not subscribe the entire philosophy of Mr. Dyer. But this is no obstacle to that mutual gravitation or sympathetic attraction, which brings us to the true natural platform where kindred spirits meet and mingle together. We have ceased to dally men and books. We no longer regard any man as an infallible authority, or any book as a sufficient revelation or rule of faith and action, for all men in all ages of the world.

Boston, March 1st, 1844.

FRIEND BARNES: I have been desiring to write you a friendly epistle for some time, but having had my time much taken up by the multiplicity of duties and cares which press upon me, I have been prevented from so doing. I have, however, resolved at last, that it must be done, and accordingly I am here in my "sanctum" pen in hand, and have seriously and determinedly entered upon the work. It seems to me like "old times," somewhat, to place your name at the head of this epistle; my mind's carried back to those pleasant days, when you encouraged me to enter the battle field of theological dispute, (for I can call it nothing else) when, warm with youthful ardor and zeal, I went forth partly under your auspices to plow up the fields, and sow the seeds of eternal truth. But those times have changed and we now behold you engaged no less zealously and sincerely in the same great work, with other weapons and in other fields. The reform you now contemplate is certainly more comprehensive, than that of rooting out one error of theology, and spending your days in disproving our dogma of the church. I sympathize with you, my brother, in your efforts to rationalize, spiritualize, and reform the world. I know that you are striking at the root of deep seated and long cherished errors, that have impeded the progress of our race in holiness and truth. I can not whether you use my weapon or not; so long as you accomplish something for crushed and afflicted humanity, whether you do it in my way or not, I bid you God-speed. Heed not the senseless cry of "Infidel," and the noisy opposition of inflexible sectarians. All reformers have passed through the same ordeal. Every earnest spirit that would disturb the dreamy slumber of his conservative neighbor, in his efforts to disenthral his race from the chains of error and superstition, has been branded with the same opprobrious epithet and received the same contemptuous treatment, with yourself.

But it was no part of my purpose to expatiate on the well known fact, that all efforts to reform the world, will be met with steady, uncompromising hostility, from those who enjoy "power and place." I took up my pen mainly for the purpose of letting you know that one spirit, at least, in this great Athens of America, was yearning toward you in sympathy and love; or did I say? yes! many, many, are looking with anxiety to the



"Great City," whence come the beams of reforming light, praying that your rays may yet penetrate and illumine many hearts. I do not mean by this, that all who are thus hopeful, endorse the peculiar philosophy of Mr. Davis, or rather all the features of it. We cannot altogether subscribe to what is called the "Revelations;" yet what of that? You are not, if I understand it, building up a sect. You are not forging a creed, or erecting a Procrustes bedstead to which all must be cut, or stretched! No! you are for *light*,—come whence it may, gleam out of what quarter of the heavens it may—"let there be light," "more light still!"

The "signs of the times" are exceedingly promising in all parts of our common land. Good men and true are coming out from the mists of superstition, and buckling on the armor of truth and love. This city is famous, you know, for social reform. Here are men who love truth better than power, who think more of their fellows than they do of gold. And yet the mass is chained down to a miserable servitude to creeds and forms. There are hundreds here, as in all other places, who think more of the triumph of a sect, than of the triumph of truth. A superstitious chain binds many noble spirits to a sectarian worship, and confines their stalwart limbs to the narrow bounds of mere *party* lines. But it will not be always thus; the "Spirit of the Ages" is at work, even now. The leaven of a rational and spiritual faith is working in the hearts of the people, turning them from their idols to the worship of God as seen and felt in the human soul.

A Divine religion is being sought for, by those who have been bowing their necks to the yoke of sectarian tyranny, and who have submitted to the dictatorship of a few lordly and designing men. Religion begins to be discerned, a native sentiment whose true growth and natural development must depend upon the genial sunshine of truth and love. In the language of another, I may say, "Creed-mongers are welcome enough to go roaring about withersoever they can; welcome to fight their own wind-mills, since they must *fight*! my soul hath left off controverting, and taken up her earnest march toward the peace-kingdom, where the disembodied truths of God are private in each heart."

D. H. P.

"MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL SCIENCE:" applied to the elevation of Society: by George Combe, Robert Cox, and others. New York: Fowlers & Wells, Publishers.

We are here presented with a republication of the most valuable papers from the Edinburg Phrenological Journal, a work rendered luminous by the contributions of Combe, and other distinguished writers on mental and moral philosophy. The number before us contains several elaborate articles on subjects of the first importance. Among these is one on "Phrenology and Mesmerism: the true scientific spirit in which they should be examined," which, the reader will perceive, we have transferred to our columns.

We cannot give a better idea of the general scope of this publication, than is comprehended in the following, from the advertisement of Mr. Wells, the American Editor. "It will contain illustrations and facts, on the application of Mesmerism as a remedial agent, in all the common diseases, as well as to the more important departments of Medical Science, including surgical operations without pain to the patient. Phrenology will be considered in relation to Human Rights, showing its bearings on legislation, as well as on moral, political, and self-government. It will advocate religious liberty, and the Moral, Physical, and Intellectual elevation of Society."

We commend this Journal to the attention of the intelligent reader. No men are doing more to liberalize and rationalize the public mind, than Messrs. Fowlers and Wells. May their success be equal to their efforts.

S. B. B.

✍ Mrs. M. S., Poughkeepsie, is informed that Chester Frisbee, Geneva, Wisconsin, was credited with his subscription in Nov.; the amount was received through Mr. Lapham. Shall we send the extra copy to your address? If not, we have \$2 which is subject to your order.

✍ J. L., FACTORY POINT.—The remittance of \$70 came safe to hand.

## HAPPINESS.

To be happy it is indispensably necessary to attain, in our own personal movements, a harmonious action. Thus we may originate and exercise a power which will be felt by others, and will tend to equalize the various confused conditions which surround us. Positive and negative conditions when brought together in a proper relation, produce an equilibrium. As the commingling waters tend to a common level, so the proper association of individuals must induce an assimilation of thoughts, feelings, and desires, approximating to unity. The more perfectly we harmonize the more effectual will be our efforts to promote the general weal.

A most powerful obstacle to the general happiness is unequal legislation. Laws have been digested and enforced by civil and ecclesiastical rulers, which depended for their existence upon artificial wants, and hereditary opinions and distinctions. Had our institutions been a reflex from Nature and the Divine Mind, the social conditions of men would have corresponded to the harmonious operations of the natural world. If hereditary errors and misconceptions in religion, and the administration of impolitic and unjust laws, have circumscribed our happiness, our efforts should be directed in wisdom, to the removal of these causes of the existing evils.

H. J. H.

## INTERESTING PHENOMENON.

## A DARK SPOT ON THE SUN.

The New York Sun of the 11th inst. has the following paragraph:

"LITERATURE.—The Univercelum of this week publishes a very beautiful Poem, entitled 'Song of the North Wind,' as original, and written expressly for it by a contributor named 'Jenny Lee.' We fear much that the ethical dreams of the Editor have disturbed his memory, and that his credulity, on that account, has been imposed upon in this particular. We mistake much if the Dublin Nation, or Dublin University Magazine, did not lay claim to the paternity of the poem years since."

The Editor of that luminous periodical, doubtless, penned the thrice-luminous sentence above, with the unmistakable fact directly before his eyes—in full view of the original type—which poor Jenny Lee embodied in her strain, simply enough believing that it was *her own*. To suppose otherwise would be slanderous; for surely it is not only ungallant, but unmanly, to throw out such an imputation, without sufficient evidence to sustain it; and so gross a breach, not only of courtesy, but of common kindness and common justice, is wholly unworthy of any one who is permitted to occupy the editorial watch-tower. Our Courts of Law allow, and provide, that every person shall be considered innocent until, by the strongest and clearest evidence, he is shown to be guilty; and this is necessary for the protection of character; but in this case the guilt is first assumed as fact—and, without protection or ability to disprove charges which are, in themselves, intangible, disfranchisement of good name would ensue, as a necessary result.

This is no light charge. If the writer had accused Jenny of entering his house at midnight and purloining his plate, his watch, or his bank notes—or of meeting him, Amazon-like, upon the highway, and demanding his purse at the point of her stiletto, it could not have been graver, or more malignant. It must be, then, that the Editor HAS the poem in question under his eye; and as an act of simple justice, I here demand that it shall be, forthwith, produced, or that the charge shall be retracted. Perhaps he can also tell where, or from whom, Jenny might have stolen "The Song of Winter," "Lunæ," and several other poems which have appeared with her name prefixed as the author; for I believe that no one will question the fact, that a person who could be guilty of so despicable a theft as that charged upon the writer of the North Wind Song would be, both mentally and morally, incapable of producing any thing like the pieces named: and I here fling down my challenge—PRODUCE THE ORIGINAL.

JENNY LEE.

"LEARN BY HEART;" a profound expression which shows the power of love over intelligence.



## Poetry.

## NIAGARA.

BY FANNY GREEN.

High archetype of dread sublimity,  
 Defying imitation—I have gazed  
 On thy unpictured greatness, till the soul  
 Was overwhelmed with grandeur—every sense  
 Hushing itself in deep astonishment,  
 To read thy revelation of that Power—  
 Mighty in all things—mightiest, still, in thee!  
 All imagery is weak—all language cold—  
 And thought, in thy unuttered majesty,  
 Shrinks, like a stricken eagle from the sun,  
 Wing-broken—overpowered—with too intense  
 Perceptions of the ever-present God!  
 Upward I gaze upon thy radiant crown—  
 Woven of terror and magnificence—  
 Where the bright sun-bow glitters; then, beneath,  
 I look into the wild and dread abyss—  
 Unmeasured—unexplored—where, age by age,  
 Thou sittest on thy deep rock-pillared throne,  
 In single greatness ever unapproached,  
 Mocking with thine, all other majesty!  
 There, mortal never went, and came again  
 To tell the wonders of thy dwelling place—  
 There, but the eye of God may look, and live!

All highest forms of beauty—all that stirs  
 The soul with grandeur, and magnificence,  
 May find their full expression best in thee.  
 And when the shades of somber evening fall,  
 Softness is gathered round thee as a veil;  
 And to the Terrible comes the Beautiful—  
 Like Mercy stealing to the rigid arms  
 Of stern-eyed Justice. Then, above thy brow  
 Bendeth the lunar-crescent—fairest type  
 Of beauty that e'er woke to gladden earth—  
 A circling group of angels it may be;  
 And, in the changing light and shadow's play,  
 We catch the glory of their burnished wings—  
 The dazzling whiteness of their glancing feet—  
 Moving in solemn cadence to the roar  
 Of thy eternal music—as they watch,  
 Lest harm should happen to the sons of men.

All depth of tone that dwelleth in the winds—  
 All language, and all music, of the floods—  
 The voice of Ocean, Tempest, Hurricane,  
 Are poured into the volume of thy voice,  
 Deep chanting, ever, without stop or pause,  
 The awful anthem of Eternity!  
 The simple Red Man listened; and his soul  
 Bowed down in wonder at thy mightiness;  
 And the Great Spirit spake to him in thee!  
 He saw thy floods, for ever pouring out  
 Their still exhaustless treasures, and his eye  
 Beheld the Image of the Infinite!  
 Pronounced he then thy deep, euphonious name—  
 The WATER THUNDER\*—that shall be to him  
 Sacred memento—and an epitaph—  
 Telling to future ages of the time  
 When a wild race of monarchs trode the earth;  
 Then, yielding to the dark decree of Fate,  
 They fell—they perished—and they passed away!

Not without meaning was thy radiance set,  
 Thou regal gem, upon the royal brow  
 Of the young Queen of Nations—"LIBERTY"  
 Is writ in all thy deep, translucent light—  
 And since that hour, when first the rising sun  
 Of young Creation shone into thy heart,  
 Waking its depths to music, thou hast been,  
 Day unto day, and night succeeding night,  
 Chanting, for ever, thine eternal hymn,  
 To Liberty—for ever, Liberty!  
 And when the Morning Stars together sang,  
 Breaking the silence of the new born Earth,  
 Thy voice rolled up to meet the heavenly choir,  
 Deep thundering along the vast expanse

\* The literal meaning of Niagara.

That held the unwrought elements of Life—  
 Owning the voice of God that spake in thee,  
 From her long dream astonished Chaos woke—  
 Labored—and brought forth BEING!—Loud and clear  
 Rang the great anthem on from star to star;  
 Till every bright eyed sister silent hung  
 Over her golden lyre, with earnest thought,  
 To listen to thy wondrous melody!

Singing the song of Freedom—Freedom still—  
 Through years unnumbered—ages undefined—  
 The wheeling centuries found thee. Nations heard,  
 And sped the tidings through the peopled earth—  
 Then wondering sages sat down at thy feet,  
 As children, by their teacher. Ray by ray,  
 Shone the great TRUTH, all perfect. Note by note,  
 The melody went home to every heart.  
 Uprisen, then, and girded, they went forth,  
 And, in the face of an astonished world,  
 Proclaimed the Charter of Humanity—  
 The simplest, clearest, the divinest truth  
 That human lips e'er uttered; and set forth  
 The great ascending scale, that gathers Man  
 To the same group, with angels, and with God.

Thy mission is to preach, majestic Flood!  
 Before a slavish and enslaving world,  
 Glad tidings of a HIGHER liberty!  
 Let the proud Tyrant, and the trembling Slave,  
 Come to thy feet and listen. They shall learn  
 That he who fashioned Man, and fashioned Thee,  
 Never created that which *should* be wrought  
 To the remotest semblance of a chain!

[Written for the Univercœlum and Spiritual Philosopher.]

## THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESSION.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

THE gloomy night is breaking,  
 E'en now the sunbeams rest,  
 With a faint, yet cheering radiance,  
 On the hill-tops of the West:  
 The mists are slowly rising  
 From the valley and the plain,  
 And a spirit is awaking  
 That shall never sleep again.  
 And ye may hear that listen,  
 The Spirit's stirring song,  
 That surges like the ocean  
 With its solemn bass along!

"Ho! can ye stay the rivers!  
 Or bind the wings of Light;  
 Or bring back to the Morning  
 The old departed Night?"

"Nor shall ye check my impulse  
 Nor stay it for an hour;  
 Until Earth's groaning millions  
 Have felt the healing power!"

This Spirit is progression  
 In the vigor of its youth—  
 The foeman of oppression,  
 And its armor is the TRUTH.  
 Old Error with its legions  
 Must fall beneath its wrath;  
 But blood, nor tears, nor anguish,  
 Will mark its brilliant path.  
 But onward, upward, heavenward—  
 The spirit still will soar—  
 Till PEACE, and Love shall triumph—  
 And Falsehood reign no more.

McConnelsville, O.

"Oh, deem not, 'midst this worldly strife,  
 An idle art the Poet brings;  
 Let high Philosophy control,  
 And sages calm, the stream of life—  
 'Tis he refines its fountain-springs,  
 The nobler passions of the soul."

CAMPBELL.



## Miscellaneous Department.

KATE ASHTON,  
OR THE COQUETTE OUTGENERALED.

BY FANNY GREEN.

"TEN dollars to one, we stumble over an adventure ere night-fall! so up with thy crest, man, and don thy best face; for, really should we meet with mountain nymph, or pretty naiad, thy countenance would be sadly out of tune! Nay, I protest, Harry, that black-eyed gypsy of the inn has completely bewitched thee!" Thus said Lucius Fitz Green to his friend and fellow-traveler, Henry Thompson, as they entered a darker and rougher section of the rough and dark road, which wound dubiously along, up one of the Cumberland mountains, near the boundaries of Kentucky and Tennessee; and dropping the reins loosely over the neck of a beautiful horse, he paused for the lingerer. The one addressed started suddenly, and drawing up the slack rein, at one leap came beside his friend.

"I was but musing," said he rather lazily.

"Musing!—and so your whole life is spent, either under the excitement of some wild adventure, or in fits of inaction and desperate *ennui*, which you are pleased to dignify with the romantic title of revery, or the scholar-like one of cogitation though I suspect, could your mind be analyzed during such periods, so far from presenting the principles of intense thought, it would establish, beyond a doubt, a certain contested point of philosophy. Get married!—Ay, get married! The sooner, the better—and settle down, at once, into a matter of fact, business, family man. You can have no difficulty in choosing one from the brilliant *coterie* where you are a general favorite; and, flattery aside, I must acknowledge deservedly so; for it is a well-established fact, that no gentleman in the set can whisper soft nothings so agreeably, turn off a flattering period so delicately—be so polite to a plain lady, or so devoted to a beautiful one—lift a fallen glove so dextrously—turn the leaves of new music so gracefully, or seat a lady at her piano-forte so irresistibly as this same friend of mine, Henry Thompson."

"Have done, Fitz Green! if you would not really make me angry! I despise the character you have drawn; you know I do. You know I detest a coxcomb!"

"Ah, yes; and yet, what gives us empire is not to be despised, after all. There are some in this world, Harry, and not quite fools either, who would study years to master the magic of your manner: and I am not certain but the art of making a Thompsonian bow will yet pass into a profession, and be taught by some traveling wonder in a series of, at least, 'Twelve Familiar Lectures!'"

Lucius spoke ironically, and not with a strict regard to justice, as respected the character of his friend; yet not in a spirit of jealousy or envy, but with the nobler feeling of sincere, though somewhat misjudging friendship. The mind of Henry Thompson was of that high and imaginative order which, while it is attracted by beauty and loveliness in all their forms, has within itself a standard of excellence very rarely exemplified; hence he was generally assiduous to please, and attentive to the other sex, without ever being particularly devoted to any; and though he gained the reputation of being one of those who

"Kneel at every shrine,  
Yet lay the heart on none;"

Still, a principle of strict integrity prevented his attentions from ever passing the bounds prescribed by the nicest honor. He laughed, indeed, with the volatile, chatted with the loquacious, and sentimentalized with the sentimental; yet no angel presence had, as yet, ministered in his bosom's inner sanctuary, or drawn upon the fund of fervid feeling it contained.

"I repeat my advice," added Lucius, after a pause,—"I——"  
"Suspend your admonitions and your flattery, if you please," interrupted Henry. "I detest the follies, as I abhor the affectation of fashionable life! Our ladies are like coin—no matter how gross the stamp of fashion, it must be received; and, worse, the impression is often the only merit: so, counterfeits and all pass together."

"Come, come, you know I am an advocate for Fashion and Fashionables; and if we do not choose another subject, I shall presently introduce a succession of reasons, by which I shall prove their intrinsic excellency."

"And your reasons will be as well grounded, I doubt not, as that old-fashioned, but very convenient one, expressed by a truant school-boy to his less ingenious fellow delinquent, 'why, if Mr. F. wants to know the reason why we have been absent, tell him CAUSE—'"

"I suppose you intend to marry a natural!" pursued Lucius, without heeding the interruption; "and when I find you walking bare-foot by moonlight, and drinking dew from butter-cups, with a fair and new edition of 'Sweet Simplicity' at your side, we will have the argument at our leisure. But let us stop and ramble in the forest awhile; and we may be so fortunate as to rouse some fair giantess of the mountains; or do you fear the contamination of fashionable life may have reached even here?"

"You misconstrue me, let me say what I will. Now I wish you to understand, while I state, expressly, that though I will not marry a *merely* fashionable lady, my choice cannot fall among the vulgar. The object of my love must have delicacy without affectation—modesty without awkward bashfulness—a pleasing exterior without great beauty, and, of consequence vanity; polished manners, cultivated taste, and good sense."

"Hem, an image likely enough to have been found among the by-gone simplicity of Arcadian grots; (barring the refinement,) but less likely to be met with among the squares and drawing-rooms of our less favored age. Yet the dark-eyed daughter of mine host may become, through the medium of all-perfecting love, a 'case in point,' as you lawyers are wont to say."

"Fitz Green!" said the other, wheeling his horse suddenly, "do not go too far! I am weary of this continual taunting—fling one crime in my teeth! prove one dishonorable act against me; but, till then, drop the subject! or, by my honor! I'll turn my horse's head toward New York this instant, and leave you and your advice to vegetate together in Kentucky!"

"Stop, my friend, you are a little too warm for the occasion!" replied Lucius, with an air of chagrin, spite of his smile.

"I acknowledge it. But with this feeling in one's bones a premonitory of the rack, and the bare memory of food in one's stomach, it is not strange the disposition to patience should abate somewhat. Besides, you *were* confoundedly provoking. But I am in better humor now; so let us alight and view the country from yonder opening."

As he spoke the twain simultaneously sprang from their saddles; and they wandered at leisure amid the silence of those magnificent solitudes which seemed still as freshly beautiful, and awfully sublime, as when they first rose to perfection amid the graceful grandeur of a new world.

But ours is not the privilege to poetize; and therefore we put a period to the above sentence, abruptly as the modern utilitarian drops his gate into the water course to stay the floods that are gathering above. Our friends, however, were not thus restrained, we may well believe, since they actually forgot the earnest calls to a valise, providently well stored. Having at length partaken of a cold collation, they composed themselves to rest; and sleep, which seemed to be an instinct of the somber but holy shade about them, soon stole over their wearied senses.

A strain of delicious music came upon their slumbers, and was so inwoven with their very dreams, that when they awoke and looked upon the objects about them, it was with the painful consciousness that a pleasing illusion is dissolved. A moment's doubt, and then in 'sober certainty of waking bliss,' they recognized the familiar notes of 'Bonny Doon,' warbled by a female voice, and waking the sweetest echoes of the woods. At first only the air was heard; and then it was embodied in Mrs. More's sweet little 'Hymn to Solitude.' The voice seemed to possess a remarkable compass, and rose, with the greatest apparent ease, from a low, spirit-like murmur, to the highest, and wildest melody of a bird. The hymn was finished; and the music died away note by note, until the whole forest was still again, as if not a wind were whispering and not a vital breath trembled among its leaves.

The friends looked around almost fearfully. They half be-



lieved themselves attended by some supernatural or superior being.

"I believe," said Fitz Green, "we are trespassing on Fairy Land, or the Land of Syrens; or, else, the Ghost of Sappho haunts these shades."

"Very possibly," returned Henry with a look of vacancy; then with sudden start he added: "I will find her." He sprang to his horse; and the friends resumed their 'winding way' up the mountain. Harry met in obstinate silence, one or two pointed allusions to the daughter of mine host, which ended in sundry sage admonitions with regard to the folly, as well as danger, of pursuing sylphs, syrens, and all such intangible and unapproachable existences.

They reached the north side of the mountain, and soon came in view of the majestic Cumberland, sweeping away to the south-west through a valley enriched by scenery more beautiful than any they had ever beheld. At the mountain foot stood a cluster of perhaps a dozen neat white houses; and in their midst a small but neatly finished church; and its white spire rose against the deep green of the luxuriant meadows in the back ground, with a delicate and beautiful contrast. So engrossed was Henry with this inspiring view of life and civilization, bursting at once upon the monotonous grandeur of the forest, that though the descent had grown suddenly steeper, he was riding carelessly as if his way had been over a plain; and just as Lucius called out to him to be more careful, his horse stumbled. For an instant Henry sat powerless, with the thoughts of a horrid death cold within him; then, something white flashed before his eyes—and he was turned aside from danger. He continued motionless with an intense and aching void of thought and feeling; and when his friend came up he was pale as death.

"I am safe," he faltered, "but where is my good angel? It was an angel!"

"It was a girl, by my honor; and a beautiful one too, if I am not mistaken. The touch of her little fingers upon the bridle was like the passing of light; and yet poor Raven swayed to her guidance, as if he had a sense of joy—the gallant fellow!—at being led by so fair a hand. In an instant she darted away and seemed to melt into the depths of foliage. But, in sober earnest, and all poetry aside, there is that in my heart at this moment, which could not deny her a kiss, were she ten times uglier than Hecate."

"Where did she go?" interrupted the other.

"Toward the ascent of the mountain. She disappeared by yonder little ash at the right."

Henry dismounted promptly; and having tied Raven to the tree mentioned, he began to ascend the mountain, followed by his friend. A bad path was made somewhat better by an occasional rude step and a rough railing on one side, similar to those by which we ascend Mount Holyoke. They went on, climbing steep after steep, the highway above seeming nowise to diminish. Fitz Green had just made a vow of immediate return, when they suddenly came in view of the object of their pursuit. She was ascending with a rapidity which defied all hope of overtaking her. There was no other way than to call after and address her. This would be a peculiarly awkward piece of business—so thought Lucius—not so, his friend. Henry had no fear but that of losing sight of her who was already so far in advance of him. He was not over ceremonious in the city; and for ceremony on the Cumberland mountains, he never dreamed of that! With headlong impetuosity he called out, "Lady! Nymph! Fairy! Goddess! whatever thou art! pause! in mercy, if but for one moment?"

"Harry! you are mad!" whispered Lucius. "Look at this little glove—this glove of real Paris kid! why it would fit the fairest hand of our chosen circle; unless, indeed, like the slipper of Cinderella, it may be worn by none save its owner. She is a lady, Harry, and will resent our imprudence; come, let us be off, and out of this scrape!"

Henry answered not, for the girl paused and turned. She stood at too great a distance for her features to be distinctly observed; but the transparency of her complexion, as she stood against the light, was dazzling; and there was a delicate soft-

ness about her—an ineffable grace of figure and motion—fitting one who dwelt amid the harmony of perfect nature. Henry stood with both hands lifted as if invoking a Divinity, with Lucius at his elbow attempting to withdraw him. The girl paused but an instant; and, as she looked on the tragi-comic group below, she shook away a profusion of fair curls; and a long, wild, thrilling, musical laugh rang and echoed through the forest.

"What are you seeking?" she asked, flinging her curls over her forehead, and then back, so as to discover a look wonderfully mischievous, even at that distance; at least to Lucius, who was in partial keeping of his senses.

"Only to see you—hear you speak—hear you laugh," and the clear, gleeful burst of sound which made involuntary reply did justice to the girl, though she were the queen of laughter. She sprang from the block of granite where she had stood, and began to ascend the cliffs rapidly.

"Stop! stop! for Heaven's sake! you will be dashed to pieces!" almost shrieked Henry.

"Preach to the goats!" replied she above; and tossing one white arm over her head, she carried back a flood of hair from her face.

"But where may I see you, and when?"

"At my father's house. When you please."

"Where is your home?"

"Where? where?" said echo. It was the only reply. The girl had vanished. Henry ascended cliff after cliff, and high upon high; until Lucius, alike out of patience and breath, declared he would go no farther. "The witch has led us a complete wild goose chase!" said he, "and I am vexed; I saw all in her eye, far off as she was, the sprig of mischief!"

"Where may her home be?" soliloquized Henry.

"In Greenland or Mexico, very like! and may she depart thither at short notice!"

"I will find her. She shall not escape me. I would follow her to the farthest border of the Ganges. She has given me permission; and I will see her in her father's house, though he be a dweller in Indostan."

The friends were soon comfortably established at the village inn; and having won the landlord to confidence, by inviting him to share one of his own not of the very best bottles, a series of artfully arranged inquiries drew forth the history of the villagers; and among them that of Kate Ashton, embellished with divers particulars our readers will hold us excused from entering into; especially, since, though the story was exciting to Henry, his friend actually fell asleep during its recital; a fate from which we most cordially wish to preserve them. The substance was, that Miss Katy was believed to be half a witch; that she had captivated most of the village swains, as well as sundry travelers and sojourners. But though she made so free with the hearts of others, it was averred she had none of her own. She ran away from her lovers when she could—if they continued obstinate she played innumerable tricks upon them. When they talked of love, she laughed; when they grew emphatic, she laughed heartily; yet, after all, she had such an irresistible goodness of heart, as made all that knew her, friends—even her rejected lovers. She was the only child of Colonel Ashton, a gentleman of moderate fortune; who, during her infancy, was traveling for the restoration to health of a beloved wife. The object of his care was seized with her last illness, and died at the little village of M——, then scarce a village. The bereaved husband, having laid the dear remains in the earth, felt an irresistible attraction to the spot, and having closed his business in the city, and obtained an accomplished female relative to assist him in the education of his child, settled at the village. It so happened that the friends had letters to this same gentleman; and an early hour of the following morning saw their presentation.

The house of Col. Ashton stood a little aside from the village; and was distinguished from its neighbors only by its superior finish, and the high cultivation of its grounds. A balcony shaded the front. The pillars were merely small trees of a knotty surface, shorn of their bark; and in this simple state, polished by time, they afforded support to the profusion of



clinging shrubs and vines which were twined among them. Col. Ashton received our friends with the ease of a well-bred gentleman of the present day, made somewhat more lofty by a lingering of the formal politeness which marked the old school. As the strangers entered, he was engaged in an animated discourse with several gentlemen, who like themselves, were travelers; and this pre-occupation on the part of their host, left them at liberty to look around and admire the exquisite taste displayed in the arrangement of the simple furniture—every article of which stood in its place with such peculiar fitness, that the mind was insensibly led to the impression that nothing else could have been so well there; and this fitness of things is the fundamental principle of true elegance, unlike, indeed, the load of ornament which cumber many of our fashionable drawing-rooms, where gold is the grouping spirit; and, as it would seem, has seized all it met, with a covetousness equal to that which had won itself. The friends were agreeably impressed with all; nor were they without surprise at finding a center-table covered with standard works, intermingled with the best reviews and periodicals of the day. In a little recess stood a harp beneath an open window, around which clustered a profusion of clematis, honeysuckle, &c. But the spirit—the controlling presence which had wrought all the magic, was not visible; though, had they not been told so, they would have felt that such a delicate presence must have been. As they were making these observations, a young man looked in at the window and asked: “are the girls ready?”

“They have been gone this hour,” was the reply; and the Colonel, as the intruder withdrew, invited his new guests to join a party of the young villagers, who were to have a picnic dinner in a grotto on the mountain side, which invitation was cordially accepted.

As they drew near the scene of enjoyment, they saw groups of the happy villagers walking, sitting, dancing, singing, chatting, or silent, as caprice or inclination prompted. A young girl bounded to meet the Colonel, but seeing strangers, withdrew. Henry started; but though a singularly sweet countenance peeped from beneath a cottage bonnet of the fairest straw, it was not like the magic-breathing face, whose lineaments were graven in his very soul. The Colonel held out his hand and introduced her as Miss Mary Jennings, his niece. Then stepping into the midst of a group, he laid his hand on the arm of a girl who stood with her back to them, submitting to have her fair brows garlanded by sundry rustics.

“Catherine!” the girl turned; “I have the pleasure of presenting Mr. Fitz Green and Mr. Thompson, from New York. They bring letters from your uncle.”

“I have had the pleasure of meeting them before,” replied Miss Kate, blushing, as she cast a mischievous look of recognition from one to the other; and again the same rich, musical gush of sound, which made the laugh of Kate Ashton, rang on the very soul of Henry; and without any other salutation she bounded off to join her cousin. The Colonel was disconcerted, and stammered something meant as an apology for the mountain girl. The friends related their adventure, and excused the little mischief so handsomely that the father’s eyes filled with tears of joy.

“I owe my life to her presence of mind!” said Thompson, with much fervor.

“Never speak of it again, I beg of you,” said Miss Kate, turning quickly. “I am ashamed to have acted so out of all rule—so entirely without precedent. If you had only saved my life!”—and her quick grey eyes turned suddenly under the long lashes and stole a mischievous glance at Henry.

The Colonel took dinner with the young party, out of compliment to his guests; and then having won a promise from them to make his house their home during their stay, he withdrew; first, however, giving his daughter a strict charge to be on her best behavior, and pay every attention to his new friends. But the demand on Miss Kate’s kindness was not so readily met. Henry was chagrined by her indifference—excited by the wild freshness of her character and manner—amused by her shrewdness—and attracted by all together.

Her figure was of fairy-like proportions; and constant exer-

cise had given it such grace and buoyancy, that every motion appeared harmonized to the melody of the spirit that dwelt within. Her eye might have been a study for an oculist, or a lover. With the light and shade so continually passing it was impossible to determine its color. It was susceptible of every shade of expression, from the wildest mirth to a dullness almost amounting to stupidity; and this last quality, which could be commanded at pleasure, often heightened the comic when Miss Kate chose to play *Vignorante*; then it would quicken again with a world of mischief, or melt into an expression of the most bewitching tenderness. Her hair, with the sunlight upon its glossy rings, was golden; but in the shade it was as sober a brown as might be, in such flood of restless, living beauty. Her versatility of character found justice in her face. Childish simplicity, mirth and mischief, piquant shrewdness and good nature, were continually chasing each other over its delicate outlines; with an expression of melancholy now and then stealing over them, like shadows over the sunny fields of summer. With all her simplicity she possessed a dignity of carriage, worn as naturally as if she had been born a duchess, and nurtured among bended knees.

Three weeks flew as rapidly as if they had gone on the wing of thought. Though Kate shunned the particular attentions of our hero, yet she mingled in his general conversation with an interest marked and flattering. She was always taciturn when entirely alone with him; yet her fullness of feeling and vivacity were never greater than when he drew her just aside from the company, whose vicinity might take away the awkwardness of a *tele-a-tete*, and conversed upon some well chosen subject. Poor Henry could not tell what to think. At one moment he was flattered, but the next every hope was dashed from his heart.

With characteristic impetuosity he had tendered his proposals, and, in like manner, he was rejected; he stood on the best terms with the father, to whom he had candidly declared his sentiments. Finally an understanding took place between Miss Jennings and our hero, and they commenced a serious flirtation; but without the desired effect; and Henry was constrained to feel that Miss Kate’s indifference on the subject was proof direct of her indifference to himself. What miserable reasoners these lovers are!

Affairs stood thus when the young villagers proposed a ramble on the mountain side. Lucius offered his arm to Miss Jennings; and as each of the other nymphs had a particular swain there was no alternative but for Henry to tender an offer to Miss Kate. Both were in unusual good spirits, and an animated discussion of some incidental topic beguiled them unawares into a path wide from the one their companions had taken.

“You are fatigued, Kate,” and the girl allowed herself to be seated. Henry took her hand in his; and unable to resist the influence of the scene and circumstances, he poured out a torrent of fervid feeling.

“I love you, Kate, and I must love you!” She answered not; and as the tremor of the pledge he held increased; and as a series of eloquent hues, from the softest tint of a sea shell to the richest carmine, passed over her beautiful face, he took rather too much for granted. He unfolded his future prospects. He spoke of the pleasures of a city life—of the picturesque situation of his paternal home. This was unfortunate, and Miss Kate’s equanimity was restored. “I am not there yet!” thought she. “A city residence!” she repeated, while an expression of waking mischief played along her sweet mouth; “and, pray, how many stories high is your house?”

“Five,” he answered, smiling in spite of his disposition to do otherwise.

“Five stories high!—why I would rather live in a cave! Make such offers to city ladies—not to me! I am a wild girl, and I would rather live on the wildest crag of yonder mountain, than in the most splendid square of your city. I have lived there. I was once lost, and wandered a whole day amid the lonely grandeur of the mountains. I can never describe the wild, the fearful joy I experienced while standing on the black crag at the left of yon blasted pine, and discovered from thence my home. It looks a mere point from here; but I stood there in perfect safety.” Henry groaned audibly, as, following the direction of her hand, he caught a view of the fearful height. “I



found an eagle's nest there," she continued, "and made friends with the old by feeding their young. Since, I have often visited the nest which is occupied yearly; and the noble creatures have become quite familiar."

"I beg of you! I conjure you—for my sake—for your father's—to visit that dangerous spot no more! Dear! dearest Catherine, promise that you will not!" He almost drew her to his arms, but she eluded his grasp; and the next moment stood on an eminence at a little distance.

"There he is—the glorious creature!" she exclaimed.

Thompson looked up as she spoke, and saw a large eagle wheeling, and gradually descending through the air. He cowered—bent to her caressing hand; and the next moment darted away to the very heavens.

"Oh, that I could soar thus!" she exclaimed; and clapping her hands, she shouted in pure joy.

"You are a strange girl," murmured Henry, who had been attracted to her side. "Proud, gifted, incomprehensible creature! I must love you." And she was folded to a bosom warm and true as ever surrendered its peace to the wayward influence of beauty. She trembled there a moment; then, with a look fitting an empress, she said:

"Let me go, Mr. Thompson," and she was obeyed; but as she stood beside him, one hand was allowed to remain in his.

"I must love you, Kate," he repeated; "and you must return my love. I shall be miserable if you do not."

"You are mistaken. Several have told me the same story: but, with a single exception, they are all married and happy. I recommended partners to them, and was universal brides-maid at their weddings; and they bless me every day they live. Some have since acknowledged that they were much happier than they could have been with me; and I believe—I know it! I am a wild girl, Henry, and in the city you would be ashamed of me."

"Oh, no, Kate; you have no equal. Only say you will be mine, and go where you will—dwell where you may—and I will follow and dwell with you!"

"I dislike too much compliance," said Miss Kate, tossing her pretty head.

"Witching, wicked creature, instruct me what to say; tell me how to please you!"

"Do you love to run down hill?" asked the girl; and clasping his hand, she gave a sudden spring, and bounded down the steep descent. Henry, unable to resist the impetus, was constrained to accompany her; and he found himself out of breath, and, we are sorry to add, out of humor, at the foot of the hill, surrounded by the company, who laughed heartily at his involuntary descent; and though he laughed himself, he was displeased, and he took care that Miss Kate should see that he was so.

Henry had now become too much excited to remain under the same roof with his fair tormentress; and he absented himself several days under pretence of joining a hunting excursion, at the end of which time, he resolved to leave immediately; a resolution which was ably seconded by Lucius.

[Conclusion next week.]

### THE USES OF MESMERISM.

A MR. KEELY is causing some stir in Louisville, by his experiments in Mesmerism. He effects some wonderful cures; among others we notice the following in the Louisville Democrat:

"MR. KEELY'S EXPERIMENTS. \* \* A mother held on her lap a sweet little boy about five years of age, subject, as we afterward learned, to epileptic fits. During one of Mr. Keely's most interesting experiments, with five or six persons on the platform, this little boy fell into one of these distressing spasms. The mother exerted her utmost power to hold the child, and to keep its arms and fingers straight. Mr. Keely was called from the stand, and placing his hands gently on either side of the child's head, said to it, 'fix your eyes on mine;' and then mildly assuring the little fellow that 'as soon as he (Mr. K.) should count two, he would be perfectly restored, feel pleasant, and as well as he ever was.' The little sufferer fixed his eyes confidently on Mr. K., as much as to say, 'I believe you, sir.'"

"Mr. Keely, then, with an emphatic emphasis, pronounced the

words—'one! two!'—and suiting the actions to the word, said, in a confident tone to the child, 'there! now you are well, are you? I told you you would be well!'

"That instant—in half the time we have taken to narrate the incident—the child's countenance brightened up with a smile, and seemed to have been entirely unconscious of what had passed—said it was well, and if not cured, it was relieved, almost instantaneously, by the efforts of the will of the operator upon the nervous system of his little patient, producing this no less astonishing than happy result."

Do you desire the perfection of a sentiment, purify it, cleanse it from all alloy: to take root the seed must cast off its shell.

### THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

THIS Weekly Journal differs in character, in some important respects, from any periodical published in the United States or even in the world. An interior or spiritual philosophy, comprehensively explaining the character and operations of natural laws, accounting for their exterior phenomena and results, and showing the tendencies of all things to higher spheres of existence, is the basis on which it rests. In its general tone and principles, it bears an intimate relation to the recently published revelations, relating to the whole circle of sciences, to the natural structure of society, and to the spirit world, given by A. J. DAVIS while in an exceedingly exalted AERNORMAL STATE, free from the influence of surrounding minds, into which state he was thrown by the magnetic process. It is a bold inquirer into all truths pertaining to the relations of mankind to each other, to the external world, and to the Deity; a fearless advocate of the theology of Nature, irrespective of the sectarian dogmas of men; and its Editors design that it shall, in a charitable and philosophic, yet firm and unflinching spirit, expose and denounce wrong and oppression wherever found, and inculcate a thorough Reform and reorganization of society on the basis of NATURAL LAW.

In its PHILOSOPHICAL departments, among many other themes which are treated, particular attention will be bestowed upon the general subject of PSYCHOLOGY, or the science of the human Soul; and interesting phenomena that may come under the heads of dreaming, somnambulism, trances, prophesy, clairvoyance, &c., will from time to time be detailed, and their relations and bearings exhibited. Articles of intense interest will from time to time be published, written by A. J. DAVIS, (one of the Editors,) as the result of his impressions and experience while in the INTERIOR OR CLAIRVOYANT STATE. The same author is now publishing a series of interesting and highly important articles on DISEASES AND THEIR TREATMENT, written in the abnormal state referred to. These articles alone are worth much more than the price of the paper.

In the MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT, an original and highly interesting HISTORICAL ROMANCE of the city of New York, is now being published, written by a lady.

In the EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, a wide range of subjects will be discussed, the establishment of a universal System of Truth, tending to the Reform and reorganization of society, being the grand object contemplated.

THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER is edited by S. B. BRITTAN assisted by several associates; and is published every Saturday at 235 Broadway, New York: being neatly printed on a super-royal sheet folded into sixteen pages. Price of subscription \$2, payable in all cases in advance. For a remittance of \$10, six copies will be forwarded. Address, post paid, S. B. BRITTAN, 235 Broadway, New York.

### 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, Univercælum Office, 235 Broadway, N. Y.