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

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The Principles of Nature.

MAN AND THE SOIL: THEIR MUTUAL RELATIONS.

BY J. K. INGALLS.

THE position of Man as the lord of creation, is acknowledged in all tradition, and admitted more or less clearly in every form of law. The title he prefers to the soil and to all earthly possessions, the right he claims over the beasts of the field, and the use of the elements, which he must have or die, are only guaranteed him, as the rightful heir to this inheritance. Upon the general relation he sustains, depends every right; and whoever would question the validity of our appeal, must, with it, set aside every claim he puts forth for himself to exclusive possessions of any kind. If we inquire of Nature, whether Man or the lower grades of beings shall govern, and possess the world, she points directly to him, as the one ordained to rule and have dominion; and, were it otherwise, property could be possessed by none. These principles alone give force and authority to those forms of law; and to urge any form against their legitimate deductions, is only to destroy the foundation upon which rest the very laws themselves.

It would seem appropriate then, to institute an investigation into the natural right of Man to the earth, irrespective of prevailing notions or institutions. The unerring testimonies of *natural law* shall be our guide, and we will reverence especial enactments no farther than they accord with this voice. For aside from this, there is no valid title to property of any description. This may be illustrated by a variety of ways and figures.

Thus, to the vegetation belongs the mineral world, and the mold upon which alone it can subsist; to the grazing herd belongs the grass; to the birds and smaller animals, constituted for their peculiar positions, belong the seeds of the herb and the nuts which ripen on the forest tree; to beasts of prey belong the races necessary to their subsistence; and to man belongs all things beneath him, that are necessary to his existence, and the promotion of his true happiness. So to all forms of life, vegetable, animal and human, belong in common the atmosphere, the water, the genial light and warmth of heaven. And for the simple reason that these are all necessary to the existence of either form of life; indeed, are among the primary conditions under which it was bestowed.

But Man stands not simply in the relation of a ruler and governor, arbitrarily considered. He is not capriciously placed at the head of the physical creation. He is upheld by all orders beneath, from the acknowledged fitness of his nature to assume that position. Take from him one substantial support, and not he alone, but the whole superstructure must fall. He cannot exist without the aid of every kingdom. Lacking the animal, he is no longer man. Take away the vegetable, and, with all the animal world, he must cease to exist. Deny him the soil, and his fate is equally certain. Thus we may follow up, step by step, the sacred elevation on which Man is enthroned, and take in at one view the foundations of his greatness, and the extent and durability of his possessions. It fortunately hap-

pens for man, that he has found no creature disposed, for any length of time, to contest his claim. At any rate, we shall find none to wield the Pen against his rights. And, in the absence of any competitor, he may safely assert his prerogative to control all earthly things. The only question which will admit of discussion, is the one regarding the proper division of this prerogative and possession between man and man.

Our object is to consider this question, especially in reference to the Soil. Man, we see, has a necessity for it, cannot exist without it, cannot sustain life but upon its productions. Something definite should certainly be recognized by society which shall make permanent the true relation. Man's necessity, which is a law superior to any arbitrary compact or human legislation, has decreed, that he must have earth enough to dwell upon, and to furnish the means of sustenance. However unequal may have been human laws on this subject, the land has had to support Man, in every grade and condition. This it has done bounteously where its products have been justly distributed; and if it has failed in any case, it has been because the rights of the masses have been violated, and the possession of the earth wrested from them by force or fraud.

It is worthy our serious reflection, that where things are legitimately and truly united, there arises a general harmony. What God has joined together, man may not put assunder without involving results of a nature correspondingly disastrous. We may hence decide upon the character of any long established system of land tenure, as well as judge what would be a just and equitable one. Against the existing system of traffic and monopoly in the soil, may be urged the unequal tendencies presented in every country and age in which it has been adopted. A most unhealthy, nay, desperate crisis has arrived, so that it is questionable whether the world can get on for any length of time; the advocates of present laws and the conservators of ancient wrongs, themselves being judges. Nature evidently does not acknowledge the arrangements as constitutional. A strict investigation would show that crime and poverty, and the utmost wretchedness, even to *starvation by thousands*, invariably follows the destruction of the natural relation. Not the barbarian system of government, which sells the serf with the land, is productive of so much physical suffering, simply because it does not sever this connection.

The working of the present unnatural system, must condemn it in the eyes of all who have reverence for God or love for Man. We are given no sign or infallible token, which shall distinguish the child, born to inherit millions of acres of the fertile earth, from the thousands who are only permitted a place to be born in, by sufferance, and who must wander through the world without a foothold, and without opportunity to labor or in any way to fulfil their true destiny. We do not discover that he has any natural want different from theirs; or that he can, in *any sense*, sustain the relation of Man to all this soil. He cannot cultivate a thousandth part of it; he cannot beautify and adorn it by his labor; nor can he consume any considerable portion of its products. Here, I apprehend, is a mutual relation. He who gave man dominion over the earth and its productions, also directed him to improve, replenish and beautify it. How can this *one man* answer to this duty? and what ex-

cuse can he render mother Earth for having forced from her bosom her thousand children? And yet none question the existence of this inequality, or deny that it has resulted as the necessary consequence of the present system of traffic. There are two principles at work in the business of the world, either of which would ultimately bring all the soil and wealth of earth into the hands of ONE MAN, could he live sufficiently long, as long as we are informed men did live in ancient times. But it is not necessary to specify, since it is acknowledged to have this tendency. The only question is: Do the principles of Nature and divine Revelation sanction a scheme involving such an awful and monstrous catastrophe? We think not. You shall find nowhere in Nature an anomaly like this. No one being of any species, has God made dependent on another for a place. They may destroy for food, but never claim the earth as exclusively theirs. There cannot be found bird or animal lords, who make the masses labor to supply them with food and shelter. The smallest insect has not been brought into existence, without a place to occupy; then why has man? To all created things sufficient space has been allotted. Indeed, that is one of the conditions upon which life has been bestowed; so that to conceive of the existence of any thing without this condition, is impossible.

Reason recognizes no truth in the virtual claim that too many inhabitants have been created upon this earth. Not a moiety of it has ever been cultivated, or made in any way, productive of human happiness. And to deny any one the privilege of cultivating a portion, and in that way to expend his inherent forces, is to arraign the dispensations of Heaven, in bestowing power and exacting duty, where neither one could be employed, nor the other discharged. But even if so monstrous a conception could be demonstrated as true, it would be still more difficult to justify this unequal distribution of soil. If the world is too narrow for its inhabitants, how comes it that one single individual has been permitted to retain millions of acres in his possession, when he would receive only a score or two, by an average distribution? But the dissimilar, and yet equally pernicious results of the present system, prove that the evils of which we complain, are attributable to a cause far different from *over* population. The abject wretchedness, servility and utter destitution, which we behold on one hand, is balanced not by corresponding misery on the other; but by overweening care, insatiate graspings at possession, indolence, licentiousness and graceless dissipation. Why this contrast? Certainly not through any partiality of Providence. In some way one class have sold or lost their birthright. Whence came the right to traffic in the claims of unborn generations, to the fair earth on which they are given life? None but monarchs can tell, and they have thrown themselves back upon their regal dignity, and will not answer. In this silence we may safely say Nature's laws have been disregarded and violated, or these disastrous consequences never had ensued. Nowhere shall we find any parallel, either as regards the inequality of condition, or the mournful issues that follow. Conceive, for one moment, while wandering through the wood, you discover a bird laboring to build nests for another, and to supply the little ones with food; while she, and her little ones, are starving, perishing for the want of that which her industry procures for others; and who in their turn are becoming gouty and diseased for the want of proper exercise! Discordant as this might be in the field, or forest of nature, it affords but a faint conception of the existing artificial relations in society. It is there so arranged that men shall toil their life long, to build dwellings for others, and yet have none for themselves or their offspring. Others shall cultivate the earth, and make it bring forth sixty or an hundred fold; and yet hardly taste the ripened grain.

Again, there are those who labor to clothe the persons of their fellow men, and are kept at incessant toil, and still may not clothe themselves in decent apparel. Would not the mind be shocked to see such a picture any where but in *human* society

and would we not say that dame Nature had produced an anomaly, did it exist among the birds, the beasts or the inhabitants of the deep? And is there greater necessity for it among men? None! other than their own ignorance, ambition, or depraved habits of thought and action. That man ever submitted to this wrong is a proof of his ignorance; that he ever sought to inflict it, is evidence of his ambition; and that he did not, long ago, reassert and regain his natural rights, shows how degrading are the influences of a subjection to unrighteous domination.

But a time has now arrived when the question must be canvassed, however unwilling may be the oppressor or oppressed. Such uncertainty has arisen in all the business departments of life; so changeful is fortune in this game of hazard, into which almost all men of wealth or enterprise have entered, that the wealthiest may be reduced to poverty in an hour; while no man, though he possess stores of wealth, can insure its possession to his children. And why this instability? Does not the earth continue to send forth her productions to feed and clothe the race? Does not human strength and ingenuity remain? Have not the mighty powers of wind and steam yielded to the controlling influence of man, to assist him in his work? Has not science unfolded greater and greater resources of fruitfulness in the soil, and given man a power, before which the everlasting mountains are scattered, and rude materials by its magic touch, assume forms of usefulness and beauty?

Withdraw one moment from this scene. Behold the serenity of Nature! Does she anywhere shadow forth this uncertainty? How uniform are all her operations! With a lavish hand does she bestow her bounties! No game of hazard has he to play, who deals with her. A most equitable compensation is given for the labor of the head or hand; and none who have expended their capital in her employ ever complain of having been defrauded. In her presence man feels that all is secure. It is only when he turns to the artificial social condition of the race that doubt and misgivings arise. With the genial air of spring, is breathed the holiest confidence; the lilies of the field, and the innumerable flowers of earth, as they unfold their beauties to the eye and impart their perfume to the wooing zephyrs; and the caroling of birds, all speak of unfailing care and immeasurable love in their divine Author. And all the starry host discourse in language understood by every tribe and tongue, of the most permanent and harmonious arrangement. No strife up there in the mighty deep, between those brother Suns, in regard to which shall have most space, or possess the greatest array of planetary wealth! If ambition they have, it is to dispense the greatest amount of light and heat and life. No cry comes back from those depths, of too prolific a creation, so that they have not room to move in harmony! Nor would complaints ever have been heard in human society of instability, unbrotherly strife and derangement, had Man's natural relation been regarded, and the laws of the state made a simple transcript of the laws of Nature.

Some simple illustration must suffice to show the unrighteous character of existing laws. To divest the subject of all intricacy; suppose that a certain island has been discovered and is to be occupied by a hundred men, whose isolated position compels them to remain there during their life, and without offspring. Now divide it as you please, equally, or in accordance with the merits or strength of the parties; but let it be understood, that these shares are matters of traffic, as well as any other property they may possess. Now differences in habits, physical strength or mental ingenuity, will somewhat have changed their relative positions at the expiration of the first year; even if we suppose the most scrupulous honesty to have been observed. Then loans and mortgages come into use; for one man has more than sustained himself, while another has failed to do so; and his share has been mortgaged to the former. At the end of some ten years, as the rate of interest may be, one has two shares; at the end of twenty, he has four; in thirty, eight; in forty, six-

teen; in fifty, thirty-two; and in less than seventy years, the age of man, he has secured possession of the whole. But what has become of his other companions? They have long since been compelled to labor for him on his own terms; and for such compensation as would merely support physical existence. This has been their condition while he willed it; when he cared no longer for their labor, they were permitted to die. We need not follow the departure from integrity during all this struggle. We cannot say how often the conflict raged in each mind, between virtue and the suggestions of desperation, as they saw their fortunes wane and themselves made dependent. But why should this man need their toil? And by what rule have they, who are weaker, been compelled to labor for him who is the stronger. In a true system, the "strong bear the infirmities of the weak," and they who are unable to provide for their own wants, have them supplied; but here the weak have labored for the strong, and they who are represented as being incompetent to take care of themselves, have nevertheless produced all they have consumed, and, at the same time, have been forced to toil for the sustenance of others.

The condition of the soil would, meanwhile, have presented a corresponding degeneration. While the land was equally distributed, it would be much better cultivated, and far more productive than when it was owned by one man and tilled by hireling laborers. Supposing the natural relation which man sustains to the soil to be thus destroyed, it is readily seen that, as a consequence, man is destitute, and the soil correspondingly barren. And who will dare say, there is no such relation, that all depends on parchment deeds; or that they, themselves, have no natural or permanent foundation? It is of no use to urge the sacredness of titles, or the validity of compacts. This goes farther back than those; it in fact underlies and gives them their only force. Their character must certainly be illegitimate, when it destroys the very foundation upon which they should be based. Here then is the issue: **Man has a natural relation and title to the soil, or no existing titles are valid.** That relation, however it may be modified by social compact, never can be destroyed; for laws only regulate and define, do not create, and cannot obliterate, any natural claim.

Permitting that solitary island to represent the globe on which we live, and those men, the *living* inhabitants, who have alone any relation to the soil, and we see represented the inequality and injustice which mankind have suffered; how they have been arbitrarily divorced from the position for which their Creator designed them; and what have been the results of this flagrant violation of natural right. We often hear the nature and consequences of certain sin descanted upon; but no transgression or disregard of Divine law has been fraught with such a terrible catastrophe as attends the severing of Man's relation to Earth. A great proportion of existing misfortune, suffering and violence, may be referred to this; as its original source. Very much of human depravity and crime is caused, and all rendered more inveterate, by the workings of Land Monopoly. And if these consequences do not stamp it as unnatural and unjust, then we have no criterion by which to judge of rights or wrongs. We have no method of judging things, except by their fruits; and where results are good, the law is good; where effects are evil, the cause must be corrupt. A close investigation would show us that the social evils, so apparent in the world, and so readily acknowledged by all, have existed in different ages and countries, in very close relation to the monopoly of the Soil. This fact cannot be denied; and to pass it silently over, will no longer serve the purpose of the advocates of the present system. The numerous institutions for insurance, for beneficial purposes, and to reunite the sundered ties of brotherhood, are of themselves sufficient proof to establish its unholy tendencies, and consequently its violation of all natural justice. The fearful sufferings of those so deeply wronged that they cannot purchase those immunities, the inequality of the distribution of labor and its

productions, and the ease and luxury in which others live, who produce no wealth, nor in any way render the earth more beautiful or its inhabitants more happy, cry aloud for remedy and redress. Nor may the appeal to vested rights, or the inviolable nature of contracts longer stifle the demands of the masses, for the enjoyment of their natural rights, which are, and must forever remain, inalienable.

It is interesting to note the progress by which Man's rights have been discovered and recognized by the governments of the world. A conception has first been awakened in some advanced mind, and insisted upon until, after many vacillations, it has approached the seat of power, made its impression there, and secured an acknowledgement. In the triumph of power, it would seem questionable whether any such thing as human rights were ever thought of. The right to exist, the right of private judgment, of speech, of self-government, and of pursuing happiness, were developed in due time, and, against all forms of law and precedents of arbitrary domination, were declared inalienable. But it is said that in process of time, this claim, which may be acknowledged as originally existing, became so involved with the intricacies of artificial claims and titles, that it is no longer of any avail. But this is abandoning the ground that it is a natural and, consequently, an inextinguishable claim. If long continued violation of the rights to live and to govern one's self had destroyed that right, where would have been the privileges we now enjoy? Must men be denied their rights when discovered, simply because they were not discovered before? It is granted that titles bestowed by arbitrary enactment may be rendered nugatory by a neglect of specified conditions; but the title of Nature can only be rendered void by violating her demands, which is, that the soil be rendered productive, or by destroying the existence of the owner or the thing owned.

All natural relations, like the relation of the planets to the sun, or the mineral to the vegetable world, or the vegetable to the animal world, must for ever continue. We may destroy the one or the other; but, while the existence endures, the relation remains. For instance, the tree has a natural and obvious relation to the soil. Now, if we have use for that tree, we may remove it from its place and appropriate it as we see fit. We can not, however, uproot it, sever it from the soil, and still retain its life. The same is true of animals. If our necessity or happiness demand, we may destroy them; we have the right over their lives; but we may not, and cannot divorce them from the soil and its productions, and yet prolong their existence. Nor is man less dependent on the soil. The earth, as well as vegetable and animal substances, enter into his composition and furnish food for his subsistence. As the vegetable arises from the mineral, and the animal from both, so Man springs from the three, and is dependent on them. Reason, therefore, would teach us that all his rights depend upon his right of position. Take away the foundation and what becomes of the superstructure? Deny man a place to live and be free, and the right to pursue happiness, and then expatiate upon his rights! The truth is, all these rights are but secondary to the great fundamental right to earth. You may disprove them every one, and yet this shall remain. Show that it is needful to restrict the liberty of speech, and you may do it. Prove the necessity of enslaving your brother, and it may be done; but you may not force him from his earthly heritage, and mock him with the empty sound of freedom. Freedom to starve, to seek happiness in the clouds, and sustain life on air; the privilege to toil, when it pleases the task-master, and die, when we are no longer required; and liberty of speech, in the high-ways or the alms-house, are gracious boons which should be duly prized!

It should not, however, be imagined that nothing has been gained. Every step in the progress of human freedom, has brought us nearer the goal. Only we are not to stop short of it. However important they may be as *steps*, we must remember that they are not the goal itself; and as those steps have been

taken for one grand object, unless that is attained, they have in truth, been vain. We would do nothing to disparage the importance of former efforts, or the glory of past achievement; but their importance consists chiefly in this; that they are initiatory to a more comprehensive Reform. Being only the enemy's outposts, their possession can be of service only as they enable us to assail the main citadel. To rest here is impossible. We must advance to the assault of that, or abandon these. In other words, upon this primary right to earth, depends all other rights; and to attempt to sustain them, while we deny this, or neglect to assert its claims, is like attempting to sustain some tottering fabric in the air, while the flood is sweeping away every vestige of its foundation. Destroy Man's right to the soil, and you place upon a most precarious basis, every other right. His right to be here, to live, to speak, to pursue happiness, and to employ the elements so as to sustain liberty or existence, are all endangered. If man may sell the birthright of his children in all future generations, for gold, he may, and does, sell *them*. If land may be held by conquest, so may and in fact, so must be the inhabitants. If discovery gives any one title to soil, it gives him the same title to the people; or else the privilege to separate them from it, and consequently starve them to death; which would amount to a denial of the right of life. How liberty of speech, person, or self-government can be maintained without a right to life; and how the right to life can be maintained without the right to earth, from which all sustenance is derived, is a mystery of law in which the principles of Nature do not instruct us!

Man may be permitted to own in distinct allotments, or undivided shares; but in some way this right must be clearly acknowledged, and rigorously defended; the only natural mode appearing to be a restriction of possession to each individual within such limits as shall prevent all future monopoly. Deny Man this right, so to guard his natural possessions, and you deny him the means of perpetuating the liberty that he enjoys.

The subject seems then to resolve itself into this form: Man has a natural and legitimate connection with earth; they were made for each other—the soil for the *living* generation. The dead cannot cultivate it, or consume its products. This is proved an immutable relation, by the suffering and disarrangement attendant on every attempt to destroy it. As in the animal economy, every unhealthy condition may be referred to some violation of organic law; so in political relations, such dire derangements do not exist, except by corresponding infringement of the principles of eternal justice. To have this relation effectually recognized, *Society must defend no man in possessions which interfere with the rights of the whole*. No power can do so justly, and none but a partial legislation will attempt it.

It is hardly necessary that any law be made on the subject; only that unjust laws which conflict with natural rights, be repealed. And who objects to their repeal? Is it argued that limitation will infringe upon any individual right? or that it will prove in the least degree unequal in its operation? No one can pretend that it will give another any advantage over him. The only objection that can be urged is that it prevents him from acquiring an advantage over others, and, consequently, does so much toward securing human rights inviolate. It may interfere with what some regard as their vested privileges; but with none which are not secured at the expense of the many. This can readily be seen, and indeed, the very nature of the objection shows the necessity of the restriction; the same as an objection against a law prohibiting murder, that it infringed personal liberty, would prove that for such objector, at least, the law was required. For no purpose of self-justice is more than a certain amount of land necessary. He who desires it, is seeking to enslave his brethren, unwittingly though it be; for the soil cannot be made of service to the owner, except as it is needed by those deprived of it. Were there not the people to cultivate, improve, or re-purchase the lands, they would never

be sought by the speculator; nor can he reap the least profit from them, except through the labors and necessities of his fellow men. He cannot justly be protected longer in a privilege so hostile to the best interests of mankind.

The monopoly of the soil has been the most effectual method ever discovered, for subjecting the masses to servitude. All bondage may not be referred to it; but it has been the one great measure, in all ages, and among all people, where it could be successfully employed, to perpetuate the accumulated power and wealth in the hands of the few, and to render more and more dependent the condition of the many. It is the last stronghold of Oppression. Under arbitrary or liberal governments, it assumes the same unblushing front, and derides with the same unfeeling levity, the groans of the oppressed, and the cries of the starving; looking with indifference on the earthly fate of millions, while rioting on the social disorders it has caused? To suppress this unrighteous and inhuman monopoly, may not, at once, remove all social ills; but while it removes many, it will also render measures to eradicate the remainder, doubly available. Other supports of wrong must naturally give way, and man assume a position he has never yet attained, where he may be invested with all his natural rights.

The human mind holds the same relation to liberty that the form does to the soil. Already the bonds of ignorance are being severed; the chains of superstition are crumbling before the onward progress of the soul toward light and freedom. Even the sword is losing its sway over the destinies of the race; and Mammon—ah! Mammon yet reigns predominant; but his days are numbered; and with the establishment of Man's claim to earth, will date the dissolution of his empire. The sky is already tinged with morning light. Man is awakening from his long sleep of ages to a sense of his rights and powers. Vigorous with rest, he will easily disenthral himself from the meshes which artful legislation has thrown around him, and assert his title from the great Creator, to the privilege of laboring upon the common heritage.

THE THREE LEARNED PROFESSIONS.

THE LAWYER.

THE LAWYER'S interest is opposed to *general peace and righteousness*. Lawyers are in situations which make them interested in the *disturbances* that prevail, and not in the general tranquillity of community. They have their interests centered in the numerous *litigations* caused by persecution and hostility. Where vice exists, poverty prevails to an equal extent; and where vice and poverty prevail, the lawyer is most powerfully attracted. Instead of being *peace-makers*, they are *peace-destroyers*; inasmuch as the settlement of every legal question must be for or against the individuals concerned. The result of this is latent envy, and a secretive determination to have their demands satisfied, and that, too, when the laws of society can take no cognizance of their plans to deceive and injure. Every act of adjudication among the legal profession is the commencement of interior hatred and hostility. And besides this, every man seeks refuge in the laws of society and the state, against the injuries of his neighbor; and this is the strongest indication of disease in the constitution of society. For local quarrels and conflicts are blemishes that affect society as ulcers affect the diseased body; and it is clear that blemishes would neither affect society nor the body of man, if the interior qualities and particles of the constitution were pure, united, and circulating throughout the whole form with a perfect equality. Evils that exist in society are like diseased parts of the body; and the open contentions manifested through the workings of vice are like pains that affect the body: and both testify of internal corruption. And he is the true *peace-maker* who strikes at the root of social evil, and who destroys the fruit of the contaminating tree.

If the poor of the earth were *educated*, and their feelings were *refined*, there would be no stooping to the vice of deception and

falsehood; neither would there exist so much disunity which lawyers are employed to settle according to the established codes of the land. And every legal decision is a virtual protest against the prevalence of morality and unity of human interests. If the mechanic labored in connection with the tiller of the soil, and their enterprises were mutually assisting to each other, such a thing as contention and lawsuits between them would not be known. Did tradesmen act in accordance with the requirements of the mechanic and the laborer, then would their reciprocal action create harmony, and the lawyer would have no occupation.

The lawyer's interest is therefore decidedly opposed to this state of things; and as they are exerting an undue influence in society, their opposition will retard the progress of social, moral, and universal reform. Their interests consist in the prevalence of ignorance and imbecility, in the greatest amount of strife, contention, and deception, and in every species of corruption and degradation that now render society a disgusting body—even as a whitened sepulcher, full of dead men's bones!

Lawyers, *as men*, are good and honest, like all other men; but how deplorable to reflect on their corrupting situations! From these situations spring the most unhealthy influences into the bosom of society; and instead of reforming and equalizing mankind, and amicably settling their difficulties, they are merely casting a veil over blemishes by an external legal process, while that which they conceal is rife with all sorts of evil, extortion, and excess. No verdict is given without violating as many feelings as it gratifies. Hence a great portion of the counteracting and conflicting feelings that are in the world, are because the verdicts of conventional laws are in favor of or against the established interest or prejudice of some person or persons. It can not be said that they are *relieving* the evils of society, so long as verdicts are isolated and superficial in their character. The laws of *Nature* are unlike this. *Their* verdicts are manifested to all beings, and all acknowledge their justice, and are encouraged by their unfailing distribution of justice to every created form.

The lawyer's interest therefore consists in the amount of vice and misery that prevail, and not in the peace, and unity, and happiness, which the world is striving to enjoy. The lawyer's situation is thus the most unenviable of any except that of the *clergyman*. But lawyers are to be relieved from their positions ere long, by feeling a thrilling conviction of the truths *Nature*, and by her unceasing demands for social reform and distributive justice. It is pleasing to contemplate the day when men will forsake theory, sect, philosophy, prejudice, and situation, for the sole purpose of fulfilling their use in the nature of things, and thereby to establish happiness in every portion of the world: for each will have a position created by his own industry.

THE PHYSICIAN.

THE PHYSICIAN'S interest consists in the amount of organic violation that occurs, and in the abundance of distress and physical wretchedness that are found in the sick-room, the hospital, the asylum, the prison, the army, and throughout the nation. Physicians, as men not professionally employed, will express the most unbounded benevolence, and actual sympathy, for the suffering that exists. They will express all the yearnings of noble minds for the improvement and education of the poor and ignorant, and for superior situations to bless the poor man's home and the rich man's constitution. But a physician, in his *occupation*, feels no interest in any new invention, or system, or compound, that might be effectual in curing disease. He feels no interest in the advancement of intelligence on the subjects of anatomy and physiology, because a general knowledge of the organic structure of man would lead to a great amount of health, inasmuch as then all would strive to avoid violation. He feels no interest in the prevalence of physiological knowledge, nor is he interested in any degree of reform leading to a

destruction of vice, debauchery, and physical violations. Disease and pain exist because the science of life and the necessities of the human body are unknown to a majority of the human race.

The poor man is obliged to exert all his physical energies to gain a subsistence for himself and family. He is thereby subject to exposures of every possible description, and to sufferings that are intolerable. The atmosphere may change, and bring disease to his exposed body. Labor may be excessive and disproportionate, and its results may be deformity, contractions, inflammations, and muscular prostration, some or all of which are a portion of the poor man's reward. Thus exposed, he sinks under disease; and when prostrate on his couch, amid his family whose wants are unsupplied, he ventures to raise his voice to the wealth and philanthropy of society in supplication, and humbly solicits relief. What is the reply which he receives? It is the frowns and silent abuses of the community—and he can see the world regards him not. Thus forsaken, he languishes and departs unappreciated! Such examples are, in modified forms, visible in every portion of the world. The physician feels no interest in the health of that sick man, and it is a matter of indifference to him whether his pains are soothed or his situation relieved. He seeks not the poor man, because the little *attraction* (which is insignificant indeed) is not in the poor man's possession. Therefore the poor man is neglected, because the physician's interest consists, not in the prevalence of health, but in the extent of disease among those able to reward his labors.

The wife and children of this poor man are also exposed to inclement weather, and to every description of destitution possible to conceive. The wife, exercised by grief and depressed with sorrow, becomes weakened and emaciated, and finally occupies the bed just deserted by her unfortunate and neglected companion. She, too, is encompassed with sorrow, and is afflicted with privations, which society perceives not. Amid the cries of her children, she is depressed beyond the possibility of a resurrection; and she soon closes her eyes upon the world with a fear, and dread, and sorrow, unknown to any but herself: and the last vibration upon her ear is the cry of hunger arising from her infant child! She thus dies a sacrifice to human injustice and social disorganization!

The children, one by one, are taken and placed in the asylum, and there cared for in proportion to the reward given to the physician and the overseer. There they are treated as *strangers*; there they grow like the plant uncultivated, and finally become a burden to the community and the keeper of the almshouse who supports them all.

If the physician were well situated and properly rewarded, he would seek the afflicted, relieve their pains, and strive to inculcate physiological truths whereby disease might be avoided, and unnecessary violations escaped. If the physician were rewarded in proportion to the amount of *health* that exists, then would he feel anxious to have vice, and misery, and degradation, and debauchery to cease, and health to bless the existence of every man. These corruptions gyrate through all portions and classes of society, and the physician is *interested* therein. And where *disease* is in abundance, *there* he is attracted, not because he feels interested in the *health* and *prosperity* of his patients, but in that which he *receives* for his medical attentions.

Nothing can be more dishonoring to the convictions of the physician than the corrupting situation which he occupies; for he is compelled to follow the promptings of his interest, while his convictions of duty and his higher sensibilities weep over his ill-directed proceedings. The physician's duty, like that of the lawyer and the clergyman, is sensibly impressed on his judgment by *Nature*, and he would cheerfully comply with its dictates, were he not so viciously and unhappily situated. But *interest* is the governing principle of human existence; and the object to be attained is so to *change the situations of men* that

their interests may correspond with the admonitions of their enlightened judgments.

The physician has an internal conviction which he cannot suppress, that what he is obliged to do in his profession is directly opposed to his duty. He cannot resist this conviction; and the same is true of the lawyer, mechanic, and the laborer. And this truth unfolds the fearful and horrible fact in the condition of the human race—that men are not only contending with each other in their social occupations, but that there is a constant antagonism existing between *interest* and *duty* in every bosom. Men's *interests* tell them one thing, and their *duty* another. Interests are created by the necessities of the body and its propensities; and men, to supply these necessities, are compelled to smother conscience in the blackest clouds of social warfare and conflicting interests.

One third of the earth's population are bound by the hand of disease, merely because they are uneducated, inferiorly conditioned, and unjustly treated by the exclusiveness of classes and aristocracies. And this one third are also crushed by poverty, caused by ingenious speculations on their labor. These come into being, live unhappy and useless lives, and finally die, not knowing the destiny of their creation. They live, moreover, in a wilderness of pain, starvation, and discontentment; and it is conspicuously true that physicians never venture into that wilderness of despair! They never explore the regions of pain, distress, and wretchedness, because their *interests* speak, and their steps are directed to the bed of the rich man, whose wealth consists of the accumulated productions of that wilderness of despairing and diseased beings! Terrible indeed is the unrighteousness of these things; and they are truths that need unveiling, though they will thrill the soul of every enlightened person with an overwhelming conviction of their truth and importance!

The *human race* is afflicted with disease. Mankind as a body are *sick*, and need a *physician*. They need effectual attention and permanent restitution to health, and energy, and happiness. The race, then, must be *educated*. The rudiments of this education must consist in each one *knowing himself*, in every anatomical and physiological particular; and then the world will not be cursed with ignorance, vice, disease, and misery. Then physicians will be *useful* and *beneficial*; for their time and talents will be concentrated in the great work of social and moral reform, and their interests will not only consist in the amount of *health* enjoyed, but in the destruction of ignorance, violation, and local wretchedness.

THE CLERGYMAN.

Of all professions and situations occupied by men, none is absolutely more unenviable and more corrupting than that sustained by CLERGYMEN. It is a deplorable fact that all the miseries, the conflicts, the wars, the devastations, and the hostile prejudices, existing in the world, are owing to the corrupting situation and influence of clergymen. From the beginning of the human race to the middle of this century, nothing has been more prominent than sectarian enthusiasm and theological warfare. And from the lowest period of the race, there have been successive modifications of clerical power: but each modification has only contributed to consolidate the error, and make the evil more impregnable. Clergymen have (like other professional men) smothered their consciences in the gloomy cloud of sectarianism. They are all *good in spirit*, but *unholy in situation and influence*. And nothing can be more disgusting and depressing, even to their own clouded judgments, than the unrighteousness proceeding from the influence they exert over an ignorant and imbecile race.

Each clergyman, like the physician, is opposed to every new system of practice and model of profession. Physicians do not countenance *new* modes and systems of practice, because this would be stepping from the consolidated systems established by early generations. And their system is so defended by a wall

of Latin and insignificant terms, that no one can pass through and become initiated without spending a large sum in some medical or technical institution. The wall is so unsurpassable, that the majority of mankind are obliged to remain on the outer, uninformed of their nature and the paths that lead to health and happiness. The *clergyman* is still a little more unfortunately situated, and is as effectually defended against the invasion of natural intelligence, and the discoveries of any researcher into the truths of Nature and her God, that clergymen speak of so much. They also have a consolidated system of error—which error, however, is concealed by the assumed cloak of “orthodoxy,” which means “the *right way*.”—But it is only the *right way* in one sense, and that is to defend sectarianism against its foes!

Clergymen have a *system of practice* which is guarded by commentaries so vast, and sentinels so numerous, that the practice in general cannot be overthrown, or new systems be built up in its stead. They have not, however, succeeded *fully* in this particular, inasmuch as new systems of theological practice are being conceived and instituted in nearly every generation. The world at the present day is a striking example of this truth. It displays many systems of sectarianism, and modes of curing diseased souls.—And there are also clergymen practicing in each mode and system of “salvation.” Some have more expedient and plausible ceremonies than others, and such generally receive more patients; and in this way new sects and new forms of sectarian prejudice are established.

Their interest consists in smothering the consciences of men, as the physician's interest consists in general violation of the organic laws. If clergymen can have a general psychological ignorance prevail, they are well pleased. If they can have a general effeminacy and mental submission, then their occupation is prosperous and their reward proportional. If they can have a submissive sectarianism, and a moderate yet ignorant prejudice for exclusive sects, then they entertain no fears as to the perpetuation of their reward, and the success of their professional enterprise. Clergymen *cannot deny* that their interests consist in the prevalence of *ignorance* and *sectarian prejudice*, and *not* in *free and unrestricted thought* and *theological investigation*. They are aware that the unrestricted exercise of the mental powers would seal an everlasting destruction to all sectarianism, and consequently to their professions. If the human mind were free from the shackles imposed by prejudice, it would not rest until every vestige of chimerical philosophy and theology was banished from the earth. The clergyman's policy proclaims his consciousness of this fearful truth. He shrinks childishly from the investigation, and strives to protect his situation by a more sanctimonious life, and a deeper devotion to the sectarian prejudices of his parishioners!

Previous research into the condition of man and society has demonstrated that man, having been well situated, amid many cultivations of his own industry, began to exercise his mental powers on spiritual subjects, and upon the most profound mysteries. His thoughts were at first confined to his social condition and to the things near and about him that were pleasurable and profitable to the requirements of the body. And after having removed all influences that excited pain or displeasure, he lived happily, being abundantly nourished by good and congenial productions. Soon, however, the mind deserted visible things, and soared in search of that beyond its comprehension. And what is remarkable is that the first adventurer in celestial imaginations was a chieftain who was what at the present day would be called a *clergyman*. He, like others after him, felt inspired with novel conceptions, and, not perceiving their origin, supposed they were *divine*.

From the first, these chieftains were adored as celestial teachers, and true expounders of every (without them) inexplicable mystery. It was found necessary to establish a distinction between those thus elevated, and the enslaved admirer. More-

over, it was deemed a virtue, and an evidence of divine religion, for the poor, depressed laborer to give all his super-productions to the priests and chieftains. The priests, thus elevated and pauperously supported, exerted an influence over those beneath them, which established at once despotic government and sectarian usurpation.

Clergymen have been so long engaged in their profession—in perpetuating the primitive doctrines among the people, carefully preserving every mystery—and in establishing lines of demarcation between the good and evil in society—that the bright functions of reason in them have become completely beclouded; and they feel conscientiously employed, and impelled by a sense of duty to continue to promulgate their hereditary doctrines. Their conceptions of duty are at the present day molded in their profession. Hence the most brilliant mind, the most sensitive conscience, the most worthy man, is pursuing his profession under the deepest convictions of a mysterious duty enjoined upon him. They feel it impossible to be mistaken in their work. They feel that as the profession was established *many centuries ago*, it is no more than consistent with the highest *reason* that it should be perpetuated.

Their interests consist in the prevalence of *ignorance* on psychological subjects. They are evidently conscious of this truth; for when a new discovery is presented which is unfavorable to their leading principles, they are impelled by a sense of duty and religious interest, to defend their profession against such an unholy invasion. It is with them as with the physician.—All new systems in his profession, all new discoveries and newly-invented medicines, he *opposes*; for these are against his interest and professional education. The success of any new medicine would reduce his practice, and conflict with his prejudices. So clergymen, in whatever situation they may be placed, are anxious that new discoveries and truths should not prevail, inasmuch as every new truth would convey a light into their midst, which would reveal the hideousness of their corruption and imbecility to a confiding world.—[Voice to Mankind.]

HUMANITY.

I CANNOT but pity the man who recognises nothing godlike in his own nature. I see the marks of God in the heavens and the earth; but how much more in a liberal intellect, in magnanimity, in unconquerable rectitude, in a philanthropy which forgives every wrong, and which never despairs of the cause of Christ and human virtue! I do, and must reverence human nature. Neither the sneers of a worldly skepticism, nor the groans of a gloomy theology, disturb my faith in its godlike powers and tendencies. I know how it is despised, how it has been oppressed, how civil and religious establishments have for ages conspired to crush it. I know its history. I shut my eyes on none of its weaknesses and crimes. I understand the proofs by which despotism demonstrates that man is a wild beast in want of a master and only safe in chains. But injured, trampled on and scorned, as our nature is, I still turn to it with intense sympathy and strong hope. The signatures of its origin and its end are impressed too deeply to be ever wholly effaced. I bless it for its kind affections, for its strong and tender love. I honor it for its struggles against oppression, for its growth and progress under the weight of so many chains and prejudices, for its achievements in science and art, and still more for its examples of heroic and saintly virtue. These are marks of a divine origin, and the pledges of a celestial inheritance; and I thank God that my own lot is bound up with that of the human race.—[WM. ELLERY CHANNING.]

A THEOLOGY at war with the laws of physical nature, would be a battle of no doubtful issue. The laws of our spiritual nature give still less chance of success to the system which would thwart or stay them.—[Channing.]

THE Nineteenth Century shall witness the Resurrection of Humanity.

MAGNETISM AND CLAIRVOYANCE.

WHAT IS MESMERISM?—It is too late now to regard it wholly as charlatanry and imposture—to rank its phenomena with the tricks of Cagliostro and Count St. Germain. Grant, if you will, that the everlasting and ubiquitous quack has taken advantage of it—that he has engrafted upon its great fact the fictitious and shallow legerdemain of common jugglery—still a FACT remains, attested by unnumbered witnesses, which clashes with all our old ideas and our habitual experience—which throws open the door for “thick-coming fancies,” and interminable speculations—a miracle made familiar—an impossibility realized—the old fable of transfusion of spirit made actual—the mysterious Trance of the Egyptian priesthood re-produced. This first fact in Mesmerism dimly reveals a new world of wonder—a faint light falling into the great shadow of the mystery which environs us like an atmosphere of night. It affords us a vague and dim perception of the nature of what we call Life; it startles the Materialist with phenomena fearfully suggestive of the conditions of a purely spiritual being. In the language of another, when we plant our first foot-fall upon the threshold of the portal to which this astonishing discovery introduces, long and deep are the reverberations which come forth from the yet dark depths which lie beyond it. Having made this first step, we are prepared to go “sounding onward our dim and perilous way,” passing from one wonder to another, like the knight of the nursery tale, in the Enchanted Castle,—

“His heart was strong,

While the strange light crept on the floor along.”

Without assenting in any respect to this theory, I have been recently deeply interested in reading a paper from a gentleman who has devoted much of his leisure, for the last seven years, to a patient investigation of this subject. He gives the particulars of a case which occurred under his own observation. A young girl of great purity of character, in a highly exalted state of what is called Clairvoyance, or animal electricity, was willed by the Magnetiser to the future world. In the language of the narrator, “The vision burst upon her. Her whole countenance and form indicated at once that a most surprising change had passed over her mind. A solemn, pleasing, but deeply impressive expression rested upon her features. She prophesied her own early death; and when one of her young friends wept, she said: ‘Do not weep for me; death is desirable, beautiful! I have seen the future, and myself there. O! it is beautiful, happy and glorious!—and myself so beautiful, happy and glorious!—And it is *not dying*, only changing places, states, and conditions, and feelings. O! how beautiful—how blessed!’ She seemed to see her mother who was dead, and when asked to speak to her, she replied: ‘She will not speak; I could not understand her. They converse by willing, thinking, feeling, without language.’”

All this may, in part, be accounted for on my friend Sunderland’s theory of cerebral excitement—the disturbed over-action of a portion of the brain, or to speak phrenologically, of the “religious organs.” Yet the mystery even then is but partially solved. Why in this state of exaltation and preternatural mental activity, should similar images and thoughts present themselves to persons of widely varied temperaments and beliefs, from the cold materialist to the too ardent spiritualist, from the credulous believer to the confirmed skeptic? How is it that the youthful mesmeric clairvoyant, who has never heard of Swedenborg, confirm in her dreams of a future life the speculations of that remarkable writer.*

For myself, I am not willing to reject at once every thing which cannot be explained in consistency with a strictly material philosophy. Who knows the laws of his own spiritual nature? Who can determine the precise conditions of the mysterious union of soul and body? It ill becomes us, in our ignorance and blindness, to decide that whatever accords not with our five senses, and our every day experience, is an impossibility. There is a credulity of doubt which is more to be deprecated than that of belief.—[J. G. Whittier’s “Stranger in Lowell,”—Page 102.]

*See Prof. Bush’s recent work on the “Resurrection of the Body.”

THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1848.

THE LATE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

This event, important as it is in its bearings upon the condition and prospects of humanity, should not be suffered to pass without some appropriate reflections in our columns. It may be useful to take a general survey of the *causes* of this new phenomenon of national change and development, together with the present aspect of affairs, and their probable results.

In the year 1830, Louis Philippe, previously Duke of Orleans, was called to the throne of France, after the three days struggle of July, and the abdication of Charles X. The conditions, expressed or implied, on which he was invited to the throne, were a reform of previous abuses of kingly and ministerial power, and an adherence in his government to principles for the most part republican in their spirit. One of the most important rights which the French people expected their new monarch to preserve inviolate, was the liberty of the press, an infringement of which was the immediate cause of the outbreak which resulted in the dethronement of Charles X. But finding himself firmly seated upon the throne, Louis Philippe could not resist the temptation to use his power for the promotion of personal ends; and in his eagerness to acquire wealth, confirm his government and establish his family, he forgot many of his highest obligations, and trampled upon many of the dearest rights of his people. His policy with reference to other nations, also, was in utter violation of the liberal principles to which he pledged himself on ascending the throne. Struggling freedom in Poland was left to languish and die; and even the nationality of that country was doomed to be absorbed in the Russian autocracy, for want of his assistance. In the reform agitations that have occurred in Switzerland, in Italy and in other European states, his influence has been thrown into the scale of despotism and not of human rights; and, exercising the regal authority over one of the most important and powerful nations of the earth, his general policy has been such as to greatly obstruct the progress of free principles and governmental reform throughout Europe. By abetting the despotisms of other nations, and frowning upon the aspirants after freedom and equal rights everywhere, he sought the removal of all influences, foreign and domestic, which might interfere with the permanency of his government; and instead of seeking the prosperity and happiness of his people, his grand object seemed to be to keep the throne and transmit it in safety to his posterity.

Finding his popularity declining, and perceiving that the selfish and mercenary measures which he was bent upon pursuing, would meet with the general condemnation of his people, Louis Philippe resorted to that policy which is always employed by rulers who are conscious of the rottenness of their own principles, and the wickedness of their own purposes: this was to screen his official acts from the keen and prying eye of public investigation—to keep the people in ignorance. Restrictions were therefore imposed upon the public press, and all were forbidden to foment disapprobation of the measures of his government.

But this restriction, so far from contributing to the permanency of his reign, proved one of the most important though indirect causes of his downfall, as the same had been the more immediate cause of the overthrow of his predecessor, Charles X. Aroused to a keen sense of growing evils; discovering bribery, corruption and contempt of human rights on the one hand, and increasing poverty and wretchedness on the other, the French people cried out almost with one voice for reform—chiefly electoral reform. The press being muzzled, they were obliged to resort to some other opportunities for an interchange of thought and feeling upon the subject which so deeply agitated their minds. They began to congregate in vast assemblies, at

which, in a quiet and orderly manner, and without expressing either approbation or disapprobation of the measures of the king or his ministry, they made their speeches and passed their resolutions, all breathing the spirit of reform. These meetings were accompanied by feasting, and were therefore called "reform banquets."

These reform banquets, it appears, early excited the jealousy of the old king, and it is said that he sometimes spoke of them even with expressions of petulency. They continued to be holden, however, and were the means of greatly increasing the general enthusiasm for reform, as also of uniting the advocates of human rights in just and systematic efforts to secure their object. "Seventy one of these banquets," says a Paris correspondent of the Tribune, "had already been holden in various parts of France without the slightest disturbance of any description, when it was determined to hold a final and monster meeting in Paris, and the reform banquet of the 12th *arrondissement* was duly notified. Some four thousand delegates came up from the provinces to attend it, and ample preparations were made to render it a festival worthy of the cause and the country; but no one had the slightest idea of making it an occasion of any physical demonstration against the government."

The fears of the government, however, were excited; and lest an impression should be made which might render a change in the ministry necessary, Louis Philippe and his ministers, pointing to the bristling bayonets of a hundred thousand soldiers, issued proclamations forbidding the banquet from taking place, and interdicting all riotous assemblages which it was feared might occur in consequence of the prohibition. The events which rapidly followed are doubtless already familiar to most of our readers. Suffice it to say that this last blow, intended to rivet still more closely the bands of tyranny, effectually cleft them asunder. The ministry were publicly impeached in the Chamber of Deputies and compelled to resign. The citizens armed themselves, and prepared to assert their claims by force. The National Guards espoused their cause; and in many instances the regular troops upon whose fidelity the king and his ministry had implicitly relied, refused to fire upon the insurgents, and even quietly suffered themselves to be disarmed by them. The king abdicated the throne in favor of his son the Count of Paris, and fled in consternation from the capitol. Half an hour afterward the Palace of the Tuileries was entered by the National Guards and the people, and despoiled. The throne was taken out, paraded through the streets, broken to pieces and burnt to ashes. The young Count, upon whom the king had entailed the crown, was rejected by the Chamber of Deputies and the people; and after a glorious struggle of three days, much resembling that of July 1830, a provisional government was proclaimed preparatory to the organization of a Republic on the model of the United States!

Such, in brief, was the French revolution of the 22d, 23d, and 24th of February. The lesson which it thrillingly teaches, is the omnipotency of human rights, and their final and certain triumph over wrong and oppression. Tyranny may forge chains of adamant sufficiently ponderous to crush humanity to the earth, but there is a limit which her power cannot transcend. Pampered monarchical pride will finally beget corruption, imbecility and a presumptuous self-reliance; while the volcanic fires pent up in the bosoms of the down-trodden millions, increase in their expansive forces, and if vent is not given them by the quiet and peaceable reform of institutions and governmental measures which become unsuited to their degree of progress, violent explosions must take place, hurling the oppressors from their proud eminence, and breaking to fragments the chains with which they sought to bind the rising aspirations of humanity. As surely as the laws of God are omnipotent and eternal, so surely will justice and human rights finally triumph over the selfish and oppressive domination of man, in all possible cases. When will rulers and legislators learn from these truths to adapt their governments and institutions to the eternal law of progression, and to modify and improve them gradually according to the collateral and progressive wants of those who are subjected to their control?

It seems that this revolution is, in its general principles, but

the development of conditions for which the French people have been for some time well prepared. A national change so tremendous, accomplished with such rapidity and concert of action, and involving so little violence and bloodshed, is indeed unparalleled in the history of the past. The sentiments of all classes seemed to converge to one focus, and bloated tyranny, deserted and left without external support, fell to the ground more from its own rottenness and decrepitude, than from any efforts of antagonistic force. It is said that Louis Philippe, in conversation with an English gentleman about to leave Paris, a day or two before the expected disturbance took place, requested the latter to remain and witness the facility with which he would quell the apprehended riots. A few days afterward this same old king, a fugitive from his capital, forsaken and disconsolate, and without even a change of clothes with him, was picked up in a small boat drifting about in the English channel, and was conveyed to England! The example of so signal and terrible an overthrow, can not be without its appropriate effects upon the remaining despotisms of Europe.

France, freed from the monarchical incubus which has crushed down her political and social aspirations, may now be expected to set an example by which the whole world may profit. This she is fully capable of doing. The revolution through which she has just passed, was no ebullition of brute violence, but rather a crisis in the development of MIND. Her people generally understand their rights and reciprocal and social duties; and sound minds and philanthropic hearts, taught by the multifarious experiences involved in the past vicissitudes of their nation, are standing at the helm of affairs, and giving a wise and liberal direction to movements looking towards the organization of the new Republic. All interests are to be duly represented in the formation of the new government, and the organization of labor, that grand basis of all national and individual wealth, will receive particular attention. On this latter question the people of France are perhaps more prepared to act than those of any other nation, owing to the extensive dissemination among them of the social philosophy of CHARLES FOURIER; and with their rights duly recognized, and being encouraged by just and wise political regulations, we ardently hope that no untoward circumstance may prevent the associationists of France from realizing their fondest expectations, and thus solving a problem which is now more than ever forcing itself upon the minds of statesmen, philanthropists and reformers throughout the civilized world.

The wide diffusion of just and liberal principles among the revolutionists, is clearly indicated in the motto which the Provisional Government have adopted—"LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY;" and the abolition of capital punishment for political offenses; the abolition of slavery in the French colonies, and other like acts of justice and magnanimity, show the spirit of this glorious motto in practical workings, and that it consists not of mere hollow words. With such a spirit, such men and such principles, for what may we not hope in behalf of glorious France—yea, in behalf of the whole civilized world which will be enlightened and encouraged by her glorious example? And while the thrones of Europe, agitated by this new outburst of political and social reform, are rocking to their foundations, and oppressed humanity every where is lifting its head with rejoicing, the lesson afforded by the great phenomenon should not be lost upon ourselves on this side of the water. In the bosom of our own beloved America, are festering many evils of the same character with those which led to the revolution in France. The tricks of political aspirants; the fraud and chicanery so frequently practiced in high places in church and state; the unequal legislation that so frequently disgraces the councils of the nation; the tyrannical domination of capital over the laboring and productive classes, and above all the galling chains of slavery that are eating into the bones of three millions of human beings—all these as imperiously demand reform, as the narrow and selfish policy of the French King and his Ministry. If the "still small voice" of Nature is not now heard, she will by-and-by speak in the voice of the earthquake and the thunder; and though we apprehend no violence or bloodshed, we consider it as positively certain that the natural equilibrium of human

relations will be restored in some way or other, as that a just and omnipotent God rules the Universe. May Heaven grant that the lowering thunder clouds which darken our own social firmament, may equalize themselves by the gradual process of electrical induction, and not by violent and destructive explosions!

W.F.

A CHAPTER FOR THE MONTH.

APRIL.

THE very child of sensibility art thou, gentle and pleasant APRIL; thy soft pearly tears are so soon charmed away by a gleam of blessed sunshine, that we know not whether to call thee a weeping or a smiling deity. Refreshing showers are thy benison, and thou comest so like the presence of a kind familiar friend that the heart is ever open to bid thee welcome. Iris hath lent thee her robes of shadowy light; and her crescent is bending above thy gentle forehead. Thy flowing drapery is gathered within a girdle of sapphires; and a lucid diamond flashes in thy rainbow coronet—meet emblems of purity and innocence*.

Not with their gladdest songs do the thrush and robin greet thee; for thy own spirit is infused into the soul of Nature; and every chord of her thousand string-ed lyre vibrates with a tone of thrilling sweetness as if the bosom of joy herself were touched with the gentlest thought of sorrow. Is not thy earthward mission to the human heart, touching its selfishness as with a dissolving wand until it feels the living fountains of benevolence gushing within; and it begins to dream of a more expansive pleasure—a higher and holier joy than that which converges toward the little center-self?

The plowman has already gone forth, mellowing the soil and preparing it to receive the seed, in full faith of reaping the future harvest. With this homely fact what a beautiful allegory is wrought! As the husbandman goes forth to prepare the ground, so should we prepare the young heart, and the tender mind, that they may receive the seeds of truth and wisdom, even that the mental and moral harvest may be abundant, and the joy of the laborers full!

The plum-ed wanderers from the south, true to their undeviating instinct, that finds a marked path in the unmeasured air, have come, or are coming hitherward to their well-remembered home of love; and they are now planting their little colonies by wood and copse, where every swelling bud looks forth with an eye of hope, and every stirring wind whispers an intelligible word of welcome.

The squirrel is abroad, playing his antics along the gray walls; now leaping from angle to angle of the common fences, as if a soul of gladness had penetrated his agile limbs; now he is trying races with his elastic fellows over the smooth boughs of the walnut, and among the gnarl-ed branches of the oak; for well he knows them for his best friends, and that their promise for the future shall be nobly redeemed!

The rabbit is awake; she is gliding softly over the fresh moss and her meek eye is won by a lucid beam of sunlight, which is glancing like a line of silver over the gray lichens making even their dry hearts glad. The ferns are starting, gentle one! and there is fresh grass for thee in the sunny nooks of yonder southern hill-side. Even the care-worn brow loses something of its austerity amid such influences; and the heart of sorrow is touched as at the presence of sympathy.

Such is thy ministry—dear, dear April! gentlest and tenderest of all the daughters of the YEAR! and may every human heart be made the better for thy coming! The flower-buds are half peeping out as if expecting the summons to open their eyes of beauty; and the folded gems of the forest are listening for thy voice, that when thou comest they may bless thee for the refreshing dew and the invigorating rain. Even as the husbandman in the vineyard of Truth, thou reapest not the fruit of thine own labors; thou workest for posterity—and thy reward is in THE FUTURE. Then let the sorrowful heart of him who labors for the blessing of others, receiving no blessing in return,

* The sapphire and diamond are the tutelary gems of April. Sentiment—Purity and Innocence.—[Gems of Life.]

look to thee and be comforted; for as the seed-time is duly followed by the harvest, so shall the works of TRUTH always produce their effect and bestow their reward; and if the present gives not even hope, still shall THE FUTURE, true to its trust, render back to the faithful striving spirit all that an ungrateful present may withhold. May thy lessons, gentlest teacher of the human soul, pass not by, all unheeded; but may we study thy pleasant pages in the great VOLUME OF LIFE, which is ever open to the inquiring eye, teaching us to look through the finite as through lenses, that we may gather higher and more expanding views of THE SPIRITUAL—THE INFINITE.

CANZONET.

Come out, for the snow is all melted away,
And bright dew-drops are spangling the crown of the Day!
Sweet carols ring out through the long forest arch—
And among the departed is numbered old March.
The birch trees are budding—and fast by the streams
The ozier waves soft as the shadow of dreams;
And she welcomes the Spring with its festival hours
In the beautiful pride of her rich golden flowers;
And through the wild wood paths, the rosy buds ope,
As fair as the light on the forehead of Hope.
The south-wind is breathing through green little nooks—
And the robin responds to the song of the brooks.

In a rosier light the horizon appears,
And April is here, with her smiles, and her tears—
The fresh little gypsy—we'll sing her a song,
And praise her wild beauty, now, all the day long;
We'll tell her her cheek is as blooming as May—
That her breath is as fragrant as newly-mown hay—
That her lips are as bright as the roses of June,
And her voice as melodious as songs of the Doon—
That her motion is grace—and the light of her eye
Looks forth as intensely as beams of July;
Then she'll call the anemone forth from her rest,
And the clustering violets wear on her breast.

Behold how her white arms the fountain spray toss,
As she binds with her gold-thread the roots of the moss,
And weaves on its summit the delicate flower,
That modestly peeps from the dun forest bower.
Now along the fair brook-side, in shadowless white,
The bells of the blood-root look forth to the light—
Through the depths of the valley are floating along,
The plowman's gay shout, and the shepherd-boy's song—
And the whispering winds, over hill-side and brae,
Are calling the infant leaves forth to the day.

Hark! The voices of children are echoing wide,
As merrily they through the wood-paths glide,
Where the trailing-arbutus sweet incense may fling,
From her roseate cups, on the altar of Spring—
When they find the fair treasure, how richly their joy
Bursts forth in its freedom from every alloy;
And a melody lives in their musical words,
As full, and as free, as the singing of birds.

The bloom and the freshness, the light and the love,
That gather around us, and beam from above,
Let us take to our hearts, with unquestioning truth—
So our spirits shall bloom in perennial growth.

AMERICAN LAWS, No. 1. The nature and character of legal proceedings, the organization of, and jurisdiction of courts, the different kinds of actions, &c., &c.—together with the laws of the common carrying trade. The series to be comprised in thirty numbers, and to contain in a condensed form the important laws of collection and trade of the United States, and of each of the separate States. By J. V. LOOMIS, Counselor at Law. New York: M STARBUCK & Co.

This is a pamphlet of seventy-three neatly printed pages. Its objects are sufficiently indicated in the title as given above. It is the first of a series of thirty numbers; and from a somewhat cursory glance at its contents, we should judge that it merits encouragement, and that those who wish to obtain, in a direct and easy manner, the knowledge of which it is to be the vehicle, can do no better than to patronize it.

W. F.

—Man,
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear. BYRON.

INTERIOR IMPRESSIONS.

COMING events not unfrequently cast their shadows forward, and distant persons and objects are distinctly presented to the spiritual vision. This is liable to occur whenever the physical nature becomes subtilized by abstinence, disease or otherwise, and such phenomena will be more and more frequent, as in the progress of the race, existence becomes more ethereal. It is especially when the soul is about to dissolve its connection with earth—when man stands on the utmost verge of material creation, that images of the invisible world pass before him, and are clearly and beautifully mirrored in the calm depths of the spirit. The inward being begins to be illuminated, even while the shadows of earth yet linger in the morning twilight of immortality, and the dissolving clay still rests upon the radiant form of the angel-child.

We copy from the "Christian Freeman" the record of a recent instance of what we conceive to be interior light and spiritual sensation, in which the spirit of a person far away, was no doubt, distinctly seen by another, who, it would seem, was at that moment, standing at the portals of the invisible Life. There are many unrecorded cases of a similar nature, and they are worthy of preservation as facts and illustrations in the department of Spiritual Science.

S. B. R.

"Miss Nancy Bailey, of Merrimac, formerly employed in the factories here, visited Nashua last week for the purchase of a wedding dress, bonnet, and bridal cake, &c., preparatory for her marriage on Wednesday next. She had completed her purchases, and was on her way to the depot, on Saturday evening, when the cars left. She therefore returned to the house of a friend, Mrs. Mitchell, on Canal street, near the Jackson Corporation. About half-past three on Sunday afternoon, as she sat at the window, she threw up both hands, exclaiming, 'Why there is Mr. Drew!' (the name of the gentleman to whom she was to be married, and who is a resident of Concord, Vt.) Mrs. M. went to another window, but no one was in sight. At this moment a crash of glass called her attention to Miss Bailey, who had fallen forward against the window. Help was instantly called, and she was placed upon a bed, but with two gasps she expired.

"Miss Bailey was about 26 years old, and latterly had not been in perfect health."—[Nashua Oasis.

OUR READERS may be interested to know that the poems which have, from time to time, adorned our columns, under the names of Jenny Lee and Fanny Green—as well as the "Sketches of the Earth-Land," and some others, were written by the same person. She will, for the future, only make use of her own name, that will be found prefixed to the poem of SASSACUS, in this number—which for strength of conception, felicity of expression and finished execution, will not suffer by comparison with any specimen of the department of literature to which it belongs.

Ed.

PLEASE EXCHANGE.—It must be evident from the peculiar character of the UNIVERCÆLUM, that most of our exchange papers are comparatively of little value to us. And as these applications are becoming very numerous, we cannot respond to them favorably, without some return. Will those, therefore, who desire to remain on "the list," call the attention of their readers to the article which will be found on our last page, giving it a conspicuous insertion?—[Ed.

ALL PROTESTANT SECTS tell the learner to listen to Jesus Christ; but most of them shout around him their own articles so vehemently and imperiously, that the voice of the Heavenly Master is well nigh drowned. He is told to listen to Christ, but told that he will be damned if he receives any lessons, but such as are taught in the creed. He is told that Christ's word alone is infallible, but that, unless it is received as interpreted by fallible men, he will be excluded from the communion of Christians. This is what shocks me in the creed-maker. * * He dares not trust me alone with Jesus.—[Channing.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

For many years, the most exalted minds have been ready to bow down in unbelief, concerning the great truths which most intimately concern the peace of the soul. An authoritative declaration without proof did not satisfy the rational faculties. Man sought for the evidence of his immortality in the nature of things, but being unable to perceive their interior principles, or to trace the connection between material and spiritual existencies, the sweet hope of immortal life was ready to die out of the soul. Man was about to enwrap himself in the dark folds of a cheerless and painful skepticism. He paused in his investigations, lest he should discover the fallacy of all his cherished hopes. He sought to retire to the dim obscurity in which he had slumbered so long, but deep and thrilling utterances came, a mighty impulse moved the spirit, and it could not rest.

Fortunately for the cause of Religion and the welfare of the soul, the world is now about to receive a new philosophy, surpassing all our former conceptions in the divinity of its principles, the comprehensiveness of its details, and the spirituality and unspeakable grandeur of its objects and results. This divine philosophy is not a human invention. It is the reflected light of the Spiritual World which now radiates through the material. Neither its discovery or application is to be placed to the credit of any individual man. It is HUMANITY'S best thought in this great hour of its Resurrection. This alone will save the advanced minds of this age, and ultimately the whole Church and the world, from the blighting influence of a cold materialism.

S.E.E.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—We have received two communications from an intelligent friend at Cintonati, O., (W.H.G.) which we are obliged to decline on account of their speculative and abstract character. When our correspondents are pleased to favor us with long articles, we desire them to select, as far as possible, subjects which admit of a direct practical application. Will our friend have the kindness to regard our necessities, and favor us accordingly?

We have received several letters from a distinguished friend, whose residence is Southington, Conn. For his interest in our behalf, which has been manifested in a substantial manner, our profound acknowledgments are due. We feel stronger when our humble but earnest efforts are thus appreciated by a truly enlightened and generous spirit. We shall endeavor to find time to make a brief visit during the Summer. If our friend will furnish us with an article for the paper, he will add to our obligations, and contribute to the gratification of our readers. For the present we venture to submit his opinion of the Univercoelum, as expressed in the following extract from a recent letter:

"We profess to be Truth-seekers—our motto is—

Seize, seize on Truth—where'er 'tis found.

Among our friends—among our foes;

On Christian—or on Heathen ground,

The plant's divine, where'er it grows."

"I am pleased with your paper, and trust it will be sustained. I regard it as the best periodical now published. In fact, I take fourteen papers and consider yours more valuable than all the others. The subjects discussed are of the highest importance. The articles, "Man Constitutionally Considered," "The True but Unloved Religion," "The Idea of Immortality"—indeed, I cannot specify—they are all excellent—but I consider those above named—either of them, worth the year's subscription—in truth, above all price."

GREATNESS.—He that can understand and delight in greatness was created to partake of it; the germ is in him; and sometimes this admiration, in what we deem inferior minds, discovers a nobler spirit than belongs to the great man who awakens it; for sometimes the great man is so absorbed in his own greatness as to admire no other; and I should not hesitate to say that a common mind, which is yet capable of a generous admiration, is destined to rise higher than the man of eminent capacities, who can enjoy no power or excellence but his own. —[Channing.

Poetry.

(Written for the Univercoelum and Spiritual Philosopher.)

SASSACUS.

BY FANNY GREEN.

On a morning of May, 1637, the English under Major John Mason, attacked the Fort of Mystic, one of the strongholds of Sassacus. The Indians, believing the enemy afar, had sung and danced till midnight; and the depth of their morning slumbers made them an easy prey. "The resistance," says Thatcher, "was manly and desperate; but the work of destruction was completed in little more than an hour." And again, "seventy wigwams were burnt, and five or six hundred Pequots killed. Parent and child, alike, the sanop and squaw, the gray-haired man and the babe, were buried in one promiscuous ruin."

Sassacus, flushed with conquest, with his followers returned just in time to witness the expiring flames. After this the fortunes of the Sachem rapidly declined; and when his own hatchets were turned against him, he fled with Mononotto, to the Mohawks, by whom he was treacherously murdered.

The orient sun was coming proudly up,
And looking o'er th' Atlantic gloriously—
Old Ocean's bosom felt the living rays—
A rich smile flashed up from his hoary cheek,
Subduing pride with beauty, as he turned,
In each clear wave, a mirror to the sky;
And Earth was beautiful, as when, of erst,
In the young freshness of her vestal morn,
She wore the dew-gems in her bridal crown,
And met—and won—the exulting Lord of Day.

The beauty-loving Mystic wound along
Through the green meadows, as if led by Taste,
That knew, and sought, the purest emerald,
And had the art of finding fairest flowers;
While his young brother, Thames, enrobed in light,
Lingered, with sparkling eddies, round the shore,
Believing that a fairer could not be.
The sea-bird's snowy wing was tinged with gold,
And scarcely wafted on the ambient air,
As, lightly poised, she hung above the deep,
And looked beneath its crystal. With a scream
Of wild delight, at all the wealth she saw,
Down like a flake of living snow she plunged;
Then, momentarily upgleaming, like a burst
Of wing'd light from the waters; shaking off
The liquid pearls from all her downy plumes,
She soared in triumph to her waiting nest.

The spirit of the morning over all
Went with a quickening presence, fair and free—
Till every beetling crag, and sterile rock,
And swamp, and wilderness, and desert ground,
Were instinct with her glory. Moss and fern,
And clinging vine, and all unnumbered trees,
That make the woods a paradise, were stirred
By whispering zephyrs, and shook off the dew;
While fragrance rose, like incense, to the skies.
The soft May Wind was breathing through the wood,
Calling the sluggish buds to light, and life—
As, stealing softly through the silken bonds,
It freed the infant leaf, and gently held
Its trembling greenness in his lambent arms.
The eagle from his cloud-wreathed eyrie sprang,
Soaring aloft, as he had grown in love,
Aspiring to the lovely Morning-Star,
That lately vanished, mid the kindling depths
Of sup-lit azure; then all other birds
Sprang from their nests, with joyous carolings,
And, with instinctive praises, worshiped God.

No sound of hostile legions marred the scene—
Trumpet and war-cry, sword and battle-axe,
With all their horrid din, were far away—
And gentle Peace sat, queen-like—Was it so?
Behold yon smoldering Ruin! Lo, yon hight!
The Pequot there his simple fortress reared—
And there he slept in peace, but yester-eve—
And his fair dreams spake not of coming death!

Where are the hundred dwellers of this spot?—
 The parents—children—and the household charms,
 That woke a soft, familiar magic here?
 The crackling cinders—one chaotic mass
 Of death and ruin, utter all the wrong,
 In their deep voiceful silence. Fire and sword,
 Sped by the Yengees' hate, have only left
 The ashes of the beautiful; or, worse,
 The mangled type of each familiar form,
 Looks grimly through the horrid mask of death!—

There slumbers all that woke a thrill of love
 In the firm warrior's bosom. Death stole on,
 Swift in the track of gladness; and young hearts
 Yet quick with rapture, in the halcyon dreams,
 Of youth, and love, and hope, awoke—to die.
 They grappled with the subtle element—
 Then, rushed on lance, and spear, and naked sword,
 To quench, with their hot blood, the torturing flames.
 The few strong warriors had grown desperate;
 But desperation could not long avail—
 And nerveless Valor fall beside the weak.
 Mothers and children, aged men and strong,
 Bore the fierce tortures of dissolving life,
 And all consumed together; till, at last,
 The feeble wail of dying infancy—
 A muttering curse—a groan but half respired—
 A prayer for vengeance on the subtle foe—
 Were lost amid the wildly-crackling flames:
 Then the mute smoke went upward.—All was still,—
 Save the sweet harmonies that Nature woke,
 Careless of Man's destruction, or his pangs.

But hark!—The tramp of warriors!—They come!—
 Come with the fearless tread, and lofty air
 Of conquerors;—and they are thinking, now,
 Of dear ones clustering in their wigwams' shade,
 To win them from the memory of their toils,
 And watch their sweet repose with eyes of love—
 One sunny hour of joy encircling all—
 The rainbow-blessing of their clouded life—
 More bright, more heavenly, for the gloom it gilds!

Is it of joy, that wildly piercing cry?
 The agonizing consciousness of wrong,
 Not graduated, but with one fell scath,
 Blasts now, like sudden lightning; and the fire
 Awakes the latent sulphur of the soul!
 The horrid truth, in all its length, and breadth,
 And hight, and depth, before them lies revealed—
 An utter desolation. They are mad;—
 Or more, or less than man might not be so.

Great Sassacus draws nigh. The panther skin
 Parts from his bosom, and the tomahawk
 Is flung off, with the quiver, and the bow.
 No word he utters; for the marble lip
 May give to sound no passage; but his eye
 Looks forth in horror;—all its liquid fires
 Shoot out a crystal gleam, like icicles—
 And not a single nerve is stirring now
 In the still features, frozen with their pride;
 But, 'neath the brawny folding of his arms,
 The seamed and scarry chest is heaving up,
 Like a disturbed volcano. All he loved
 Sleep in the arms of Ruin. There they lie.

He knew that he was revered as a god—
 That on the roll of heroes, prouder name,
 Or clothed with mightier majesty, was not,
 Than Sassacus, the Terrible. That name
 The bronzed cheek of the warrior would blanch;
 There was a magic in its very sound
 That made the bravest blood turn pale as milk,
 And curdle in its passage—Sassacus!—
 When those dire syllables were uttered loud,
 The vulture clapped her wings, and gave a scream,
 By instinct scenting the far field of Death.
 At his fell war-ery down the eagle came,
 To perch upon some overhanging cliff,
 And glory in his glory. Her response
 Echoed afar the thrilling call to strife,
 As on her lofty battlements she sat,
 Like some wild spirit of a kindred power.

Such was the fame that burnished his dark crest—
 Such were the signs that marked the chief, a god.
 Had he a weakness that could yield to grief,
 The strong—the mighty—the invincible?—
 May he not rend affection from his heart,
 Or trifle with his passions?—

On he went

With half averted eye—as what he sought
 Among those mangled forms, he durst not find—
 Sudden there came a shadow o'er his brow—
 An awful spirit to his flaming eye—
 He stood before his threshold. Stretched across—
 As the last horrid blow had checked her flight—
 Lay his weak, gray-haired mother. Just below,
 A pair of round arms, clinging to her knees,
 Alone were left to tell him of his babe.
 With one long, earnest, agonizing thought,
 He gazed to gather strength for fiercer pangs;
 Then faltering step sped onward; but again
 Abruptly pauses—for his form is fixed—
 Like some dark granite statue of Despair.

The delicate proportions, fair and soft,
 Of his young wife, came suddenly to view—
 Unmarred, as if to aggravate the more,
 Save by one cruel wound beneath her hair
 Upon the upturned forehead. Can it be
 The gay young creature he had but left at eve,
 So very beautiful, is sleeping thus—
 Cold—cold in death—irrevocably gone?—
 Remembereth not that shadowy maze of hair
 How dotingly he wreathed it yesterday?—
 Or that fair ruby lip the tender kiss,
 That won him back, when he had turned away
 With all its tempting sweetness? She is dead;
 And all her garments, and her flowing hair,
 Are dank, and heavy, with the waste of blood!
 Her arms are folded on her marble breast,
 A lovely, but an ineffectual shield—
 The lids are lifted—and the parting lips
 Are curved beseechingly, as when they sued
 For mercy, from the murderer—in vain!

He looked upon her, as if life would burst
 In one long, agonizing, frenzied gaze;
 The blasting sight was madness—then he laughed—
 In utter desperation, utter scorn!
 He knew that Fate, herself, might never crush
 A soul that could endure such pangs—and live!—

Why starts he, as some yet-untroubled nerve
 Had quickened for the torture? Hush! a wail
 From yonder dying child!—Can that arrest
 A pride that seemed to glory in its pangs?
 Oh, gracious God!—his first-born, darling child,
 Whom he had nurtured with a chieftain's pride,
 And doated on with all a father's love,
 Lies at his feet—though mangled—living still.
 A rapturous pang of momentary joy,
 That this one, dearest treasure, yet might be
 Spared to his bosom, shot through heart, and soul!—
 The struggling hope, in bitter mockery—
 A meteor on the midnight of despair—
 Lived for an instant—quivered—vanished—died—
 Leaving more utter blackness. Ere he bent
 To lift the little sufferer in his arms,
 The livid type of death was on his brow.
 One look of recognition, full of power—
 The agonizing power of love in death—
 Sped from the dying. With a piteous moan,
 As if to show how much he had endured,
 He lifted up his little mangled arm,
 And murmuring; "Father!" struggled—gasped—and died:
 And Sassacus was martyred o'er again!—

He breathed no prayer—he spoke no malison—
 But one hand lifted up the mangled boy,
 With the firm grasp of madness, nerved to steel;
 And in the other, his sharp battle-axe
 He swung above him, with a dizzying whirl,
 And thundred out the war-ery! Then they turned
 To the fell work of vengeance, and of death.

Again I marked the warrior. He stood
 Among the scenes of early triumph, where
 His soul first wedded Glory—on the spot
 Where, from his high hereditary throne,
 He poised a scepter that could sway the Free—
 Himself acknowledged chieftain, king, and god.
 What is he now? A broken-hearted man—
 Forsaken, wretched, desolate, and crushed—
 Hunted through all his fair paternal woods—
 His own knives turned by Treason to his breast.
 In the wide earth without a single friend
 Alone he standeth—like the blasted oak,
 Mocked by the greenness that was once his own!—
 A mighty ruin, in a pleasant place—
 A ruin, storm, or tempest, could not bow,
 And waiting for the earthquake. It shall come.

Where are his kindred? Yonder ashy mound
 Looks forth, at once, their tomb, and epitaph.
 His followers?—They are fallen—or fled—or slaves—
 His land? He has none. And his peaceful home?—
 The Mighty Outcast is denied a grave!—
 His Fathers' land—his own—contains no spot,
 Where he, of right, may lay his body down
 To the long sleep his broken nature craves!
 The White man's voice is echoing on his hills—
 The White man's axe is ringing through his woods—
 And he is banished—Ah! he recks not where!—

His step hath lost its firm elastic tone,
 But it hath caught a majesty from wo,
 Such as would crush to atoms meaner hearts!
 His features are like granite; but his brow,
 Like the rude cliff on the volcano's front,
 Is haggard with the conflict—written o'er
 With the fell history of his burning wrongs.
 The snow is falling; but he heedeth not—
 It is not colder than his stricken heart.
 Behold him clinging to that little mound,
 As if the senseless earth, that covers o'er
 The ashes of the Beautiful, might feel
 The last strong heart-throbs that are beating there
 Against its icy bosom. Doth he weep?—
 A few hot tears, yet freezing as they fall,
 Are mingling with the hail-drops. It is o'er—
 His first, last weakness—Yonder rigid form—
 'Tis Mononotto—beckons him away.

Miscellaneous Department.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD CHIMNEY.

CHAPTER VI.

Scipio was seated on a block, in the ample corner of the fire place, with a large stone laid upon his knees, cracking nuts and jokes, with equal facility; while the small gray eyes of the comely Vanderbeeken, opposite, twinkled through the smoke of his pipe, as he was occasionally withdrawn, by the fresh and quaint remarks of the Negro, from the blissful regions of his own Cloud-land.

"We get powder cheap here in Mericky," said Scip, turning his large eyes up the chimney, through which the driving snow now came so plentifully, that the head of the speaker was whitened with its profusion. "Pity, Massa Beeken, we no hab ball an' court party, here in 'e woods, where de berry wind is barber—an' come an' dress our heads—all free! Ah, dis is glorious country, Massa Beeken?"

The reply, which seemed to be slowly evolving itself from the quaking sides of the capacious Dutchman, was interrupted; for just at that moment the outer door was thrown open, and the brothers, Jan and Jansen, entered, heavily laden with furs—rousing the other inmates of the cabin, who had been so intently occupied, that they had given no attention to the little by-scene to which we have referred.

"Shall we man the boats, Mynheer?" said Jan, addressing the Commandant, "there is a great store of sea fowls driving ashore, along the coast of the island of Monockhong and Sean-

an-hacky.* If we go out there, we may take them by the thousand!"

It was not many minutes before an expedition was determined upon; and though the Commandant at first objected to it, as involving an unwarrantable provocation of danger, he finally resolved to accompany the more daring spirits; and he soon fell quite into the humor of the occasion.

"We have two strong sea-boats," he said, "strong and light. Cornelius is an experienced and skilful boatman; and I fancy there is some strength, and cunning, left in these old hands yet," he added, rubbing the members together with great glee. "It makes my old blood warm, and dance again, at the thought of renewing the sports of youth. Ah, my boys, come on! I am as young as the youngest of you—if not quite so strong as the strongest," he added with a glance at the majestic form of Mongotucksee.

"And he too," remarked Cornelius, "is an admirable boatman. He unites the skill and cunning of the English, with the strength and intrepidity of the Indian. Indeed, father, if you had seen him out last autumn, in the terrible storm which you remember, you would confess to my opinion, that you never saw his equal."

I should say that this result followed an animated discussion on the propriety of venturing out in such a storm, and which was decided, as often happens in such cases, by the adventurous spirit of the young.

"All ready, Massa?" called out Scip, as he reached a fur cap to his master, and assisted in buttoning his over-coat.

"All ready," responded the Commandant, as he led the party forth, with the dignity and manner of a high admiral.

The boats were soon unmoored; and taking on board several Indians, who had volunteered their services, they struck over to Ihpetongo—thence, south, south-west, toward the passage now termed the Narrows. They found game in such great abundance, that they were lured still onward—until they came in view of the open sea. Here the action of the waves became so violent, that they accepted an invitation from the old chief, War-pomo, to visit some of his people, at a little village about a mile up from the shore; and they accordingly landed, taking their game from the boats, and safely depositing it in a small natural cave near at hand. The boats themselves were moored to a large perpendicular rock, which was now presenting its granite breast-work to the sea-shocks with a great composure, as if it could remember, whatever others present might not do, scenes of equal sublimity and terror.

The boatmen were soon comfortably established in one of the larger cabins; while the Indians who accompanied them, went, as their choice or feelings prompted, to seek old friends in the other wigwams. They were talking over gayly the adventures of the evening, while preparations were making for a great supper, from the fine brace of ducks they had carried with them for that purpose, not perceiving the fearful increase of the storm, until a vivid flash of lightning, like a stream of solid fire, poured into an aperture on the side of the wigwam; and, at the same instant, a burst of thunder seemed to break directly overhead. Then a deep and dismal howl succeeded; and the blast, like a herald of danger and death, came shrieking round that frail structure, as if bound on a special errand of destruction. The old trees around tossed up their great branches, and groaned, like the strong man in his extreme agony; and then came a crash, and a wrenching sound, as if they were torn up by the roots, and falling against each other: and the waves, as they came raging up to the rock-bound coast, uttered their response in a long, deep, sullen roar.

Every individual started to his feet with a single impulse. Mongotucksee was the first to speak. "The Storm-god is coming in his wrath to visit us. Let us go forth, my brother, and behold his power!"

"Hark!" responded Cornelius, laying a hand on the Commandant's arm, "was not that a cannon, father—a signal of distress? Can it be possible that a ship is approaching our shores at this awful time?"

Even while he spoke a low, deep, booming sound, as of the

* Long Island. Literally the land of shells.

last fearful struggle of Life with Death, and which seemed the prolonged note of the thunder that immediately preceded it, came up to the shore, a distinct and intelligible cry of distress.

"It is! It must be!" returned the Commandant, wrapping his cloak about him. "Let us go out and learn what is the matter."

"Get torches! torches!" shouted Jansen, who had just then returned to the wigwam. "There is a ship driving ashore below!"

For a few moments there was a scene of great confusion; but the Commandant proved himself worthy of the title he bore. He gave his orders in a calm but determined manner; for he was of that temperament, which, though apparently sluggish on ordinary occasions, yet always held in reserve its greatest strength for the greatest need. A large quantity of pitch pine knots were soon lighted; and the party sallied forth, accompanied by about fifty Indians, who had been attracted toward the shore by the report of a coming ship.

Nothing could be more terrible than the scene which presented itself, as they passed into the open air. During the moments intervening between the flashes, the darkness was intense, as if some hideous monster had swallowed up every particle of light in being, and then suddenly disgorged it, in a dense sheet of flame. The wind was blowing a perfect tornado, sometimes stretching away with a broad and heavy wing over the deep, and then descending in spiral currents upon the wood—and the roaring of waves beyond—and the crashing of timber around, menaced death on every hand. As they passed along in Indian file, through the narrow path toward the scene of danger, whither Jansen, who was in the advance, was leading them, a tree of considerable size directly beside the path, was struck by the whirlwind, and in an instant the trunk was twisted off, and the massive top was projected over their heads entirely out of sight; while the wrenching fibres groaned, as with the death agony of a strong heart.

The unchained demons of the storm strode over earth, and careered along the sea, with their loud exulting yells, defying human strength, and mocking human power. The waves had now rushed over the high rocks that bound the coast, and a pile of foam, several feet thick, was dashing inland; while, in the far view, as the momentary flashes shone along the deep, the waves were seen piled up, apparently much higher than the land—while the deep black mountain of liquid wrath was continually swelling and expanding itself, as if all the waters of the sea were suddenly stricken with a sense of their own terrors, and, seeking safety for themselves, were madly rushing upon the land.

"This way!" shouted the leader, taking a branch of the path which led around the south side of a rocky hill; and all, with their best efforts, followed in that direction.

Scip, who was first upon the summit, cried out: "Ah! Massa Van!—ah? Massa Con! ship out dar!" In the far-radiating flash which accompanied this remark, they saw a dark form driving over the waves with tremendous power, and making directly for the shore—apparently about a mile below.

"God forefend," said the Commandant, "that she strike not amidships!" as, after plunging forward, head-foremost, and dipping her prow deep into the sea, she gave a sudden lurch, presenting her broadside to the lee.

"Ah yes," said Jan, "if she strikes so, she goes to pieces the next minute."

By this time the wind had again shifted to the north-west; the clouds, under its impetuous action, were driven furiously from that region of the atmosphere; and the moon, then at the full, looked forth from a single clear spot in the heavens; and the light, reflected by the deep surrounding gloom, had a strange, but magnificent and awful effect. Just at this moment two heavy seas met; and by their joint forces, threw a column of water into the atmosphere, probably to the height of one hundred feet. The summit of this pillar was crowned by a distinct lunar bow. The Spirit of Beauty sat, for a moment, throned on that majestic dome, spreading her irised mantle over the sublime and awful—until the far-scattering spray flew abroad, as on wings of the rain-bow. But they quickly turned

from this spectacle, majestic and imposing as it was; for, by the steadier light of the moon, they had obtained a clearer view of the ship; and all interest was concentrated in that point.

"There are human hearts there!" said Cornelius, laying a hand on the arm of Mongotucksee. "Must we see them perish, without an effort to save?"

The young chief answered not in words; but springing down upon the strand, he loosened the boat, that was then riding almost at the summit of the rock where she was moored, calling upon all who were willing to risk life for the good of others, to come and help him. Cornelius was the first at his side; and a few Indians followed.

"See," said the young chief, standing erect in the dancing barque, while his long black hair, and waving hawk plumes, streamed wildly upon the wind—"see!" he continued, as the bow, spanning the denser spray, had become more beautiful and perfect; "the Great Spirit is looking forth. He is smiling upon his children. He will save."

In an instant the boat shot off toward the ship—flying over the waves, like a creature mad with joy; and, in its own lightness and buoyancy, disporting itself with the terrible strength of its native element.

The above act had not been perceived by the Commandant; and, indeed, it took place before his arrival on the spot, he having been obliged to pause at the foot of the hill, in order to recover breath and strength for the ascent. As soon as he reached the top, he looked wistfully round, as if he had some misgiving of evil, and inquired anxiously for his son. The finger of Scip was slowly lifted, and made reply by pointing over the black liquid mountain, that then came piling toward the shore. And when his master comprehended that the small light speck, which then shot down, and disappeared on the opposite side, as if plunging into the deepest pit of blackness, contained his son—the child of his old age—the only remaining tie that bound him to life—the sole heir of all his possessions—he fell upon the ground, with a cry that might have disarmed the elements themselves, if the spirits of demons had, indeed, possessed them.

The old man was, ordinarily, cold and severe in his intercourse with his son; and no one would have thought he loved him very tenderly; but his affections were of that deep character, which lie far below the surface of more active, because lighter feeling, and are only called up on occasions of great trial. He groaned aloud. He gnashed his teeth, and foamed at his mouth, like a madman. He became wholly frantic; while Scip, wringing his hands, with the wildest gestures of grief, responded to his master's cries of anguish and despair.

"Dar she be, Massa Van!" cried the Negro, with a joyful shout, as the barque re-appeared to the eye, far in advance of the heavy sea it had escaped; and for a moment the storm lulled.

"Hurra!" continued Scip, "Ingin Okhi knock'e storm-god down, flat! Him strong as de pyramids! Hurra for Massa Con! Hurra!"

The Commandant would have rebuked the ill-timed levity of the Negro, but there was so much of hopefulness in it—so much that seemed a real inspiration of good, that he had not the heart to do so; and, on the contrary, he himself was roused to hope and action.

"See!" continued Scip, "she swim like any duck! She skim, 'long like sea gull hersef. She jes' go wash her feet in de foam; den she come back, Massa Van, all safe!" And a long and loud cry of joy rang with strange echoes amid the horrible din; while large bright tears rolled down the cheek of the Negro.

The Commandant sprang to his feet, and again looked forth. The boat was, indeed, living yet, though it seemed but a nutshell amid the upheaving billows. She was guided by strong and skilful hands, and controlled by true and steady hearts.

Is not such a fact as this, in its singleness, sufficient to show that the principle of Love is omnipotent—that it will, and must, finally prevail over all brute strength—over all merely elementary force—by the power of its own gentleness and self-devotion? What selfish principle could have sustained men to dare, and to subdue, such imminent peril? But Love is an angel of the soul, lifting it out of all fear—all sense of danger—while the

consciousness of its divine mission spreads like oil upon the troubled deep—finding for itself a smooth path amid the piling billows—and making the deepest darkness radiant with heaven-born light.

The desolate father stretched out his arms imploringly, with a most touching gesture of acknowledged weakness—as if he almost expected that the cold waves would be moved by his agony, to yield back his treasure!

Then, looking wildly around, he called upon those present to man the other boat, and go to the rescue. He would give the half that he was worth. He would give the whole. He would be a beggar, to save his son. But seeing that no one was willing to move in his behalf, he once more fell upon the ground. He clasped the knees of Jansen, and implored him to go, and save his son. He wept like a child. He entreated that he might not, in his helpless old age—in his gray hairs—be left childless.

"Tell them stories to the marines!" replied Jansen, roughly and unfeelingly, shaking him off; while with a brutal laugh, in which his brother joined, he turned away.

"Ah, Myheer Van Courtlandt!" said the latter, "you can feel now—now your own flesh an' blood is in the case—can ye?"

The poor father answered not; for whatever might have been his offense against the brothers, his punishment was bitter enough to atone for it; and he bowed himself down, in an attitude of mute despair.

Never till then had it appeared that the buoyant and joyous spirit of the Negro had been oppressed by the fetters he seemed to wear so gaily and so lightly. But there is an instinct of the right to its humanity, in every human being—and no condition, or circumstance, can wholly blot it out—no fortune, whether prosperous or adverse—no treatment, whether of kindness or cruelty—can annihilate it; for it is a portion of the soul itself and it is inwrought with the quickest elements of life.

Taking his master by the hands, and looking steadily into his eyes, while a deep and severe expression—the utterance of ag-grieved and suffering manhood—filled his own, he said: "Massa talk ob money! Scip no want dat. Freedom, Massa! freedom! Make Scip free! den he go safe. Chain berry heavy, Massa! sink him in deep water! Take'e off, Massa! den he go light! God says it in his heart. He'll come back safe, an' bring back dear little Massa—little Massa Con!"

"Go, my boy—go! free! FREE!" returned the other, rising, and uttering the words with a labored and violent propulsion of the breath, which seemed to exhaust itself in the effort, for he fell back nearly senseless.

"God bless'e, Massa," cried Scip, grasping the hand of the Commandant. Then he leaped forward, and tossing up his arms, uttered a cry of almost frantic joy, while the consciousness of manhood invested his dark features, with a great glory, and the very winds were thrilling with the notes of freedom.

He rushed down the height. He sprang into the other boat, followed by two Indians, whose love of adventure and daring, prompted their co-operation. Scip is now a man. He is no longer a piece of merchandise, to put into the scale against a heap of dead metal, or be measured by strings of wampum. He is a MAN! and with that thought, what may he not dare? what may he not accomplish?

Rapidly did the vessel dart away from the shore; while the negro seated himself at the helm, with a calm and beautiful serenity; and as they went, he sang, in a loud and clear voice! and the triumphant notes of liberty rang over the deep, swelling and sweetening as they rose—a rich falsetto amid the chorus of the many-voiced storm—and angels woke their living harpstrings, in sweet accord with the divine melody.

Calmly and gallantry sat the negro, looking forth with a clear eye, and guiding his frail barque with a steady and skillful hand; for the manhood, which was then just rethroned in his bosom, had returned with a conviction of divine power, elevating him wholly above all consciousness of danger—all thought of fear. Every bold and heavy stroke upon the waters was, in itself, an uttered feeling of the MAN; and the boat sprang like a guardian angel on the track of an errant child, riding the tumultuous waves that only bore it on to vic-

tory; for the spirit of Love and Hope were guiding—would guide it safely—over the black billows of despair and death.

The Commandant had returned to consciousness. He sat down upon the summit of the hill; while round him came the Indians, crouching silently, as they looked out upon the waters with almost breathless interest and awe.

By this time Warpomo, who had not before been present, had arrived upon the spot. He, too, had a son—and he had learned his danger. And his son was to be a chief—one of those important beings who should sway the destiny of thousands to whose guardianship should be committed a great and free nation. But the habits and character of the Indian stood out paramount in that hour of trial. Leaning against a large tree he watched the boats with a steady and keen eye. No stirring muscle—no quivering nerve—no paleness—no flush of color over the still, dark, bronze of his massive features, indicated the fearful passions that were at work with volcanic energy, deep—deep—beneath that scarry breast. When a heavy sea was seen pursuing the frail barque, like a giant monster, with jaws extended, ready to swallow up its prey, the old chief stretched out his dark arms toward the South West; and, for the first time, broke silence, crying aloud, in a kind of ecstasy: "The spirits of his Fathers are round the track of Mongotucksee. He will die a true brave." And then, as if even he could not witness the awful catastrophe, he turned away, covering his face with both hands, where the swelling cords might have been seen, rigid with the struggle.

But then came the moment which held within its circlet the crisis of the event. The same sea over which the light boats rode uninjured, broke upon the ship. She gave a tremendous lurch, and, like a mighty war-horse, maddened with scourging, sprang leeward—and was fixed to the shore. They saw the boat of Mongotucksee attempting to approach her, and immediately driven back by the merciless and tyrannic waves; and again that of Scipio, skimming, like a sea-bird, over the surges.

Again the moon was obscured by the heavy masses of cloud—and for a few moments, which contained within themselves ages of anxiety and anguish for the paternal hearts on shore, both of the boats were lost to the eye. All beyond was one black mass of roaring waters; and the wind was crashing and splintering in the forest around, as if exultingly showing them what it could do with that mobile element, from whose mercy human hearts could gather little hope. It was fearful—it was horrible—to watch their struggles against such tremendous odds; and to the quickened hearts of the two fathers—for, however different their manifestations of feeling, nature and parentage are one in all human bosoms—in those two racked hearts, every new impulse of the waves—every renewed action of the wind—was tearing asunder the strongest and tenderest cords of being!

"Ah! see them, Commodore!" shouted Jan—who, like many others of his brethren, in this selfish world, was always ready with homage for success—raising, at the same time, his torch in a more favorable position; and they then found that in the interval of darkness, much had been done. There were dark forms passing over the sides of the reeling ship; and again a white figure glanced like a ray of light along the deep shadows; and was, evidently with much care, deposited in the boat of Mongotucksee. Again the bark of Scipio approached the ship, and received several of its inmates; and last of all a light figure, which the observers recognized as Cornelius, swung itself down the sides of the ship, and was safe in the boat.

The waves lulled for a moment, with a low sullen growl, as if they had yielded to a superior force—but unwillingly. They took advantage of this one favorable moment. They succeeded in gaining an immense elevation of the billows, which, had they not done so, must have overwhelmed them with instantaneous destruction. Over this came first the barque of Mongotucksee, riding majestically—a young empress of the sea—as if there were a spell in her beauty, and her daring, that drew involuntary homage and obedience from all her turbulent and riotous bondmen. Directly in the rear followed that of Scipio; and as they came driving to the shore, several Indians stationed themselves, breast high in the foaming surges, and throwing out long grape vines, which were reached by those in the boats, they suc-

ceeded in drawing them in to the shore. From the barque of Mongotucksee a middle-aged man, the commander of the ship, was the first to land. Then followed several of his sailors; and last of all the white figure, in a wholly insensible state, was lifted to the land.

"To the village!" cried Mongotucksee, again resuming the care of the female figure, which, in his strong arms, was no burthen, as he began ascending the abrupt shore, with a vigorous step, which showed, that to his giant frame, and strong heart, the great exertions of the evening had wrought no harm.

As the boat of Scipio was drawn in, the commandant rushed wildly down the abrupt cliff, crying, "Where is my child? my child!" The exhausted youth had just energy to reach his father's bosom. "My boy!" "My father!" was faintly uttered by each; and then, in the exceeding joy of their reunion, they fainted in each other's arms.

FROM THE LONDON DAILY NEWS.

THE THREE PREACHERS.

THERE are three preachers, ever preaching,

Each with eloquence and power;

One is old, with locks of white,

Skinny as an anchorite;

And he preacheth every hour

With a shrill, fanatic voice,

And a bigot's fiery scorn:

"Backward, ye presumptuous nations;

Man to misery is born!

Born to drudge, and sweat, and suffer—

Born to labor and to pray:

Priests and Kings are God's Vicegerents,

Man must worship and obey.

Backward, ye presumptuous nations—

Back, be humble and obey!"

The second is a milder preacher;

Soft he talks as if he sung;

Sleek and slothful is his look,

And his words, as from a book,

Issue glibly from his tongue.

With an air of self-content,

High he lifts his fair white hand—

"Stand ye still, ye restless nations,

And be happy all ye lands!

Earth was made by One Almighty,

And to meddle is to mar;

Change is rash, and ever was so—

We are happy as we are:

Stand ye still, ye restless nations,

And be happy as ye are."

Mightier is the younger preacher—

Genius flashes from his eyes,

And the crowds who hear his voice,

Give him while their souls rejoice,

Throbbing bosoms for replies.

Awed they listen, yet elated,

While his stirring accents fall:

"Forward! ye deluded nations,

Progress is the rule of all;

Man was made for healthful effort;

Tyranny has crushed him long—

He shall march from good to better,

Nor be patient under wrong:

Forward! ye awakened nations,

And do battle with the wrong.

"Standing still is childish folly,

Going backward is a crime;

None should patiently endure

Any ill that he can cure—

Onward! keep the march of Time—

Onward, while a wrong remains

To be conquered by the right;

While Oppression lifts a finger

To affront us by his might;

While an error clouds the reason,

While a sorrow gnaws the heart,

While a slave awaits his freedom,

Action is the wise man's part.

Forward! ye awakened nations!

Action is the people's part.

"Onward; there are ills to conquer,

Ills that on yourselves you've brought;

There is Wisdom to discern,

There is temperance to learn,

And enfranchisement for thought;

Hopeless Poverty and Toil

May be conquered, if you try;

Vice and Wretchedness, and Famine,

Give Beneficence the lie.

Onward! onward! and subdue them!

Root them out, their day has passed;

Goodness is alone immortal—

Evil was not made to last.

Forward, ye awakened people,

And your sorrows shall not last."

And the preaching of this preacher

Stirs the pulses of the world,

Tyranny has curbed its pride,

Errors that were deified,

Into darkness have been hurled!

Slavery and Liberty

And the wrong and right have met,

To decide their ancient quarrel.

Onward, preacher—onward yet!

There are pens to tell your progress,

There are eyes that pine to read;

There are hearts that pine to aid you,

There are arms in hour of need.

Onward, preacher! onward, nations!

Will must ripen into DEED.

THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

THIS Weekly Journal differs in character, in some important respects, from any periodical published in the United States, or even in the world. An interior or spiritual philosophy, comprehensively explaining the character and operations of natural laws, accounting for their exterior phenomena and results, and showing the tendencies of all things to higher spheres of existence, is the basis on which it rests. It is a bold inquirer into all truths pertaining to the relations of mankind to each other, to the external world, and to the Deity; a fearless advocate of the theology of Nature, irrespective of the sectarian dogmas of men; and its Editors design that it shall, in a charitable and philosophic, yet firm and unflinching spirit, expose and denounce wrong and oppression wherever found, and inculcate a thorough Reform and reorganization of society on the basis of NATURAL LAW.

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