

THE UNIVERCOELUM

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.

THE ORIGIN OF EVIL.

A LETTER TO A. J. DAVIS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 30, 1847.

MR. DAVIS:—

Dear Sir—I have been reading with great interest the lectures you have delivered as Revelations of Nature, and more especially the portion which treats of Theology and the books of the Bible. . . . You seem to place the essence of evil in the misdirection of the *judgment* or *intellectual* faculty, rather than in the perversion of the *affections*. According to Swedenborg a man's *life* is his *love*. This love in created beings may be perverted and then becomes *evil love*, which will infallibly control the *intellect*, as we see universally exemplified among men. If a man *loves* that which is *intrinsically evil*, his love will bring over his intellect to its side, and falsify the truth which is allied to all right and good love. The disunity prevalent in the earth, is rather the result of *evil affection* than of *false understanding*, and can only be cured by an influence that shall reach to the interior of his being, which is his love. This is the ground of our grand doctrine of the Incarnation, or of what we term the Divine Humanity of Christ. We can not conceive of any other mode by which man's moral nature can be elevated from its sensual plane, and brought to conjunction with the Divine, than by the Lord's coming into human ultimates, and thus creating a *spiritual sphere of attraction* by which man shall be drawn upwards to his Divine Original. The essential and absolute Divinity of Jesus, therefore, is a radical tenet of our faith, which no possible revelation from higher spheres can in the least degree disturb. All that you say, therefore, on the character and mission of Christ, as being a "great reformer," is entirely lost upon us. We know that it cannot be true, because it contradicts eternal principles of truth.

How it is to be accounted for that you should have advanced the contrary, is another matter. We, of course, have our own ideas on the subject. Nevertheless, we are perfectly assured that it is not true. But we still give you credit for a world of important truth relative to Nature and the Spiritual Spheres. But as we hold ourselves to be in a condition to *judge* intelligently of all such disclosures as those you have made, we are affected by nothing that does not carry a convincing evidence to our rational minds.

You will excuse the freedom with which I speak, as it is prompted by the kindest feelings. I do not aim at controversy, nor do I ask a reply, though if you should be moved to any thing on the subject, I should peruse it with great interest.

But I must close with the assurance of the continued esteem and friendship of yours, &c. *

The above is extracted from a long and friendly letter, written by one of the most ardent and vigorous enquirers, the most systematic exponents, and the most intelligent of Swedenborgians. But feeling that his objections to the truthfulness of my impressions concerning the origin of evil, its extirpation from the earth, the incarnation, and the elevation of the mind, have

an important bearing on the progress of intuitional and spiritual philosophy, I am prompted to accompany it by the following

REPLY.

POUGHKEEPSIE, JULY 21, 1847.

Dear Sir—From a pleasant and instructive journey through the interior of the State of Vermont, I have but just returned. The mountains were green and beautifully dressed—the valleys were vocal with music—the birds, and trees, and winds, and every created thing did represent some Divine Thought, and correspond to some human affection. I love to consult and commune with Nature—love to interrogate her laws, and study her vast whole, for man, that compound image of his Maker, forms a part of her—the highest and most beautiful portion. I love to study Man, to learn of Divine Love and Divine Wisdom, as they are in him embodied, and by him manifested. Though I shrink from the impetuosity of the love in weak and undeveloped minds, I the more ardently admire it when Wisdom governs, and renders harmonious its immortal springs of action.

I found, on my return, a very kind and suggestive letter from your hand. Patients and business matters have prevented a more prompt reply. For your highly interesting epistle and accompanying favors, I am truly thankful, and will make suitable efforts to repay your attention and kindness.

You have read the lectures, and believe you find in them some important truth, associated with error. This impression may arise from one or both of two sources, viz: the imperfection or novel use of language, or the medium through which you view them.

But with reference to "the origin of evil," and in order to elucidate its causes and consequences, I am moved to detail briefly the following

VISION.

Some weeks ago I read in one of the Boston papers an account of an aggravated and most soul-chilling murder, committed, as the paper stated, by a detested wretch long a burthen to himself and society. I read also concerning his execution, which account was accompanied with a few remarks upon the punishment he would probably receive in the other world. The relation of this horrible occurrence weighed my spirit down. The position from which I viewed and contemplated the deed, was identical with that occupied by almost every political, legal, and clerical teacher in the land. I viewed it as to its *external aspect*, and was driven to the unreasonable conclusion that man is, in reality, a depraved creature at heart. Oh, how I trembled at this! "But no man," reasoned I, "could do such an evil to his fellow man, without being evil in the very elements of his being; and if this is an individual truth, it must be a universal one." Yes, only twenty days ago I was filled with sorrow concerning this demonstration of innate sin, of perverted and evil affection, of a voluntary love for, and doing of, evil—voluntary, because growing out of, and being allied to the Soul's Life. I prayed, constantly, to know the truth, and to view the occurrence, and its causes, from an interior and spiritual position. At length, one day, I felt moved to visit the village grave-yard, that I might be free from outer disturbances. I obeyed the internal impulse. I sought a retired spot, folded my head in my garments, shut myself from sense and outer impressions, and medi-

tated on the subject of my thoughts. Instantly my understanding was opened, and the birth, and life, and character, and the various circumstances which constituted that murderer's experience, were manifested to me in their regular order of succession.

In a small, unclean, unfurnished room, in a cradle, I saw a child. It was physically deformed, especially in the cerebral region. I saw that the cause of this malformation was referable to the ignorance of its parents—they had violated the laws of reproduction and utero-gestation. It was plain to be seen that this infirmity and disobedience was faithfully recorded on the person of the child.

In five years more, that child manifested in its plays and conversations the angular and impulsive promptings of love unguided by wisdom, which latter it had not, because of youth and incapacity, and which its parents could not have communicated because of their ignorance from birth.

In five years more, I saw that child the companion of those of equal growth and like hereditary misdirection,—of those who were *born* foes to the interests of society,—those who were *victims* of circumstances, such as surround and influence all persons and families forming the lower strata of civilization.

In five years more, that child was a perverse and wicked youth—was the leader of card-playing and gambling tricks without the city—and was the chief of mobs and riots within; was chewing tobacco, smoking cigars drinking liquor. His parents were poor. At first they could not send him to school, at last he would not go. He stood as a representative of inferior situations and circumstances.

In five years more, I saw that youth a man in stature, but not in development of body nor elevation of mind. And in an old, dilapidated dwelling, like the Brewery in our city, containing about twenty families, I saw his wife,—for he was married.

Two years more, and I saw his child. That mother's child was left in the care of a sympathizing but no better situated neighbor, while she, worn out and emaciated, was peddling strawberries in the streets of Boston. I saw her return at night with food for herself and her little one, and money to procure bread for breakfast; but that cruel man, intoxicated husband, and misdirected father, abruptly and insultingly demanded her little saving, and appropriated it to his own use—to buy rum, whereby to drown the rising feelings of goodness and sympathy within, that his obscured and misdirected soul might not perceive the body's corruption and depravity.

In six months more, I saw him when alone, weeping; but, when seen by others, he was gross, unclean, and disgusting. Feeling that others disliked and despised him, he disliked and despised himself. A whole garment was not in his possession. One by one they had been sacrificed to gratify his over-mastering desire. Indeed, he was a slave—rum was his master. A slave cannot do as he will, but only as the master prompts, and sanctions, and commands!

Three nights afterward, he was destitute of liquor, food, friendship, clothes and money. Society had neglected its legitimate child. Nature's universal provisions were withholden, and the husband was urged to violent plans. At this moment he saw a well-dressed, and apparently wealthy gentleman, step into quite an inferior oyster house. The husband hurried on and entered it. He obtained a seat with an air of carelessness, and unobserved. The gentleman was a stranger, was inquiring the most convenient route to a village ten miles from the city. When he paid for his oysters, he unfortunately revealed a well supplied pocket book. The temptation was too powerful. The husband saw the magnitude of destitution and starvation compared with the act of assassination—compared with the former the latter seemed justice, to exercise which he at once resolved. He had heard the directions given the stranger, and without a moment's hesitation hastened on the way. After pro-

ceeding nearly half the distance, he secreted himself by the road side and awaited the traveler's approach.

"I don't want to kill him," said the husband; "I will only stun him and get his shiners. The world owes me a living; it don't give it to me; I am resolved to take it. God knows this is justice. I am hungry, and must have something now or I shall die." Now I saw him weep. A sound of footsteps close by announced the traveler's approach. Out he leaped and grasped the stranger by the throat, and sternly demanded his money. The man knocked him down. This unexpected blow fired him with vengeance and determination. He instantly arose and shot the man, and stabbed him hurriedly in many places—mangled him in the most horrible manner—searched his pockets, robbed him of all he had, threw the body over the fence, and went into Boston to drown sorrow with a flood of rum, which he then could purchase.

I saw him arrested, tried, condemned, imprisoned, abused, sneered at, and formally executed—executed as an example. I saw all this. And I can only say, beware of such justice—it is human, not Divine.

I continued in that illuminated condition nearly an hour after the above vision, reflecting upon its importance and significance, when my perceptions enlarged, and it was given me to follow his spirit.

In the first Society of the second sphere of human existence—where the inferior types of the race are, and where they gravitate for refinement and reformation,—I mean the Negroes, Indians, and weak, and idiotic, and the misdirected individuals and classes of every community and nation—there, I saw that dark spirit. He was small, and weak, and ungrown; he was clothed with all possible conflicting colors, and was disagreeable to behold. As a coating upon his faint spirit was impressed, or induced, or recorded, every unfavorable influence and evil circumstance that had surrounded and actuated him from his birth to the grave. The malformation had rendered his body inadequate to a regular unfolding of his spiritual elements and attributes; and outer conditions and opposing influences prevented his finding his true position, or making a pleasant and happy journey through this rudimental sphere. The most lovely rose can not grow, if planted in an iron vase, and breathed upon by the chilling winds of Iceland; nor can a pure spirit grow into a love of goodness and truth, if confined within the walls of an ill formed body, and breathed upon by the freezing atmosphere of ungenial conditions and circumstances.

But now, higher influences pervaded him—penetrated that superficial coating; it grew thinner and more thin; it became transparent; it dissolved and crumbled into nothing, and lo! the white robed angel was there! The germ of the spirit sparkled like the crystal in the granite rock. I saw that from the first it was pure within, though evil without; the pure soul indigenous to heaven, the outer life to the imperfections and misdirections of earth. I followed him through the first society, and, as he ascended to the second, I could not see the least vestige of that evil garment, but he was a rightly directed and comparatively perfect being of the inner life. I was overjoyed. The vision ended, and I returned to the outer world with different feelings. I would not call that evil which is good in its way and state of being. What, think you, was the legitimate impression of this vision; I will relate,

1. That there are three sources of evil. First, progenitive or hereditary misdirection; secondly, educational or sympathetic misdirection; thirdly, circumstantial or social misdirection.

2. That "the disunity prevalent in the earth is rather the result" of those conditions and circumstances which *make* affections evil, than "of evil affection," as Swedenborg teaches, and you believe.

3. That all things and spirits are receptacles of the grand element of the Love of God, which, diffused through nature, as the Soul is through the body, unfolds itself into Wisdom.

4. That man is an incarnated divinity, and therefore that he is not *intrinsically* evil himself, and can not love any thing "intrinsically evil," though he may be bent or misdirected while in the twig-state, and grow up crooked, and despised by sensuous observers, through this sphere of his existence or development.

5. That as God lives in all things and every where, there are no local or especial Incarnations of this essence. This is the true "ground of our grand doctrine of the Incarnation," the highest demonstrations of which are visible in the life and teachings of Christ, and in the profound revelations of Swedenborg.

6. That every human being has an important mission to fulfil, or three uses to subserve. The individual is designed to reproduce its type, to properly direct the heavenly germ in it deposited, and to live here in reference to the principles of Nature and another life.

7. That a knowledge of Nature, and her laws, is indispensable to a just performance of the three uses just specified, constituting man's mission; and that, to cure the evil and "disunity prevalent" in Society, we must ascertain our inner and outer relations to each other, as members of one body, and our relations to the Material and Spiritual Worlds. In this way, "man's moral nature may be elevated from its sensual plane," and a "conjunction" be established between the human and divine. The teachings of all good spirits, (especially the great reformers, Christ and Swedenborg) tend to the full discovery and just application of those truths which will constitute "a spiritual sphere of attraction," and which will attract and elevate the race to a closer relation among its parts, with the principles of Divine order and harmony, and the chastening influences of higher spheres.

Such, I am impressed, is the origin of evil, as manifested in the actions of the individual; and its cure can only be accomplished by removing the three causes of human misdirection.

When I examine Swedenborg's philosophical disclosures, I find nothing in them inconsistent with the above illustration of the origin of evil, but when he takes the Bible for his master, he seems to make his stupendous Science, Philosophy, and Theology of Nature and the Universe bow, submissively, to its imperative authority. Do not the receivers of Swedenborg, in like manner, take *him* for *their* master? When you say "no revelation from higher spheres own in the least degree" disturb the convictions of Swedenborgians, I fear it is rather Swedenborg and his truths, than the truths of Nature and heaven, they are determined to advocate and defend—and such seem to defend him, too, with instruments by him prepared, rather than with Reason freed from prejudice and educational inclination.

I am not defending *this Book* I gave to the world in my superior condition, (let it do its work) but I am desirous of freeing the general mind of all isms, and their errors concerning the origin of Sin, the Incarnation, and the restitution of man to a state of purity and blessedness. I am not only anxious to be free from all isms, but to have a *standard*, composed only of reason and truth—based on Man, Nature, and the Universe—a basis immovable, but an edifice of truth and goodness capable of inconceivable additions—a germ of truth, capable of endless expansion—a Master, inspiring all earths and spheres with heat and light, or Love and Wisdom, and making the weakest beings recipients and examples of his love and grace. I know I shall, like all others, progress eternally; therefore I do not promise to believe to-morrow exactly what I believe to-day, for I may know more.

The internal man rests on the foundation of *intuition*; the wise man upon *reflection*, the external man upon *perception*, and the superficial man upon *testimony*. Beware of testimony—of believing what others say, but who will ascend to higher spheres, there to learn and enjoy more of the perpetual blessings flowing from the inexhaustible depths of intuition and truth. So, kind spirit, I am taught.

With a desire to learn, and to become more and more acquainted with your spirit, and its influences to truth and righteousness,

I remain yours, &c.

A. J. DAVIS.

PROSPECTS OF THE RACE.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

IN INQUIRIES respecting the laws of the world and the frame of things, the highest reason is always the truest. That which seems faintly possible—it is so refined, is often faint and dim because it is deepest seated in the mind among the eternal verities. Empirical science is apt to cloud the sight, and, by the very knowledge of functions and processes, to bereave the student of the manly contemplation of the whole. The savant becomes unpoetic. But the best read naturalist who lends an entire and devout attention to truth, will see that there remains much to learn of his relation to the world, and that it is not to be learned by any addition or subtraction or other comparison of known quantities, but is arrived at by untaught sallies of the spirit, by a continual self-recovery, and by entire humility. He will perceive that there are far more excellent qualities in the student than preciseness and infallibility; that a guess is often more fruitful than an indisputable affirmation, and that a dream may let us deeper into the secret of nature than a hundred concerted experiments.

For, the problems to be solved are precisely those which the physiologist and the naturalist omit to state. It is not so pertinent to man to know all the individuals of the animal kingdom, as it is to know whence and whereto is this tyrannizing unity in his construction, which evermore separates and classifies things, endeavoring to reduce the most diverse to one form. When I behold a rich landscape, it is less to my purpose to recite correctly the order and super-position of the strata, than to know why all thought of multitude is lost in a tranquil sense of unity. I cannot greatly honor minuteness in details, so long as there is no hint to explain the relation between things and thoughts; no ray upon the *metaphysics* of conchology, of botany, of the arts, to show the relation of the forms of flowers, shells, animals, architecture, to the mind, and build science upon ideas. In a cabinet of natural history, we become sensible of a certain occult recognition and sympathy in regard to the most bizarre forms of beast, fish, and insect. The American who has been confined, in his own country, to the sight of buildings designed after foreign models, is surprised on entering York Minster or St. Peter's at Rome, by the feeling that these structures are imitations also,—faint copies of an invisible archetype. Nor has science sufficient humanity, so long as the naturalist overlooks that wonderful congruity which subsists between man and the world; of which he is lord, not because he is the most subtle inhabitant, but because he is its head and heart, and finds something of himself in every great and small thing, in every mountain stratum, in every new law of color, fact of astronomy, or atmospheric influence which observation or analysis lay open. A perception of this mystery inspires the muse of George Herbert, the beautiful psalmist of the seventeenth century. The following lines are part of his little poem on Man.

"Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And to all the world besides.
Each part may call the farthest, brother;
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moods and tides.

"Nothing hath gone so far
But man hath caught and kept it as his prey;
His eyes dismount the highest star;
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

"For us, the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow;
Nothing we see, but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

"The stars have us to bed:
Night draws the curtain; which the sun withdraws.
Music and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kind,
In their descent and being; to our mind,
In their ascent and cause.

"More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of. In every path,
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
Oh mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him."

The perception of this class of truths makes the eternal attraction which draws men to science, but the end is lost sight of in attention to the means. In view of this half-sight of science, we accept the sentence of Plato, that "poetry comes nearer to vital truth than history." Every surmise and vaticination of the mind is entitled to a certain respect, and we learn to prefer imperfect theories, and sentences, which contain glimpses of truth, to digested systems which have no one valuable suggestion. A wise writer will feel that the ends of study and composition are best answered by announcing undiscovered regions of thought, and so communicating, through hope, new activity to the torpid spirit.

I shall therefore conclude this essay with some traditions of man and nature, which a certain poet sang to me; and which, as they have always been in the world, and perhaps re-appear to every bard, may be both history and prophecy.

"The foundations of man are not in matter, but in spirit. But the element of spirit is eternity. To it, therefore, the longest series of events, the oldest chronologies are young and recent. In the cycle of the universal man, from whom the known individuals proceed, centuries are points, and all history is but the epoch of one degradation.

"We distrust and deny inwardly our sympathy with nature. We own and disown our relation to it, by turns. We are, like Nebuchadnezzar, dethroned, bereft of reason, and eating grass like an ox. But who can set limits to the remedial force of spirit?

"A man is a god in ruins. When men are innocent, life shall be longer, and shall pass into the immortal, as gently as we awake from dreams. Now, the world would be insane and rabid, if these disorganizations should last for hundreds of years. It is kept in check by death and infancy. Infancy is the perpetual Messiah, which comes into the arms of fallen men, and pleads with them to return to paradise.

"Man is the dwarf of himself. Once he was permeated and dissolved by spirit. He filled nature with his overflowing currents. Out from him sprang the sun and moon; from man, the sun; from woman, the moon. The laws of his mind, the periods of his actions externalized themselves into day and night, into the year and the seasons. But, having made for himself this huge shell, his waters retired; he no longer fills the veins and veinlets; he is shrunk to a drop. He sees, that the structure still fits him, but fits him colossally. Say, rather, once it fitted him, now it corresponds to him from far and on high. He adores timidly his own work. Now is man the follower of the sun, and woman the follower of the moon. Yet sometimes he starts in his slumber, and wonders at himself and his house, and muses strangely at the resemblance betwixt him and it. He perceives that if his law is still paramount, if still he have elemental power, "if his word is sterling yet in nature," it is not conscious power, it is not inferior but superior to his will. It is Instinct." Thus my Orphic poet sang.

At present, man applies to nature but half his force. He works on the world with his understanding alone. He lives in it, and masters it by a penny-wisdom; and he that works most in it, is but a half man, and whilst his arms are strong and his digestion good, his mind is imbruted and he is a selfish savage. His relation to nature, his power over it, is through the understanding; as by manure; the economic use of fire, wind, water, and the mariner's needle; steam, coal, chimerical agriculture; the repairs of the human body by the dentist and the surgeon. This is such a resumption of power, as if a banished king should buy his territories inch by inch, instead of vaulting at once into his throne. Meantime, in the thick darkness, there are not wanting gleams of a better light—occasional examples of the action of man upon nature with his entire force,—with reason as well as understanding. Such examples are; the traditions of miracles in the earliest antiquity of all nations; the history of Jesus Christ; the achievements of a principle, as in religious and political revolutions, and in the abolition of the Slave-trade; the miracles of enthusiasm, as those reported of Swedenborg, Hohenlohe, and the Shakers; many obscure and yet contested facts, now arranged under the name of Animal Magnetism; prayer; eloquence; self-healing; and the wisdom of children. These are examples of Reason's momentary grasp of the scepter; the exertions of a power which exists not in time or space, but an instantaneous in-streaming causing power. The difference between the actual and the ideal force of man is happily figured by the schoolmen, in saying, that the knowledge of man is an evening knowledge, *vespertina cognitio*, but that of God is a morning knowledge, *matutina cognitio*.

The problem of restoring to the world original and eternal beauty, is solved by the redemption of the soul. The ruin or the blank, that we see when we look at nature, is in our own eye. The axis of vision is not coincident with the axis of things, and so they appear not transparent but opaque. The reason why the world lacks unity, and lies broken and in heaps, is, because man is disunited with himself. He cannot be a naturalist, until he satisfies all the demands of the spirit. Love is as much its demand, as perception. Indeed, neither can be perfect without the other. In the uttermost meaning of the words, thought is devout, and devotion is thought. Deep calls unto deep. But in actual life, the marriage is not celebrated. There are innocent men who worship God after the tradition of their fathers, but their sense of duty has not yet extended to the use of all their faculties. And there are patient naturalists, but they freeze their subject under the wintry light of the understanding. Is not prayer also a study of truth,—a sally of the soul into the unfound infinite? No man ever prayed heartily, without learning something. But when a faithful thinker, resolute to detach every object from personal relations, and see it in the light of thought, shall, at the same time, kindle science with the fire of the holiest affections, then will God go forth anew into the creation.

It will not need, when the mind is prepared for study, to search for objects. The invariable mark of wisdom is to see the miraculous in the common. What is a day? What is a year? What is summer? What is woman? What is a child? What is sleep? To our blindness, these things seem unaffecting. We make fables to hide the baldness of the fact, and conform it, as we say, to the higher law of the mind. But when the fact is seen under the light of an idea, the gaudy fable fades and shrivels. We behold the real higher law. To the wise, therefore, a fact is true poetry, and the most beautiful of fables. These wonders are brought to our own door. You also are a man. Man and woman, and their social life, poverty, labor, sleep, fear, fortune, are known to you. Learn that none of these things is superficial, but that each phenomenon hath its roots in the faculties and affections of the mind. Whilst the abstract question occupies your intellect, nature brings it in the concrete to be

solved by your hands. It were a wise inquiry for the closet, to compare, point by point, especially at remarkable crisis in life, our daily history, with the rise and progress of ideas in the mind.

So shall we come to look at the world with new eyes. It shall answer the endless inquiry of the intellect,—What is truth? and of the affections,—What is good? by yielding itself passive to the educated Will. Then shall come to pass what my poet said; "Nature is not fixed but fluid. Spirit alters, molds, makes it. The immobility or bruteness of nature, is the absence of spirit; to pure spirit, it is fluid, it is volatile, it is obedient. Every spirit builds itself a house; and beyond its house, a world, and beyond its world, a heaven. Know then, that the world exists for you. For you is the phenomenon perfect. What we are, that only can we see. All that Adam had, all that Cæsar could, you have and can do. Adam called his house, heaven and earth; Cæsar called his house, Rome; you perhaps call yours, a cobbler's trade; a hundred acres of ploughed land; or a scholar's garret. Yet line for line and point for point, your dominion is as great as theirs, though without fine names. Build, therefore, your own world. As fast as you conform your life to the pure idea in your mind, that will unfold its great proportions. A correspondent revolution in things will attend the influx of the spirit. So fast will disagreeable appearances, swine, spiders, snakes, pests, mad-houses, prisons, enemies, vanish; they are temporary and shall be no more seen. The sordid and filthy of nature, the sun shall dry up, and the wind exhale. As when the summer comes from the south, the snow-banks melt, and the face of the earth becomes green before it, so shall the advancing spirit create its ornaments along its path, and carry with it the beauty it visits, and the song which enchants it; it shall draw beautiful faces, and warm hearts, and wise discourse, and heroic acts, around its way, until evil is no more seen. The kingdom of man over nature, which cometh not with observation,—a dominion such as now is beyond his dream of God,—he shall enter without more wonder than the blind man feels who is gradually restored to perfect sight."

THE TEACHING OF NATURE.

Among the disciples of Hillel, the wise teacher of the sons of Israel, there was one named Sabot, who hated all kinds of labor, and gave himself up to idleness and sloth. But Hillel was concerned about the young man, and determined to cure him. So at length he took him out into the valley of Hinnom, near Jerusalem. There was stagnant water full of reptiles and insects, and covered with noxious weeds.

When they had reached the valley, Hillel laid down his staff, and said: What! master, in this hateful marsh! Do you not perceive what a poisonous vapor rises from it?

You are right, my son, replied the teacher; this stagnant pool is like the soul of the idler. Who would wish to tarry any where near him?

Thereupon Hillel took the youth to a waste field, on which grew only thorns and thistles, that choked the grain and wholesome plants. And Hillel leaned upon his staff, and said: This field has a good bottom for bearing every useful and luxurious product; but it has been passed by and neglected, so that now it produces abundance of thistles, and thorns, and poisonous seeds, among which serpents and salamanders nestle. Before, you saw the soul—now, see the life of the idler.

Then was Sabot affected with shame and penitence, and said: Master, why did you bring me into so solitary and gloomy a region? It is the admonitory image of my soul and life. Hillel replied: As you would not credit my words, I have sought to see whether the voice of nature would penetrate thy heart. Sabot pressed his teacher's hand, and said: You have not been unsuccessful. A new life—you shall see it—has sprung up in me.

So it was: Sabot became an active young man. Then Hillel

took him into a fruitful vale, on the bank of a clear stream, which, in beautiful meanderings, flowed through flowery meads, amid fruit-trees, and overshadowing shrubbery. See here, said the old man to the delighted youth, the image of thy new, industrious life. Nature, which has admonished thee, may now also reward thee.

Her charms and beauty can only delight him, who, in her life, beholds his own.

SIMPLICITY.

SIMPLICITY is the invariable characteristic of truth. Error loves to hide her deformity in cumbrous shapes and complicated envelopments, to bury her sophistries in mazy labyrinths of subtlety, and disguise her purposes in oracular ambiguities. But truth is open as the day; her aspect is radiant with candor; her language direct and plain; her precepts admirable in beauty, irresistible in force. The grand elementary principles of whatever is most valuable to man are distinguished by simplicity. If we follow nature to her hiding places, and wring from her the secret by which she conducts her stupendous operations, we shall find that a few simple truths constitute the foundation of all her vast designs. As we roam abroad into the fields of science, the same discovery will reward our investigations. Behold, for example, on what a few self-evident axioms is reared that sublime and irrefragable system of mathematical reasoning, by means of which man proportions the grandest forms of art, directs his course through the pathless wastes of ocean, or ascending into the boundless fields of space, tracks the comet in its fiery path, and "unwinds the eternal dances of the sky."

[EDWIN FORREST.]

EXPERIMENT.

TO SOME MEN, the very name of experiment is a sound of horror. It is a spell which conjures up gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire. They seem not to know that all that is valuable in life—that the acquisitions of learning, and discoveries of science,—are the result of experiment. It was experiment that bestowed on CADMUS those keys of knowledge with which we unlock the treasure-houses of immortal mind. It was experiment that taught BACON the futility of the Grecian philosophy, and led him to that heaven-scaling method of investigation and analysis, on which science has safely climbed to the proud eminence where she now sits, dispensing her blessings on mankind. It was experiment that lifted NEWTON above the clouds and darkness of this visible diurnal sphere, enabling him to explore the sublime mechanism of the stars, and weigh the planets in their eternal rounds. It was experiment that nerved the hand of FRANKLIN to snatch the thunder from the armory of heaven. It was experiment that gave this hemisphere to the world. It was EXPERIMENT that gave this continent FREEDOM. [IBID.]

IT IS EASY to see why immortality is so like a dream; and heaven almost as an empty name. It is not strange our faith should totter under the first blows of actual calamity, and have no power to wipe away these gushing tears. No more study of the Record of Christ's life alone, until his resurrection seems as sure as any event related in the annals of the past, will fully remove the difficulty. The evil is deeper far. The soul hath not lived in a spiritual life, until spiritual truths, affections, joys, have become great realities in its view; and the existence of a spiritual world been thus attested in its sure experience. The mortal hath not put on immortality, so that in a practical and abiding conviction, death should appear to be swallowed up in victory. It is said in the description of a purely spiritual life, "And there shall be no more death." The wise heart seeks at once this all-triumphant spirit. For it remembers the word which says, "Whosoever *lieth*, and believeth in me shall never die."

Psychological Department.

FACTS IN PSYCHOLOGY.

BUT THERE is another species of argument for the existence of the spirit after the dissolution of the physical body, to some more convincing than any other. I allude to certain psychological phenomena which have impressed many minds, and which are wholly inexplicable on any other ground than the admission of the soul's immortality. The kind of evidence which I now adduce may be classed among the mystical, but it cannot be among the unreal, for the reality is established in numerous minds beyond all possible doubt. I refer to some *appearances* which have been made of the departed. And the evidence which we are now giving will of course strike those minds most powerfully which have realized the same phenomena; nevertheless, I see not how they can fail of carrying a degree of conviction to all. We are not of an imaginative character—those who know us best will entirely acquit us of any such charge. And it is pure reason, and reason alone, accompanied with palpable fact, that the evidence in question has any importance. The evidence is this. Many persons may be found, of all varieties of dispositions, mental characteristics, and degrees of culture, who, during the common occupations of life, have suddenly been impressed with the presence of absent friends or relatives. Sometimes the vision has been complete. Friends at sea, or at distant parts, have thus been the cause of a distinct and conscious presence to the vision of their friends at home, and after months of time, frequently, the next news of those friends was—that *they had departed from this life precisely at that time!* What could it have been but a spiritual appearance, impossible to be made until the spirit was released from the body? These cases are not uncommon. But they are frequently locked as a secret within the heart, and not related but to a familiar friend, and even then with an injunction to secrecy, for fear of ridicule, or the charge of superstition. So tyrannous is this power of popular opinion, and so sensual is the prevailing philosophy of our day. I have, myself, within but a few weeks, received relations of this kind from persons of unquestioned veracity, and far from an imaginary character, who told me of the presence—the visible, entire form of near relatives and friends, and the next news was, that they died at that time. Perhaps, as familiar an instance as could be given, of the reality of such spiritual appearing, may be found in "Mrs. Child's Letters from New York."

"Scottish legends (says she) abound with instances of second sight, oftentimes supported by a formidable array of evidence. But I have met with only one person who was the subject of such a story. She was a woman of plain practical sense, very unimaginative, intelligent, extremely well informed, and as truthful as the sun. I tell the story as she told it to me. One of her relatives was seized with a rapid consumption. He had for some weeks been perfectly resigned to die; but one morning when she called on him, she found his eyes brilliant, his cheeks flushed with an unnatural bloom, and his mind full of belief that he should recover health. He talked eagerly of voyages he would take, and of the renovating influence of warmer climes. She listened to him with sadness; for she was well acquainted with his treacherous disease, and in all these things, she saw symptoms of approaching death. She said this to her mother and sisters when she returned home. It was at that home, away from her invalid relative, in the afternoon of the same day, as she sat sewing in the usual family circle, that she accidentally looked up—and gave a sudden start, which immediately attracted attention and inquiry. She replied,—'Don't you see cousin?' They thought she had been dreaming; but she said, 'I am not certainly asleep. It is strange you do not see him; he is there! The next thought was, that she was seized with sudden insanity; but she assured them she was never more rational in

her life—that she could not account for the circumstance any more than they could; but her cousin was certainly there, and looking at her with a very pleasant countenance. Her mother tried to turn it off as a delusion; but, nevertheless, she was so much impressed by it, that she looked at her watch, and immediately sent to inquire how the invalid did. The messenger returned with the news that he was dead, and *had died at that moment!*

"My friend told me (continues the narrator,) that at first she only saw the bust; but gradually the whole form became visible, as if some imperceptible cloud or veil, had slowly rolled away. The invisible veil again arose, and then that vanished. She said the vision did not terrify her at the time; it simply perplexed her, as a thing incomprehensible. Why *she* saw it, she could explain no better than why her mother and sisters did not see it. She simply told it to me just as it appeared to her, as distinct and real as any other individual in the room."

Now, there is one thing in connection with this phenomena, which is inexplicable on any other ground than the admission of the spirit's immortality. The *whole* of it is striking and convincing—to any thing but an inveterate sensual philosophy. But there is *one* thing that deserves particular attention. If this appearance, or these appearances, for they are many, took place any time *before* the death of the person, or *after* it, then it might be said that the vision was only imaginary,—the effect of a nervous or impressible mind, by mere accident, by a momentary, intense reflection on the absent one. But why should these appearances so frequently happen *at the very time* of the death? Is not this an argument for the disentrainment of the spiritual body, which, on its release from the flesh, then only had the power to make its appearance in this manner?

And again I ask—why are not these tidings as worthy of credence as any of the records of similar events in the ancient Scriptures? Men can believe in miracles as contradictions, or violations of nature, when related by—nobody knows who or when, but they cannot believe in relations of remarkable veritable phenomena, all in accordance with spiritual Nature, and psychological laws, well attested by credible and familiar witnesses living among us. They can believe in the resurrection of a dead, material body, which, in its resurrected state, partook of "broiled fish and honey comb," as evidence of our *spiritual* resurrection, and found in an ancient record which is burdened with contradictions and mistakes; but they will not believe things far more spiritual and natural, and near at hand, and why? Because they are fettered and bound by a stupendous system of church imposition, and frequently *cannot* think, 'for fear of the people.' Thank God, there are a few minds yet, who have not this fear before their eyes. "There are a few names, even in Sardis, which have not defiled their garments," and they do not feel the weight of ancient authority or tradition as any burden on their souls. [CHRISTIAN RATIONALIST.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE UNIVERCÆLUM:

On reading some of the dreams and presentiments in the *Univercælum*, I was forcibly struck with the similarity to some of my own, and although I do not desire to be known I am willing to relate one or two out of many that I have had.

On one occasion when I was awake, I seemed to hear a language as distinctly as if one had arrived with the intelligence, saying that a certain acquaintance of mine was then dying, and his wife would not be comforted. It gave me a great shock, and I noted the time by the clock. The next day I was informed, that at the precise hour the preceding day his death took place, and his wife was inconsolable.

With sincere respect I subjoin my name,

ELIZABETH BRIGGS.

NO MAN can for one moment escape the relations of his existence. When he is cut off from these he is cut off from life.

Poetry.

VOICES OF SPRING TO THE SICK.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM,
BY R. T. HALLOCK, M. D.

The season of Spring has gone by, but the following lines are not the less beautiful. Besides, the early spring-time, to the fading one, proved to be the expiring autumn of earthly being. [Ed.]

"Go away, little birds," said a lady in rapidly declining health, one beautiful spring morning; "Go away, your song is no music to me now, and the blossoms you are among are no longer beautiful!"

The expression may seem strange to others, and did, in fact, appear so to me for a moment, until I reflected that the external and internal must harmonize to produce pleasure. Disease had destroyed that harmony in her case, and it was only to be restored in that land, "where none of the inhabitants can say, I am sick."

Birds of the merry Spring-time,
Birds of the sunny bough,
Your notes of joyous music—
I cannot hear them now.

They say the trees are beautiful,
Dress'd in the robes of May,
To me they bring no cheerfulness,
To me they look not gay.

The wild bee in his joyousness,
Is out on the balmy air
With his bright wings of gossamer,
Amid the blossoms there;

'Mid thousand forms of loveliness,
A thousand songs of mirth,
The flow'ring tree, the merry birds—
The beautiful of earth:

And the lightsome tread of children,
With voices ringing free,
As they dance upon the green-sward,
To music from the tree;

Oh, these are *only* beautiful
To the heart whose strings are whole,
When the music of the Spring-time
Is an *echo from the soul!*

FOURIER IN PARADISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM,
BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

Like the holy Men of Tabor,
Bloody sweat-upon his brow—
Here he travailed long in labor—
His reward is with him now.

With sublime, divine uprightness,
By the lightning of his thought,
Like an Angel's sword in brightness—
Was the World's great battle fought.

Fired with Prophet-inspiration,
Words of lightning fiercely fell
From his lips in Jubilation—
Withering up the hosts of Hell!

Full of God's eternal Spirit,
Gospel-charmed; the spirit's spell,
Preaching Truth, he did inherit
Heaven on earth instead of Hell.

Thus did he fulfil his Mission,
Making Earth like Heaven above—
Healing, like the Great Physician,
Human hearts with heavenly love.

So his soul's Divine Hosanna
Cheered Earth's children in distress,
As Heaven rained on Israel manna,
Journeying through the wilderness.

For his soul's Divine Evangels
Fell so sweetly from his tongue,
That his speech seemed like an Angel's,
As if he in heaven had sung.

Flower-enamelled, golden-sanded
Was the path on which he trod
From the Pearl-shore, where he landed,
To the holy House of God.

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM,
BY FANNY GREEN.

Air—"Rosalia," as Sung by the Christy Minstrels.

IN LIFE'S MORNING fresh and bright,
Hope—ah, hope—she cheated me!
Yet I followed still her light—
She was fair—and I was free!
Dark eyes woke with tender beams,
Like the lustrous stars in streams—
Trembling, thrilling, with the love
They had caught from worlds above!
Hope—ah, hope—she cheated me!
And young Henry won my heart—
All beneath the old oak tree
Sped the cruel, fatal dart!

Years have fled since that fair morn—
Hope is quenched in dark despair—
Now I wander, all forlorn,
Through the troubled midnight air—
Henry's heart found other ties;—
And his darkly beaming eyes
Blest a fair and happy bride,
Where I should be—at his side;
Still I never can forget—
Memory's light I cannot flee!
Still I cling, with fond regret,
To the dear, the old oak tree!

THE POOR WRETCH who has learned his only prayers
From curses, and who knows scarcely words enough
To ask a blessing from his Heavenly Father,
Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute
And technical in victories and defeats,
And all our dainty terms for fratricide;
Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our tongue,
Like mere abstractions, empty sounds to which
We join no feeling and attach no form!

* * * * *
As if the wretch
Who fell in battle, doing bloody deeds,
Passed off to heaven, tansisted, and not killed,
As though he had no wife to pine for him,
No God to judge him!

[COLLETON.]

THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1848.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RESOLUTIONS. POSITION OF THE UNIVERSALISTS.

IN THE last number of the "Christian Freeman," we find a letter, addressed to the Editor, by an eminent clergyman, on the subject of the resolutions (regarding faith and fellowship) adopted at the last session of the Pennsylvania State Convention of Universalists, and which we copied into our paper of July 22d. We extract a portion of the letter, to which we append some remarks of our own. After some introductory observations and a brief analysis of the resolutions, the writer says:—

"A few years ago, some of our preachers and laymen, in the exercise of the liberty of investigation and speech (*always* allowed and encouraged by Universalists,) turned their attention to the various forms of theology and philosophy which were imported from Germany. The singular modes of expression captivated many—the novel forms and applications of old ideas, interested others—and some few, deeply sympathizing with the *truths of doctrine* uttered by some of the German rationalists, were led into adopting their false modes of construing and interpreting the Scriptures, and their consequent rejection of portions which (by this false construction) taught sentiments irrational and untrue. Immediately this *ultra* Radicalism found an antagonist in an equally *ultra* Conservatism. One extreme began to deny (not only the old, orthodox notions and definitions of miracles, inspiration, &c., but) the miracles and inspiration, without definition or explanation; and the other extreme, taking alarm at *all* progress, were not content with the views of miracles, inspiration, &c., which had for years been current among American Unitarians and Universalists, but receded back to the old, orthodox views of those subjects. By this *retrograde* movement of the denomination, (for, by the clamor and outcry of our leading periodicals, of "infidel" and infidelity," against all who would not recede, *the fear of the orthodox* fell on nearly all our public bodies, and they fled, hurry scurry, from the advanced and exalted position we had always occupied!) not only those who were really infidel in their views, to a certain extent, were cast off utterly, but many others, who were no more infidel than our leading writers and preachers had always been, were censured, ridiculed, abused, misrepresented, and driven without an opportunity of being heard in their defense, or effort made to retain them. Oh this base, cowardly fear of what people will say—how meanly and cruelly does it drive men to act! How destructive to all generous forbearance, brotherly love, and manly conduct!

But this panic-stricken, *ultra* conservatism did not stop here. Not content with branding with *suspicion of infidelity*, opinions in relation to miracles, inspiration, &c., which were advocated by our periodicals and books years ago,* it adopted various other cast-off garments of a dying orthodoxy, in the form of mere ceremonials and Sabbath days, as holy institutions, divinely obligatory on man. And lest others might abuse their liberty as Christ's freemen, preparations were every where made to commence a return to the restrictive measures, which even the Orthodox have been made ashamed of, and manifest a disposition to abandon—I mean, the establishment of some form of

* See, for instance, Br. S. R. Smith's "Causes of Infidelity Removed," pp. 92, 114, 140—142.

words—a "man-made creed"—which must be signed, and regularly filed or placed on record, at stated intervals of time, to entitle a preacher to the fellowship of the denomination!!! Yes, *subscription to a creed*—the rotten garment of Church-of-Englandism, prostituted to cover the basest knavery, hypocrisy and infidelity, which an adulterous union of Church and State ever engendered, until it became the scoff and by-word alike of drunken priest and sober infidel—*subscription to a creed*, the rewarded act of the apostatizing, and the oppressing bar of the honest Dissenter, until all candid men of every denomination in Great Britain, opposed and condemned it as the corrupter of true religion, and a curse even to the church employing it; because it never yet kept out a hypocrite or a rogue, while it excluded thousands of the most honest and conscientious Christians—*subscription to a creed*, opposed by our preachers and laymen since the organization of the denomination; ridiculed in anecdote, witticism and song, and reprobated and condemned in every form of denunciation, and argument, until pages on pages of our files of old Universalist periodicals are filled with proofs of the evils, follies and wickednesses resulting from *the principle itself*—yes, even *subscription to a creed* has become the test of our fellowship in many of our associations! A man may preach Christ, and live Christ, and do the work of an evangelist in every respect, to the satisfaction of all Universalists who know him; yet, if he will not sign "a man-made creed" once every year, and file it with the Standing Clerk, he cannot have our fellowship as a minister of the Gospel! Where is the ridicule we have poured out on Professor Stuart, for having to sign the Andover creed *once every five years*? We have so greatly exceeded that stupendous fraud and folly, that it will need much boiling down to make it strong enough for our deserts!

"But," it is said, "our creed is such a one as *any* believer in the Bible can sign. *Aye, or any unscrupulous infidel and hypocrite, also!* So was the "three-penny tax" such an amount as any user of tea could pay. But it is *the principle of subscription* that we oppose—and we oppose it as the entering wedge to immense absurdities and evils that are *already* following in its wake. For *already* has it excluded some of the best minds and purest hearts from our fellowship—*already* has it sorely tempted others to sacrifice their sense of right and property on the altar of expediency—and *already* has it induced others, in order to retain our fellowship, to descend to half-way compliances with wrong, attempting to atone for paltering with principle, by a secret protest! And is not this exclusion—this leading of brethren into temptation—this sapping of conscience and principle—an abomination before God and man, for which our denomination must yet pay dearly, if it does not speedily and heartily repent, and retrace its crab-like movement toward the spirit and practice of the dark ages?

These are a few of the circumstances—this, a portion of the practices of our erring brethren, that elicited those resolutions. As a Pennsylvanian and a Universalist, I feel proud that they were passed *unanimously*. I only regret that their language was not sterner and stronger; for trifling as the subject may seem to those who look only at *words*, and regard *expediency only*, in action, we believe it is with *things* we are battling, and that momentous and lasting principles are involved in our action. Marryatt represents a fallen female as smoothing over her defection from virtue, by declaring that her *illegitimate child* was "only a very little one." But he who opposes subscription to creeds as a principle, will hardly consider *want of size* as a recommendation in their favor. We know that a wolf's whelp must, sooner or later, become as veritable a wolf as all the whelps have become who grew up wolves before it. And even *this whelp* has *already* proved itself to be no lamb in disposition or action!

In my next I will attend to the other set of resolutions.

Truly, your brother

A. B. Grosu.

Reading, Pa., Aug. 26th, 1848.

REMARKS.

If there are hypocrites in Zion, who fear and tremble when a strong and unfettered spirit trends the courts of the temple, so there are intrepid spirits who love truth and righteousness, and who will speak to encourage the weak, or to rebuke the unworthy. A. B. Grosh, a man distinguished alike for vigor of intellect and incorruptible integrity of heart and life, has at length spoken in terms not to be misunderstood. We hope the people will not suffer the clergy to write this man down as an enemy, because he has told the truth. This has been the custom of late, and many honest men who have ventured to speak of the corruptions which have fastened on the vitals of the church—men, who have labored to check the *disease* which is festering at the springs of its life—have been branded as infidels, and the most absurd statements concerning their views have been propagated, in order to justify an unholy and senseless crusade against the liberty of thought and speech.

Those who are familiar with the life and character of the man, will not doubt that Bro. Grosh has been moved to this utterance by a solemn sense of duty. And though he may receive no thanks from the denomination, yet the friends of spiritual freedom and religious toleration, every where, will be obliged to him for the service he has rendered. If he has exposed those who have borrowed the filthy rags of Sectarianism, and robbed the hypocrite of his unsightly mask, it is not because he has less love for Universalism and the brethren, but because he loves *truth* and *goodness* more. We trust that many will profit by the friendly admonition, and we think that *all* must experience a mortifying and painful consciousness that the statements are too true, and the chastisement but too well deserved. If any of the brethren find it difficult to bear the infliction, they may derive great consolation from that favorite scripture, which teaches, that, while "no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of *righteousness* to them which are exercised thereby."

We have not spoken on this subject, hitherto, knowing that from the nature of our position, our motives would be most unscrupulously questioned. The cries of infidel and heretic, and the calumnies of thoughtless and misguided brethren, have been powerless to provoke our resentment, or to divert us from the even tenor of our way. This course we shall constantly pursue, and so long as a manly independence is compatible with the charity which "suffereth long and is kind," we may freely speak for *liberty*, and our love for the captives shall be manifest while we boldly strike at their chains!

We have been driven to the conclusion that ultra Universalism—the denominational theology—has little or no vitality—nothing to preserve its present form from the indistinguishable ruin which *DESTINY* has made the common inheritance of all human creeds and inventions. As *understood and taught by many*, it exhibits little else but a reaction of mind from the ultra orthodoxy of the past, and in the present age of scientific analysis, philosophic induction and spiritual progress, can have no permanent existence. Is it not true, that the acknowledged leaders of the denomination have come to regard a verbal profession of faith as of greater consequence than an irreproachable life, and a Christ-like disposition? Are they not now adopting tests of fellowship which make the former vitally important, while they quite overlook the latter? And if so, must not the system itself, [the organism] inevitably perish with the waning light and expiring virtue of many of its defenders? I know it is identified with much that is good and true. I am happy to bear testimony to the fact, that among its friends are many earnest and noble spirits. Truth and goodness will *live*, for they are immortal; the memory of the true-hearted will be fondly cherished, and the great thoughts and heroic deeds of God-like men will never die!

It may be an unwelcome truth, to some, but we believe it is not the less true on that account, that Sectarian Universalism has nearly accomplished its mission. Many of its branches are withered, and others yield only sapless leaves [verbal professions] instead of fruits. Societies are being dissolved, and the materials which compose them are entering into other combinations. The more ethereal particles are rising up into a clearer light, and a purer atmosphere; preparing to assume more beautiful forms, and to revolve in a new and higher orbit. At the same time, the grosser parts exhibit their natural affinity for the crude elements of earthly things. The white-robed spirit, radiant with its own interior light, is about to depart, while the old body is convulsed with mortal pangs, which prophecy of its approaching dissolution. This is well. By a law of Nature and of God, the earth must claim its own. Will the disciples, in their efforts to embalm the *dead body*, forget that it once had a *living soul*? Will they tarry at the door of its sepulcher, "seeking the living among the dead," or follow the spirit in its heavenward flight?

S. B. B.

COMPETITION.

THIS IS THE TERM used to signify that inhuman struggle for the mastery, which characterizes all grades of business, under existing social conditions. The moderate and honest man finds everywhere his place forestalled by those more cunning or expert than himself. And unless he forgets his sickly sentimentality, as the world would call a scrupulous regard for right, he stands no chance of success, but must pass through life in obscurity, if not in actual want.

It is often said, in justification of the opportunities for monopoly, which our present business arrangements afford, that it is an encouragement to enterprise; and, that without such encouragement, all men would become drones and idlers. This, however, is an exceedingly superficial view of the question. The unbounded license which is given to Avarice, encourages, it may be granted, the spirit for accumulation which is naturally all too strong for the happiness of the individual or society. But in proportion as it stimulates the strong it disheartens the weak, and begets in them feelings of dependence and servility, entirely incompatible with a condition of freedom; for although a man may rise from the lowest to the highest position in life, yet every step of the upward progress is made over the forms of his fellows. His elevation is only attained by trampling on the hopes and liberties of those who are his equals in every quality except the avaricious and ambitious spirit which craves distinction at whatever sacrifice.

If he commences his career as a mechanic, and is expert, or remarkably economical, he is prompted on by his own success to greater exertions and greater economy. So far as he is concerned, it may be admitted that industry and frugality are encouraged; but then what is the effect on those with whom he has so successfully competed? His indefatigable industry, by which he has accumulated more than they, or his superior expertness has diminished, at the same time, the rate of wages, which was already small, and the chances of employment, which were already precarious, so that in the very struggle to rise, he who needed no stimulus has rendered their condition more hopeless who only needed encouragement. And in every transition through which this millionaire of the people has passed, from the mechanic's bench, through the counting house, to the great landlord manorship or money lord's independence, he has only succeeded by sinking those immediately on the same level with himself, and immersing still deeper all below his plane of wealth.

There is no such thing as drawing a distinction between the rich and the poor, the oppressors and oppressed. Perhaps the wealthiest person in the world and the poorest, if we knew who they were, might be pointed at as the one who oppressed others but was not himself oppressed, and the one who only bore op-

pression from others but was himself guilty of oppressing none. But this is not supposable. Through every grade of existence this inhuman competition is infused, so that none are too high or too low to be free from its influence or its exercise. However rich or poor, noble or ignoble the employment, we shall find a competitor in the field; and in the place of encouragement, unless we are able to excel in any case, we shall find discouragement. The miser, even, finds competition, and the poor beggar sees every prospect of charity monopolized.

The tendency of all this is to weaken the incitements to industry and frugality, in all who lack their due development, while it gives unnatural excitement and impetus to those morbidly active or selfish natures, which discover in life no higher aim than to hoard together, from the grasp of others, the blessings of a bounteous Providence. Let it be distinctly understood what class are stimulated by this system. If you are more expert than your companion, why do you ask a conventional advantage? If you find on experiment that you can carry sixty pounds to his forty, for this advantage which you naturally possess, why should he be required to carry his share, and in addition a portion, or all of your own, according as your diminishing, and his increasing load shall give you the advantage over him! Yet this, the liberty of monopolizing the opportunities for labor and life, bestows unlimited sway on the shrewd and powerful, over the weak and unsuspecting. How long shall so unrighteous and unchristian a privilege remain a disgrace to a people professing regard for freedom, or reverence for the teachings of morality?

Let us ask ourselves, who it is that need encouragement, the grasping and ambitious, or the honest and unassuming, and whether it is better to grant facilities to honesty or to fraud, to the benevolent and peaceful, or to the selfish and encroaching, to the lover of gold and arbitrary power, or to the lover of man, of righteousness and of truth.

J. K. L.

EARTHQUAKE.

ON FRIDAY evening of last week we felt a shock of an Earthquake, the most powerful of which we have any recollection, as coming within the range of personal observation and experience. We had retired for the night and had lost our outward consciousness, when we were suddenly roused by a tremulous oscillatory motion of the house, accompanied by a heavy rumbling sound, not unlike that occasioned by the slow rolling of a huge vehicle over a paved street, or a ponderous cannon ball on the floor. The whole house shook, and the oscillations continued, as nearly as we could judge, about fifteen or twenty seconds. When the motion ceased we rose to ascertain the hour. It was 10 o'clock and 45 minutes. We went to the window;—all was quiet in the street; the elements were in a state of profound repose, and the heavens were unclouded.

The shock occasioned some alarm among the inmates of several public houses in the city, and was felt north and south, in various places.

S. B. B.

SOME PERSONS are conscious they do not speak, and act, and live, as they should, but they propose to do better next year, or at some future time.

"They never are but always to be good."

They wait for a more convenient season, when the work of reform should begin now.

S. B. B.

A STOUT Sectarian is one who is dwarfed in spirit. Like a person of inferior physical stature, his vision is circumscribed to the little yard about his dwelling, merely, because he has not grown tall enough to see over the fence.

S. B. B.

A SPRIT is abroad, free, bold, uncompromising, which is trying the institutions of the world as by fire.

RESPONSIBILITY.

It may be necessary to repeat the substance of a statement which was made, in the columns of this Journal, at its commencement. We concede to every man the right to utter his own thoughts after his own manner. The legitimate exercise of this privilege cannot, in any degree, infringe the rights of others. Nor do we deem it expedient to stop and combat every man who does not think and speak as we do. We publish a free and unsectarian paper, and the several editors are personally responsible for the articles to which their respective signatures are attached. We have sanctioned the publication of some things which we did not fully endorse, and shall doubtless have occasion to do so again. We grant the same freedom of speech to others which we demand for ourself. We are individually accountable for what we write, and no further. Let the course be free, and the individual answer for himself.

S. B. B.

IT WILL BE remembered that three weeks since we published an Essay on the Physical and the Spiritual, or the order of development in the world of matter and the world of mind. In a late number of the Gospel Banner, our article is made the subject of a critical remark by the Editor.

Bro. Drew begins by quoting our leading proposition; ALL TRUTH IS ETERNAL, and winds up in manner and form as follows: "Then the truth that he (ourself) publishes the UNIVERCELUM, is eternal." Well, we suppose it is. The conclusion appears to be logically drawn. Indeed, we never expected to accomplish our mission, in this respect, in the brief period allotted us by the Banner.

Seriously, we had no reason to presume that a Universalist Editor would so far trifle with consistency as to cavil at this application of the word eternal; especially, after having labored for years to prove that the word may be used to indicate almost any conceivable period of time, from the immeasurable Infinite down to a generation or a day.

S. B. B.

MAN is not free when he is given to sinful pleasures and corrupt desires. Ignorance is slavery, every vicious habit is a chain, and the bosom heaving with the excess of passion is the dungeon of the soul. Ah, how many dwell in darkness and attempt to hobble through the world with these shackles! If it be an outrage against Nature to fetter a horse, will Man endure a bondage that is more degrading? MAN, thou, alone, art a child of God; if even the brutes spurn their chains, be admonished to rise, in the dignity and consciousness of thy manhood, and be free!

S. B. B.

WANTED—A number of active persons to canvass this city, and its vicinity, for the YOUNG PEOPLE'S JOURNAL. Also, Agents in all the principal cities and towns in the United States and British America.

It is the object of the work to combine, in a very narrow space, the most important facts and principles of Science, the most beautiful specimens of polite Literature, and the greatest curiosities of Art. The articles and illustrations will be original, and it is safe to say that the work will possess attractions found in no other.

The mechanical and artistic character, together with the lively interest and great utility of the work, must entitle it to an immense circulation. We have already received orders from several High Schools and Academies, and names are coming in from all parts of the country. Reader, shall we enter your name on the list? Terms, only One Dollar per annum, in advance.

NOTICE.—We have a few subscribers who have not strictly complied with the *advance terms* of our paper. We have need to be remembered of them without further delay.

Choice Selections.

TRUE PIETY.

A PIETY, like that of Christ, thus brings together the characteristic affections of different periods of life, and keeps fresh the beauty of them all: it puts us back to whatever is blessed in childhood, without abating one glory of our manhood; upon the embers of age, it kindles once more the early fires of life, to send their genial glow through the evening chamber of the soul, and shine with playful and mellowed light through its darkened windows,—brightest sign of a cheerful home to the passer by in storm and rain. By this restoration, let me repeat it, the religious mind loses no one glory of its manhood: it is not a substitution of passive meekness for active energy, of a devout effeminacy for natural vigor. For while the habit of successful rule, taking the lead, is apt to disqualify for submission, and render the mind restive under necessity, there is nothing in a in a deep reverence of soul which encroaches on the capacities for command. What was it that armed the Maid of Orleans for field and siege, and enabled her to erect again the prostrate courage of a nation? What was it that endowed a Washington with a power, in arms and peace, which no veterans could break, nor any rival supplant? It was this: that with them the exercise of command was itself the practice of obedience;—obedience to a high faith within the heart,—to a venerated idea of duty and of God; and authority, thus deprived of its imperiousness and its caprice, thus moderated to an inflexible justice, and worn with a divine simplicity, strikes into human observers an awe, a delight, a trust, which are themselves the highest fruits of power. When men perceive that their very rulers are susceptible of obedience, and are following the guidance of reverential thoughts, it establishes a point of sympathy, and softens the hardships of submission. What parent knows not that then only are his orders listened to as oracles, when they are sent forth, not with the harsh clangor of self-will, but in the quiet tones that issue from behind the shrine of duty?

In the construction which I have given to the sentiment of Christ, it is not necessary to assume that the infant mind is peculiarly susceptible of religious impressions; or that, because it is taken as the emblem of the kingdom of heaven, it must on that account be laboriously and prematurely crowded with theological ideas; the issue of which would be an artificial assumption of states of sentiment, and an affectation of desires, wholly unnatural and unreal, and absolutely incapable as yet of any deep root of sincerity. Except in circumstances of sickness or grief, which prematurely ripen the mind, and makes it wants anticipate its years, childhood has little need of a religion, in our sense of the word; for God has given it, in its very lot, a religion of its own, the sufficiency of which it were impety to doubt. The child's veneration can scarcely climb to any loftier height than the soul of a wise and good parent:—well even, if he can distantly, and with wistful contemplation, scan even that. How can there be for him diviner truth than his father's knowledge, a more wondrous world than his father's experience, a better Providence than his mother's vigilance, a securer fidelity than in their united promise? Encompassed round by these, he rests as in the embrace of the only omniscience he can comprehend. Nor let this domestic faith suffer disturbance before its time. It is enough if he but sees the parents bend with silent awe, or hears them speak as if they were children too, before a holier still: this will carry on the ideal gradation of reverence, and show the filmy deep where the steps ascend the skies. And then, when the time of free-will is come, and youth is cast forth from its protection into the bewildering forces, now fierce and now seductive, of mid-life, religion comes in as the just and natural successor to domestic influences shaping forth, for the heart's shelter in the wild immensity, the

walls of an adamant Providence, and spreading over the uncovered head the dome of immortality. O it is thus only that we mortals, in our maturity of energy and passion, can dwell on earth in purity and peace. By a policy of self-interest, and adjustments of promotion, and agencies of fear, we might, no doubt, have the world governed as a camp or a prison; but by faith alone can we dwell in it as a home, and nestle domestically in our allotted portion of space and time. Taught by Christ, we glance at the visible creation, once so awful, so full of forces rushing we know not whither, and involving us in their indomitable speed,—and it becomes the mansion of God's house, peaceful as a father's abode; the sun that warms us is our domestic hearth; and the blue canopy roofs us in with unspeakable protection. And as for life and its struggles, its stormiest conflicts are but the mimic battles, whereby the spiritual athlete trains himself for a higher theater; and if perchance among the restless multitude that hurry over the scene, a neighbor should fall, shall I not help him, though it be his own demon passion that rends him? O child of my father, wounded, bleeding, and worn by inward woes, turn not thy face away; let me lift thee from thy bed of rock, and stretch thee on the green sod of a pure affection; for am I not thy brother, stricken in thy stripes, and healed in thy rest? [JAMES MARTINEAU.]

MISTAKEN VIEWS.

It is a favorite theory with some, that man, in his moral and physical condition, is ever on the wane; that there was a golden age, when nature was more propitious and beneficent, man nobler in his proportions, and more pure and happy; that, though ignorant of human lore, his untutored mind was sublimed by a full sense of the cardinal attributes of the Divinity, his heart with overflowing reverence and love—that science and the arts, while they have expanded the mind, have fostered pride and cupidity, and dulled the affections; that intellectual growth has engendered moral bitterness, social suffering, and religious indifference; that all our varied acquisitions but accelerate our ruin, and hurry the world toward that depth of degradation, which the awful purity of heaven, long-suffering and indulgent as it is, can endure no longer, but must end by a catastrophe fatal to the world. History condemns this speculation, observation is opposed to it in all its essential parts. Ignorance is almost incompatible with those finer emotions of the soul, which shrink from grossness and aspire to heaven. The mind must be cultivated, ere the soul can appreciate spiritual things. True indeed it is, that great learning is not a prerequisite of piety; but true it also seems to us, that gross ignorance is most unfavorable to its growth. Mere intellect, however capacious, may be unaccompanied by true wisdom; and men of great attainments are frequently led astray by their own vain imaginations. The world has indeed had its moral as well as its physical revolutions—it has occasionally oscillated between light and darkness, and periods of eminent science have not always been marked by advances in virtue. Science and the arts have indeed not unfrequently tended to the production of misery to thousands, and misery tends to despair—despair to vice. Man is progressive, irregularly so, indeed, but still progressive in all the elements of mental and moral greatness; and science, once hailed as the opponent, is now properly regarded as the humble handmaid of religion; the arts but prepare the soil for the reception of the good seed, and contribute the necessary means for their diffusion. How far or how rapidly this tendency to good will prevail, is not revealed to us, but that it is operative, increasing in energy, and must redound to a wide spread purification and elevation of the human family, seems indisputable.

[GEORGE W. CLINTON.]

"An angel, incapable of feeling anger, must envy the man who can feel and yet conquer it." [JEAN PAUL.]

Miscellaneous Department.

THE FAIRY CUP.

A BEAUTIFUL SKETCH, WHEREIN IS TAUGHT
A USEFUL LESSON.

"ONCE UPON A TIME," there dwelt in the soft green shadows of a primeval wood, a happy woodman, named Hubert, with his little wife and russet cheeked children. It was the sweetest little nest the eye could rest on. Its peaked thatched roof was mossy and green from the early dews shed by the overhanging gigantic trees, that stretched their branches over its lowly roof, to shelter it from the storm, like the mother bird spreading her wings over her callow brood. Its little twinkling casement caught the first rays of the morning sun, and sparkled in the most cheering manner, while the curls of the graceful smoke rolled playfully amid the gnarled branches, and lost itself amid abundant foliage, startling the young birds in their airy nests with its sweet odor. Oh, it was a happy looking spot. It seemed the very dwelling of peace, who flies from the palace and the turmoiling crowd, to find only in the simplicity of nature a fitting resting place for her pure spirit.

And here she dwelt indeed; simple love pointed out the spot; peace sat upon their threshold, while excitement gave a zest to all their enjoyments. There could be no solitude there; for the ringing laugh of childhood disturbed the echoes in the vistas of the forest, and the birds answered from the high branches to the happy notes of the gambolers beneath them.

The mother watched them in their play as she plied her wheel, while a happy smile played in her eyes with a brightness full of love and fondness, that the last ray of the sinking sun retired in dudgeon at being surpassed by the holy light.

The night stalked forth over hill and valley, stretching his long and shadowy arms afar and near as he gathered up the daylight into his dark wallet, when Hubert turned his weary footsteps to the home that has been pictured. He plodded through the tangled path with a heavy tread, but still he whistled out a blithesome air, for his heart was on the path before him, and he thought of nothing between himself and his home.

But there was something in his path, that, envying his sturdy step and lithesome heart, covered with spite amid the underwood, and threw before him the twining thorny brambles to delay him on his way. It was one of the evil fairies of the wood, a spirit that gathered the deadly bright berries from the branch, and mixed them in a huge stone caldron in the deep recesses of the rocky ravine, always dogging the footsteps of mortals to persuade them, with fascinating wiles, to drink from her fairy cup, which quickly destroyed the charm of all beside in nature, for so strong was the draught that it made the dark yawning precipice appear to the bewildered sight of the drinker a luring field of sweet scented flowers, and bright rippling brooks, until, in his insanity, the poor deluded victim destroyed himself and all he loved, and found, too late, that he had sold himself as a slave to his wily and deceitful tempter.

At a sudden turn of his path he started, on beholding at the foot of a gnarled tree, a beautiful female figure, with a dress of filmy texture, girded with a bright cincture round her yielding waist, her beautiful limbs appearing and disappearing under the transparent folds like those of a swimmer who disports himself amid the waves of the sea. She arose with downcast looks as he timidly approached. Her bright eyes fell as if with timid modesty, and the deep roseate tinge of her enameled cheek grew deeper under his ardent gaze.

Hubert doffed his cap, as this beautiful being rose from her recumbent posture, but stood irresolute and embarrassed by the awe-inspiring charms of the creature before him. At last, after gazing for a moment more, he summoned up his courage and ad-

dressed her. "Lady," says he, "fear me not, I will not harm you; if you have wandered from your home, or missed friends in the intricacies of the forest, you can have no surer guide than your humble servant."

A smile fitted like a bright light across the fair face of the fairy, her lips unclosed, and forth issued a voice as melodious and enchanting as the softest flute.

"Child of earth," says she, "these woods are my home; I am the spirit of perfect happiness. Behold my magic cup." As she spoke she held up to his view a small cup of rare workmanship, formed in the fashion of the wild blue-bell. It sparkled with a sapphire-like luster at every movement, as drops of liquor fell like diamonds from its brim. "This cup, continued she, was given me by the fairy Hope, who never looks behind her, that past sorrows and misfortune may not cast a shadow on the future. Without Hope mortals would all wither and die in the black valley of despair; she was sent to encourage them as a guiding star through the troubles of the world, that they might reach the abode of perfect happiness. Few mortals meet with me while living. I appear occasionally, and let them drink of my cup, when I think from their goodness they deserve to participate in the god-like draught. You have I chosen to be one of the favored. Drink, then, and you shall become greater than a king; your burthen shall be as down upon your back, and your feet shall lose their weariness; your heart shall bound with the full pulse of felicity, and you shall be borne on your way upon wings stronger than those of the mighty eagle."

Hubert hesitated as the bright being held the cup still nearer to his grasp. His extended hand appeared as ready to clutch it, but doubts and fear withheld him from grasping its slender stem. Another moment of indecision and it was pressed within its palm!

"Drink, mortal!" said she, "and become almost as immortal as myself. It will encase your heart with armor impervious to the shafts of care, and raise your crest to the bearing of the fearless warrior. You shall be no longer serf and vassal, but the lord of all that surrounds you; seeing through its influence the hidden treasures of the world that now unheeded sparkle beneath your feet, where the gnomes who hate mankind have hidden them from the sight of all but those who have courage to face the dangers of the fairy world." The fiends of avarice and ambition seized upon the simple woodman's heart. To be rich! to be great! perfect happiness! what golden promises! The soft bewitching voice of the fairy still whispered with silvery tones in his ear the fascinating words. Foolish mortal! was he not already richer than a king in the love of his wife and children? was he not great in his honest simplicity? and had he not enjoyed perfect happiness beneath the roof of his lowly sequestered cot?

He looked for one moment upon the lustrous eyes of the being before him, and, as if fascinated, drained the magic goblet at a draught.

What gushes of enrapturing pleasure rushed through his bounding veins! His stalwart frame seemed to dilate as he yielded the cup to the ready hand of his tempter.

The vistaed trees melted, as it were, from their rugged forms into towering pillars of shining marble of the most dazzling whiteness; the greensward rolled like waves from beneath his feet, and he stood, with the mysterious being by his side, upon a flight of porphyry steps that led to a palace of interminable terraces, towering in their magnificence even to the blue arch of the heavens.

The load fell from his shoulders, and was seen no more; the tremor left his heart as he gazed upon the wonders around him, and he felt as if he had wings that would carry him to the topmost height of that wondrous palace. Vases tempted him on either hand, laden with the treasures of the mine, while jewels invaluable were scattered at his feet, in numbers vying with the pebbles on the seashore. Music, soft and delicious, wrapped

his senses in delicious delirium, ever and anon swelling into a lively measure, prompting him to bound forward in a wild and rapid dance. As he progressed through the magnificent halls, the attendant fairy kept plying him with draughts from the bewildering goblet of sapphire; until he, grown bolder at every draught, tore it from her grasp, and quaffed with a maddening delight the precious liquid; when suddenly the palace and its wonders quivered before his sight like motes in the sunbeam, and gradually melting into splendid rainbow tints, sunk into a black and sudden darkness. The rest was all oblivion!

The voice of lament rang through the forest as Hubert's wife bent over his unconscious form; the cry of children rose shrilly on the night air, and awakened him to a half-dreamy consciousness. A stare of almost idiocy upon his pale and haggard face, as he gazed at the miserable and distracted group that surrounded him, made their fond hearts turn cold.

They had sought for hours for him in the mazes of the forest, and at last discovered him apparently dead at the foot of an aged oak. With trembling and uncertain foot he accompanied them to his home, muttering strange words as he went, to the dismay of his fond wife and children. When they arrived at their hitherto peaceful home, he sank powerless upon the pallet, and fell into a deep slumber.

The next morning, harsh words, for the first time, answered to his wife's anxious inquiries as to what had been the cause of his strange accident. Without taking the morning simple meal, he shouldered his axe, and wended his way moodily into the recesses of the forest, leaving a deep shadow over the brightness of his home. As he disappeared through the trees, his wife pressed her little ones to her breast and wept aloud.

Days and months, weary and sad, rolled on, and the noble form of the woodman became a wretched ruin. He saw his once lovely cot and its inhabitants withering daily before his eyes, yet he sought the fascinating being who gave him a fleeting heaven for a lasting pain. The drooping wretch no longer raised his hand to labor, but lingered listlessly through the glades of the forest, craving for the appearance of the being who was to lead him, at such a fearful cost, to lands of vision and madness.

Morning, with her rosy fingers and balmy breath, opened the wild flowers through the wood and valleys, shooting as if in sport her golden arrows through the whispering leaves, starting the birds from their sleep to sing their early matins.

Night gathered up the dark folds of her robe, and retreated majestically before the coming light, leaving her sparkling gems of dew trembling upon every stem and flower.

With downcast look and melancholy brow came the young mother. Her eye beheld not the flowers that strewed her path, and her ear was deaf to the early songs of the birds; tears trembled on her eyelids and fell unconsciously down her pale cheek. Her lingering step ceased as she approached a rustic basin formed of rude blocks of stone, into which the water had been turned from some neighboring springs.

As she raised the vessel which she carried in her hands to immerge it in the sparkling waters, she was startled by seeing them bubble and rise until they leaped over their stone boundary in copious streams to her feet. Hardly had she time to wonder at this strange phenomenon, when she beheld a dwarf-like figure rise from their midst. He was dressed in a quaint costume and looped up hat, which was dripping with moisture, apparently not at all to his inconvenience, for he leaned upon the edge of the basin, while his little figure continued still half submerged, with a comfortable and satisfied look.

As she continued to gaze on the odd object before her, undetermined whether to stay or fly, he politely raised his hat, and

bade her not be alarmed. "For I have come out," said he, "this morning on purpose to meet you, and to try and remedy the sorrow which is devouring you. I say 'remedy,' for you must understand that I am the natural universal doctor. In fact," continued he, while a sly smile passed across his comic little face, "your human doctors apply to me upon all occasions; indeed, without me they could not exist, though they never let their patients know it; for if they did, they would all, poor deluded wretches! come direct to me, and ruin the whole fraternity.

"I have more power than any sprite, fairy or gnome that exists; the whole earth is under my control. These mighty trees would never raise their towering heads without me; no flower would bloom at their rugged feet, nor would their soft mossy carpet, so grateful to your feet, live for a moment, if I did not sustain it with my magic aid. I am ordained to yield continued good wherever I am present. I creep among the wild flowers and bid them bloom; I climb the snake-like vine, and hang it with the rich clustering grape, and all the fruits of the earth await my summons to burst their bonds and yield their treasures to the human race.

"I wander into other lands, and bear back rich argossies laden with jewels and gold to deck the brow of noble beauty. I dash down from rocky heights headlong, to fertilize the teeming valleys. My voice is heard like the roaring thunder, and anon like the softest music in the shady solitudes as I whisper on my way through the reeds and water-lilies. Where I am not, all must droop and die.

"I have watched you long, when you sought me in your early days of happiness and love, until young blossoms like yourself sprung up around you, and paddled with their tiny feet in my cool and crystal waters. Then your song was of the merriest measure, but now the echoes mourn in silence the absence of your melodious voice, and your sighs alone break the stillness. Your pale face has been reflected in these waters, until I felt and knew that some blight had fallen upon happiness, which as yet had never shrunk under the cankering blight of care.

"A little bright rill, that had wandered to play with the wild blossoms in this wood, returned to me, and, prattling by my side, told me of the dreadful delusion under which your good stalwart husband labored. I watched him as he came, with dejected look, so unlike his former self, to lave his burning brow in my cooling waters. I quickly saw what fairy demon's hand had so destroyed the godly form and noble heart of my poor woodman. Here was the shadow that fell over my poor brow, drained your young heart, and silenced the song that made this no longer a solitude.

"Listen to me," continued he, "and I will endeavor to save. If you can persuade him, by the eloquence of your love, and the picture of the ruin that day by day encompasses you all, to attend strictly to my warning, I will rescue him from the overpowering spell of the fascinating demon that enthral him.

"I will give him a talisman so powerful, that the scales shall drop from his eyes, and his destroyer appear in her own proper hideous colors, when, if he has any love left for those whose sole dependence is on him, he will resolutely baffle all attempts made to seduce him again into the world of vicious dreams and indolence."

As he concluded he sunk beneath the waters. The young wife stood entranced, with hope beating in her heart, and her eyes fixed upon the bubbles as they rose to the surface, doubting almost whether what she had heard was not a delusion of her distracted brain.

Another moment, and the benevolent sprite again appeared, holding in his hand a globe containing a liquid that shone like a pure diamond.

"Take this, and let your husband keep it with him, and when the deluding demon approaches him, to mystify him with her machinations, let him drink from the small aperture in this globe, and he will instantly see her in her demonic form. Let

him persevere, and she will fly from him, and you and he will be saved and restored to peace. Farewell."

As she clasped the bottle with eager hand, he sank amid a thousand sparkling bubbles, and she was alone. Quickly she sped through the tangled way, for her feet were winged by love, and by hope that had long lain drooping. The cottage door was soon reached, where sat the pale form of her husband, his blood-shot eyes turned languidly toward her as she approached. But he was soon aroused from his listless posture by seeing the excitement of her manner, and listening to her strange tale, which he would have doubted, had she not shown him in triumph the bright globe given her by the sprite of the spring.

Her almost childish delight, strange to say, hardly met with a response in his bosom, for the charm of his daily enchantments he seemed to feel a hesitation to relinquish. They appeared to his bewildered sense all that was worth living for.

Her heart sunk with almost a death-like pang, but she bade him din't from the jewel-like bottle. A deep shudder shook his attenuated frame as he did so. One moment, and his pallid features flushed as he beheld, for the first time, the ruin and desolation of his home. He stood an abashed and guilty man before his loving wife and little innocent children.

* * * * *
Hubert, armed with good resolves and his stout axe, again entered the forest, his heart palpitating with an indescribable feeling, as if in doubt of the power of the talisman to shield him from the fascination of his deluder. Hardly had the stroke of his axe awakened the echoes of the forest, when, through a shady vista, he saw the light form of the fairy tripping over the greensward, with upraised cup and joyous laugh, as she recognized him at his labor. Strange thrills rushed through his frame as she approached nearer and nearer; strange thoughts hovered in his mind of throwing his wife's talisman from him, and once more clasping that tempting cup that shone even in the distance like a bright amethyst.

But a shadow fell over the bright form, and her resplendent eyes glared with a fiendish look as she approached nearer to the spot.

He seized the talisman, and drank of its pure and bright contents. On the instant, the forms of his wife and children encircled him in a fond union, as a barrier between him and the evil spirit. Again he drank, and as he did so, shuddered with horror, as he beheld a lambent flame rise from the hitherto craved goblet of the fiend.

The beautiful locks which played round the brow of the false one, twined into writhing snakes, bright burning scales rose upon her fair bosom, and her face became distorted with horrible passion. Hubert could behold no more: he placed his hand across his eyes to shut out the fiends, and in a moment he was alone.

* * * * *
That night as the moon threw her silver tribute on the rippling waters of the lowly well, Hubert stood with his arm around the waist of his happy wife. They were silent and expectant. They both hoped to see the benevolent being who had given them the powerful talisman to free them from the destroying spirit.

They saw him not, but a voice fell on their listening ears saying—

"Go, Hubert, and be happy in the love of thy wife and children. True happiness dwells only with the innocent and temperate. The talisman I gave you is the pure water of the earth, that yields it for the good of all nature, animate and inanimate, on its bosom.

"The fiend you have escaped is called **INTEMPERANCE**.

There is often in the heart some innate image of the beings we are to love, that lends to our first sight of them almost an air of recognition.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

"THIS IS A HARD WORLD," said a friend to us, with a melancholy shake of the head, and a solemn look. And he said it in all sincerity. We did not deny his assertion, but we wondered why he should think so. He was young, and did not lack friends. His life hitherto had not been one of hardships, and those whom he loved were yet about him. In his future were no impending clouds, and the smiles of fortune had thus far attended his steps. And yet to him the world was hard. So he thought. We left him and passed on.

A little child was playing on the sidewalk. Its garments were tattered and dirty. It was the child of poverty and want. It had seen but little of the sunshine of life, and the traces of recent tears were visible on its face. Its playthings were not the gilded toys which amuse the children of the wealthy; they were stones and bits of broken crockery. And yet this child was happy. Busily engaged in its solitary amusement, its eyes brightened, its childish sorrows were forgotten, and it shouted in the fulness of its glee. It was enjoying the present as it passed.

And here thought we is the secret of happiness. Would that our friend of the sorrowful heart might take copy from the child. Would that he, and others like him, might learn to gather up the little pleasures that lie scattered along the pathway of life, instead of pursuing

"Some fleeting good, that mocks him with the view."

This is a hard world—hard enough to all—but doubly hard to those who choose to make it such. The journey of life to most is not a smooth one, but there are many bright spots along its course,—many sweet flowers and pleasant streams—and of the smiles of fortune are withheld, the sunshine of the heart may always cheer and enlighten it. And wise is he who passes not unheeded these sunny spots—who stoops to pluck the flowers, and to quench his thirst in the running streams, and who keeps his heart ever warm and hopeful. But what shall we say of those—and they are the vast majority of mankind—who recklessly rush on, disregarding the many little sources of happiness which are scattered around them, in pursuit of some great good, the possession of which is to them the sum of all earthly happiness! Happiness at one grasp! What a delusion! As it is the many little rivulets which roll down the rocky hill sides and glide silently and unseen in the shade of woods and thickets, that at last unite and form the mighty river, so it is the thousand "trifling joys" with which the path of life is sprinkled, that make up the sum of human bliss. And he who seeks happiness in other things pursues an ignus fatuus that shines but to deceive.

O ye who are plodding with care wrinkled brows, who are deferring the hour of happiness until your coffers are full to overflowing—and ye who see no joy but in the power and renown which the future holds out—how shall ye be disappointed, and how shall your golden apples be turned to ashes in your mouths. And the joys which might have been yours, but which ye slighted and passed, shall be lost to you forever. And you will have lost the power to enjoy true happiness. The streams of human sympathy, long shut up in your heart, will have dried and withered away. The pure pleasure which an act of kindness can impart to the doer, or a pleasant word to the utterer, when bestowed upon the suffering and the sorrowful, will not be yours. Your heart will be with your idols, and they will be as images of clay, broken and fallen to the dust.

And you, O stricken and heavy laden one, to whom the future holds out no promise, but who are ever fearful of the present, take heart and look around you. Is it not a beautiful world you inhabit? Are there not glorious scenes of beauty which you may gaze upon. And may you not say "my father made them all." Surely, he made them for you, that your heart might

glad. And there is beauty not alone in the physical world. There are noble hearts full of moral beauty, which a word from you may open to your view. Keep your own heart warm, and others shall glow around you. Pick up all these crumbs of happiness, and ever remember—

“There is grandeur in the soul that dares
To live out all the life God lit within;
That battles with the passions hand to hand,
And wears no mail, and hides behind no shield!
That plucks its joys in the shadow of Death's wing—
That drains at one deep draught the word of life,
And with fearless foot and heaven-turned eye,
May stand upon a dizzy precipice,
High o'er the abyss of ruin, and *not fall!*”

Do these things, and your life shall be glad and cheerful. The frowns of fortune shall harm you not, and the heartlessness of your brother man shall only excite your pity. And when at last another world shall open upon you, you shall sink into it,

“Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

[NORTHERN PIONEER.]

TRINITY CHURCH-YARD.

THERE are at present head stones in the church yard of Trinity, bearing inscriptions dating as far back as 1631. One in particular, which we noticed the other day during a short stroll through this solemn receptacle of the dead of the olden time, engaged our attention. It is a low free stone slab, considerably dilapidated, the tooth of time having for more than a century and a half been gnawing into the face of this perishable memorial, until the inscription has become partly obliterated, although it bears traces of having once been deeply chiselled. Enough, however, is left to denote in antiquated characters that underneath it lies the remains of “Richard Churchill, who died on the 5th of August, 1631, aged 5 years and 5 months.” In the immediate neighborhood of this last stands another head stone of similar shape, bearing date 1691. It is of the color of common slate, yet it is not slate or soap stone.

The letters, though rudely cut, are of more modern fashion, and seem as fresh and sharp as though the work of yesterday. The stone is as hard as iron, yet the inscription has the appearance of having been formed with a knife or some similar instrument, when the material was of a chalklike consistency, the marks of the tool being plainly apparent. It is erected in memory of a young lady named *Ann Churcher*, whose sweet eyes closed upon all sublunary things on the 14th of May, in the year above mentioned, and was buried on the 16th, aged 17 years and 9 months. This was previous to any church being erected upon this spot, the first edifice for church purposes built on this location being in 1696, when a small square building was finished upon the site of the present magnificent and costly pile. At that time New York was not the queenly city she is at present, the entire commerce of the port being carried on by 3 barques, 3 brigantines, 26 sloops, and 46 open boats. In 1676, only fifteen years previous to the demise of Miss Churcher, there were only 300 property holders in the limits of the town, and the amount of taxable property was less than £100,000. Some of the ancient laws of those days would be thought very stringent now. In 1663 there were only 20 cartmen, and these were required to draw an ordinary load for 6d, besides removing the dirt from the streets at 3d per load. In 1675 the rates of tavern fair were, for lodging 3d, for meals 8d; brandy 6d per gill, and cider 4d per quart. A cartmen would accordingly be forced to ride two loads of street sweepings for a gill of brandy. In 1683, when Miss Churcher was about ten years old, a law was passed that “No youths, maids, or other persons may meet together on the Lord's day for sport or play, under a fine of 1s,” and “No more than four Indian or Negro slaves may assemble together.”

The children did not run about in the Park, as they do now, of a summer Sabbath evening.

If any one of the old Knickerbockers of those days, whose bones are now mouldering beneath the sod of Trinity Church yard, could burst the trammels of the tomb and for an instant survey the scene around him, he would no longer recognize in this modern Babel the calm and quiet Manhattan of the olden time.

CURIOUS FACTS.

THE rattle-snake finds a superior foe in the deer and black-snake. When a buck discovers a rattle-snake in a situation which invites attack, he loses no time in preparing for battle. He makes up to within ten or twelve feet of the snake—then leaps forward and aims to sever the body of the snake with his sharp bifurcated hoofs. The first onset is most commonly successful, but if otherwise, the buck repeats the trial until he cuts the snake in twain. The rapidity and fatality of his skilful manœuvres leave but a slight chance for its victim either to escape or to inject his poison into his more alert antagonist. The black-snake is also more than an equal competitor against the rattle-snake. Such is the celerity of motion, not only in running, but in entwining itself around its victim, that the rattle-snake has no way of escaping from its fatal embrace.

When the black and rattle-snakes are about to meet for battle, the former darts forward at the height of his speed, and strikes at the neck of the latter with unerring certainty, leaving a foot or two of the upper part of his own body at liberty. In an instant he encircles him within five or six folds; he then stops and looks the strangled and gasping foe in the face, to ascertain the effect produced upon his corseted body. If he shows signs of life, the coils are multiplied and the screws tightened—the operator all the while narrowly watching the countenance of the helpless victim. Thus the two remain thirty or forty minutes—the executioner then slackens one coil, noticing at the same time whether any signs of life appear; if so, the coil is resumed, and retained until the incarcerated wretch is completely dead. The innocuous-snake is destroyed in the same way.

CULTIVATE ENERGY.

MANY of the physical evils, the want of vigor, the inaction of system, the languor and hysterical affections which are so prevalent among the delicate young women of the present day, may be traced to a want of well-trained mental power and well exercised self-control, and to an absence of fixed habits of employment. Real cultivation of the intellect, earnest exercise of the moral powers, the enlargement of the mind, by the acquirement of knowledge and the strengthening of its capabilities for effort, the firmness, for endurance of inevitable evils, and for energy in combating such as may be overcome, are the ends which education has to attain; weakness, if met by indolence, will not only remain weakness, but become infirmity. The power of the mind over the body is immense. Let that power be called forth; let it be trained and exercised, and vigor, both of mind and body, will be the result. There is a homely, unpolished saying, that “it is better to *wear* out than to *rust* out;” but it tells a plain truth, rust consumes faster than use. Better, a million times better, to work hard, even to the shortening of existence, than to sleep and eat away this precious gift of *life*, giving no other cognizance of its possession. By work, or industry, of whatever kind it may be, we give a practical acknowledgment of the value of life, of its high intentions, of its manifold duties. Earnest, active industry is a living hymn of praise, a never failing source of happiness; it is obedience, for it is God's great law for moral existence.

[MADAME DE WAHL.]

THE spirit triumphant in life, will have power to make the face of death like the face of an angel.

THE DREAM OF SOCRATES.

THE DAY ON which Socrates was to drink the poisonous cup had arrived. Already, early in the morning, his beloved disciples were gathered around him. In sorrowful seriousness they stood about the couch of the philosopher; some wept.

Then the sage sufferer raised his head and said: Why this sober silence, ye loved ones? I will relate to you something agreeable, a dream, which I had last night.

Canst thou sleep, and even dream pleasant dreams? asked the good Apollodorus: I have not closed an eye.

Socrates smiled and said: Thou good Apollodorus, of what value would my past life have been if it did not sweeten my last sleep? Do you not think, Apollodorus, that I had devoted it to heavenly love?

Many voices, with pathetic gratitude, replied in the affirmative. Apollodorus could only answer in silence, with two glistening tears.

Behold, said Socrates thereupon, whoever devotes his life to her service, on him will she send down the Graces. These privately and invisibly adorn all his hours, whether they be hours of joy or of suffering, with heavenly glory, and surround them with a balmy fragrance.

But above all are the gentle sisters busy about him in the last hour of his life. For that is a more solemn hour than all the rest, and most needs heavenly illumination. Just as the last hour of day is the most beautiful. The evening red flows around it, like a stream of light from Elysium.

But then follows the dark night; interrupted the quiet Xenophon.

For our hemisphere, replied Socrates. Is not our evening red, the morning red of another hemisphere?

Socrates proceeded: Now hear, ye loved ones! For as the realm of Hades, as the living call it, will very soon become to me a realm of light, as the spirits of the dead will call it, and I am nearer to it than you all, so my discourse may perhaps disclose much that is new. So hearken there.

The Graces themselves leave their favorite in his last hour. For they soar away before him, and prepare for him the heavenly life, after they have adorned his earthly. But they leave him not alone. They send to the departing three other spirits, attired with celestial beauty.

These three are sleep, the twin-brother, and at the same time the friendly image of death: dream, the image of past life, but also the harbinger of another world, that soars between the other two, and death, more glorious and beautiful than the others, and clothed in the celestial glow of morning. Behold, Apollodorus, the first two have not deserted me the last night, and the third appeared to me in the distance. How could I fear his approach? I expect him with longing desire.

The eyes of his disciples filled with tears, and there reigned in the prison a sorrowful silence.

After a while Socrates proceeded: I had almost forgotten my dream! Sleep had strewed his poppy-seeds thickly over me, and indeed, I needed strength for the task, which I shall this day fulfil with serene spirit. But not only was the strengthening of the body granted me in the balmy hours of sleep; the kind dream-god brightened my spiritual vision.

Then I saw a beautiful youth come in to me. On his countenance were that still composure, and calm sobriety, which belong to the form divina. In his right hand he bore a burning torch, and a reddish glow, like that of evening, was diffused over the darkness of my prison.

The deeper and more gloomy the night of my prison seemed to me, the lovelier and the more charming were the brightness and the form of the youth.

Then the godlike youth gradually let down the torch; but I seized his arm, as it seemed to me, and exclaimed: What are you going to do? He replied: I am extinguishing the torch!

Oh! I entreat, do it not! It is to me a friendly light in the darkness of my prison.

He however smiled; and said: It is the torch of the earthly life. Thou hast no farther need of it. For as soon as it is extinguished, thine earthly eye closes forever, and thou soarest aloft on my hand to a higher world, where a pure and heavenly light beams around thee. Of what use to thee any longer is the self-consuming earthly torch?

O, then, put out the torch! I cried, and awoke. I found myself in the gloom of my prison. Alas, I was troubled that it was but a dream. Yet lo! there comes the cup indeed that will fulfil it!

The keeper of the prison entered with the boy that carried the cup of poison. Then there was lamentation and sobbing among the disciples of Socrates. Even the jailor wept.

T. H. C., Crawfordville, Ga., is informed that we have caused his name and address to be duly entered on our list, and have forwarded the back numbers of the current volume. We hope to receive those articles, and in return, shall answer all requests as far as we are able.

The subscribers to the Young People's Journal, will be supplied with the first number next week. We shall also send it to many friends who have not subscribed, in the hope that they will aid in its circulation.

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