

# THE UNIVERCELOM

AND

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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

VOL. II.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1848.

NO. 21.

### The Principles of Nature.

From the Nineteenth Century.

#### AN ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES. BY PARK GODWIN.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS!—We address you on a subject which we think of vital importance to your welfare, and we ask your calm and deliberate attention to the views we are about to present. Let no hasty impression—let no prejudice imbibed in a thoughtless moment, or under the force of wilful or unwilful misrepresentation—deter you from the perusal of the few and brief words in which you are here accosted. The objects we have in view are great and elevated; our motives, we know, are sincere; we harbor no mercenary nor sinister designs, and we appeal alike to men of all classes, and of every shade of Political and Religious opinion.

No man can have observed the tendencies of the age in which we live without perceiving that there is everywhere a restless uneasiness under the present circumstances of society, and an earnest desire for Advancement and Progress. In the efforts which benevolent men of all civilized Nations are making to meliorate the condition of their fellows, we see the movings of a conviction that mankind is not placed in such relations as it should be, and of a hope that it is possible for us to attain to a much better state. How many are the ways, how various the methods in which this conviction and this hope find an expression! Reformers, Teachers, Missionaries, Statesmen, Ministers, of every kind and degree, confess, by the very nature of their efforts, the intolerable weight of misery which hangs upon society, and the deep need there is of a prompt and vital improvement.

It is obvious, however, from the results of all these movements, beneficial as many of them are, that they do not strike at the root of the evil. We discover a great deal of good in them, it is true; but on the whole an evident inadequacy to accomplish their aims. We honor the motives of all who are engaged in a conscientious effort at human improvement; we acknowledge the indebtedness of the world, for much that makes life valuable, to those noble and generous spirits who take upon themselves the task of instructing and elevating society; we thank God that he raises up, from time to time, wise and good men as instruments, in His hand, for the better guidance of their race. While, therefore, we take a position of antagonism to no party or sect, we are compelled to affirm that the state of society requires a deeper and more universal reform than any that has yet been applied. No mere change in the administration of government, no legislative amendments in the laws, no project for the alleviation, and not the prevention, of Pauperism, no schemes of public education, no Sabbath-day preachings without work-day realizations, are singly or collectively equal to the removal of the vice under which society labors. The reason is, that the remedy must be adequate to the disease; and these remedies are local and temporary, while the disease is deep-seated and chronic. This we shall proceed to show.

#### § 1. THE DEFECTS OF SOCIETY ARE ORGANIC.

The evils which the benevolent agencies of the day are intended to remove have their origin in no accidental circumstances nor transient cause, but are inherent in the very structure of society.

Mankind suffers so terribly, even in the most favorable condition in which it is placed, not because there is any absolute want of intelligence, or art, or industry, or wealth, or goodness, in the world, but from the fact that the form of society is such that the mass of men cannot avail themselves of the advantages of life, already created, and that the bounties of Heaven are mostly confined to an inconsiderable portion of the race. There are food, clothing, and comfortable habitations enough, in every civilized nation, to feed, clothe, and protect all its people; there is knowledge and love enough in every civilized nation, could they only be made available, to direct all classes and render them happy; yet the mass of the people, everywhere, are miserable, ill-fed, half-clothed, ignorant, and debased beings, whose bodies are broken and whose souls are ground out of them by hard work. How great soever the general advancement of any society, one fact remains permanent—the poverty and suffering of the masses.

This result is sometimes ascribed to the voluntary imprudence or vices of the individuals who feel it; and no doubt it is aggravated by individual delinquencies; but the real cause of it is in the actual form of society.

*The relations instituted among men, by the present form of society, are those of extreme individual selfishness, which generates to Indigence, Oppression, War, Disease, and false and delusive Doctrines, and the effects of which cannot be prevented by any change short of a thorough social re-organization.*

We might, were this the proper place, go into a thorough demonstration of this proposition; but we must content ourselves for the present with a brief statement of some of the characteristics of our present social arrangements and a rapid outline of the remedies we propose. We shall follow the popular political economists, in the classification of Social processes under the heads of Production, Distribution, and Consumption, although we hold this classification to be inadequate. We believe that society, in all these respects, is defective or pernicious.

As to its methods of PRODUCTION, it is evident,

1st. That it engenders bodies of men whose functions are either directly destructive of wealth or entirely unproductive—such as Armies, whose business it is to waste the energies of the people; the various classes of idlers, or drones, who are found in great abundance in every community; officers of justice, magistrates, constables, sheriffs, &c., who, however useful in certain respects, would not be required in a more perfect state of society, and are therefore a burden upon productive power; officers of the revenue and collectors of taxes, only made necessary by our imperfect arrangements; and the immense number of sophists, philosophers, and controversialists who are a permanent evil, whether we regard the unproductive or the pernicious nature of their vocations.

2d. It gives occasion to a large number of ruinous and demoralizing parasites, who live upon the means of others, by fraud or force, and who are veritable bloodsuckers on the body politic.

In this class are included gamblers, prostitutes, rumsellers, and a host of other pernicious agents.

3d. It drains away an incalculable source of social wealth, by means of the general separation which obtains between agriculture, manufactures, science, art, and popular education. Complication and incoherence is carried to an extreme degree in all branches of industry, and there is no systematic and thorough development and employment of all the productive faculties of men. The amount of useful talent that is unused, for the want of means and opportunities for its manifestation, and the amount of capital completely wasted, by unskilful hands or in worthless enterprises, it is beyond the power of the mind to estimate.

4th. It establishes in all industrial relations, under the name of free competition, and in all social relations, under a thousand different names, a fearful divergency of interests, which leads to flagrant and incessant war between all the individual members of society respectively, and between individual and general property. Workmen are at war with workmen, capitalists with capitalists, labor is against wealth, and wealth against labor, men against money, and machinery against men, until, in the end, social existence becomes a mere selfish scramble for gain, over which neither law, morality, nor religion, exert any extensive or permanent control.

5th. It renders labor itself, which is the source of all wealth, repugnant, monotonous, dishonorable, and degrading, so that it becomes desirable for all men who are able, to escape from work, by which means the power of production is vastly diminished, and poverty, distress, and public embarrassment proportionably increased.

As to its methods of Distribution, society, under its present form, makes use of incoherent commerce, which—

1st. Converts the merchant, from what he should be, as the mere intermediate agent between the producer and consumer, into the despotic master of both. The true function of commerce is to distribute the products of industry, and is therefore subordinate in rank to the other branches of industry; and as it is unproductive in itself, adding nothing to the quantity or quality of the materials which pass through its hands, it should be executed by the fewest possible agents. But under the existing incoherent arrangements of society, it is the controller of industry, employing an innumerable band of factors and agents, and giving laws to mankind. Thus,

2d. Incoherent commerce robs the community at large, by the stupendous tax which it lays upon both consumers and producers—a tax which is extravagantly disproportioned to the services it renders—which services might be performed by a twentieth part of the agents now engaged in their execution.

3d. It robs the community by the adulteration of commodities, which is a vice carried to an enormous excess in all civilized nations, and springs immediately from the avaricious and hot competition to which all traders and shopkeepers are compelled to resort. Instances, indeed, are not wanting in this city, in which the unbridled cupidity of dealers has led them to expose for sale products which they knew to be poisonous.

4th. It robs the community by gluts and stagnations, which accumulate vast quantities of goods in one place while the people are starving for them in another, and which offer such provocatives to fraud and speculation, as to corrupt the morals and undermine the prosperity of entire nations. Witness unhappy Ireland.

5th. It robs the community by unlimited exactions in the form of usury; for the merchant, upon a small basis of capital, operates with a fictitious capital in the form of credits and bills, fifty or an hundred times greater in amount than all his real property. He receives the highest rate of interest on the whole, and thus renders the entire class of consumers and producers tributary to his aggrandisement.

6th. It robs the community by periodical bankruptcies, which spread poverty and devastation throughout the ramifications of

trade, and even involve the strongest governments on earth in the embarrassment and guilt of their fatal results. In all these disruptions and financial explosions, the loss must ultimately fall upon the body of producers or consumers, because commerce, employing little property of its own, derives its materials from other sources.

7th. It robs the community by the facilities it possesses for buying when the producer is forced to sell, and selling when the consumer is forced to buy; so that it can regulate prices, and plunder at once both the producer and consumer.

8th. It robs the community by the hordes of stock-jobbers and speculators which it creates, who withdraw capital from productive industry, to employ it in practices engendered by a feverish and dishonest love of exorbitant gain and gambling enterprise.

9th. It robs the community by instituting monopolies, which are among the most monstrous and gigantic evils of the whole brood of commercial vices, aggravating every defect and extending every baneful influence of incoherence and antagonism.

Let it be understood, however, that we are here speaking, not of individuals engaged in commerce, but of the system.

In its method of Consumption, the present form of society—

1st. Is characterized, *negatively*, by the absence of vast and important economies, because its families dwell in isolated habitations, into which it is impossible to introduce those modes of saving in fuel, light, cellarage, and domestic labors generally, which would be easy in combined and unitary mansions. The presence and industry of more than one-half of the members of a community—women and servants—are rendered perpetually necessary to take care of the households of the remainder. And,

2d. For the same reason, it is characterized, *positively*, by an enormous expenditure of time and money, utterly remediless, under present arrangements, although it forces seven-eighths of the people of civilized nations to wear out the greater portion of their lives in accumulating the mere materials of living. The large majority of men are under the suicidal necessity of destroying their energies in order to keep themselves in comfortable existence.

But, not to dwell upon these points, let us ask if in view of this disorder and waste, it is any wonder, that poverty is so general in all civilized nations: that the few only are in possession of the goods of life, while the many are trampled in the dust; that the demands for benevolent exertions are every year increasing; that the vices of violence are spreading in the lower classes while the vices of licentiousness more and more infect the higher classes; that the faces of all men are feverish with anxieties; that discord, jealousy, and hatred prevail among different ranks; that neither politicians nor preachers discover an outlet to the overwhelming floods of social distress: that some sink into stupid indifference in regard to their fate, and others run into the madness of extravagant dreams; that all political and religious contests, being contests of opposing interests, become so embittered with vindictive passions; or that so many look to revolution and bloodshed as the only means of rectifying the abuses of the past? Need we wonder? No! Society is constituted on a wrong principle, and so long as it is, it must suffer the fearful consequences which God has attached to error.

Were an individual to prove himself as utterly destitute of a regulating principle as society is; were he to leave his affairs at such loose ends, each one to take care of itself and no one to look after the whole; indulge in all manner of waste, and despise the most palpable economies, spend his whole time in pampering the belly or the head, while the limbs and other organs were neglected; were he to live in the foulest atmospheres and in the filthiest hovels, utterly regardless of all the laws of health or morality, would he not inevitably fall into disease and misery? Now society as a whole, which is only a larger human being, does all this, and more than this, and must expect the inexorable effects. It has no head, no concert of action; its members,



running where they please, are exposed to every variety of accident and evil; they war with each other; they are subjected to diseases; they lie in idleness and filth; they are covered with sores; and the whole body must suffer.

#### § II. THE NATURE OF THE REMEDY.

The question, then, arises, how can society place itself in its true state? We reply, that if the representations we have just given be correct—if there be this inherent defect in the very structure of society, the evil is not to be removed by any kind of action upon the *individual*. The great and fatal error of the philanthropists of the day is, that they look almost exclusively to the reform of individual men. Only reform the individual, they say—only infuse good principles into the hearts of all men, and you will have reformed society! Granted! and then comes the rub. How are you to reach the individual? How are you to bring the appliances and means of Christian instruction to operate upon the vast mass, who labor from morning to night, and who have neither time nor opportunity to listen to your prelections and preachments? How can you expect while they are steeped in misery to the mouth, that they will keep their ears open to your counsels? How are you to remove them from constant temptation? How can you prevent the inevitable laws of social movement from keeping them down in the mire and filthiness of degraded and brutifying poverty? Can any amount of individual reform prevent the waste, the competition, the antagonism, the selfishness, the falsehood, and evil passions, which are the direct and unavoidable result of the workings of our badly organized, or rather unorganized, societies? It is not enough, to exhort them from your pulpits—be good, be temperate, be wise; you must place them in circumstances to be all these. The very form of society, we say, generates a larger part of the vices under which it labors, and the only reform that is adequate to meet the evil is one that shall reach its source. Your appeals to the individual are in themselves good: they proceed from noble sympathies, and are the manifestations of a holy desire; we do not ask you to relax in any benevolent exertion; but at the same time, we assert that they are partial and must of necessity be inefficient. They do not penetrate to the heart of the matter; they play round the surface at the best; they operate over small spheres only; they cannot thoroughly regenerate humanity.

On the same grounds, we affirm that the measures of our political parties can have only an inconsiderable and temporary effect for good. Statesmen and jurists, taking it for granted that the actual form of society is only superficially defective, employ themselves only in superficial meliorations. All that they propose, in the way of reform, relates exclusively to the correction of administrative abuses or the alleviation of local evils. Even those among them (and how few are they!) who are actuated by the higher motives of philanthropy, see no practicable modes for the accomplishment of their desires, or fritter away their time and intellects on petty projects and abortive schemes. What party, or what leader, is prepared to meet the real and alarming difficulties which we have shown to exist in the bosom of all modern nations? What guaranties do they propose against the increasing miseries of the poor; against the dangers to life and property through revolutionary convulsion; against the oppression of all classes, by fraud and violence; against the evils of internal war; against the mischievous influences of individual competition and the adulteration of alimentary substances; against the increasing immorality of the inferior classes; against the selfishness of individuals, and general distrust? None! They know of none; they scarcely dream of any. As to the majority of politicians, indeed, absorbed in the contemptible squabbles of self-seeking parties, they have no sympathy with the mass of the people, and are destitute of a right method of assisting them if they had.

The utter inefficiency of political reforms is exhibited by the fact that so long as society remains in its present incoherent

and warring state, the contests of its political parties must partake of the prevailing antagonism. Accordingly, we find that these contests everywhere are the mere conflicts of opposing material interests. They are dignified, it is true, with the name of battles for principles, but in reality they are not so; they are battles on narrow, selfish grounds, of class against class, of locality against locality, of business against business. The only sense in which they can be regarded as contests for principles, is that in some instances a large body of the people are more interested in the measures of one party than they are in those of another: consequently, the triumph of that party may be looked upon as a triumph for the majority of the people. In general, however, the success of any of our political parties consists of putting one set of men out of office and another in, and substituting one series of selfish interests for another. It is on this account that their petty warfare is so perpetually renewed. Their apparent progress is nothing more than movement in a circle. Will any one pretend to say that either of the parties in this country are one jot in advance of their respective founders, Hamilton and Jefferson? After fifty years of incessant debate, excitement, and turmoil, precisely the same questions are agitated. The arguments, the appeals, the controversies of the earliest days of the Republic, with a few unimportant changes of names, would be just as applicable at this day. Now one party has been in the ascendant and now another; yet both ring the same eternal changes on the question of Bank—Tariff—Public Lands; Public Lands—Tariff—Bank.\* We do not mean that there has been no progress in society; for, thanks to industry, science and art, there has been great progress. It is our Politics which have been smitten with shameful barrenness. What has been gained one day has been lost the next; what was established yesterday is demolished on the morrow; what one class has acquired has been at the expense of other classes. And the reason of this unceasing fluctuation we have seen, is, that the material interests of men, which are alone brought into the dispute, are forever fluctuating, with time and place. They move this side and that, hither and thither, now up and now down, shifting with every adverse or propitious wind, modified by a thousand irregular influences, and always exhibiting the characteristics of caprice rather than of any settled law.

This very instability and fruitlessness of political controversy might have led our statesmen, had they been wise enough, into a discovery of the cause of the evil. The cause, we have seen, is in the universal and utter DIVERGENCY OF INTERESTS, which marks the processes of all civilized societies; and, therefore, the remedy indicated, in the nature of the complaint, is the adoption of some method by which we can produce CONVERGENCY OF INTERESTS. Yes, we proclaim it boldly, confidently, with emphasis, that the only cure for our social distresses, that the only means of real, true social progress, that the great want of the age, is Social re-organization on the principle of Unity of Interests. Unity alone can save us from the tangled incoherence and jarring selfishness of existing divisions. Unity alone can introduce order and freedom into the wild, weltering chaos of the social world. Unity is the grand reconciler, the source of all strength, the fountain of all joy. It is the enemy of discord, of confusion, of duplicity, and of wrong. It is the highest conception of the mind: it is the synonym of harmony and perfect justice; it is the central truth of all sound Philosophy and religion. God is ONE, and all his creation, visible and invisible, must be ONE. There must be unity of man with man, of man with the universe, of man with God. All the deductions of human reason, all the teachings of science, all the aspirations of the heart, all the promises of the Scripture, point to the realization of universal unity. God's word is pledged to it; man's

\* Since these remarks were written, the National Reform and Liberty parties have sprung up, and promise to infuse a new and better life into political action. God speed them in it!

soul demands it. Hell is hell, because it is not there, and would become a Heaven the moment it was found.

As the beginning of these grand, comprehensive, and holy unities, we must have unity in society, the method of bringing about which we think we discover in the doctrine of Association.

#### § III. THE ORGANIZATION OF INDUSTRY.

By Association, we mean the Organization of Industry in the Township.

Industry includes every productive exertion of human faculties and forces, and may be distinguished, for the sake of precision, into 1. Domestic Service, 2. Agriculture, 3. Manufactures, 4. Commerce, 5. Education, 6. The study and application of the Sciences, 7. The study and application of the Fine Arts. All these branches of human activity must be combined in a unitary organization.

What we propose, distinctly, then, is, that this process of combination be begun in the township, or in bodies of men equivalent in number and extent to an ordinary township. We say, in the township—the township is the element out of which all larger social organizations are formed; because, throughout all nature, the process of organization is commenced in a small center of vitality, and gradually extended; because, in cases of unsuccessful experiment, little damage can result from failure on so small a scale; and because the township, while it is a compact and manageable body, still embraces all the means that are necessary for the complete and successful formation of a true Organic Society.

As to the principles, then, on which this Organization of the Township should be attempted, we propose, 1st. The Association of all its inhabitants into a Joint-Stock Company; 2d. A Central unitary Mansion and Workshop; 3d. The division of Labor according to the law of Groups and Series, which we shall subsequently explain; and 4th. The distribution of Profits or Benefits, in equitable proportions to the Capital, the Labor, and the Talent that may have concurred in their production. A word now on each of these points.

1. We adopt the Joint-Stock principle, which allows the amount of Capital contributed to the common fund by each individual to be represented by certificates of Stock, because we believe the possession of individual property to be necessary to the true and harmonic manifestation of individual character, and the rightful exercise of individual liberty. The great defect, we think, of all the plans for co-operative Industry that have hitherto been attempted, was that the existence of the individual has been swallowed up in the community, in utter contradiction to our natural sense of independence and justice, and in flagrant violation of a desire inherent in every mind to express its individuality in outward material forms and creative efforts.

2. We adopt a Central Unitary Mansion in which, however, the dwelling-houses of every family will be kept separate and distinct, to secure the vast and combined economies altogether impossible in a stage of isolation; to provide neat and comfortable workshops for those engaged in all the branches of labor; to erect Schools, Museums, and Galleries of Art; to facilitate a ready change from one employment to another; to prevent needless and dangerous exposure to the inclemencies of the season; to treasure the accumulated Art and Science of one generation for the use of succeeding generations; and, by the fact of common ownership, to beget a spirit of corporate sympathy and mutual devotion.

3. We divide Labor into Groups and Series, because it is an arrangement indicated by Nature. Through all the kingdoms of created existence, Mineral, Vegetable, Animal and Human, we discover this division into Groups and Series, or into Genus, Species, and Variety. It is universally adopted by Naturalists, and admits of precise and comprehensive classifications. From the minutest atom to the largest world, there is nothing which does not arrange itself under this law of distributive order.

Thus, too, in all the assemblages of Human Society, men, women, and children, in their pleasures, their recreations and their occupations, naturally form into Groups, united by some common bond of sympathy or attraction.

Now, we say that all kinds of industry are divisible into similar Groups and Series, or Classes, Orders, Species, &c., and that as the industrial inclinations and tastes of men fall under the same law of distinction, there must be, in all societies embracing a sufficient number of persons, a perfect co-adaptation of the latter to the former—an accurate and well-defined, but voluntary correspondence between aptitude and work. For every function to be performed there is an answering taste and capacity. A primary step then, in the organization of industry, is to divide and subdivide its processes into as many minute varieties as they admit, and to allow all laborers who are capable, men, women, or children, to engage freely in any branch they please, subject only to the laws which each Group and sub-Group may form for itself, and to the general unitary discipline of its appropriate Series.

By this simple mechanism, we hold that we can achieve the most stupendous advantages. We think that no one who will take the pains to study its probable workings can fail to see, that it would render all labor voluntary and agreeable; that the talents of each person would be consulted in the choice of his work, and, in this way, all productive forces be most effectively applied; that the most vivid emulation would be excited between the various groups, but which, however, would never degenerate into individual hostility; that each laborer might engage in many different vocations, and thus give an equable development to his faculties; and that the relationship of the groups would be such, that no one could labor for himself without laboring at the same time for his neighbor, yet in no instance diminish the recompense justly due to his individual exertions.

4. For, at the end of stated periods, there would be a distribution of profits, in the approximate proportion of five-twelfths to labor, four-twelfths to capital, and three-twelfths to talent, estimating labor the highest, as being most necessary; capital more than talent in quality of its usefulness; while talent, being most agreeable and devolving upon few in number, would be the least rewarded. It would be easy to establish the proportion of labor to talent, the laborers in each group being classed according to capacity. There would be distinctions also between the groups and series, according to their degree of necessity, utility and agreeableness.

We might dwell upon these principles, and show their actual foundation in human nature, and the necessity of their operating in perfect harmony, but our space compels us to refer the inquirer for these details to the works of the immortal genius from whom they were derived—CHARLES FOURIER. He has worked out the results with the precision and comprehensiveness that ever characterize true science. It is to him that we are indebted for what we consider the only rightful formula of social organization. His profound and searching intellect seems to have penetrated all the social existence, to have grasped all its elements, and with a wisdom that has never been surpassed by man, combined them in a whole of glorious harmony and perfection. A discoverer of more important truth, in the walks of Science, has never appeared on Earth; and we rejoice in the privilege of making his views known to our fellow-men. But while we are speaking of this lofty genius and noble-hearted man, let us say, that we only profess to teach such parts of his system as are positive and which we understand. There are some of his more speculative views, relating to cosmogony and the future manner of society, for which we do not hold ourselves responsible. But for all that he has revealed to us in regard to the Organization of Industry—for his clear and exhausting analysis of present Society—for the mathematical rigor of his demonstrations of the need and advantages of Combination—for the simplicity and beauty of his Social Mechanism—for the



grandeur of his views of Human Nature—for his ennobling conceptions of our Destiny on Earth—for the magnificence of his Intellect and the goodness of his Heart—for his strong, abiding, deathless love of the Brother, and intense devotion to the discovery of the will of God—we feel the sincerest admiration, the deepest gratitude. He was the chosen instrument of Divine Mercy, in imparting a New and Grand Science to Humanity.

But we must return to the more immediate subject of our address.

#### §IV. OBVIOUS ADVANTAGES OF THIS ORGANIZATION.

This Organization of Industry, then, which we propose, may be described simply as a method of producing concentration and organic unity in all the useful branches of human exertion. That is no "visionary scheme," but a rational and indispensable condition of improvement in Society, everybody must confess who will only reflect, for a moment, upon what have been, and must be, the results of combination, applied to the different elements of social life, as enumerated in the preceding section.

In *Agriculture*, unity of management in a large farming establishment—where capital and intelligence would never be wanting, where the laborers would be properly rewarded for their diligence and skill, where the distribution of crops could be accurately adjusted to the nature and variety of soils, where no part of the hurried and complicated work of the Summer would suffer for want of attention, where substantial granaries would secure the harvest against all the vicissitudes of the seasons and of accident, and where the highest degree of scientific and practical knowledge could be combined in all kinds of cultivation through the concurrence of the experience of many—is so obviously superior in points of prudence and economy, to the impoverished and miserable specimens of husbandry which prevail on our small farms, with neither capital, skill, nor labor, subject inevitably to mismanagement, and altogether unable to take advantage of the various properties of the soil, the view needs only to be suggested to a sound mind to be instantly appreciated.

In *Manufacturing Industry*, the advantages of a well-regulated combination would be still more desirable and immense. By concentrating the capital and skill of a whole community—by bringing the different departments of mechanical execution into the closest neighborhood and helpfulness—by introducing the minutest division of labor—by rendering available the largest economies in steam or other power, in machinery, in fuel, in rent, insurance, taxes and space—and, at the same time, by avoiding that pestiferous competition among individuals which withers the energies of workmen, the products of labor could be multiplied to an incredible extent, and with less wear and tear of human muscles and less loss of human sympathy, in a century, than is now expended under the system of separated and competitive establishments in a year. But we are speaking, under this head, of the merely mechanical and productive advantages of unitary combination.

In *Commerce*, it is hardly necessary to refer to the vast superiority of concentration over separation and antagonism. If we recur to the evils of incoherent commerce, to which we have before alluded—to the perplexities and frauds of retail dealing, and to the great positive losses which accrue from every unnecessary multiplication of agents, or needless enlargement of the profits of mere middle-men between Producer and Consumer; and if we remember that all these evils could be avoided in a more compact and concentrated arrangement of the inhabitants of the townships, or by a more direct interchange of commodities between different States, we shall at once see how immeasurably society at large would be the gainer, both as to the amount of its products and as to facility in the modes of their distribution.

It is in *Domestic Service* that the benefits of combination over isolation display themselves in high degree. Domestic Service, which now requires two-thirds of the human race to supply the

mere bodily domestic wants of the other third—which is accompanied, in a thousand ways, by the most profligate expenditure and waste—which institutes the most odious and detestable relation of Master and Servant—a relation in which the petty tyrannies of the one are as disgraceful as the obsequious compliances and deceptions of the other are debasing—and which converts the fairest and most lovely portion of God's creation, the Women, into drudges and menials, pecuniarily dependent upon their "Lords and Masters," and wasting their finely-strung powers of mind and heart upon miserable shrivelling cares; this Domestic Service—so puzzling to our self-styled Democrats and Christian Philanthropists, becomes, in Association, a system of the wisest economy, of ennobling and mutual helpfulness, before which every man and woman stands in the full stature of Manhood and Womanhood, unbroken by cares, unawed by despotism, conscious of their equality with all their fellows, yet bound to them by the strongest ties of reciprocal service and good-will.

In *Art and Science* the advantages of Association are scarcely less apparent than in the other branches of industrial activity. The general tendency of artists and scientific men to form Societies for promoting Art and Science is an indication of the benefits to be derived from combined effort, even in the imperfect modes in which only it can be attempted in the present state of social incoherence and clashing interests. If these same men, under a better organization, could concentrate the light of their study and genius; if capital or time were never wanted to enable them to prosecute their experiments; if laboratories, museums, galleries, implements, &c., were always at hand; and if they were always sure of a community disposed to benefit themselves by their discoveries or creations, and to reward them for their pains; then the life of the Artist or Philosopher—too often, alas! a life of penury and neglect—would become a life of usefulness and glory; and those treasures of knowledge, too much confined to the cloister and the studio, attainable by all, would diffuse universally the means of health, improvement, and gladness.

But it is in *Education* that the glories of concentrated effort shine out in their brightest luster. What is especially wanted, in regard to the instruction of the People, is, that it should be *universal and integral*, that it should embrace every member of the human race, and likewise every faculty of every such member, in due relation and harmony with other faculties. These objects, however, are quite unattainable under existing arrangements, where a large portion of the children have no educational provision made for them, or are unable, on the account of the need of laboring for subsistence, to avail themselves of such provisions as are made—while the education which they receive, even under the most favorable circumstances, is partial, elementary, incomplete, and often erroneous. But in a well-regulated Association it would be otherwise. Every child in the community would be progressively educated, from the earliest periods of infancy to the latest moments of its life; educated by masters, each of whom would be abundantly competent in his particular department, and by methods which would combine practical instruction in different branches of useful industry, with the highest development of scientific principles and results. By the nice and beautiful distribution, which an organization of groups and series allows, there would be always a numerous and intelligent body, composed both of men and women, devoted, from capacity and love, to the industrial training of children, to the best methods of secular teaching and moral discipline, and to the continuous application of the positive precepts of Religion. No collegiate institution in this country—scarcely one among the old and richly endowed institutions of Europe, could equal the Seminary which the poorest Association might easily establish—either in the amount or variety of knowledge which would be communicated. All the facilities of improvement to be derived from books, from museums, from collections of art, and from experimental philosophy, would be heightened by the opportunities af-

fording for practical applications, in the fields and workshops, so feebly furnished in agricultural and manual-labor schools. The very amusements of childhood might readily be converted into sources of instruction: and thus body and mind would be developed together, the most vigorous physical health contributing to the vigor and growth of the mind. Surely, if there were no other advantages to be derived from organic concentration, the advantages of it, as a mere educational establishment, would suffice to recommend it to benevolent and Christian men.

In any of the departments of Industrial Activity, then, scientific combination is of very great importance, but who shall essay to estimate that importance, when this combination includes, not a single element only, but all the elements of social life? when all the rays of life shall be concentrated into one grand collective whole, in one great central focus?

What an idea must these brief suggestions furnish of the efficiency of a thoroughly organized Association! Where twelve or fifteen hundred persons, or three or four hundred families are concentrated in one unitary mansion or domestic club, or rather where one series of domestic clubs of different degrees of rank and fortune, are united in one general administration; where several miles of territory are cultivated as a joint stock property, according to the best practical and scientific knowledge; where manufacturing, and art, and science are pursued, in their various relationships, by hundreds of votaries practicing and studying in concert; where useless competition and retail complication in commercial intercourse would be eradicated by a wholesale system of commercial credit and economy, and where consequently everything would be had at wholesale prices, and of unadulterated quality; where moral and religious agency would always be at hand to discipline the mass and neutralize the influence of individual depravity; where individual cleanliness and industry would be guaranteed by general necessity, and individual license would be kept in awe by the perpetual presence of public and collective decency—there would be true fraternal, Christian Association, and Society approaching its natural state of moral Equilibrium and Harmony.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

### Original Communications.

#### A FALSE PROPOSITION.

CINCINNATI, OCT. 5, 1848.

I find in the Harbinger for September 30, the following propositions concerning the right of individuals to the productions of the earth:

1. *Every person has the right to share of the earth's goods in proportion to his wants.*
2. *Every person has a right to share the same in proportion to his faculties, when usefully employed.*

This, the writer calls "the whole theory in a nutshell." The first proposition, in my opinion, is true; the second false. The reason given by the Harbinger for the second proposition, is as follows:

"Your mighty geniuses—your pivoted and leading nations—your Cæsars, your Goethes, your Websters,—do they not want more in proportion as they are more, and do more than other men? Surely, it takes more fuel to keep those larger and more complicated engines in full play; then, where would be the justice or convenience of equality?"

Cæsar, I think, would be ashamed of the example here made of him; for he acknowledged the right of his humblest soldier to as much and as good fare as he himself wanted. He never dreamed of proportioning food according to the faculties of each, nor doubted for a moment that the roughest one of the whole camp needed as much to feed and clothe him as the one of the loftiest mind. Indeed, it requires more to feed our soldiers, our

miners, and our laboring men generally, than our scholars, our orators and our statesmen require.

But to leave the table of vegetables and viands, and sit down to "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," let us enquire, who has the right to the largest supply? Do our Websters need more than our Dick Crowningshields?—our Irvings than our most ignorant manual laborers? Who wants the most? I answer, he who lacks the most. Why is one man base and another exalted? I answer, because the wants of the former have not been supplied; and therefore his wants have accumulated, and he needs more than he who has had every desire of his nature fully gratified. The poor, toil-worn laborer, who cannot read his own name, wants more than the most accomplished scholar and most cultivated intellect. He wants instruction which the other has got, and therefore wants it not; he wants an acquaintance with the science of the world, which the other enjoys, and therefore needs it not.

But enough has been said to point out the gross error of this proposition. It is important to candidly canvass all propositions that may be advanced, for the Truth must be discovered before any effectual remedy can be administered to the great social evils of the world.

Yours for Humanity,

L. A. HINE.

### THE DRONES OF SOCIETY.

THESE WORDS sufficiently indicate all that class who do not labor either in thought or deed.

One may be rich as Cæsar, and keep hundreds employed, and even pay them for their labor, but he is not a true man, who will not strive by active exertion to add somewhat to the general stock of increase. Those who will not work themselves, have so little judgment in their estimate of the real value of labor, as generally to prove the veriest tyrants to those under their control. They are too frequently cruel, exacting, unmerciful. It is such an one's money or power, which produces the labor, and not himself; so that it is no virtue in him; especially when, as is too often the case, he only employs laborers to furnish him luxuries, which he is too indolent to secure with his own hands. Is a man worthy of respect, simply because he has money and servants to do his bidding; thus enabling him to spend his time in idleness? How came a man by the right to needlessly squander or waste one moment of time?

A really great man labors—toils with his hands or his brain. All great artists embody their thoughts in external forms. Do they leave the work to others, while they lounge in idleness? The discoverer of a valuable secret labors himself to bring it to light, and the inventor of a useful machine works with his own hands to perfect it. The great reformers and saviors, conceive vast plans for the reformation, salvation, and happiness of the world; and wear out their lives in great mental activity, and bodily toil to put them in operation. Even the real manufacturer or agriculturalist, scorns not to furnish to the world the fruits of his own efforts, the labor of his own hands.

Such men do good in the world. Where all are consumers, all should be producers. Working men leave their foot-prints behind them, and the world is bettered, at least in one sense, by their having lived. But he who passes away his time in idleness, or spends it uselessly, is worthy of no great respect, for he does no particular good. He may be one of the necessary evils of society; I can see no other grounds for his existence.

Who, for a life of proud indolence, would be willing to leave behind no honorable marks of having existed; no effects of a good deed or a useful thought?

F. M. B.

"It is a great deal better for human beings to have their wills, then, if misfortunes befall them, they have only themselves to blame."



## Choice Selections.

## LOVE FOR THE COUNTRY.

THERE is among us too little love for the country—too little taste for the simple, tranquil beauties of Nature. Favored as we are with one of the most beautiful countries in the world, it seems to me that there is scarcely any land, where green fields, luxuriant forests and the pure air of heaven have so few devoted admirers as with us. Though I have seen the Rhine and the Rhone, though I have sailed on the Forth and on the Clyde, and rowed my boat on the Thames from Richmond to Twickenham, yet during the last summer as I passed up and down our noble Hudson it appeared to me that I had seen nothing more beautiful. Now on a holiday in Europe you will see crowds of all ages and classes pouring forth from the cities to enjoy the country. Whole families have I often seen rambling out to the most secluded spots with their basket of cold provisions, that they might enjoy their repast amid the refreshing beauties of nature, and have at least one day of peaceful, social, healthful enjoyment. What an influence must such a day have in calming the passions, refreshing the spirits, restoring the mind to a just equipoise, promoting social and domestic virtues, as well as in refining the taste! Such habits when extensively prevalent, must have a great effect on the national character. How much would they do to counteract the excitability, the tendency to gross sensual enjoyment which seem to characterize our people!

But to the young man especially, who desires to make provision for pure and permanent enjoyment, this relish for the charms of nature is of the first importance. This, together with a taste for the pleasures of the imagination, which seeks gratification in Poetry, Eloquence and History, (and indeed in the other productions of the Fine Arts, for they all appeal to and exercise the imagination,) in local association, in venerable remains, and even in nature herself, these will never fail to embellish the mind, while they furnish it with inexhaustible means of rational enjoyment.

And if there be in our country a want of those stimuli which excite the imagination, which are fitted to develop it so as to render it a prominent faculty; if we are destitute of those monuments and temples; if our mountains and lakes have not yet been consecrated by poets; if our villages and hamlets are not associated with the names of immortal men; if it is not our privilege to tread a soil which incloses the ashes of Miltons and Beacons and Shakespeares; if almost all these incitements to the imagination are wanting with us, there is the greater need of special care, of systematic culture to prevent it from being lost, to train it up to the requisite strength and activity. Let it not be supposed that the culture of the imagination is of no importance. Without this faculty the human mind loses half its glory, and some of the very best, purest sources of enjoyment. And in such an age and country as ours, favored with access to every work of genius, familiar through these works with every inch of classic ground in Europe, surrounded by noble scenery, by spectred forests, once the abode of the red warrior, it cannot be difficult to find the means of cultivating the imagination, or of gratifying it after it has been developed. [HORATIO POTTER.]

Heinsius, the keeper of the library at Leyden, used to say, "I no sooner come into the library but I bolt the door after me, excluding lust, ambition, avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is idleness, the mother of ignorance and melancholy herself; and in the very lap of eternity, amidst so many divine souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit and such sweet content, that I pity all the rich and great who know not this happiness."

"A man can do whatever he will, if he be only a good man."

## THE VOICE OF THE AGE.

The Signers of the Declaration of Independence.

THOU MIGHTY OCEAN! meetly art thou made,  
A type of human ages—thy great voice  
The tumult of a people roused to act—  
Thy waves incessant beating to the shore,  
Weak in their first assay, yet gathering strength  
And volume as they rise, till one vast wave  
Surging with mountain-height o'erleaps the strand,  
A semblance fitting man's progressive thought!  
Ages on ages doth he onward toil,  
The dim lights shielding that his pathway cheer—  
Crushing with his gyved hands the clanking chain  
That might reveal the progress of his feet,  
Until his hour is come, and then like thee  
He leapest to the rock, amid the roar  
Of breakers; on the vantage ground he stands  
With planted foot, assured of his own strength,  
And ye stern men, whose names are here affixed,  
God-like although ye were, Freedom's last hope,  
Her "forlorn-hope," prayer-armed, and marshalled forth  
Her banner to uphold, and firmly plant  
Upon the citadel of human rights,  
I honor ye far less than man's great thought.  
Ye did become his utterance—ye his voice.  
Emerging from his gloom, with giant force;  
He spurned the barriers in his pathway hid,  
And tore the shackle from the free-born limb—  
His proud brow bearing free to the free heaven.  
And as he moved a sound tumultuous rose—  
For his great spirit cried, yet words had not—  
It shouted to the mountain and the wave—  
That fetterless were left—the wild old woods,  
And the free dweller there—to winds that go  
And wait no bidding. 'Twas the uncourbed voice  
Of Nature calling fiercely for her own,  
It was the beating of the human mind,  
Against the battlements of power.  
Then were ye marshalled forth, and man's great cry  
A language found. Ye stood upon the vantage field,  
His arm had won, and like a trumpet tone  
Your voice became the utterance of his thought.  
Man fixed his footing there, and he grew calm  
In his own might—the strong limb stronger grew—  
The nerve was firmly braced—the wild pulse beat,  
A calm and measured flow, that told of health.  
And thus upon the citadel of thought  
Ye proudly stood the voice of human kind,  
And ye are made immortal—thus should be—  
Ye have become the watch-word of the free—  
And long, O! long, shall man's great soul move on,  
Concentrating thought, like wave succeeding wave,  
To seize on higher truths and holier rights  
Ere such as ye shall speak—and then afar  
In the long lapse of ages shall arise,  
From some high battlement which he hath won,  
A trumpet cry, which ye shall answer back  
With hearty cheers, that stronger heights are gained

Eos.

"Know," replied the angel, "I am the same:  
I tried your charity,  
When in a beggar's garb you took me up,  
And clothed my naked limbs, and often fed,  
As you believed, my famished mouth. Learn all  
By your example, to look on the poor  
With gentle eyes! for in such habits, often  
Angels desire an alms."

# THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1848.

## SINCERITY.

SINCERITY is the parent of all the virtues. It is the producing cause of all moral growth within, and all moral usefulness and influence without. It is, however, of all virtues the most rare, and its opposite of all vices the most prevalent and fashionable. All nations are beset with certain prevailing vices, which vary with their position and circumstances. Thus the prevailing vice of barbarous nations is Cruelty; the prevailing vice of enslaved nations, Cowardice: the prevailing vice of commercial nations like our own, Insincerity, Deceit. There is also among every people some one virtue, which, being the direct antagonist of the prevailing vice, is the rarest in its manifestation, and the most beneficent and elevating in influence. Among the enslaved, Bravery is the crown virtue—most potent in influence. Among the barbarous, Mercy is the chiefest excellence—most ameliorating in its tendency. Among commercial nations, like our own, Sincerity is the highest grace, coming into direct antagonism with the prevailing wrong.

The word Sincere is derived from two Latin words, which signify a substance without mixture, a quality free from adulteration. Thus, a word, which has no alloy of falsehood, is a sincere word. A statement which is unequivocal, and of but one construction—which implies just what it expresses, no less and no more, is a sincere statement. A profession of love or esteem which comes all fresh and glowing from the heart, which translates with accuracy the feeling into language, is a sincere profession. The man who looks every fact in the face, and forms conclusions from the gist of honestly considered evidence, and makes his language the exponent of his sentiment, and his deeds the embodiment of his principles—the man who is honest with his conscience, with his neighbor, with his God—that man is sincere, and being truly so, has entered on that path which leads to all inward truth and outward usefulness.

At the first blush many of us may consider this virtue both homely and common—but as we proceed with our investigation, we shall find it to be as rare in its manifestation as it is Divine in its essence. We may also, at the first, fancy that it confers on its possessor no wide spread or permanent influence, but we shall see at the last that insincerity palsies the lip of eloquence and the arm of intellect, and that the truly sincere man—the wholly and reliably sincere—exerts a power that is more persuasive than eloquence, more durable than talent, more universal even than material force: a power that beats down all opposing forces, and convulses and propels and regenerates the world.

Let us now consider the influence of Self-sincerity,—honesty and truthfulness of dealing with our own souls. At a future time we may further consider the influence of Sincerity of Observation, in guiding us into Insight and Knowledge—and Sincerity of Intercourse as the influence which brings us into true relations with our fellow men. Most men are habitually insincere with themselves. It is a common saying, that the greatest of all fortunes might be accumulated, if we could buy men for what they are intrinsically worth, and sell them at their own valuation. Too often other men know us far more accurately than we know ourselves. The proud man cheats himself into a belief of his humility—the avaricious man forces upon himself an idea of his generosity—the indolent man persuades himself that he is industrious—and the sinful man works himself into a

clear conviction of his own righteousness. Could a daguerreotype be taken of human character, portraying all of its virtues and vices—all of its redundancies and deficiencies—not one man in ten would know his own likeness. The Truth seems a Lie to us. We often abuse our friends, and accuse them of animosity, for speaking of us as we are and as we appear. Man, in his own conceit, is often a king and a god—he fancies that his virtues are so manifest that all must see them, and so superabundant that multitudes envy him. He passes through life fancying himself the central point of observation, when in reality those traits on which he prides himself most are invisible, and instead of being the observed of all observers he is unnoticed and obscure. In consequence of this self ignorance we are made the victims of every deceit. Those who would impose on us, first ascertain the blind side—the weakness that we will not see—and then approach us from that point, and make us the victims of their art.

All of this self-ignorance grows out of insincerity with our own souls. Now and then some lightning glow of conscience, of reality, flashes athwart the mind, then for an instant we see ourselves as others see us—as God sees us—as we are;—our imperfections of character, our deviations of thought and act confront us. We see the naked soul as it shall reveal itself to us out of the mirror of eternity. Now the Sincere Man, catching a glimpse of himself *as he is*, stamps his own likeness upon his consciousness; he takes note of his frailties; he gathers up the knowledge of the weak points of his character; he burdens himself with the knowledge of his vices as well as his virtues; he seeks to understand himself. He creates as it were, in the secret chamber of his thought, an image of his own character, his own soul. He places that image on a pedestal confronting the statue of Jesus—the standard of Ideal Humanity—of what all men ought to be, and what the perfect man is. He takes note of every discrepancy, of every difference between the actual and ideal, between what he is and what he ought to be—between himself and Christ. This is a terrible thing to do, I know. 'It makes all men tremble to see themselves as they are, to call up every folly, and evil deed, and unholy memory, and analyze every faculty and impulse, and pass judgment upon them all. To mount up as it were into the judgment seat, and look ourselves through and through—to see ourselves as we are seen of God—this demands sincerity of heart—moral sense—that few possess. But after all, this is the difference between the self-sincere and the self-insincere. No man can be himself sincere—true to his own soul, unless he does this—unless he sounds as with a plummet the depths of his imperfections, as well as scans the heights of his own virtue, and judges of his deeds, impulses, feelings and powers, as if he were a judge, and his character at the bar for trial before him. I can find men who will charge up to the cannon's mouth, and yet recoil from this self-investigation with horror. But nevertheless, till we dare do this we are not sincere. Insincerity with self is the source of all delusion, vice and imbecility. It is easiest fallen into. The moment we drink in the sophistries of the flatterer—the moment we compare ourselves self-deludingly with the vicious and the ignorant, who have not had our powers and opportunities, and then exult because we are less debased than they; the moment we gloat over the one found virtue, we pamper and shut out the consciousness of our manifold weaknesses; the moment we believe ourselves to be what the partial judgments of our blinded friends would make us, that moment we have entered on a course of self-delusion that at last deforms and dwarfs our nature, and makes us too often the victims of every artifice and the slaves of every lust. Before there can be healthful and harmonious growth—advancement into the high places of excellence and virtue—there must be self-knowledge, and self-knowledge can only be attained through self-sincerity. The man who is once thoroughly sincere with himself, even though his self-knowledge appal him, and lead him to prostrate himself, and cry, "God be merciful to me



a sinner," has placed himself in the condition that leads to all greatness and royalty of soul. It may be painful to contrast the what we are with the what we ought to be—but that very act, involving as it does the exercise of the noblest of our powers, makes the actual more like the ideal, and a continuance in that sincerity of soul—that extremity of thought, of character, not by what is expedient and imperfect, but by what is just and perfect—leads us into the possession of all virtues, glorifies the character, makes Man like God !

### SUPERSTITION.

There are various influences operating upon the human mind, which tend to restrict its powers, to deaden its energies and suppress its development. Among these there are none more degrading and baneful than a slavish, unnatural scrupulosity in religious observances, and a blind, credulous adherence to antiquated institutions. Superstition has long exerted a detrimental influence upon man. It has spread a mantle of darkness over the earth. It has reared a gloomy prison and forged galling chains for the soul. It has obscured the light of Truth, clouded the atmosphere of the spirit, made dim and feeble the interior vision, and set bounds to the free exercise of Thought.

The effect of this influence has been extensively and almost universally experienced. Among all nations superstition has reared its altars and established its dominion. It rests like a gloomy cloud over the realms of the Past, and throws its murky shadows within the sphere of the Present. No people have been entirely freed from its power. The rude inhabitants of heathen lands are involved in its darkness; the undeveloped children of the forest are the subjects of its influence, and even the more favored portions of the race—that have rejoiced in the dawn of civilization and refinement—yet linger beneath its shadow.

The power which is here mentioned has made a deep and visible impression upon the face of the world. The effect is clearly perceptible to our view. It requires no peculiar power of discernment to discover that this has molded, in a great degree, the thoughts, opinions, and affections of men, and has entered to a large extent into the customs, observances and institutions of Society. Like a disease which is spread through the physical frame, it has been incorporated with the mental constitution of man, and has manifested itself in his varied systems of thought and modes of action. We may behold it in its work, destroying the beauty and simplicity of truth, disturbing the harmony of the internal powers, presenting a false and unnatural medium of vision, and suppressing the fresh and living emanations of the Soul.

Not only has superstition existed in connection with the lower and less perfect institutions of men, but, as a truth especially to be lamented, it has been allowed to blend with Christianity itself—the highest form of religion with which man has been ever blessed. The lofty truths which it unfolds have been obscured by the most unnatural conceptions—the sublime ideas which it presents have been degraded by the most gross imaginations. The God which is here revealed for our reverence and worship, has been viewed with slavish and debasing fear; the punishment which is here appointed for the sinful is made the antitype of the heathen's hell; and the state of immortality and glory which is disclosed to the eye of faith, has been regarded as the heaven of aloof and sensual joy.

The ordinances of Christianity, also, have been corrupted by the influence of Superstition. Its simple and beautiful rites have been perverted in this manner from their primitive design. Thus, in illustration, the rite of baptism has been esteemed, by weak and credulous minds, as a saving ordinance, having power to purify the soul from sin, and prepare it for a state of endless bliss; whereas, it was intended simply as an external sign of the inward cleansing, and an expression of determination to

keep unspotted from the world. The rite of communion, also, has been observed with similar debasing views. Many have supposed that the real body and blood of Christ actually exist in their appointed emblems, and that he who partakes of these emblems without the requisite qualifications, is in danger of eternal misery. Others claiming a superior degree of enlightenment, have imagined that the bread and wine are so entirely sacred in their character as to render it necessary that one be made a saint by ordination in order to enjoy the privilege of dispensing them to the holy communicants.\* To show the superstitious nature of such views, we will just remark, that the original designs of this ordinance, was simply to revive in the mind of the disciple the memory of his Master, and, by presenting the outward symbols, to give a more lively impression of his sufferings and death.

The power of superstition as it is exerted upon the human mind, is thus exemplified. It should be one of the chief objects of our labor to eradicate this power from the soul—to escape from its enslaving influences, and rise from its realms of darkness to the sphere of liberty and light. And until this work shall be accomplished, man may never attain to his true dignity and greatness, and the beauty and the power of truth may never be fully perceived and experienced.

R. P. A.

\*The substance of a resolution offered at the New-York Association of Universalists, at its last session.

### THE VISION.

We commence this week, the publication of Mr. Davis' vision, or rather visions, initiatory to the peculiar labors of his mission. The first Number is taken up with preliminary remarks, and an interesting account of the author's experience on being first thrown into what is commonly termed the "magnetic state." It will be followed by about three more Numbers, detailing the visions themselves, with their attending phenomena, and interpretations. The whole account, we have no doubt, will be read with thrilling interest and great profit by all whose spirits are sufficiently unfolded to properly understand and appreciate it. That many will receive it with incredulity and treat it with ridicule, we are also fully aware. New truths are always somewhat in advance of the general mind in the age in which they are first announced, as all the examples of the past will prove; and this is particularly the case with those truths which are beyond the immediate grasp of the outer senses. It has been owing to a lack of due preparation in the public mind to receive it, that Mr. Davis could not feel impressed to publish his vision before the present time; but it is given now, knowing that there are many minds prepared to perceive its consistency and utility, and to conceive of the causes which produced many of the singular phenomena which it details.

It will be borne in mind that the account was written some two years ago, from memory, while the author was only sufficiently in the interior state to recall to mind the minute occurrences, and his conversation with individual spirits, which took place during his mental elevation when the visions were received. This fact will account for some of the phraseology used in the relation, especially that implying an ignorance of what passed during the author's magnetic slumber; for he can now recall at pleasure everything that occurred during his periods of induced somnambulism, though no longer subject to manipulations.

The marginal notes appended to Mr. Davis' account, are our own. Let it be distinctly understood that no one is expected to believe in any interpretation or construction of any phenomena related in Mr. Davis' forthcoming account, which is not in accordance with natural laws; and if some things detailed appear at first inexplicable, as they certainly for the present do to ourselves, we have no doubt that they will be duly rationalized as soon as it is really necessary.

We will endeavor, as soon as convenient, to prepare an article, as collateral with the forthcoming account of Mr. Davis' experience, in which we shall show the possibility and probable reality of spiritual visions, according to known and fixed principles

W. F.

## RECONCILIATION.

It is known to our readers that some time since a misunderstanding occurred among the friends composing the Cincinnati Brotherhood, which resulted in a temporary estrangement. But we have now before us the evidence of a complete reconciliation. In the severe ordeal to which we refer, as also in the wreck of property and the loss of some of their most valuable members, by the great flood, they have had a deeply mournful experience. We sympathize with them in their misfortunes, while our confidence in the great humanitarian principles which united them, is unshaken.

The following article which we copy from an exchange paper, published at Cincinnati, should remove all suspicion of intentional wrong on the part of the accused, as it involves a sufficient vindication of all parties.

S. E. B.

## THE LATE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

We the undersigned, late members of Universal Brotherhood of Cincinnati, so called, have this day met and made a full and fair settlement of all accounts with each other, in relation to the said Brotherhood Association, to the satisfaction of each of us; and we do fully exonerate each other from all intention to do wrong or commit any fraud in relation to the same in any way.

JOHN P. CORNELL,  
PASCAL B. SMITH,  
HIRAM S. GILMORE,  
ROBERT PORTER,  
JAMES S. MAHAN.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 20th, 1848.

As a great deal has been said in public and private, respecting this association, very much to the prejudice of its members, we take great pleasure in laying before our readers the foregoing evidence of the amicable settlement of all their difficulties, and the friendly feelings now subsisting between them. As Mr. Smith was placed under guardianship by the authority of the law, it is proper to add that the above settlement has been made by the consent and with the approval of his legal adviser and guardian. Whatever may be the public estimate concerning the supposed opinions on social and religious matters attributed to these gentlemen, no suspicion can longer rest with any justice upon their sincerity or their honesty. We hope that those papers in the city or elsewhere, that have taken notice of the difficulties in which they have been involved, will not suffer the above notice to pass in silence.

[EDS. OF GLOBE.]

## A CHART,

Illustrative of the "Progress, History, and Approaching Destiny of the Race,"—by A. J. Davis, is for sale at this office. Also Davis' Revelations. A liberal discount will be made to those who purchase at wholesale. All orders will be promptly answered.

Br. G. W. WARREN—Your letter by private hands, was duly received—have not seen the bearer since. The Revelations and Charts can be furnished at a discount of thirty-three per cent. The first volume Univercelum cannot be furnished in binding except for cash. We forwarded the Journal some time since—will mail another copy. Yours of October 8th is received, containing a remittance of \$1. How shall we forward the books, &c?

## Voices from the Mountain.

### MR. DAVIS' INITIATORY VISION.

Written by Himself.

#### NUMBER ONE.—PREFACE.

READER, by the senses, your spirit perceives the characters hereon impressed, and thereby forms an acquaintance with mine: for by these characters my spirit expresses its inner thoughts, which thus come in contact with your spiritual perception; and thereby reflection is excited, and questions arise demanding an answer. Personal experience teaches me to anticipate some questions which the following vision may suggest; and to these I feel prompted to reply as follows:

From childhood, I have evinced a constant tendency to meditation, solitary rambles, and somnambulism, which have periodically come on me, and sometimes continued for a protracted period. My parents have known me frequently to leave my bed in the night time, construct machines, draw landscapes, and paint various objects. Once, in the village of Hyde Park, I arose eight nights in succession, and painted, upon a little canvass three feet square, a beautiful landscape, which, when completed, was found to represent the *Garden of Eden*, as I imagined it from historical account. Such facts are external evidences that the spirit can command the body to do its will, though outer light, or other ordinary aids, be not employed—which fact to me is manifest in a more perfect degree, while in an interior mood. So far as this evidence goes, so far are we persuaded of the spirit's independent entity; not that the spirit is independent of the body, but that it is (or at least should be) the *master*; the body being subordinate. At death, when present partnership between body and spirit is dissolved, the spirit inhabits another sphere; the *body* is discarded as being no longer a fit habitation for the elevated soul, whose promised residence is in "a mansion not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." All this may be, and yet an invisible relation may exist between the *lower* and *higher*, or *earth* and *heaven*; for we do constantly acknowledge that there is a world within and a world without. And so I *reason* with myself in this manner: "If I should lose my form this moment, then I should only be dead by *outer* sense, to outer things; but there is a world within yet unexplored, and so I shall be alive, by inner sense, to inner things; and this is far superior and more glorious."

The question of mere *locality* is of but little importance; for new sensations are not so much created by coming in contact with new objects, as by one's own *development*, which elevates the spirit to a proportionate degree of enjoyment, consisting of higher and wiser modes of action. Wherefore, if I *never* change *locality*—*never* leave this individual globe—I shall be immortal in the world within—growing in *wisdom* and *happiness*, which constitute *heaven*, whether obtained in this room, in society, or in spheres beyond the power of fancy to conceive. Now, reader, from principles unfolded in personal experience, I am convinced that the mind is capable of endless expansion, of unutterable enjoyment, and of an unbounded growth in wisdom; but there was a time when I did not think so, because my thoughts were directed by popular religious teachers.

At first I attended the Presbyterian Church, studied its Catechism, and believed in a God, clothed in Calvinistic attributes; also in His eternal decrees of election and reprobation, and also in many other points of faith ascribing unamiable qualities to the Deity not discoverable in any of his creatures. An old gentleman, who was my Sunday School Teacher, would occasionally expound Scripture to the class, and frequently to me, as I was ever inclined to listen. One day, after reflecting upon the subject of "election," I called upon the old man, and said:

"Uncle Isaac, you told me that *God is Love*?"

"Yes, my child."



"And that he is wise, too?"

"Certainly, my little son."

"Well, you say I must be good, and love my parents, or else God will send me to hell forever?"

"Yes."

"Now," uncle Isaac, "if God is wise, he knew, before he made me, whether I would go to hell or to heaven; and if he is love, I think he would have been too good to create me."

"Oh! my child, you must n't talk so: the ways of God are past finding out; our hearts are depraved; our reason carnal; the devil tempts you to have such thoughts of God."

I went no more to Sunday School: but my mind was painfully agitated. New circumstances soon placed me in the way of Methodism. I attended their meetings, and prayed that the spirit "all sinful and hateful before God," might lead me to the altar. But it was no use: the more I desired, the farther I receded; for it seemed foolish and absurd. After being in this state of suspense for a long time, the residing and much esteemed Pastor came one day where I was engaged at my work, and inquired:

"Well, brother Davis, how do you feel?"

"Very well, Sir, said I."

"No, no, I have reference to your spiritual welfare—have you made peace with your God?"

I turned, and blushed, and choked, and it seemed impossible to answer. I never have had any disturbance with him in all my life, thought I. But in my embarrassment I stammered out "No Sir."

"Well," continued he, "don't you fear to meet your God?"

"No, Sir," said I, "I am not afraid of God."

"O, depraved youth!" said the Pastor, "I fear the day of grace is past. I fear you will be damned forever!"

On thus saying, he turned and left me. O, reader, can you imagine my thoughts, as he closed this sentence? The love of my nature was chilled into the coldest hate. For a moment I feared no one; nor did I love life, myself, man, earth, heaven, or God! A long life, thought I, is before me—why not turn robber or pirate at once? If I live a pure and blameless life, damnation will be my destiny: and if I should be desperately wicked, it could make no difference in my final estate: for if the day of grace is past, I am eternally lost—lost in hell! I hesitated a moment, and a thought told me, "be calm—the Pastor may be wrong." O, how I did rejoice!

By another year I was inclined to Universalism. Its teachings were more congenial with my better nature. I rejoiced that some persons entertained a more exalted conception of the Father. But I could not believe the system of theology as a whole; it was too complicated; it involved too many contradictions, admitting the Bible to be as true a revelation of God as is Nature, which we know can not be made by man. And so I was in this state of anxious apprehension until occurred the vision to be related on subsequent pages; and this will explain the horrid fears I experienced on first passing into the Magnetic condition.

And now, reader, if you have any similar experiences, do not consider your "heart depraved," your "reason carnal," "the ways of God past finding out;" but investigate them, as I did, as all should do; and you will not only discard all *isms*, and their absurdities, but will prove yourself a lover of Nature and her laws, which are "God's ways," and be a pure and happy spirit, and a wise child of the all-wise Eternal Father!

#### FIRST INDUCTION INTO THE MAGNETIC STATE.

Situated in close relation to the one who intends to produce the physical sleep, I am compelled, in order that it may be properly effected, to sit in an easy position, entirely quiet, with mind free from external intrusions, and internal desires. The mind and thoughts should be concentrated to accelerate the accomplishment of the end. I become wholly passive, while the

operator is active; and due care is taken to exclude all unfavorable circumstances, which might, in any particular, render the operation unsuccessful. Thus conditioned, for the first time, I remained perfectly tranquil, desiring to know the result flowing from a reciprocal exchange of sympathy and sensation. The following account embodies the result of the first, which also in its main features represents subsequent processes.

I felt the chilly hand pass and repass my brow and chamber of thought. The living blood, which had flowed undisturbed through my youthful form during its brief existence, seemed well-nigh arrested. Its ten thousand avenues were immediately illuminated with the livid flames of electric fire; and anon it was intensely dark within. Dreadful and strange feelings passed over my body and through my brain, in rapid succession. My emotions were painful. I had heard of the horrid sensations of dying! Oh! could this be the period of my physical dissolution—of the spirit's transformation to a higher sphere! Yes! the heart discontinued to perform its office so powerfully as before—its beatings were less frequent! I felt the different senses which connect the mind with the outer-world, gradually close—alas! were they closing forever?

All my senses yielded imperceptibly to the subduing power. I could no longer hear the busy and active world without, nor feel the touch of any object, living or dead. No longer, thought I, can I behold the system of nature, whose light, life and beauty have prompted me to the deepest admiration. The sweet and fragrant forests and fields are gone, and are never more to be the scenes of happy contemplation!

Thoughts like these flashed rapidly through my awe-struck mind. But what was I to do? To resist the sensations would have prevented the effect hoped for and anticipated. But to remain in this condition much longer, thought I, will result in closing forever, from my spirit, the beauties of the material universe.

But the query now occurred, whether all this was any more than the illusion of the imagination? "Certainly I think I feel strange; but do I actually know that my sensations are real?" Thus questioned I myself, without making the least exertion to satisfy my judgment as to the truth or reality of what I experienced. I sat almost breathless, a few seconds longer, encouraging a hope that the experiment might not succeed, meanwhile involuntarily assisting to produce it. "I am alive yet," thought I, "for I hear the operator inquire the hour—I hear him respond seemingly to something said by another—but I do not hear any other person speak! Is not this exceedingly strange?" Another silence occurred, during which I endeavored to analyze my feelings, which had penetrated the innumerable recesses of my whole structure. But again I heard a low, distant, strange, unpleasant sound proceeding from the operator, as if from the human world, calling me back to earth, which I was seemingly leaving far behind. Then my sense of hearing—those chambers along whose delicate halls has reverberated the pleasurable music accompanying the sacred voice of pure affection and friendship, are closed—and closed to seal the reality of an eternal silence? Can this indeed be so? thought I, while the most dreadful darkness encompassed me. "The moment has arrived—I will submit no longer to this dangerous and dreadful experiment; and never shall my marvel seeking mind again lead me into such fearful perils. I will speak, and protest against a further continuance of this operation." But, oh! how frightful!—my tongue, seeming instantly to be enlarged, clung violently to the roof of my mouth. My cheeks seemed extremely swollen, and my lips were joined as if by death, and apparently to move no more. Another thought passed through my brain, and I instantly obeyed its suggestion. I made a desperate effort to change my position, particularly to disengage my hands, but, horrible beyond description, my feet, hands and body were entirely beyond the control of my will! I could no longer claim the proprietorship over my own person. All was lost—it

seemed—irretrievably lost. Yes! I felt convinced that external life and being were for me no more. What was I to do? I could exercise my mental faculties to the highest degree—could reason with perfect clearness; but I could not hear, see, feel, speak, or move! I had no means of ascertaining my true physical or spiritual situation. Thus I mused and queried within myself: "I have a body, a tangible body—I reside in the *form*; but is it my natural or spiritual body—one adapted to the outer-world, or to the sphere of the inner-life? Where am I? Oh! I am lonely! alas, if *this* is the "Spirit-Home!" A natural consciousness however pervaded my mind—pre-conceived ideas were evolved from my inmost memory; and what surprised me more than any thing else, was the gushing forth of novel and brilliant thoughts, apparently extending over the vast landscape of the "Spirit-Home," and comprehending more than it is possible for me to relate. These conceptions were, I am persuaded, an influx of interior and immortal truth.

This moment demanded an absolute decision. Death on the outer, and life of the inner being, seemed an inevitable consequence of my situation. Every moment I approached nearer and nearer the dark valley, which lay before me. I felt a perverseness, but this only impelled me onward. Again and again I retreated in mind, but every wave of thought wafted me nearer and nearer the fearful vale of inconceivable darkness. Now is the time for a powerful exertion; resistance is necessary, or else I shall be lost in von impenetrable gloom forever." But, alas! I advanced nearer and nearer. In thought, I leaped back suddenly, and lo! I stood on an awful margin, that seemed lashed by waves of mad despair, that rolled up from the ocean of an eternal night! The warmth of my whole person was exchanged for death-like coldness. Horrid thoughts of disorganization continued to distress me. Nought but an eternal mid-night clothed my tender spirit, and I was filled with terror. The darkness became more dark and appalling. And now I was seized with an unearthly shudder, and—terrible to relate—I found myself revolving in that blackened gloom with an inconceivable velocity! I seemed to be revolving in a spiral path, with an orbit, wide at first, and every revolution on my descending flight, contracted my movement. Down, down I sank, till immersed in that mighty ocean, where conflicting elements were swallowed by a mountain wave of darkness, which grasped me within its mighty folds, and I sank to the lowest depths of forgetfulness!\*

How uniform and immutable are those powers which are constantly manifesting themselves throughout every department of Nature! I am deeply assured by a knowledge of their unflinching righteousness, that nothing can possibly occur opposed to the highest well-being of the innumerable Worlds, forms and compositions which are developed by them, and intrusted to their exclusive and eternal control. So I am compelled to believe; and that, too, by the force of those explicit evidences constantly presented to my mind. However, all minds are not susceptible to, or capable of, receiving similar impressions. Nevertheless, the reality of the evidences on which they rest, cannot be doubted by those inclined to natural observation. And that my inward conviction upon this point rests upon a substantial basis, the reader will be prepared to admit when I relate the account of the mysterious restoration of my lifeless body and distracted mind to the enjoyment of external Nature, and the kind smiles of beloved friends.

I awoke into consciousness while revolving in a circuitous

\*The horrid sensations which the writer experienced on first entering the magnetic state, were, as he informed me, in a great measure attributable to the gloomy views of death, and of possible subsequent conditions, instilled into his mind through early theological teachings. These sensations were not experienced on subsequently entering the state.

form, in that hideous darkness. I rejoice with exceeding great joy. This darkness continued, with the movement, to increase and expand, till I arose to the margin, which bounded the ocean of oblivion, whose restless waves conveyed me to the high, happy land of thought and wakefulness!

My senses, the windows of the soul, were opened; light broke in upon my dimmed vision; sound vibrated through the labyrinths of my ear; sensation flashed over my whole frame—and I moved, spake and opened my eyes. But how surprised! I was living in the body, on earth, and in precisely the same position as when I first seated myself for the experiment. Many were sitting near and around me, with countenances indicating awe, pleasure, and astonishment. For a moment I felt dissatisfied. I could not realize that I had returned from the "dark valley of the shadow of death." But another penetrating glance about the room, and upon the familiar faces of those around, convinced me; and I arose, as if from the chamber of death, with strength renewed, and greeted the amazed and delighted witnesses.

Methought how strange that so much time should have elapsed, of which memory had preserved no record!—and that unremembered period, too, yielding more interior and immortal truth than any other period in my life! How strange a phenomenon witnessed by inhabitants of this and the spirit-world, and meanwhile unknown to the subject's memory! I could not suppress these thoughts, for the operator informed me that I had been *in that condition over four hours*, during which time I had manifested some of the most solemn and surprising demonstrations of spiritual sight. I had developed some of those many powers which we now know only rests in the soul's deep bosom; whose interior recesses are unfolding heat, light and knowledge, which are faith, love, and wisdom.

I had described the internal condition of many persons, and also had described their residences,—had visited various portions of the town and country—with which, in my normal state, I was totally unacquainted. All this I did, spiritually to the perfect satisfaction of those who requested the descriptions. "Can this," thought I, "be prophetic or apostolic power, mental hallucination, spiritual or imaginative ecstasy, a fantastic display of satanic influence,—or is it a beautiful truth, developed by a kind of natural incantation?" Many similar queries entered my mind, in rapid succession, and passed it unanswered; for they were all *caused* by the mental impressions arising from the gloomy religious ideas of my youth, which were absurd, though popular and generally believed.

For several weeks, experiments of the kind which I have described, were successfully continued. Each day new truths and interesting wonders made their appearance and spread their influence over the community. But the heart of that monster, Ignorance, was touched; and prejudice began to be aroused. The various denominations arose in rebellion against the developments, and especially against their careful investigation. In proportion to the surprise and persecution of the inhabitants of the village, did my anxiety increase: and I earnestly prayed to be informed, from some reliable source, whence came this power, and what constituted its true nature and purpose.

Know, then, gentle reader, that these things which I have related, comprehend all the actual recollection and knowledge in my possession concerning the interior reality of this marvelous faculty of Spiritual Sight.

Thus remained all external affairs, until occurred the following revelation, made manifest to me personally, under some of the most remarkable circumstances ever truthfully related.

On a chilly disagreeable evening in the year 1843—March 6th,—we (operator and myself) proceeded to the residence of some friends at No. 24 Garden Street, to comply with a solicitation by them made, to have me inspect their diseased constitutions. On our arrival, few words were exchanged previous to being



placed in that strange condition before described. I experienced nearly the same mental transformation, except that intense excitement and sense of novelty, which characterized my first attempt.

The engagement being fulfilled, at the expiration of the ordinary period, which is two hours, the operator endeavored to relieve me of that mysterious influence which I term Spiritual Sympathy; but it seemed impossible. Again and again, he made the attempt, and as often it proved unsuccessful. Not long, however, and I felt returning life streaming through my form, and became, as I supposed, free from the subtle influence, to which I had been subjected.

After conversing a few moments, with those present, I felt an aversion to their several spheres, which impelled me instantly to leave the house. By the stair-way I descended to the street, at which time I imagined that my system retained a minute portion of the imparted influence. This was confirmed by a sudden illumination of the brain in the region of the intellects, which destroyed, at once, my fixedness of purpose. I stood transfixed! On leaving the room my intention was to return home, and, not feeling quite well, to immediately retire. But thus confused, I leaned against the street-gate, seemingly at the mercy and disposal of some Superhuman power. While standing thus, an intense desire sprang up within me to visit a clergyman (Rev. A. R. Bartlett) who resided in the same street, and for whom I had formed a strong attachment. This suggestion I speedily obeyed. I advanced to his door, rang the bell, was ushered into the sitting room, a seat was furnished, and I sat near the window. Hurriedly, I glanced over several books lying on the table. My mind was painfully distracted. The clergyman entered the room, and warmly welcomed me. I offered many apologies for my intrusion at that late hour, but each failed to satisfy his mind; for with the cause of my visit I myself was unacquainted. Wherefore he wondered greatly as to what could be the real cause and object of my sudden appearance. He strongly desired, and frequently repeated the desire, that I should pass the night with him. This I was impressed to decline, for reasons I could not define. Without giving or receiving any satisfaction as to the cause or intention of my visit, I rather abruptly departed.

I proceeded to my home in Main Street, sometime after the above unceremonious interview. With mind considerably unsettled, I entered the front door, passed through the hall, and ascended two flight of stairs to my bed-chamber. I also looked and firmly secured each door, from the outer to the one belonging to the apartment I occupied. With extreme agitation of body and mind, I laid me down to repose. My thoughts were few and fleeting. My physical system yielded to the sleep-inducing stillness that reigned around, and I sank into an unconscious and death-like slumber.

### DREAMS.

DREAMING, as the precursor and accompaniment of diseases, deserves continued investigation, not because it is to be considered as a spiritual divination, but because the unconscious language often very clearly shows to those who can comprehend its meaning, the state of the patient. According to Albert, lively dreams are in general a sign of the excitement of the nervous action. Soft dreams are a sign of slight irritation of the brain; often a nervous fever announcing the approach of a favorable crisis. Frightful dreams are a sign of determination of blood to the head. Dreams about blood and red objects are signs of inflammatory conditions. Dreams about rain and water are often signs of diseased mucous membranes and dropsy. Dreams in which the patient sees any part of the body, especially suffering, indicate disease of that part.

[DR. WINSLOW'S JOURNAL OF PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDICINE.]

### Miscellaneous Department.

#### HORTENSIA: OR, THE TRANSFIGURATIONS.

BY HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

[CONTINUED.]

I will not mention here all that she spoke at different times, but will only select and place in a better connection what she revealed concerning things which excited my sympathy or curiosity.

As I once remarked, that she lost much in not being able to recollect in her natural and waking state, what she, during the short time of her transfiguration, thought, saw and spoke, she replied:

"She loses nothing, since the earthly waking is only one part of her life, that terminates in certain single ends; it is only circumscribed outward life. But in the true, unlimited, interior, pure life, she is as conscious of what has passed in her waking state.

"The internal, pure life and consciousness continues in every person unbroken, even in the deepest fainting, as in the deepest sleep, which is only a fainting of another kind and from other causes. During sleep, as in a fainting fit, the soul withdraws its activity from the instruments of the senses back to the spirit. One is also then conscious to himself, when without, he appears unconscious, because the lifeless senses are silent.

"When thou art suddenly aroused from a deep sleep, on waking, a dark remembrance will sweep before thee, as if thou hadst thought of something before awaking, or as thou thinkest, dreamt, though thou knowest not what it is. The sleep-walker lies in the fast sleep of the outward senses; he hears and sees, not with eyes and ears, nevertheless, he is not only in the utmost perfection conscious of himself and knows exactly what he thinks, speaks and undertakes; but he remembers also every thing of his outward waking, and knows even the place where he, waking, laid his pen.

"The sick knows, very well that she now appears to thee perfect; but in fact, the powers of her mind and soul are not more exalted or commanding than formerly, though less bound or crippled by the restraints of the outward senses. An excellent workman works with imperfect tools more imperfectly than he should do. Even the most fluent human speech is tedious and difficult, since it neither can represent all the peculiarities of the thoughts and feelings, nor the rapid changes and course of the ideas, but only single parts of the onflowing current of thought.

"In the purer life, although the tools of the senses rest, there is a more complete and exact remembrance of the past, than in the earthly waking. Since at the earthly waking, the all streams through the open doors of perception too powerful—almost stunning. Therefore, Emanuel, thou knowest when we wish during our earthly waking, deeply and seriously to think, we seek solitude and quiet, and withdraw ourselves as it were from without, and neither see nor hear.

"The more the mind can be removed from outward life, the nearer it approaches to its purer state; the more it is separated from the activity of the senses, the more clear and certain it thinks. We know that some of the most remarkable discoveries have been made in the state betwixt sleeping and waking, when the outward doors were half closed, and spiritual life remained undisturbed by foreign intermixture.

"Sleep is not to be regarded as the interruption of the perfect conscious life; but the earthly waking is to be regarded as such an interruption, or rather as a limitation of it. Since by earthly waking the soul's activity is directed as it were, to fixed paths and limits, and on the other side, the attractions of the

outer world influence it so powerfully, that the remembrance of the pure life disappears; still more so, since on the earthly waking the attention of the spirit itself is distracted, and is attracted to the guarding of the body in all its single parts. Yes, Emanuel, sleep is properly the full awaking of the spirit; the earthly waking, as it were; a slumber or stunning of the spirit. The earthly sleep is a spiritual sunset for the outer world, but a clear sunrise in the inner world.

"Yet, even amid the distractions of the earthly waking, we perceive, occasionally, glimpses of another life we have passed through, though we do not always know how to express it. So one sees from high mountains, in a summer night, the late or early red of a sun, and of a day that has departed, which is the portion of other countries on the globe. Often with wonderful quickness, in extraordinary accidents, thoughts and resolutions occur to men necessary to their safety, without foregone considerations—without reflection. We know not from whence they spring. Connection fails between our previous ideas and this sudden and commanding one. Men usually say it is as if a good spirit, or a divinity, had inspired me with the thought. At other times, we see and hear in our daily life something that we seem already to have seen or heard; and yet we cannot fathom how, or when, or where, and we imagine it to be a singular repetition, or some resemblance to a dream.

"It is not extraordinary, Emanuel, that our conscious being never ends; that is, that whether sleeping or waking, it ever advances; since it is so, how can it cease? But wonderful is the change—the ebb and flow—the hither and thither turning of life from the inner to the outward, and from the outward to the inner.

"The spirit, clothed by the soul, as the sun is by its rays, flying through the firmament of the world, can exist as well without a body, as the sun without foreign worlds. But the worlds without the sun are dead—loosened from their path; the body without the soul is dust.

"The body has its own life, as every plant lives: though the earthly powers of life must first be awakened through the spirit. These rule and move themselves according to their own laws, independent of the soul. Without our will and knowledge, without the will and knowledge of the body, it grows, digests its nourishment, makes the blood flow, and changes in manifold ways its inheritance. It inhales and exhales; it evaporates and draws invisible nourishment for its wants from the atmosphere. But, like other plants, it is dependant upon the outward things, by which it nourishes itself. Its condition changes with night and day, like the condition of every flower; it raises or relaxes itself; its powers of life consume themselves like an invisible fire, which demands fresh nourishment.

"Only by a sufficient supply of the vegetable powers of life, is the body fitted for the soul to enter into a close union with it, otherwise it is a heterogeneous substance. If its powers become too much consumed or exhausted, the spiritual life draws itself back from the outward to the interior part; that we call *sleep*—an interruption of the activity of the senses. The soul returns again into union with the outer parts, so soon as the vegetative department has recruited its powers. It is not the soul which becomes fatigued or exhausted, but the body: the soul is not strengthened by rest, but the body. So there is a constant ebb and flood, an outstreaming and retreating of the spiritual essence in us, perhaps conformable to the changes of day and night.

"The greater part of our existence we watch outwardly; we should do so, since the body was given to us on earth, on condition of our activity. The body and its inclinations give our activity a determined direction. There is something great and wonderful in this economy of God.

"With age the body loses the faculty of re-establishing its powers of life in a sufficient degree to sustain in all its parts its intimate union with the soul. The instrument, formerly duc-

tile and supple, stiffens and becomes useless to the spirit. The soul withdraws itself again into the interior. To the spirit remains all its inward activity, even till all union with the body is impeded; this arrives only through the destroying power of age or sickness. The loosening of the soul from the body is the restoration of the first. It frequently announces itself by predictions at the hour of death and other prophecies.

"The more healthy the body, so much the more is the soul entirely united with all parts of the body; and the more closely it is bound to it, so much the less capable it is of predicting; it is then, as if the soul, in extraordinary moments of enthusiasm, unshackled, as it were, sees into futurity.

"The retreat of the soul from the outer world, produces a peculiar state of the human substance. It is the dream. To fall into a slumber, produces the last attraction of the senses, and the first activity of the free interior life. By the waking, the last ray of the inner world mixes itself with the first light of the outward world. It is difficult to disentangle what particularly appertains to the one or the other; but it is always instructive to observe dreams. Since the spirit, even in its inner activity, occupies itself with that which attracted it in the outward life, one can expound the movements of the sleep-waker. Though, when the outward senses of the sleep-waker are again unlocked, he can remember nothing of what he did during his extraordinary state, yet it can return to him again in dreams. So do they bring from the inner world much knowledge to the outer. Dream is the natural mediator, the bridge between the outward and inner life."

#### CHANGES.

These were perhaps the most remarkable ideas which she uttered, either spontaneously or excited by questions; it is true, not in the order in which they are here placed, but as regards the expressions, very little different from them. Much that she said, it was impossible for me to give again, since, with the connection of the conversation, it lost much of the delicacy of its meaning; much remained wholly unintelligible to me.

It was also my fault that I neglected leading her back at the right time upon many things that remained obscure to me. I soon remarked, that she did not in all her hours of transfiguration discern and speak with equal clearness—that she gradually liked less to converse on these subjects, and at last discontinued them entirely, and spoke almost only of household affairs or the state of her health. This she constantly affirmed was improving, though for a long time we could perceive no traces of it. She continued, as formerly, to indicate to us what she must eat and drink when awake, and what would be beneficial and what prejudicial to her. She showed an aversion to almost all drugs, but, on the contrary, desired daily an ice-cold bath, and at last, sea-water baths. As the spring approached, her transfigurations became shorter.

I will by no means describe here the history of Hortensia's illness, but will in few words state, that in seven months after my arrival she was so far restored, that she could not only receive the visits of strangers, but also return them, and could even go to church, theater and balls, though only for a few hours at a time. The count was beside himself with joy. He loaded his daughter with presents, and formed around her a various and costly circle of amusements. Connected with the first houses of Venice, or courted by them, either on account of his wealth, or the beauty of his daughter, it could not fail that every day in the week was metamorphosed into a festival.

He had hitherto in fact, lived like a hermit, depressed by Hortensia's misfortune, and kept in a constant constrained and anxious state by the miracles connected with her illness. Therefore, he had become confined to an intercourse with me. Besides, from want of firmness of mind, and through my influence over Hortensia's life, and by a kind of superstitious respect for my person, he allowed himself to be willingly pleased with what



I directed. He yielded to me, if I may so call it, a kind of government over himself, and obeyed my wishes with a degree of submission which was unpleasant to myself, though I never abused it.

Now that Hortensia's recovery restored to him a mind free from care, and the long denied enjoyment of brilliant pleasures, his deportment toward me changed. It is true, I continued to hold the direction over his house and family affairs, which he had formerly given up to me, either from blind confidence or for his convenience, but he wished that I should conduct his affairs under some name in his service. As I firmly refused to place myself in his pay, and remained true to the conditions under which I had first engaged with him, he appeared to make a virtue of necessity. He introduced me to the Venetians as his friend; yet his pride not permitting his friend to be a mere citizen, he gave me out generally as being from one of the purest and best of the German noble families. I opposed at first this falsehood, but was obliged to yield to the entreaties of his weakness. Thus I entered into the Venetian circles, and was received everywhere. It is true, the count continued to be my friend, though not entirely as formerly, since I was no longer his only one. We no longer, as before, lived exclusively for and with one another.

Yet more remarkable was the metamorphose in Hortensia on her convalescence. In her transfigurations, she was, as ever, all goodness; but the old hate and aversion, during the remaining part of the day, appeared gradually to disappear. Either more obedient to the admonitions of her father, or from her own feelings of gratitude, she controlled herself so as not to wound me, either by word or look. It was permitted me from time to time, though only for a few moments, to pay my most respectful homage to her, as a guest of the house, as a friend of the count, and as an actual physician.

I could even at last, without danger of exciting an outbreak of her anger, be in the society where she was. Indeed, this effort or habit proceeded so far, that she could at last, with indifference, suffer me to dine at table, when the count was alone or had guests. But, even then I always saw her pride through her manners, as she looked down upon me, and except what decency and common politeness demanded, I never received a single word from her.

For myself, my life was truly only half gay, though from my greater freedom I felt more comfortable. The amusements into which I was drawn diverted me, without increasing my contentment. In the midst of bustle, I often longed for solitude, which was more congenial to my nature. It was my invariable determination, so soon as the cure of the countess was perfected, to regain my former liberty. I longed with eagerness the arrival of that moment, since I felt too deeply that the passion with which Hortensia's beauty inspired me would become my misfortune. I had struggled against it, and Hortensia's pride and hatred for me rendered the struggle more easy. To her feelings of high noble birth, I opposed my citizen feelings—to her malicious persecutions, the consciousness of my innocence and her ingratitude. If there were moments when the charms of her person affected me—who could remain insensible to so many?—there were many more in which her offensive behavior entirely disgusted me, and caused my heart a bitterness which bordered on aversion. Her indifference toward me was as strong a proof of the want of grateful feelings in her disposition, as her former aversion. At last I avoided Hortensia more assiduously than she did me. Could she have regarded me with indifference, she must have discovered in my whole behavior how great was my scorn of her.

Thus, during Hortensia's gradual recovery, had the situations between us all, unremarked and singularly enough, wholly changed. I had no ardent wish, except soon to be freed from an engagement which gave me but little joy, and no greater

consolation, than the moment when Hortensia's perfect health would render my presence unnecessary.

#### PRINCE CHARLES.

Among those who in Venice connected themselves most intimately with us, was a rich young man, who, descended from one of the noblest Italian families, bore the title of prince. I shall call him Charles. He was of a pleasing figure, with fine manners, intellectual, quick and prepossessing. The nobility of his features, as well as the fiery glance of his eye, betrayed an irritable temperament. He lived at an immense expense, and was more vain than proud. He served for some time in the French army. Tired of that, he was upon the point of visiting the most distinguished European cities and courts. The accidental acquaintance which he made with Count Hormegg, detained him longer in Venice than he at first intended; for he had seen Hortensia, and joined himself to her crowd of admirers. In pursuit of her, he soon appeared to forget every thing else.

His rank, his fortune, his numerous and brilliant retinue, and his pleasing exterior, flattered Hortensia's pride and self-love. Without distinguishing him from the others by any particular favor, she yet liked to see him near her. A single confidential friendly look, was sufficient to excite in him the boldest hopes.

The old Count Hormegg, no less flattered by the prince's addresses, met them half way, showed him a preference over all, and soon changed a mere acquaintance into a close intimacy. I doubted not for a moment that the count had secretly chosen the prince for his son-in-law. Nothing but Hortensia's indisposition, and a fear of her humors, appeared to prevent both the father and lover from more open approaches.

The prince had heard, in conversations with the count, of Hortensia's transfigurations. He burnt with a desire to see her in this extraordinary state; and the countess, who well knew that this state was far from being disadvantageous to her, gave him, what she had hitherto denied to every stranger, permission to be present at one of them.

He came one afternoon, when we knew Hortensia would sink into this remarkable sleep, as she always announced it in the preceding one. I cannot deny that I felt a little touch of jealousy as the prince entered the room. Hitherto, I had been the happy one to whom the countess, by preference in her miraculous glorifications, had turned her exterior graces and intellectual beauty.

Charles approached lightly over the soft carpet, moving on tip-toe. He believed that she really slumbered, as her eyes were closed. Timidity and delight were expressed in his features as he gazed on the charming figure, which, in her whole appearance, discovered something extraordinary.

Hortensia at length began to speak. She conversed with me in her usual affectionate manner. I was again, as ever, her Emanuel, who governed her thoughts, will, and whole being; a language which sounded very unpleasant to the prince, and which to me, was never very flattering. Hortensia, however, began to appear more restless and anxious. She asserted several times that she felt pains, though she could not tell wherefore. I motioned to the prince, that he should reach me his hand. Scarcely had he done so, than Hortensia shuddering violently, cried out gloomily: "How cold! Away with that goat there! He kills me!" She was seized with convulsions, which she had not had for a long time. Charles was obliged hastily to leave the room. He was quite beside himself with terror. After some time, Hortensia recovered from her cramps. "Never bring that impure creature to me again," said she.

This accident, which even alarmed me, produced unpleasant consequences. The prince regarded me from this moment as his rival, and conceived a great hatred toward me. The count, who allowed himself to be entirely governed by him, appeared to become suspicious of Hortensia's feelings. The mere thought

that the countess might acquire an inclination for me, was insupportable to his pride. Both the prince and count united themselves more firmly together; kept me at a greater distance from the countess, except during the time of her miraculous sleeps; agreed upon the marriage, and the count opened the wishes of the prince to his daughter. She, although flattered by the attentions of the prince, demanded permission to reserve her declaration till the complete restoration of her health. Charles, in the mean while, was generally regarded as the betrothed of the countess. He was her constant attendant, and she the queen of all his fetes.

I very soon discovered that I began to be in the way—that with Hortensia's recovery I had sunk into my original nothingness. My former discontent returned, and nothing made my situation supportable, but that Hortensia, not only in her transfigurations, but soon out of them, did me justice. Not only was her old aversion toward me changed into indifference, but in the same proportion as her bodily health rebloomed, this indifference changed itself into an attentive, forbearing respect; to an affable friendliness, such as one is accustomed to from the higher to the lower, or toward persons whom one sees daily, who belong to the household, and to whom one feels indebted for the services they perform. She treated me as if I were really her physician—liked to ask my advice, my permission, when it concerned any enjoyment or pleasure; fulfilled punctually my directions, and could command herself to leave the dance so soon as the hour was passed which I had fixed for her. It occurred to me sometimes, as if the authority of my will had in part passed over to her waking, since it began to act more weakly over her soul during her transfigurations.

#### THE DREAMS.

Hortensia's pride, obstinacy and humor, also passed gradually away from her like bad spirits. In her disposition, almost as lovely as during her trances, she enchained not less by her outward charms, than by her affection, humility and grateful kindness.

All this made my misfortune. How could I, a daily witness of so many perfections, remain indifferent? I wished most earnestly that she might, as formerly, despise, offend and persecute me, that I might the more easily separate from her, and could be able to despise her in return. But that was now impossible. I again adored her. Silently and without hope, I pined away in my passion. I knew, by anticipation, that my future separation from her would take me to the grave. What made my situation worse, was a dream, which I from time to time had of her, and always in the same or, similar form. Sometimes I was sitting in a strange room—sometimes on the sea-shore—sometimes in a cave under overhanging rocks—sometimes on the moss-covered trunk of an oak, in a great solitude, and with a deeply agitated soul; then came Hortensia, and looking upon me with the kindest compassion, said, "Wherefore so melancholy, dear Faust?" and thereupon each time I awoke, and the tone in which she spoke thrilled through me. This tone was echoed to me the whole day. I heard it in the bustle of the city, the crowd of company, in the song of the gondoliers, at the opera, everywhere. Some nights when I had this dream, I waked as soon as Hortensia had opened her mouth to make the usual question, and then imagined that I actually heard the voice without me.

Dreams formerly in the world used to be dreams; but in the strange circle into which I was placed by my destiny, even dreams had an unusual character.

I was one day regulating some accounts in the count's room, and had laid some letters before him for his signature. He was called to receive some of the Venetian nobility, who had come to visit him. Believing he would soon return, I threw myself upon a chair at the window, and sank into a deep melancholy. Soon I heard footsteps, and the countess, who sought her father, stood

near me. I was much startled, without knowing wherefore, and respectfully arose.

"Why so sad, dear Faust?" said Hortensia, with her own peculiar loveliness, spiritualizing my whole being, and with the same voice, whose tones sounded so movingly in my dreams. She then laughed, as if surprised at her own question, or as astonished at herself; rubbed thoughtfully her brow, and said, after a while, "What is this? I fancy that it has occurred before. It is extraordinary. I have once before found you exactly as at this moment, and even so questioned you. Is not this singular?"

"Not more singular than I have experienced," said I, "since not once, but many times, have I dreamt that you discovered me, and asked in the same words, the same questions which you have now had the goodness to do."

The count came in and interrupted our short conversation. But this, apparently in itself unimportant incident, caused me much reflection; nevertheless, my researches were in pain to divine how the play of the imagination could mingle with the reality. She had dreamt the same as myself, and the dream had been accomplished in life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARRIED—On the 8th instant, by Z. Baker, Dr. C. GRATAN and Miss JANET CRAIG, all of this city.

On the 17th ult., Mr. C. F. TRUMHORE and Miss CHRISTIAN CRAIG, all of this city.

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