

# THE UNIVERCELM

AND

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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

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### The Principles of Nature.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM.

#### THE WANTS OF THE AGE.

WHAT our age demands as *positive* and *practical* remedies for existing Social Evils—is efficient means for improving the condition of Mankind. The hungry must be fed; the naked must be clothed; the ignorant must be educated; the homeless must be sheltered; the toil-worn masses must be freed from poverty and pecuniary dependence; and the slave must be liberated from his chains. These and other things must be done for the suffering and disinherited portions of our fellow-creatures. But while we labor for them, we must labor for other classes in society—for the rich, for whom nearly as much is to be accomplished. Without mental pleasures of a high order, without noble aims, without much elevation of heart; devoured often by ennui, monotony and lassitude; they plunge into material pleasures of all kinds—often of the coarsest and most pernicious character. Society opens to them very few—in fact, scarcely any spheres of spiritual activity and enjoyment, but wide spheres in material pleasures, from the gambling table and the bowl to every variety of debauchery; and they have the means—the wealth—which enable them to engage in the latter; whereas, they possess, with rare exceptions, neither the culture of the mind nor the heart that would enable them to enter into, and enjoy, the former.

Thus the two great extremes of society call for improvement—for education; and this demonstrates to us that the whole of humanity, without regard to wealth, position, race or nationality, must be redeemed from the social degradation that now curses the world. This is our aim; this our hope—and it is our faith that it can and will be accomplished. Who can doubt, for a moment, that God has not reserved for mankind a higher destiny on earth!—a condition far above the present!

When we see the great majority of our fellow beings bent under the burthen of oppressive and degrading toil and poverty; when we see a minority engaged in defrauding, spoliating and enslaving their destitute and helpless fellow creatures; when we behold the discord and commotions in society, from wars and revolutions to that fierce, selfish and heartless strife, which prevails almost universally, under the name of *free competition*, and which is nothing, in truth, but the most anarchical license in trade and industry, a real *industrial warfare*; when we consider the utter uncertainty in all human affairs—the reverses, unforeseen ruin, hopes blasted, wearing anxieties in the business world; when we see servitude, ignorance, degradation and vice, and crimes of one kind, afflicting a greater portion of the race, and folly, selfishness, extravagance, and vices and crimes of another kind, which disgrace the so-called higher classes—when we look upon all this, and a hundred fold more evils of society, which we cannot even refer to here, it is surely impossible to think, for a moment, that this state of things is the *DESTINY OF MAN!* the destiny marked out for him by the All-wise Power that created the planet, and placed Humanity upon it! The moment we ask the question, we feel the conviction that a higher and happier destiny is reserved for mankind, and

that great improvements are possible in the condition of all classes of society.

Here, then, are both our faith and our aim. Our faith is a High Destiny for Mankind, our aim the progressive improvement of the condition of all classes in society, jointly and simultaneously. But to accomplish this great work, *positive* and *practical* means are required. The superficial and impotent political reforms, heretofore put in operation, can produce no permanent benefit; this our experience, a hundred fold repeated, demonstrates, beyond a doubt, to those who are not blinded by their interests or prejudices.

Of what great use, for example, are all our political nostrums, and superficial schemes, generated by a thousand low and selfish motives, and consummated in fraud and ignorance? Our national Congress once refused the Hall in the Capitol for Fulton to lecture in, alledging, as an excuse, that he wished to discourse upon a visionary subject. Has not Fulton's magnificent discovery done more to develop the wealth and resources of the country, than all the controversies that have taken place in that hall since, and all the measures the different political parties have ever devised and carried out? Here is an example of a positive measure of improvement, of real use to mankind.

Again, of what *practical* and *positive* utility are all the abstract precepts of moralists, which issue so perpetually from the pulpit and the press? True, it may be said that they prevent a vast amount of evil, that they stay the career of unholiness, and are a conservative principle in purity, without which we should go to ruin. Granted that they do this, let us ask whether so powerful an organization as the Church should be content to act *negatively* to arrest only some part of the evil, instead of acting *positively*, to destroy the causes of evil? How can the Church expect that when the whole of society, its commerce, labor, finance, &c. are organized and conducted on principles *adverse* to Christianity, where the most corrupt selfishness, and most heartless strife are general and man presses upon his fellow-man, instead of loving his neighbor as himself; when people are forced to practice cunning, and stratagem six days out of the seven, or sink into the lower classes to toil in wretchedness, beg or starve; how can the Church expect, we say, that truth and justice can be practiced by men, the love of God and the neighbor warm their hearts, and good reign supreme in the world?

The Church and the Government are the two great agents to which the world has looked for spiritual and temporal progress and improvement, and the moral and physical elevation of men. Have they done and are they doing their mission fully and faithfully? The past and present condition of mankind, the flood of misery and wrong which overwhelms Christendom, answer no!

Where is the good to come from? what are the instrumentalities which are to secure the social elevation of mankind, and the reign of social happiness on earth? We believe that the various reform measures which are now agitating society, are the beginning of the grand Movement destined to accomplish this great work; they are the agencies in a transitional state, accompanied by many of the imperfections which belong to all beginnings and transitions. They contain the spirit that has not yet



shaped itself, the germs of improvement, which will ultimate in plans of universal practical reform, and are deeply significant of the coming change in the world which shall fulfil all our hopes.

The conviction of the necessity of a social reform, and the grand idea of a better order of society upon earth, are spreading rapidly among men. They see that imperfect civilization is a social purgatory, and cannot be the order designed by God as the destiny of man.

The humanitarian benevolence which prompts to labor for the elevation and happiness of the race, is springing up also in the hearts of numbers. Let this conviction and this sentiment spread through society, and take hold of the liberal and elevated minds, and a mighty social transformation will be the inevitable result. The various reforms now agitating society, and which are but branches of the same trunk and are the first results of this new faith. Science and experience are wanting to a greater or less extent to guide them, but they will follow in due time, and when once gained, they will enable the pioneers in this great work to direct it to a triumphant success.

Labor is the only source of wealth, and to a great extent of the health and longevity of man. It is Labor which fertilizes the earth, and transforms the wild forests, and uncultivated prairies into fruitful fields; it is Labor which builds our cities, constructs our fleets, our roads, our means of conveyance; which manufactures our clothing, furnishes our dwellings, and produces our food; in short, which creates all objects of use or luxury. Without Labor, man is a poor and helpless creature, the slave of his physical wants and the elements. With Labor, he is a powerful being, controlling the physical powers of the earth, the climate and the elements, as well as the creations below him.

Thus Labor is the source of all wealth, of man's material happiness, of his power, and of health. It is the means by which he fulfills his destiny of OVERSEER of the globe, and is the foundation of his greatness.

Prosecuted falsely, and incoherently as it now is, Labor is for those who are forced to exercise it, a scourge instead of a blessing. It sinks the laboring classes who compose the majority of mankind into poverty, and by subjecting the body to physical toil, and depriving the mind of culture and expansion, degrades and brutalizes them. Repelling the rich by the poverty and contempt which are its reward, it leaves them a prey to idleness, to debility and disease. Thus Labor, under its present organization, is a curse to the two extremes of society, to the rich and the poor, to those who exercise it and to those who do not. In a word, the present system of Labor is the cause of the two fundamental evils of the social world—Poverty and Ignorance.

Poverty and Ignorance are the parents of nearly all the miseries that afflict mankind. Prolific monsters, they curse the world with a thousand vices, and a thousand crimes. Poverty enslaves the body, renders the higher powers of the mind subservient to mere physical wants, generates selfishness, and subjects man to the dominion of materialism, and makes the great majority of human beings what we now see them, poor groveling laborers on the one hand, or cheats and defrauders of labor, such as the traffickers of our time, the pettifoggers, the quacks, and hypocrites of all professions. Ignorance enslaves the mind, stupifies it, closes it against the divine light which should flow into it, substitutes folly in the place of wisdom, makes it a prey to superstition and prejudice, and robs it of all independent action, and of all power to help itself.

If the present repugnant and unnatural system of Labor entails so many evils upon Man, it entails equally as many upon the kingdoms of Nature below him and upon the earth itself. The globe is uncultivated or miscultivated; immense regions are deserted and neglected; vast marshes, steppes, and burning deserts cover its surface, deranging the whole climate of the

earth, producing excesses and fluctuations in the temperature and the seasons, and engendering miasmatic exhalations and pestilential winds.

When we reflect upon the immense importance of Labor to Man and in the economy of Nature, we see the necessity of a great INDUSTRIAL REFORM, and of giving to Labor a new and a true ORGANIZATION. In fact, we will say that without an *Industrial Reform*, no great and truly valuable reforms are possible in any other sphere of Society. Labor is the foundation of the social structure, and so long as the foundation is false and rotten, we cannot have a true and beautiful superstructure.

Let us point out a few reforms, which cannot be effected so long as Labor remains in its present repugnant and degrading state; it will serve to call attention to the necessity of a radical Industrial Reform.

It will be impossible to do away effectually with Servitude; we may break the chains of the slave and give him a nominal freedom, but he must come under the yoke of a new servitude—the servitude to Capital. We have only to observe the condition of the poor slaves of Capital, in all nations, where a thick population exists, to be convinced that a frightful bondage crushes the poor toiler, although nominally free, and that the liberty he possesses is a hollow thing. He possesses, for example, the liberty to toil for sixteen hours a day at a repulsive and monotonous round of labor, receiving just enough wages to keep body and soul together, harassed by killing anxieties, for fear that he shall lose even this poor toil, and be left to die, in sickness or old age, in a poor-house or hospital. In demanding liberty for the Laborer, should we not demand a higher liberty than this?

There can be no elevation of the Slave, the Serf, the Hireling to a condition of true freedom and independence, to a condition worthy of rational beings, without an Industrial Reform, and the Organization of Labor upon a true and natural basis.

It will be found impossible to establish a pure religion on earth; to clear the existing systems of the many imperfections and absurdities that characterize them; to free the minds of men from the bondage of superstition, or groveling beliefs, so long as poverty and ignorance degrade mankind physically and morally. How can a pure and elevated religious sentiment be developed in the minds of miserable and degraded laborers on the one hand, who are seeking only for a crust of bread, and whose whole thought is upon it; or in the minds of men, on the other hand, who are intent only on defrauding, cheating, and plundering the producing classes by the thousand vile tricks of commerce, finance, monopoly, usury, &c., in order to obtain the products of labor without the trouble and the dishonor of engaging in it?

It will be impossible to correct the oppressions of Monopoly, the tricks and frauds of Trade, the extortions of Capital, the injustice of Employers and Masters, so long as a repugnant and dishonorable system of Labor induces, and even forces, men to resort to all those means to obtain wealth, and escape, at the same time, the burthen of producing it. Labor must be dignified and rendered attractive, in order to induce *all men* to engage voluntarily in its pursuits, and thus create honestly by their own efforts the objects necessary to their wants and comforts.

It will be found impossible to elevate the condition of Woman, to render her pecuniarily independent, the mistress of herself and her affections, so long as no congenial sphere of action is opened to her in the great field of Industry, so long as she cannot earn honorably *her own* livelihood by *her own* efforts, and thus free herself from all pecuniary dependence on man. The question of woman's independence and elevation—on which depends the purity of the love relations in society, and consequently purity in the whole family sphere—can only be met and solved by an industrial reform, which shall secure to her congenial and noble spheres of activity, pecuniary independence, and, as a consequence, an entire enfranchisement from the dicta-



tion and laws of the male sex—which should govern him in politics and industry, but not in marriage and the family.

It is useless to multiply examples; these few are sufficient to show us that the *subject of Labor* lies at the foundation of all social questions, and that this Reform must be undertaken and achieved to secure the triumph of all other reforms.

It will be asked: how is this reform to be commenced and carried out? We will not enter upon this important subject at present. Let the reader reflect upon the *necessity* of the Reform; let him see and feel that it is the *fundamental condition* of all Social Progress, and improvement in the condition of mankind, and when he is convinced of the grandeur and importance of what now appears so humble a measure, he will seek earnestly for a solution, and be fully prepared to receive and appreciate it.

### HINTS TO REFORMERS.

THE incoming of the present century is marked by the introduction of a new spirit into Christendom—the spirit of reform. Not that there had been no previous progression of the race; but the advance was not so obvious. It was like the gradual and peaceful rise of the ocean, caused by the universal upheaving of the strata below. But at the beginning of the current century, the era of agitation began. At first, the change was not so perceptible. Agitation moved upon the surface of society, like the faint ripple of the wave in the van of the storm. By the careless observer, this omen was little heeded. It was overlooked as one of those unaccountable phenomena which needed no explanation. The clouds, it was true, hung in gloomy darkness upon the horizon. The “pent-up winds” panted like reined coursers for the track. But, as the storm had been gathering for ages, the spectator could perceive no change in the destiny of the cloud, and of course anticipated not the whirlwind. But agitation followed agitation, wave impinged wave, until the whole surface of the great deep now wreathes under the giant tread of the storm. When the agitation will cease, few pretend to know—certainly not until the elements are purified. Then we may look for a clear sky and tranquil sea.

This agitation has not continued thus long without adding something to the experience of the age. The friends of reform have wrought nobly during the last half century; but it is not to be imagined that they have meanwhile made no blunders. But for some difficulties of their own creation, it may be that the world would have given them a more favorable reception. I am not, however, one of those who feel it to be their bounden duty to censure others for follies that are past, and therefore irrevocable. Indeed, it is problematical whether the world has not, after all, trudged on as rapidly as was advisable. It is believed that Providence, in the main, takes care of herself. Providence, brooding as she does upon the moral world as well as the physical, does not neglect the general administration of her government. But it may not be inexpedient to determine how far a change of measures is called for by the present crisis. If the diseased world has been under a course of medical treatment, it is possible that the time has come for a change of medicinal measures. A few hints, therefore, from one who has not been a careless observer of the times, may not be unacceptable. And if frequent recurrence to the past be found to be unavoidable, it will not be in the spirit of censure; but it will be because experience furnishes us with the scrap-book which contains the quantum of knowledge belonging at present to mankind. The measures of reformers have been, to a great extent, experimental. This could not be avoided. But, as the results of these experiments lie in part before us, we can see—what we might have anticipated—that only a few have been successful. Some have been partially so; others have been total failures.

It would be well to consider, whether the affectation of austerity qualifies any man for more efficient labor in the field of reform. That gloomy, puritanic mein, it is believed, is the mask which hides from public gaze many a warm, cheerful, hopeful spirit. But it may be questioned, whether it adds any-

thing to its owner's power to do good. It certainly contributes nothing to “prepare his way” among the people. It cannot be denied, that gloominess or austerity is an indication of a morbid mind; and, to a sound, healthy spirit, is not, to say the least of it, very attractive. Why it should be worn, then, is a problem. As I am disposed to “look upon the bright side of every thing,” I shall not censure this very foolish singularity characteristic of some reformers, but shall try to account for it.

In doing so, I am led to consider it as nothing more than another instance of that pardonable weakness so prevalent in this age—an apish imitation of the ancients. Our fathers, no doubt, thought and acted as well as they could under the circumstances; but all are not prepared to believe that they were infallible. Their estimate of goodness has been transmitted to our own times. Not that our fathers, any more than their children, made a profession of superior goodness, as a general thing; but they had their good men, of whom, as they believed, “the world was not worthy.” The accredited evidences of superior piety were not very dissimilar to those which have been obtained in our own day. As the world was supposed to be the battleground between good and evil powers—where both parties had declared “martial law”—it was not held in very high esteem by its inhabitants. At least, this was the case with those who called themselves the allies of heaven. The earth they consigned to the evil one, whom they denominated the “god of this world!” It was not unnatural, therefore, that the friends of heaven should abhor their present abode, dismembered, as it was, through the agency of belligerent powers, from Jehovah's realm. This led them to consider an expression of contempt for the world as a declaration in favor of heaven. The cheerful countenance indicated the partisan of Satan. The man smiled, and was happy, because the powers of the country were friendly to him. As for themselves, they were exiles from home; and a cheerfulness, which would seem expressive of contentment, would have been deemed by them a renunciation of their allegiance to God. Their sorrowful and wo-begone countenances said to each other, in a language which could not be mistaken—“I am a stranger and a pilgrim in a strange land.” The austere, iron visage, or the contemptuous, sarcastic smile, reminded the beholder that its wearer was standing sentinel on the outposts of Israel's host. It was not uncommon, in those days, to see the sudden transformation of a worn-out debauchee into a saint. Becoming surfeited with the excess of indulgence, the old man, who yesterday drained the cup of enjoyment to the dregs, to-day looks austere and morose, speaks sarcastically of this life, and thus establishes a reputation for piety. His moralizings are handed down to posterity as the effusions of inspiration. “Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity.” The author of the sentiment just quoted, furnishes an apt illustration—being placed, from his prominent position, at the head of a certain class of converts.

Austerity, moroseness, and contempt for the world, being esteemed the outward manifestations of piety, they who would excel in virtue, endeavored to surpass in the above-mentioned graces. So superlative was the disgust which some entertained of the world, that they retired to caves, to the forsaken dens of wild beasts, and to desert and solitary places. When they displayed themselves to their countrymen—which was seldom—they were looked upon with an awe and reverence little short of adoration. Those who were less ambitious of religious notoriety, contented themselves by remaining in the cities, and indicated their piety by those acts of austerity and unmeaning self-denial, so well described by Jesus.

Thus has it come to pass, that a confession of the “vanity of the world” is considered one of the first steps toward a religious life. An austere and rigid demeanor is believed to be a necessary concomitant of deep piety. That this sentiment, obtaining so generally, should have had some influence upon reformers, is not at all surprising. It would be strange, if it had not. Presenting themselves, as they did, to the world as promulgators of reform, it was not unnatural, that, to meet the anticipation of the public, they should have affected an austerity which they did not feel, and practiced a self-denial for which they could give no sufficient reason.



This may have been all well enough in its place. This severity and moroseness of deportment may have been a harmless device, necessary for commanding public respect. But it is worth the while to determine whether the period has not arrived when such a mask may be dispensed with, without injury to either party. It is admitted that the Baptist was, probably, in his day, a more noted person, on account of the wild, uncouth appearance which he made. But it is not so clear, that one who might imitate him, never so successfully, would be so well received by the present generation.

The principal assignable cause for this change, is the progression of the race. Those things which once astonished or amused mankind, are now laid aside, like the gewgaws of childhood. The magic wand of science has wrought more wonders than Aaron's rod. It has converted this Golgotha of a world into a not uncomfortable abode. Life was once a "span"—it is now discovered to be some sixty or seventy years. And as we are compelled to pass that time in this world, and as this life, being the initial state, is not the least important period of our existence, it is now revealed to us, that the Deity has spared no pains in rendering our residence here pleasant and agreeable. It is strange that mankind should ever have thought otherwise. Believing, as they did, that our Father was preparing mansions in heaven where downy repose awaited them, the original cause of those unworthy opinions which they entertained with regard to this world—the cradle of our childhood—is not so obvious. Irrational would that father be, who should labor to prepare ease and luxury for the grown-up man, and meanwhile expose him in his helpless infancy upon the bare rocks, in reach of the vulture's beak and the viper's fang. Yet such a father was the God of the ancients.

On the whole, the world begins to wear a cheerful, May-morning smile. Young is she—like the race—with something of a child's freaks and whims. But she has nothing of that sour, morose severity, which some have been pleased to attribute to her. The misty gloom which covered her during the morn of her existence, is rolling away before the sunlight of science. Those frightful appearances, which were sources of so much terror to the inexperienced inhabitants, are now seen to be either airy phantasmas, or lawful subjects of the land. Death, who stood half unseen upon the horizon of life, and seemed to draw, like the maelstrom, each unwary voyager into his devouring grasp, has now turned out to be the friendly usher-master of paradise. On no pillar or door-post of this mundane abode, is any record of its Architect's displeasure legible.

As a consequence of all this, a brisk cheerfulness is becoming the order of the day. An occasional somber, wo-begone countenance may be seen passing along with measured step—an impressive souvenir of the progress of the age. Not a few, however, are beginning to learn that the path of duty is not a cypress walk, bedewed by the tears of saints or angels. It may be unpleasant enough to force our way through the tangled foot-paths which tradition has "blazed out" for the traveler; but the graduated highway of natural order, margined as it is by an endless variety of prospective beauty, inspires neither gloom nor ennui. True piety is not the veiled nun, counting her beads amid the damps of a cloister. She is the ruddy, country maid, with a voice ringing out the rich musical tones of gushing joy and good humor. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Might it not be well for some reformers to note the change which is passing over the face of society? Reform has been associated with austerity and fanaticism. This ought not to be. But may it not be possible that reformers have contributed something to this mistake? Would it be inadvisable to pay a decent regard to manners, dress, and personal appearance in general, so as to insure a welcome reception in society? Is there any law which prohibits the herald of good news from wearing a cheerful air and agreeable costume? Is it necessary that his severity or eccentricity of manners should be such as to excite ridicule or disgust? We may have all the gravity of an owl—and command as much respect. Is it not questionable, whether an uncouth appearance is an infallible indication of either piety or genius? The plain, solemn "gray" is not unfrequently worn

by the goose; and the long, shaggy beard has been successfully imitated by the goat.

God is not so indifferent about the presentation made of himself to the world. The manifestations of himself in nature, are attractive in the extreme. The glorious sun, the less emulous moon, the emerald earth, and the starry vault of heaven, show no marks of boorishness, or negligence of dress. The rose and the lily bespeak a due regard to etiquette and personal appearance. Music, dancing, painting, and all the fine arts, are taught in the school of nature. It is not no obvious, therefore, wherein lies the deep criminality of those who practice them—unless it be in the fact that they are blasphemously emulating the skill of the Divine Workman.

It is not one of the least encouraging "signs of the times," that the grim visage of reform is relaxing into a smile—awkward, it may be, but far better than the eternal sadness and gloom which has so long repelled the beholder. This last, we are bound to believe, was only a mask worn for a useful purpose. It is not creditable, that reform was ever that sour, disagreeable old maid which she has affected to be. It is only to be regretted that some of her votaries have worn the mask so long, that the assumed character has absorbed the original which it was designed to cover.

There is another characteristic of some reformers, closely allied in its nature to the one just discussed. It is a peculiar rigidity of bearing, amounting to a resolve to have every thing done in their own way, or not done at all. The usual apology offered for it, is made in such expressions as these: "No compromise with evil"—"Do right, if the heavens fall." Not that they apprehend that any disaster, so terrible as the disappearance of the "shining host," would follow the accomplishment of their own purposes. Not that they believe they could stay the course of nature, if they were inclined to do so. They mean, however, that they are firmly persuaded their own is the best measure proposed; and if their co-operation is desired, their wishes, in this regard, must be fully met. Here let not the reader suppose any of those, to whom reference is made, to be so unwise as to believe their own measure the only possible one which could be propounded. On the contrary, it is admitted that a score of others may equally accomplish the desired end. But, as it is their fixed belief, that, for the performance of any action, there is but one right way—all others being wrong—and as they wish to avoid every "sin of omission or commission"—therefore, their own measure must be acceded to, or their proffered co-operation is withdrawn.

There are those who have imagined that they discovered in this extreme scrupulousness, oftentimes, nothing more than the mask for a constitutional obstinacy. Such surmises, however, are gratuitous, and evidently unjust—the accused, in the present instance, being "all honorable men." If their position be untenable, let the evidence of the fact be presented, and they will forsake it with the same conscientious firmness that prompted them to assume it.

Their mistake—if they are mistaken—may be very naturally accounted for. It is a received opinion, that there is a wide difference—an impassable gulf—between the material and spiritual, the physical and moral; so that what can be predicted of the one, can seldom be affirmed of the other. This has been believed so generally and so long, that few question its truth. The moral is invested with a sanctity which, it is supposed, in no wise attaches itself to the merely temporal and physical. In the latter, men are free to choose among a variety of expedients. If a railroad is to be projected across the country, few would be so conscientious as to imagine that the act of running it any other route but the one agreed upon, would be essentially wrong and sinful.

Thus, in the physical universe, there is an acknowledged probability permitting the use of any expedients in which no personal injury is involved. In this field, therefore, unanimity and co-operative action is not uncommon. But the same can, by no means, be said of things which are supposed to belong exclusively to the moral world. Here the relation between cause and effect is altogether lost sight of. Seldom are the accidental and essential circumstances carefully separated, and classified pro-



perly. Nothing of that versatility, belonging to the material universe, is recognized here. The different modes of baptism, the various attitudes assumed in divine worship, are suggested as familiar illustrations.

It cannot be denied that in the moral world there are certain great principles demanding unconditional obedience. But these principles exist as the offspring of law and order—consequently, in our adherence to them, there is the same variety of alternatives that apply to material laws. The laws of health may require of me to keep my body well clothed during the winter months; but I am not yet satisfied that they prescribe the form, fashion, or color of my dress. Moral law may demand of me adoration of my Creator, and yet be silent about those unessential circumstances attending my mode of rendering it. There may be no absolute connection between the posture of my body, or the words that I use, and that act of the mind which has been denominated prayer.

The sentiment passes current, that sectarianism is the palladium of religion. The strife consequent upon the existence of opposing churches, is said to exert a wholesome stimulus on the contending parties. Not that "they worship God for spite;" but that each sect—Argus-eyed—guards its neighbors against any accidental dereliction from duty. As a corollary of the foregoing, it is stated that the increasing number of dissenters is one of the most favorable omens of the day. In time past, for want of such a stimulus as the aforesaid, which might have "stirred up their pure minds by way of remembrance," the churches have often fallen asleep, and become an easy prey to the adversary. It is now suggested that no such calamity need be apprehended in future.

Discord may be the mother of piety; but it is not yet certain that she is so closely related to strength and efficiency. Christians may feel all the more pleasant to find, upon meeting in heaven, that they differed about nothing; that in fact they were all agreed, their quarrels being on a par with the blustering bravadoes of childhood. But, however amusing and agreeable their surprise, it may be doubted whether it would not have been better for the world, if they had labored together peaceably in their master's vineyard. An occasional discord may heighten the effect of music; but experience has not yet taught us that it adds anything to the harmony or usefulness of a brotherhood.

Law, after all, is the great peace-maker. To that is made the final appeal. Its decisions, when known, silence all further dispute. No allusion, however, is here made to the conventional laws of society or government—laws which appear and vanish with the changing seasons. Those alone are meant, which are written on the frontispiece of nature—the record of which is as imperishable as the footprints in adamant of a passing God. An acquired knowledge of these laws has already removed many points of controversy. An unreasonable obstinacy is now seldom met with in the fields of science. Philosophers are at present generally agreed upon the right "reading of the manuscript" of Jehovah—at least, that part of it which has been submitted to them for examination. When the spiritual laws are made known—and Christians become philosophers—the days of discord may be considered as "numbered." (Herald of Truth.)

### TRUTH.

WE know of nothing higher than truth; we receive truth on no authority but truth itself: with us its acceptance does not depend upon the vote of the majority, nor its validity upon the seal of the Church. We are willing to entertain truth on its own merits.

S. B. B.

### CHARITY.

WHEN you hear the bigot boast of his partial faith, the sectarian of his selfish hope, and the enthusiast of his blind zeal, remember that greater than all these, is that Charity which "doth not behave itself unseemly."

S. B. B.

INFIDEL—An elastic word; any one who does not bow to the popular standard of opinion.—[Vocabulary of Sectarianism.]

## Voices from the Mountain.

### THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM,

BY A. J. DAVIS.

He whose understanding is opened, and whose spiritual perceptions are enlarged by interior and truthful influences, will deeply appreciate, and gladly acknowledge, his membership of the human family. The uneducated mind only will venture to question his fraternal relationship to his species. It is the undeveloped intellect alone that views creation as chaos, discovers incongruities in Nature, and doubts the universal fraternity of men. But it is a mighty conviction—one which the unfolded mind alone can realize—that we are members of a vast brotherhood, composed of an inconceivable variety of parts; that the present sphere of existence is an aggregation of Matter and Spirit, represented and embodied in forms almost innumerable; that each of these have unmeasured capabilities, inclinations, wants, duties, missions, and eternal ends to accomplish; and that they were made by, are laboring for, and progressing toward, an Eternal Essence—our Heavenly Father!

Yet, such is man; and the expanded intellect which can perceive this truth, will readily believe that the Omnipotent Mind instituted Eternal Laws, and that it was by their unlimited and unchangeable operations, that the Universe of Matter was subdued; that innumerable worlds were rolled forth; that their granite materials were refined, and all necessary preparations were made for the introduction of man into an individualized existence. On our earth, as upon other earths, these preparations were vast and numerous. By the perfect and incessant operations of Divine Will, which constitute the immutable Laws of the Universe, the Material World was measured, its form completed, its position determined, its movements regulated, and its path-way around the material sun was marked with precision. All things were wisely arranged. The mountain and the valley had their fixed locations, the streams their course, the lakes their beds, the ocean its restless tides, and the elements performed their mighty mission. Now plants and animals unfolded themselves upon the plains, and by the ocean's side. Before the introduction of man, the earth was peopled with living forms prophesying of, and heralding his approach; for they needed him to fulfil the use and balance the scale of their existence.

But the period of man's advent arrived: the process of gestation, for which thousands of ages were required and consumed, was completed, and man was born into being. In mind and experience he was an infant, in inclination a youth, in stature a giant, and in emulation a man! At first, situated amid objects and scenes quite unfamiliar, and experiencing a consciousness of want arising from the natural requirements of his being, man moved among plants, animals, and his kind, to supply them, and went astray. But, taught by experience and impelled by necessity, he learned henceforth to distinguish pain from pleasure, good from evil, and became measurably educated in the science of life. He also determined to learn the simple philosophy of human happiness. Now a ray of varied beauties and divine truth darted along the horizon of his dawning intellect, and he caught the promise of a SAVIOUR—one who would save him from social and moral evil—one who would be the Saviour of the world. He perceived the truth, but did not fully comprehend it.

All conditions being favorable, man multiplied his kind, and the earth became populated. Families formed hordes, these clans, these nations, and these the world, even as it is at this day. The increase and development brought great diversity; but it was steady and constantly progressive. It is exemplified by the manner in which families form communities, these towns, these counties, these states, and these nations; for these are the progressive divisions and subdivisions of the human race. Now we who think, and feel, and act, in the present glorious era, and who stand upon the summit of the ages gone by, are included in this world of mind and matter, by the all-encircling chain of Divine Sympathy. Once appreciate this truth, and our thoughts



will scan the world, our affections embrace all good, our desires be modified by those which others have, and our sympathies will radiate in every direction. It will make us sensible of the privileges of our existence, and teach us the use thereof.

But then we are individual members of a vast, wide-spread, and disunited family, in the circle of which exist great evils and manifest unrighteousness. As individuals, men are not unrighteous; but it is the improper relative positions occupied by the various members of the universal family, that generate evil, and give rise to the vast inequalities of human development and character. But there is evil every where—not absolute, but relative; and by the contrast of the good we have, the evil is made conspicuous and absolutely hideous.

In all ages, reflecting minds have said and written much concerning evil, its nature and origin, and almost every one has suggested means for, or enthusiastically prophesied its ultimate destruction. Among the intelligent and purely enlightened, the final triumph of good and truth over sin and unrighteousness, is a firmly fixed conviction. But the *means* by which this glorious triumph is to be achieved, are questions of universal comment and dissension.

There is no disguising the fact that the world abounds in wickedness. The evils are social and moral. Socially we have improper conjugal attachments, which lie at the basis of vast evils. The marrying of men and females with heterogeneous temperaments and dispositions, generates imperfect constitutions and consequent unhappiness. We have commercial speculations ranging over a wide field of general interests, from the exchange of soil-rights, (which in truth, are not rights) and the withholding of sustenance for personal ends, from the indigent and suffering, to the purchasing, and selling, and servitude of human beings. In the moral world, which comprehends the social, we perceive vices of every shade and magnitude. The sanguinary dispatchment of sanguinary offenders; a recognition of the principle—"an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth;" the unbrotherly treatment of those, who, by accident of birth or the unfortunate circumstances of life, are the victims of evil influences; the exceedingly superficial measures adopted by the rulers and chief magistrates of nations, to do away with existing evils; the aiming at their effects and not their causes; and the imperfection of our judicial proceedings, which confessing an allegiance to the dominant theology, most effectually enslave the people—are among the evils from which the world should be freed. Theologians know too little of man, his capabilities, his tendencies, and his mission, to exert a reformatory and righteous influence upon him. By them his crimes are magnified, and his punishments are made disproportionate and unnatural. They treat him, as did the Medes and Persians, the barbarians and patriarchs, by arbitrary laws considered all divine, and which consequently admit of no mitigation.

It is plain, therefore, that there are numerous and immense evils existing among men. The contrast, however, between the history of previous ages and the actual condition of the present, is distinctly obvious and startling; and it testifies of progress, and inspires the reformer with courage and hope. But without a Saviour, these evils can never be extirpated from the earth: this is my settled conviction. To some minds it may appear inconsistent, but nevertheless I am impressed to openly acknowledge my belief in the existence of a Saviour; whose divine and directing power, has shone brighter and brighter through the thoughts and deeds of men on their upward way ever since the first man lived. I believe that he existed before the world was made; that he was, and is, coessential and coeternal with the Father; that he is an incarnated essence, possessing in a finite degree the attributes of the Infinite. I believe that he was promised, or rather that his presence and spiritual influence were indicated, in the morning period of human existence—in the infant or Eden stage, when *reason* awoke from the long night of creation, and declared its might and power.

When I gaze abroad, over the inharmoniously situated multitudes that people the earth, and perceive the vast amount of ignorance, war, slavery and suffering that exists, then my belief in this Saviour is the *only* source of hope and consolation. Then I feel that although I can not render my suffering brethren ex-

ternal assistance, I can preach the gospel of ultimate amelioration from error and discord, and reconcile them to their temporary afflictions.

It is the prevailing belief in Christendom, that the Father of Spirits predestined a Saviour for our earth, that he came, and that through his instrumentality it is rendered possible for all men to be saved with an everlasting salvation. This is a clear statement of my intuitive belief—a belief justified by reason and sound philosophy. But the glorious Saviour of which I speak, is only known by the good and intelligent, who dearly love his precepts and principles, and devoutly practice them; but the uneducated and prejudiced are skeptical concerning his ability to save and elevate. These want, or think that mankind require, something more potent—something special and supernatural, to refine their sensibilities and lead them from error and discord, into harmony and happiness. But the Saviour's superior influence, when it gains an expression—his beautiful deeds and unequalled spirituality, elicit, even from the ignorant and faithless, respect, admiration and praise. His saving power and noble spirit are manifested in the simplest invention of art, and in the awakening and reformatory movements of the age. I know that his spirit is immanent in man. In every exertion which men make to banish evil and discord from the earth—to do away with unrighteousness, and advance the general interests of mankind, I can perceive his presence and power; for such are the works which he came to perform on the earth. I believe that, by him and through him exclusively, will men escape the evils of social disunity, and be refined and elevated into spiritual communion with higher and holier truths; that, by the sphere of attraction constantly emanating from his interior presence, will man be brought into immediate conjunction with the high, the pure, and the beautiful of the inner existence.

Heretofore, men have reposed confidence in the saving and preserving power of individual men, like themselves, and in images of men, which misguided minds have deified, and afterward worshiped; but it is not so with the spiritually-enlightened, that is with those who turn within to find the righteous and the beautiful; for these intuitively know who *can*, and *will*, save the people from ignorance, error, sin and discord.

There are many, very many, evils from which we need salvation. We need to be saved from physical disease, from war, famine, pestilence, indigence, servitude, injustice, prejudice and uncharitableness. We need to be saved from the evils of present society, and from every obstacle that tends to retard social, scientific and spiritual development. From all these evils I know we will be ultimately free. The life and talents of good men are devoted to the dissemination of those principles which flow up from their philanthropic spirits into speech, and thence into universal improvements. At all times I am made thoroughly conscious that some minds are free, and do inhale the sweet atmosphere of truth, which develops their native magnanimity, and enables them to manifest how good is goodness, and how true is truth. It is by such minds, only, that the gospel of the true Saviour will be proclaimed and urged into practice.

The true Saviour, he who is coessential and coeternal with the Creator of all things, and who is incarnated and represented more or less in every correct movement that has been made since the world began, is *Wisdom*, the embodiment and image of universal Harmony, and the ever blooming flower of the Divine Mind. That Wisdom which our Father exhibits in the harmonious society of universal worlds, and which preserves and distinguishes them from chaos, is in a finite degree, the resident and the bright and protecting angel of the human soul; and I believe that *that* power which preserves the world of matter from confusion, will also save the world of mind every where, from evil and discord. Its exercise in all places will be inevitably followed by identical and corresponding results. The full development and application of *Wisdom*, will alone save the world of men from their manifold evils. Theologians should be willing to acknowledge, what the world is fast finding out, that every attempt at reformation upon other grounds has failed; that they have fought and struggled with sin, and warned the ignorant to avoid its blighting touch, and yet the people sin and



sin exists. Thus preaching has failed to perform its appropriate mission; but this cannot be said of Wisdom.

Wisdom, though yet in infancy, has removed and now preserves us from many evils and vicissitudes of life. Where once the forest waved, and pestilential marshes breathed forth their deadly vapor, Wisdom has created magnificent and opulent cities: thus it has saved us from inclement weather, and the privations of a forest life. Even so, Wisdom has constructed splendid vessels which ride the ocean's wave with a noble mein and proud attire; thus we enjoy national intercourse and all the advantages thereof. Thus the inventions of Wisdom save us from poverty and exilement, both of which are evils much to be dreaded. Wisdom has descended to every art and science. The soil is tilled, and labor is rendered less laborious by Wisdom's inventions, and thousands are fed with wholesome food, from the opposites of which we are happily saved. Every thing sparkles with the heavenly spirit of Wisdom. It was breathed into man through the ten thousand avenues of material and spiritual existence, by his Maker, that by it man might be saved with an everlasting salvation;—saved from all temporal evil, (for there is no other) and from all the inharmonies which grow out of human ignorance and misdirection.

Let all be well educated and well circumstanced, while in this sphere, and our highest conceptions of the millenium will be fulfilled, and our dreams of a heaven on earth realized. It is beautiful to reflect that every celebrated teacher embodies in his every lesson a calm exhortation to *get wisdom* and knowledge. Its saving power has been felt by them all. It is well that all should know that *Harmony* is the form or body of Wisdom; and Wisdom when worked out in universal society, will be the fullest realization of "the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness," ever prayed for or anticipated by MAN.

### Communication.

#### "TEST OF FELLOWSHIP."

THE author of the following communication is an esteemed member of the Independent Christian Society worshipping in Fourth st. He is in the right way, and a great company, which no man may number, are prepared to go with him.—[ED.]

That the Religious Associations now existing are beneficial, that they have each a distinct mission to perform, and are working out a benevolent design, is doubtless true. But that they have been misgoverned; that their efforts for good have, in a great measure, been paralyzed, and their ability to benefit mankind at large, very much lessened, is equally evident. This has followed from an incorrect view of the object of their institution.

Man is a social being. In all he undertakes, he desires the companionship of his fellow man. He is not even satisfied to worship God alone; but yearns to kneel with those whose hearts beat in unison with his own, and for whom he has a natural affinity. And it is for this reason, to satisfy this desire of the Soul, that religious associations have been instituted. In such associations it becomes the duty of all members to labor, both by exhortation and *example*, to develope and improve each other, and to cultivate those high and noble faculties of the soul, which ally man to the Divine Mind. This is the nature and object of all truly religious associations. They are based upon man's social relations, and are designed for his social and religious improvement.

In forming these associations, however, it will be found that there are many persons, who differ so widely in their religious opinions, that it would be difficult for them to associate without discord—some believing it to be essential that persons should be immersed in water, in order to become christians; others denying this—some believing in the future and endless suffering of those who die without repentance; this again being denied by others; while each is disposed to regard a belief in his own doctrines as of paramount importance.

It becomes necessary, therefore, from the various grades of development, manifested both in the intellectual and social con-

dition of mankind, that there should exist a corresponding variety in the forms of religious association.

But though this is nearly the state of things now existing, we do not witness that Harmony and Peace which should result from such an arrangement. The reason is to be found in the impression that seems to prevail among them, that each is the other's enemy; and that the advancement of one is to be secured by crushing the interests of all others. Each has forgotten his individual mission, in his anxiety to arrest the progress of others; and the energies of nearly all have been wasted in disturbing the general peace. Yet with all the evils connected with their existence, it is necessary that they should remain until mankind are prepared for something better. These evils can, and ought to be corrected. Men should be made to understand that they are not injured because others are allowed to believe and worship in their own way. They should be taught that one man's creed *does not* prove another person a heretic, or an infidel.

But though I admit that creeds and tests of fellowship may be necessary in the present state of society, I would not have it concealed, that in my judgement they are all imperfect. They are founded upon mere opinion—a *belief* in certain doctrines; and cannot, therefore, become universal, until mankind have advanced so far as to render them *useless*. By these, many conscientious and truly religious persons have had their social connections torn asunder, and have been cut off from the fellowship of those to whom they were bound by the silken cords of affection. This has been done, not for the safety of the Church, but in many cases to gratify those whose belief in the creed was their *only* claim to the connection—who were indeed mighty in *Faith*, but feeble in *Charity*.

A higher and better "test of fellowship" than has yet been adopted, is therefore necessary. And this we *shall* have. Man is calling for a church whose foundations shall be as broad as the Universe. A church whose creed shall be *Universal Truth*, and whose "test of fellowship" shall be a *pure heart and a righteous life*. The world asks for a demonstration of the truth, that persons differing in their religious opinions, may associate together, and worship God according to the dictates of their own hearts, not only beneath their own "vine and fig tree," but at the same altar. And let this demonstration be given; let it be clearly shown that such a state of things may exist, and mankind will break from the sectarian chains that have bound them for ages, and demolish those "walls of partition," which have divided and subdivided the human race, until the idea of a common Brotherhood has been almost entirely driven from the minds of men. We shall witness the manifestations of that confidence and affection, between man and man, without which Heaven itself could afford no joy. Then indeed shall the desert places put forth and blossom as the rose. In that day a fountain will be opened, whose living waters shall make glad the city of our God; and man will walk in the light of that LOVE, which alone will be the universal "Test of Fellowship." E.A.B.

#### THE LOVE OF TRUTH.

It is Coleridge, I think, who remarks, that "He who begins by loving Christianity more than Truth, will proceed by loving his own sect more than Christianity, and end by loving himself more than either." Of the general truth of this remark, we have an exemplification in every department of the professedly Christian world. Those who, faithful to hereditary impression, make Christianity the foundation, without once thinking to inquire into its true nature and intrinsic merits, are invariably those whose efforts are absorbed in the promotion of some distinctive and sectarian *interpretation* of Christianity; and of this sectarian spirit the spirit of selfishness is the legitimate offspring, and almost invariable attendant. This may explain the stolid conservatism and *general* absence of the spirit of philanthropy and reform from the various sects of the present day. If, however, the love of *Truth* is made the basis of the moral affections, and Christianity is loved only *because* of its truth, a general truthfulness of thought, correctness of deportment, and benevolence of aspiration will characterize all departments of human life. W.F.



# THE UNIVERCŒLUM

AND

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

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### CONCENTRIC CIRCLES.

THE whole Universe, moral and spiritual, presents one grand System of concentric circles. Everything is progressing to an end analogous to its source. Beginnings and endings everywhere stand in immediate juxtaposition. The beginning of one object is the end of another; the end of one is the beginning of another; and beyond the outer verge of every circle of growth, of development and decay, is another and corresponding circle, and beyond that still others, in infinite progression—each succeeding circle unfolding new and higher developments, and spanning and subordinating all inferior ones within its unbroken circumference.

My meaning will be comprehended by a few illustrative cases. We will commence with the humble rain-drop. Whence came it, and whither does it go? By the action of air and sunbeam, it was exhaled from the bosom of the ocean. It was wafted to the upper regions of the atmosphere, where the absence of heat produced a condensation of its particles, and it falls to the earth. It sinks, perhaps, beneath the surface of the ground, and helps to replenish the subterranean reservoir. It leaps forth from the mountain side, and meanders through the streamlet of the valley; and although it may pass through a thousand vicissitudes, its grosser particles that have not progressed to imponderable substances and passed into higher circles of association, are finally, again merged into the same ocean from which they originally came. Thus the circle is completed.

The *plant* which this rain-drop may have helped to nourish, sprang from a minute seed. This being deposited in a soil mixed with decayed vegetation, puts forth a small shoot. This gradually expands into branches, leaves, flowers, and finally it brings the maturity of corresponding seed, some thirty, some sixty, some a hundred fold. Now decline and decay commence their work, and the leaves, body, and branches return to the earth as they were. Here is another circle.

Another circle is exemplified in the rolling seasons. By the light and heat of the sunny spring, vegetable juices are unshackled from the wintry frosts, etherial forces are aroused from their dormancy, and the earth is made to bring forth and bud. The ardent rays of summer bring to maturity that to which spring has given birth, and autumn ripens it for the harvest. Anon hoary winter with his howling tempests arrives. The earth is robed in a winding sheet of snow, and all nature has sunk into a profound slumber. The next segment of the revolving wheel will complete the circle and bring us spring again in its brightness and beauty.

The varying seasons are dependent upon the revolutions of the planets. These revolutions present an exemplification of the circle too familiar for special remark. But the analogical chain ends not here. It descends to the profoundest depths, even to the Center and Origin of all things, and is coiled and ramified throughout the lengths and breadths of universal space. Recent announcements declare that our sun, with the millions of apparently fixed stars that are visible to the eye, and that may be reached by the telescope, are moving orbs silently wending their way around a vast stupendous and common center of attraction, and that moving at the rate of eight miles a second, it would require no less than eighteen millions of years for our sun to complete its circuit around its central orb! And it is an announcement from an interior source in every respect reliable, and of which there is strong confirmation in analogy, that this vast stellar Universe, and FIVE OTHERS of like nature besides, are silently describing their mighty—their *infinite* circles—around the

incomprehensible Center of all material existences—the great Sun of the Univercœlum!

Thus from the revolutions of Stellar Systems, to the vicissitudes of an atom, do we find the circle exemplified. But whence came the myriads of forms and systems which deck the realms of universal space? and whither do they tend? For an answer we must again have recourse to our analogical chain. Rigid induction from well-known facts has pronounced this globe a sphere of liquid fire, with a thin incrustation at the surface. The first formed rock, the granite, is but a condensation of molten lava, from which fact it follows that before this was formed, *all* was molten. The oblately spheroidal form of the earth, together with other facts in science, authorize the conclusion that the earth has attained its present form by a *shrinkage* of previously rarified materials. By a prolongation of the analogical chain, therefore, we are conducted to a state of fire-mist or nebulous chaos in a state of extreme rarefaction. Following the chain still farther, we find that the other members of the family of planets must have been in the same condition; and commingling their extremely rarified materials together, they formed a nebulous ellipse of which the sun was the nucleus. Nor must we stop here while all indices point us still deeper into the remote regions of primeval existence. We have seen that our sun, with all the *apparently* fixed stars, are but planets of another sun, and that that sun is a planet of the Great Sun of all suns! If the same laws of formation hold in reference to these, (and the laws of the Universe are *uniform* and *unvariable*), then we are conducted directly to the conclusion that all worlds, and suns, and stellar systems were originally commingled in one mighty, universal nebulous Mass, of which the Great Sun of the Univercœlum was the nucleus!

Acted upon by the omnipotent fiat of an All-pervading and *infinitely intelligent* Essence—the All-Wise SPIRIT of which all things else constitutes the Body—matter, during the revolutions of untold ages, disposed itself into successive nebulous zones, whose condensation and divisions, according to the established affinities of particles, produced siderial systems, and suns and planets innumerable; and after all necessary geological unfoldings, Man was born into being, the highest development of creation and the finite image of the Eternal Father! This completes but one-half of the great cycle of universal movement and progression. The other half is going on to its completion. Portions of the materials of the planets are growing more and more refined, and are passing off as imponderable and *spiritualized* essences, while the nuclei of the planets are growing more and more dense and inactive. This process must have its limit. The forces by which it is carried on are finite, and will at length be exhausted. The internal fires of the planets, which constitute their *life*, will become extinct, and each one, with the groan of the earthquake or volcano, will gasp forth its last breath, and sink gently to the bosom of its parent sun. In like manner, all suns, exhausted and extinct, will sink to the bosom of their parent orbs, and all will finally return to be relumed and revived, to the Infinite Source whence they all came! Thus will be completed the Great Circle of all circles, representing one pulsation of the great Heart of the Deity! Then God, and Chaos, and the great universe of human spirits, will be the tri-unity composing the sum total of all things; and then will commence another circle in the great series of developments extending through all ETERNITY!

Through all the circles of past creation, even down to the Great Fountain of all material forms, man may trace the elements and causes of his own being. Materials and forces having ascended from rudimental creation, through progressive circles up to the formation of man, human existence follows the impetus of the same law which led to man's development. In every department of his physical and spiritual being, man exemplifies the circle. This is seen in the revolutions of his physical system; in his growth, maturity and decline; in his coming from the dust of the earth, and returning, *bodily*, to the dust again. The



same is exemplified in his moral and spiritual experiences, as resulting from the crises accompanying the revolutions of outer life. At first, unprogressed and perhaps unfavorably constituted, the orbit of man's moral movements is irregular and extremely elliptical. The mind being irregularly unfolded, the faculties exercise no mutual guardianship over each other, to balance excesses and supply deficiencies. Being thus disunited, they are acted upon by isolated influences, and one extreme of inconsiderate action follows another. The transgressor, thus, in the elliptic forms of his experiences, represents the comet. Crude and erratic, he leaps forth from the blazing precincts of the central orb of his *real* affections, and plunges deeper and deeper into the barren void of error, until the most powerful spiritual telescope becomes inadequate to trace his wanderings—and the *unwise* astronomer imagines that he has severed all bonds that can connect him with the sun of truth and righteousness. The *wise* astronomer, however, directs his spiritual optics to a certain quarter of the moral heavens. He *knows* that the same body *must* return. After gazing in anxious expectation perhaps for years, a dim luminous spot makes its appearance. It grows brighter and brighter, and lo! the same body returns and is redeemed!

Like the oscillations of the pendulum, the aberrations of human actions and affections tend to correct themselves. Thus the orbits of man's moral movement become more and more regular; and he is constantly passing into higher circles, and higher spheres of existence, until he arrives at the throne of the Divine Father, and thus completes one grand *system* of concentric circles of spiritual unfolding!

Thus is manifest the truth of the saying, "of God, and through Him and to Him are ALL THINGS." The circles of movement exemplified in all things, from the atom to the stellar systems, are the great cog-wheels which compose the machinery of the vast Univercelum. These are all connected and move in concert and mutual dependence; and infinitely complicated though they are, yet such is the precision of their movements that no jarring is felt, and no noise is heard, throughout the vast systems of infinite space!

Man, then, only needs to correct the eccentricities of his moral and social movements, and to adapt the circles of his action to those of his fellow beings; and then the great cog-wheels of society will likewise move in connection and harmony, and there will be no jarring in the great machinery of the social world. When the world of mankind is organized according to the principles of *natural law*, it will display the same harmony which reigns throughout the planetary and stellar systems of immensity, and no man's orbit of movement will ever trench upon that of another.

Our subject also affords us lessons of personal charity and of hope. Dost thou see, reader, that poor degraded wretch, imbruted by sensual indulgence, and sunk to the lowest depths of iniquity? He is now only at the *aphelion* point of his existence. He can grow no worse, but must grow better. The next movement of the great revolving wheel will bring him nearer to the focus of spiritual life and virtue. Cast him not from thee, he is thy brother.

Art thou, my brother, oppressed with the afflictions and overwhelmed with the cares and disappointments resulting from the *badly arranged* circumstances into which thou hast been thrown? Remember that human life is a *circle*. Thou art now at one point of thine orbit: thou wilt be at the opposite point by and by. Thine affairs cannot remain *stationary*. They can grow but little worse, and finally must become better. Be hopeful, and press forward.

Finally, let us ever remember that all circles of human affairs, and all creations of universal space, are circumscribed, and included in the *Infinite Circle* of divine government and protection, and that all things thus constitute an indivisible and harmonious *ONENESS*, of which each individual development is a necessary part. In view of this truth, let us acknowledge our true relations, assume our true positions, and be hopeful, united, and happy.

W. F.

## DEATH.

EVERY thing that is terrible and revolting, Christians have associated with death. This causes the young and old, the brave and timid, to look upon it with fear and trembling. That the Creator ever designed his children should be harassed and distressed with these gloomy apprehensions, I cannot believe for a moment. The whole is traced to the creeds and false doctrines of men. These have peopled the future state with imaginary fiends, and discoursed of torments too frightful to contemplate! Even in their representations of death, Christians have selected emblems, the very sight of which is most disgusting to behold. The first representation is the appearance of a horrible, bony skeleton! Sometimes you see this ghastly object sketched upon a white horse, grasping a spear in his fleshless hand, and aiming it at the heart of some human being! At other times you behold the horrid monster standing over the couch of a beautiful woman, "feeling for her heart-strings," while utter despair and consternation are depicted in her countenance! Christians are entitled to all the glory of these inventions, for the like is not seen even among the uncivilized portions of the earth.

The Greeks painted *death* under the likeness of a sleeping child or beautiful youth. In the eastern countries, the death of persons was attributed to the attachment of particular deities, who thus took their favorites to a better world. If one died in the morning, it was attributed to the love of the goddess Aurora. She was represented on the tomb-stones of the departed, as drawn in a rose-colored chariot by white horses, opening the gates of the east with her rosy fingers, pouring the dew upon the earth, and making the flowers to grow. She was covered with a vail. Nox, the mother of death, and Somnus, the god who presided over sleep, were represented as flying before her.

The Lacedemonians always placed the image of Somnus near that of death. He is represented as asleep upon a bed of feathers, hung with black curtains. The Dreams stand by him, and Morpheus, his principal minister, watches over him.

When a person was drowned, it was imputed to the love of the *Water Nymphs*. These were beautiful virgins that presided over lakes, rivers and seas. The drowned person, as their favorite, was conducted under the water, by them, to some beautiful place, adorned with evergreens and flowers. If a person was killed by lightning, it was the love of Jupiter who thus took him home to Heaven.

These were the associations which the ancients connected with death; and how much superior are they to the gloomy associations of Christians. If a person now is drowned, or killed by lightning if he be not a member of some church, it is the vengeance of God sentencing his soul to perdition! Alas! what darkness and terror has superstition and the priesthood thrown around this subject!

There are no terrors connected with death when viewed in its proper light. On the contrary, the change is most delightful, and greatly to be desired. This world is the rudimental state. The process of dying is the transition to the second or higher sphere. The spirit then is in its natural sphere. Disencumbered of the body, it feels that freedom is obtained, and it rejoices with exceeding joy. Being spiritual, it was not at home while in the body. Hence it gravitated to the Heavenly state. Now it mingles with kindred spirits; and inhales the light, and wisdom, and love of the Heavenly Spheres!

If I were asked for the strongest proof of immortality, I would point to death. The same phenomenon is witnessed in every thing around us, and is affected by that eternal law which God has established and which tends to universal perfection. The whole of gross matter is advancing progressively and steadily to higher states of refinement and perfection. The composition that enters into the vegetable part of creation, at length becomes sufficiently refined to enter into the animal. And this last, advancing still higher in perfection, enters into the composition of spirit. This is the flower of God's creation;—the grand ultimate of all creations and existences. Hence death, which is only the transition from the lower to the higher grades, must of necessity take place in every thing. In man alone, spirit is per-

The atmosphere of truth, is never clouded by the mists of fear.



fectly organized; and being the ultimate of every thing else in existence, it is absolutely immortal and eternal—the perfection of all God's works, and the nearest approach to himself.

So again, if I were called on for the strongest proof of ultimate holiness and happiness, I would point to the great law of Progression which divine wisdom has instituted, and which governs both matter and spirit. The same gyrates from the highest to the lowest existences, inevitably tending to perfection, purity, and bliss. God has no arbitrary laws, no imperfect statutes; all his laws are eternal and perfect as himself, and universal purity must be their result.

The highest Arch-angel was once an infant, born on some earth, clothed with flesh, but borne upward and onward to his present exalted condition by the great law of which we have spoken. This is God's only method of introducing beings into existence. Even the Son of God was thus produced. The doctrine of miraculous conception is but a fable after the example of the heathen gods. In the New Testament, it is a forgery, and should be expunged. If men would study God's laws and their uniformity, as manifest in nature, they would discard all such erroneous ideas, and quickly arrive at truth. They would then be free, and consequently happy. But the human mind, fettered and chained down by error, cannot break away. If the attempt is made, an ignorant priesthood will launch forth its anathemas and threats of vengeance, and the timid spirit is cowed but not convinced.

If men could perceive the high destiny that awaits them, and break away from their superstition and fears, what a change would be effected in their present condition. The mind, disenthralled, would naturally rise out of its present degraded state, and pursue higher and holier aims. Instead of religious forms and unmeaning ceremonies in which the religion of the day is made to consist, pure and active benevolence would everywhere prevail. Alms would be distributed, the naked clothed, and the hungry fed. A man's piety would then be measured, not by the length of his prayers, nor by his sanctimonious appearance, but by the amount of real substantial good accomplished. This is the true standard of all religion and piety. And when this state of things exists, "the Kingdom of Heaven will be established on earth, and God's will be done here as it is done in Heaven."

G. S.

### WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

It is now manifest that Truth is something more than popular opinion, and that a true devotion to the one is incompatible with a blind adherence to the other. Truth justly claims a higher reverence than any arbitrary system, and Humanity comprehends more than all party and sectarian names. Man now requires a broader and a higher sphere of thought and action. Our enterprise is believed to be identified with the best interests of the individual and the race, and we have the strong assurance that it will not fail for want of congenial spirits to aid its advancement. We are receiving from all parts of the country communications expressive of the profound interest already awakened in the minds of thousands. We cannot stifle the voices of those who enjoy the great liberty of Nature and the light of the Divine Mind. These must speak to cheer the strong man, to strengthen the weak, and to reprove the unworthy.

An intelligent friend in Cincinnati, Ohio, who is personally unknown to us, has given substantial evidence of his kind regard. We greatly admire his calm spirit and gentle speech, and we feel strong in the great purpose which has prompted his generous efforts. We trust he will be impressed to speak often and freely to our readers. For the present we venture to give them the following extract from his letter:

MR. EDITOR: Approving of the calm humanitarian spirit of the UNIVERCŒLUM, as far as this is developed in the first number, I have felt authorized to make the little exertion required in obtaining the enclosed subscriptions. Should the subsequent numbers bring a realization of the hope that it may prove an efficient collaborer, in the cause of true social, and consequently of true Religious progress, I do not doubt but the time will be

extended, and the addition of many other readers in this quarter secured.

Upon the peculiar Theology of your paper I shall not assume the competence to decide, having read but a part of the volume upon which some of its distinguishing features are supposed to rest. Should you ultimately, and at no distant day, be compelled to abate somewhat of present confidence in the *media* of spiritual intelligence claimed, not for Gotham only, but for various parts of this country and of Europe, your case will not be an unparalleled one. Without doubt the phenomena alluded to are worthy of the most careful consideration—they should neither be accepted in inconsiderate haste nor rejected with a blind denial; but with the eyes of the understanding unbandaged by ignorance or prejudice, and a firmness and fairness of purpose, alike regardless of the imputation of credulity or of heresy, be critically and profoundly regarded.

But I leave these reflections to speak of what I understand to be a leading object of your Editorial enterprise; I mean the reorganization of Society; the substitution of convergency for divergency in the labors and relations of life; of radical justice for force, fraud, and superficial charity; in short, the establishment of UNIVERSAL UNITY. In this, I trust your feet have found a Rock, from which, if faithful to duty and to yourself, they cannot be removed. You will in this be sustained by the spirit of all true Religion, aided by many co-laborers who bring to the work clear heads and glowing hearts.

It is with a view to that glorious Era, when Universal Order, which is Universal Harmony, shall reign on the earth, when Religion shall receive a practical illustration in the lives of all; in short, when it shall be *worked* as well as *preached* and *prayed*, that the undersigned, at least, has become a subscriber, and has ventured thus far to trespass upon your time. Yours, L. C.

An esteemed clergyman writes from Pennsylvania, concerning the Univercœlum, as follows:

"If you make it what is indicated by the first number, it will undoubtedly be a blessing to the world. I have long desired to see a paper established, devoted to universal inquiry and free investigation of all subjects, whether of a political, scientific, religious or moral nature. In my judgment no opinion is too old, popular or sacred, to have its merits canvassed, and its truth or falsity demonstrated by being tried at the ordeal of reason. Let your paper be devoted to a calm and candid investigation of all subjects, unbiased by party and sectarian influences, and untrammelled by education, creed, or custom, and all will be well.

Yours forever in the cause of Truth and Humanity. E. E. G.

This friend is free indeed, and what is still more to be admired, he has no disposition to restrict the freedom of others. Brother, that proposition is accepted.

A friend at Akron, O. is eminently entitled to our grateful consideration for his prompt and successful efforts to extend the circulation of our paper. We are impressed that he has some valuable thoughts, and the ability to clothe them in a becoming dress. We desire him to employ the Spiritual Philosopher as a medium of communication. A brief extract from his letter will sufficiently indicate our prospects in that quarter.

"I have felt it my duty to speak of the doctrines proposed to be advocated by the Univercœlum, as in the highest sense truthful, natural and profitable, and as having a tendency to establish a train of natural thought; to unmythify the mysteries, unriddle and unravel the theories and theologies of falsehood and error, and to expose the superstition and follies of the age, and the past. The general mind in this place is ripe for such a work, and a little true light on this sphere of thought will bring to your aid a host of the higher developed spirits of this community. Yours truly, J. G. D."

Among the good things contained in this letter, we have the names of *fifteen subscribers*, and the promise of additions to the list. Will some other friend send us such a communication? S. B. B.

☞ Owing to the illness of the Lady who furnishes the "Sketches of the Earth-Land," we have been obliged to suspend their publication for the present.



## EXPLANATION.

THE following note is from an esteemed friend in Bridgeport, Connecticut:

BRO. BRITTAN: Will you have the kindness to inform your readers in which part of the Bible the following quotation may be found? "God tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb." The above line I found in an article published in the 2d number of the "Univercolum," entitled "Sketches of the Earth-Land," "from the Diary of a Clairvoyant." The connection in which it stands, is as follows: "And in the spirit of the beautiful scripture, 'God tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb.'" I am of the opinion that it is not to be found in the Bible, and if it cannot be found there, is it not evident that there is no confidence to be placed in Clairvoyants? Yours respectfully. \* \*

If we mistake not, Swift was the author of the language in question. Our Brother is certainly correct in his opinion that it is not found in the Bible. We discover nothing, however, in this connection to authorize the supposition that it was intended as a quotation from that source. The Bible comprehends only the books of the Old and New Testaments, whereas, the word *scripture* primarily and properly means, *any writing*; and in this general sense it was correctly employed by the Authoress of the Sketches. If our friend's confidence in Clairvoyance is not increased, ours is certainly not diminished. S. E. B.

## LOVE.

THE etymology of this word renders it expressive. It is said to be derived from the Teutonic *leben*, to *live*; thus it properly represents the vital principle—the Spirit that has power to quicken our spirits, and by its own energy to impart the life which is all divine. If we have no Love, Faith and Hope are as nothing. These, and all else combined form but the skeleton frame of godliness without the indwelling Divinity. Love must breathe upon it, that the dry bones may live and be clothed with immortal ligaments. That which is most excellent in itself, most beautiful in the true ideal of the perfect Man; that which is most *godlike*, is Love perfected in WISDOM. S. E. B.

## The Fine Arts.

## AMERICAN ART-UNION.

## NOTICES CONTINUED.

No. 100. "Gen. Wayne refusing the last Blanket," by O. A. BULLARD. This composition records an occurrence in the History of our Republic. The noble nature of woman prompts her to give all, to aid those who are suffering in defense of their country. Her spirit is seen and felt by the general; it is a patriotic picture, and, with the exception of being a little hot in color, does the artist credit.

No. 65. "Counting the Chickens," by J. H. SHEGOUE, represents a girl on her way to market with a basket of eggs to sell; while resting on a bank, counting the profits, the basket overturns, and the result, like many other speculations, proves disastrous. Moral—never rely on mere possibilities, and thus avoid disappointments.

No. 90. "Setters and Game," by T. H. HINCKLY. This painting represents to the life a pair of dogs; the one standing while the other lies crouching. They are the finest artistic specimen of the canine species we have seen. The coloring seems very correct, while the game and general arrangement combine to make a most pleasing and natural picture.

No. 87. "Cattle," by the same Artist. This work is executed with equal truth, and fidelity. The Artist appears peculiarly happy in representing animals; they seem to move and breathe. The painting is well designed and rendered with a force and decision, showing a thorough knowledge in this department of art.

No. 126. "Scene from Quentin Durward, the breakfast in the Auberge," by E. H. MAY. This composition contains a good deal of merit; the faces are expressive and natural, while the

situations and attitudes are agreeable. The draperies do not appear so well arranged, nor executed, as we would like to see them; but this is a fault which can easily be corrected, where the more important parts are so skilfully designed and executed.

No. 9. "Bishop Ridley denouncing the Princess Mary," by D. HUNTINGTON. This composition gives a fair idea of the artist's recent productions. An evident change in his execution may readily be observed by a comparison of his present with former works. In this we find a spirited off-hand composition; agreeably arranged with an attractive combination of colors, while the expressions of character are decided and appropriate. In reference to the style and general effect, we consider it better calculated to convey a favorable impression than the work of any other painter. In the correct drawing truthful illustration, and positive colors selected, the designer has shown his knowledge of what is most desired by the public.

After a careful examination of all the beauties contained in this painting, we feel a desire for something more. If this were the only work we had ever seen of the artist's, we should pronounce it from the hand of a master and contemplate it with great satisfaction. Mr. H. has a fine poetic fancy, versatile talent, and a high order of conception and executive power.

No. 20. "Christian and the Cross; Pilgrim's Progress," by JESSE TALBOT. This landscape appears pleasing in its composition, and the idea is well represented; but there seems a want of truth about the whole; either the studies were deficient in the strong features of nature, or the artist has too much relied upon his memory in its execution. It strikes us as having the manner of Cole without his excellencies.

No. 139. "The Novice," by W. S. MOUNT. This composition represents children attempting to play on a fife. It is extremely natural and interesting. Mr. Mount has the power to conceive and execute ideas with a truth and decision which has placed him at the head of this department of art. The picture before us, although possessing a high degree of excellence, is not so perfect in minor respects as some other of his works. It has a painty, superficial appearance—the ground is clean enough to eat from—but we doubt whether there is a painter living who has the power of delineating character with equal fidelity and truth.

No. 24. "Perils of the Colonists in 1699," by J. B. STEARNS. This painting commemorates an actual occurrence in the early history of this country. Mr. Dunstan being attacked by the Indians, bade his children flee for their lives. He mounted his horse with the determination to save at least one; but when the trying moment came, it was impossible for him to choose, and he nobly resolved, either to save all, or share their fate. The artist has shown discrimination in the choice of this subject. Deeds of true heroism are fit themes for the pencil. The work contains some excellent parts, especially the drawing, and it evinces a continued improvement in Mr. Stearn's productions. We would like it if the general effect were better managed; it wants force and strength, also local color. We understand the artist is now in Europe adding to his present store of knowledge.

Nos. 31, 32. By R. W. WEIR. "A pair of beautifully executed landscapes on the Hudson near West Point." They are truthfully painted and with a neatness which renders them very agreeable. We should like to hear from Mr. Weir by way of a composition, as he has, by long experience and a store of knowledge, the power to execute works in the highest department of art.

"Specimens of Miniature Paintings," by H. C. SHUMWAY. We cannot pass the beautiful productions of this artist, without giving an expression of our feelings. This department of art is a medium of elegance and refinement, and the works before us contain a union of strong character, agreeable air, and a force, and depth of effect seldom obtained in water colors. Mr. S. has for a number of years enjoyed a deserved reputation. His rooms are in the building occupied by this association.

On a general examination of the present exhibition, we found with few exceptions a deficiency of tone and depth of local color; nor is the defect confined to this collection only; it is, we may say, general. Our painters appear to force up their flesh



until all truth of color and effect is sacrificed to a superficial and false manner. No artist will dispute that extremes of light and dark diminish the effect of color in objects, and that the true and perfect image lies in a low middle tint. In compositions containing a variety of heads, different degrees of effect are agreeable.

To obtain a nearer approach to truth, there should be less positive colors or tints used, which would remove the appearance of paint so frequently seen, and produce the natural effect of atmosphere or *tone* when applied to painting. No. 9 illustrates the objections we have named. The subjects are generally selected with propriety; we are pleased to see works of art correspond to the prevailing thoughts and sentiments of our time. The past should be regarded for a knowledge of what has been attained; but our own age is a volume, and our paintings should be its illustrations. Nature is ever the same and she should be the immediate subject of our investigations. We trust the management of the institution will continue to be judicious. Its funds have not been exclusively devoted to the purchase of first class pictures, but distributed wherever merit was found, and hence a practical example of its utility.

The Paintings, and other works of Art purchased by the institution, are to be distributed among the members on the 24th of this month, December.

### Poetry.

(Written for the Univercelum and Spiritual Philosopher.)

#### A HYMN OF THE BATTLE.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

CAN ye lengthen the hours of the dying Night,  
Or chain the wings of the Morning Light?  
Can ye seal the springs of the Ocean Deep,  
Or bind the Thunders in silent sleep?  
The Sun that rises, the Seas that flow,  
The Thunders of Heaven all answer, "No!"

Can ye drive young Spring from the blossomed earth?  
The earthquake still in its awful birth?  
Will the hand on Time's dial backward flee,  
Or the pulse of the Universe pause for thee?  
The shaken mountains, the flowers that blow,  
The pulse of the Universe, answer, "No!"

Can ye burn a Truth in the Martyr's fire?  
Or chain a Thought in the dungeon dire?  
Or stay the Soul, when it soars away  
In glorious life from the moldering clay?  
The Truth that liveth, the Thoughts that go,  
The Spirit ascending, all answer, "No!"

Oh, Priest! Oh, Despot! *your doom they speak;*  
For God is mighty as ye are weak;  
Your Night and your Winter from earth must roll;  
Your chains must melt from the limb and soul;  
Ye have wrought us wrong, ye have brought us woe—  
Shall ye triumph longer? we answer, "No!"

Ye have builded your temples with gems impearled,  
On the broken heart of a famished world;  
Ye have crushed its heroes in desert graves,  
Ye have made its children a race of slaves:  
O'er the Future Age shall the ruin go?  
We gather against ye, and answer, "No!"

Ye laugh in scorn from your shrines and towers,  
But weak are ye, for the Truth is ours;  
In arms, in gold, and in pride ye move,  
But we are stronger, OUR STRENGTH IS LOVE.  
Slay Truth and Love with the Curse and Blow?  
The beautiful Heavens! they answer, "No!"

The Winter Night of the world is past;  
The Day of Humanity dawns at last;  
The veil is rent from the Soul's calm eyes,  
And Prophets and Heroes and Seers arise;  
Their words and deeds like the thunders go:  
Can ye stifle their voices? they answer, "No!"

It is God who speaks in their words of might!  
It is God who acts in their deeds of right!  
Lo! Eden waits, like a radiant bride—  
Humanity springth elate to her side;  
Can ye sever the twain who to Oneness flow?  
The voice of Divinity answers, "No!"

Elyria, Ohio, Dec. 4, 1847.

(Written for the Univercelum and Spiritual Philosopher.)

### THOUGHTS.

BY C. D. STEWART.

BRAVE Thoughts are pioneers of mighty deeds;  
They stir the sea of souls, as winds control  
The currents of the surge, which ever roll  
Where'er the boundary of the ocean leads:  
They pierce the dimness of old temples, and old creeds  
Break, as the fierce tempest breaks the fragile reeds.  
They are like ax-men, who go forth to wake  
The sleeping echoes of the wilderness,  
And plant new seeds of Progress where they break  
Earth's virgin soil, which sun nor shade did bless:  
They are the Heralds, in whose pathway press  
Strong millions to new eras—Lo! they make  
The golden ages, unto which aspire  
All human souls, as light cleaves unto fire!

New York, Dec. 1847.

(Written for the Univercelum and Spiritual Philosopher.)

### ACROSTIC.

BY A LADY.

"AND God said, let there be light, and there was light!"  
Now, "God saw that it was good," dispersing night  
Dew from the heavens was sparkling on each flower,  
Reflecting sunshine in that morning hour—  
Eternal Truth her radiance o'er them cast,  
Wisdom awoke—'twas Day—the night was past!  
Joined, "righteousness and peace" now "kissed each other,"  
And Truth met Mercy, welcoming her brother.  
Casting her gentle smile o'er all, Love stood,  
Kept watch! God saw, and said that "it was good."  
So, then the Father spake, "beloved! well done!"  
On with thy work begun—mount with the sun!  
Now, onward still—on! on! from sphere to sphere,  
Day will not close!—that sun thy course will steer—  
Awake the sleepers—bid them follow thee—  
Vain are their dreams; with light, their visions flee—  
In darkness have they slept—but, it is day!  
Son, call them now—thy voice they will obey!"

### THE LINDEN TREE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

HERE'S a song for thee—of the linden tree!  
A song of the silken Lime!  
There is no other tree so pleaseth me,  
No other fit for rhyme.  
When I was a boy, it was all my joy  
To rest in scented shade,  
When the sun was high, and the river nigh  
A musical murmur made:  
When, floating along like a winged song,  
The traveler-bee would stop,  
And choose for his bower the lime-tree flower,  
And drink—to the last sweet drop.  
When the evening star stole forth, afar,  
And the gnats flew round and round,  
I sought for a rhyme, beneath the lime,  
Or dreamed on the grassy ground.  
Ah! years have fled; and the linden, dead,  
Is a brand on the cotter's floor;  
And the river creeps through its slimy deeps,  
And youth—is a thought of yore!  
Yet—they live again, in the dreamer's brain:  
As deeds of love and wrong,  
Which pass with a sigh, and seem to die,  
Survive in the poet's song.—[London Keepsake, 1848]



## Miscellaneous Department.

## A TRAVELING INCIDENT.—A FACT.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELOM.  
BY MRS. F. M. BAKER.

Not many days since I was journeying some threescore miles from the city. When the train of cars, which bore myself and my fellow passengers onward, stopped at — Depot, there joined us, among others, a lad twelve years of age and his sister, perhaps two years his junior.

I was induced to notice them particularly and with much interest, which soon deepened and finally changed to sympathy, because they were both weeping; the girl most bitterly. By chance I cast a look through the window, just as the cars were moving off, when I saw two more little girls, younger than the one who had entered the cars, standing outside near the track, both weeping and sobbing piteously; while their gaze was riveted upon the cars with anxious intensity.

These swift vehicles were just about to bear from their company and their sight a beloved brother and sister. Those within and those without looked as long as a sight of each other could be attained; sobbing and weeping the while, as if heart broken. Nor did their anguish cease as they lost sight of the dear ones left behind. The boy indeed strove to master his feelings and succeeded in a measure, save when he looked at his sister; at sight of whose grief his tears would flow again afresh; showing that his heart was full to overflowing.

But the girl could not restrain her tears. They gushed forth like a stream from its fountain, and, at last, drawing a faded printed handkerchief, very clean and neatly folded, from her pocket, she buried her face therein and gave full vent to her agony of heart.

Both the children were poorly clad, the girl in deep mourning. But the boy was a brave, noble-hearted fellow, and kept his eye constantly upon his companion, lest something unpleasant should befall her in her new and evidently unaccustomed situation. And when the conductor came around for collecting fare, as is usual after receiving new passengers, and stopped before the girl first, she being farther forward, the young fellow rose at once, and drawing from his pocket, where it was evident but little remained, some silver, he handed it forward with a look which said plainly: "My poor sister knows nothing of your regulations, but I am here as her protector." And I felt confident he would protect her to the utmost of his ability, for care for himself seemed entirely absorbed in anxiety for her.

After she lost sight of her sisters, and when no trace of the place she had left remained, she still cast "longing, lingering looks," upon the field and woods which we passed. Strange, thought I, that she can feel any affection for these places, for a more rough, rocky, barren region, has seldom fallen beneath my notice. But when I learned her history, and recollected that upon those rocky hills she had often gathered berries; in those fields had often culled early spring flowers; and in those woods had hunted for nuts, with her brothers, sisters, and beloved playmates, from whom she was now being dragged, as fast as the puffing "iron steed" could drag her, I wondered not that she wept. I wondered not that as she looked her last upon one after another of these dearly loved and fondly cherished scenes, it seemed like tearing out her bleeding heart.

Perhaps in the wide world there is no spot, however unlovely to strangers, but may be linked with delightful associations to some lowly dweller of the earth. It may be the place of one's nativity, or the scene of some interesting event, and as such, it has a strong hold upon the memory and affections.

In the case in question, it was the *home* of these children and as such was dear. For home is not merely the fireside around which parents and children cluster; 'tis not even the house where one was born, nor the farm where one was reared. It is all these, together with the whole prospect which the youthful eye takes in, from the highest eminence near his birth-place, upon which he may stand. Every thing included within that

view, encircled within his then horizon, is dear; is part of his *home*; yea, is almost part of himself. And though in after years he may gaze upon scenes more romantic, more grand, or more beautiful, none are half so dear. To leave them for the first time, is almost like severing the cords of life, even when one goes under the most favorable circumstances, and with the most auspicious prospects for the future; how much worse then, to be literally torn away, with a strange, dark, uncertain, future before; as in the case of my new youthful acquaintance.

Of course, unless I possessed a heart of stone, I felt an interest in these sorrowing children, and I directly began to make their acquaintance. At first they were somewhat suspicious of the advances of a stranger, and the girl looked with astonishment and almost unbelief at me, when I gave her an apple. What, a stranger kindly notice a poor little girl in a railroad car, and even give her an apple! It seemed almost impossible!

However, I spoke sympathetically to her, and, finally, won her confidence. Hers was the old story, repeated for the ten thousandth time, of a miserable, intemperate father, long since deceased, and a poor, heart-sick, worn-out mother, upon whose grave the clouds yet lay light and fresh; and for whom she now wore mourning. And she and her brother, the eldest of the family, were being forced away, to labor in a factory, as being the place where they could best earn a livelihood; while the other members of the family were scattered nearer their old homestead.

"Home! home!" exclaims the pampered child of fortune: what could they care for the miserable place, which had scarcely afforded them a shelter from storms and cold, and where they could with difficulty gain a bare subsistence? Ah! mean as it was, it was dear to those children; their hearts clung to it and their memories fondly lingered near. Hearts! how little the rich seem to feel, or think, or even believe, that the poor have hearts. In the same car where were these deserted, disconsolate children, were several others nearly of their own age, and some younger. These were bedecked in furs, and flannels, and satins, and were the "dear hearts" of their parents. Those were ragged and needy, and had no parents, and could they have hearts? The passengers seemed to think not, and noticed them as little as if they had been luggage: always providing it was not their own.

And will the world regard them with the same unfeeling look and the same callous heart? If yes, God in Heaven befriend them: their only hope is in Thee!

And what shall be the future career and final fate of that noble-hearted boy and his innocent sister? Ye men of the world, for you it is to answer that question. Their fate is not wholly in their own hands: much rests with you. Will you aid them to make, or to mar, that destiny for good?

It is a deplorable state of society, when families must be thus broken up and children thus torn from all that is near and dear to them, and cast upon the cold world, as almost worthless things. It is enough to crush their pure, warm hearts, and extinguish every ray of hope, however sanguine it might have been. How many foundations have thus been laid for future dissolute, shameful, useless, criminal lives.

Men! women! ye who are parents! try to realize somewhat of these things, by imagining your own children in this painful and almost helpless condition. And realizing this, strive to do for the really needy, as you would wish others to do for your own offspring, under like circumstances.

Oh! how happy that state of society, when one and all can live and love together, without fear of being neglected, or forgotten, or despised. For such a time, let us one and all labor earnestly and pray sincerely!

New York, December 3, 1847.

— An article from Mr. Davis entitled "Cancer, its Causes and Cure" is in type, but unavoidably crowded out. It will appear in our next number.

— When the "Nightingale" flew through York without alighting to sing, an angry Alderman inquired the reason. "Because," said his friend, "Jenny has got a *catarrh*." "Why doesn't she play upon it then?" rejoined the indignant citizen.



## FORGIVENESS.—A TALE.

BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

"NEVERTHELESS, in spite of your prejudices, Marion, I am sure you will like cousin Oliver when you see him."

The young girl to whom the words were addressed shook her head, in doubtful reply.

"You do not know how agreeable he is," pursued her companion, a tall and rather stately-looking young man, whose scarcely handsome but pleasing face bore the firmness and composed aspect of eight-and-twenty years. "It is really quite impossible not to like him."

"We shall see," said Marion, smiling.

The two whose short conversation we have quoted were walking slowly up and down the walks of a lovely garden. High walls shut out everything but the tops of surrounding trees, so that, but for the indistinct rumble of wheels, and the various sounds that now and then came from the great city of cities, this place might have been in some far-distant country solitude. Trees bending with ripe apples, peaches glowing amidst their green shelter, and one rich, full-leaved, ripe-fruited mulberry tree, adorned the garden; while, climbing over the old-fashioned house, the fragrant clematis—Moore's "night-blooming cereus," of sweet memory—shook down its perfumed shower of white blossoms, and allured the few wandering bees of autumn.

In this beautiful garden strolled the two lovers—for, that such they were was evident from the young man's earnest, almost whispering tone, which no man ever uses save to the woman he loves, or pretends to love. And Marion, too, in her answers, pronounced his name—the common but ever sweet name of William—with that lingering, loving intonation, which makes even a less pleasant word sound beautiful, when falling from affectionate lips.

William Blair's affianced wife was much younger than himself—at least ten years. He had known her all her life; had fondled her on his knee when an infant, had watched the fairy-like, graceful child grow up into the beautiful girl, until he could hardly tell the period when his affection for his pet and play-fellow changed into his love for the woman whom he wished to make his companion for life. And William Blair did not woo in vain: it would have been strange if he had, for the high qualities of his mind, and his pleasing looks and manners, were calculated to win any girl's heart—even one so light, almost thoughtless, as that of Marion Hilliard, the spoiled child of a widowed father. Hers was that pliable nature which, under the guidance of a firm and noble character, might be molded to any good: and therefore it was well for her—and even her father felt it so—that she was, in early youth, bound by such ties to a man like William Blair.

Mr. Hilliard and his only daughter lived in the retired suburban cottage we have spoken of; seeing little society; for the old naval officer was averse to much company, and only cared to see William Blair, who came, as might be expected, almost daily. Marion might have regretted this seclusion; but her heart and thought were too full of her lover, to care for any society but his. Therefore, when he told her of this cousin Oliver, his old schoolfellow, who was coming on a visit to him, Marion felt rather jealous of any one who would possibly take William's thoughts and time away from her, than pleased at the prospect of seeing a new face.

The young people continued their walk up and down the garden, and then rested in the little summer-house. William again referred to his cousin—spoke of his talents, his brilliant conversation—and vainly strove to alter Marion's prejudice against him. The young girl laughed at his earnestness.

"You might be pleading at that disagreeable Chancery-court, where you have learned to be so grave, and to argue so well, William," said she. But, suddenly becoming serious, Marion lifted, with her slender and light finger, one of the thick chesnut curls from her lover's forehead, discovering a deep scar under the beautiful hair, of which, to tell the truth, William was a little vain.

"This alone," said Marion, "would be enough to prevent my ever liking the one who did it, and did it wilfully, too."

"But that was so long ago—we were only boys; Oliver was hasty and passionate, and could not endure any one who surpassed him. I believe he was sorry for it afterwards."

"That may be, but the sin remains."

"No, Marion; for I have years since forgotten it, and forgiven Oliver."

"That is because you are so good; and I will try to do the same; but, I fear, I shall never shake hands with him without thinking how nearly the stone that hand threw might have cost your life. And then I should not have been so happy as I am now, William," added the girl, in a low voice.

What lover could resist such argument? William Blair forgot cousin Oliver, his sins and his perfections, and only thought of Marion—his own beautiful and betrothed Marion.

Oliver Chadwick came, and was introduced by William to his intended bride and her father. It is true, Marion's pretty little hand did shrink at first from the touch of one she thought laden with the heavy sin of having once nearly killed her lover; but she soon forgot her horror in the charm of young Chadwick's society. Cousin Oliver fully bore out William Blair's description of him—a rare circumstance, when a stranger has been much talked about beforehand. He was a strikingly handsome young man: his statue-like and faultless features were set off by a clear, dark, Italian complexion, and hair of that perfect jetty hue so rarely seen; besides which, the dark brown, and dusky, and brownish-black tresses, which are politely termed black, sink into significance. In figure Oliver was much less tall than his cousin, and slighter made; but in exact proportion. His manners, too, were more courtly and insinuating: he was ever on the watch to perform some trifling act of polite attention, of which the higher and more manly nature of William Blair never thought. Yet these attentions came so naturally, and were so equally distributed, that no one could say Oliver showed Marion anything but the courtesy due to his cousin elect.

William's upright, honest mind, felt not the slightest jealousy of Oliver's superior personal attractions. He suffered him to lead the conversation, and gradually to draw out Marion until she listened with pleasure, and talked without reserve, before him. Many clever men have a faculty for hiding their talents, but Oliver Chadwick's were all of the brilliant kind. His conversation was most fascinating: not from his being one of those talkers who pour out one dazzling stream, and keep others admiring listeners, but because, by consummate skill, which seemed like intuition, he encouraged the timid, and showed deference to the reserved, until all were set at ease, so as to take part in what was said, and all invariably went away wondering, yet pleased, at their own courage, and charmed with him who had produced such effects.

There must have been a mist over William Blair's eyes, when he could not see how dangerous might be the result of these all-fascinating powers on a young and romantic spirit like Marion's. But he had such entire trust in her love for himself, and thought so highly of his cousin, that he never suspected Oliver could be guilty of any but brotherly admiration for the girl who was to be his cousin's wife. And the idea that Marion should think of Oliver, except in this sisterly way, never once crossed his mind. We acknowledge that such unsuspecting confidence is rare—very rare; but it is from weak and changing love that jealousy springs; perfect love knows no distrust: and such love was William Blair's for his Marion.

Thus, even when, following his profession as a barrister, he set off on the circuit—his first parting from Marion since they had been declared lovers—William felt not the slightest regret that Oliver Chadwick still lingered in the neighborhood, but was rather glad that Marion and her father would occasionally have a visitor to enliven their dulness in his absence. Marion's feeling it would be impossible to analyze: they were so contradictory, she hardly could understand them herself. She wept at parting with her lover: it might be with grief—it might be with a feeling of self-reproach at her waning affection for him; and then Oliver came, and read to her, and talked with her—



talked about William, too—until her conscience was soothed, and her heart lightened.

A few weeks passed on, and Marion grew alarmed at her own feelings. She said to herself that she loved William still; but when she laid her head on her pillow at night—that moment when, whatever may have been the wanderings of the day, the heart and the thoughts always fly to what is nearest and dearest—then, it was not the face of her betrothed, but of his cousin that rose up before her; and her lips murmured the name, not of William, but Oliver.

It is ever sad to trace the change of a faithless heart. One would fain believe that love can never change—never grow old; and yet, alas! for frail human nature, it does both; but not with all. Let us at once come to the truth—that, long before William's return, his place in Marion's heart was given to Oliver. Silently, slowly, and by means which he well knew how to employ, Chadwick had stolen away the young girl's affection from her first love. To do the young man justice, however, he did not commit this wilful and great sin, as many do, idly, to gratify his own vanity. When he first saw Marion, and for some time after, he would have shrunk from the accusation that he intended winning her heart. But yet, when he felt his own weakness, and knew that her beauty and gentle ways were stealing away the duty he owed to his cousin, he did not fly from the temptation, which soon became irresistible, until Oliver resolved that, at all risks, could he succeed in gaining her, Marion should be, not his cousin's wife, but his own. For the time, Oliver was sincere in his love; but he did not think that faith, once broken, may be broken again, and that a fickle heart is of little value.

From his childhood Oliver Chadwick had never controlled himself, or been controlled by another. This, with an ambitious spirit, which could not brook to be outdone by any one, had caused his first sin against his cousin, the mark of which William would bear all his life. This, too, caused the second and more grievous offense against William's peace. That his cousin would suffer through his fault, Oliver never thought; or if he did, he judged of William's love by his own, which had changed so often and so easily, that he hardly believed in constancy at all.

With these arguments, Oliver quieted his own self-reproaches and those of Marion; while, amidst all this, both so effectually shielded their love from every eye, except those of each other, that the old father never guessed the truth. Sin, like sorrow, never comes alone. The day before William Blair's appointed return, the once dutiful and affectionate Marion secretly left her father's house, and became the wife of Oliver Chadwick.

William Blair returned to a desolate home. No tidings of Marion's flight could reach him, and to the very last her letters to him had been continued; to such a degree had guileful influence worked upon her once innocent heart. He entered the cottage full of hope and happiness, and left it a broken-hearted man. Yet, William's own sorrows did not make him insensible to the anguish of the father of his lost Marion. The gray-haired old man sat continually gazing at his daughter's vacant seat, bowed down to the earth with grief. Self-reproaches, too, mingled with his sorrow; he implored William's pardon for not having better kept his treasure—for having suffered a stranger to steal it away. William felt no anger towards the desolate old man, but strove to lessen his anguish by cheering words. He spoke of Oliver's worldly prospects; that, though poor, Marion would not be destitute, and then her husband's great talents would make their way.

Mr. Hilliard looked at the generous young man with astonishment.

"How can you talk in this kind way, William? Have you no anger toward them?—have you forgotten your own wrongs?"

William turned his head away; but the quick heaving of his chest, and the convulsive clench of his hands, told how intense were his sufferings. The old man watched him almost in fear; until he grew calmer, and said in a suppressed tone—

"I have forgiven Oliver once already, and shall I not forgive

poor Marion, whom I so dearly loved—God help me! I must not say *love*, now. I have no anger against her?"

"But your cousin?"

"Must I not forgive Marion's husband?" The words came forcibly from William's lips; his heart failed him in the utterance, and a spasm passed over his features. The old man took both his hands, saying, with deep feeling,

"William, my son—in heart at least—you are worthier than I."

Years passed on, and Marion's flight and marriage were forgotten. One visit only she had paid to her old home and her father; it was a few months after her marriage, just before she went abroad with her husband, who had obtained an appointment in the colonies. Marion, tearful and contrite, received her father's blessing; but she came alone, and spoke little of her husband. She did not see or ask for William Blair. From that time her letters came occasionally, until Mr. Hilliard died, and then no more was heard of Marion or Oliver.

Now, we know well that, according to the general rule in stories like this, the wronged and forsaken lover ought never to forget his early attachment, but to live and die devoted to its sad memory. Yet in real life it is not so. The bitterest heart-sorrow, if hopeless, is not beyond the influence of time's healing hand; and a loss which death or any other cause has made irremediable, is, after the lapse of a few years, forgotten, or at least remembered without pain. It is uncertainty, and the mingling of still-lingering hope in the bitter cup, which makes it so hard to be borne, and which keep the wound from healing.

Thus, when Marion's union with Oliver had for ever parted her from himself, William's heart grew in time less full of anguish. To the utter hopelessness of his love was added the conviction of the unworthiness of his object; and this feeling contributed to restore his peace. A virtuous heart cannot long feel love when esteem has fled. And yet, though his grief was healed, William did not entirely forget Marion. He thought of her with sorrow and pity—but she was his idol no longer.

After many years, when he had reached middle age, William Blair married. The wife he chose was most unlike Marion. She was not beautiful, scarcely even pretty; but her fine mind and gentle spirit invested even an unworthy exterior with their own purity and loveliness. There was little romance in the attachment between William Blair and his wife—all that had passed away with the bloom of their youth; for she too had loved before, and vainly; still there was a strong, calm, trusting affection between the husband and wife, which made their present life happy, and caused them to look forward to a peaceful, loveful old age. Two children enlivened their home, and bound them still more together, until both looked on their first love as a morning cloud.

"I have had a visitor to-day—a stranger," said Mrs. Blair, when her husband returned one winter evening to his cheerful home, and they were sitting together in that pleasant hour between dinner and tea, when idleness and confidential talk seem to come naturally.

"Indeed," said William, putting his feet on the fender, an act which brought no frown to his wife's brow. "Indeed—was it a lady or gentleman?"

"A gentleman—but one very young—a beautiful boy about ten years old; he would not go away without seeing you—and so I went down and spoke to him. He said his name was Henry Chadwick, and his mother wanted to see a Mr. Blair who lived here. I thought it strange; but then I remembered your mother's maiden name was Chadwick, so it might be some relation; and the boy seemed so resolute, that I asked where his mother lived, and promised that you should go."

While Mrs. Blair explained this, the flickering fire had sunk into red embers, or she would have seen how William's countenance changed as she spoke. But even had she read his thoughts, there was nothing there to give a single pain to the wife's heart.

"I think it must be a relative, Emma," said he. "I had a cousin abroad, whom I had lost sight of for many years. I will go and see."

"Do, William; the place is not far, and you may be of use



to them. The boy was thinly clad, poor fellow; and when I gave him some cake he ate as if he were very hungry, so I made him carry it home."

"You are always good, my dear Emma," said William, taking his wife's hand affectionately.

The same night, cold and snowy as it was, William Blair set forth on his errand, for his heart told him that the boy's mother was no other than Marion. He knocked at the door of the room to which he was directed, but there was no answer, and he walked in. It was a desolate apartment; the snow flakes, piled up on the sill of the curtainless window, made more visible the blackness within, for the fire had gone out, and the one candle was flickering with its long wick untouched. On a bed, in one corner, lay a woman asleep, and at her feet a boy, also in deep slumber. They had drawn about them the few garments they had, poor souls! striving to forget their coldness and weariness in sleep.

William Blair stepped lightly forward, and once more looked upon the face of his Marion. Changed, mournfully changed it was—but it was still Marion. The close widow's cap, which made her sharpened features look still more hollow, told her tale. Oliver was no more; and if there had been any resentment in William's heart, it would not have been cherished against the dead. Marion's thin hand lay among her boy's bright curls, who looked in his quiet child-like sleep so like what his mother once was, that William could have wept over him. But Marion herself—the bright red spot on her cheek, and her painful, audible breathing as she slept, told that it would not be long before the child was motherless. After awhile the boy moved, and spoke indistinctly; and William retired a step lest he should startle him. Henry awoke and saw the stranger.

"Are you the gentleman whom I asked to come and see my mother?" cried the boy at once.

Mr. Blair put his finger on his lips to silence the child, but Marion was already half aroused.

"Who are you talking to, Henry?" she said feebly.

"To Mr. Blair, mother, the gentleman you said I must go to if you were very ill; and I went this morning, only you did not know it."

"Is he here—is William Blair here?" almost shrieked Marion, raising herself on her elbow.

William advanced, and took her hand without a word. And thus met the two who had once so fondly loved each other—the same face was before their eyes—the same voice fell on their ears—but the life of love was gone—for ever. Marion looked long and fixedly at her former lover, and then burst into tears.

"Have you forgiven me?" she said. "How kind of you to come to me!"

"You have a right to my kindness," answered William, in a gentle and soothing tone. "You are my cousin—why did not Mrs. Chadwick send for me before?"

"Oh! do not call me so—call me Marion—let me forget everything but old times. And my father—my poor father—to see you makes me think of him!" cried the sick woman in passionate grief.

William calmed her with kind words, and her boy clung round her neck caressingly, until Marion's excitement passed away, and she was able to talk of the past and present. She spoke of her husband's death without tears; letting fall no reproach or complaint. Yet William needed no explanation to guess that Oliver's death was a blessing. And now she had come home, feeling that the mortal arrow was fixed in her own heart, to leave her boy with those who knew his mother. She had learned William Blair's after-history, and guessing from the letter he wrote to her on her father's death that he felt no anger against her, had told her child to go to him as their only friend.

William talked of removing her to a better home, where she would be more carefully attended to.

"No," said Marion, and a flush of lingering pride came across her brow. "I am not so poor as that—I have enough to last my poor remnant of life; but promise me to take care of my Henry."

"I will," said William, earnestly. "And now I must think of you. Emma—that is my wife—shall come to see you to-morrow."

Marion shrank from this proposal—"But what will she think of me?—does she know—?"

"She knows nothing—shall know nothing—except that you are my cousin. And now farewell; forget all the past, except that I was once your friend—your father's friend, Marion. And William kissed with brotherly regard the hand that was held out to him; spoke affectionately to the child, and went away to his own home.

He kept his promise; and it was not until years after, when Marion's beauty was long mingled with the dust, that William Blair told his gentle wife of the ties which had once bound her to him. And Mrs. Blair's sweet and compassionate nature regretted not for a moment, but rejoiced, that her cares had soothed the dying moments of the woman her husband had once loved. And when she saw how tenderly and fatherly he reared up to manhood the son of Oliver and Marion, making no difference between Henry Chadwick and his own children, the wife felt not one jealous pang, but rather loved and revered the more the noble nature which had been wronged so sorely, and which had forgotten and forgiven so much.—[London Keepsake, 1848.

#### MR. DAVIS.

THE applications for medical advice have become so numerous as to render it impossible for Mr. DAVIS to answer them. He is accordingly constrained to discontinue, for the present, his personal examinations, and in order to answer as far as possible the calls of humanity, he will continue his articles on the Causes and Cure of Disease. Through the medium of this paper he will speak to thousands at the same time, and it is believed that greater good will be accomplished.

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