

THE UNIVERCELM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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

VOL. I.

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The Principles of Nature.

THE TRUE BUT UNLOVED RELIGION.

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

ACTUATED by the profoundest convictions of duty, theological architects have constructed, from a combination of right and wrong materials, a vast doctrinal labyrinth; and now, so far from being in the simple truth, they seem irretrievably lost in the mysterious windings of this amazing immensity. Centuries ago, and about the retiring of the period of deification—when fathers, chieftains, kings and other superiors, were feared and worshiped by inferiors—the opinion was conscientiously entertained and promulgated, that the patriarchs were supernaturally endowed and commissioned to convey requests to, and receive communications from, the great Jehovah.

That uninterrupted intercourse with the Deity might be secured and preserved, pyramids were founded, embodying the sacredness of the catacomb, the monument, and the tabernacle. Many generations of incessant toil were required for their consummation. And the devotion, the sanctimonious solemnity, the honest conviction of duty, and the purity of motive, which characterized, prompted and nerved each person to labor for the accomplishment of the holy end, have nowhere a parallel. The materials employed were of quantity sufficient for the construction of a beautiful city; the amount of labor bestowed, would, properly organized and applied, have gardenized a wilderness; and the mass of wealth appropriated and consumed, might have enriched a nation, and alleviated the wants and gladdened the hearts of thousands.

For a succession of centuries after their completion, the pyramids were sacredized monasteries, consecrated to the exclusive use of deified priests and revered patriarchs. And the supposition universally prevailing that these men received unmeasured knowledge from mysterious sources, the untaught individual voluntarily imposed upon himself arbitrary ceremonies, gloomy incarcerations, and sanguinary inflictions.

But time marched on, and the scene was changed. The experience of ages, traditionally preserved, demonstrated the inutility and unrealness of long-fostered convictions. And multitudes, emboldened by familiarity with the sacerdotal orders, and no longer confounded or amazed by their pretensions unestablished and unredeemed, boldly interrogated those long supposed founts for religious illumination. But no voice was heard. The holy retirements were searched, and nought but lifeless bodies embalmed and interred, and a melancholy desolation, were visible to the seeker after truth, in the place where, alone, it was *once* believed to exist. And now they stand in desolate grandeur, untenanted by priest or prophet—useless, except as marks of humanity's growth, and unadmired, except by the intelligent antiquarian who gathers therefrom lessons of oriental architecture, and food for his excited imagination.

Here is briefly represented the history of the *supernatural* pyramids, which composed mythology and theology, received their last addition, and attained their greatest magnitude, when dawned the nineteenth century. And here, too, is uttered the

fearful prophecy, which will be fully verified in the corresponding abandonment of all long established theological superstructures, whose angular projections wound the sensibilities of every harmonious and well-balanced mind.

A *voluntary* departure of their present sacerdotal inhabitants is not in the least anticipated; for these have an entailed right to occupy their mysterious apartments; but that the *people* will demand spiritual light and knowledge not in their possession, and that they will silently escape, and leave their systems desolate, is of all things the most absolutely certain. And as the ancient Egyptian pyramids have no place in the sacred affections, and are only objects of wonder, in the present age; even so will modern systems of theology lose their influence upon the mind, and be known only as monuments, indicating the death and burial-place of imperfect forms of thought, to the intelligent interrogator in future generations.

There are many questions concerning the principle of righteousness and the nature of human responsibility, yet unsolved. Present them to the clerical profession considered by the majority of christendom as spiritual guardians and unerring teachers of wisdom, and their whole body would be convulsed with protracted discussion, in character the most complex and unprofitable. Hence, it seems unwise to seek information where, as in the pyramids, so little is possessed; and unkind to increase, with perplexing questions, the expiring struggles and writhing contortions so manifestly racking the entire organization of the supernatural faith. As, however, it is agreeable to prudence, kindness and reason, to institute inquiries where alone can be found substantial and lasting satisfaction, we are justified in opening our understandings to the influxions of good and truth, and in venturing to ask—What is religion?

In the structure of the material universe are manifested a distribution of geometrical proportions, in order and completeness the most unspeakably perfect and beautiful. Every art in the vast empire of visible creation, is impressed with a harmoniousness of position, distance, density and movement, altogether beautiful and tranquillizing to the contemplative mind. Besides the reciprocal relations existing between every atom in being, there is an equilibrium of forces presiding over and actuating all worlds. These forces have their expression in the stupendous revolutions which all suns and planets make around the great Central Orb of all existences. Here are presented the first indications of the true religion.

But, approaching nearer ourselves, we cannot but perceive the beautiful chemical relations, and the religion of individual compounds, that serve to make and embellish our present habitation. The generalizing mind is irresistibly led to admire the friendship of particles in chemical composition—the gentle tendency to separate or coalesce according to existing conditions and affinities. And the constant exchange or reciprocation of matter and life in the flowering vegetation of our earth—together with the unvarying justice displayed between all ascending forms, from the simplest germ to the development of man—is eloquent in proclaiming the true religion. And concentrated in man are those principles of equality, and attributes of distributive justice, which constitute him a being of unequalled perfection and beauty.

Man is, above all created forms, capable of a just conception and appreciation of harmony; for treasured in the human mind are the most beautiful sentiments, which demonstrate it to be the highest representative of universal creation—indeed, that it is a miniature universe. A constant pre-disposition to individual harmony and happy contemplations, is implanted in the spiritual heart of man, whereby his interior and external relations are determined, and his aspiring affections are directed to the meditation of infinite love and everlasting righteousness.

It is the religious sentiment that enables the mind to rightly perceive, and thoroughly enjoy, the exquisite harmony existing between odors, sounds, and colors—to admire their devotional arrangement and appropriateness in the order of Nature, and to justly perceive their adaptation to human requirements. It is the aspiring and venerating element that enables the mind to say, with conscious assurance of truth, that the same principle which unites any two atoms, and produces right relations everywhere in the physical world, constitutes the religion of the soul.

Religion teaches man to discriminate and judge between right and wrong; to desire happiness. It teaches him to love the lofty mount, the flowered valley, the waving forest, and the fragrant meadow. Religion is the principle of righteousness, which governs in harmonious concert, the world of matter and the world of mind. It is the moral and just relationship universally existing between all men, spirits, angels, worlds and the Deity. In a word, it is *Universal Justice*.

Religion, then, is an integral element eternally established in the human mind; and, like associative faculties or elements, it develops itself into a variety of manifestations, according to the favorableness or unfavorableness of the circumstances by which the mind is surrounded and influenced. The great diversity of religious institutions, and the numerous rites, ceremonies, and obligations imposed by them, prove that this sentiment has had, and has now, an incorrect development. To trace its mis-directed growth is my present intention.

I. IN THE BARBARIAN PERIOD. Reasoning perceptively, and having no principles of systematic interpretation, the early inhabitants of our earth believed creation to be the fantastic production of invisible beings, in disposition the most capricious and revengeful. The storm, the earthquake, and the volcano, gave rise to the most terrible apprehensions. Feeling a sense of inward responsibility—a religious obligation to some unknown and omnipotent power—they instituted a system of material worship, and relieved the adoring sentiment, by acknowledging dependence upon, and promising loyal obedience to, their lifeless images. Altars were erected, and no sacrifice was omitted that was supposed to be pleasurable to the gods. And the misdirection increased everywhere. Empowered by the false assurance of right, the mother and her child yielded to the consuming flame, that Elysium might be perfumed, and the gods appeased with their sacrificial incense. Personal and national invasions were reciprocated, and, each one believing himself instrumental in fulfilling divine purposes, rushed into the arena of conflict with enthusiastic emulation. Such manifestations as these, together with the casting of the unoffending infant into the Ganges; breaking the father beneath the mighty car; causing the brother to be trampled upon by men and horses, and the brutal subjugation of females; were evidences of religious misdirection. History, and the dearly purchased experience of nations, justify the conclusion that, in the Barbarian Period, the general form of religious worship was *Superstition*.

II. IN THE PATRIARCHIAL PERIOD. Customs being continually changed by the lapse of time and the diversity of circumstances, and new modes of thought and expression being consequently developed, these things exercised a powerful influence over this system of sensuous veneration. The successive modifications of this form of worship, in its passage up to and development into a different organization, were almost innumerable. The exper-

ience of ages having demonstrated that long-revered objects and images were unworthy of veneration, the unsatisfied sentiment radiated in another direction, which was quite necessary and perfectly legitimate. The chiefs and rulers, fathers and prophets, were now adored and elevated to the highest possible eminence in human estimation. Temples of worship were founded and splendidly embellished; and the performance of religious ceremonies became the supposed sacred duty, and the general custom.

Manifestations of deferential regard, resolving itself into idolatrous adoration, to the parental heads, became frequent. In truth, every real and imaginary obligation was acknowledged, and every transgression, however unimportant, confessed, accompanied with importunities for absolution, till indigence and religious servility became almost universal. The fathers and the temples were mediators between God and His people; and all possible authority was supposed to be in their possession.

Mental servitude and voluntary submission to existing institutions and priestly authorities, were the legitimate and unavoidable consequences. In their ignorance, they seriously believed that Jehovah's spirit was incarnated and incorporated in priest and temple. Every curse and blessing, every condemnation and forgiveness, therefore, was pronounced in the name of the Lord. And, jealous of cotemporaries, and elevated by inferiors into god-like potentates, ambitious chieftains formed immense armies, and battles were fought and victories achieved that Jehovah's will might be done in the earth. Hence self-imprisonment in doctrinal dungeons, and external rites, and ceremonies, and wars, were generally regarded as expressions of religion, as essential to future happiness, and as highly pleasing to the Lord; for in his name, and with his undoubted approbation, all deeds were performed. Substantiated by ecclesiastical records, the conclusion can not be escaped, that the patriarchal form of religion was *Fanaticism*.

III. IN THE CIVIL PERIOD. The misdirected religious sentiment, and its ramifications throughout the historical tissues of past times, at length became so wearisome and uncongenial, that the more strong and philosophic minds unchained, while others had trammelled themselves, and prominently assumed an antagonistic position to all received opinions. The chain being thus severed, similiar minds rushed into mental and religious liberty quite unprepared. Having been, like their ancestors, all their lifetime subject to bondage, and being now emancipated into a sphere of thought with which they were wholly unacquainted, these intellects employed their time and talents, not in building a more glorious system of faith, but in attacking and demolishing the old superstructures. And judging superficially, these minds imbibed the belief that all religious phenomena, and all sacredized rules, institutions, and ceremonies, were conceived in, and developed from, the fertile womb of the imagination. And these persons losing their fellowship with, and sympathy for, those authorities and obligations so revered by the disciples of antiquated Theology; and disregarding those duties and precepts considered so essentially necessary to present and future happiness, the clergy were arrayed against them, and they against the clergy. This diametrical opposition ultimately resolved itself into a supposed duty,—a balance-wheel thus being formed that, by its philosophic weight, the superstitious and fanatical machine, constructed by learned and unlearned theological mechanics of previous ages, might move with less irregularity. The sense of duty being thus inverted, the beautiful truths of immortality and of one great central Cause, were almost obliterated from the human mind. The third form of religious misdirection, then, is *Skepticism*.

Thus it is made manifest, I think, that the wrong development of the sentiment of Justice was, in the Barbarian Period, *Superstition*; in the Patriarchial Period, *Fanaticism*; and in the Civil Period it is *Skepticism*. As, in one family, there are the old

and young, the parent and child; so are these three forms of religious growth discoverable in every town and kingdom of the present century. It is quite unnecessary to consult history in order to ascertain the truthfulness of this statement; for an excursion of a few leagues into the interior of either of our principal States would supply the mind with numerous confirmatory illustrations. The disease is every where existing, and is contagious; but it is modified in symptom and aspect, according to the great diversity of temperaments and circumstances existing in men and society: for *superstition* is a *fever* which gradually increases into the transition *paroxysm* of *fanaticism*, of which *skepticism* is but the extreme, the inversion, the *chill*.

It is true that, unlike the barbarian, we have no God of caprice, but we have of miracle; we have no fears of volcanic fire, but we have of an unquenchable Gehenna; we have no speechless idols, but we have deified Books; no altars whereon to sacrifice our physical being, but we have altars upon which to resign and crucify our reason; there is now no crushing of the bodies of men by ponderous cars, but their minds are crushed by prejudices; and, unlike the barbarians, we trample not on men with horses, but we do with dogmatic Theology.

Chronicled upon the memory of every mind are experiences, more or less confirmatory of the truthfulness of this comparison; but no less perfect is the analogy between the second age and the present. For, unlike the patriarchs, we have no temples, but churches; no adoring and potentializing of men because of their age, but we venerate ideas and records because of their antique origin; we have no religious invasive hostilities, but we have clerical warfare; no periodical passovers, but we have eucharists; we have no mental restrictions, but we are privileged to live and move within the circle of a creed.

Probably the phenomena of religious misdirection have never presented themselves so conspicuously as at this day; but that they have existed, to a greater or less extent, in all previous ages, is plain and undeniable. Although those rites and ceremonies, and ordinances now in use, are of no importance in reforming and making men happier; yet wisdom prescribes their continued use, as safeguards against a greater misfortune—religious anarchy. The truth of this remark will appear most obvious to every reflecting parent. It is well known that children, becoming accustomed to play with articles of a particular kind, are exceedingly clamorous, and will weep excessively, if suddenly deprived of them. The judicious parent, therefore, in order to avoid the creation of more disturbance than is unavoidably caused by their use, will kindly persuade his children to put them aside, and will engage their attention with more profitable matters. Now, notwithstanding many men have acquired the character of being learned in the science and metaphysics of Theology, the fact cannot be disguised that they are like mere children in the primary school of Nature; and thus they are ever seeking for, and are highly delighted with, marvelous stories and supernatural manifestations. Moreover, as necessary appendages and members of their religious organization, the ancient fathers bequeathed a number of ordinances, in the child-like veneration and use of which the children are alone quiet and content. The persuasive admonitions of wisdom, therefore, will ever instruct; but never urge the adoption of any measure, having the least tendency to wound the misdirected worshiper; for when such minds grow "to the fulness of the stature of a perfect man," they will *voluntarily* abandon present usages, and "put away childish things" for ever.

To trace the correct development of the religious sentiment is my next intention.

I. IN ITS INFANCY. Residing in a material body, perfect to the adjustment of an atom, the Spirit experiences a deeply impressive consciousness of entire symmetrical proportions—a sense of self-harmony. Accompanying this most perfect and beautiful of all rudimental sensations, is an intuitive perception of the natural

Laws of life, and a simple, clear understanding of what constitute a correct action. How to live so as to secure the general order and harmony of one's own existence, is the first natural consideration. To preserve internal health, so as to enjoy external wealth spontaneously bestowed from the inexhaustible repositories and treasuries of Nature, is the constant and central study of the duly balanced mind. The tenderest regard for personal happiness; the simplest means for its attainment; the natural privileges to which body and mind are ever entitled, are correct subjects of contemplation and desire, and a due attendance thereunto is prescribed by the interior sense of self-responsibility.

And seeking a harmony of objects, forms and colors, presented in the wide-spread fields of Nature, to supply the eye with its appropriate gratification; or inventing melodious sounds to gratify the ear; cultivating the science of agriculture, or arranging and combining articles of food, that a harmony of flavors may please the taste; courting wood-lawn flowers or the violet's fragrance to charm the smell; and living in the most simple and natural manner, doing nothing to disturb, but everything to augment the harmony of personal existence, are the ceremonies and sacred obligations imposed upon man as growing out of, and associated with, the true religion.

Deep within, reposes a sweet conception of the Great Spirit Father. This interior light refreshes the mind, and tints its every thought with celestial beauty, and inspires it with immortal aspirations. The untaught mind utters no sound, but breathes the fervent prayer of gratitude and religious veneration, by *living right*. And the text, growing out of the true sentiment within, is, at first, "know thyself;" and the admonition to personal justice, or the maxim that "charity begins at home," is the legitimate discourse. The mind is internally convinced, that the duty due its *Creator*, is discharged in religiously observing and devotionally obeying the natural rules of life; in *rightly* using every individual endowment. Therefore, the first development of the native religious element is *Self-Justice*.

II. IN ITS MANHOOD. Well comprehending the material and spiritual relations and unity of its self-hood, the mind intuitively recognizes a harmonious relationship which should subsist between every man, and the sacred ties that should inseparably unite, and constitute of the whole, a Brotherhood. That a friendship may subsist between all, and that each may live in reference to the interests of the whole, is the constant desire, and the object of the greatest of all interior affections. The tenderest regard for general desires and interests; the establishment of the means to render kindly offices reciprocal; the security of the natural rights granted to every man by his Maker, and the universal happiness of mankind, are objects sought by one prompted by the unfolded sentiment of the internal and true religion.

And studying the harmony of temperaments, and the congeniality of individual spheres, to gratify the holy sentiment of conjugal affection; securing homes, and surrounding them with natural and elevating enjoyments, to improve and delight the filial affection; inventing productive machines, and making improvements in, and advancing the interests of, every science and useful art, to satisfy the fraternal affection; employing all deferential expressions in addressing the retiring generation, and treating them with constant and delicate propriety, as prompted by the parental affection. And imbuing with goodness, and strengthening with truth, the immortal life-springs of the human soul; so that a melodious instrument, composed of individual and general interests, may be constructed to concert the beautiful harmony of human affairs, to gratify the universal affection—are the true baptisms, the true sacraments, and the saving ordinances of the internal religion.

And now, the conception of God, and the confidence in His eternally-fixed laws and universal providence, expands and towers above the religious harmonies of terrestrial creation; it grows majestic and sublime. It is made distinctly manifest, therefore, that the text which is appropriate to this stage of religious development is, "love thy neighbor;" and the sponta-

neous sermon is, "do unto others as you would have others do unto you." Hence, the second growth is *Fraternal Justice*.

III. IN ITS MATURITY. After understanding the laws of Nature, and the unchangeableness of their operation in personal and general existences, the mind adopts the principles of righteousness, and urges their application. The social relations of men are investigated, classified and harmonized. Prompted by justice, each man studies himself; his physical and spiritual qualifications, his fitness and relative attractions to the nearest, or most distant neighbor, and voluntary unity is the result.

Considered as immortal impulses to pure action and pleasurable industry, the innate desires are provided with pure and congenial gratifications. Religion being thus above every thing, descends to all departments of human life and action; for commercial interests uniting with the agricultural elaboratories of every town and state, capacious store-houses will be established, and filled with food for general consumption. Land-privileges and home-comforts will be guaranteed to every inhabitant of the earth.

True religion will develop its true likeness. A suitable home and an appropriate tract of land secured to each individual according to actual want and capacity to improve, and well-constructed edifices for the accommodation of all, will be the churches, the convents, the monasteries, and the charitable institutions of the true but at present unloved religion. In truth, working out in universal society that exquisite harmony which is represented in the general structure of the body and mind, is the highest possible manifestation of the religious sentiment.

In this stage, the conception of God has grown into an idea, grand and beautiful. The idea is that God, together with His material, universal Body, is a vast, glorious, majestic, kind, and affectionate MAN—and that all men, spirits, and angels, are His dearly beloved and externally progressive children.

Accompanying this idea, is a knowledge that a relationship and correspondence subsists between all worlds, forms and existences in being. That the "Lord God omnipotent reigneth," is the fixed but growing conviction. Indeed, the sublime assurance that God is very Man, comprehending within Himself the "all in all," blooms like an immortal flower in the Heavenly garden of the religious mind. The third growth of the religious sentiment, therefore, is *Universal Justice*.

An immense contrast is here presented—the misdirection of the native religious element on one side, and its correct development on the other. The one is superstition, fanaticism, and skepticism; the other, self-justice, fraternal justice, and universal justice. There is a Heaven-wide difference between them.

The intelligent Pilgrim will perceive, I think, that the one is the broad, popular road which leads to the *destruction* of harmony and the desolation of mind; and that the other is the straight, and beautiful path, which leads to all present and future happiness. This religion originated in the bosom of the Divine Mind: it was deposited by Him in the human soul, and will live for ever. It is every one's guardian spirit; it is an unextinguishable interior light; it is like every other spiritual sentiment, an angel teaching us our duty to the body and mind, the parent and brother, the universe and the Father. It lives and will live majestically, independent of churches, books, and creeds. It has caused in its *misdirected* and *inverted* operation all we most regret and deplore; and it has caused, and will cause, in its *proper* development, all that we most love and admire.

To ask what a man believes, that we may know whether to trust and respect him, is not wise. The most religious man, the man nearest the kingdom of Heaven, is one who lives consistently with himself, in harmony with the neighbor, and considers justice his spiritual companion.

The simplest idea of self-responsibility will grow into a compound one, and embrace the whole fraternity of human creation; and acknowledging universal relations, the mind will expand through all spheres, a devoted disciple to the good and the true. To cultivate the true religion, we must be free, very free from every prejudice and circumstance that can trammel or impede its primary operation. Nothing must be allowed to reverse or prevent its upward tendency.

First, then, "know thyself;" secondly "love thy neighbor;" thirdly, "be good, be truthful, be just, love God, and be happy." We know this to be the true but unloved religion.

CONTENTMENT.

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

WE are not to understand by contentment, any thing like a tame submission to the decrees of fortune, as some may be pleased to call the events of life; a reckless carelessness of the results of action, and personal indolence and inactivity. That is not contentment, it is laziness. The term admits of no definition of inactivity and negligence. So far from this, it is the highest, most permanent action; the most attentive interest.

Certainty of success secures action; and he who sees in the events that transpire around him, the fulfillment of a living faith, the consummation of a Father's plans, of a brother's emancipation, is no idle spectator of what is occurring daily; and what is promising to occur in the affairs of earth. In proportion, as this is the condition of any individual, he will be in a measure free from worldly, selfish anxiety, and learn to give to earthly distinctions and stations an estimate in accordance with their real importance.

None we suppose will deny that content is a virtue, and one which it is the duty of all to exercise. We do not, however, regard this or any other virtue as an arbitrary affair. We do not suppose that thistles and thorns will ever produce figs or grapes; in other words, a partial faith, a selfish heart, or ignorant head will not be found connected with a contented mind. We do not expect that a man's saying "Lord, Lord," will reform him. Neither do I expect that my enjoining it upon any one, to be content, will make him so, except he be prepared for it, any more than we should expect that, commanding the earth to produce corn, would make it bring forth spontaneously. Speculate as we may in regard to the freedom of the will, moral reformers have presumed too much on man's *free* agency. They have not attended sufficiently to the cultivation of that soil of the soul, whose product depends upon the culture and the seed sown; and not upon any arbitrary decision of the will. Every system of moral and religious instruction which is wanting in its motives, and in a permanent influence on the capacities of thought and feeling, will be found sadly deficient in its practical results.

This is mournfully true in respect to popular religious teaching. Duties, for which they know no reason, are enjoined upon mankind, and the command to comply, without any proper preparation being made, and without thinking that there is any thing necessary but to *will*. And they do *will*, but their religion lasts no longer than the will is exercised; and the saint to-day may have fallen from grace to-morrow.

Another method of teaching, is to enforce the moral and religious precepts, and, so far as it goes, to lay, by proper care, the foundation for their growth; but the deficiency in this is, that the principles and doctrines which form the basis of all moral goodness are overlooked, and though people may be moral and religious, it is only outwardly so: they are mechanically pious and good; there is no life or spirit in it at all.

But in order that enjoyment be secured, duties must be performed as necessary to our being, and must not be the forced arbitration of the will, but flow from the imperative impulse of noble, generous feeling as the necessary fruit of former cultivation. Indeed, we are apt to look on all virtues too much like first causes; when in fact, they are only the effects resulting from a long train of causes, in many of which, the individual had little or no agency.

And so it is with vices. The chain of cause and effect must hold as firmly, it seems to us, in the moral as in the natural world. And our efforts should be more directed to cultivate and prepare man for goodness, than to insist on an arbitrary compliance with formal precept. Now, man cannot be contented, simply because he acknowledges the justness of the precept. He must have a knowledge of himself, of the relation of his be-

ing to what is elevated, pure, and holy; and a faith in their power and divinity.

It is ignorance of the nature and bearing and result of principles and things, which causes discontent. A restless, unquiet man, is always deceived in regard to the operation of events, and the value of those things to which he aspires in vain. He has not learned, like Paul, that he does not depend on state and circumstance for happiness. He thinks rather that all happiness is to be obtained from outward, sensual objects. He is restless for the present moment to pass, and cannot endure the present place; but the *time* in which he lives, will be his only future, and the *only state* he can ever occupy is the present, and he will ever be dissatisfied and unhappy, until he learns to derive happiness from himself; when all places will be alike, and he be contented in whatever state or time he may be placed;

The man who has not learned that "out of the heart are the issues of life," who depends for enjoyment on things foreign to himself; and thinks happiness inseparable from rank and fortune, and condition, in relation to outward, shadowy and false regulations of society, will be the last to find contentment. It is not until he knows himself, the height of human wisdom; and has become acquainted with the depths and riches of his own spirit, that it smiles upon him. He must first know the blessing of thought, the beauty of virtue, and the power of truth; and knowing these, his happiness has little to ask of rank or fortune.

Have you seen the dignitary in his coach, attracting the gaze of a sycophantic crowd, and envied him his riches? Go and behold some action of a virtuous, good man, and if you have the capacity, judge which has most of happiness. The fortune of the one your envy will never aid you to secure; the virtues of the other you may imitate without envy, and share his enjoyment without taking from that of others. Have you envied the votary of fashion? who knows no definition of pleasure, that is not associated with the Ball Room, the Parade, the Dress, the gayety and dissipation of fashionable life? Go and learn of some lover of books, the enjoyment he derives, away from noise and mirth! learn of the lover of Nature the bliss he drinks in, when in solitude, he communes with the spirit of the mountain and the flood, and gazes upon the beauties which Providence has spread on every side, open to the companionship of all who love their truth and are prepared to appreciate its bounties.

But how muchsoever we may extend knowledge, there are limits which human learning cannot, in this life, transcend; or rather there are depths of wisdom which in our worldly career, we can never fathom. There are many things which must be *felt*, not seen. For this reason and for this purpose, was faith and hope bestowed on man. And much of contentment depends on the proper direction of these.

Man must be satisfied that the affairs of the Universe are in safe hands, or he will be likely to experience great anxiety of mind. He must believe in a God of unchanging love and truth; and then, though storms lower and the way looks dark over the ocean of life, he trusts in that Being and braves the elements with composure and resignation. Is it said that people of different faiths seem contented? We reply, that all systems contain some truth, and it is the *truth*, only, that secures contentment.

But to enjoy contentment, a man must have, not only knowledge and faith, but he must have a Christian heart, disposed "to do good and communicate." There is, after all, nothing like generous, philanthropic employment. It is this that calls forth the merry whistle from the laborer, as he returns from his daily toil; satisfied that it has furnished the means of giving food and comfort to his expecting family. It is this that makes the heart of the philanthropist bound lightly, joyously, as he leaves the abode of wretchedness he has alleviated. It is this that in spite of our ignorance, our unbelief, gives peace and satisfaction to mortals, and makes the present time and place, at least endurable to the good man. And knowledge and faith should be prized, and systems adopted, according to the beneficial results they embrace, and the moralizing, harmonizing influence they exert, and the amount of joy and peace and contentment they secure to man.

Let it be our object to grow in grace, and in a knowledge of the truth; to trust in God with an implicit faith; and labor to understand first principles, and lay their foundation deep in the Soul; cherish an acquaintance with God, and with our own hearts; and endeavor to draw thence our enjoyment, and our peace; believing that *within* we have sources of contentment which earth can neither confer nor destroy.

THE UNIVERCŒLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

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RELATION OF DEITY TO THE UNIVERSE.

IN the hereditary impressions of the great world, the Divine Mind has no essential connection with the material Universe. The indwelling Principle has been separated from the body. Men have conceived Deity to be an isolated Existence, occupying a position rather without and above, than within his works. The universe is supposed to be moved and governed by a separate and extrinsic power—a force not necessarily existing as a part of the general economy, but externally applied, as a machine is put in motion by the application of some foreign agency.

The religion of many persons is a kind of Supernaturalism which they never expect to understand, and which is esteemed in proportion to its distance from the sphere of human comprehension. Minds thus constituted sometimes conclude that the machinery of the universe does not always move the same way. They may conceive it to be necessary to reverse the motion occasionally, in order to satisfy some skeptical mortal that a supremely wise and immutable Agency directs all its operations. A phenomenon that is wholly inexplicable is presumed to afford the only evidence that will produce conviction in the rational mind. The equilibrium of the universe must be temporarily destroyed. It is requisite to arrest, for a season, the reciprocal action of existing principles and forces, in order to secure results which seem to have been overlooked in the established order of things. A *miracle* must be performed. A subordinate agent is commissioned to violate or suspend the laws of the universe, that the human mind may receive and entertain a proper idea of the power and wisdom of the Invisible.

The foregoing remarks present a view of the subject which we regard as a theological speculation. It appears to us that it can only be cherished where the rational faculties are feebly exercised. If the special interposition of a power superior to that which governs Nature in her legitimate operations, be ever requisite, it is impossible to resist the conviction that the existing constitution is essentially defective. We incline to the opinion that there is sufficient wisdom employed in the established order of things, to render it wholly subservient to the purposes of the Divine Mind. We believe it is fitted to answer the ends contemplated in the original design; that Nature has intrinsic forces which may be so combined and directed as to secure any result that the world has witnessed. If we are right here, the inference is fully authorized that it cannot be necessary to suspend the natural and harmonious operation of things, to accomplish the purposes of Deity. The common idea is irrational, because it supposes that a mighty effort, and means and instruments of the greatest magnitude, have been employed to secure the most trivial results. A few ignorant Jews, who are only qualified to reason from sensuous observation of material objects and visible phenomena, must be converted from the error of their way. The object is to change the present tendency of a few particles, which, by the law of association, must inevitably gravitate to their proper position. For this purpose the right arm of Omnipotence must be employed to roll back the great wheels of the Universe! The machinery must stop, and all Nature

"Stand still with a rending jar,
As though it struck at sea!"

This, if we mistake not, is substantially the idea of those who contend for the supernaturalism of miracles. Our reason does not respond; on the contrary, we are driven away from this view of the subject by a kind of spiritual repulsion.

We believe that the Supreme Divinity is essentially in all his works. The material universe is the Body of which he is the animating Principle. He has been described as a Being whose "center is everywhere and his circumference nowhere." This is a grand and comprehensive conception of the great Source of Life. We view the Deity as an all-pervading presence; as the Positive Intelligence whose volitions govern the revolving spheres. He bears a necessary and intimate relation to all his developments. These constitute the stupendous organism through which the powers of the Infinite Soul are displayed. He breathes, and all things have life. Innumerable spirits are his thoughts, and Nature's universal laws are the infallible record of his will! The truth cast its shadow over the mind of the poet, and found an utterance in his inspiring verse:

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul." S. B. B.

THE CHARGE OF INFIDELITY.

The following communication is here inserted with this explanation: For several weeks the Rev. Thomas Whittemore, of the Boston Trumpet, had been indulging in the severest denunciation against Mr. Davis' book and those engaged in propagating its philosophy. He had said many things which we cannot but regard as exceedingly unjust and unkind, based as they were upon a total misconstruction of the motives, and in many respects of the views of those assailed. And as many things said were such as to place me in an untrue and unenviable light before many of my friends, who are readers of the Trumpet, this communication was, while the writer was on a recent visit to Boston, drawn up and respectfully submitted to Mr. Whittemore for publication. Mr. W. at first refused even to read it, accompanying that refusal with language exceedingly unbrotherly and unwarrantable, charging us with *knowingly*, deliberately, and for *mercenary motives*, being engaged in propagating an egregious "humbug." Finally, however, Mr. W. did consent to *examine* the communication, but afterwards peremptorily refused to insert it. Of the reason of this we leave the reader to judge: and in lieu of a more adequate redress for Mr. W.'s detraction and misrepresentations, we publish the article in the columns of the UNIVERCELUM.

TO MY FRIENDS, ONCE FOR ALL.

BELOVED: You have lately seen sundry articles in the various Universalist papers, calculated to lower me in the estimation of many minds connected with the sect with which, until within the past twelve months, I labored as a minister. Those articles charge me with having "departed from the faith," with gross infidelity, with "Materialism," "Pantheism," and virtual Atheism; with being "drawn away from the Gospel, with other unstable professors, by the glittering phantom money;" with being thus, for mercenary motives, engaged in a league to practice a huge deception upon the world, and with using the credit of the Universalist denomination for the purpose of furthering my ignoble projects. These charges have not been occasioned by any tangible and provable case of immorality on my part. They have grown solely out of my connection with a book treating upon the structure and philosophy of the material and spiritual Universe, and dictated by a young man while in a strange psychical state commonly termed "Clairvoyance."

To these charges (whether *just* or *kind*, I leave for others to say) I have not replied, believing that the cause of truth, with all discerning minds, would not suffer essentially from my silence. Nor do I suppose that any thing I can say in this brief communication, will be either materially advantageous or prejudicial to the cause of Truth; for Truth is as immortal as the Deity. Yet as many of you are doubtless expecting to hear from me on the subject at issue, the following is respectfully submitted as all I have to offer. In penning these remarks, I seek controversy with no man. I have no time to employ in

that way. I wrestle not with flesh and blood, but with principalities, &c. I desire peace with all men, and am not to be diverted, by any means, from the work in which I am conscientiously engaged.

First, then as to the charge of *infidelity*. To this I have only to reply, that the word "infidelity" is exceedingly cheap. It costs no effort of mind to produce its intonations. It simply requires an expansion and contraction of the lungs and a peculiar configuration of the larynx and the glottis. It may be uttered by the idiot as well as by the philosopher. In Constantinople it means a Christian: in Christendom it means—almost *any one* whose theological opinions are disapproved by another. In past ages it has been the all-potent weapon used against the discoverers and promulgators of new truth. But it has now lost its power. Sensible minds now demand *argument*, and not epithets. No one dreads the charge of infidelity now: it is the *nineteenth century*.

To the imputation of mercenary motives, and of being engaged in a huge attempt to deceive the world, I have nothing to reply. If those who have known me from the age of six years to the present moment, believe me capable of all this, any thing I might now say would not alter their opinion. If those who have perferred the charge have done it in ignorance of my real intentions, and of the true nature of the work in which I am engaged, I have no cause to fear any consequences permanently injurious.

As to the charge of using the credit of the Universalist denomination for the furtherance of views and principles which that denomination does not recognize, I have these remarks to submit: In the year 1837, I formally received the fellowship of the Philadelphia Association of Universalists, as a preacher in that denomination. Previously to receiving this fellowship I was not questioned in regard to my faith, nor was I required to subscribe to any creed. I have therefore never, (at least with my own consent,) belonged to any denomination that would restrict my freedom of thought. I do not *now* belong to such a denomination, and the charge that I am using my standing in such a denomination for the furtherance of views which they disavow, is therefore altogether gratuitous. I have fraternized with Universalists, deeming them as a body the nearest right, attaching but little if any importance to their *pen and ink* fellowship. The fellowship of the *heart* is all I have ever particularly desired, and if that fellowship has ceased, my connection with them as a body has ceased. Moreover, I now declare that the Universalist denomination is *not* responsible either for my faith or conduct, and never has been. If I have ever sustained any connection that made them thus responsible in any other sense than that in which all men are responsible for the *mutual* and *natural* influences exercised over each other, that connection was illegitimate, and consequently null and void.

It is true I do most devoutly and sincerely believe in all the essential disclosures, recently published, of A. J. DAVIS the clairvoyant. I regard those disclosures as the utterance of "a spirit freed, by a process the nature of which is explained, from the obstructing influence of the physical organization, and exalted to a position which gave access to a knowledge of the structure and laws of the whole material and spiritual Universe." Many of the disclosures of that spirit, I consider as the direct influx from the minds of the spirits and angels of the higher world. In believing thus, I am not conscious of committing any offense worthy of death or even of bonds. Whether I am "mad," or whether I "speak forth the words of truth and soberness," my future course will indicate.

It is true that I regard *Truth* with infinitely more reverence than I regard a certain *book*. The one is a principle of the Great, *Intelligent*, Divine Mind, as stable as the Universe, and as immortal as the Deity himself: the other is mere paper and ink, composed of certain well known chemical elements. The one is the living principle of all righteous action, and its law is the rewarder and punisher of man according to his deeds: the other is blind and dead and insensible—incapable alike of appreciating reverence and punishing disregard. The latter may be the passive physical *medium* of conveying truth to the mind of man, but it is the *truth* that should be revered, and not the

medium; and should the truth come through *any other channel*, it should be regarded as *equally sacred*. This may be infidelity to those forms of belief which the reasoning powers *can not* digest, and make a *part of the mind itself*; but I leave it for you to judge whether it is not fidelity to the *Truth* as a principle of the Divine Mind.

And now, brethren and friends, let me assure you that in respect to all the highest and holiest truths—truths relating to God, to virtue and to heaven—my faith is not diminished, but *unspeakably* expanded. I beg you to observe that I am not condemned for a lack of faith in the highest and holiest of all truths, but because I can not recognise the dead insensible *medium* of truth enthroned in the *hereditary* affections of men, as “an *only* and *sufficient* rule of faith and practice.” To me God is constantly speaking through his Laws, which are his own thoughts. He thus teaches me Association, Progression, and Development, through successive Forms, Series, and Degrees, throughout the endless by ascending spheres of the Spirit Home. He teaches me that my present revilers are my *brethren*, who have been subjected to unfortunate influences, and whose minds are hence improperly directed. He teaches me charity and forbearance, by assuring me that if I had been constituted and circumstances as *they* have been, I should now do as they do. To me faith in all of these things is not a cold speculation, but a living reality. Of these things I have received a rational demonstration, such as the reasoning powers can thoroughly digest and assimilate, and conviction flows, as it were, through all the fibres and tissues of my being, and constitutes my very life. Thus believing, I rejoice with joy unspeakable, and can afford to meet scorn and derision with nought but the spirit of kindness.

One word in conclusion: To those of you who are disposed to withdraw your confidence and esteem from me solely in consequence of the *odium theologicum* with which others are seeking to asperse on my good name, I now bid farewell, assuring you of my steadfast and ardent wishes for your spiritual unfolding and happiness. But those of you who may still have confidence in my sincerity and integrity of purpose, and who form your opinions from *your own researches*, I would request, before you make up a decided opinion either way, to *read the book* which has occasioned all this outcry against me and my present associates, and see for yourselves what principles, (if any) are therein inculcated, which are either criminal or refutable. Lest it should be thought by certain persons, that I make this request for the furtherance of a “pecuniary speculation,” I hereby solemnly promise that all I may realize from the sale of that book, beyond what is necessary to supply the mere ordinary comforts and conveniences of life for myself and family, shall be faithfully devoted to the cause of humanity and reform. Meanwhile, do not expect me to reply to certain pert and flippant attacks of critics. If the cause in which I am engaged can be put down, by such means, it deserves not to stand. If, on the contrary, it is the cause of truth and righteousness, it can afford to leave such attacks unanswered. Henceforth my life and labors shall be devoted to the promotion of a higher spirituality, and a more perfect harmony and unity among men; and from this purpose I may not be diverted by any personal considerations. Henceforth I recognize no sect but the whole human race, and no mental restriction save what is prescribed by the laws of Nature. Of the specific plans and principles that will govern my future proceedings, with that of my numerous and beloved associates, you will learn hereafter, if you are desirous to know them. Meanwhile let me beseech you one and all, to distrust hereditary and sectarian impressions, *which have led almost all the world astray*, and hold your minds, at all times, open to the reception of truth, come it through *whatever* medium it may. Thus your spiritual natures will be continually unfolded; thus you will be brought nearer and nearer to the Heavenly spheres, and the peace that passeth understanding will dwell within your souls.

With the sincerest and most enduring affection,

Your brother, WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

Nov. 18, 1847.

PURITY is peace and happiness in Heaven.

INTERIOR PERCEPTION.

The spirit has senses as well as the body. There is an interior medium of perception through which we receive impressions of the reality of things, above and beyond the sphere of mere sensuous or external observation. This is confirmed by numerous facts and circumstances recorded in history, and by the experience and observation of thousands now living.

In the autobiography of Dr. Zschokke, a well known German writer, we have an interesting account of a remarkable psychological phenomenon which he terms “inward sight.” We have thought proper to transfer to our columns the following from the author’s experience.

“I am,” he remarks, “almost afraid to speak of this, not because I am afraid to be thought superstitious, but that I may thereby strengthen such feelings in others. And yet it may be an addition to our stock of soul-experiences, and therefore I will confess! It has happened to me sometimes on my first meeting with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some particular scene in that life, has passed quite involuntarily, and as it were dreamlike, yet perfectly distinct, before me. During this time I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger’s life, that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown, wherein I undesignedly read, nor distinctly hear the voices of the speakers, which before served in some measure as a commentary to the text of their features. For a long time I held such visions as delusions of the fancy, and the more so as they showed me even the dress and motions of the actors, rooms, furniture, and other accessories. By way of jest, I once, in a familiar family circle at Kirchberg, related the secret history of a seamstress who had just left the room and the house. I had never seen her before in my life; people were astonished, and laughed, but were not to be persuaded that I did not previously know the relations of whom I spoke; for what I had uttered was the *literal* truth. I on my part was not less astonished that my dream-pictures were confirmed by the reality. I became more attentive to the subject, and, when propriety admitted it, I would relate to those whose life thus passed before me the subject of my vision, that I might thereby obtain confirmation or refutation of it. It was invariably ratified, not without consternation on their part. I myself had less confidence than any one in this mental jugglery. So often as I revealed my visionary gifts to any new person, I regularly expected to hear the answer—‘It was not so.’ I felt a secret shudder when my auditors replied that it was true, or when their astonishment betrayed my accuracy before they spoke. Instead of many, I will mention one example, which pre-eminently astounded me. One fair day, in the city of Waldshut, I entered an inn, (the Vine,) in company with two young student-foresters; we were tired of rambling through the woods. We supped with a numerous society at the *table d’hôte*; where the guests were making very merry with the peculiarities and eccentricities of the Swiss, with Mesmer’s magnetism, Lavater’s physiognomy, &c., &c. One of my companions, whose national pride was wounded by their mockery, begged me to make some reply, particularly to a handsome young man who sat opposite us and who had allowed himself extraordinary license. This man’s former life was at that moment presented to my mind; I turned to him, and asked whether he would answer me candidly, if I related to him some of the most secret passages of his life, I knowing as little of him personally as he did of me? That would be going a little farther, I thought, than Lavater did with physiognomy. He promised, if I were correct in my information, to admit it frankly. I then related what my vision had shown me, and the whole company were made acquainted with the private history of the young merchant: his school years, his youthful errors, and lastly, with a fault committed in reference to the strong-box of his principal. I described to him the uninhabited room with whitened walls, where, to the right of the brown door, on a table, stood a black money-box, &c., &c. A silence prevailed during the whole narration, which I alone occasionally interrupted, by inquiring whether I spoke the truth. The startled young man confirmed every particular, and even, what I had scarcely expected, the last mentioned. Touched by his candor, I shook hands with him over the table, and said no more. He asked my name, which I gave him, and we remained together talking till past midnight. He is probably still living.”

The faculty exercised by this writer has been developed in many others by means of the magnetic process. It is asserted by Zschokke, that he had met with others who possessed the same or a similar power.

S.E.B.

LIFE; an endless stream whose fountain is Deity.

A DREAM.

I DREAMED that Bros. BRITTAN, HARRIS, and myself, were three sparrows—humble, tiny sparrows. As we were sitting side by side upon a sunny eminence, we saw an eagle directing his rapid flight to our presence. His proud crest and *classic scream* distinguished him as a bird of some note among the birds of his kind, and as he approached, his gyrations and configurations distinctly marked the outlines of the letters "T. J. S."* Feeling that we were perched upon branches on which no *bird of prey* could ever alight, and that we were surrounded by an invisible influence which would protect us from harm, we felt no perturbation at the eagle's approach. Onward he sped with lightning velocity, until his flapping wings rustled the *leaves* of the boughs on which we were perched. He thrust forward his beak, clenched his huge talons, and grasped—the *air*. It appeared that from long visual effort in gazing at those objects which no eagle's eyes are made to gaze at, his eyes had become affected with a species of *amaurosis*, which caused things to appear *where they were not*, and *what they were not*; and hence the aberration of his flight. The fall stunned and wounded him, and caused a vast derangement of his plumage. As he was fluttering upon the earth, we were at first tempted to leap upon his back, and after the manner of some birds, pick at his eyes; but this thought was checked by the reflection that sparrows should be meek and gentle beings, doing harm to no one. Besides, thought we, he has not injured us, and from the nature of things cannot; for we stand where no *birds of prey* can ever come; and it was even written of old, that although three sparrows are sold for two farthings, yet not one of them shall fall to the ground without the notice of the Father. "We will harm not thine eyes, poor bird," said we, "for even now in their bedimmed and perverted vision, they only serve to enable thee to collect the moths and grubs upon the *dry limbs* upon which thou art wont to perch." Then the eagle, crest-fallen and disconsolate, winged his way unsteadily to the *barren* summit of a distant eminence, and we, the sparrows, flitted free and rejoicingly through the fields and woodlands of a smiling NATURE!

W. F.

* See New York Christian Messenger of October 30.

THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.—Since the publication of the first number of this paper, every day strengthens the conviction that our efforts in the cause of social righteousness and spiritual illumination, will be responded to by many enlightened minds and generous hearts. Every mail brings additional evidence of the profound interest with which our enterprise is regarded. We have received numerous communications from intelligent sources, containing the most flattering expressions of approbation, and subscribers are coming in from all parts of the United States, British Possessions and the West India Islands. Many who are acquainted with the principles and objects of this paper, esteem it a privilege to second our efforts with their own. We hope that many others will be moved to do likewise. To all, especially those who are with us in *spirit* and in *action*, we feel closely united. Distance cannot separate us, for we are ONE.

THE UNIVERCÆLUM occupies a place by itself in the Universe of Mind, and the elevated principles and gentle speech of the Spiritual Philosopher, invest it with a refined magnetic influence that must attract the pure in heart and the free in spirit, for whom it will perform a holy ministry.

S. S. B.

NIGHT.—We all know something of that lassitude or exhaustion which is induced by continued physical or mental action. After protracted toil and incessant activity, we become weary, and then a season of rest is required to restore the exhausted energies of nature. Then the discordant sounds of day give place to a hallowed stillness, and the busy world quietly slumbers through the silent watches, till the light appears and man comes forth with new vigor, and the earth is clothed with a more vivid beauty.

S. S. B.

Our reasons for declining to withdraw from the Christian Sect with which our name is identified, must necessarily be deferred another week.

VISIT TO MAINE.

WE have just returned from a brief visit to the State of Maine. The object of our tour was the furtherance of the principles of the new philosophy. Although owing to indisposition and unpleasant weather, we lectured only twice, we enjoyed much pleasant, and we trust profitable conversation with brethren interested in the new developments. In the plain and beautiful philosophy unfolded by MR. DAVIS, concerning immortality, and the intercourse between the natural and spiritual world, there seems to be a power to arrest and deeply absorb the attention of all inquiring and untrammelled minds, who demand a *reason* for a proposition before they can yield it their assent. Many such inquirers called at our room in Bangor, while we were confined by a severe cold; and it is hoped that the interest manifested will not soon subside. At Augusta we addressed a rather large audience, on the origin, structure and laws of the material Universe, as suggesting the only true organization and government of society. The profoundest attention was given to a discourse of nearly two hours; and we hope the suggestions given will be attended with appropriate results.

Maine is a state distinguished for the liberality of its inhabitants; and in the great effort to be made for mental and social reform, much may be expected from her.

W. F.

THE PURE SPIRIT.—The springs of everlasting Life are within. There are clear streams gushing up from the depths of the soul, and flowing out to enliven the sphere of outward existence. But like the waters of Siloah, they "go softly." You must listen to catch the silver tones of the little rill as it glides along. You may not witness its silent march; but its course will be seen in the fresh verdure and the opening flowers—its presence will be known by the forms of life and beauty that gather around it. It is thus with the pure spirit. You may not hear its "still small voice," or heed its silent aspirations; but it has a moral strength and a holy influence that is felt by all around. The wilderness is made to smile in its presence, and flowers of new life and beauty spring up and flourish for ever.

S. B. B.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF INDIFFERENCE.—Many a bright flower in the garden of beauty has been doomed to wither and die when the frosts of disappointment and the clouds of adversity have chilled the atmosphere, and shut out the sunshine of love. The more beautiful the flower; the more carefully it has been nurtured and cherished beneath the enlivening rays of friendship, the more fatal will be the transition from the warm atmosphere of kindness, to that of cold indifference and neglect.

S. B. B.

CONSERVATISM.—The real conservative, is the man who prefers a little light because he has tried a little, and found it to answer his limited purpose. If we were surrounded by midnight darkness, we should be obliged to him for his taper, but it is of no use to us since the sun has risen.

A. J. DAVIS.

MR. DAVIS has his rooms at the residence of the general Editor, No. 48 First st. Williamsburg, and should be addressed at this office.

A SERIES OF LECTURES—Philosophical and Scriptural, by S. B. BRITTAN. Price 62½ cents; bound in gilt \$1. For sale at this office.

DIVERSITY OF OPINION.—I willingly concede to every man what I claim for myself—the freest range of thought and expression; and am perfectly indifferent whether the sentiments of others on speculative subjects coincide with or differ from my own. Instead of wishing or expecting that uniformity of opinion should be established, I am convinced that it is neither practicable nor desirable; that varieties of thought are as numerous, and as strongly marked, and as irreducible to one standard, as those of bodily form; and that to quarrel with one who thinks differently from ourselves, would be no less unreasonable than to be angry with him for having features unlike our own.—[Anonymous.]

The Fine Arts.

AMERICAN ART-UNION.

NOTICES CONTINUED.

WE regret that the short period between our first issue and the distribution of the paintings, forces us to be brief in our remarks. A proper conception of the intricacies of art, and a desire to advance its interests, will prompt us to seek for beauties rather than defects. It has sometimes been the custom of critics to hunt out the blemishes and often to pass by the excellences in painting; we will endeavor to perceive and notice merit, in however humble a garb it may appear, and will also feel it a duty to point out whatever may seem to us imperfect.

No. 155. "Bunyan parting with his Blind Daughter in Bedford Jail," by E. H. MAX. The feeling expressed in the attitude and countenance of Bunyan is very fine, the coloring of the face is beautiful and harmonizes better than any thing we have seen from this artist. We would like the accessories more carefully painted, while a graceful arrangement of drapery on the daughter would be more agreeable; the proportions do not appear correct, but it may be owing to the want of a natural disposition of dress.

No. 144. "Our Father who art in Heaven," by H. P. GRAY. We contemplate this picture with unmingled pleasure. After a careful examination, it appears to answer more fully our idea of art, than any work we remember to have seen. The face of the mother is lovely and beautiful, while her expression is refined and spiritual. The position of the child is simple and natural, and the countenance indicates a confiding love. The general effect of light and shade, together with the composition of lines, is appropriate and agreeable, the action of the principal figure is extremely graceful, the drapery falls naturally, and the drawing is executed with truth and precision. The accessories are in keeping with the subject, and the general arrangement of colors is harmonious; while the flesh possesses a depth, purity and truth of effect seldom seen in the works of modern painters.

No. 180. "Interior, with Figures," by R. C. WOODVILLE. This is the modest title of a composition which, for truth and accuracy in the representation of objects, exceeds any painting in the gallery. The scene appears to be an Inn. At the table sits an elderly man, engaged at cards with one whose face and movements betoken a dexterity which will surely enable him to win. By a stove, sits a negro evidently enjoying himself with something. Every accessory is finished in the most careful manner. It was painted at Dusseldorf Ger, where the artist is pursuing his studies, aided by every facility for the attainment of a knowledge of the principles of art.

No. 74. "Scene at Rome during the Carnival," by G. A. BAKER, Jr. Those who have not witnessed a Carnival can form some idea by consulting this painting. It represents one of the many incidents at Rome during this season. There are portions of the picture which are very fine—the face of one female especially. The subject does not allow of much scope, it being merely descriptive.

No. 61. "Age's Revery," by E. WHITE.

"When I was young!—ah! woful when!
Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then."

* * * * *

"Tis known, that thou and I were one."

This subject is an appropriate selection for the pencil. A venerable old man occupies the center of the canvass in an easy and natural position, with his head resting upon his hand, contemplating the picture of a child. The reflections suggested to old age by a portrait, while youth, buoyancy and hope pervaded the frame should be one of a pleasing nature. The panorama of life is at once presented to view; thoughts, deeds and actions which have been implanted in the memory are now revived; the past is reviewed in thought, and time, as measured by a succession of events, is fully realized. The coloring is good, and the general arrangement of the picture agreeable; the minor parts being in subservience to the prominent feature. We consider this the best of Mr. White's productions.

No. 7. "Home in the Woods," by T. COLE.

"And minds have there been nurtured, whose control
Is felt even in their nation's destiny;
Men who swayed senates with a statesman's soul,
And looked on armies with a leader's eye."

Mr. Cole stands at the head of landscape painting in this country. In poetic conception, truth of execution, force and clearness of color, he has not been equaled. The subject before us possesses a native simplicity and wildness which is truly characteristic. The foliage is finely massed, and throughout the whole, is a breadth of effect which is only surpassed by nature itself. The Log Cabin, and a variety of domestic articles, the joyous children, contented wife, and husband returning from fishing, all unite to make a happy home in a dense forest. It possesses general interest, correctly representing a Home Scene in the Far West.

No. 57. "The Blacksmiths," by J. W. GLASS. This design seems to lack interest, and its execution is not sufficiently good to redeem it. We think the artist aspires too high, as may be seen by a glance at No. 58. There is certainly merit in both; but if it were condensed, we think it would be advantageous.

No. 81. "Tobit and the Angel," by G. FULLER. The subject we consider obsolete, but the painting contains some merit. We would be pleased to see the same talent employed on a design more adapted to our own time and understandings.

No. 105. "Mexican News," by J. G. CLONNEY, represents a comfortable old gentleman, with a mug of ale, listening to a younger friend who is reading the latest news. The expressions are admirable—to the very life; it is painted in a high key, and contains excellent drawing, and a great deal of nature. Of this class of paintings it takes a high rank, and is the best we have seen from the pencil of this artist.

No. 145. "Mother and Child," by WILLIAM PAGE. The first impression of this painting upon the general eye is rather unfavorable, but to those who are not governed wholly by externals, it images forth an interior truth and beauty. The coloring is deep, solemn and effective; not vivid nor dazzling; hence it will naturally attract those who are inclined to look beneath the surface of things. It must be a cultivated mind to comprehend the perfection of this work. It possesses a reality, embraced in force of color and intensity of expression; and, with one exception, is not, in our opinion, approached by any production in the room. The standard by which we would determine the excellence in works of art, is the degree of interior reality, or thought expressed by this medium. Unity should be the end in view, and harmony will always be an index of approach to that end. There seems to be a unity of thought between the mother and child; the expression of the latter clearly portrays an innocence and purity which, being mirrored in the face of the mother, produces harmony—hence unity. The painting will be seen to better advantage when out of the gallery (as is the case with every well executed work.) At present it inclines too much to a red or purple hue. The hand of the mother, though natural in position, is rather stiff, and the head does not possess much of the ideal.

ALTAR PIECE—BY RUBENS.

THE ADORATION OF THE VIRGIN AND INFANT JESUS.—This work of art is now on exhibition at 413 Broadway, corner Lispenard-st. It has been pronounced by those who are familiar with the paintings of this master, to be an undoubted original. Of this we will not pretend to decide; but our limited knowledge of his productions inclines us to the opinion that it may be genuine; this however is a secondary and comparatively unimportant consideration. It certainly is a satisfaction to know the author of a work, but our present notice concerns its merits rather than its authenticity.

It is an allegorical composition, representing the Virgin holding the infant Christ; her expression gives forth all the purity and loveliness which one would naturally expect from the mother of so exalted and noble a person. The infant is life-like but not very beautiful.

In front, is St. Bonaventura, kneeling with an intense and

fervid devotion. This head possesses more feeling and sentiment than any other.

Next in order are three females, with extremely beautiful and expressive faces. St. George, in armor, stands in a natural manner, having dispatched a dragon, which lies bleeding at his feet, while St. Jerome occupies the opposite side of the painting in a fine spirited attitude, indicating a feeling of triumph at having compiled the various traditions which he holds, assisted by an angel. Underneath is a lion in subjection. The composition is serpentine, and is executed with vigor and freedom. The general arrangement of color contains an agreeable variety, while the harmony and unity is admirable. The head of St. Jerome is a picture of itself; fine in expression, and natural in color: that of St. George is low in tone, rich, and effective. The whole is painted in a broad manner, appearing very brilliant, yet low. The drawing of some of the extremities is somewhat imperfect.

Finally, we would impress upon every person having the least pretension to taste, to visit without delay, this splendid production, as it will remain but a short period, and our word for it, they will be amply repaid for the time consumed in its examination.

The Physician.

(WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM.)

DYSPEPSY—ITS CAUSES AND CURE.

RY A. J. DAVIS.

It is highly important that the innumerable minds, now in profound ignorance concerning the principles of life and health, should be duly instructed and advanced in the knowledge of the laws of personal existence. Indeed, there is no other possible way to arrest, and effectually remove, disease from among men. The frequent violation of the laws of utero-gestation, is the cause of a vast amount of individual wretchedness. All the imperfections of structure, and the constitutional tendencies to functional weakness and organic disease, proceed from this source; because there exists so much ignorance concerning the governing laws of reproduction. And a series of internal observations have served to strengthen the impression, that a general knowledge of the sciences of anatomy and physiology, and of the consequences of organic infringement, is absolutely necessary and demanded.

Perhaps no organ presents stronger and more numerous evidences of cruel treatment and continued abuse, than the human stomach. Its membranes indicate the repeated intrusion of deleterious substances; and its chambers seem inhabited by uncongenial particles. Its many and varied powers appear exhausted in wrestling with such invaders and trespassers upon its quiet domain. Such are the evidences of unjust treatment often presented upon examination, because the individual is ignorant of the structure of the stomach, of its capacity and function, and of the limits of its digestive power. But if the individual has ascertained what is just in respect to this organ, and if experience has taught him the rules of dietetics, and yet he continues to disobey them, it is because depraved desires and appetites, growing out of hereditary predisposition or the indiscretions of youth, have comparatively mastered the intellect. This is a condition of the mind, in all respects, melancholy and deplorable. Reason weeps in the consciousness of its own captivity.

But we will now proceed in connection with that already said, to a brief consideration of the causes and nature of dyspepsy.

I. THE CAUSES.—The brain is the beginning and seat of all motive power, or spiritual influence; it is the great apparatus which, expanding and contracting its innumerable cortical glands, prepares, and dispenses to every member and atom of the organization, a spiritual influence, termed, by physiologists, the nervous fluid. It is essential to the enjoyment of perfect health, that this fluid should be distributed to every organ and particle in accordance with its funtional capacity, and actual demand for assistance in the discharge of its particular duties. Now one of

the principal causes of dyspepsy is mental disturbances. An excess of intellectual labor, whether in the study or in the counting-room, in the pulpit or on the stage, will produce funtional derangements not easy to repair and cure. It is those who employ the mind more than the body who complain of lassitude, prostration, and want of nervous energy; who have perplexing dreams, who evince an acute sensibility to trifling inconveniences, accompanied with unfounded apprehensions of danger, and indecisions in feeling, purpose and action. But these things are not experienced by the laborer, whose mind merely nerves and directs the body to accomplish its manual task; for he is blest with an unimpaired digestive power, and enjoys sweet and refreshing slumber.

And besides this general cause of indigestion, or dyspepsy, there are a number of minor ones, which demand our particular consideration; such as the dethronement of mental power, by grief; the suspension of cerebral action, by fear; the painful tremor of fright, and the prostrating paroxysms of anger. Also, it is important to understand that, next to changes of cerebral temperature, and disturbances of mental equilibrium, is the almost universal practice of consigning to the stomach the office of the teeth, and diluting the saliva and gastric juice by the excessive use of tea and coffee. The gastric juice has its primary expression in the saliva, which is essential to a prompt and healthy digestion. The services performed by saliva in the animal economy, are these:—it promotes digestion by mingling with, and modifying, the food while undergoing the process of mastication; it stimulates the stomach by coming in contact with its membranes; and it neutralizes, by supplying a pure alkali, any unnecessary quantity of acid that may accumulate in the stomach. Any thing, therefore, which prevents the constant accumulation of saliva, or tends to consume or dilute it, or cause its ejection from the mouth, is highly injurious. Hence, another cause of dyspepsy is the frequent and various use to which tobacco is appropriated. The chewing of this deleterious plant not only dissipates the influence of the salival secretion, but effectually operates in ejecting it from its location and natural office.

And there is yet another cause which equally demands our attention: the habit of drinking copious draughts of water, tea, coffee, or other beverages, while in the act of masticating and committing food to the stomach. This is a habit which, when once acquired, is seldom set aside; but it does immense injury. An individual in the constant practice of drinking abundantly while eating, will but partially masticate his food, and in accelerating its downward passage, he inundates the stomach and protracts the process of digestion, more or less, beyond the proper period.

Moreover, the preparation of vegetable and animal substances without any reference to the principles of chemical composition, is exceedingly injurious to the stomach, and is wholly incompatible with the constituents of the human organization. Among the flourishing and well-conditioned classes, six substantial articles of nourishment, with the superadditions of desserts and pastries, are made to constitute a dinner, and without these, the latter would be thought incomplete. But this practice is prejudicial to the healthy condition, and benefits no one, except the medical practitioner. Such are the causes which are, individually, or in a state of combination, engaged in the production of the prevailing disease termed dyspepsy.

II. THE SYMPTOMS.—The existence of this functional derangement is indicated by the sensations of heart-burn, flatulency, lightness in the pit of the stomach, pain while, or after eating, and tenderness in the region of the thorax. A sense of fullness and depressing weight is frequently experienced, and a general debility, accompanied with languidness, headache, constipation, and swelling of the bowels, indecision of purpose, disagreeable breath, and hypochondriacal affections.

III. THE TENDENCIES.—Dyspepsy of the stomach will, if not arrested in its imperceptible development, produce a variety of derangements, such as torpor of the liver, bowels and brain, and, because the food is imperfectly converted into pulp, chyme, and chyle, the blood will become vitiated. A deposition of excrementitious matter, altogether unfit for, and incapable of, vital

assimilation, will take place in the cells of the lungs and elsewhere, whereby consumption is generated and confirmed, and muco-purulent tumors subsequently make their appearance, which ultimately induce disorganization and decay. In fact a particular dyspepsy, consisting of a functional derangement of the stomach, will, if not treated in the tenderest and most judicious manner while in its incipient stages, induce a general dyspepsy and vital prostration which no medicine can master. This well-ascertained truth should not escape the patient's memory nor that of the healthy man, for much personal happiness depends upon a well-formed body, and a physiological condition the most harmonious.

IV. THE CURE.—Numberless remedies are extolled for their anti-dyspeptic virtues; but, notwithstanding all this, the patient must remember that medicines can do nothing more than alleviate the disease, and assist Nature to expel it from her domain. I am acquainted with no remedy, or mode of treatment, so well calculated to arrest, and effectually cure this disease, as for the patient to study its producing causes, and remove them, or prevent their repetition in future. To the patient who will adopt the above remedy, and practice it religiously, the following prescriptions are suggested, not only as appropriate medicines, but as an encouragement to persevere in a life of self-discipline:

The lymphatic temperament may take golden seal, valerian, carbonate of iron, and gentian root, of each one ounce; infuse them for six days in one quart of Madeira wine, and one pound of loaf sugar, the mixture to be frequently shaken. Dose, three drachms immediately after breakfast and dinner.

The sanguine temperament may take one drop of hydrocyanic acid, in water, every morning and night, and from eight to ten drops of the elixir of vitriol twice or thrice a day, with considerable benefit; also copper and zinc plates, four inches wide and six long, with the end of one lapped upon or inter-linked with the other about one inch,* may be placed upon the stomach every night on retiring.

The bilious temperament may take pulverized rhubarb, golden seal, blood-root, gum myrrh, carbonate of iron, of each one scruple; mix, and divide them into twelve powders; one should be taken immediately after dinner.

The nervous temperament may take wild cherry bark, and unicorn root, of each three ounces; pulverize and add to them three pints of brandy; let the mixture stand in a tight vessel, for ten days. Dose, one tea spoonful whenever pain or prostration is experienced.

V. THE REGIMEN.—That man should be restricted to the exclusive use of vegetable diet is not consistent with the universal affinities existing between the composition of his material being and all subordinate creations; but there exists no standard by which to regulate the quantity of animal food an individual should consume. Indeed, there should be none, as the patient should exercise his judgment upon this, as upon every other subject or action, whether in private or in public life, having the least bearing upon personal welfare and happiness. But it is well to remark, (and the remark is intended for general application) that it is not so much the *what*, as the *quantity* committed to the stomach at one time, that induces and aggravates this disease. It is not for me, nor any other individual, to prescribe diet for a patient if he is *sane*; because personal experience must determine the *what*, and the *quantity* must be measured by judgment and prudence. There is no other standard.

Moreover, the patient should be very careful about drinking frequent and copious quantities of tea or coffee. It is not, however, their use, nor the use of any species of food, but their abuse that injures the constitution. Also, there should be watchfulness concerning any unnecessary waste of the saliva juice, as this lies at the basis of all healthy digestion. But remedies and advice will be of no avail in the treatment and cure of this disease, if the patient be so unfortunately circumstanced and physically pre-disposed, as to live in the constant violation of Nature's laws; for laws are paths which lead to right, and happy are they who tread them.

* Let each of these plates be bent at one end so that they may be closely interlocked in the form of a steam; and let them thus be laid upon the stomach.

Poetry.

(Written for the Universalist and Spiritual Philosopher.)

THE VOICE OF MEMNON.

Thus said the Priest at Memnon's shrine,
Behold the morning's ray;
And list your god's mysterious voice
That hails the rising day!
The orb arose—the strange wild sounds
From lips of stone came forth,
And the many myriad sons of Nile
Bowed low to kiss the earth.

Up rose the royal Priest and said,
Oh, Egypt! hear your god!
This sinful realm is doomed to feel
Ere long his venging rod!
Bring forth your offerings—let your gold
O'erheap the sacred shrine,
And strew your gems the altars round
To ward the wrath divine.

Then Egypt rose and brought her wealth—
The throned priest sat and smiled
The mountain mass of gold and gems
To see around him piled.
The humble subjects knelt around,
And, as the monarch bid,
Reared Temple, Obelisk or Sphinx,
Or deathless Pyramid.

Blind error holds the world in chains,
Not less in this proud day,
Than when to Memnon's morning voice
A nation knelt to pray.
Whate'er is hidden from the crowd
They worship as a god;
A monarch crowned—a woman veiled—
Or superstition's rod.

They kneel before the king in awe,
And die beneath his frown;
Nor deem that all the difference
Between them is the crown.
They give their gold, their toil, their blood,
Their intellect's best powers,
To build his palaces and fanes,
His navies and his towers.

To superstition's rod they bow—
Needs but a priest's command,
With threats of the Immortal's ire,
To terrify the land!
And be it war or be it peace,
Crusade or gaud of state,
Uprise the people to obey
And ward impending fate.

Chain down the mind—seal up the eyes—
Lock fast the lips, and then
One fool enthroned can lead to death
A million captive men.
To them a spell of mystic power
Is drawn round priest or king;
'Tis his to rule—'tis their's to kneel
As to some holy thing.

But banish error, break the gods
Of gold and lifeless stone,
Lay bare the cloister and the shrine
And make their secrets known—
O'er superstition's long, deep night
Let Truth but shine, and then
The Memnon voice that hails the morn
Shall whisper peace to men.

The idol's dower shall be reclaimed—
Its priest shall hold the plow;
And those who bowed to sinful men,
To God alone shall bow.
The Sun of Love and Truth shall pierce
The mists of earth and sea;
And man, unshackled, look to Heaven
And feel that he is free!

Miscellaneous Department.

(WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM.)

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. F. M. BAKER.

Upon my first entrance into ———, I took lodgings in B—— street, one of the principal thoroughfares of the city. Here, when not otherwise engaged, I spent much time watching the passers by. Poor business! do you say, reader? Perhaps so; but I like to study human characters and dispositions, and believe me, the peculiar gait, or turn of the head, or expression of the countenance, which one wears while promenading the streets, especially if accompanied by no better companion than his or her own thoughts and reflections, are wonderful indicators of the internal propensities, and feelings, and inclinations. To say nothing of the dress or even the sound of the foot-fall upon the pave, these are all indices which tell an "ower true tale" of their owner's head and heart.

So certain and unerringly has the Creator made the outer man a reflex of the inner, that an accurate, understanding observer, seldom fails of judging correctly of the latter by the former, and an attempt at deception or affectation on the part of the observed, only helps his observer to a more sure judgment of his character. So, reader, do not think your disposition or feelings are a secret because you walk the streets in silence or even in solitude, for they can be pretty clearly discerned and estimated, even from a second story window!

Among those who frequently, yea daily, passed my window, was one who soon attracted my attention, shortly my interest, and finally my sympathy. She was, perhaps, eighteen years of age, dressed almost invariably in a small plaided gingham dress, of neat, chaste colors; a straw hat, trimmed very plainly with ribbon, to match the dress; and a fawn-colored, worsted shawl. Her dress was throughout plain and cheap, and clearly indicated the limited income of the wearer; but it likewise as clearly demonstrated her innate appreciation of the really elegant and beautiful.

She usually carried a large book or books, but whether for music or drawing, I could not determine; as she always walked hurriedly past me, as if she had not a moment to lose; and from the first I could not but notice that her countenance wore an air of abstraction which evidently denoted great mental concentration upon some particular subject. This I was convinced was to her, not only a painful one, but one of much anxiety; as these two emotions were plainly depicted in the expression of her features. She walked straight onward, giving no heed to the passers-by, and seeming not to know how much of curiosity she herself was the object, and well she might be: for few more beautiful or graceful young ladies walked the streets; and many looked back after passing her, as if in envy of the exceeding fairness of her complexion, the brightness of her eyes, the grace and symmetry of her limbs and form, and the elegance of her features; although they themselves were decked in satin and jewels; while the young men actually started and uttered exclamations of admiration at sight of her.

I observed all these things, and I also observed what I think few others did, the shade of anxiety which seemed to enshroud her whole person, and which had an effect upon her, similar to that of a shadow passing over the sun upon a rich landscape. I was confident that the brilliancy of her beauty was veiled, and I longed to learn the texture of the veil, and if possible rend it away.

I was well assured in my own mind from her peculiar and remarkably intellectual expressions, that she was either a devotee of painting or music, as her books denoted, and I could not rest until I had decided which. I had therefore the curiosity, or impudence, if you please, to contrive to meet her in her walks and penetrate so much of the mystery as "music" on the books, unraveled. Moreover, I even followed her at a distance, until I found that she regularly visited two or three of the splendid, aristocratic mansions, belonging to, or at least inhabited by, the millionaires, in ——— street.

This led me to think, as doubtless it will you, reader, that she gave lessons to the daughters of these wealthy people; preparing them to "bringing them out," to elicit the astonishment of and envy of of the *beau monde*, or to fascinate into the net matrimonial, and fetter with "Hymen's silken bands," the younger male portion thereof. But this, instead of satisfying me, only excited my curiosity the more. True to the old adage, "the more one knows, the more he wants to know?" So I followed her again, but alas! to a far different place; to no other than the dismal, fearful walls of the city prison. I looked long enough to know that she shuddered and pressed her hand to her heart and brow, as she entered; that she stayed about fifteen minutes; that when she came out, she wept bitterly, and her whole frame shook with the depth and intensity of her sobs; and that she tottered, instead of walked, to a lowly, dilapidated tenement near by, in the third story of which I was sure she lodged; because the window of a small corner room was whole, clean, and furnished with white, plain cotton curtains. They were poor enough in all reason, but they furnished a contrast to the broken, filthy appearance of all the rest of the building, as great as did their owner to the other inhabitants of the dwelling.

In that sink of corruption; that atmosphere of pestilence, both moral and physical, must that pure creature dwell; for I was convinced that she was yet uncontaminated, however suspicious might seem the prison visit and the miserable lodging. The reflections awakened by my increased knowledge, would give me no rest day nor night, and as a further step toward relief, I decided to visit the prison also. The young girl had either accidentally or intentionally dropped a slip of paper marked 57, upon coming out of the prison, which I immediately secured, as I hoped it might prove a clue by which I could ascertain whom she there visited.

And so it did: for as I one day went the rounds of the gloomy prison aisles, looking into the narrow, grated cells, arranged upon either side, the cell marked 57 of course drew my particular attention. It contained a man apparently forty-five years of age, who sat upon his cot-bed, his face buried in his hands, while the tears fell fast through his fingers, and his breast heaved with agonizing sobs. It seemed like tearing the heart in sunder and wringing out the life blood drop by drop. The young girl had but just left him. In one corner of the cell stood a guitar, and upon a broken stool lay a bunch of dry and withered grapes. I made a rattling at the grate, which caused the miserable man to start and look up, probably expecting to see his keeper, or mayhap hoping to see a dearer face.

That look told the whole. The inmate of that cell was the girl's father. The same features, the same intellectual development, only bearing the masculine impress, settled the relationship without a doubt. My heart swelled at the thought and at sight of the prisoner's distress, and I hastened away.

The keeper seeming to possess more humanity than such persons are usually gifted with, I ventured to make some inquiries concerning his charge, and among others, as if casually, concerning No. 57. From him I learned what only corroborated my own surmises, that he and the girl were father and daughter. That the father was an artist by profession, but being poor and having few patrons, of course did not succeed pecuniarily. That his wife and whole family, save Florienne, his daughter, were dead. That Florienne possessed much of her father's mental endowment; an excellent appreciation of the fine arts, and was of course a favorite child with him. That through his instruction and her own taste, she was a proficient in many of the arts, and especially music, which she had long taught as a means of gaining a livelihood, and which she now did in the hope of gaining something with which to liquidate the debts of her father, and thereby procure his freedom.

In answer to my inquiry concerning the guitar, my informant told me, that Florienne came every day to play upon it to her father; and the jailor actually wept while describing the plaintive, heart-touching strains, which she drew from the instrument. Oh! he wished the poor man's creditors could hear it; 'twas enough to make even their hard hearts ache! I thanked him and went away, blessing God that he had put so good a heart into the breast of the man who was to have the care of the

poor unfortunates, whom crime or misfortune had consigned to the dungeon as felons, as the veriest outcasts in the world, in the estimation of society.

While seated in my room, as twilight fell around me, I mused upon that lone prisoner's fate, past and present. Once he was in the bosom of a happy family. Hope smiled upon him; he promised himself many happy days. But his mental organization did not enable him to amass wealth; he was willing to benefit the world by his labors, but he lacked influential patrons to sound his praises through a golden trumpet, and so the world closed their ears to any other sounds, as too harsh. And put his offerings of services behind them and walked away with folded hands, eyeing the multitude through their gold-bowed spectacles, and calculating their chances of gainful speculation, irrespective of others weal or woe. While he who was willing to labor, must remain idle for want of employment; until to give those dear to him a bare subsistence, he must incur debt after debt. These stared them in the face and pointed with threatening to the future consequences. Want came; troubles thickened; sickness followed; and finally death to all the members of the family circle, save two. Mournful and disconsolate they knew scarcely what to do. None came to sympathise save those poor as themselves. But soon, too soon, came many to tantalize, and like the cat, to torment their victim ere they pounced upon him for final destruction. And these threatened imprisonment if debts were not paid, which they knew could not be, unless they placed the debtor in a way of paying.

Anon came the officers of justice, (?) and according to legal formulary, stripped that poor home of everything worth having, and sold it at auction; while the parent was hurried to prison in default of having no more of that, which he had never the means to procure, and the creditors went home and feasted upon sumptuous viands, and reclined on luxurious couches, and daily went to the mart of business, and gave never a thought to their victim any more than if he had been a brute.

But his darling Florienne gathered the scattered fragments of that household furniture together, as if they had been precious relics, and removed them to a miserable abode, which she could rent cheap, and which was made pleasant to her, by being so near her father, with whom she spent some time every day, and strove to while away his grief by conversation or playing to him on the guitar; which with streaming eyes she had implored the auctioneer to spare them. And now she sought and gained a few pupils, perhaps at half-price, no matter, so that she could be earning somewhat with which to one day free her beloved father.

She could live herself upon very little, next to nothing; the thought that he would one day be a free man, was to her food, and drink, and clothing. And she could now and then carry him a luxury of some nice fruit or dainty, which she knew he once relished. Alas! she little thought that the relish was now changed to loathing, and the gift left to wither or dry, like the grapes which I saw.

That loving father saw daily what inroads care, and toil, and grief, were making upon his affectionate child, and could he remain unmoved. He knew full well that every article she brought to his cheerless cell, cost the fearful price of a portion of the vital energy of her own existence. And could he partake of it with enjoyment? He sickened at the thought, although he strove to make her think he was gratified by the gift. His own confinement made not such fearful inroads into his constitution, as did his anxiety and sorrow for his suffering child. She labored with renewed exertion that he might be free from his bondage and sorrows, while he only sorrowed the more, at sight of the dreadful ravages which this exertion made upon her health and peace. Thus passed away weeks and months. A mite in comparison with their wealth, from some of their rich creditors might have set all right, but thoughts of these poor creatures, would have marred their golden schemes, and so the poor prisoner was left to pine in jail and his child to toil in pain, unheeded and uncared for.

A few days previous to my leaving — the bills for the performance at the opera attracted my notice. The piece to be

performed was one I had long desired to hear, and the songstress who was to perform the leading part, was extolled immeasurably. Something stronger than ever before, actuated me to attend, and I did so.

As it happened, I secured a place near the stage and in comparative nearness to the performers, upon their entrance. I waited for *la prima* with some anxiety, but judge of my surprise, when I found it to be no other than Florienne! The stage managers had then heard of her exquisite musical attainments, and so dragged her out to attract crowded houses and make gain; while she, probably in the hope of sooner securing her holy object, had consented to appear thus publicly. That it was from no forwardness on her own part, I should have been convinced if from no other fact, by the hesitancy and trembling which she manifested upon her first appearance, as well as from the words of encouragement which I heard the managers whisper, as they urged her forward.

She was much paler and thinner than when I last saw her, and disease was evidently fast undermining her frail constitution, so that added to her natural timidity, she now had much physical weakness to combat; insomuch that I was almost certain she would fail and be compelled to retire. And so it seemed feared by many of the audience, for such expressions as the following went the rounds—"She really looks sick!" "Why, what can ail her?" "Indeed, I never saw her looking so bad!" &c. &c., all of which were in a tone that argued more for the speakers' fears of being disappointed, than sympathy for the subject of their remarks.

But there *was* a spirit in the house, which could exercise a spell over the shrinking girl, powerful—even to make her forget herself. For one moment she cast her eyes upon one of the upper boxes, when instantly a faint carmine overspread her previously colorless cheeks; her tearful eyes flashed brilliantly and a smile so sweet lighted up her features, that the audience were almost electrified. It was as if an angel had that instant taken the place of the frightened girl. I had scarcely time to follow in the direction of her gaze with my own eyes and there recognise her father, who, though still haggard and wan, smiled approvingly and encouragingly upon his darling one, when she poured upon my ear such a flood of song, as if anything had still been wanting, this would have finished the smile of the angel.

Words are perfectly inadequate to express a moiety of the richness and sweetness of the melody. Her hearers were entranced, and she had sometime retired from the stage, before they recovered from the spell. Then "encore! encore!" rang through the house, and although the managers assured the audience that Mademoiselle Florienne was too much exhausted to appear again, they would be satisfied with nothing else, and again she did appear. As she now drew towards the close of her performance, wreaths and bouquets were showered upon her from every box, as if to make amends for forgetting this important part before; and I really began to think, it was only for this they had called her back, having forgotten it in the charm which her previous tones threw over them.

Just as her voice died away in the last harmonious cadence, she suddenly pressed both hands to her chest, when a stream of blood gushed from her mouth, and ran down upon her white dress; while she fell upon the floor, literally covered with flowers, as if crushed by their weight. A groan of horror burst from all present, and a sickly-looking man, springing over boxes and seats, leaped on the stage, and seizing the lifeless form in his arms, clasped it to his heart; while her warm blood gushed upon his face and lips, as he pressed them to hers.

"Oh, my God! my darling, darling, child. She is dead! she is dead! Florienne, my Florienne, look upon me; it is your father, dear; do look upon him once again!" But Florienne could never look again, and so her father saw, and he groaned aloud, still clasping her form to his heart and crying: "She is dead! she is dead! Oh, I begged her not to come here to-night, but she said: 'dear father, just for this once let it be as I will, and afterwards always as thou wilt, for after this time I shall have enough for us both.' And now she is gone! gone! Oh, why did I not die in the prison, from which she has fallen

a martyr, to release me. Florienne, my beloved one, listen to your poor father's voice; wake once more to bless him with your smile, and kiss him a good-night, when he will tend thee through the long, wearisome night and let thee sleep quietly, pillowed on his heart—his heart which beats for none but thee! Ah, her heart beats not! have you killed her?" and he gazed wildly upon the spectators, who seemed riveted in their places, uncertain what course to take.

At length, however, they tore her from his arms, when he fainted and was carried away to some physician's house; but he died before morning, calling upon Florienne to look upon her father, if but for once! to the last. And they lifted out the bleeding Florienne from among the flowers, herself the sweetest of them all, and bore her away. Truly she was that night, a lamb prepared for the slaughter.

On my way home, I followed a stout lady, leaning upon the arm of a thin, tall gentleman, and accompanied by two young misses, who lisped with pretty affectation, so as to render one-half they said, unintelligible. The gentleman merely responded monosyllabically to the lady, as his practised ear told him her remarks demanded.

She was very much dressed and had a profusion of curls and laces about her face and neck, as such persons are wont to have. Her face was exceedingly florid, as if it had blushed so much at its wearer's weaknesses and heartlessness, that it had finally assumed that fixed hue.

At first she harangued her hearers with a solemn disquisition upon the shock her sensitive feelings had experienced, in the sad catastrophe to which she had unfortunately been forced to become a witness. After this had been responded to by the requisite proportion of ahs, and ohs, her acquisitiveness began to work, (for she was one of that sort of women who indulge in much of their finery at the expense of low priced servants, or half-paid governesses or teachers, or neglected seamstresses, or beaten down small shopkeepers; and always carried in her pockets, plenty of bad pennies and smooth sixpences,) and she lamented the loss of their music teacher, because now they could get no one half so good, without paying a double price.

I listened awhile to her mournful complaints, when I ventured to inquire if Miss Florienne had been their Music Teacher; when, probably thinking a female in a plain de laine dress and a straw bonnet, was not worth minding, she frankly answered in the affirmative. "Hush!" exclaimed one of the young Misses, "Mrs. N. will hear you, and know that we have had a stage actress for a teacher!" This was said with a sneer, as if a stage actress was a despicable creature. "Never mind," replied the mother, "Mrs. P., and Mrs. G., and several others, have employed her, and they cannot deny it; so we shall not be alone in the disgrace."

Emboldened by her frankness to me, I then inquired if she knew the whole of Miss Florienne's circumstances, and those of her father, and her motives for becoming a teacher? To this the lady again replied in the affirmative, and went on with a long tirade of excuses for employing a person of so questionable a reputation, as if I thought it criminal, and she was answerable to me.

Poor, pitiable creature! she knew nothing of such virtues as charity and benevolence, except by name, and was thereby spared the disagreeable necessity of having her sensibility shocked by the insinuation which my question was calculated to awaken, namely: that without the least injury to their purses, she and her very dear friends might just have relieved the necessities of that unfortunate father and child, in a quiet way: that is, without letting their right hands know what their left hands did. But this I found was a maxim in disinterestedness with which she, at least, was wholly unacquainted; so I left her to bewail her pecuniary loss to her more willing listeners, and find a substitute where best she could.

The father and daughter, who had loved and suffered together so much during life, were not divided even in death. But together still their spirits went beyond the reach of suffering, while their bodies were laid in one grave!

New York, 1847.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A TEAR.

BEAUTIFUL Tear! whether lingering upon the brink of the eyelid, or darting down the furrows of the care-worn cheek—thou art beautiful in thy simplicity—great because of thy modesty—strong from thy very weakness. Offspring of sorrow! who will not own thy claim to sympathy? who can resist thy eloquence? who can deny mercy when thou pleadest? Beautiful Tear!

Let us trace a tear to its source. The eye is the most attractive organ of animal bodies. It is placed in a bony socket, by which it is protected, and wherein it finds room to perform the motions requisite to its uses. The rays of light which transmit the images of external objects, enter the pupil through the chrystalline lens, and fall upon the retina, upon which, within the space represented by a sixpence, is formed, in all beauty and perfection, an exact image of many miles of landscape, every object displayed in its proper color and true proportions—trees and lakes, hills and valleys, insects and flowers, all in true keeping, are there shown at once, and the impression produced thereby upon the filaments of the optic nerve causes a sensation which communicates to the mind the apparent qualities of the varied objects we behold.

That this wonderful faculty of vision may be uninterrupted, it is necessary that the transparent membrane which forms the external covering of the eye shall be kept moist and free from the contact of opaque substances. To supply the fluid which shall moisten and cleanse the eye, there is placed at the outer and upper part of the ball a small gland, which secretes the lachrymal fluid, and pours it out at the corner of the eye, whence, by the motion of the lids, it is equally spread over the surface, and thus moisture and clearness are at once secured.

When we incline to sleep, the eye becomes comparatively bloodless and dull. The eyelids drop to shut out everything which might tend to arouse the slumbering senses. The secretion by the lachrymal glands is probably all but suspended, and the organs of sight participate in the general rest. When, after a long night's sleep, the eyelids first open, there is, therefore, a dulness of vision, arising probably from the dryness of the cornea: then occur the rapid motions of the eyelids, familiarly termed "winking"—sometimes instinctively aided by rubbing with the hands—and after a few moments the "windows" of the body have been properly cleansed and set in order, the eye adjusted to the quantity of light it must receive, and we are "awake" for the day, and may go forth to renew our acquaintance with the beauties of nature.

It is from the glands which supply this moisture that tears flow. Among physiologists it is well known that *emotions*—impressions upon the nervous system—exercise a powerful and immediate influence upon the secretions. As, for instance, the mere thought of some savory dish, or delicious fruit, or something acid—as the juice of the lemon—will excite an instant flow of the salivary fluid into the mouth. The *emotion* of the mind influences the lachrymal glands, which copiously secrete and pour forth the chrystal drops, and these, as they appear upon the surface of the eye, we denominate *tears*.

A similar action, called forth by another kind of excitement, occurs when dust or other irritating substance comes in contact with the eye: the glands instantly secrete abundantly, and pouring the crystal fluid out upon the surface, the eye is protected from injury, and the offending substance is washed away. The feelings which excite excessive laughter or joy also stimulate this secretion—the eyes are said to "water." It is only when the crystal drop comes forth under the impulse of sorrow—thus speaking the anguish of the mind—that it can properly be called a *tear*. Hence its sacred character, and the sympathy which it seldom fails to create.

Every tear represents some indwelling sorrow preying upon the mind and eating out its peace. The tear comes forth to declare the inward struggle, and to plead a truce against further strife. How meet that the eye should be the seat of tears—where they cannot occur unobserved, but blending with the speaking beauty of the eye itself must command attention and sympathy.

Whenever we behold a tear, let our kindest sympathies awake—let it have a sacred claim upon all that we can do to succor and comfort under affliction. What rivers of tears have flown, excited by the cruel and perverse ways of man! War has spread its carnage and desolation, and the eyes of widows and orphans have been suffused with tears! Intemperance has blighted the homes of millions, and weeping and wailing have been incessant! A thousand other evils which we may conquer, have given birth to tears enough to constitute a flood—a great tide of grief. Suppose we prize this little philosophy, and each one determine never to excite a tear in another—how pleasantly will fare mankind! Watching the eye as the telegraph of the mind within, let us observe it with anxious regard; and whether we are moved to complaint by the existence of supposed or real

wrongs, let the indication of the coming tear be held as a sacred truce to unkindly feeling, and all our efforts be devoted to the substitution of smiles for tears!—[People's Journal.]

THE POWER OF LOVE.

THE following delightful illustration of the power of love over the hardest hearts will be acceptable, and we trust profitable to our readers: The colony of Petitbourg is an establishment for the reformation of juvenile offenders—the instruction of abandoned children (boys)—who are found without any parental care, wandering about the streets of Paris. It is supported by voluntary contributions. The boys are taught all sorts of outdoor and indoor work, and have regular seasons of recreation. When any one commits a fault requiring grave punishment, the whole of the boys are assembled, as a sort of council, to deliberate and decide on the sort of punishment to be inflicted, which consists usually of imprisonment in a dungeon of a number of days, and of course no participation in the recreations of the community.

There are present about 130 boys in the institution. Now, here is the peculiarity of the discipline. After sentence is passed by the boys, under the approval of the director, the question is put, "Will any of you consent to become the patron of this poor offender, that is, to take his place now and suffer in his room and stead, while he goes free?" And it rarely happens but that some one is found to step forward and consent to ransom the offender by undergoing his punishment for him—the offender being in that case merely obliged to act as porter in carrying to his substitute in the dungeon his allowance of bread and water during all the time of his captivity. The effect has been the breaking of the most obdurate hearts of the boys by seeing another actually enduring willingly what they have deserved to suffer.

A remarkable case occurred lately. A boy, whose violent temper and bad conduct had procured his expulsion from several schools in Paris, and who was in a fair way of becoming an outlaw and a terror to all good people, was received into the institution. For a short time the novelty of the scene, the society, the occupations, &c., seemed to have subdued his temper; but at length his evil disposition showed itself by his unclasping his knife on a boy with whom he had quarreled, and stabbing him in the breast. The wound was severe, but not mortal; and, while the bleeding boy was carried to the hospital of the colony, the rest of the inmates were summoned to decide on the fate of the criminal. They agreed at once on a sentence of instant expulsion, without hope of re-admission. The director opposed this, and showed them that such a course would lead the poor desperate boy to the scaffold or the galleys. He made them think of another punishment. They fixed upon imprisonment for an unlimited period. The usual question was put, but no patron offered himself, and the culprit was marched off to prison.

After some days, the director reminded the boys of the case; and on the repetition of the call, "Will no one become the patron of this unhappy youth?" a voice was heard, "I will!" The astonished boys looked round, and saw coming forward the very youth who had been wounded, and who had just been discharged from the sick ward. He went to the dungeon and took the place of his would-be-murderer (for had the boy's physical strength been equal to his passion, the blow must have been fatal, both boys being only about nine or ten years old); and it was only after the latter had for some time carried the pittance of food to his generous patron, and seen him, still pale and feeble from the effects of his wound, suffering for him privation of light, and liberty, and joy, that his stout heart gave way—he cast himself at the feet of the director, confessing and bewailing with bitter tears the wickedness of his heart, and expressing the resolution of leading a different life for the time to come. Such a fact needs no comment.—[Christian News.]

THE COUNT DE DIJON.

OF this eccentric but benevolent French nobleman the following anecdote is related:

One morning during the last winter, being at his country residence, he recollected that the lease of an inn called the Red Cross, about three leagues distant, had expired. The landlord was soliciting a renewal; but wishing to judge of the state of the premises, he set out on foot, although the weather was intensely cold, and the snow falling.

At some distance from his chateau he overtook a wagoner walking along by the side of his cart. Between pedestrians acquaintance is soon made; and it was not long before the count discovered that the man's name was Penot, his wife's name Marianne; and that he had five children, and as many horses; and that all he had to depend on for the support of his family and cattle was his errand-cart.

But all at once, while they were walking on in earnest conversation, the leading horse made a false step, fell down, and broke his leg. At this sight the wagoner cried out in despair, and began to use epithets which are not to be found in any vocabulary of polite conversation.

"You do wrong to utter such language, my friend," said his companion; "your conduct in this small misfortune is really sinful. How can you tell what may be the intentions of Providence towards you?"

"Will you hold your peace?" replied the wagoner. "I wish you were in my place, and that you were losing that fine horse instead of me. Do you know that he cost me twenty-five louis? Do you know how much twenty-five louis are? I am afraid not. What will my poor Marianne say? No, if God were just, He would never have permitted the horse of a poor man like me, with a large family, to have broken his leg."

"And I tell you again, my friend, that it is wrong to doubt the goodness of God, and for twenty-five miserable louis."

"You talk very much at your ease about twenty-five miserable louis, as if you knew anything at all about them. Did such a sum ever find its way into your pocket, I wonder? Oh my poor horse! Twenty-five louis are not to be found upon the highways."

"Well, I will give you the twenty-five louis; so compose yourself," said the count.

"Oh, you are making game of me into the bargain!" exclaimed the wagoner, throwing a contemptuous look at the well-worn brown surtout of his companion. "You will give them to me—you will steal them then, I suppose? Come, say no more about it, but lend a hand at unharnessing the poor beast. Marianne, poor Marianne! what will she say!"

The count readily did as he was desired, and gave all the assistance in his power; but this accident having caused considerable delay; they did not arrive until late at the Red Cross Inn.

"Can you give me a room and a bed?" said the count to the landlord.

The latter seeing a foot traveler, covered with snow, and without either a cloak or an umbrella, haughtily replied; "There is no room for you here; you must go elsewhere."

"But I should have to go a league further, which would not be very pleasant in frost and snow: let me have any place; I am not particular."

"I should think not, indeed," replied the hostess; "but our inn is not for every one that comes along. I admit none but respectable people—all wagoners; I will admit your companion, but not you."

"Allow me at least, madame, to share the supper and room of my companion."

"As to that, it is no concern of mine; you must settle it with him."

The count then turning to the wagoner, repeated his request.

"Well be it so. Come then, good woman, supper for two and a comfortable room."

When supper was over, they paid their reckoning, and retired to their apartments: the count then made some inquiries respecting the people of the house.

"I know," replied Penot, "they have well feathered their nest; this is the only inn in the district, and during the nine years they have kept it, they must have laid by a pretty sum. Oh, if my poor Marianne and I had such an inn, I should not grieve so much for the loss of my poor horse!"

"Well, if this house suits you, you shall have it."

"Why, how bravely you talk! First you say you will give me twenty-five louis, and then you say you will give me an inn. I cannot help laughing at the idea. However, take care; I tell you I won't be played upon."

"No play in the case. I tell you that if you like this house, I will give it to you," replied his companion.

"And I tell you again, that if you say another word, I will turn you out of the room," said the wagoner.

He seemed a likely person to do so, therefore the count said no more.

The next morning the count rose early, and repaired to his solicitor in the next town. After some conversation between him and the solicitor, the latter set off for the Red Cross.

On reaching the inn, he told the landlord that the count had arrived.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the landlady, "where is he? Why would he not honor us by putting up here?"

"He came here, but you refused to admit him," replied the attorney.

"That is not true; he never came here."

"Yes," said the attorney, "he came here last night in company with a wagoner. Where is this wagoner?"

"There he is," replied the landlady, pointing to a stout-looking man, who was eating his breakfast near the fire.

"My friend," said the attorney, addressing himself to the wagoner, "the person with whom you shared your room last night is the Count de Dijon. In the first place, here are the twenty-five louis he promised to give you for the loss of your horse that broke his leg; and in the next, here is a lease, which puts you in possession of this inn for nine years, on the same terms as your predecessor: but in order to repay you for your hospitality last night to a poor pedestrian, the count gives it to you rent free for the first three years. Will that suit you?"

"Oh, my poor Marianne—my five children! Oh, my good sir!" exclaimed the wagoner, letting the knife drop from his hands; "and I who said such rude things to that kind gentleman! Where is he, that I may go and throw myself at his feet?"

"He has returned to his chateau," replied the attorney.

WOMAN AT HOME.—To know what a person is, the common adage runs, we must live with them: people are what they are at home. Unconsciously, without the slightest wish to deceive, woman is not always in the excitement of public festivities the fair index of her natural character: or, if most at home there, woe betide the unlucky wight who is the partner of her dull hours of domestic privacy. No: the gayest girl at a party; the most clever, elegant, and witty; the observed of all observers; the source of infinite pleasure to others; is generally the last selected for a partner for life. There, in that brilliant constellation of the passing hour, is not the scene of woman's legitimate and truest triumphs. Where is it? The poet shall answer:

"Tis sweet to hear the honest watch-dog's bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we near our home;
'Tis sweeter still to know an eye will mark
Our coming, and grow brighter when we come."

It is for this preference for home as home, as containing when her husband is there all that her little world can wish or comprehend; it is for this that man cheerfully resigns to her the power she possesses in virtue of her undisputed sovereignty over his affections. Her brightening eye is the reward which the sole occupant of her heart and her thoughts thinks quite enough for any exertion or sacrifice he may be required to make; her silent affection is the mysterious power which has nerved man to the mightiest deeds that manhood ever achieved.

ORIGIN OF DANCING.—"In those happy regions where reigns a perpetual spring; where the sun sheds his rays softened by the breath of the wanton zephyrs, and the earth, covered with a constantly renewed verdure, offered to the eyes nothing but beds of flowers, trees teeming with delicious fruits, and fountains running with a gentle murmur; while the sweetest perfumes were borne upon the gale, and birds sent forth the most melodious notes; happy man elated with pleasure and enjoyment, celebrated in those fields of flowers and perfumes, his felicity with the partner of his existence. His voice became animated; speech was not sufficient to express the emotion she experienced; fugitive sounds vanished as soon as pronounced; indistinct accents could but ill express his lively sensations and impetuous transports. He kept up his voice; he prolonged his utterance; he raised it; he lowered it rapidly; sounds of joy mingled with his notes,—he sung! At the same time his action became animated; he yielded to the flame which inspired him. He rushed forward with joy and pleasure; and thus the first dance was formed. In order to lessen the fatigue attendant on the expression of his feelings, he rose up and let himself fall at equal intervals; his motions were measured, and maintained a certain degree of regularity; his singing commenced and finished with the dance that he accompanied; it was then regular; it was often repeated, and Melody received existence. Happy man then arranged it to words to express his joy in every possible manner, and Poetry beheld the day."

St. PETERSBURGH.—St. Petersburg lies at the junction of the Neva with the Lake Ladoga, in latitude 60; but the reader may have a better idea of its situation by being informed that it stands on both sides of the river Neva, between that lake and the bottom of the Finland Gulf. In the year 1703, this city consisted of a few small fishing huts, on a spot so waterish and swampy, that the ground was formed into nine islands, by which, according to Voltaire, its principal quarters are still divided. Without entering into too minute a description of this wonderful city, it is sufficient to say that it extends about six miles every way, and contains every structure for magnificence, the improvement of the arts, revenue, navigation, war, commerce, and the like that are to be found in the most celebrated cities in Europe. Being the emporium of Russia, the number of ships trading to it in the summer time is surprising. In winter, many thousand one horse sledges are employed for passengers in the streets. It contains five palaces, some of which are superb, particularly that which is called the New Palace, near the Triumphal Port, which is an elegant piece of architecture. All the neighborhood of this city is covered with country houses and gardens.

INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.—The influence of woman as surely follows her presence as shade is inseparable from sunshine. And that silent power has this peculiarity, that it is ever operating for good. In our public assemblies, in our convivial meetings, when the heart and tongue are apt in unbridled license to betray the more violent contentions or sensual emotions of unrestrained nature, let woman but appear or condescend to grace our festivities unobtrusively by her presence, and instantly is soothed every angry expression—the angel of purity chases away even a ribald thought from manly bosoms: then it is that the lords of the creation estimate themselves most truly; and when, by gallantry that is most delicate, and assiduities that mingle genuine politeness with unaffected good breeding, they can emulate each other in the demonstration of all that is pure in feelings, talented in intellect, rational in apprehension, manly in disposition, knowing full well that there are eyes that will mark and gentle hearts that will reward them by their affection and their preference.

MOTHER!—How sweet is the recollection in after years of a mother's tender training! It were well that to a mother this duty should be confided, if it were only for the delicious pleasure of musing upon it after many long years of struggle with the cold realities of life. Who is there that finds no relief in recurring to the scenes of his infancy and youth, gilded with the recollection of a mother's love and a mother's tenderness? And how many have nobly owned that to the salutary influence then exerted they must affectionately ascribe their future successes, their avoidance of evil when no eye was upon them, but when rested on the heart, the warnings, the prayers, and tears of a mother?

DON'T GRUMBLE.—He is a fool that grumbles at every little mischance. Put the best foot forward, is an old and good maxim. Don't run about, and tell acquaintances that you have been unfortunate. People do not like to have unfortunate men for acquaintances. Add to a vigorous determination a cheerful spirit; if reverses come, bear them like a philosopher, and get rid of them as soon as you can. Poverty is like a panther—look it steadily in the face, and it will turn from you.

A SMILE.—Who can tell the value of a smile? It costs the giver nothing, but is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice—subdues temper—turns hatred to love—revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest path with gems of sun-light. A smile on the brow betrays a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a dutiful son, a happy husband. It adds a charm to beauty, it decorates the face of the deformed, and makes lovely woman resemble an angel of paradise.

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