THE UNIVERCŒLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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

VOL. II. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1848. NO. 17.

The Principles of Nature.

THE QUESTION OF IMMORTALITY.

ST. LOUIS, APRIL 10th, 1848.

MR. A. J. DAVIS:—

I have read your Book, and am a subscriber to the Univercœlum, and am a believer in most that I have read in both, but am not as well convinced of the immortality of the Soul as I wish to be. I therefore write you, believing you a philanthropist and that you are willing to increase light, knowledge and truth. By the immortality of the Soul I mean the unending duration of the intellectual powers, the faculties of thought—the mind, without ever losing its identity. For if at death such a change occurs as to render the soul totally oblivious or forgetful of the past, so that the memory of our past earthly existence shall be lost to us forever, it would be to *me* equivalent to annihilation. What proofs have we of a continuation of identity at death? I believe the soul or spirit does not lose its identity but continues progressively increasing in knowledge, wisdom and happiness. But still I am not as well convinced as I wish to be.

My object in writing you is, simply, as an inquirer after truth and light, to be convinced wherein I am wrong, and to be set *right*; but more especially to obtain the proofs in favor, not only of the immortality of the Soul, but of its perpetual, never ending *identity*, recollections of the past, recognition of friends in the future State, &c.

I hope you will answer this letter, either directly, or cause something of yours on the above subject to appear in some future number of the Univercœlum. Yours, &c.,

J. S. F.

REPLY.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 15th, 1848.

ESTEEMED ENQUIRER.

Your letter came while I was engaged in a very minute and elaborate anatomical, physiological, and pathological investigation with reference to a design to communicate to the world a simple and higher kind of medical information; and while absorbed in my interior researches, it is both painful and injurious to allow foreign subjects to break in upon them. This will account for, and excuse, my protracted silence concerning the unspeakably important inquiries embodied in your letter.

But before laying the foundation upon which rests the individualization of the elements of the human mind, as well as all true knowledge concerning it, I feel impressed to say a few words in reference to the origin and influence of three kinds of belief therein, which are entertained by many laymen, and clergymen, and by individuals in general, viz: a belief of ignorance, a belief of desire, and a belief of the understanding.

1. *A belief of ignorance* is a faith unaccompanied, and consequently unsupported, by adequate reasons. It is derived from the hereditary inclinations of the mind, or from doctrinal education imparted by the prevailing Theology or influence within the sphere of which the individual exists.

2. *A belief of desire* is an instinctive or intuitive faith in the endless perpetuation of personal existence. It arises from the central desire of the human mind, which is unconsciously considered as a living internal prophecy of its eternal destiny. This belief is grounded in no universal principles, nor has it any substantial basis upon which to rest and stand secure, except an inference derived from its own aspirations, and the general tendency of all created things.

3. *A belief of the understanding* is a faith based upon absolute and unequivocal knowledge. It grows out of a complete recognition and thorough understanding of those immutable principles which flow from the bosom of the Divine Cause into the Universe, and by which every created thing is governed with an unerring and unchangeable government.

The influence of the first is to generate *Scepticism*, because the believer can neither furnish himself, nor an inquirer after truth and rest, with a tangible and substantial reason, and because, too, he refers the intelligent seeker to historical accounts of supernatural phenomena and occurrences at once startling, absurd, and incomprehensible. The influence of the second is to cause an *anxiety* in the understanding, because the believer has no ground upon which to rest his faith except internal desires, external inferences, and vague probabilities; and because when he attempts to investigate the basis of his belief (which is seldom attempted) he discovers it to be unsound and consequently unsatisfactory—not sufficiently expansive and strong to cover the whole ground occupied by doubts and objections, and to remove all obstructions to a full confidence in the sublime truths of an immortal personality.

The influence of the third is to promote *happiness*, because the believer can give a reason for the faith and hope within him—because his understanding is convinced beyond the sphere of ignorance, and desire, and inference, and probability—and because he has a divine guaranty in the fact of individual existence; because he is himself a note drawn on the Bank of an eternal life, and signed by an Almighty Hand, payable in such installments as are measured by his entrance into, and departure from, each sphere on his voyage around eternity.

I think you will agree with me when I say that you occupy the second position with regard to a belief in a future state; for you "believe the Soul or Spirit does not lose its identity, but continues progressively increasing in knowledge, wisdom and happiness." But like thousands of our fellow-men who strive to believe in and hope for immortality—you are not in the third position, else you could not have said "Still I am not as well convinced as I wish to be." Now that we may obtain and secure a belief of the understanding, which alone communicates internal rest and positive encouragement in the faithful discharge of our duties on earth, I will proceed to place before you "what proofs we have of a continuation of identity at death," or to show why we are immortal.

The foundation of the whole superstructure is the absolute indestructibility of Matter, or of that Universal substance which gives us a tangible individuality, and which constitutes the outer physical organization of the Great Positive Mind. Matter is eternal, and is everywhere present. It is in all things, and is all things, and there is nothing that is not matter and substance. Upon the universality and indestructibility of matter, therefore,

rests the all-glorious reality of an eternal life. But now the question spontaneously arises, how does matter constitute an individual, and how, or by what means, is that individual rendered immortal? Let us interrogate Nature. She points up to the eternal Mind, who instituted laws that manifest themselves through her unfoldings, and she bids us consider the principles of Association, Progression, and Development.

Under the powerful and constant direction of these laws, we perceive the unbroken and perpetual tendency of all forms and substances toward unity, perfection and organization. From the Great Central Mind proceed innumerable elements and substances which form innumerable nuclei. These individually attract those elements and substances that have corresponding individual affinities; and these accumulate, and condense, and purify, and form suns, systems of suns, comets, planets and satellites. These form the central mass and fertile womb of each planet, rudimental particles ascend, and undergoing a process similar to that by which the planets were made and developed, they ultimate and develop mineral combinations.

Then again by the incessant action of body upon body, and essence upon essence, and substance upon substance, mineral compositions not only generate vivifying fluids and mediums, such as electricity, magnetism, &c., but actually and constantly lose themselves in vegetable organizations. By a similar action, and a new and higher combination of appropriate particles, the vegetable loses itself in the animal organization, and this emerges into the organization and development of Man.

You will doubtless perceive that *man* never loses his identity in subordinate forms and organizations—that he is not their slave, as they are his, nor is he designed to supply them with appropriate nourishment, as they supply him; but that minerals, and vegetables, and animals, all lose their identity in man, for he is the grand concentrated production and union of them all.

Thus in the planet, in the mineral, in the vegetable, and especially in the human body, do we behold unmistakable manifestations of the laws of association, progression, and development, or of the universal and constitutional tendency of all matter toward a state of unity or individualization. This brings us to the contemplation of a conspicuous reality, viz: that every organization seems more and more complete and perfect in position, and influence, and importance than any previous one, from the mineral up to Man. All forms inferior and subordinate to Man, are but *parts* of him; and in order to fully comprehend why man occupies the highest position, exerts the strongest influence, and is in every way the most important, we must proceed to consider the use for which man was made.

Under this head I will place an extract from my medical work, which work I shall probably present to the world in a few months. Its teachings are not according to the decisions of popular physiologists, but I venture to believe they will be found in accordance with the revealments of Nature and Reason. When speaking concerning the brain I say "The brain has three uses or functions, 1. To receive the omnipresent moving essence of the great Divine Spirit, which resides in and is extracted from all elements and substances in being, especially those which administer to the nourishment of the body, and to the gratification of its various desires and senses. 2. To concentrate, and refine, and elaborate this all-animating essence, and to dispense it to the appropriate part or parts of the dependent system, according to its (the essence's) relative degrees of refinement and progressive plains of manifestation, viz: as Motion, Life and Sensation. 3. To give this essence its germinal and *indestructible* organization, and to connect it with elements and substances in the outer world, by which connection the Brain is instrumental in the movement and government of the body—and to enable the interior organization to manifest intelligence in reference to its self and external things."

It is clear, I think, that the physical organism of man is designed to elaborate and to establish the eternal individuality of the human mind. Other organisms are less perfect and consequently inadequate to the same end. But it may be said that many animals possess qualifications identical with, and in some instances superior to man; and that the reason is not sufficiently clear why man can give birth to an immortal spirit, and why the animal cannot. I would reply that man is the ultimate organization—that Nature is a perfect, and powerful, and stupendous Machine, constructed upon the Universal mechanical principles of association, progression and development, by which machine the man is manufactured; and that the explanation is to be found by considering man, in the capacity of individualizing the spirit, as a machine. Animals are but parts of man; they are but portions of the human mechanism. Let us think of an illustration. Suppose you desire to construct a pin machine In your mind the machine is first created—it stands in all its parts complete in your memory. You proceed to collect and correspondingly perfect the parts with reference to the whole. You adjust the parts, the machine is developed, and its work is admirably performed. That work is to *individualize* or make the pin. Now with the same propriety it might be asked, why cannot those parts make a pin as well as the machine, which is a congregation of them all?

It is evident that the *use* of Nature is to individualize Man; that it is the *use* of man to individualize the Spirit. But now the question spontaneously arises, how can the Spirit exist independent of the body, and how can its personality be preserved? I am taught to reply that the spirit can exist separate or independent of the body on the same ground that the body can exist separate from, or independent of, Nature. For Nature made the body, even as the body made the mind; and, be it remembered, the same unchangeable and eternal principles of creation operate uniformly everywhere and at all times. And I am taught that the spirit preserves its identity on the ground that every organization is absolutely different. This fact precludes the possibility of absorption, or amalgamation, or disorganization. The difference in the arrangement of inherent elements establishes the individual in this life, and through all eternity. If spirits were constituted alike they would inevitably and irresistibly gravitate to but one center, would desire to occupy but one position, and to fill but one locality. But being constitutionally dissimilar, they cannot, nor do they desire to, be absorbed by, or amalgamated with, other spirits, nor can they lose themselves, as some have been led to suppose, in the universal spirit, or Great Positive Mind

There are three evidences, therefore, that the Soul will preserve its identity after the change which is called death. They are these, 1. It is designed that Nature should develop the body. 2. It is designed that the Body should develop the Mind. 3. It is designed that the mind should develop itself differently from other minds, and to live forever. These are no inferences, no conclusions based upon hypothetical reasons, but they are the universal testimonies and absolute demonstrations of creation—indeed, they are simply Nature's own instructions. You can readily, I think, believe, and comprehend why there will exist a "recollection of the past, and a recognition of friends," in the other world, by reflecting upon and understanding the ultimate connection which exists between the first and second sphere of human existence. The relation is as intimate as that between youth and maturity, love and wisdom, perception and memory. The experience, character, and progress of an individual in this life is recorded upon, and will be, to a modified extent, manifested by, that individual, in the life to come. And the friend or companion who has impressed us with friendship and affection here, will be remembered hereafter.

The passage from this sphere into the next is no more a change to the individual than a journey from America to England, excepting the almost complete emancipation consequent upon the change, from rudimental misdirection and earthly imperfections.

So I am taught concerning the principles upon which rest the sublime and heavenly realities of an eternal life. And so I am

taught concerning the transformation known as physical death. And I can assure you that, to the convinced and enlarged understanding, there is no death,—only the most important and delightful change in the mode of personal existence. And as we are immortal, and the memories of this life remain with us until displaced by more profitable and spiritual ones, let us at once resolve to institute and manifest henceforth a well ordered life and a godly conversation.

With a willingness to instruct and to be instructed,

I remain yours, &c.,

A. J. Davis.

A QUESTION OF TRUTH AND POLICY.

BY W. M. FERNALD.

It is certainly a very grave, and a very great question, how far a man, especially a public teacher, is justified in concealing his thoughts—especially his undoubted convictions, out of regard to the ability of society to bear them. That this is done, and done almost universally, is a notorious fact. Men with the best of motives, do not utter themselves fully, excusing themselves on the ground of prudence, safety, and a policy of *gradually* enlightening a society which would be subject to convulsions and disasters by a sudden and overwhelming dispensation of the truth.

Undoubtedly, here is the recognition of a great principle. Even Jesus, although we do not quote him for authority only so far as he commends himself to our minds, said to his disciples—"I have yet many things to say unto you, but you cannot bear them now," and the earnest and impetuous Paul declared to his young converts, that he had fed them with milk and not with meat, for they were "not able to bear it." We also once heard a shrewd tactician—a clergyman—contend for this principle with the following comparison. If, said the clergyman, you had a bucket of water which you wanted to pour into the Atlantic ocean, you would upset it at once, and the ocean is large enough to receive it without any trouble. But if you wanted to pour that same bucket of water into a little, narrow, long-necked bottle, you would pour carefully, and a little at a time, for the air must come out as fast as the water goes in. Now, continued he, that *air* represents the prejudices of the people, which *must* come out as fast as truth gets in. You cannot get truth in, until prejudice is out.

All this is undoubtedly true. It is the recognition of an important principle. And let me remark, it is a principle which that clergyman abuses, as much as any principle which govers him. He is famous for pouring water into little, narrow, long-necked bottles, and is perhaps, a fine illustration of the adaptations in Nature! Sophistical comparisons however, are the curse of all logic. One man delivering much truth, is received by many minds of various capacities. He is not obliged, and *cannot* go first to one mind, then to another, as a man would pass round to fill with a tunnel a board of decanters. He must deliver himself at large. And even though at a risk of wasting much truth, and causing much commotion among the small bottles which can contain but little, still, a flood of truth in a dry time, for minds open and ready to receive it, is better than a dribbling process which must leave unsatisfied many who are panting for still larger draughts. Let those who wish to peddle truth in this way, be faithful to their vocation. There must be some wholesale dealers to supply these. And it is, in fact, those who utter the most truth at once, who have been the greatest benefactors of the world. What if Galileo had waited for the prejudices of the people? What if Gall had done this? or any of the old discoverers in science? Alas, it is by *forcing* prejudice out of the narrow channels of a darkened and bewildered world, by flooding the earth far and wide, with truth mountain high, and thus causing it to run over and down all places, high and low, receptive of its current, that the earth is made green, and the waste places flourishing, and the tops of the highest mountains to wave like Lebanon! The blessing of such a flood is, that it leaves the earth better than it found it. The *worst* catastrophe that can happen is, that, over a lean and sterile earth, it has swept away some structures, and some green things, which served the people better than nothing, and after the commotion, the ark of blessed promise peers upon the waters, and a new and living impulse is given to the best human interests. Whereas, on the contrary principle, if the tide of powerful truth ever does rise, it is so slow, and so fearfully economical, that the tallest mountains parch and perish ere the refreshing waters reach their summits.

To leave the figure, is it not those who have caused the most commotion in the delivery of truth, who have been the earth's greatest blessings? And why have they caused the most commotion? Because they have delivered the most truth. Because, despite the prejudices of the world, they have poured faster than the people at large could receive it; still there have always been some minds who have stood prepared and ready for the blessing, and they have received it, and in their turn imparted it to others. Thus the world advances. No great reformation was ever yet accomplished—no startling truth proclaimed in advance of the ages, but the evil has been mixed with the good, and a storm of opposition, persecution and rage, has lashed the waters with a tremendous fury, so that they have risen above all hights yet explored, and threatened the destruction of many systems, the good with the evil. To be sure, we *expect* to do evil in publishing advance truth. We expect commotion, destruction, division of interests, and the removal of peace. Christ himself declared, that he came, "not to send peace on earth, but a sword," for he came to set one at variance with another, so that a man's foes should be those of his own household." He *foresaw* what the consequences of his religion would be. He *knew* that it would introduce discord, division, and strife; but he also knew that the end of all these things was peace.

So with regard to all truth, whenever it is uttered against false human interests, or the strength of popular opinion. The fact is, this idea of too much truth for the people to bear, is based on a false idea of human society, and is in fact a distrust of the Providence of God. A state of society that cannot bear the freest expression of thought and of opinion, is a society defective in its very foundations, and requires no other argument for its speediest reconstruction. And if its overturn can be effected by the proclamation of truth, then let its overturn come. The sooner the better. If we *must* live in falsehood, for the sake of living in safety, this is no argument for the correctness, or the stability of our social structure, our church institution, or our state governments. And as to its effect on the individual conscience, in the culture of hypocrisy, and a low, base, unprincipled policy, it needs that not a word be said. The world is full of this, and both our high places and our low, send out but one united and convincing testimony—one voice of terrible warning, that our whole social compact is corrupt and rotten, and a new state of social order, or rather, an order in place of the almost universal disorder, must inevitably succeed. What? society not able to bear the truth? *Why* not? What suffers? The *compact*, is it not? Not the individual. The present *connections*, and *interests*, and *sects*, and *parties*, and *professions*, and schemes of honor and emolument—these suffer, aye! and most severely by the truth! But do men and women suffer, in their manhood and womanhood? I know that very many comparisons are put forth to prove that too much truth at once, is hurtful to the individual progress. Shut a man up for a length of time in a dark room, it is said, and then bring him suddenly out into the broad glare of the noon-day light, and he could not bear it. The rays are too many and too powerful. The iris of the eye must have time to contract, and adapt itself gradually to the full tide of light. And so with the benighted mind. It cannot bear the sudden blaze of too much truth at once, it must

have time to grow and adapt itself gradually to it. And so it must. But here I say again, sophistical comparisons are the curse of all logic. *Why* can the mind not bear it? Simply because it cannot *comprehend* it, not because it is dazzled and overpowered by it as the eye is with the light. Not because it *receives* too much truth, as the eye expanded by the darkness does of the light, but because it *cannot* receive it. Alas, the *mind* is not expanded by ignorance, if it were the sudden pouring of too many rays of truth might fill and shatter it at once, as the eye is shattered by the light. It would receive suddenly, more than it could contain, and the effect would be disastrous. But the mind is contracted by ignorance. It is, then, in some great outpouring of truth, not because it receives it, but because it cannot receive it, that it cannot bear it. And the whole matter becomes reduced at last to this; that it is too *little* and not too *much* truth, that injures the mind, and this is a very different conclusion,—a conclusion not very favorable to that wretched conservatism which is always afraid of too much light, but for some strange reason, never seems to fear the darkness.

To be sure, we do not advocate the propriety of presenting the highest truths to the lowest minds—of presenting meat to babes—or taking a child, and beginning to educate him with the abstrusest sciences. But what we contend for is simply this,—that the reason for a disability to bear the truth, being a disability to comprehend it, it is not too *much* truth, but too *little* truth, that alone injures the mind. It is not that uncultivated minds *receive* all suddenly so much truth that they cannot bear the dazzle of the glory, but simply, that they do *not* receive it—that they think they are wise as their superiors already; and so, when a new flood of light and knowledge goes out upon the world, it is not the knowledge, but the ignorance, that is hurtful,—it is not that the uncultivated enter at once into a full appreciation of the truth, and go to applying this truth to wrong, and harmful, and mischievous purposes—this is not the danger; truth fully received and appreciated gives no such freedom; but it is, I say, that they do *not* receive it, or receive it only in patches and fragments, and so, when taking a little license from truth thus conceived, it is ignorance, and ignorance alone, that should bear the whole charge and the whole condemnation. But shall this deter us from proclaiming all truth? Why! the very worst that can happen, is, that the minds of a lower order only begin to feel the impulse of a new element, or new movement, like some commotion in the physical structure of the earth, which takes place at times by the progression of its particles, when a balance of forces is destroyed, and a convulsion ensues, and afterward the equilibrium is restored. This is the order of Nature. No progression without its evils—no truth without its contact with error—no positive without its negative; like two clouds charged with opposite currents of the electric fluid, approaching nearer and nearer to each other, till finally they meet, and embrace in lightning and in thunder. Soon after, the equilibrium is restored, and the elements reduced to order. So with truth, in all its contacts with the errors of the world. Evil is the attendant, good the result. Evil is temporary, good permanent. And what if the evil be ever so great? What if the commotion is disastrous? Shall this deter us from uttering all truth? Can *any* thing justify us (but a wrong and false state of society, which will be considered in a future article, and will be shown to be in itself the strongest argument *against* such policy,)—can any thing justify us in concealing truth—in pursuing a mean and little policy—in serving ourselves, and our own interests and connections, to the neglect of those universal interests of humanity which require all truth and all freedom, as fast as any one mind is sufficiently enlightened to defend them? No! not if there is a God of truth and justice, who reigneth, and doeth his will, in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of earth.

This brings us to the consideration, that this idea of so much truth for the people to bear, is, in fact, based upon a serious distrust of the Providence of God. What is truth given for? Why is one mind enlightened more than another? Why are the Galileos, Galls, Harveys, Bacons, Newtons, Christs, given to the world? Whence these lights of the ages, who start up in great periods, like meteors gleaming through the midnight darkness, if not to shine and dispense their light? It is too powerful for some, and serves but to make their own darkness visible. Hence all the clamor and opposition which arise on every such occasion, like clouds of vapor from the powerful shining of the sun on the dark and damp places of the earth. But the very fact that a mind has arisen thus *capable* of shining—thus capable of dispelling the mists and prejudices of ignorance and error, is a sufficient argument for all his force. His whole light is needed somewhere. And even though it strike some eyes blind, which it does not permanently, only makes them think others blind, yet is the mission of such minds a divine Providence in the earth. God creates no lights uselessly—none before their time. And the very fact that so much truth is *conceived* by any mind, at any one time, is an unanswerable argument for the immediate use of the whole of it. What! God given truth for no purpose? for idleness? for dead capital? Nonsense and blasphemy! A conservatism which argues thus is the most destructive of the largest human interests. It is no less than a libel on the Creator, and a setting up of man's own wisdom above the infinite wisdom and all-embracing Providence of God.

True—most true, the artificial and false interests of a corrupt human *society* may suffer by proclaiming too much truth at once. And this is precisely the strongest possible argument for the immediate application of that whole truth. Society needs it. It needs this truth, as a diseased limb needs the knife. It is the duty of every wise philanthropist to apply it—to cut off, and root out the base excrescences of a diseased and disordered social state, not waiting for the time when that state will be better able to bear it. The disease will progress if we do. I say, this is setting up our own wisdom above the wisdom and providence of God. The truth *has come*. The time has come, then, for it all to be proclaimed. He that refuses to let it shine, throws a cloud in the face of the Almighty's heavens, and he alone must be accountable. What if his only excuse shall be, the pitiable conclusion that he thought the new orb had been created too soon? Alas, for the reasoning of such men, than whom earth kows none so trustless and so little.

True, there must be martyrs in such a cause. The crisis demands them. And I verily believe that there are many, at this very day, preparing for such a martyrdom as has enriched the noblest fields of honor and of contest. God give them grace and strength for the trials and persecutions of their mission. If at any age the world has lived on the eve of great revolutions, I believe that one of those periods is at hand. It is an age of free thought. It is a crises of universal suspicion and inquiry. Political, Social, Theological, all are moving, and who that thinks, can fail to foresee an end of present institutions, and a more thorough and universal reform than has ever blessed us in our social and human relations? God be praised for the vision of so bright a prospect. The harbingers of such a change are many and powerful, and it ought only to be our prayer, that the work may wisely progress, trusting more to truth, in its unreserved majesty and fulness, and more to the spirit of blessed charity and freedom and good will, than to the crafty policy of men who think themselves wiser than the rightly progressing and everlasting providence of God.

True, there is a policy to be rightfully and consistently used. And what policy is that? I confess briefly, I know of none but to speak the whole truth in the most loving spirit. To be sure, some discretion is to be used with reference to the capacity of those minds we address. We should not teach a child the problems of Euclid before he had learned his multiplication table. So in moral and religious truth, having respect, *when brought to particular cases*, to the ability to bear it, we should reserve some

truth. But can this be a true policy for a public teacher in general? No doubt, when dealing with individuals, or classes whose growth and condition we know, it would be perfectly right, for a time, to suppress, conceal, and withhold. And undoubtedly, the policy of Christ to those disciples to whom he said—"I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now," went so far, and no farther. We cannot suppose him for a moment, from any motives of policy or humanity, withholding truth from the world. Alas, we know that he did not. If some could not bear it, others could, and this is the ground on which we base our argument for always "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." There are always some who need it and can bear it. And it is not any public teacher that can rightly discriminate in all cases of this kind. He therefore has but one true policy. He has the truth, it is his duty to let it shine. He may discriminate in particular cases, but he *cannot* generally. God has given him the truth. He has enlightened his understanding. Woe be to him if he does not enlighten others. To be sure human *interests* will suffer. The false connections of a selfish, disunited society will feel *severely* this free and full dispensation of the truth. The popular *craft* will suffer. Many would be the revolutions in the affairs of this world—some of them for the time disastrous—by such a truthfulness as this. It would be *very* inconvenient for the clergyman, just for the sake of telling the whole truth, to involve himself in parish broils, and spoil a "beautiful society"—beautiful to him in more senses than one—and deform it all through with principles, and plain dealing, and light. It would be equally so for the lawyer, just for the sake of honoring the law, to make a breach in his profession by too great profusion of sincerity. Or for the doctor, just for the sake of the healing art, to walk in simplicity and nature. Or for the politician, merely for his country's good, to favor a real conscience party. Or for an editor, just for the sake of publishing the truth, to lose half his subscribers. We all feel this tramelling of the present state of false and artificial society, and he is the best and noblest of us all, who rises to the utmost hight of human freedom, and speaks the most advanced and the most unpopular truths. Alas, alas! how many there are in darkness and in bondage, by the heavy pressure of poverty and necessity. How few there are who can *afford* to be free! How many martyrs, in worse than fire flames, who have dared to be true, and put up with dishonor, poverty, and the most harassing distress and toil! But thanks for the most righteous Providence of God, eternal justice does not rest in the outward and the sensual; those who are *truly* free—who have purged their spirit of all falsehood, cunning, and fraud, are on the right side of eternal Providence, and are sweeping onwards to more glorious and immortal blessings. They have blessings which the cunning and deceptive know not of. Having thrown off one weight, they have prepared to throw off another, and another, till they feel the force of no inferior attraction, and move in an orbit of their own—unbiassed, glorious, free!—Free in spirit, though fettered in the body—free in thought, in speech, in action—free as the pure heavens over their heads, and prepared for the jubilee of immortal triumph, with no mean littleness clinging to their souls.

To return to our argument, human *interests* we say, suffer—false, selfish, corrupt social interests, by too free a promulgation of the truth. But does humanity suffer? does the mind and heart suffer? And even social interests—are they not more speedily restored to order, though at the cost of a crisis, by a full, free expression of all truth, than by a cringing, timid policy, which distrusts God, and fears that he has given light faster than it is needed? Alas! how much better would it be for the world, could all speak out their thoughts, and not sacrifice their interests! How much faster would the world advance, could all solitary thinkers communicate themselves to others, and they to others, and so the world around, without the sacrifice of personal esteem, or the petty tyranny of bigotry and sectarism! What progress would be made in a century, or even a score of years, where now one stands waiting for another, trembling under the dominion of an ignorant and stupid world! And what greater argument can be offered for such an improvement in society as many philanthropists are contemplating, than the universal bondage of thought and speech? Through all society does this principle operate. The trader must live in falsehood to live in safety; all professions flourish on a non-commitalism which is little better than downright fraud—many times, the worse hypocrisy; the whole of society is tainted and corrupted by this necessary element in the world's prosperity; and well is Fourier represented to have been prompted to the construction of his mighty social system, by receiving chastisement for not falsifying, to sell a piece of goods, when he was a boy five years old.

Yes, the present state of society would truly suffer by proclaiming too much truth at once. And this, I say, is the strongest possible argument for the immediate application of that whole truth. Let it come. Society needs it. We may think to prevent a catastrophe by effecting a gradual enlightenment of the popular mind, and so may hide our light under a bushel, and prefer darkness to a full illumination of the truth. But we are only proving unfaithful to the talent committed to us, and setting up our wisdom above the wisdom of God. No mind ever yet conceived a truth before it was needed. And if all would give utterance to all their convictions, then there would be the same gradual enlightenment of the minds of men, differing only by a faster instead of a slower process. Society then would speed onwards to its reformation. The wheels of intelligence and mental freedom would roll more swiftly. New suns would be shining in the firmament of thought, and darkness and superstition, like a black cloud, would flee away before the noonday glory.

This, then, is the conclusion we arrive at. There is a policy in publishing the truth, but there is no other policy than this—to speak the whole truth in the most loving spirit. Be assured, oh! man, the world needs it all. Discriminate as best you can, in individual cases, but let not one ray of that divine light be shut out from the world. Many may not be able to bear it, but there are always many who can—who are waiting and longing for the blessing. It is not always for us to decide who may use and who may abuse it. We have not this wisdom. Thousands are the minds more ready and prepared than we think they are; and we are not to be such stewards of the manifold grace of God as to keep *any* for ourselves alone—it is the common property of man. The great God has spoken *to* us, and he is to speak *through* us. Our policy lies only in our spirit. Let us see well to that. Let us "speak the truth in love," but let us not hide it even for life. Man is no priest, nor is God. Let the truth come, then, though it rattle the heavens of immortal thought like the clangor of heaven's artillery. "Oh! says the eloquent J. H. Newman, of England, "it is an impiety which smells rank and offensive to heaven, thus falsely to evade the God's utterance. Speak! though the earth should swallow you up; for out of thy speaking may go forth a soul that shall renovate the dead world, and clothe it with immortal beauty when thou art mingled with the elements. It is thus that we are continually advancing onward and onward through the 'black empire of necessity and night,' and peopling the celestial hemisphere with new suns, and moons, and stars. Each great thinker in his turn, puts his horses to the wheels of the universe, and drives it forward after a new ratio of velocity. Thought raises the dead, and creates afresh the world." [CHRISTIAN RATIONALIST.

TIME sits as a refiner of metal; the dross is piled up in forgotten heaps, but the pure gold is reserved for use, passes into the ages, and is current a thousand years hence as well as to-day. It is only real merit that can long pass for such. Tinsel will rust in the storms of life. False weights are soon detected there. P.

Original Communications.

LETTER FROM ELIAS HICKS, TO WILLIAM POOL, OF WILMINGTON, DEL.

It is cheering for those who are engaged in the work of human progress, to look back and see the index fingers which, from age to age have pointed the race along the pathway that leads to higher and clearer manifestations of truth and duty, the path that leads *forwards* instead of backwards, *within* rather than without, to the "*spirit*" instead of the "letter." A quarter of a century has elapsed since it was written. Yet, in the decline and subsequent division, (I will not say fall) of the society of Friends, of which he was a prominent member, he could see as with a Prophet's eye, that more glorious truths were waiting their development in the future—truths, which even *he*, and the men of his day would not be able to "*bear*." Alas, how few can bear them now! The crust of sectarism has become so thick and hard, that it requires an earthquake to break it and let out the free spirit. And even when the old incrustation is broken and a higher elevation reached, it is ever disposed to form anew. Like a traveler through a quagmire, if he stops in his onward progress, he sinks, so, of the human soul, there is no freedom save in *progress*, no safety but in exertion. Perhaps no man was ever more deeply impressed with this truth than Elias Hicks. At all times, and everywhere, this was his mission—to call his fellow-men from a blind belief in the infallibility of the past, to think for *themselves*, not to live on the manna of yesterday, but to gather it afresh every morning as it fell from the gentle hand of their Almighty Father, who is as good now as he ever was—"The same to-day, yesterday and forever!"

R. T. Hallock.

Jericho, 12th mo. 7th, 1823.

My Dear Friend.

Thy letters of 9th mo. 18th, 10th mo. 24th, and 11th mo. 26th, that remain unanswered, are now before me. And although I could give several reasons for not answering them, yet I will mention but one, and that is, way has not opened for it until now: and notwithstanding a near sympathy with thee in thy tribulations has been witnessed, yet it may be that Infinite Wisdom, in the riches of his love, is leading thee off from all outward dependencies, that so thy hope and trust may be more fully and firmly fixed on him alone, who is the everlasting and inexhaustible source of strength and consolation. And although the severing of those who have been bound together in the strong bands of conjugal love, is like the parting of bone from bone, yet, as all our rich blessings are but the goods of our kind and gracious benefactor, and are only loaned to us during his good pleasure, so when he calls for them, as they are his just right, we ought cheerfully to surrender them, with due acknowledgments and gratitude for the unmerited favor, in suffering us to enjoy them so long as we have. To which I may add for thy increased comfort, that I have not the least doubt, that, although the absence of thy dear companion may seem to thee at the first view, a great loss, it is to her an eternal gain, and may eventually also, as thou acquiesces in the Divine will, bring thee to realize, in contemplation, a portion of that celestial joy that encircles her mansion.

As relates to a memoir of my life, &c., it appears that my reasons for objecting to such a publication, are not satisfactory to thee. What those reasons were I do not remember, as I have no copy of that letter, and I seldom keep a copy of my letters, unless they are of a controversial kind. But may now further observe, that I agree with thee, that the abuse of a blessing is no argument against its being dispensed; but it must first be proved that the thing is a blessing, and was intentionally dispensed as such, by the great Dispenser of all real good. I have no doubt when the apostle, under the influence of Divine love, addressed an epistle to the Corinthians, that he was rightly directed therein, and as he knew and was led into a right knowledge of their states, so he could administer to their needs and to their instruction. But I do not apprehend that he had the most distant idea that he was writing to nations yet unborn, and of whose state and condition he could have no knowledge. Nor do I believe that Divine Wisdom, when he influenced the mind of the apostle to write his several epistles to the Corinthians, &c., intended them for a rule to after ages; for had that been the case, he would have made them as plain and clear as he did the law to Israel, so that every one should understand them alike. And although the law to Israel does not concern us in the present day, yet every one that sees it reads alike—it admits of no controversy. But not so with the writings of the apostles; for the best and wisest of men disagree respecting them. And the Scriptures of the primitive Christians, from the early ages of Christianity, have been made a principal cause of the division, the controversy, the war, and the persecution and cruelty, that have convulsed and drenched Christendom in blood ever since it has been called Christendom.

And does it not impeach the wisdom and goodness of our great Benefactor, to suppose he ever intended those writings as a rule, when the best of men cannot understand them alike?

But the reason is obvious. The gospel law is inward and spiritual, and cannot be comprehended in outward characters, but must be written in every heart distinctly, as our states and conditions are all different and distinct; and it is always suited to the state and condition of every heart, and of course must act diversely in each mind, according to the diversity of their several dispositions, propensities and passions. Therefore no literal law, or creed, can take place under the gospel, except in moral or outward things; for no outward law can bind the soul, as the government of the soul is exclusively the prerogative of God and not of man.

Thou sayest, the same arguments would operate against preaching the gospel; but I say nay, not in the least degree; for if the minister is under the right influence, he would be led more or less into the very state and condition of the hearers, and his words will carry their own evidence, being clothed with power. But it cannot be so with epistles written to certain states a thousand years ago. And I make no doubt that thou seest clearly, that should we now go to make up a rule, or creed, from the writings of primitive Friends, what breach of harmony, nay, what confusion it would make in Society. And, although preaching the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, is the best and most excellent of all outward means, and it was all that Jesus directed his disciples to practice, yet I will also admit that epistles may be written suited to the time in which they are written. Nevertheless, if the right improvement was made by every generation, truths would be so opened in every age as to supercede the use of what had gone before. Thus an advancement in reformation would be experienced, old things would be left behind, and new things in the wisdom of truth, would be opened on the minds of honest travelers Zionward.

But, alas! instead of pressing forward toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, how many are looking back to the weak and beggarly elements, to which they seem willing to be in bondage.

Had the successors of the apostles attended, as they ought to have done, to the command given by Jesus to his disciples, to wait for the promise of the Holy Spirit, as no doubt they were directed to do by the disciples, that being the only necessary and sufficient qualification to preach the gospel, as the disciples had done, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven accompanying their words, and so in succession from generation to generation, the apostacy never could have entered. But instead thereof, they turned their attention to the letter, one crying I am of Paul, another I am of Apollos, &c., and neglected the spirit; hence divisions and contentions originated in the church, and destroy-

ed the peace and unity thereof, and in process of time, plunged it into a desperate state of total darkness. The same fate from the same cause, has befallen, in a great degree, our poor Society. But had Friends kept to the light and spirit of truth, as recommended in the preaching of George Fox and our primitive worthies; and waited for its clear manifestations, and moved only under the operation of its power, no apostacy could have entered; but the Society ere now, would have made great advancement on the labors and experience of those early worthies. Many things would have been opened in succession, on the minds of the faithful, by the same light of Truth, that George Fox and the people of that day could not have borne. But instead thereof, Friends turned their attention back to the letter of the Scriptures, and the writings of our primitive Friends, which were particularly useful in the day and time in which they were written; but in after time, when the light was leading, or would have led, all who were faithful to its manifestations, to an advancement to greater and brighter experience in divine things, they have blocked up their own way by an undue attention to the letter.

But when the light is calling away from these weak and beggarly elements, those old writings are no more nor less than the letter that killeth, and, if rested in, will have the same effect as the reading of the law of Moses had upon the primitive disciples; it will and does bring a veil upon the heart, and turns backward to a former dispensation, instead of leading forward in the new and living way, which only can add fresh life and vigor to the soul, and enable it to go forward on its heavenly journey, without fainting by the way.

Could I pen down something that might be useful to the present and succeeding generation, and then be obliterated, it might not be amiss; but as I am looking forward in the faith, that greater and brighter things will be opened to a succeeding generation, than I and the people of this generation can bear, this makes me unwilling to leave anything of my experience, that might tend to hinder the reception of those new and advanced revelations. For thou seest clearly, I trust, that the writings called the Scriptures, and those of our primitive Friends, are the strongest bulwark made use of by the carnally-minded, to put to silence new openings of truth, on the minds of the faithful in the present day.

I might add, but must draw to a close for want of room; and in renewed feeling of brotherly love to thee and thine, bid farewell.

ELIAS HICKS

MAN, TRUTH, MIRACLES.

BY E. E. GUILD.

IN REGARD to the nature of man, considered in a religious point of view, two entirely opposite opinions have been sustained. By some, man is regarded as naturally a religious being. By others, he is thought to possess a nature which is totally corrupt and depraved. Those who maintain the latter opinion, are perfectly consistent in regarding religion as something purely and entirely supernatural. But those who profess to find the religious element in the very nature and constitution of man, are not consistent if they do not regard religion as something perfectly and entirely natural. If man is by nature a religious being, then he possesses faculties which enable him to comprehend religious truth, and the elements of those sentiments and feelings which the doctrines of religion are calculated to excite, cultivate and perfect. In other words, the nature of man and religion are adapted the one to the other. If this be so, then why does religious truth stand any more in need of being confirmed by miracles than any other kind of truth. It is a singular fact, that miracles have never been appealed to to confirm the truths of any science except that of Religion. But why are hey not equally as necessary to confirm the truths of Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Geology, Mathematics, etc? If a man was to pretend to work miracles in confirmation of the truths of either of these sciences, he would be immediately suspected as an imposter. It would be said of him that he taught doctrines for the truth of which he had no reasons to offer, or that he wished to palm off doctrines on mankind which he knew were false. And as he wished to gain the assent of the mind to his pretended truths, and could not do it by argument and evidence, he must do it by miracles. Is there not an abundant natural evidence to support every natural truth? What then is the duty of the religious teacher? It is his duty to present the evidence in favor of every truth he preaches. To substitute miracles in the place of that evidence, is an evidence not of truth but of imposture.

The above remarks are merely suggestive. From the standpoint occupied by the writer, he can see no use for miracles to confirm any truth which it is essential for man to know or believe. If he could hear the voice of Jehovah, speaking from on high, declaring that Christianity is the truth of God, he should not believe it any more firmly than he believes it to-day. We are aware that the subject of miracles is a question of fact and not of theory. We have no objection, whatever, to believing in miracles, if the evidence in their favor is sufficient to establish them as real. Every candid man, it appears to us, must acknowledge that the subject of miracles is involved in inextricable difficulties. During eighteen hundred years no well authenticated miracles have been wrought. The experience and observation of the whole world, during this long period of time, is directly against them. If they were ever wrought, why they are not just as necessary now as they ever were, is more than we can understand.

At first view, the evidence in favor of the miracles recorded in the New Testament, appears to be conclusive. But when we reflect, that at the time these miracles are said to have been wrought, it was a time of prevailing superstition; that both Jews and Gentiles were predisposed to believe in miracles; that they supposed they saw them wrought almost every day in the public streets: that Jesus actually performed many things that were deemed miraculous by his followers; that much allowance ought to be made for exaggeration and mistake; that the record of Christ's actions was not made until some time after his death, and that that record has passed through not altogether disinterested hands; it must be confessed that the evidence in favor of the genuineness of the New Testament miracles is greatly weakened,—so much so, at least, as that it is perfect folly to establish a belief in miracles as a test of fellowship in the Christian Church. On a subject of the nature of this let there be no dogmatism, no intolerance, but let every man be "fully persuaded in his own mind."

GREAT RESPONSIBILITIES may seem to rise before the soul, as it looks onward to the future. But fidelity in previous discipline, shall tell it what to do and to speak. Out of its previous life shall come its all-sufficient aid. Great sacrifices may be before it. But the way shall be made smooth at each step of advance. Why do we lament over the scenes where faithful hearts are called to sadness, or martyr-souls are led to suffering? There can be no visitation the *faithful* soul may not bravely meet. Its tears shall all be wiped away as they flow. Its martyr-suffering shall be its especial triumph. The great words of hope spoken by Jesus to his followers, may be applied to every faithful heart in all their promise. Over all the power of the enemy, in whatever form his attacks may come, and through all its experiences of trial, it may walk with unfaltering feet toward its enduring rest. I see how strength may come according to our day, by a beneficent law of an unchanging providence. Scenes of apparent gloom, days of grief and tears, all that is bitter in experience, as well as all that is joyous, may share the blessing of the same benignant law.

THE UNIVERCŒLUM
AND
SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1848.

WHO ARE THE GREAT?

Many men have been numbered among the great and mighty because their names and deeds are inwrought with the world's history. These, for the most part, have been men of a reckless spirit, insensible to the principles of justice as they have been deaf to the prayers of humanity. Men of illustrious parentage—distinguished for the circumstances of rank and fortune—have not been the first to espouse nor the last to defend the Truth. Not many in the higher walks of life have been its martyrs. Among those who have shone conspicuously in the firmament of mind, few have been willing to consecrate all to this cause. Only here and there one has breathed his most fervent aspirations for light, liberty and the soul's elevation.

Wealth, and power, and fame, seem to have been the great objects of human pursuit. Popular applause is the ignus fatuus which thousands have madly followed. For this the learned have bartered the interests of virtue, and men of the loftiest genius have stooped to gratify a vitiated taste, or to consummate the selfish purposes of unsanctified ambition. Men of great scholastic attainments—deeply versed in the metaphysical distinctions and logical subtleties of the schools—have employed every argument, which a depraved imagination or an ingenious sophistry could invent, to justify the exercise of the basest passions. Even the renowned philosophers of antiquity, eminent as they were for intellectual endowments, did not hesitate to indulge the libertinism of a corrupt and licentious people. Indeed, history has spoken falsely if they were not personally guilty of similar grossness. Did not Lycurgus sanction thieving by law, and Seneca and Cicero contend earnestly for the right and propriety of self-destruction? Is it not true that Plato, who reasoned so eloquently for immortality, maintained that parents should be allowed to sacrifice their own offspring? And did not Socrates, who is said to have died like a philosopher, justify deceit and falsehood as a matter of convenience? What if these were men of giant minds?—what if History has given them deathless names and memories? According to Plutarch, they were inconsistent and intemperate as slaves. Our question finds not its solution here, and we must look further for an exhibition of true greatness.

It is a painful consideration, that the noblest gifts and graces have been forced into the service of vice and irreligion. The powers of Oratory have been employed to excite the vilest passions, and Poetry has been used to throw an imaginary charm around a life of sin and shame. Among philosophers and poets, legislators and jurists, few comparatively have made Truth the object of their constant endeavors. Seldom, indeed, has the benign radiance of Virtue shone conspicuously from the hall of judgment and the temple of science. O, how few are the instances in which innocence has adorned the throne! Yet, among those who have been distinguished for the brilliancy of their genius, some illustrious spirits have been devoted to Truth, to Humanity, and to God. The tongue of the orator has been touched with a live coal from Heaven's altar, and the genius of Song has swept the chords of her lyre to their highest notes of inspiration. The painter has drawn his noblest ideal of all human greatness from the deeds of *moral* heroism; the philosopher has laid aside his speculative theories, and the statesman has left the deep designs of the cabinet, and the arena of political strife, to learn wisdom of the Son of Mary. The hero, whose nerves trembled not amid the storm of battle, has become as a little child. The voice so often heard above the din of war has been subdued by irrepressible emotion, as he has thought of his sins, and fancy has pictured the touching scenes of the garden and the cross!

It is written that "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called;" yet there are true and God-like souls in every department of society and every walk of life. There is a divinity in Goodness, before which the most transcendant genius has bowed down. There is a power in Truth and Love, which has unstrung the iron nerve braced for the battle-shock, and quickened the heart with the energy of a great humanitary purpose. Some of the wise and the mighty *have been* called, and in their highest aspirations and noblest efforts have labored to embalm the memories, and to illustrate the deeds of spiritual heroes, who watched, and toiled, and bled, that they might be the Saviors of the World.

Living figures start into being as the artist ultimates the thought which struggles within the soul. Glorious forms, the images of divine ideas, appear before us instinct with life and beauty. We gaze with delight at the glowing canvass, where some great master spirit, with genius sanctified with a love of the divinely beautiful, has written his immortal thoughts. We have been carried away to the dimly remembered scenes of other days. An invisible hand has led us back to the homes of departed heroes. We have stood with Jesus in the temple and the synagogue. We have witnessed his manly sympathy for the afflicted and his divine compassion for the wayward, and we have been armed with a great power and a holy resolution. We have walked by the sea of Galilee as the stars shed down their mild radiance on the sleeping waters; and anon—as the howling spirits of the tempest rose up from their deep caverns, and the stormy wind lifted up the waves, we have listened to hear the cry of the faithless. The baptism and transfiguration—the temptation of the wilderness—the agony of the garden, and the mountain triumph—have passed before us like the scenes of to-day. Thus the earthly commune with the spirits of martyred heroes, and are made to realize their presence—they breathe upon us with a divine afflatus, and we feel the quickening impulses of the life that was in them.

When Genius thus lends its power to dignify humanity, and to commemorate the deeds and virtues of the good; when its mighty energies are consecrated to Truth, to Humanity and to God, then, it is itself God-like, and he is hardly an idolator who worships at its shrine. We admire—we reverence—I had almost said we *adore* Genius when it is thus employed. But when it is fired by ungovernable passion, prompted by avarice or controlled by ambition, it becomes a dangerous gift. The greatest genius, if misdirected, may become the greatest scourge. Genius, alone, does not confer true greatness. What if it has power to make a world of living loveliness? It often stands alone in its awful isolation, looking out on a desolate wilderness of its own creation!

Who, then, are the truly great? Not those who go with unshaken nerves to the battle, to hew down the glittering hosts of war! Not the men of brute courage and physical force. Not the strong nor the swift. Not they who merely possess great mental endowments—the men of lofty genius and profound erudition—nay; not these. But the men of *moral courage* and *spiritual power*, whose great thoughts flow out and ultimate themselves in glorious deeds; men who aspire to become the servants of humanity and God; who labor to extinguish the spirit of war, to sunder the chains of slavery; who dispute with gaunt famine the right of his inheritance, and who brave the pestilence that they may rescue its victims. Are not these the divinely great? Even the pure in heart, the upright in life, and the godlike in action? These, are they, "who do the will of my Father which is in heaven." Our answer is briefly written—Among men, only the good are great! S. B. B.

"A CHART,

EXHIBITING AN OUTLINE OF THE PROGRESSIVE HISTORY AND APPROACHING DESTINY OF THE RACE,—CONSTRUCTED BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, AUTHOR OF THE "PRINCIPLES OF NATURE, HER DIVINE REVELATIONS, AND A VOICE TO MANKIND."

By the time our present issue shall have reached our readers, the work with the above title will be published. It is a neatly printed Chart, twenty-eight by forty-six inches in size, the general object of which is indicated in the title above given. The history of its origin is somewhat singular. Mr. Davis, on one Sunday, being seated in a village church in Dutchess county, and failing to become interested in the discourse, suddenly experienced one of those interior illuminations to which he is constantly subject. While absorbed in spiritual contemplation, and unconscious of outer things, the Chart with all its general outlines, technicalities, and historical allusions, appeared in a vision before him, as though it had been designedly represented by some foreign agency; and it was impressed on his mind that he should commit it to paper. On returning to the exterior state, he retained a full knowledge of what had passed while in the interior; and he subsequently proceeded to construct the chart in all its general features as now published.

The Chart conveys instruction of great importance, and in a clear, comprehensive, and pleasing manner. It is made up of three transverse sections, running from the left to the right. The first section, by a simple and comprehensive formula, represents original causes and principles, with the general elements, relations, and dependencies of the human soul. The second section represents the progress of the race from infancy or savagism, to maturity or the state of Unity. It is divided into sixteen longitudinal columns, under the several captions of, 1st. Social State; 2d, Development; 3d, Architecture; 4th, Commerce; 5th, Language; 6th, Science; 7th, Philosophy; 8th, Theology; 9th, Government; 10th, Authority; 11th, Art; 12th, Music; 13th, Poetry; 14th, Amusement; 15th, Idiom; 16th, Kingdom. Running transversely through all the columes are five lines, which represent the five ages into which the course of human progress is divided; so that by reading from left to right, a description is obtained of the general condition of the Race in each age, in regard to social state, physical development, architecture, commerce, science, philosophy, theology, &c. It is shown that all the various lines of human progress and development converge to a focus or point of Unity at no distant period in the future, which is represented on the chart by the figure of a SUN, on the face of which are inscribed in order the various human affections. The author says, "Three of the five ages represented, are past; the fourth is almost accomplished, and the fifth is dawning: so mankind will soon begin to partake of the first fruits of their peaceful and harmonious destiny."

The third transverse section is also divided into sixteen longitudinal columns, arranged directly under those of the second section, and in the same order. These are again transversely divided into five parallel departments, representing the five ages, the whole presenting a view of the *particulars* involved in the preceding generalization.

At a single glance of the eye, therefore, the Chart presents a picture of the condition of the race, with all its various objects of pursuit, as it has been in the various ages of the past, as it is at present, and as, according to invariable principles and tendencies, it must be in the future. It can not fail, therefore, to prove an important assistant to the mind, in pursuing correct processes of reasoning on all matters pertaining to the progress of the Race, and to social philosophy in general; and being issued at this favorable juncture, we can not but hope that it will be the means of giving a new and *practical* impulse to the social and spiritual philosophy which Mr. Davis has been the instrument of giving to the world. We cordially commend it to general patronage, believing that it will give ample satisfaction to those who may purchase it. It is backed with muslin, varnished, and mounted on rollers, and in addition to its utility it will form a neat ornament for the study or the parlor. The price can not be definitely fixed upon until the expenses of publication are ascertained, but we are authorized to say that it will not exceed two dollars at most,—and without rollers, adapted for framing, it will be afforded for somewhat less. Orders may be addressed to Mr. Davis, No. 415 Grand street, Williamsburgh, who will dispatch them in quantities consisting of half a dozen or more, to any portion of the United States where they may be required. They will be kept for sale also at this office, and Mr. Davis generously agrees to appropriate the profits on whatever may be sold by this office, to the remuneration of those who have been engaged to spend their time and talents in furnishing suitable matter for the Univercœlum, and who may be in circumstances of need. W. F.

THE FINE ARTS.

MEDALLURGY—or the art of cutting dies, and stamping impressions from them, is of great antiquity—according to Pinkerton about eight hundred years prior to the Christian Era. The first was, undoubtedly, a rude attempt; but subsequently Greece, and afterwards Rome, carried this and its kindred art, Cameo and Signet sculpture, to their highest perfection. Yet ancient as this Art really is, it seems the last to gain its true position. Painting, engraving, and sculpture, have reached a high state of perfection, and yet are not its merits duly appreciated. We hope to see a proper attention given to this branch of Art; for no country is more fruitful in proper subjects than ours. We have wealth; we have talent; we have the most illustrious examples of heroic, intellectual, and moral greatness:—why, then, are not our cabinets filled with mementos of Patriotism, and Heroic Virtue?

I have been drawn to these reflections, by seeing a head of Washington Allston, executed for the American Art Union, of this city, by CHARLES C. WRIGHT, an artist whose genius, in his particular branch, is unrivalled on this side of the Atlantic. The whole style and spirit of the head, is not only classical, but true and life-like, in an eminent degree; and the work is a model of excellence in its kind, never before approached in this country. The character of the subject is remarkably preserved; and the peculiar union of strength and delicacy, of energy and gentleness, which distinguished our lamented brother, are visible in every line.

The Allston medal was wrought for 1847. On the obverse side is the portrait, and on the reverse a vignette, representing the Genius of America crowning the Arts. I suppose this to be one of a series, which the Art Union contemplate issuing, as I saw the head of Gilbert Stuart in the hands of the same Artist, for the same Institution. This medal was made from a cast taken in life, and contains self-evident proof that it is a most excellent likeness; for it exhibits all the details, and the spirit of individual character.

Mr. Wright is now engaged in executing the head of our distinguished artist, and fellow-citizen, William Page; and in this work, where the classic beauty of the subject, is equal to the taste and genius of the delineator, we may well expect a masterpiece.

THE VISION.—A few months ago, I caused the proposed publication of my vision, (which was initiatory to my past labors and experience,) to be announced through the Univercœlum. But when I subjected it to the necessary inspection and preparation for publishing, I found myself destitute of those explanations which many portions of the vision require. Some things in it seem contradictory to all ordinary occurrences in Nature. But notwithstanding the inability to furnish explanations at present, I will venture to publish it as soon as possible, promising to naturalize some of its marvellous points when I am able to do so. A. J. DAVIS.

Choice Selections.

JUDGMENT AND REFLECTION.

From the very nature of things, high intellectual cultivation can never be placed within the reach of all. Nor is it necessary, fully to disharge our responsibilities. But a sound judgment, and habits of serious reflection, are level to the acquisition of every man. And these are the very attributes of mind, when properly directed, that have wrought wonders in our world. It was his sound judgment and reflective habits that made Washington first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. It was under their guidance that Franklin, once a poor printer without a dollar in his pocket, became the pride of his country; and spread his fame over earth and heaven, by subduing the tyrants of the one, and the thunders of the other. It was these, guided and controlled by hungry avarice—which, like the grave, is never satisfied—that raised Stephen Girard from being a pedlar of segars to be the most opulent of merchants. Judgment and reflection are those attributes of mind which have led to eminence in every department of life. They have done more to form and direct society, than all the efforts of learning and genius. And as they are within the reach of, they should be cultivated by, every young man.

Permit me briefly to illustrate what I mean. There is a young man of excellent native capacities. In viewing the early developments of his powers, many a tear of joy glistened in the eye of his fond mother. Society, his country, the church, looked forward to his manhood with fond anticipations. He has reached manhood, and now behold him! He is wasting talents that might make him a star of considerable magnitude, in the giddy maze of pleasure; or in the filthy paths of profligacy and dissipation. And why? He has driven judgment from her seat; he suppresses reflection.

There is another young man—a mechanic. His calling is reputable, and places no barrier in his way to respectability and usefulness. His talents need nothing but a proper direction to elevate him to wealth and repute. But by a low course of intemperance and profligacy, he is fast sinking to the level of the abandoned. He is a shoemaker; and so was Roger Sherman. He is a tailor: and so was a recent Lord Mayor of London. He is a blacksmith; and so is Elihu Burritt. And why pursue such a course? He has driven judgment from her seat; he suppresses reflection.

There is another young man, who has given himself to one of the learned professions. If properly directed, he might adorn his calling and country. But thinking that men, like certain trees, are valuable on account of their bark, he gives himself to dress. Supposing that genius and talent are consistent only with idleness and irreligion, he murders his time in sloth and sensuality. Supposing the basis of character to be vulgar estimation, he pursues the course best calculated to secure vulgar opinions; and on this murkey stream he permits himself to float down below the respect of the virtuous, to that low level where his ambition is satisfied if he is only called a clever fellow by a reeling bacchanalian. And are there not some young men of your acquaintance answering this description? And why pursue such a course? Surely, we need not again repeat our answer.

You have, no doubt, all heard of Archdeacon Paley, the author of those celebrated works, the "Evidences of Christianity," and "Natural Theology." He will ever be regarded as one of the brightest lights of his country. When in college his vice and indolence prevented any perceptible progress in his studies! He spent his nights in revelry, and his days in bed. He was roused from sleep one morning by a companion, who thus addressed him:—"Paley, I have been thinking what a great fool you are. I could do nothing were I to try, and I can afford the life I lead. You could do everything, and cannot afford it. Possessed of more talents than any of us, you are beneath us all, and nothing but infamy awaits you in your present course. If you persist in that course I must renounce your society." He was struck with this appeal. He lay in bed the greater part of the day considering it, and forming his plans. He rose to put them into execution. He soon went up to the first station in the university, and will ever be regarded as one of the greatest ornaments of his church. Without this reproof, and the consideration which it induced, Paley might have lived unhonored, and have swelled the list of those whose memory shall rot.

Cultivate, then, a sound judgment, and habits of serious reflection. Both are necessary to enable you to act well your part in this age. They form the helm to guide, and the sails to waft you forward to prosperity and usefulness. Without these, if a mechanic, you will be always poor—if a lawyer, you will be always a driveller—if a physician, always a quack;—in politics, you will be the tool of the partisan; in religion, you will be the fit tool of every errorist and fanatic; trying all things, and clinging only to nonsense and folly. [Nicholas Murray.

INTELLECUAL HABITS.

Let us for a moment, contemplate the man, who, to diligent attention to business unites liberal tastes and good intellectual habits. Not content with comforts and luxuries for the body, he has provided society for the mind. He has assembled a few at least, perhaps many, of the master spirits of ancient and modern times, and domesticated them in his apartments. For their sakes he is content to retire from the circle of idlers, to pass by the lounge in the coffee room, to leave unopened the last novel and the last review. He loves their society; and without neglecting any duty, any call of business, he always returns to them with pleasure, and while conversing with them his spirits are calmed, his weariness subsides and his cares cease to annoy him. Always occupied with some interesting subject, or some great work, he is never for a moment at a loss how to spend a vacant hour. Not satisfied with one perusal of an author, or one examination of a subject, he reviews, compares different authors and conflicting statements, searches for objections, keeps his judgment in suspense, and is anxious only to know the truth. Passing as he does from grave to gay, from lively to severe, from dulce to utile, he is never weary, his mind is always fresh and always buoyant. After a few moment's reading in the morning, more or less as he has time, he carries out into the world a striking thought, an interesting subject, or perhaps a volume, which may occupy his mind in vacant intervals during the day. Having a relish for the productions of the fine arts, and especially for the beauties of nature, his journeys gratify his taste; while his table attracts the intelligent, gives him the society of thinking men, and his substance, instead of being employed to surround him with a vulgar splendor, decorates his abode in accordance with a simple but elegant taste, or contributes to the well-being of others. *He needs no high excitements.* Petty irritations and little passions pass by him as the idle wind. Every day improves his taste, his judgment, his imagination. His reasoning powers are invigorated, while his mind is filled with great principles, with sound maxims, with beautiful images. Every evening he is soothed and sweetly encouraged by the consciousness of having made some acquisition during the day, of having enjoyed a refined pleasure, and contemplated for the first time a noble and important truth.

What a contrast to such a character is the mere man of business, who possesses no taste for reading, or who, reading only at random, masters no subject, acquires no accurate information, no vigorous logical habits, no liberal tastes; who is compelled to spend the intervals of business in dull vacuity, in frivolous conversation, or in gross sensual indulgence; who lavishes his substance to invest himself with a vulgar splendor; and seeks that excitement, which is so necessary to men void of intellectual tastes, in politics or in mad speculations! [Horatio Potter.

Poetry.

A HYMN FROM THE INNER LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM,
BY T. L. HARRIS.

Heaven encircles all. The blest Immortals
Near us, divine with love's pure beauty stand;
Alluring us, through Faith's translucent portals,
Into the Better Land.

The friends we mourn as lost have not departed:
They have but laid aside Earth's frail disguise:
On your dark way they pour, oh, lonely hearted!
The light of loving eyes.

The Saints and Seers, who made the old time glorious,
Dwell, beautiful, within our human sphere:
Serene they move o'er doubt and pain victorious;—
Christ, Plato, John are here!

There lives no man, however crushed and lowly,
Bound with the gyves—immured in darkest cell,
But with him ministrant of influence holy,
Some Seraph Friend doth dwell.

Each wondrous Thought, of Truth or Love or Duty,
Flooding with sun-rise beams through Mind and Heart,
Inspiring us with Wisdom and with Beauty,
Some Angel Guest imparts.

No curtain hides from view the Spheres Elysian,
But this poor shell of half-transparent dust;
And all that blinds our spiritual vision,
Is pride and hate and lust.

Would'st thou, oh! friend beloved, with Christ see heaven—
Grow perfect in the way of life he trod,
To him that hath shall more and more be given,
"The Pure in Heart see God."

REFORM.

BY J. WESLEY HANSON.

I hear a tumult from the heaving sea
Of Human Life. The multitudinous waves
Like Ocean's billows, lift their mighty voices,
And, with a deep and solemn sound, they ask
A change. The awful din startles the ear
Of gouty Sin, and scowling, blear-eyed Wrong;
And old Conformities, with chattering teeth,
Shrink back affrighted, Forms and Rites, and old
Observances, upon whose wrinkled brows
The gray and grisly locks of Age are seen,
Bend low, and speed away, like ghosts, before
This roar of many voices. Loud they cry;
"Reform! Reform!" Blind old Conservatism,
Fearing advance, looks timorously on;
And in the distant sound hourly more near,
It hears in low, deep thunder tones: "Reform!"
God speed that day! The World's great aching heart
Is wildly throbbing for the issue and
Perfection of this prophecy of Heaven!
The Church—God's holy Church—arrayed in weeds,
And weeping like a widow, moans "Reform!"
Within her Gothic piles, and stately temples,
Wealth and magnificence are broadly strown.
The golden light streams dimly in through carved
And painted windows; and, with splendid hue,
Sleeps on high pillar and gilt organ-pipe.
But low-browed Cunning, and red-handed Sin
Go skulking up the cushioned aisle; and, when
High nave and choir are trembling with a burst
Of organ-music, sharp-set, keen-eyed men
Are hoarsely whispering of "Loss and Profit,"
"Bank Stocks," and "Six-per-cents." And, o'er the edge
Of yonder desk, silk-canopied, there peers,
In sacerdotal vestments, one who prays
And preaches, but who bows a willing knee
At Mammon's gilded shrine. Nay, when a storm
Of music sweeps yon cloistered aisle, the ear
May, in the pause of anthems, hear sick cries
For bread and Holy Truth; the Poor, who cry
In vain for that which God made free as air,
And, neath the very Sanctuary's eaves,
They cry, and beg, and pray for Life—unheard.

* * * * * * *

And then the World,—the weeping, bleeding World
Where God's high Law is rudely jeered, and Might
And Strength make Right; where sickly Poverty,
Clothed with vile rags, sits weeping by the way;
Where the great highways thronged by busy forms,
Who, in the rush and whirl for gain, see not,
Below the dust, poor Want weeping hot tears
That wet the soil. O Brothers! Pause ye now!
And see in Life's great Chart how Law becomes
But the stern will of Wealth and Pride; how weak
And feeble men must bow the knee, and sweat
And strive in vain to shake the iron yoke
From their galled, weary necks;—how Poverty
Must bend to Wealth; and Truth, with double tongue
Deal falsely; and e'en Virtue, pure and spotless,
Sell all her good to pampered, bloated Vice.
Hear!—far above the low sweet prayer of Faith
And Piety's clear music, and the song
Of the good angel Hope,—the scream of Sin,
The curse of Blasphemy, the shouts of men
Drunk with the blood of souls, the roar and din
Of Vice, and Sin, and Crime, and deadly Wrong!

* * * * * * *

But Light, like bright Aurora's streakings, streams
Along the distant Orient, and waves
Its golden banners; and, from distant shores,
We catch the glad, harmonious songs of men
Redeemed, released, and clothed in the white robes
Of Freedom and of Light. Oh! hear their shouts,
And list their heavy tramplings! On they come,
Shaking the firm-set Earth, which rocks beneath
Their mighty footsteps. Hear their song! It throbs
With its great burthen, and the trembling air
Is filled with anthems of triumphal music.
Beneath their feet bright flowers spring up and smile
From their blue eyes; and the old, worn-out Earth
Renews her youth, and rustles sweetest music
To the mild-answering Stars, who gladly pour
From out their golden urns a heavenly blessing,
Earth is renewed, and Man redeemed again;
Great Right and Truth have conquered Wrong and Sin.

[Our Day.

The silence of the grave
Is resting now upon the desert sands
Where rolls the Nile its waters; broken arch
And column echoing to the camel's bell,
As the swart Arab rests within the shade,
Are the mute tongues that tell where temples rose
And cities murmured.

Miscellaneous Department.

HORTENSIA:

OR, THE TRANSFIGURATIONS.

BY HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

INTRODUCTION.

The charm, elegance and retirement of the villa, the hospitality of our rich host, Ambrosio Faustino, and the grace of his most lovely wife, contributed not a little to the healing of our wounds, received in the battle of Molito, (we were four German officers,) but still more the pleasing discovery, that both the generous Faustino and his beautiful wife were of German descent. He was formerly called Faust, and was, by a singular chain of circumstances, induced to settle in Italy and to change his name. The delight of being able, far from our native land, to exchange German words, made us mutually confidential.

I had the liberty of passing my morning hours in Faustino's library. There I found, in magnificent rows, the choicest works, and also some volumes of Italian manuscripts, written by Faustino. They were memoirs of his own life, mingled with observations on painting and sculpture. I asked the favor of being permitted to read them, which Faustino was not only good enough to grant, but also drew out one of the volumes, and pointed out what I should read.

"Read it," said he, "and believe me, however incredible it may appear, it is true. Even to myself, it seems at times a deception of the imagination, though I have experienced it all."

He also imparted to me many smaller circumstances. But this is sufficient for an introduction. Here follows the fragment from Faustino's, or rather Faust's, memoirs.

ADVENTURES IN VENZONI.

On the twelfth of September, 1771, I crossed the stream of Tagliamento, at Spilemberg. I approached with firm steps the German confines, which I had not seen for many years. My soul was full of an indescribable melancholy, and it seemed as if an invisible power drew me back. It constantly cried to me to return. In fact, twice did I stop on the wretched road, looked toward Italy, and wished to return again to Venice! But then, when I asked myself, "What argues it? to live! for what?" I again proceeded onward, toward the dark mountains, which rose before me in clouds and rain.

I had but little money in my pocket, scarcely sufficient to reach Vienna, unless I begged on the way, or should sell either my watch, linen or better clothes, which I carried in a knapsack. The finest years of my youth I had passed in Italy, in order to improve myself in painting and sculpture. At last I advanced sufficiently in my art to discover, in my twenty-seventh year, that I should never accomplish anything really great. It is true, my Roman friends had often had the kindness to encourage me. Many of my pieces had occasionally sold well. Nevertheless this gave me but little comfort. I could not but despise creations which gave me no satisfaction. I experienced the painful feeling, that I was and should remain too weak to call into life, with pencil or chisel, the living conceptions within me. This threw me into despair—I wished not for money—I longed only for the power of art; I cursed my lost years, and returned to Germany. At that time I still had friends there: I longed for a solitude, where I could forget myself. I would become a village schoolmaster, or engage in any humble employment, in order to punish my bold ambition, which had attempted to rival Raphael and Angelo.

The rainy weather had already continued several days, and increased my uncomfortable feelings. The thought frequently awoke in me, if I *could* but die! A fresh shower drew me aside from the road, under a tree. There I long sat upon a rock, looking back with deep melancholy upon the destroyed plans and hopes of my life. I saw myself, solitary, amid wild mountains. The cold rain fell in streams. Not far from me a swollen torrent roared through the rocks. What will become of me? sighed I. I looked at the torrent to see whether it were deep enough to drown me if I threw myself in. I was vexed that I had not already made an end of my sufferings at Tagliamento. Suddenly an unspeakable anguish, and the pangs of death, seized me. I sprang up and ran on in the rain, as if I would escape from myself. It was already evening, and becoming late.

I came to a single large house not far from Venzoni. The increasing darkness, continued rain, and my own fatigue, induced me to stop at this building, which exhibited the friendly and inviting sign of accommodation for travelers. As I passed the threshold of the door, a violent shuddering and the same mortal agony seized me, that I had experienced while sitting on the rock in the wood. I remained at the door to take breath, but quickly recovered myself. I felt lighter than I had for some days, when in the warm public room I again felt the breath of man. Without doubt it had been merely an attack of bodily weakness.

They welcomed me, and I cheerfully threw my knapsack on the table. I was shown a small room, where I could change my wet clothes. While undressing, I heard a quick step on the stairs; the room door opened, and some hasty questions were asked about me, such as whether I should remain over night—if I came on foot and carried a knapsack—if I had light hair; and many more of a like nature. The interrogators went away—came again, and another voice asked similar questions. I knew not what it meant.

When I returned to the public room, all eyes examined me with curiosity. I seated myself as if I remarked nothing. Yet I was tormented to discover wherefore any one had made such particular inquiries about me. I led the discourse to the weather—from the weather to traveling, and from thence to the inquiry, if any more strangers were in the house. I was informed that there was a noble family from Germany, consisting of an old gentleman and a very beautiful and sick young lady, an elderly lady, probably the mother of the young one, a physician, two servants and two maids. The party arrived at mid-day, and had been detained, partly by the badness of the weather and partly by the weakness of the young lady. I learned, besides, that both the physician and the old gentleman had come into the public room, in great haste, and had inquired with some anxiety and astonishment about me. The host was certain that the party knew me well. He urged me to go up, as I should certainly meet old friends and acquaintances, since they appeared to expect me. I shook my head, convinced that there was some mistake. In the whole world I had no noble acquaintances, and least of all could I claim any of the German nobility. What confirmed me still more in this belief, was that an old servant of the count came in, seated himself at the table near me, and in broken Italian called for wine. When I addressed him in German, he was delighted to hear his native tongue. He now related to me all that he knew of his master. The gentleman was a Count Hormegg, who was carrying his daughter to Italy for change of air.

The more the old man drank, the more talkative he became. At first, he seated himself gloomily by me; at the second flask he breathed more freely. As I said to him, that I thought of going back to Germany, he sighed deeply, looked toward Heaven, and his eyes filled with tears. "Could I only go with you! could I only go!" said he, sorrowfully and softly to me. "I can bear it no longer. I believe a curse rests on this family. Strange things occur among them. I dare confide them to no one, and if I dare, sir, who would believe me?"

THE MELANCHOLY COMPANY OF TRAVELERS.

By the third flask of wine, Sebald, for so he was called,

became open-hearted. "Countryman," said he, and he looked timidly round the room; but no one was present except ourselves; we were sitting alone by the dim burning candles. "Countryman, they cannot blind me. Here is a curse under the veil and abundance of riches—here rules the bad spirit himself; God be merciful unto us! The count is immensely rich, but he creeps about like a poor sinner; he is seldom heard to speak, and is never gay. The old lady, companion, governess, or something of that kind, to the Countess Hortensia, appears to be in constant fear from a bad conscience. The countess herself—truly a child of paradise—can scarcely be more beautiful; but I believe her father has united her with the devil. Jesu Maria! what was that?"

The frightened Sebald started from his seat and became deadly pale. It was nothing but a window shutter dashed violently to by the wind and rain. After I had tranquilized my companion, he continued:

"It is no wonder; one must live in constant fear of death. One of us must and will shortly die! That I have heard from the young woman, Catharine. God be merciful to me! May I not, in the mean time, with my comrade, Thomas, refresh myself with wine? Sir, there is no want of what we desire, to eat, to drink, nor of money; we fail only in a happy mind. I should long since have run off——"

Sebald's fable appeared to me to be full of his wine.

"From what do you infer that one of you must die?"

"There is nothing to infer," replied Sebald; "it is only too certain. The Countess Hortensia has said it, but no one dares speak of it. Look you—at Judenberg, fourteen days ago, we had the same story. The young countess announced the death of one of us. Being all in good health, we did not believe it. But as we were proceeding on the highway, Mr. Muller, the secretary of the count, a man generally beloved, suddenly fell, together with his horse and baggage, from the hight of the road, over the rocks, into the abyss beneath, ten times deeper than the church steeple. Jesu Maria! what a spectacle! Hearing and sight left me. Man and horse lay shattered to pieces. When you pass through the village where he lies buried, the people will relate it to you. I dare not think of it. The only question now is, which of us is to be the next victim? But if it comes to pass, by my poor soul, I will demand my discharge from the count. There is something wrong here; I love my old neck, and do not wish to break it in the service of the God-forsaken."

I smiled at his superstitious distress, but he swore stoutly, and whispered: "The Countess Hortensia is possessed by a legion of devils. For a year she had frequently run over the roof of the castle Hormeggar, as we scarcely could do on level ground. She prophecies; she often, unexpectedly, falls into a trance, and sees the heavens open; she looks into the interior of the human body. Dr. Walter, who is certainly an honest man, affirms that she can not only see through people, as if they were glass, but also through doors and walls. It is horrible. In her rational hours, she is very sensible. But, oh God! it is in her irrational hours that she governs us, when those evil spirits speak out of her. Could we not have remained upon the high road? But no! Immediately upon leaving Villach, we must go on sumpter horses and mules over the worst roads and most frightful precipices. And wherefore? Because she so willed it. Had we remained on the great road, Mr. Muller (God be merciful to him!) would still, to-day, have drunk his glass of wine."

ATTEMPT AT AN ENGAGEMENT.

The return of the people of the house, with my spare evening's meal, interrupted Sebald's gossip. He promised when we were again alone to disclose many more secrets. He left me. In his place, a small, thin, gloomy-looking man seated himself, whom Sebald, on going away, called doctor. I knew, therefore, that I had before me another member of the melancholy travelers. The doctor looked at me, at my supper, for awhile silently. He appeared to be watching me. He then began to ask me, in French, from whence I came, and where I thought of going? When he heard I was a German, he became more friendly, and conversed with me in our native tongue. In answer to my questions, I learned that Count Hormegg was traveling with his sick daughter to Venice.

"Could you not," said the doctor, "give us your company, since you have no particular object in going to Germany? You are more familiar with the Italian language than we are—know the country, the manners, and healthy parts. You could be of great service to us. The count could take you immediately in the place of his secretary. You will be free of expense, have a comfortable life, six hundred louisd'ors salary, and to that added the known liberality of the count."

I shook my head, and remarked, that neither did I know the count, nor the count me, sufficiently to foresee whether we should be agreeable to each other. The doctor now made the count's eulogium. I replied in return, that it would be very difficult to say so much to my advantage to the count.

"Oh, if that is all," cried he hastily, "you are already recommended; you may, therefore, rely on it."

"Recommended! By whom?"

The doctor appeared to be seeking for words, in order to rectify his hastiness.

"Eh, why through necessity—I can promise you, that the count will pay you a hundred louisd'ors down, if you——"

"No," replied I, "I have never in my life labored for superfluities; only for what is necessary. From childhood I have been accustomed to an independent life. I am far from being rich, yet I will never sell my freedom."

The doctor appeared to be irritated. In truth, I was serious in what I said. Add to this, that I particularly desired not to return to Italy, in order that my passion for the arts should not resume its power. I do not deny, also, that the sudden importunity of the doctor, and the general behavior of these travelers, were disagreeable to me, though I certainly did not believe that the sick countess was possessed by a legion of devils. As all his persuasions had no other effect than to make me more unwilling, the doctor left me. I then reflected on all the different little circumstances—weighed my poverty against the comfortable existence in the train of the rich count, and played with the little money in my pocket, which was all my riches. The result of these reflections were—"Away from Italy; God's world stands open before you. Be firm! only peace in the breast—a village school and independence! I must first endeavor to recover my individuality. Yes, I have lost all—the whole plan of my life—gold cannot replace it."

NEW OFFERS.

My surprise was not a little increased, when, scarcely ten minutes after the doctor's departure, a servant of the count appeared, and begged me, in his name, to visit him in his room. "What in the world do these people want with me?" thought I. But I promised to go. The adventure began, if not to amuse, at least to excite my curiosity.

I found the count alone in his room; he was walking with great strides up and down—a tall, strong, respectable-looking man, with a dignified appearance, and pleasing, though melancholy features. He came immediately to meet me, and apologized for having sent for me—led me to a seat, mentioned what he had heard of me through the doctor, and repeated his offers, which I as modestly, but firmly, declined. He went thoughtfully, with his hands thrown behind his back, to the window, returned hastily, seated himself near me, and taking my hand in his, said: "Friend, I appeal to your heart. My eye must deceive me much, if you are not an honest man—consequently sincere. Remain with me, I entreat you—remain only two years. Count upon my deepest gratitude. You shall have, during that time,

whatever you need, and at the expiration of it, I will pay you a thousand louisd'ors; you will not repent having lost a couple of years in my service." He said this so kindly and entreatingly, that I was much moved, more so by the tone and manner, than by the promise of so large a sum, which secured me, with my trifling wants, a free and independent fortune. I would have accepted the offer, had I not been ashamed to show, that at last I had yielded to vile gold. On the other side, his brilliant offers seemed to me auspicious.

"For such a sum, my lord, you can command much more distinguished talents than mine. You do not know me."

I then spoke to him openly of my past destiny and occupation, and thought by that means, without vexing him, to put aside his offers, as well as his desire to have me.

"We must not separate," said he, as he pressed my hand entreatingly. "We must not, since it is you alone that I have sought. It may astonish you; but on your account only, have I undertaken this journey wito my daughter; on your account have I chosen the worst road from Villach here, that I might not miss you; on your account have I stopped at this inn."

I looked at the count with astonishment, and thought he wished to jest with me.

"How could you seek me, since you knew me not? since no one knew the road I wandered? I, myself, three days ago, knew not that I should take this road to Germany."

"Is not this a fact?" continued he: "This afternoon you rested in a wood; you sat, full of sorrow, in a wilderness; you leaned on a rock, under a large tree; you gazed at the mountain torrent; you ran on impetuously in the rain. Is it not so? Confess candidly—is it not so?

At these words, my senses forsook me. He saw my consternation, and said: "Well, it is so! you are, indeed, the man I seek."

"But," cried I, "I do not deny that some superstitious horrors seized me," and I drew my hand out of his. "But who watched me? Who told you of it?"

"My daughter—my sick daughter. I can easily believe that to you it appears wonderful. But the unfortunate one says and sees many strange things in her sickness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From the Model American Courier.

THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

IT IS NOT the most difficult thing in the world to write the history of a battle. The tramp of legions, the crash of contending foemen, the waving of banners—arms glittering here, and the cold faces of the dead glowing yonder, in the battle flash,—these form a picture that strikes the heart at once, and makes its mark forever

But who can write the history of a Soul?

Who can tell how the germ of heroism, the idea of greatness, first swells in the mind of the Boy, and slowly ripens into full life?

We have seen Washington the President. We have known Washington the General. Shall we look into the soul of Washington the Boy? Shall we behold the almost imperceptible gradations which marked the progress of that soul into manhood? Shall we witness the silent, gradual, ceaseless EDUCATION of that soul?

How was Washington educated? Did he lounge away five years of his life within the walls of a college, occupied in removing the shrouds from the mummies of Classic Literature, busy in familiarizing his mind with the elaborate pollutions of Grecian mythology, or in analyzing the hollow philosophies of the academy and portico?

No. His education was on a broader, vaster scale.

At seventeen he leaves the common school, where he had received the plain rudiments of an English education, and with knapsack strapped to his shoulders, surveyor's instruments in his hand, he goes forth, a pilgrim among the mountains. Where there is blue sky, where the tumultuous river hews its way through colossol cliffs, where the great peaks of the Alleghanies rise like immense altars into the heavens,—such were the scenes in which the soul of Washington was educated.

He went forth a wanderer into the wilderness. At night he stretched his limbs in the depths of the forest, or rose to look upon the stars, as they shone in upon the awful night of the wilderness, or sat down with the red men by their council fires, and learned from this strange race the traditions of the lost nations of America.

Three years of his life glide away while he sojourns among the scenes of nature's grandeur. Those three years form his character, and shape his soul. Glimpses of the future come upon him like those blushes of radiance in the day-break sky, which announce the rising of the sun.

Shall we learn the manner of his communion with nature and with God?

We know it is beneath the *dignity* of history to look even for an instant into the heart. We know that vague generalities, misty outlines, compact and well-proportioned falsehoods, sprinkled with a dash of what is called philosophy—too often constitute the object and manner of history.

Shall we depart for a little while from the respectable regularities of history, which too often resemble the regular tactics of Braddock on his fatal field, and call tradition and legend to our aid? Tradition and legend, which, in their vivid but irregular details, remind us forcibly of the crude style of battle which young Washington so fruitlessly commended to the notice of the regular general, on the battle day of Monongahela?

Learn, then, the manner of young Washington's communion with nature and with God.

But first learn and know by heart the scenes in which his boyhood passed away.

Over a tumultuous torrent, high in the upper air, there hangs a bridge of rock, fashioned by the hand of Nature, with the peaks of granite mountains for its horizon. Two hundred feet above the foaming waves you behold this arch, which, in its very ruggedness, looks graceful as a floating scarf. Over the waves, looking through the arch, you catch a vision of colossal cliffs, with a glimpse of smiling sky. Advance to the parapet of this bridge—cling to the shrubs that grow there—look below! Your heart grows sick—your brain reels.

Stand in the shadow of the arch, and look above. How beautiful! While the torrent sparkles at your feet, yonder, in the very Heaven, the Arch of Rock fills your eye, and spans the abyss, with giant trees upon its brow.

To the NATURAL BRIDGE Washington, the young pilgrim, came. He stood by the waves at sunset—he drank in the rugged sublimity of the scene. And when the morning came, with an unfaltering step, and hand that never shook, not for an instant, with one pulse of fear, he climbed the awful hight—he wrote his name upon the rock—he stood upon the summit, beneath the tall pine, and saw the march of day among the mountains.

Who shall picture his emotions in that hour?

As his unfaltering hand traced the name upon the rock, did he dream of the day when that name should be stamped upon the history of his country, and written not in stone, but in the throbs of living hearts?

As he stood upon the arch, and saw the torrent sparkle dimly far below, while the kiss of light was glittering on the mountain tops, did no vision of the battle-field, no shadowy presentiment of glory, gleam awfully before his flashing eyes?

Again: another scene of Washington's education.

There is a river, which sparkles beautifully among its leafy

banks—glides on as smoothly as the dream of sinless slumber; but even as you gaze upon its glassy waves, it rushes from your sight. It glides over a bed of rocks, and then through a yawning abyss sinks with one sullen plunge into the bosom of the earth. On one side you behold its smooth waters—at your feet the abyss—and yonder, an undulating meadow. Yes, where should be the course of the river, you behold slopes of grass and flowers.

It is simply called the LOST RIVER.

It fills you with inexplicable emotions to see this beautiful stream, now flashing in the sunlight, now—ere you can count one—lost in a dismal cavern, with flowers growing upon its grave.

Here Washington, the young pilgrim, wandered oftentime, and gazed with a full heart upon the mysterious river.

"Shall my life be like that river? Gliding smoothly on,—shining in sunlight, only to plunge, without a moment's warning, into night and eternity."

Did no thought like this cross the young pilgrim's soul? In that wondrous river he beheld a symbol of a brave life, suddenly plunged in darkness. Or, it may be, of a great heart, hurled into obscurity, only to rise more beautiful and strong, after the night was over and the darkness gone. For after three miles of darkness, the Lost River comes sparkling into light again, singing for very gladness, as it rushes from the cavern into open air.

Amid scenes like these the youth of Washington was passed. He grew to manhood amid the glorious images of unpolluted nature. Now, pausing near the mountain top, he saw the valleys of Virginia fade far away, in one long smile of verdure and sunshine, with the Potomac, like a silver thread, in the distance.

Now battling for life, amid hunger, snow, and savage foes, he makes his bed in the hollow of the rock, or sets his destiny afloat amid the waves and ice of a wintry river.

There is one picture in the life of Washington, the Boy, which has ever impressed my soul.

It is not so much that picture of young Washington, seated at the feet of his widowed mother, gazing into her pale face, drinking the fathomless affection of her mild eyes, and for her sake renouncing the glittering prospect of an ocean life, and laurels gathered from its gory waves.

This picture, in its simplicity, is very beautiful. But it is another picture which enchains me. Behold it.

By the side of a lonely stream, in the depth of a green woodland, sits a boy of fourteen. Shut out from all the world, alone with his heart—his finger laid upon an opened volume, while his large, grey eye gazes vacantly into the deep waters.

And that volume is the old Family Bible, marked with the name of his ancestor, John Washington; and from its large letters look forth the prophets of Israel, and from its pages, printed in antique style, the face of JESUS smiles in upon the soul of the dreaming boy.

Washington the boy, alone with the old Bible, which his ancestor, a wanderer and exile, brought from the English shore—alone with the Prophets and the warriors of long distant ages—now wandering with the Patriarchs, under the shade of palms, among the white flocks,—now lingering by Samaria's well, while the Divine voice melts in accents of unutterable music upon the stillness of noonday.

Let us for a few moments survey the various EPOCHS of the youth of Washington.

At the age of ten years he is left an orphan; from the hour of his father's death he is educated by his widowed mother.

At the age of fourteen a midshipman's warrant is offered to him,—with a brilliant prospect of naval glory in the distance. He accepts the warrant,—his destiny seems trembling in the balance—when his mother, who already saw a nobler theater open before her boy, induces him to surrender the idea of an ocean life.

He is seventeen when he takes up the instruments of the surveyor's craft, and crossing the Alleghanies, beholds, for the first time, the customs of the Indian people.

Three years pass, and he is a pilgrim amid the forms of external nature.

We behold him on the ocean, amid the terror of its storms, and very near the doom of its shipwrecks. His heart pillows the head of a dying brother; he accompanies Laurence Washington on a voyage to Barbadoes, and is absent on the ocean, and on the shores of the strange land, from the fall of 1751 until the spring of 1752.

When Laurence dies, his young brother, George Washington, a youth of twenty years, is appointed executor of his immense estates.

At the age of twenty-one, he is designated by the Governor of Virginia as a Commissioner to treat with the hostile French and their Indian allies, who threaten our western borders. In the pursuit of the object of this mission, he journeys 560 miles into the trackless wilderness.

He is twenty-two when he first mingles in battle; his sword is unsheathed July 3d, 1754, at the fight of the Great Meadows.

And at the age of twenty-three, July 9th, 1755, he shares in the danger of Braddock's field, and saves the wreck of the defeated army.

The great epochs in the Youth of Washington are written in the preceding paragraphs. A wonderful youth, indeed! From the common school-house into the untrodden wilderness; from the couch of a dying brother, into the terror of battle. Washington had already *lived the life*, before he was twenty-three years old.

Let us, my friends, write the unwritten history of Washington. Not the dim outline which History sketches, but a picture of the Man—with color, shape, life and voice. Yes, life, for as we go on, among the shrines of the Past, the dead will live with us, and voice too, for as we question the ghosts of other days, they will answer us, although the shadows of a hundred years brood over their graves.

And ere we hasten forth upon our journey, let us for a moment compare the youth of Washington with the boyhood of Arnold.

Washington, nourished by the counsels of a mother, surrounded by powerful friends, and with many a kind hand for his brow when it was stricken with fever, many a kind voice for his heart when it was heavy with sorrow.

Arnold, a friendless boy, left by an intemperate father to the—world; guided, it is true, by a kind mother, but a mother who saw all the clouds of misfortune lowering upon her path, and felt the heaviest blows of misery upon her breast.

A contrast of terrible meaning!

Washington learns from his mother to bear all, to suffer all, and hold on, through calm and storm, to the right.

Washington becomes the Man of a World.

Arnold, though swayed for a while by the lessons of his mother, learns the bitter lesson which the World teaches to him—learns by heart to return hate with hate, and fling wrong into the face of wrong.

Arnold becomes the Omen of a World.

Learn from this the awful importance of those early influences which shape the mind and mold the heart. Youth is a tender plant—beware how you tread upon it! Nurse it generously, and one day it will bloom before you in the manhood of a Washington. Crush it, and it will one day wound your heel with the serpent-sting of Arnold.

And while we read together the great lesson of Washington's youth, and trace, side by side, the gradual steps by which he rose to greatness, let us never forget, that there was one blessing which followed him like a good angel, and breathed upon his soul the very atmosphere of Heaven—"The Memory of Mary, his Mother!"

THE DAWN.

Early in the twilight of the morning, the sage Hillel walked out with his disciples in the vicinity of Mount Hermon. They talked together of faith, of the higher world, and of divine wisdom.

Then asked his disciples: Rabboni, to what dost thou compare the divine wisdom?

Hillel lifted his hand, and said: Behold! there shines its symbol, the morning dawn! Fog and mist still lie upon the hills and vallies, and earth rests in silence waiting, while the gates of heaven are now quietly and gradually unfolded.

We understand, said the pupils; it comes from above, and takes up its abode with quiet, believing humility.

Again Hillel lifted his hand to the morning twilight, and said: See, it now bows itself down to the dark, slumbering earth. Already it pours forth over hill and vale a soft, lovely light; and inanimate creation shines in more than earthly splendor.

Nature grows in signification and import! said the disciples.

Behold! said the teacher, how its gently undulating stream of light rests densely on earth, like a band that unites earth with heaven.

Man with God! softly whispered the disciples.

It does not, indeed, give out the brightness of day, nor does it shed around a solemn darkness; but it announces, with its mild light, the source of day, which retires behind its veil. We night-wanderers look up to it with confidence and joy, for we know it promises the day.

You perceive how fragrantly Hermon smells and renews his strength; the plants grow green, and the buds bloom in the light of the dawn. The dew, distilled out of its bosom, fell gently down on earth; and see how it now sits sparkling on every leaf and blade of grass, like the pearls of the Orient.

So faith begets love! whispered the disciples.

Light and strength, too! observed Hillel. Lift up your eyes, he proceeded, as he pointed toward Aurora; she now sends forth the youthful sun. Nourished on her maternal bosom, and his head crowned with her golden beams, he enters on his course full of strength and courage. Clouds and storms do not drive him back.

An image of the man whose heart is filled with divine wisdom, cried the disciples.

On his high, heavenly way, proceeded Hillel, he goes on in quietness and strength, and dispenses a thousand-fold blessings, a son of Aurora.

When he has finished his course, just before the approach of night, she comes again as the evening twilight, and receives him with motherly embrace. [Krummacher's Parables.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

Elihu Burritt, the "Learned Blacksmith," is making active preparations for a meeting of the League of Universal Brotherhood at Paris—to assemble, probably, during this month; the time having been delayed on account of the last Insurrection. Mr. Burritt has issued an urgent Call, in which we see it stated that about a hundred gentlemen, representing most of the large towns in the United Kingdom, have expressed their willingness to form a deputation to Paris, for the purpose of attending the Convention; and it was believed that as many more would have been secured by the 1st of September.

The Call urges in forcible language the necessity of all the deputations being unanimous in the conviction that all War is inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity, and that all true friends of Peace will see the necessity and feasibility of rightly improving the present crisis in the condition of Europe. The ulterior aims of the contemplated Peace Convention are thus defined:

"The great object will be to discuss and develop some rational, practical and efficient substitute for War, in settling the disputes which may arise between Nations. It is very probable that no other substitute will be proposed or discussed than the creation of a High Court of Nations, and a Code of International Laws, by which all cases of international controversy shall be adjudicated. To create such a tribunal and such a code of laws, it would be necessary to convoke a Congress of Nations, in which each should be equally represented by delegates chosen for the purpose. An International Assembly, thus convened and composed, would be the first legislative step toward the erection of this High Court. It would then be the practical and particular aim and conclusion of the Convention in Paris, to induce, organize and inaugurate a simultaneous moral agitation in favor of this step, throughout the whole of Christendom; to provide for the formation of committees, or the acquisition of correspondents, in different countries, through whom the public press, the platform, and the pulpit, might everywhere be enlisted in favor of a proposition so rational, humane and Christian.

"Nearly all the European Legislatures are now in session; and nearly all of them are occupied with reconstructing their systems of policy, foreign and domestic. Many independent sovereignties are uniting in one federal nation. The German States have already organized such a union; the Italian States appear to be doing the same. What shall be the attitude or foreign policy of these new Federal Nations, or Federal Unions? Perhaps the great Demonstration contemplated in Paris may materially affect that policy, and render it decidedly pacific."

It is expected that persons from nearly all the European Nations will be present, and take part in the proceedings—which will hence acquire a very great interest and importance. If measures be properly taken, the doings of the Convention may exert a very wide-spread and happy influence.

THE UNIVERCŒLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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

In its philosophical departments, among many other themes which are treated, particular attention will be bestowed upon the general subject of Psychology, or the science of the human Soul; and interesting phenomena that may come under the heads of dreaming, somnambulism, trances, prophesy, clairvoyance, &c., will from time to time be detailed, and their relations and bearings exhibited.

In the Editorial Department, a wide range of subjects will be discussed, the establishment of a universal System of Truth, tending to the Reform and reorganization of society, being the grand object contemplated.

The Univercœlum and Spiritual Philosopher is edited by S. B. Brittan, assisted by several associates; and is published every Saturday at 235 Broadway, New York; being neatly printed on a super-royal sheet folded into sixteen pages. Price of subscription $2, payable in all cases in advance. For a remittance of $10, six copies will be forwarded. Address, post paid, "Univercœlum," No. 235, Broadway, New York.