

THE UNIVERCELM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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

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The Principles of Nature.

A VISION.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM,
BY ONE OF THE TWELVE.

DARKNESS had long brooded over my spirit, with its heavy curtain-folds shutting out at once the pleasant light, and the vital air, until I became as one confined, yet living, in the tomb; and then, again, I broke forth from my prison-hold, only to wander in the fearful depths of spiritual darkness, that surrounded the Present with an impenetrable veil, and shrouded the Future in a deep funereal gloom. I struggled to free myself; but it was with the vague and powerless effort of a sleeper, when the deadly nightmare sits upon his bosom—and he, meanwhile, is conscious of a latent power, which he has neither the ability to call forth, or exercise. So I came, as it were, to look Death in the face—the giant foe that was, I almost believed, to be my final conqueror; and his hideous features had become familiar: so the last ray of hope expired in my soul. I was drifting in the thick dark, I knew, and cared not whither; and the cold still waters of Forgetfulness were fast closing over me. In this unhappy state of being—without joy in the Present, or hope for the Future, an unexpected relief awaited me; and a ray, as of earliest dawn, broke suddenly upon the midnight darkness. The morning star arose. A new sun went up refulgently into the heavens. I looked abroad—the old sullen shadows were dissolving in the clear light; and a fair Evangel stood on the boundaries of Time, holding out a powerful lens, through which I looked, with joy unspeakable, into the far-radiating glories of Eternity.

The Revelation was perfect. All the secret laws of Nature were unfolded to my view; and the profoundest enigma of life stood solved, in clear characters, before me. I beheld the great Cause, throned in the central Vortex of his Power, and radiating thence in works of divinest beauty. I traced the ever active principle of Life through chaotic masses, to the formation of spheres—ever putting forth more perfect and lovelier forms—until it reached its ultimate, in the majestic proportions and intelligent soul of man. I traced the history of the Race through all the dark periods of its instincts, and its savagism—and saw how the light became ever clearer, and the order of his being ever more beautiful.

I thought, in the first rapture of discovery, that every human soul must respond to this—and that the wide earth should, straightway, break forth into shouts and songs of jubilee. With untiring ardor I dwelt on the cabalistic pages—where every sentence seemed luminous with the truth it unfolded; and when the last yielded up its divine ministry, I sank upon my pillow, fainting with excess of joy—and a profound sleep fell upon me.

Suddenly the place around me shone with exceeding brightness, as if the light of heaven were unfolded in the midst; and an angel form approached my bed-side.

"Fear not," she said, waving one fair hand, while her soft pinions, as they folded themselves together, scattered ambrosial fragrance; "fear not; I come to bless and strengthen thee."

"Fear?" I repeated, looking earnestly into her clear starry eyes; "how should I fear one so lovely and gentle as thou?"

A benignant smile alone answered me—as I arose, and stretched forth my arms to welcome her.

"I have seen how thy spirit has been awakened and exalted," she remarked; "and I grieve to cast a shadow upon the brightness of thy hopes; yet remember, dear brother, that the proper gradation of all things must be preserved. We do not look for flowers upon the icy bosom of Winter; neither should we expect to find the living germs of Truth immediately developed upon the sterile breast of gross Error. But let this comfort and assure thee—that every step of true life is forward; and amid all the contradictions of seeming retreat, there is not, really, one retrograde motion."

"It cannot be," I answered, perceiving the tendency of her remarks; "it cannot be that when the light is presented to the eye, a single human being can be insensible to its power! As well might they deny the presence of the unclouded mid-day sun."

"But remember, there are some men spiritually blind," she remarked; "and indeed the great majority of men are born so—that is, they are born under influences which inevitably tend to make, and keep them so: and to such as wholly want vision, thou knowest, my brother, that the sun, itself, is but a fountain of blackness. Many are truly born to such a state of almost total blindness of the soul, that they have no power, of themselves, to change their condition; while others blind themselves, by putting on thick masks of policy, and economy—thus wilfully shutting out the light, which would be unfavorable to the development of their worldly interests—and might reveal some of their own secret springs of action, in an unpleasant point of view. Men have loved—and they yet, for some time, will love, darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. Yet have patience. The selfishness which lies at the root of all, will be corrected by and by—and it rests with you, who willingly receive, and rejoice in the light of a higher revelation, to show, not only by your doctrines, but in your lives, how far better it is to suffer than to do evil—and that the happiness of each member of the human family is so intimately conjoined with the happiness of all—that the least injury to the one is felt by the other—thus demonstrating to the selfish, by the only principles which they are yet capable of digesting, or comprehending, that benevolence is the truest policy—that in seeking the good of others, we find our own. So shall you, by living lessons of love, form that central sphere of Fraternal Unity, toward whose omnipotent forces universal Humanity is, even now, beginning to gravitate."

Yet surely," I answered, "they who have taken Love for their creed, and FREEDOM for their motto, will aid this work with a strong hand, and a willing heart; for they must be fully prepared for such a mission."

"Nay, my brother, thou expectest too much of poor human weakness. They whom thou mentionest have shown themselves the deadliest enemies of spiritual freedom, as thy brethren who stand on the walls of the new Zion can well assure thee. Remember it is one thing to put forth a clear and exalted theory—and quite another thing, to engraft its elements upon the daily

practices of life. Were these brethren really, as they assume to be, the personification, or embodiment of their own creed, they would be all thou hopest; but this is far from being true. From rejecting the chains of sectarianism for themselves, they have come to fasten them on others—while, at the same time, by confining to a class what belongs to humanity, and attempting to imprison Christianity within the walls of a sect, they are forging the strongest links of spiritual bondage—strongest, because they are wrought out of the elements of a perverted freedom. As individuals these men may appear to degenerate; for certainly they have failed to demonstrate, by consistent action, the large loving faith of their early Fathers, although they have professed to attain to a higher liberty—and a more exalted plane of spiritual action than they. But the Man is the spirit he works in—whose essence is concentrated not in what he *thinks*, but in what he *DOES*. So a Pagan in the simplicity and straightforward earnestness of his natural faith, as exemplified in action, may—and not unfrequently does—put Christians to the blush. And forget not, my brother, that the Apostleship, which was once sacred, has become perverted to be a pander of the senses. The office of the Christian minister now presents to the world the absurdity of a purely secular calling, claiming to be divine; and with the bare truth standing before its open eyes the world admits the claim; and bows itself, with all becoming reverence, before the Sent-of-God—who, in fact, hear nothing, and know nothing, but the call to the largest and fattest Living. These, and such as these, are not seeking for Truth, which shall nourish and sustain the perishing Soul; but for the loaves and fishes that may afford nutriment to the mortal Body.

"But there is a testing spirit now abroad in the world; and they who are capable of enduring it will cast off, by their own innate Herculean forces, the bondage of Policy, of Custom, and Necessity. Let it not surprise thee, that the very men who have cried out most bitterly against sectarianism—and who have claimed for many years, to be the expositors of a purer light, and a higher faith than was revealed to the Christian world at large, should be foremost, in these latter days, among those who are forging the chains of spiritual bondage; for when a man is intrinsically false, the higher the standard he has erected for himself, the greater must be his hypocrisy. Your liberalists have, indeed, outsped the most bigoted in their efforts to chain the Truth—leaving those of narrower, but honester creeds, far in the rear, as they summon all their forces to the ramparts they have reared upon the walls of Freedom, and battle, with what force they may, for the old Bondage. But come forth; for I see thou doubtst; and let facts illustrate the truth of what I say."

Thus saying she took me by the hand; and we passed with a gliding motion, more like flying than walking, until we came to a large city of the East.

After traversing several streets we entered a fine old mansion, around and in which everything wore the expression of wealth, security, and ease. As we ascended the steps, convivial sounds came pleasantly to the ear; and voices were echoing from within, so hearty and genial in their mirth, that I became impressed that they must embody, at least, the elements of freedom. My companion at once perceived the impression, and replied, as if it had spoken to her.

"I warn thee against disappointment, my brother. It is true they may possess the elements of freedom—as almost every human being does—but thou wilt not find here a much higher development of the power. It is not in animal gratification that the soul is strengthened; and license is not liberty. But let the scene speak to thee in its own language."

Thus saying, we followed the steps of servants, who were going before heavily laden, and entered a large dining hall. There, surrounding a table that almost bent under the load of savory meats, sat a large party of gentlemen.

"Here," whispered my conductress, "the Liberalism of the East, with its leaders, is represented. The principal clergy and

laity of that party are present; and the primal purpose of their meeting thou wilt quickly discover."

"But tell me who *are* the leaders?" I whispered, glancing round the board, "I perceive indeed two persons who, by their air, would seem to claim the leadership; and yet, by their grossness, one would suppose they had reached the highest ultimate of their being in the scene of this hour; and that they would never attempt anything like dictatorship in an intellectual, or moral enterprise."

She smiled, as she replied, "One of them, and he the taller of the twain, is not wholly void of philosophy—nor yet of good feeling, and candor. He would, indeed, be a tolerably clever, benevolent, and independant kind of man, if his interest, his benevolent affections, and his conscience, were permitted to act in conjunction—and, above all, if he were not so constituted that he *must* regard as first in importance the interests of his physical being.

I could not choose but smile at this remark; though it was uttered with an air of most unconscious gravity, as I responded: "Can it be that this is a leader of the chosen Few, to whom has been committed so high a revelation of faith and hope, as is embodied in the single doctrine of OMNIPOTENT LOVE?"

"It is even so," she replied, mournfully. "Yet he is not the worst of men," she continued, "he is less tyrannical, less bigoted, and less selfish than his brother-leader opposite; yet he feigns to believe that every utterance of truth, is a libel upon the fair fame of the particular denomination he represents—so much the worse, if it be so—and that every blow that is aimed against sectarianism, only hits that—a plain evidence that there is something obnoxious about it—there must be some projecting angles, or it could not be in such extreme danger—or need such extreme care. So thou wilt perceive by this, that our brother is somewhat cramped in his action; and that he does not not always use his voice in behalf of Freedom; though when it is popular and profitable to do so, he most certainly will; and then his early convictions will be spread out vauntingly in the light, and avowed, and proclaimed with wonderful effrontery."

"But what," I asked, "may be the Incarnation of Beef and Pudding, opposite; for I perceive by his bearing, that he must be some high dignitary; and yet he appears to me one vast heap of gross flesh, wearing, indeed, the human form—yet so closely wedded to his instincts, one might think, that, the grand business of his life had been to grow fat."

"It would appear," returned my guide, "from the Trumpet, which he ever carries in his hand, and which even at this moment rests beside him, that he must be one of the Seven Angels mentioned in the Apocalypse, with which, indeed, he seems to have some strong spiritual connection; but as neither his name or mission was recorded by the Sage of Patmos, we may safely conclude that the highly gifted seer did not make the discovery—an honor that has been held in reserve for THIS AGE. We will, therefore, call him the EIGHTH ANGEL; for by the law of correspondences, since we have just discovered an Eighth Planet, the idea of an Eighth Angel is not only rational, but it completes and crowns the numerical harmony, which, without it, would have been incomplete."

This sally was uttered in a very sprightly voice and manner, evincing a character of humor in my guide, which was, to me, quite novel for an angel nature. But I can, at this moment, think of no good reason why angels should not have a perception of the ridiculous, as well as more grossly embodied spirits. In fact the ethereality of their being should, it seems to me, make their perception finer, and their wit more keen.

"He is a right valiant angel," I answered, as I continued my observations, "for he wages war with the good things around him, as if moved by the true spirit of annihilation."

"Nay, nay, thou doest our brother gross injustice," she whispered; "it is in the spirit of benevolence he acts. Dost

thou not see how charitably he exerts himself to assume, at least, his own portion of the burden, under which the table is literally bending? while, at the same time, as he proceeds in this labor of love, his sensibilities are so acute, and his sympathy so excessive, that low but quite audible groans, continually respond to those of the groaning board."

"Yes," I replied, "and he is besides, a complete demonstration of the indistructibility of matter; for does not his own portly person, exhibit in itself, the resurrection of a thousand dinners?"

"Look at him," she again whispered, "while now is developed or developing, his true character."

"While he is the first to accuse others of mercenary motives, he is, himself, an impersonation of covetousness—which principles he has identified with all he seems to know of religion. From his gross materiality, he is wholly incapable of appreciating any thing like a high and pure philosophy; yet this only makes him the more a bigot, the more a tyrant. If any preacher, or lay-member, does not come up to the line he has marked for duty; or, most especially, if he exceeds it, an attack is immediately commenced; and in this our doctrinal pugillist holds himself amenable to no law, human or divine. He is insensible even to the common claims of justice and humanity; and, as far as possible, blasts, at once, the reputation and fortune of the offender. In such cases it would seem as if he controled in his own person all the seven vials of wrath; or that the concentrated essence of the whole was poured out from him; for when the Eighth Trumpet soundeth, and the Eighth Angel poureth out the contents of his vial, straightway it cometh to pass, that many craven spirits tremble with apprehension, and men become as BEASTS and CREEPING THINGS."

"Dost thou recognize in these men the leaders of the people thou hast called free?" she added, after a slight pause. "Judge for thyself," she continued, "how much of freedom, or spiritual power, they embody in themselves; and then say if through such as these are to shine forth the beacon-lights, which are to enlighten, and save the world?"

"It cannot be," I replied; "and how should they show the way of freedom to others, seeing they, themselves, are the slaves of appetite?"

"Very true; and yet, with an inconsistency that almost staggers belief, large numbers of men, often far their superiors both in intellect and morals, have submitted to their domination; and while they have held forth from the pulpit doctrines of the largest liberty, men are, as yet, prepared to receive, their Life and Action refused to be the handmaids of their Teaching; and so their doctrines had to go farther for illustration. These men, with all their explosions of talk, and writing, only want the power, to bring back the courts and dungeons of the Inquisition—and one of them, at least, would be preeminently calculated to sit as Lord paramount, and superintend the pleasant and goodly labor of torturing men, who are so perverse that they will not come down to look at Truth from their point of view—showing thus that the spirit of Sectarism is invariably one, the world over; for the monster has always the same character, whether he rides in the car of Juggernaut, over the prostrate bodies of thousands, or crushes Indian hordes in their struggle to reach the sacred arms of their River-God—or prostrates the mortal body before the holy Khaaba; or with the finer cunning of civilization, binds the living soul in the torturing fetters of a creed. Thou art sad, my brother, and mayest think that these utterances are severe. Yet, if there is aught that can disturb the equilibrium of an angel's temper, it is the sight of men like these. Were they the exponents of some monstrous doctrine, we should, and could, feel no emotion for them save pity; but when we see them, as they are, making their own superior light a means of perpetuating darkness, pity is hardened into contempt. Yet hope; for the dead form which they represent is yet a symbol of really existing life; and,

look! canst thou not see symptoms of its breaking forth in the faces that surround them? There are yet worldly ministers, and influential lay-members, whom they would not dare offend. They are, in fact, not yet entirely ready to be free—they have not yet wholly outgrown their leading-strings; though they have nearly all confidence in their leaders. It is to precisely this state of mind, almost all thoughtful men in the denomination, have either already arrived, or they are fast approaching it. For some time yet, such as these must be held in the bonds of worldly policy. But have patience. Yet a little while, if they have a free thought, they may not dare to utter it; but it will not be always so."

There was a loud sound of many voices, as she finished speaking; and drawing nearer, I perceived that the New Revelation, which had been to me so beautiful and sacred, was the subject of an animated discussion; for one poor wight, who was both willing, and able to think for himself, (quite a novel character, and somewhat out of place, too, in such a company,) stood forth as its defender; and holy hands were lifted, with most holy horror; and for his opinion's sake, alone, he was treated like an offender against the laws of common decency. But all argument was quickly silenced by flat contradiction and assertion, which they passed off with quite an air, as if they supposed themselves reasoning—and the Champion was very soon silenced by coarse jests, which his adversaries naturally enough mistook for wit. "This is disheartening, I admit," said my conductress, "and yet thou canst see that there are some, even here, who are looking forth earnestly after the truth; but they have not yet sufficient hardihood to dare the terrible frown, which is, to all dissent, as inflexible as the Law of the Medes and Persians. And with all the talk about their own tolerance, and the IN-tolerance of other sects, thou wilt find, even here, that any deviation from the doctrines which they are pleased to set forth as true, will be stigmatized as heresy; and that a failure to renounce what they consider error, will be punished by excommunication, as imperative, and tyrannical, as was ever exhibited under the authority of the Papal See; and, even now, were yon poor, unfortunate—as they would call him who has here ventured to speak for the Truth, this day—but removed from their presence, they would be canvassing their test-questions of Christian ministry, and fellowship, which are intended to have the effect of a decree of excommunication, against the brethren who have embraced doctrines of the New Philosophy. I can perceive it all in their thoughts at this moment; and presently it will be apparent to thee. But in all these reflections, and all these mournful facts, we have the blessed assurance, that 'Error is mortal, and cannot live,' though quacks exhaust themselves with efforts to puff her into a false show of life; and 'Truth is immortal, and cannot die;' though all the dark hosts of the Inferno are brought out against her. Now, our business is no longer here."

As she uttered this, we again went forth into the open air, whose pure breath was quite refreshing, after so long inhaling breaths, which certainly could not be called so. We then passed rapidly along the coast in a North East direction, until we came to a beautiful town, where the very elements are vocal with thoughts of freedom. The wide sea is there seen in its infinitude, stretching afar; while the heavy surf comes up to the sounding shore, chanting ever its divine anthem of liberty.

"One would think," she continued, "that in such a place as this, the human soul would, by its very instincts, and sympathy with external nature, become free; yet in yonder building is a Convention of Christian Brethren, called together for the express purpose of creating the test question of which I spoke to thee—so that they may tighten the cords of spiritual bondage."

We entered, along with many others; and among them the members of our dinner party, as a matter of course, moved conspicuously. The meeting was called to order; and I became wholly absorbed in the spirit of the scene; while with every

moment astonishment and mortification deepened in my soul. I soon found that there was no freedom to be tolerated here; or if there were, it must either fight, single-handed, against the hosts of its enemies; or the poor little angel flutterer, panting with fear, must creep away to hide herself in the snuggest corner she might find; for if a Free Thought should dare to utter itself, I knew it must stand forth girded in strong armor. And there *was* one who battled bravely for the right of private judgment—for the spirit of tolerance—for freedom of thought—and though he went not wholly with brethren of the new faith, yet for that very reason his championship was more bold and manly.

When the test questions were brought forward, I could perceive that there were many there, even among the greater lights, who could not, conscientiously, sign them; and who, had they been free, would have opposed them, for that very reason; as also because they were created without any reference to Christian character, or fitness to the calling—and made to bear only upon opinions; so that any minister, refusing to subscribe to their articles, should, virtually, be excommunicated; or would rather, by that means, be made to excommunicate himself. The danger of such an outbreak was perceived by the grand Movers; and a counter-action was directly established, which, by its arbitrary restrictions, wholly prevented every thing like a free expression of principle, and opinion. One would have believed himself in a conventicle of Puritans of the profoundest dye, and the most circumscribed liberties, so rankly bitter were the denunciations of heresy—so hostile and deadly was the spirit manifested against dissenters. One would never have imagined himself before the representatives of Murray, who claim, indeed, to have a higher revelation even than he ever boasted. There was a much stronger savor of Papacy in it—of Inquisitorial power—and the complexion of the scene, as much resembled that of the Scarlet Mother of Babylon, as the spotless robes of the Father's divinest Child—who ever stands,

"Fairest and foremost of the train, that wait
On man's most dignified, and happiest state—
Whether we call her Charity, or Love—
Chief grace in earth, and all in all above—"

and with whom, to say the least, they seemed to have but slight acquaintance.

The almost single-handed effort of the opposition failed—partly because the many present who held opinions contrary to those of their leaders, and consonant, or nearly so, with those they opposed, had not moral strength and manliness to come out, in a full and free expression of their conflicting points of faith; and partly because they could not very easily have found opportunity to speak, if they had chosen to do so; since it was a great stroke of policy to prevent any thing of the kind. At length the leaders, finding it impossible to restrain longer the torrent, which they knew, could it only obtain motion, would sweep all their barriers, with an impetuosity perfectly resistless, by a single grand maneuver, which, at least showed their generalship, succeeded in saving themselves, and their chains—apparently unbroken. This was nothing else than a forced and arbitrary motion of adjournment; which was carried by the same means, and in the same manner, which had marked all the other proceedings—that is by trampling directly upon the will and wishes of brethren, whom they had insulted, by calling them together to act as vassals of the lowest degree, and not as freemen. Whereupon the Eighth Angel became so elated with the success of this brilliant maneuver, which so clearly cast before it a shadow of the incipient victory, that he blew a blast upon his Trumpet so long and loud, that I started from my sleep in extreme fear; for by a very natural transition, I recurred to the early impression of an orthodox idea; and for a moment I really believed that the final trump was sounding; and so, in a fit of trembling, I awoke.

Again the interior vision was expanded—and once more my

fair conductress stood before me. She took me by the hand, and on we sped to the place of the adjourned meeting. It is almost unnecessary to say, since it has become matter of history, that the same spirit which had governed the preceding, was manifest there. The whole affair was pushed through with the most indecent haste—which, I believe, stands without a parallel in the history of ecclesiastical discussions. Less liberal sects have given whole days to the consideration of questions, which have only a private, or personal bearing; and they make it a point to allow ample time to questions, embracing principles of broad, or general application; and if we look farther back, even to the days of the Arch-Tyrant Constantine, and his famed Council of Nice, we shall find that the same great law of right was preserved even there. This Council was convened, mainly, for the purpose of settling one question—the Arian idea of God—and it continued in session six months; while a no less time than six years was devoted by the Westminster Assembly of Divines, to digesting the elements of their smaller catechism; yet this important matter, which was not merely to settle any question of local interest, or personal right, but to establish a broad test of Christian character and fellowship, embracing a principle which should govern whole classes, was hurried through in a little more than five hours!

The grand point of the maneuver was secured; and the test questions were adopted; yet the measure was carried with so little regard to the principles, wishes, or will, of those present, that had FREEDOM been admitted to the councils, and CONSCIENCE occupied the chair, it would probably have been put down, almost by acclamation. The annals of the Christian world, with all their stories of tyranny and priestcraft, their Papal bulls, and their pontifical thunders, can perhaps afford a parallel. But, seriously, how well might those Sects, whose illiberal spirit we have denounced, and from whose sectarianism and bigotry we have represented ourselves as suffering much, how well, and how bitterly, might they echo the taunting strain of Israel: "Art thou, also, become weak as we? art thou become LIKE UNTO US?"

But again we sped on to the south-east; nor rested till the streamer-foliage, and spar-forest of the Empire City appeared in view; and we soon found ourselves in an upper room, in one of the lower streets.

"Here," said my guide, "we shall find a private session of the clergy, met for the purpose of carrying forward a design similar to that of the Eastern Convention. They cannot prohibit our entrance even though they should sit with closed doors."

"Little do they think," she again whispered, as we entered the apartment, "what eyes are now looking upon them—and so it is often with men—they cast up their barriers of wood, brick, and iron—they turn their double locks; they draw their strong bolts; and then sit down to their evil plottings—and, lo! angels come, and listen to the utterance of thoughts, they would blush to lay before their humblest and weakest brother men. So it is—and so it will be—until men become true—as they ultimately will—and then there will be no need of bolts and bars to keep out intruders; but the interior wisdom of more advanced natures will be unfolded in their midst; and angels shall sit with them, fraternally guiding, and sharing their councils. Now observe them."

As she spoke, I turned to obey. There were several present; but three especially attracted my attention. The first had a kind of superficial smartness about him, which, with many of the world, who are less acquainted with solids than surfaces, would go down for great capacity. He seemed to cherish within himself, and to guard with extreme jealousy, a very distinct ideal of the clerical character, position and rights. He is, in short, a PATTERN PRIEST; and I think he must well deserve the familiar title of Lady's-man, which I am told he has attached to himself. He is the first of the circle of ecclesiastical dignitaries who preside over Liberalism in this region.

The second was a surly, crabbed-looking body, wearing the deep impress which Mammon had made upon his visage. The last of the three was one whom Nature had dealt nobly with, giving him a right noble heart, and large intellect—and yet not large enough to sustain itself—to keep itself pure—to lean upon its own strength. His Great Mother had done all this; and, in return, he had ungratefully contracted himself into but a moiety—a tithe—of what she had designed him to be—and no one knows the truth of this better than himself; and time may be, when he may listen to it, and be saved. But even now he cannot wholly subvert himself; and a strong tendency to better things will sometimes overpower his selfishness, and especially his extreme love of approbation. It was mortifying to see him in such companionship—for I had known him when the seal of a higher and purer promise sat fair upon his manly brow; still more mortifying to perceive that the giant was fast shrinking himself into a dwarf; and I could not forbear exclaiming: "How art thou fallen from Heaven, O son of the morning!"

"But attend," said my guide; and, as I did so, I found they were discussing points of sectarian policy, similar to those which had engaged their brethren, in the East; only that, from their supposed security, they had thrown off all disguise, treating them merely as policy, without attempting to invest them with any higher character or claim. The ruin of the new philosophic school was determined on, as a matter of necessity, involving the very existence of Sectarism—a young and vigorous branch of which they claimed to represent. For, along with the ruin of Sect, which they apprehended, would be bound up that of its ministers. Their calls would become ever fainter—their popularity would decline—their salaries would dwindle away—and they, even they, with their undeveloped muscles—they the acknowledged leaders and lights of the world—must yet come to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water!" Only think of it, how deeply shameful! with their tender, delicate hands—and all their vast and immeasurable deceptive power, by which they, and their fathers before them, had, for centuries, persuaded the majority of men that God had made them to suffer all manner of labor, privation and wrong—to sit up late, and rise early, in order to procure bread; but, especially, to pay goodly tithes of all they earned, as an equivalent for these cheering stories—that their Spiritual Highnesses might be treated daily to rich meats and exhilarating wines; while they who have done all the real labor may be content, and even thankful, if they get bare black bread and pure Croton to refresh themselves withal. They had succeeded admirably in doing this; and they laughed heartily to think how long, and how well, the *ruse* had gone down. But the signs of the times boded change. There was a glimmer as of faintest morning light, abroad in the world—faint, and yet every moment it was more distinct and clear; and along with this general influence, were particular and individual changes and developments. Thick scales were every moment falling from men's eyes—and though, at first, objects might appear distorted; and through the weakness of their vision, they might yet a little while be misled, yet the time was coming when they *must* look abroad, in the full power of all their senses and capabilities. Then how must they appear—they who had themselves, by some dark, alchymic power of monkery and priestcraft, compounded and fastened on those very scales, which had for centuries blinded the world. It would by no means do to let this grand secret out; for had not they under pretense of removing the evil, continually added new plates, whose apparent transparency was a distorting medium of deceptive character, which rendered the difficulty and danger ever greater? Had they not done this until the natural power of vision had become so weakened as to be in danger of absolute destruction—until a large majority of the world, from being born with good, sound, natural, healthy eyes, capable of perceiving the true position and spirit of things, found themselves establishing a necessity of using lenses, having no properties in common with the organs

whose office they had usurped—since light was to them as darkness—beauty as deformity, and truth as falsehood? But now, the deplorable fact could no longer be concealed—men were absolutely beginning to see; and they really had the audacity to prefer their own eyes to those of other people. The long diseased organs were, by a reaction of the vital power, casting off their excrescences—thus showing themselves true to a great and ever-constant law of Nature, by which life rejects death. In this extremity what could be done? Some immediate and bold measure must be adopted.

The New Philosophy was now the grand enemy to be met and overcome; for through this were not men getting to perceive the true relations and spirit of things—getting to see—getting into the light—where their own surplined forms of darkness would stand out in rather too strong relief, to be either convenient, or agreeable? It would be absolutely suicidal to allow of such a movement; for how could men be persuaded much longer to sustain fat priests, in the fat livings of which they are naturally so covetous, when they perceive that it is only for muffling, and fettering, and gagging, and blinding them! The man of moderate means will hardly pay over his tithes with a very good grace, when he perceives that he has, himself, the best—the only intrinsic right to them—the poor man will rather choose to buy school-books and shoes for his children, than contribute to the harp or upright piano, which the presentation party are going to bestow on the daughter of his Reverence, or the thousand dollar curtains they have ordered for his Lady. Some how or other, the New Philosophy lets men strangely into the right and wrong of these matters; and, therefore, it must be decapitated, though it be a perfect Hydra. It must be made blind, though it have as many eyes as Argus; and it must be vanquished, though that work should cost more than the seven Labors of Hercules. All their squibs and crackers, and all their small-fire, had glanced off pointless, as if the spirit at which they aimed were not only a self-protecting essence, but had a power of neutralizing the venom of its enemies. A grand battery must now be opened—the heaviest ordnance must be put in requisition; and a tremendous broadside be brought to bear against the walls of the insidious Foe.

Thank fortune, their brow yet wore the expression of priestly domination, by which they could so well overawe and control the world—they yet went abroad, clad in the full armor of priestly terrors—they yet could forge the more than Vulcanic bolts of disgrace, and excommunication. And bravely and manfully did they cheer each other on to the work that lay before them; through which they already saw the final victory. Well they knew that the chariot wheels of Progress cannot long be intercepted; yet the blocks they were casting there might detain them for a few years—till they should die—or till they should become old men—and so be deadened to a sense of shame at the discovery of what they really were—or till they had acquired enough money to make them independent:—and then, if by any of these means, they should, in their own individual persons, escape detection, disgrace and punishment—what should they care for others—what should they care for their children—for posterity—for humanity, itself, in the infinitude of its rights, its duties, its being, and its power? What should they care, or think, of any, or all of these? If they lay athwart the path that led from them to any particular niche of the world's favor, they would trample them under foot—they would, if possible, consign them to destruction—so that the deified Self might be throned, Dagon-like, in his gilded fane. This was the spirit of their proceedings—and after this consultation was over, some of the minor ministers, who had learned to keep silence before the elders, fell into a rehearsal of some of their professional tricks—which I shall not care to repeat—but I will just say that in all of them, Popularity and Power were the controlling ideas.

A certain seceding friend of ours, has long had it in his mind to write a work of experience, entitled "Two years in the Ministry." May no hard-handed necessity cut him off from his purpose; for he will unfold a rich treat, to seekers after the ridiculous—and a bitterer and deeper satire than the world ever saw. As a means of imparting light, let this come, also; though it bring the caustic, and the knife, along with it; for if the world needs such operations should be used, as curative means, it must—and it *will*—have them.

But I must not allow myself to linger. The public meeting of which the little clerical caucus referred to above, was a germ, exhibited but a type of the one at the East; and went off with the same result.

Once more the vision came upon me; and my spirit-friend stole gently to my side. Again we wandered away—far to the North-west—to the vicinity of a new and beautiful city of the Empire State; and pausing in a lovely little village, we entered a house—and straightly after the sleeping apartment of one who seemed to be dreaming; and, indeed, I perceived that he was wondrously given to visions.

Through the influence of my guide, I could perceive the thoughts, as they occupied the stage for a moment, and then chased each other away. He was thinking of the new Philosophers. He became exceedingly valiant in his wrath against them; and as their spirits passed before his eyes, in the calm and classic dignity which evinced a latent strength by its beautiful composure, he called them Knaves! Then, apparently forgetting that—he made quite another charge—and called them ignorant—recommending them, at the same time, to read the works of certain distinguished Bishops. Then he apparently goes back to his first point and we catch a muttering of the words, "Infidels," "Knaves," and then the more euphonious syllables of "HUMBLED!" Then, with an admirable consistency, for which he is quite remarkable, he finds himself unable to decide whether they are idiots or madmen! and then as if afraid that some one should, by chance, catch the drift of his opinion, or find out that he absolutely did mean something, he decides that it "cannot be ignorance;" whereupon I was led pretty forcibly to the conclusion, that if our dreamer ever *did* have the character of a wise, or even of a reasonable man, when awake, he lost it immediately, on going to sleep.

But, as I observed him, his Imagination, which being pretty well fed, had grown antic, began to career, as it had stolen the wings of the fabled Pegasus. There was a great buzzing in the air above; and I looked up to see what the sprite would keep himself about at that time of night—when, sure enough, there stood a goodly row of Academic Halls—all invested with the solemn reality of brick and mortar; and in the midst of his official dignitaries, sat the spirit of the Dreamer himself, in the comfortable exaltation of the Presidential chair. I did not reflect at the moment, any more than did his Reverence himself, that the corner-stone of that very respectable edifice, had no fellowship with earth; and, in short, that its whole basis rested upon air, which, when it should be put in motion, would be wind, and nothing else! Did my thought bring about the catastrophe which almost instantaneously followed? But I anticipate.

Rapidly, as the passing of moments, years had gone by. The college had become a pattern college—the Alma-Mater was a pattern Alma-Mater—the scholars he sent forth were pattern scholars. All their acts, and all their modes of being, thought, and action, were types and patterns of their kind. It was truly wonderful how they thrived. It was wonderful how they grew into the estimation of other people, and expanded in their own. It happened, now, that it was the Alma Mater's quarter day. His quarterly payments were heavy, I assure you—to say nothing of the weight of his honors and responsibilities—a pretty heavy load, in the whole, to rest on one man's shoulders. The Treasurer (a fat, goodly personage, as they all were that came about the place) stood before his Reverence, with his purse in

hand. It was a large one, and was filled with gold—coinage of the pure and solid metal. Some way, in counting out the pieces, the purse, which was an awkward thing to manage, from its very fullness, fell to the ground, with a cold, dull sound. Was it that which disturbed the pillars of the air? I know not; but at the very moment down came a perfect chaos of bricks and granite, intermingled with fragments of glass and deal-boards—blocks of marble and block-heads mingled with the contents of libraries, and cabinets of Natural History. Shells and minerals flew like bullets in a hot battle; and many of them had human features, and others the features of imps; and as they flew, they made the most grotesque faces at us—yet pleasant, withal, as if they enjoyed their liberty amazingly. Then straightway went forth dismantled skeletons of mastodon, rhinoceros, and ancient bison; and away they went, whisking through the air like mad things; and as they passed out of sight, they waived us adieu with their fleshless paws, in a manner that appeared rather ironical, and was certainly somewhat less than flattering to those they left behind.

One circumstance was so remarkable as to surprise me much; and, indeed, it affected me with sensations akin to fear. For several moments after the walls, outer and inner, with all their fixtures, had wholly disappeared, there still remained, balanced in mid air, the Presidential chair with its luxurious crimson cushions, and the good Alma Mater, sitting in it—fast asleep. This was, indeed, a most wonderful phenomenon, and partook largely of the character of the awful. But even while I gazed, the whole establishment, as if it had been charged with most congenial gases, suddenly exploded, with a noise more terrible than thunder; and the whole air was filled with fragments of cloth, and splinters of wood; while the unfortunate dignitary, himself, was torn limb from limb. The head rose into the air, its eyes staring wide open, looking forth in utter dismay upon the riotous members. Fortunately it happened to fall in company with the socket of an astral lamp, which somehow had been left suspended in the atmosphere; and there it seated itself in something like its former state, and attempted to call its refractory subjects to order.

But the hands snapped their fingers in the very face of their old owner; and the legs turned up their heels against him, in utter defiance—utter contempt—and then away they all flew, in their great freedom, dispersing themselves to the four elements. But presently, as if drawn together again by the attraction of adhesiveness, back they came. I was watching them, to see the wonderful capers they cut, and the somersets they made, and the wrestling and fencing matches they had with each other—all of which acts were accompanied by the most wild and fantastic evolutions, as if they were rejoicing in the largest liberty—when all at once, the two feet gave each other such a kick, that they fairly annihilated themselves; and, at the same time, one of the hands doubled up its fist, and knocked the other out of being in an instant. The victor-member then, with an air of great dignity, approached the spot where I stood, extending itself open, with an air of great friendliness; and though the act had, apparently, been so gentle and confiding, yet the touch gave me a shock equal to that of a torpedo. I rose bolt upright—just as the Presidential trunk, over which played a lambent blue flame, was dissolving in the distant vapors. All else had vanished.

EVERY thing is imperfect at the beginning, but every thing must go on to perfection. The little blade will develop a grain that is precious. The seed deposited by the winds will yield a fruit that is pleasant to the taste. The little acorn will become an oak. It doth not yet appear what *we* shall be. What if we find man low and groveling? This is but the rudimental state—the first stage of his progress. He may be an animal now—a worm—but there is an immortal germ in him, and he shall be an angel of God!—[Brittan's Lectures.]

The Physician.

DEAFNESS—ITS CAUSES AND CURE.

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

THERE is a wonderful beauty in the arrangement and adaptation of external objects, mediums and elements, with reference to the senses. I understand the various senses to be fixed ramifications of the general principle of sensation; or as different instrumentalities employed by the mind in its intercourse with material things, and to investigate and enjoy the manifold emotions and delights imparted by outward objects in Nature. They are, also, intended to intimate to us our general relations to properties and substances which surround us in the outer world. The senses do not control the mind, nor do they make it, but they do influence it, in so far as the mind is connected with them and material objects. Without the mind—the internal man—the senses are inanimate and incapable of receiving or transmitting impressions; but, with the mind to animate them, they readily perform this office: and thus they influence the mind by varying its experiences. Every change which the elements or any other objects effect upon the senses, must work a corresponding change in the soul's experience; for the mind, or soul, or the real man, is, in the present sphere, necessarily connected with, and residing in, the brain; the brain is connected with the senses, and these with matter. And whatever external or physical disturbance changes the atomic nervous or muscular structure of any one of the organs of sense, produces a corresponding alteration in the brain, and consequently in the state of the mind.

When we approach a substance emitting odors, the organ or sense of smell is acted upon, and thereby the brain transmits to the mind an impression, pleasurable or otherwise. Thus we know what combinations of matter are suited to the smell, and what are calculated thus to impart happy influences to our spiritual being. So with light and its innumerable modifications, consisting of those colors that are presented when light is imparted to, and reflected from various combinations in Nature, and perceived from different directions. Every one knows from experience how objects, forms, colors, and scenery; how the sweet voice of friendship, or the musical discourse of birds, or the gentle murmurings of the stream; and how the penetrations and reverberations of instrumental or vocal music will please the sense, delight the mind, elevate the sensibilities and develop the tenderest affections. Thus the good Bishop Beveridge was moved to say in reference to music: "It lulls my spirits, composes my thoughts, delights my ear, recreates my mind, and so not only fits me for better business, but fills my heart at present with pure and useful thoughts; so that when music sounds the sweetest in my ears, truth commonly flows the clearest into my mind; and hence it is that I find my soul is become more harmonious by being accustomed to so much harmony."

I think that no one can imagine what it is to be deprived of that harmony which should exist between the mind and the senses, except he experiences the deprivation. The memory of odors, colors, forms, scenery, sounds, flavors and pleasurable sensation, will still remain; but this cannot compensate for the want of a right and constant exercise of all our faculties, while residing in a world of creations so adapted to their physical and spiritual sensibilities. A thrill of intense satisfaction penetrates my whole being when I behold an erect, noble, wise man—one in the possession of every faculty and sense—one who employs them rightly, and feels grateful to the Omnipotent Mind for what he enjoys. And never do I meet an individual, deprived of any one or more of his external organs or senses, without experiencing the most lively sympathy for him, and the

most anxious desire to restore, if possible, that of which he has been deprived. Especially is my attention alive to any disease, or imperfections, that may exist in the ear; and, as I have already remarked in treating of the many affections to which that organ is subject, the greatest possible care should be taken so that its delicate structure, and important use, may never be disturbed or destroyed. Among other serious complaints, DEAFNESS is the most important to avoid, and the most difficult to remove. It is easy to understand, and consequently needs no minute delineation. There are, however, many causes which it is proper to mention in order to protect the ear from disease, or any disturbance tending to sever its relation to, and destroy the influence it exerts upon, the spirit within.

I. THE CAUSES.—For many of the causes, consult the diagnosis of Otagia; but other local or general disturbances are nevertheless engaged in its production. Small pox, varicella, erysipelas, scarlet fever, typhoid scarlatina, purple rash, measles, nettle rash, varioloid, and other eruptive fevers, occasionally ultimate themselves in deafness. The ultimate cause of deafness is a chronic inflammation of the mucous membrane which lines the tympanic cavity. Therefore, it may be inferred that whatever inflames this important investing membrane, is productive of, or liable to ultimate in, a partial or complete loss of hearing. An inflammation is an arrest of the atomic motions and particles in a specific locality, which accumulates heat and fever, and changes the temperature of the implicated parts. This arrest may be occasioned by what is generally termed a cold; this changes the temperature in the system; this produces some weakness to which the system is predisposed, or affects some organ, nerve, muscle, or membrane, which is constitutionally inclined to develop disease; it may, perhaps, be the membrane of the tympanic cavity, or the delicate membrane of the fenestra-rotunda; and the consequences would be the generation of a catarrhal and tuberculous substance; a superficial deposition of this, and other concretions, many times exceedingly hard and seemingly analogous to fibro-calcareous matter, would ensue, and the whole would ultimate in deafness. Effusions of blood over the membrane of the fenestra-rotunda, owing to an enlargement or contortion of the capillary vessels, are the general result of inflammation. The tensor tympani muscle is sometimes hypertrophied; and when erysipelas, tuberculous or scrofulous, and sanguineous matter is effused over the surfaces, adhesions become the fixed cause of deafness. But it is well to know that this condition is seldom existing except when the eruptive fever or cold, or whatever disturbance it may be, has been violent, and allowed to linger in the system for many years. Time is the confirmer of the adhesive state.

When adhesion is existing, there is no impression of sound conveyed through the organ. If it exists, even to a limited extent, sound is never free and pleasurable; but if it does not exist, the patient will hear distinctly when sound is addressed to the sense sufficiently full and regular. The surest evidence that it does not exist is when sound is heard without experiencing mental confusion or physical pain in the tympanic department. Deaf persons generally date their losses of hearing to some violent fever or cold; for one is only the counterpart of the other; and they are also conscious of hearing better on certain days than on others. This proves the important fact, that motion and temperature develop disease, and represent themselves in the alternations of hearing and deafness. Deafness corresponds to the cold stage; fever corresponds to hearing; and the alternations, or varying phases of the complaint, are perpetual representatives of its producing cause or causes. It is, however, unimportant to dwell very extensively upon the pathological indications or conditions of this familiar affection; inasmuch as they are quite uninteresting to the patient, who alone desires a speedy restoration,—and also to the physician, who can only ascertain the true state by dissection of the parts diseased.

II. THE CURE.—What is said concerning regimen in Otagia

is applicable to the successful treatment and ultimate cure of deafness, and is almost equally applicable to every other local affection.

To properly cure this complaint, the muscles and membranes must be made to resume their usual strength and activity, or perhaps they should be excited to more than their ordinary power and motion. Commence, then, the periodic and continual use of electricity as collected and imparted by the electro-magnetic machine. This machine should be moderately charged at first, and applied behind the ear, upon the cervical nerves, (or at the back of the neck,) every morning and night. Increase its power as the patient can bear, and continue its use in connection with the following mixture:—Oils of cajaput, origanum, almonds, butternuts, rattlesnake, and olive, of each one scruple; alcohol sufficient to hold them in solution; put into an earthen vessel, and this into another vessel of boiling water; cork the receiving vessel very tight before placing it in the boiling water, where let it remain until quite cold; then strain the oils, or composition, through a fine cloth into a vial. It is to be secured from all dust and light. Drop one drop into the ear every night and morning; and more frequently if a cold increases the deafness. Syringing the ear with sweet oil and sweet milk is not to be neglected: do this twice a week.

That deafness can be completely cured is not to be believed, especially if the membrane is incrustated and the actuating muscles hypertrophied; but that it may be comparatively cured, is clear from numerous instances chronicled in medical works, and associated with the successes of personal practice. There is not given me any other general treatment for deafness—perhaps because there are so many specific cases requiring special medicines. But the principal object of writing upon this complaint, and also upon apoplexy, is to guard those already in the full possession and enjoyment of their organs of external sense, and faculties of spiritual perception, against a violation or infringement of either, as their just and harmonious exercise is productive of peace and elevation.

LIFE AND FLOWERS.

THERE are species of flowers which can bear the hot sun and ruffling winds of the world, and which flourish as fairly in the crowded saloons whither they are conveyed as in the secluded repositories of their native woods. But there are others—and these are the finer and the purer sorts—which expand their blossoms only in the shade, and which never exhale their fragrance but to those only who seek them, amid the peaceful shelter of the scenes which gave them birth. Hence is it that they blossom unnoticed and unadmired by the heedless and by the busy, who either will not employ the care, or do not possess the leisure which is requisite to discover and to admire their hidden beauties. So in life, we find the sweetest and purest flowers of the heart in calm retirement; and when obtained how precious they are!—[Aristocratic Monitor.

GAYETY.

To be always gay in the vulgar sense, you must be little-minded—for mere gaiety is a species of trifling. But a great mind can descend to trifles as well as rise to great ideas. It is both grave and gay, unless it has a grave and important mission to fulfil. A great mind can play beautifully with little things, and step with ease from the ridiculous to the sublime. A little mind works only with trifles. It has, therefore, only an inferior species of happiness; and even though always gay and lovely, like a kitten, always smiling, jumping and laughing, its happiness can scarcely be supposed to weigh so much as that of the mind of large comprehension, which can lose itself in the reveries of mental abstraction for hours, and revel in the luxuries of a rich and well-stored memory and powerful imagination. Happiness is not to be measured by balls and routs, any more than by wealth, neither can it be measured by laughter or mirth. It is an inward feeling, and is best determined by a peaceful and charitable frame of spirit, which makes the best of its own lot without fretting with envy over the real or apparent happiness of others.—[Ibid.

THE UNIVERCELUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1848.

THE NECESSITY OF UNITY.

IN the writings of Titus Livius, an author who flourished about the beginning of the Christian Era, there is a curious apologue which appears to have been handed down by tradition from Menenius Agrippa, who lived five hundred years before. The fable may serve to illustrate the importance of unity of action.

The Roman people complained that the nobility enjoyed all the honors and emoluments in the power of the nation to bestow, while they were obliged to bear heavy burdens, and to submit to severe and constant privations. This occasioned general dissatisfaction among the common people, which continued to increase until the public tranquillity was disturbed. The people left their homes and assembled in open rebellion against the government. The senators and leading men of the nation were obliged to fly from the city, in order to escape the violence of the insurgents. Thus the nation was divided against itself, and the lawless elements of strife and disunion seemed to threaten its very existence. Under these circumstances, Menenius Agrippa, a distinguished general and orator, was sent to the people. He had already acquired their confidence by his devotion to their interests. His eloquence and his valor, and especially his triumph over the enemies of Rome, had given him a high reputation and an all-commanding influence. In order to reconcile the people to their lot—to convince them that they could not exist without the government, any more than the government could be sustained without their aid—in short, to satisfy them that each was alike dependent upon the other, and that neither could exist alone, he addressed them in the language of this instructive fable:

'In that time in which the different parts of the human body were not in a state of unity, as they now are, but each member had its separate officer and distinct language, they all became discontented, because whatever was procured by their care, labor and industry, was spent on the stomach; while this, lying at ease in the midst of the body, did nothing but enjoy whatever was provided for it. They therefore conspired among themselves and agreed that the hands should not convey food to the mouth, that the mouth should not receive what was offered to it, and that the teeth should not masticate whatever was brought to the mouth. Acting on this principle of revenge, and hoping to reduce the stomach by famine, all the members and the *whole body* itself, were at length brought into the last stage of consumption. It then plainly appeared that the stomach itself did no small service; that it contributed not less to their nourishment than they did to its support, distributing to every part that from which they derived life and vigor; for by properly concocting the food, the pure blood derived from it was conveyed by the arteries to every member!'

From this comparison, the people saw that the government was as necessary to their existence, as their support was essential to the preservation of the government—that the interest of both—the safety and even the *existence* of the great body could only be secured by the united and harmonious action of all the members. This lesson was wisely improved and the public confidence and peace was restored.

In the organic structure of man every part is essential to perfection. The members must severally occupy their relative positions, and each must perform its appropriate functions. Indeed, the *life* of the body is made to depend upon this union of the various parts. The absence of a single member, though small and comparatively unimportant, must necessarily mar the beauty and destroy the perfection of the whole. The body is complete, only when the members are all together, each in its

proper place. But the social organism no less than the human frame is composed of different parts, or organs. As in the natural body the members are mutually dependant, as they severally contribute to the strength and beauty of the system; so, in the social organism, the members must sustain an intimate and natural relation to each other; there must be *unity*—these many members must be *one* body.

An Apostle has observed that, although among the members of the human body some are weak while others are strong, yet each has its proper place and appropriate office, and must act in its own sphere, that all the functions of the body may be performed and man answer the design of his being.

It is not sufficient that there is an outward and seeming unity in the structure; it must be internal and real, and accompanied with energetic and united action. It is very evident that if one member becomes inactive, the consequence will be a derangement of the entire system. Something will be wanting to render the organization complete and its operations harmonious and perfect. The failure of one member will have a tendency to weaken all the others in some degree, so that they will act with less vigor, and their several functions will be performed with great labor and increasing irregularity. In the social organism similar causes produce similar effects. If one member neglect his duty, the others are obliged to sustain a burden not their own, and, as a natural consequence, their energies will be measurably paralyzed and the whole body sensibly affected. If one be altogether inactive he is to the associate body precisely what a palsied limb is to the living man. The member must not only occupy its true position but it must possess *vitality* in itself, and then the form will be symmetrical, and the action reciprocal and harmonious.

The heart and the lungs are very properly regarded as among the most essential organs in the physical structure. They sustain a highly important office; yet these alone can no more make the man than any other part of the animal economy. It requires *all the members* to constitute the man, and while the least is wanting the human frame is incomplete.

Suppose every part of the physical organism except the heart should become inactive. In this case it would be easy to conceive of the inevitable result. The man would languish and expire. This remark is no less truthful in its application to the great Body, in which the individual man is but a single organ. It cannot exist in a sound and healthy state, when its duties are left to be performed and its responsibilities to be borne, by one or at most, by a few individuals. All the members are necessary to render the body complete, and their prompt and united action is essential to its beauty and its being. Every man has his appropriate sphere in which he is required to act; his talent is given him, and his work should be performed by himself and not by another.

If all members have not the same office, there is, at least, a place and a work for each and every one. Then let no one imagine, because he does not occupy the position of his neighbor, that he has nothing to do; but let him *act* well his part,

"there all the honor lies"—

perform with cheerfulness the duty assigned him, remembering that

"When each fulfills a wise design,
In his own orbit he will shine."

S. P. R.

ARRIVAL OF BRO. HARRIS.

We are most happy to announce the arrival of Bro. HARRIS, after an absence of nearly six months, during which he has delivered over one hundred lectures on Christianity, its connection with spiritual science, and the social and moral elevation of the race, in the principal towns of western New York and northern and central Ohio. Bro. HARRIS has labored with a deep earnestness of purpose, and has been instrumental in leading many minds to an elevated plane of thought, when each may measure his own development in the scale of the Universe, and from which every man may take a more comprehensive view of the broad field of Christian action, and of his own importance in that field.

S. P. R.

POETRY OF RELIGION.

It is *natural* to embody the worship of the heart in music and poetry. Since Miriam went forth with her timbrel, and sang a song of rejoicing, it has ever been the custom of the worshippers of God, to speak through the medium of poetry and music. The heathen feels the same impulse to clothe his aspirations in this garb—indeed, this inward feeling to reach the light of truth and beauty, is the *substance* of poetry, which seeks to embody itself in words. How nearly linked with true religion, is this appreciation of what is good and beautiful! The Psalms of David speak audibly of this, and the deep musical words of Isaiah, return the echo. Because this is a *principle* of our nature, the solemn and beautiful so nobly associated in the Catholic worship, finds a ready response alike in the breast of the untutored savage, and the cultivated and refined Protestant. It is of no avail that he has been taught to despise it, as hollow form, and useless—nay, sinful ceremony. It thrills through every nerve, and the spirit seems to rise upon the swelling tones of the music, and his whole soul is poured out in deep and earnest worship of the Father of all good and holy things. No marvel that the heart of the simple wild man should be more attracted by this, than by the cold reasoning, and unnatural rigidity of the old school of religionists, who made this a dark vale of sorrow, joyless and painful, ever looking forward to the grave as their only relief from an existence of misery. A natural and blessed reformation is *that*, which teaches that the perfect happiness of man, in goodness, truth and holiness, is the greatest glory of God; that he who lives in harmony with the laws of his being—doing good, strewing life's pathway with light and happiness—is living according to the highest and greatest command of his Author.

Where should there be poetry and music, if not in religion? In a truly religious heart, does not this sense of the harmony and beauty of all our Creator's works, form one of the brightest links which bind that heart to the Supreme One, who formed it? Let him who deems it sacrilege thus to link religion with poetry, look abroad, and read the lessons written on every leaf by the finger of the Eternal. Listen, thou soul! Look with the Psalmist upon the manifold works of Him above, who stamped beauty upon his creation, and pronounced it *good*.

"There's not the smallest orb that thou beholdest,
But in his motion like an Angel sings."

The flowers speak mute, eloquent messages to thee. On every hand are impressive ministrations to thee, oh Spirit! Nature prophesieth to thee of the Eternal—the foundation of being. In her *endless variety* she speaketh of *Infinity*, still in her *absolute unity* she proclaimeth *One*, Supreme and Omnipotent, whom religion revealeth as *Jehovah*, but whom the heart of man has ever named Father.

To these ministrations the great and true soul *ever* listens; and in the works of *art*, as well as those of nature, does the same still voice call away from all things of the animal nature, to the higher life—the only true—the life of the spirit. The contemplation of the beautiful always produces religious emotion; and of this also has the Catholic made use. The stately and imposing churches, the magnificent images, the angelic forms that look down from the canvas with compassion and sweetness upon the penitent,—these, combined with the heart-stirring music and the touching legends of the martyrs, seldom fail to arouse the finest devotional feelings which the mind is capable of entertaining. The rudest heart melts in the power and truthfulness of the deep, earnest gaze of Raphael's Madonna—all worship—as did the Danish Poet when he first stood under the stately dome of San Giovanni, where the heavenly faces of Correggio's imagery, seemed to gaze on him from their pure dwelling. Such was his prayer: "Almighty God! make my heart pure and open, that I may recognize thy *greatness*, *goodness* and *beauty* in nature, and in all human productions. Grant me a contented, tranquil and steadfast spirit, that I may go on my way, in this, thy beautiful earth, without sickly hate, or bitter contempt of my neighbor, and without submitting myself in slavish timidity to the prejudices of the world. Let me become great as a poet, for thou hast created within my soul a love

and genius for art; and *that is the noblest vista through which I can discern Thee*. Grant that I may live in my works after death, as even this good Correggio, and that when I am dust, many a youthful heart may be quickened and inspired by my productions."

To the soul these great works of art speak with the same clearness as those of nature. They tell us that *this cannot be all*—that they are the conceptions of a spirit in man, that must have its origin in the absolute and supreme. They speak of *soul* that rises up in its activity and dignity, against the material and the sensual, and will not submit to be cast with the things of time into the fearful, dreaded darkness of annihilation.

Not only may the attentive and listening spirit learn these lessons from both nature and art, but they are written in as enduring characters in the revelation of the will of the Most High. And the sum of the great commandment of Him who is love, is, that we love *Him*, the perfection of all that is lovely and beautiful, with our whole soul, and our neighbor as ourselves. This is the beauty of holiness—the true poetry of life.

Many are the realists who are ever placing the *useful* in opposition to the *beautiful*. That is but a condition of our earthly being, a means of providing for the wants of our animal nature, and of preserving our physical comfort. This ministers to the higher life, and molds not with the dust of the body. If the love and appreciation of the true and beautiful renders the *spirit* in which it dwells *beautiful* and *true*, then is it nearly akin to devotion, and all should cherish and cultivate it—then will the mystery be unfolded, that beauty and holiness are so nearly connected.

G. L.

BEAUTY.

THERE exists in all minds a love for that which is considered beautiful, and although its outward manifestation is varied, yet the pleasure derived from the gratification, is always of the same nature, differing only in the degrees of intensity and refinement. Critics have defined beauty, using their own peculiar conceptions as a standard. Burke regards "smallness, smoothness, delicacy and the like," as sources of beauty: to him they were so, while to Michael Angelo, largeness, boldness and grandeur were the essential characteristics of the beautiful. Thus the most opposite qualities produce similar effects, and we argue that beauty is a condition more or less perfect, and productive of pleasure in a greater or less degree, as the internal organization of the mind corresponds to this outward perfection.

The unlearned Indian was filled with the effect of beauty as he communed with the spirits of his fathers—

"By the vast solemn skirts of the old groves;"

as he followed the deer over the ancient hunting-grounds, or

"Walk'd forth amid his reign, to dare

The wolf and grapple with the bear."

The mariner finds beauty in his majestic bark, in the swelling surge,

"Or the great harmony that dies not, of the seas!"

Thus the terms used to represent this perfection are employed in a relative sense; yet, there are absolute consequences attending which must be the standard of truth and beauty, and this is the *beau ideal* of the painter, the poet and the sculptor.

Beauty is inseparable from truth, and as Nature is the highest form or manifestation of truth, we must look there for the perfection of beauty. The present customs, fashions and conventionalities of society, exhibit a wide departure from whatever is natural and beautiful. In primitive society the customs and habits of the people were more simple and natural, and consequently more beautiful. In viewing Nature, beauty is not so apparent in particulars and individuals, as in the leading forms and species. The superior perfection of the Greek Statues, was the result of a proper estimation of general form. In them there is an apparent absence of every thing that is artificial; they appear unlike men and women as we see them, yet they are like human beings more perfectly developed. Thus Nature is the only true standard of beauty, and that which is not natural cannot be justly considered beautiful.

H. J. H.

EDUCATION.

THE following extract from a report of a Lecture on Education and Association, recently delivered in Cincinnati by Dr. Buchanan, presents truths and suggestions which are deemed too important to be withheld from our readers. It will be perceived that Dr. B. recognizes the principle of *Attraction* as the only basis of a true educational system. This principle is manifest in every department of Nature as the only basis of growth and development. It is equally operative (if left unobstructed,) in the physical, mental and social growth of man; and the sooner it is recognized and fully applied in the education of the *human faculties*, the sooner will these be *naturally* and *fully* developed, in harmony with themselves and with external things.

W. F.

"If the idea was rightly presented, education, or natural development must be a *delightful* process. Yet most of us could recollect more or less of tyranny, to which, under its name, we had been subjected in our youth. Few of us had not suffered from it—were not still suffering from its consequences. The education by process of natural development was attended, on the other hand, with the happiest influence on the character. The idea might seem Utopian to some; yet he was not speaking from theory, but from experience; and to express the result of extensive observation, and careful reflection, on the subject. He had been in the habit, for some years past, of saying that were he the autocrat of any country, it would be his first decree, that no child should ever be sent to school! He did not mean that no child should *go*—or that there should be no place called a school; but that no teacher should have a pupil, who could not make him fond of the school, and of himself. Place a child at a well supplied table, you need not coax it to *eat*. All physiologists told us that the result of forcing children to eat, must be disease and injury to their constitution. We had more occasion to check than urge all the natural appetites. The food, however, must always be of the *right kind*. A father might be very fond of *bacon and cabbage*, and think it very good for his infant child, and force it to swallow it; and he might do the same with some equally unsuitable intellectual aliment, which he thought it *ought* to profit by. The child so fed would become a confirmed *dyspeptic*. How much of what was called education, consisted mainly in such cramming into the youthful mind, of what was unsuited to its tender organs, and brought on a morbid condition of them!

"In this fundamental proposition, that every organ desired its proper gratification, we had the basis of a complete system of education. It was plain, as to food. Was it not equally so as regarded the muscular system? The healthy child *would* go on to develop its person. The difficulty was to restrain its restless activity. It would busy itself about, in spite of us, and grow up into strength and beauty. Its love of exercise was the measure of its want. The rule applied equally to the intellectual powers. The child was just as eager to *learn* as to 'play.' It began its mental education in earliest infancy. It kept its little eyes and head in constant motion, and drank in knowledge through every sense. In mature years we never learned as much in the same time as we did in infancy. As the child grew older, his capacity for learning outstripped ours for teaching. If we would only attempt to answer all its questions, it would catch us in many a blunder. (Applause.) With his fresh and active curiosity, he would lead us through the whole circle of natural sciences—geography, history, &c. &c. The child was more eager for learning than you could be to have him instructed. And you would learn much yourself, in teaching him as he ought to be taught. The elements of natural history, and of human physiology, might be imparted at a very early age without the use of books. Few adults, even, could learn so well from their own reading, as from oral instruction; else, why did the youth of our land flock to colleges, when they could get the same knowledge from books. There was a force—an animal magnetism in the living mind, by which the ideas it communicated were impressed, as those from the dead letter could never be. Children, then, should never be compelled to learn to *read*—no, not even *induced*, until they took an actual interest in the strange

meaning of artificial characters. Children thus educated without book, far surpassed those pushed through the present artificial systems, in which the mind was stultified, and the body crucified. (Applause.)

"These assertions were confidently made on the strength of experiments, carried on by the lecturer himself in early life, by his father, and by Rev. Mr. Peers, subsequently President of Transylvania University, and who received an honorary reward for his educational improvements from the Legislature of Kentucky.

"The moral faculties required to breathe a kindly atmosphere. Let children meet with forbearance, cheerfulness and true affection, on the part of all about them; let those older persons who love their society take charge of them, and be with them at their sports, as well as at their lessons; and let the influence of music be brought to bear, attuning all their feelings to accord, and education would be the delightful process he had spoken of, and the school so charming a place, that it would be impossible to keep the children away from it. It would be the severest punishment to deprive them of the society of friends, with whom they had felt the pleasure of exercising their body and mind and moral affections, at the same time.

"As to *industrial occupation*, all children delighted in being usefully employed, and although they had not at first much continuity of application, they could be easily led to acquire many mechanical arts which youths were now almost murdered in mastering. From an individual who had investigated this matter, he had learned that *trades* might be acquired in a few weeks, or months at most, which now were thought to need the three years martyrdom of apprenticeship. (Applause.) One so educated would be, under any reverses of fortune, an independent man."—[Cincinnati Herald.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, March 6th, 1848.

BROTHER BRITTAN—Dear Sir,—Engaged as you are in the diffusion of light among your fellow men, I feel a joy in communicating to you the great satisfaction I have received from the study of Nature's Laws as presented to the world by A. J. Davis in his Revelations, and illustrated in your most excellent paper. The *Univercœlum* is conducted in the true spirit of love and forbearance, not soiled with "bitter waters," but giving truth in a manner the most acceptable to the thirsty soul.

I can speak of my own experience, after groping in darkness for years, anxious for one ray of light to satisfy the deep yearnings of the soul. It was my happiness to become acquainted with Mr. Davis about the period his Revelations commenced. I witnessed the delivery of some of them, and was permitted to peruse the whole manuscript before publication. Here was the food, the spiritual manna, for which the mind had sought so long; and as soon as I recovered from my astonishment at this interior development, Hope gave confidence, and by a careful study into these disclosures, my knowledge was increased, and my spiritual strength renewed, producing a calmness and confidence in the unbounded wisdom and goodness of our Heavenly Father, and love to the whole family of mankind. I find by conversing with others that similar effects have been produced, proving to me that the new developments must occasion a mighty change in the world of thought and the tide of feeling.

The point of time seems highly auspicious to reap a rich harvest from your labors. There are many persons of enlightened minds, who love truth and sympathize with you, and who regard coming events with the deep solicitude of internal convictions, that the spiritual darkness of Man is about to pass away. That the Morning Star has appeared, I most devoutly believe, and in this conviction I find a happiness I cannot express, for now I am assured that Truth and Righteousness will eventually succeed, and mankind exist in this rudimental sphere, in one Brotherhood, worshipping the great Divine Mind with one heart. Go on, falter not, your cause is that of truth and the redemption of your fellow men. A generation yet unborn will lift their thoughts to this period, and with grateful hearts own the light that shall make them free.

I perceive that you intend to publish Mr. Davis's Vision, which preceded his Revelations. I think that is well; for whatever may serve to give us a more distinct perception of the inner principle, must be productive of good results. Hence the extract from the Manchester Courier, of Jenny Lind and the Mesmerist, is proper, as such authenticated and extraordinary facts establish the reality of the inward principle.

In my view, yours is the only paper that has ever been conducted on the real principles of fearless truth, and brotherly charity to all. It is a shining light which all may receive with profit to themselves. May your noble course be imitated by other papers, and praying that prosperity may attend you, and crown your exertions with success,

I remain your sincere friend and brother,

C. C. WRIGHT.

SOUTH NANKIN P. O., February 24th, 1848.

Mr. Editor—Dear Sir: It was not until yesterday that I had the pleasure of reading a number of the "*Univercœlum*," although I had seen many notices of it in different periodicals.

From the tone of the first number of the paper which I perused, I believe it to be just what a majority of the minds of the present day need; perhaps, more particularly, the young minds of this age. They feel that society, in all its different features, is undergoing great and radical changes; that new principles and greater truths are necessary for the happiness of society, and that in the advancement of the human mind to the highest perfection, attainable, new and nobler truths alone can satisfy man in the superior stages of his progression. Such truths your Journal professes to reveal to us, and, I for one feel willing to give it a fair trial.

Every thing appears to be in a state of progression; not knowledge alone, but Religion, Society, every thing—all things. Many have believed, have felt, that the Bible with the religion springing from it, was not the ultimatum of Revelation. Many have acknowledged all known truths as revelations, and the discoverers of those to have been inspired. Men do not invent, but discover. Principles are eternal, and like the Spirit of the Universe, unchangeable. The revelations given to men in a savage state, are those most suited to their minds; and revelations are continued as their capacity for the comprehension of greater truths increases. The truths of the Bible are the inspirations which were most suited to the minds of the people to whom they were revealed, at the time of their promulgation. These truths were higher and nobler than those given to the same people in a savage state, because, the savage could not have comprehended them, and a more civilized state demanded them. In the Bible itself, we may observe this progression. The doctrines of the New Testament are adapted to society in a higher state of civilization, and to minds more comprehensive, than the doctrines of the Old Testament. Let them both be read carefully, and it will not be denied.

Now, has society made any progression since these Revelations were given to man? Has the human mind more expanded powers, and is it constantly grasping after new truths? Every one will answer in the affirmative. Then give us the new Revelations which the advanced state of society demands, and which the more expanded powers of the human soul are able to comprehend.

If you can do this; if you can unravel or unveil any of the hitherto impenetrable mysteries of our being; if you can show how or in what manner, matter is operated upon, to produce the effects which we daily see; if you can aid in the regeneration of society, or assist to direct the great changes now going on, to good and noble ends; if you can do aught to alleviate the miseries, mental and physical, of the human race; you will have for your reward, not only the approbation of your own conscience, but the thanks of all that portion of the civilized world, who instead of a blind obedience to the dogmas of the Schools, have dared to think for themselves, have dared to "BE FREE."

W.T.S.

We commenced the publication of the *UNIVERCŒLUM* with so large an edition, that we can still furnish all the back numbers to those who subscribe.

Original Poetry.

THE CAPTIVE BIRD'S SONG.

ADDRESSED TO J. W. R.
BY JENNY LEE.

Ah, wonder not, if sadness
Is melting in my lay;
For the rosy wing of gladness
Is flitting far away.
She's gone—the cherished partner
That made my life so dear—
She's gone—and with a stranger
I sit, a captive, here!
And I have sung my tenderest songs,
Each thought of love awaking—
And you knew not, when you listened,
How the minstrel heart was breaking.
Had I a mate beyond the bars
They could not thus detain me—
If I heard her tender earnest call
No living power could chain me.
But, ah! I saw her bonny eye
In death-dark shadows languish;
And I felt within my bosom then,
The first keen barb of anguish!
You may know it by this token,
That I lightly wear the tether;
For when the heart is broken,
You may bind it with a feather.
But sometimes at the twilight hour,
When memories sweet and holy
Come with a gentle soothing power
Upon the high and lowly—
A tender eye looks through the grate
Mine ever—ever—seeking;
While a murmur at our cruel fate,
In a spirit voice is speaking.
And often when the midnight moon
Looks through the dark clouds dimly,
And shadows from the tall old trees
Frown on the silence grimly—
That little round form comes to me—
So modest, and so tender—
That impurity, and harshness,
Would both alike offend her;
And perching closely by my side,
With spirit-songs to cheer me—
She nestles there—my spirit-brid—
So gently—softly—near me;
While wed with every tender thought
Sweet memories are clinging;
We utter then no vocal song,
For the soul, itself, is singing.
I know it's very beautiful,
And the bright days look forth gladly,
But on me the face of every thing
Turns pitifully—sadly.
There is no image for the light
Within my rayless eye—
There is no echo for the song
Within my heart—I fly,
In memory, back to other years
Whose light may perish never;
For still reflected in my tears
It lives—will live—for ever.
Now, weakened with my bosom strife,
Through the long day I languish—
With every groaning chord of life
Dissolving in its anguish!
But while I sing my own death-song,
For thee, kind one, I ope
The cabinet where brightly gleams
The starry crown of Hope;
And the rich gems that are flashing there
A peerless radiance borrow,

From the gem-like corruscations
Of the pearly tears of Sorrow.

For the shadows of the back-ground
Thy life shall beam more brightly—
And for its by-gone heaviness
Thy heart shall dance more lightly.

The Future from a rose-cloud
Is reaching forth to thee—
BELIEVE—and let thy earnest faith
Be the seal of VICTORY!

For thou shalt win a glorious name,
Shrined in a holy place,
By twining with thy own pure fame
A blessing for thy race.

STANZAS.

BY OWEN G. WARREN.

I DREAMED that in another sphere
I had the cycles run
Ten million million centuries,
Yet life had but begun.
Earth on her way was moving still—
The moon wore still her light—
The planets wheeled their stated round—
Th' unfading sun was bright.

And many a Universe I saw,
Ranged in the Boundless Space,
Around the Almighty's central Throne
That saw their tireless race.
But yet I sought this little earth,
The scene of life's first years;
Where first I knew of joy or grief—
Of loves and hopes and fears.

Earth had become a Paradise—
No more was strife, or wrong,
Or poverty, or fell disease,
That it had known so long.
No more o'er virtue vice arose,
Or worst above the best;
All shared the gifts of God alike,
And all, alike, were blest.

Near by my side *thy spirit* stood—
We both had wandered far,
Flitting with speed of thought through space,
Soaring from star to star—
And we through purifying scenes
Had passed, and risen above
The lower Heaven's, and stretched our wings
Fast toward the Fount of Love.

Yet though long ages thus had passed,
Seemingly without end,
My spirit had not changed—I was
Eternally thy friend.
So may it be—when ages roll
Their everlasting tide,
In yon eternal realm of love
May we be side by side.

MORNING SONG OF FLOWERS.

BY ANNA MARY FREEMAN.

An angel came last night, and bent
O'er us, and wept,
Because no prayer to Heaven was sent
Before you slept.

See! on the Lily's leaf there lies
A drop, like dew—
It is a tear those angel-eyes
Let fall, for you!

Oh, let us on our sweet breath bear,
Beyond the sky,
From thy full heart, a grateful prayer,
A heaven-ward sigh—

So shall that loving angel weep
For joy to-night—
And watch thee in thy peaceful sleep
Till morning-light!

Miscellaneous Department.

KATE ASHTON,
OR THE COQUETTE OUTGENERALED.*

BY FANNY GREEN.

"SEE that you do not allow yourself to be duped any longer," said the latter, as they drew near the point of attraction. Henry answered not, for the harp and voice of Kate were pouring their combined melody on the charm-ed silence. He left the side of his friend; and having passed silently through a little wicker gate, stood beneath the window of her saloon. She sang "Low waved the summer wood," and the flood of passion he had thought to annihilate gathered back to his soul. Then the plaintive notes of "Isabel," with all their appropriateness to his own condition, were murmured until thought and sense almost forsook him; and he glided into the room pale and silent as a very ghost, and stood behind her. The air was finished; and as her fingers touched the chords fitfully, the soft vibrations told she was seeking for the sweetest sounds. She started—not at the coming of Henry, for his step was noiseless, but at the entrance of Mary and Lucius by an opposite door; the latter having followed to prevent evil consequences. Miss Kate blushed as she met the ardent gaze of Henry and without speaking held out her hand. He started as if touched by a serpent. The delicate, perfect little hand he had so much admired, so devoutly loved—was blue—blue as indigo.

"Catherine!" he exclaimed, "what have you done? what has happened?"

"Nothing remarkable or improper. I have only made visible the mark of my order. Blues are getting into repute you know"—and she held up her hands together, and looked at them with much complacency.

"Poor old Judy," she continued, "one of the best creatures in world, has been dying—I should rather say coloring—she has a sore finger, and I told her I would wring out the pieces for her, as she could not do so without much pain. But Mary said I should not *dare* color my hands while *you* were here!—and she insinuated a great deal more there is no truth in! I did not wait for a second daring, but put my hands right in; here they are—they have taken really a fine color—and they become the harp admirably, I assure you!" He heard no more, but darted from the house in a state of mind bordering on distraction.

"Oh, if I could only see her in the city, her pride would be humbled—her haughty spirit curbed—she should find that to shine in a forest, and in a drawing room, are two things," said Henry, as he turned his horse's head from the village.

"A diamond is a diamond, and a star is a star, the world over," coolly replied Lucius.

The summer passed and autumn—it was winter. We will now take a trip to the city—even New York. A ball was to be given within the week by Mrs. and Miss Fielding; and as Julia Fielding was a belle, and her mother a woman of the highest rank and fashion, it was of course expected that the assembly would be particularly brilliant—the rooms particularly crowded and uncomfortable—that mammas would be particularly on the alert—and misses particularly agreeable. Besides, the ball was given for the presentation of a country cousin, who was variously represented by the different persons who had the good fortune to catch a glimpse of the wonder.

"You will certainly *drop in* at Mrs. Fielding's to-night, if no more," said our old friend Lucius, as equipped capapie, he popped his head into the office of Henry. "You will certainly avail yourself of the opportunity to see this newly arrived wonder—this prodigy of the mountain!"

"You certainly must know I have seen enough of prodigies, as of mountain girls!" replied Henry, biting his lips.

"Yes, for the past, certainly—but recollect the present and future are to be provided for—and this sweet little spell of excitement that has put the leaven of curiosity into the whole city!—Think of that, Master Brook! Positively, you will molder among these everlasting parchments! Remember I am your

physician; and I now prescribe a ball and a little pleasant excitement to be indispensably necessary. Mr. Jones, you will attend to these papers—Gregory, drive to the hotel, and call at Mr. Thompson's in half an hour. Come, Harry."

The friends soon found themselves passing forward with a crowd which thronged the passage to the dancing room. As they entered the company were promenading. The eyes of the friends wandered over that array of splendor, where one seemed scarcely fairer than another, in search of the stranger.

"She must be the center of yon brilliant group, I should suppose, by the common gaze following that direction," said Lucius; "and, besides, there stands Miss Fielding; we will pay our respects to her." As he spoke, several promenaders, who had paused a moment, turned off to the right and left, and discovered a girl standing apart, yet conversing in an animated and earnest manner with those near. She wore a robe of plain white muslin—a luxuriant sweep of curls was knotted up carelessly with a green ribbon, and her girdle held a bunch of lemon flowers, delicate and sweet as herself. Her very simplicity was conspicuous as it was grateful, where the universal splendor fatigued rather than gratified the eye; and her presence was kindly as that of some fair star, to him whose gaze has been pained by the gorgeous flash of meteors. Her back was toward our friends; and just as they approached she turned with her partner to renew the promenade. Thompson gave a start—first back and then forward: and, forgetful of every thing but her presence he stood by the side of Kate Ashton.

"It is all off!" she said, with an arch look, as she laid her hand in his. He started with pain at the memory of their last interview.

"My poor hands, I trust, will never offend you again."

"And what could there have been offensive in the fairy lineaments of this fair hand?" asked the superlative who was her escort through the fashionable mazes; as he spoke, laying a jeweled finger, which almost rivaled the whiteness it met, across the object of his inquiry.

A dance was called, and the desired explanation was not given.

"Allow me to hope your hand for this dance is not engaged?" whispered Thompson.

"I am sorry to say it is," replied Kate, glancing at her partner, whose attention for the instant was attracted by his own neatly-fitting little slipper.

"And for the next?"

"Disengaged," and she glided away with her partner to her place in the set, while Henry joined his friend to observe the dancers: or rather the *one*—for he was troubled with a singular concentration of thought and vision that evening. Miss Fielding was to open the ball, and next in the set was her fair cousin. The music struck up, and the dancing began. Henry's heart throbbed audibly. "Her wild movements will be out of place here, graceful gipsy though she is," thought he.

Ere the burst of enthusiasm, which the dancing of Julia had excited, had died away, a low murmur among the crowd told when her cousin moved in the dance.

Sheltered by one of the most obscure groups of observers, Henry stood listening to the remarks of those around.

"It is perfect," said a fair-haired romantic youth, "she must have been taught by the fairies themselves, and practiced on the grassy lea by moonlight."

"It is like the moving of waters to the music of their own murmurings—a living and palpable harmony!" sighed a young poet.

"She is propelled entirely by volition, and not by mechanical power," said a scholar.

"She is fresh and warm from the hand of nature, yet the loveliest model of art," said a painter.

"Divine!" responded an exquisite, as the object of these remarks whirled away in the dance. "In-con-tes-ti-bly divine!"

The ball went on. Harry contrived to engross the popular charm through most of the succeeding dances; and when, at a late hour, he led the little Kate to her father and whispered his good-night, there was an interchange of glances that told a great deal in an instant.

A wonderful effect was produced. Miss Kate was talked of

at least a week. Some pronounced the stranger exquisitely beautiful. A literary dandy called her completely unique several simpering misses, extremely rude and *natural*; two or three mammas, blessed with a lot of fashionable ugliness, in the shape of grown-up daughters, awkward and *mauvaise honte*, but all admitted that there was a magic about her, which defied, while it challenged criticism; and Henry, while he felt that she had surpassed his imagination of female loveliness, acknowledged that *a constellation is the right place for a star*, after all.

He called early the next day; but he was shocked to learn that urgent business had taken the Colonel to Philadelphia. Thither he first thought to follow; but he thought again; and grew wise.

Winter passed—spring and summer. Many travelers went through the little village of M—, and Kate, half-unconsciously, cherished the hope that Henry might be among them: and when, at last, the hope had consumed itself, it was realized. The meeting we pass. Proposals were again tendered. Kate vibrated. She received a daily lecture from her dear coz, upon the folly and exceeding sinfulness of coquetry; and nightly she wept herself to sleep, because, forsooth, she could not possibly say "yes," after so long having said nothing but "no."

"Decide! or you will distract me?" said Thompson, seating his fair tormentress on a crag of the mountain; and he pressed her hand upon his hot and throbbing temples.

"Oh! you are ill, Henry!"

"Only in mind—in heart. Speak but one word—and I require no other cordial."

"And will you be well then, quite well?" she asked, turning her eyes archly upon him. "Let me think of it; and in the mean time I will visit my eagle." She darted from his side; and was lost among the cliffs and the thick foliage.

Henry was wounded—shocked; and when he joined the party below, the quick eye of Col. Ashton saw that Kate had been naughty again. Taking him kindly by the hand, the old gentleman drew him aside from the company, and when they were quite apart he said, in tones of deepest sorrow, "I am as much grieved at Kate's behavior as you can be. I am positive she loves you; but the worst of it is to make her own it—the perverse little hussey! I have been for some weeks concocting a plot—for every thing, you know, in the good old days of the drama was done by plotting—even to marrying, and giving in marriage. My scheme has been several days in progress, and it is now so far advanced that I think we may venture to provoke a crisis without danger. In case, however, my plan should fail—" here his voice trembled so much as to show how deep an interest he felt in the event—"In case all is lost," he added, "promise me, my son, that you will leave *instantly*."

"I had made up my mind to leave this very day," replied Henry, "and I am still inclined to do so; as I can have little faith in any scheme—"

"You need not fill out the sentence," returned Col. Ashton, smiling; "but listen, as should become one who is henceforth to act the part of a proper and obedient son. The reason why I wished you to conceal, for a time, the arrival of your sister, will soon be obvious. As this circumstance—or rather her relation to you, is still unknown in our village—and your sister bearing a different name from yourself, it will not be difficult to keep our secret long enough, even among these ingenious fabricators, and voracious consumers of gossip in all its forms. Indeed, I have taken advantage of these very propensities; and divers little tit-bits for the epicure are in a state of taking."

"You are perfectly enigmatical," replied Henry.

"Be content that I am so, for the present. Trust me; and act in obedience to my wishes. I have sent an invitation to your sister and her party to join us in the beautiful cave that has been lately discovered. I have caused the cave to be fitted up for a magnificent *fete*—which, if you play your cards well, may be your own wedding—and that this very day. Kate is a strange girl, and may not be won by ordinary means; but her father is an old soldier; and you shall see that he can out-general her, clear-sighted and cunning as she is!" Thus saying he laid a hand on Henry's shoulder. "Go now and bring to me your bride-elect. Give her my positive commands to attend me.

Mind, I say *commands*; for restive as she is, she never has disobeyed me. I shall expect to meet you within one hour at the cave—whither I have no doubt the guests have already arrived, under the escort I dispatched—together with our good parson, and all necessary help for the possible emergency.

Henry darted from his side and soon began re-ascending the mountain, in pursuit of the fair truant. After a vain search for some time, he came suddenly upon a little opening, where she sat upon a high cliff, with her kingly favorites hovering around, bending occasionally—with pride even in the very act—to her caressing hand. At the approach of a less familiar presence, the glorious birds made a magnificent sweep through the air, and soared away.

Henry drew near, and took her hand. It was passive—and her whole manner was more than usually soft and thoughtful.

"Miss Ashton, I am the bearer of a message from your father. He wishes to see you."

"Undoubtedly. It would take no seer to tell me that. It is a circumstance which very often occurs."

"He wishes to see you *now*, and has bidden me attend you."

"Does he suppose me seized with any infirmity that I cannot go by myself?" she replied, rising with dignity.

Henry could hardly resist the impulsive yes, that was rising to his lips; but he checked himself, and answered, "He bade me bring you to him, and commands your instant attendance."

"*Commands*"—she repeated, "did my father say that?"

"The very word; and I was charged to be categorical in the delivery my message."

"I obey then," she replied, taking his offered arm. "But Henry," she added, looking in his serious, earnest face, "what is the matter? What does make you so solemn about it?"

"Pardon me, my dear friend—"

She interrupted him with a start, almost convulsive; for she was shocked at the formal style and manner of his address, which he hardly used in the earliest days of their acquaintance. Had she looked in his face at that moment, she would have seen how her sensibility to the change had, as with an electric touch, rekindled all his own vivid emotions; but she did not. The very consciousness it had awakened in herself, bent her eyes to the ground: and the remainder of the way they passed on in silence. She, indeed, seemed not only indifferent to, but insensible that the path where she was led, was to her an untrodden one. At length the roughness of the way increased; and she became nearly powerless from fatigue and the intensity of her suppressed emotions—she leaned on a fragment of rock, almost fainting. She could control herself no longer; and after one or two ineffectual struggles, she burst into tears. Henry durst not look upon her; but assuming a coldness entirely foreign to his feelings, he said: "Forgive me, Miss Ashton, I have your father's commands. If you are unable to walk I must carry you."

"I am perfectly well and able," she replied, rising with the strong self-control that characterized her. "But where are you going to take me, and for what purpose?"

"I am not at liberty to say. If you can trust me as your father's deputy, let us go on."

"But why do you look so strangely"—so coldly—she would have added; but the innate delicacy of her mind suppressed the words. "Tell me, Mr. Thompson—tell me, Henry!" she continued pleadingly—but just at that moment they reached the entrance of the cave, which being open, commanded a view of the interior; and her attention was diverted. Long arches and grottoes, adorned with the most brilliant and varied stalactites, appeared succeeding each other in almost infinite combinations, and endless extent. The principal apartments were brilliantly lighted, displaying a scene of fairy-like and gorgeous beauty, which more than realized the wildest dreams of romance, or the most vivid conceptions of Oriental story. Kate sprang into the midst, reassured or appearing to be so; and her self-possession and sprightliness instantly returned.

"Good Mr. Aladdin," she said, addressing her companion, "tell me why I am here. Am I to be shut up in a glass box, the favorite of some imperial giant, and the queen of these glorious halls?" But the unwonted severity of his manner checked her returning gayety; and she was led on in silence. They paused

at the entrance of an inner apartment. There stood her father, who received and embraced her with more than his accustomed tenderness.

He took her hand from that of her conductor, and led her into the kind of natural saloon which opened before them. "You are a good girl, Kate. You always are—to your father, at least, though some younger fellows may tell a different story. But have you heard the news?"

"What news?" returned the girl, growing very pale.

"Why are you weeping, love? Let me wipe your tears away; and then I have a charming story for such romantic girls as you—and, best of all, it is affirmed by old Nannie, the retailer of village gossip, to be TRUE. I see you wish to hear—so I will commence:

"In a village not far hence, resides a little coquette. She has had scores of lovers, if we may believe our authority; but she probably never loved any of them, though she appeared pleased with a young gentleman from New York, who is represented as quite an Apollo. She encouraged his addresses—probably to add brilliancy to her reputation for conquest. You are pale, dear; take a glass of water—then—the best is to be told—when she thought her victim quite secure, he had, in fact, become attracted by his less beautiful, but far more amiable, cousin; and their espousals are to be consummated this very night. The coquette, it appears, is not particularly interested in the ceremony, as she has withdrawn—no one knows whither: and it is whispered that she has not been, after all, wholly indifferent! But how pale you are, my child?"

"No. I am quite well," replied Kate, rising, with the resolute manner which sometimes characterized her.

"Did not Mr. Thompson tell you why you were summoned here?" continued her father, without seeming to notice her agitation. "Did he not tell you that you were invited to attend a wedding festival?"

"Father?" replied Kate, interrogatively—but she could add no more. Col. Ashton saw her agitation, and rejoiced at it; but he pressed down the father's heart, and assuming a careless manner, he said: "You have not heard, then, of the arrival of Mrs. Rogers, with her beautiful daughter Annie?" Then bending close to her ear, he whispered: "The tenderest attachment on the part of the lady is about to be requited. Mr. Thompson is returning to his senses, and his duty. Would you like to be bridesmaid? I proposed having the ceremony take place here, because I thought it would be so very gratifying to your romantic tastes, and sylvan habits. But come, the bride must be introduced; and then the marriage costume donned."

"Pardon me, do excuse me!" said Kate, grasping her father's arm, with a convulsive energy that alarmed him. But at the moment Henry appeared before her, with a radiant young creature leaning on his arm. Kate attempted to summon her dignity—her pride—but in vain. There is a point beyond which human endurance cannot sustain itself; and that point had come: and just as Henry was taking her hand to place it in that of the stranger, she sprang to her father's arms, and clung almost senseless to his bosom. The tears gushed into the good man's eyes; and with an ejaculation of thankfulness, he held his child in a yet closer embrace. As he bent to impress the paternal kiss and benediction, warm drops fell upon her forehead, wetting her thick curls. Recovering himself, he said: "Forgive me this ruse, my child, and allow me to introduce you to Miss Annie Rogers, the half-sister of our Henry!"

"And shall I not be your sister?" said the sweet creature, twining her fair arms around the neck of Kate. "Shall I not be your sister, also?"

Kate's eyes involuntary sought those of Henry; and one of her own peculiarly vivid smiles played with an expression half love, half mischief, over her lovely features, as she extended to him her hand. He pressed it between his, bowing his head upon it, with a depth of emotion which denied, alike, utterance to word or tear.

"Kate," said her father, assuming an air of mock severity, "you saucy, troublesome little minx, look here, and attend! At nine o'clock this evening you shall be the wife of Henry Thompson; and hark'ee, Miss, if you dare so much as lisp a no,

I commission Henry to stop your mouth in the way that seemeth to him good. Mind that you are ready by the appointed time. Until seven o'clock you shall be left to your own reflections." Thus saying, he requested Annie with him to leave the room: and, left entirely alone, Kate, trembling, astonished, self-accused, turned an unwilling eye back on her past conduct. A few hours of serious thought effected a greater change in her feelings than a sermon—or, what is better, a MORAL TALE would have done: and she actually came to the truly moral conclusion (which the wise may think our story wants, inasmuch as we may not give it a perfectly tragical point,) viz.: That TO TRIFLE WITH ONE'S OWN HAPPINESS IS FOLLY, BUT TO TRIFLE WANTONLY WITH THAT OF ANOTHER IS CRIME.

At precisely seven her father re-entered. The poor girl was bathed in tears. "I now see," she said, "how wrong—how very guilty I have been. O, my dear father, tell me how I shall atone for this wrong? What punishment shall be sufficient for me?"

"Punishment, indeed!" he repeated, with an expression of assumed severity. "Thy destiny, Kate, shall be a lesson, and a warning, to all coquettes! Perpetual bondage shall be thy doom! Behold thy keeper! Henceforth thy wayward lot must be controlled by him!" But the Judge involuntarily melted into the Father. He held the weeping girl to his bosom, in one long, yearning, paternal embrace; then placed her in the arms of Henry, with too much emotion to speak; and taking the hand of Annie, who had followed, he led her away.

Reader, we will not attend to the adjustment of particulars—inasmuch as the parties' own father and sister thought proper to withdraw.

Within one half hour Kate was led by the fair Annie to an inner room; where she was astonished to find all her toilet apparatus, with the faithful Judy.

"Lordee bless me, Miss Kate, you be goin' off in sich drefful hurry. Well I'm shure, I 'spected to hear it talked of least a month beforehand. Lordee marcies be on ye! and won't ye be old Judy's child any more?" And, in reply, the fair young bride clung to the dark bosom that had nourished and sheltered her infancy—and had still turned to her with love truly maternal, through all the vagaries of childhood and erring youth.

"Allow me to be your *fille de chambre*, and help you to put on this splendid dress," said Annie, gently drawing her away; and Kate was arrayed in a robe of white satin. "A white knot, and a bunch of lemon flowers, for those fair curls; and now a string of pearls, as foil to this living alabaster," continued Annie, passing her hand over the polished surface, and clasping the necklace. "Not another tear to dim that beautiful eye; nor a glove to hide this perfect arm. Now look in the glass, sweet sister, and see that all is right. Ah, keep that hue," she added, as Kate blushed at the image of her own loveliness.

Annie was soon arrayed in like manner. The bride was led to yet another and more magnificent room. Here she was received by the exulting Henry.

A venerable man, whose long, silvery looks, parted on a smooth brow and swept over his shoulders, came forward, with a countenance as benign and holy as might have distinguished the primitive apostles. He poured out his soul in prayer for the twain before him, with a simplicity and fervor that went to the hearts of all. He joined their hands—and they were wedded. After the first gush of salutation and congratulation was over, the exulting Henry bent over his young bride, and whispered: "Will you occupy these apartments, my love? or where will it please you to reside?"

"Wherever you wish," she replied, with one of her own richest smiles. "Or, if I may be allowed to choose, I should admire to be carried to some great city—shut up in a five story cage, and kept for a show." Then, yielding to deeper feeling, she twined her white arms round her husband's neck—and wept; but they were tears of the purest joy.

A SMOOTH sea never made a skilful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify man for usefulness or happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, rouse the faculties, and excite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager.

(Written for the Univercœlum and Spiritual Philosopher.)

DEAR COUSIN KATE.

Thou art going, as the sunlight—
And though reflection's power
Gives beauty to the twilight;
It sadder makes the hour.

It tells us of a blessing
That from our world has flown,
And other lands caressing
Has left us dark and lone.

And, though dear ones all around me
Like the stars may light me on,
Yet the brightest link that bound me
Is broken when thou'rt gone.

Though still thou shalt be shining
With Memory's moonlit ray,
My heart will be repining
Because thou art away.

But look I, for the dawning,
When thou again shalt come—
Then welcome be the morning
That brings thee to my home.

SERAPHINA.

(Written for the Univercœlum and Spiritual Philosopher.)

PARABLE.

(WRITTEN TO MY SISTER RUTH,)

BY CHARLES WORTH.

A MIGRATORY bird emigrating from south to north, one spring, carried in its stomach the seed of a tropic plant, and deposited it on a mountain, in a high latitude.

The short, precarious summer of the region let the seed nestle in its bosom, as a step-mother does an adopted child; and it became a plant; but its real nature could not be developed fully in such an uncongenial place. Yet it lived, though its life was stunted and constricted.

By and by it became conscious that something was unnatural; and there sprung up an internal yearning for more summer—it felt that a more genial climate would be more congenial. But, for all it could see, the law of its destiny was inexorable—it was fixed to that rigorous spot. Still, it felt a prophecy in the depths of its nature, that sometime it would be more pleasantly situated. These prophetic dreams were unconscious lingerings of memories of its parentage and home.

It passed through the seasons of disconsolateness and discontent, which checked its growth; till, at last, it came to see that, instead of wasting its strength in regrets for the past, and griefs for the present, it could better employ its energies in growth, and get what life it could from such resources as were at hand, accepting thankfully the blessings within its reach.

After this change in its mood, an earthquake shook a large fragment of earth and ice, on which was the plant, from the mountains into the adjacent sea. The plant, by some hap, was uninjured by the revolution, and soon joyed to find itself floating on the berg, toward the very climate it had so long wished for.

(Many frigid plants also accompanied it; but the warm breath of Notus withered them, and they soon perished.)

By and by it landed on an island far in the south, and was carried, with some seaweed, from the shore inland to manure the soil. Here it took root, and soon felt at home, growing vigorously. Still, it was forlorn; for it had no kindred companionship; and it longed for sympathy.

Finally, owing to an event which was a chance to it, it found itself by the side of a sister plant; and soon their mutual attractions ripened into a most tender, endearing friendship. In comparing their histories, tendencies, and natures, they found they were brother and sister—both seeds from which they sprang had fallen from one plant, near the spot where now they were so beautifully in each others society.

After they had dwelt together till a perfect sympathy was established between them, one morning of thankfulness he spoke to her thus:

"Often in the still night time comes thy Spirit unto mine with sweet messages of purity and peace. Then do I listen to the silence of thy soul, as it tells me of Beauty and Love; and my Spirit folds its arms round thine in loving trust, and receives a sympathy which makes me holier, and brings me into nearer and dearer union with all Beauty, Purity, Love.

"I found thee at the end of my dangerous journey from the rugged, rigorous Northland, to the summer-clime of the balm-breathed South; and most welcome was the force which conducted me to this sunny land of palms, where thou wast legitimately born, and where I should have first seen the world. O, grateful was the atmosphere of this beautiful country of thy home, as I came near it; for I felt that there was my true home, though my birth and adolescence were among the majestic rocks, mountains and storms of a Novazemblian clime."

She replied to him in this wise:

"Very sweetly do I rest with thee, my own soul's brother, as we tread together one way through the infinite of life; and perceive myself stronger in this pure, unforced union with thee. About thee never hovers any ugly doubt or fear. I look into thy deep eyes, and their glance reflects a calm, reposeful activity of soul, which gladdens mine, and I walk onward with a firmer step, and a freer spirit. I love thy strength; and it imparts itself to me continually. Thou lovest my love; and it flows unceasingly for thee. We both love the good and true in all things; we both feel a lofty admiration for the All Beauty; we would both be free; 'Excelsior' is a word that thrills through the being of both of us with a like power. In these things we are united; and shall not the same wave of the sternest life-sea bear both upon its bosom for evermore? O, it is sweet to be thy sister, to think sister thoughts to thee; and to know that thou art perchance made glad thereby; and that they minister somewhat to thy joy in life. Bless thee, dear brother."

BOSTON, Mass.

WHERE find we chastity? In the copulations of flowers. And not till our generatings are as pure as theirs can invulnerable innocence be born.

THE sun stops not shining because men abuse his light to do deeds of darkness in.

CHARLES WORTH.

Bro. HARRIS was confined by physical indisposition, at Cincinnati. His general health, however, does not appear to have been impaired by his severe and protracted labors, and it is quite certain that his spiritual strength has been renewed.

We understand that he has been requested to give a course of Lectures in this city, on the Rationale of Religion and cognate subjects. The independent position which he occupies will doubtless commend his lectures to public attention.

S. B. B.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—CHARLES WORTH and our fair friend G.L. will accept our thanks for past favors.

"JESUS AND THE CHURCH," an interesting and powerful article, by Bro. FERNALD, is received and shall have a place in our next number.

WILL BROS GIBSON SMITH and N. BROWN remember us soon?

Why travel these divers ways, losing oneself in so many paths, when God is close by thee?

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