

# THE UNIVERCŒLUM

AND

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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

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### The Principles of Nature.

From the Nineteenth Century.

#### AN ADDRESS

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY PARK GODWIN.

#### § V. ATTRACTIVE INDUSTRY.

For there would be realized the grandest practical conception that ever entered the mind of Genius, that of Industry rendered attractive.

In the present condition of Labor, this phrase is almost a solecism in terms. Indeed, so long as Society remains in its incoherent and selfish relations, it must remain under the original curse of monotonous, degrading and afflictive toil. In the sweat of its brow must it eat bread. But when the true principles of christian love shall be applied to all its relations, then shall even labor be redeemed.

The reason why labor is now repulsive, and the possibility of making it attractive, can easily be shown.

There is nothing repugnant to the nature of man in activity itself, but on the contrary, that nature is so constructed that it demands activity. The circumstances under which we labor alone constitute the hardship of labor. Many of our so-called pleasures require ten times the activity of the most protracted toil, and yet they are eagerly pursued. Now, why is this? Let us see.

The nature of man requires wealth, elegance, health, and the gratification of the senses. But isolated labor, under the arrangements in which it is now prosecuted, often offends the senses, cramps and deforms the organs of the body, destroys the health, and, after all, earns scarcely more than a bare subsistence for the workman and his miserable family. Need we be surprised that such labor is repugnant, or that as the workman ascends the social scale and these causes of offence are removed, that his work becomes more and more agreeable? Is there not, then, reason to hope that in Association, where these causes will be altogether removed, that work will become altogether agreeable?

Again: The nature of man requires the union and sympathy of persons who are agreeable to each other, men, women, children, parents, friends, colleagues, reciprocally bound by ties of affection. But isolated labor, as now conducted, either wholly separates men, during all the long hours of the day, from companionship, or forces them into the company of others whom they do not love, and for whose vices of manners or morals they may feel a profound disgust. The necessity of living obliges them to endure the annoyance—yet it is an annoyance which can only be abated in the free groups of Association.

The nature of man requires movement and variety, a frequent change and contrast of positions, and the alternate and successive exercise of all his faculties, both of body and mind. But labor, prosecuted as it is at present, chains him to one unyielding monotonous task, hardly relieved by even a solitary re-

creation, and presenting no hope of improvement for the future. In Association we have seen that this monotony could not exist.

Finally, the nature of man needs enthusiasm, rivalries, and the consciousness of working together with others for some noble and disinterested end. But the isolated labor of the present system presents the most selfish motives to the workman, who is at best striving merely to keep himself and family in life, without those loftier considerations of general good which would give dignity to his toil, elevate his self-respect, and bind him with the strongest bonds of fraternal regard to his race. In Association, the working man will feel that he is but one of many, engaged in the grand and mighty solution of man's destiny on earth, a co-equal among brothers, a servant of humanity, a steward of Heaven, in the distribution of its richest bounties. Even the most trifling task would partake of a high and exalting character; every act of the hand would be an act of benevolence; work, as the old proverb expresses it, would be worship, and the whole of our life a continuous living ascription of thankfulness to God.

Is there one of the amusements, so hotly pursued by men of this world, which would not be converted into a degradation and abhorrence, if we were compelled to follow them under the conditions to which labor is subjected? Would the opera, or the ball, or the theater, or any other mode of divertisement, present a single charm if it could only be obtained under the circumstances in which labor is performed? Would those things continue to be pleasure, if they were only to be found in dingy and noisome workshops, amid low and indecent companions, protracted throughout the entire day, and undertaken for some paltry motive? On the other hand, would not labor, in clean, wholesome, and ornamented rooms, in the presence of friends and allies, short in duration, frequently varied, and animated by purposes of general good, soon cease to excite aversion, and become as attractive as it now is disagreeable and repugnant? It behoves those who are inquiring as to the best method of elevating the working-classes to think of these views.

#### § VI. ORDER, JUSTICE, AND LIBERTY.

The peculiar constitution of society, which we have just sketched in briefest outline, is alone adequate to meet all the wants of social and individual man. It is by the rightful organisation of industry only, that the indispensable guarantees and conditions of truth, justice, order, and freedom, can be established in all the relations of existence.

What society wants is justice and order; what the individual wants is ascertained means of subsistence, perfect freedom, and the opportunity of developing every noble and useful faculty; and these, we repeat, must come through the regular organization of labor.

The general practice of justice and truth in society is wholly impossible, so long as labor shall remain in its present state. So long as there shall be masters and workmen, or individuals, some of whom are interested in obtaining from others the greatest amount of work at the lowest possible cost, while the others are equally interested in doing the least amount of work at the most exorbitant price; so long as there shall be producers and dealers interested in raising the value of products, and, on the other side, consumers interested in depreciating this value; so

\*Concluded from page 326.

long as there shall be producers and merchants interested in the ruin of each other, and workmen impelled to enter into fatal competition with other workmen, there must be duplicity and injustice in the state of all our practical relations. We must begin by introducing the practice of truth and equity, in the sphere of labor, if we would see it prevail in other spheres. Labor is the chief element in the life of man—the most numerous, the most important interests of life depend upon labor; and when it shall be fully organized, on a principle of harmony instead of antagonism, the most vast and beautiful ameliorations must follow in its train. When all men shall work for each other, and no more against each other, the temptations to selfishness and fraud will have been removed, and every individual will find that the more ardent his devotion to truth and justice, the more certainly he will add even to his external means of happiness. "Seek first," say the Scriptures, "the kingdom of heaven, and all worldly comforts shall be added thereunto"—establish unity in your industrial relations, and wealth will be the consequence of integrity.

Then, too, the blessings of public order shall be secured; for the debasing and maddening wants of the poor, which now drive them into frantic insolence and riot, shall be abundantly satisfied; the oppressions of capital, ever striving against labor, until the last is forced into desperate re-action, shall cease; and those awful contrasts of condition, which are not natural, but the result of the heaped-up abuses of many centuries, and which excite so much of turbulent jealousy and leveling spleen, shall give way before equitable inequality and distributive justice. Oh! it is saddening to see, in the present state of competitive strife, how class is dashed against class, in all the unbridled fury of prejudice and hatred—how the poor trace their miseries to the rich, and how the rich neglect or fear the degradation of the poor; to see that there is so little mutual confidence, so much of separation, such iniquities of exaction and fraud on all sides; our very modes of charity, often disgraceful to the giver and insulting and useless to the receiver; honor and love alike trampled out in the whirl of business, and the noblest natures made to grind at the wheel of imperious necessity, while they might be sending pulses of joy and health to the remotest extremities of the globe. But, thank God, that through the triumphs of organic combination and social unity, we can see an end to these terrific despotisms and confusions of circumstance!

For, it is through the organization of industry that the individual will finally be emancipated from industrial slavery, from pauperism and care, and from false social positions. In the combined township, where all kinds of labor will be open to all, he will, for the first time, find himself free. It is a beggarly and contemptible notion of freedom, which confines it to the right to locomotion or the right to vote. Man has higher needs and nobler aims than these. He wants freedom to labor—to express his inward nature in outward forms; freedom from perpetual anxiety, that he may give his mind to quiet meditation and creative thought; freedom to train every physical and intellectual faculty to its highest degree of activity and refinement; freedom to enjoy all the works of Art, all the discoveries of Science, all the revelations of Religion; freedom to mingle in joyful intercourse with his fellows—to give intensity to his domestic ties, and to share the blessedness of a comfortable and peaceful home; freedom, in short, to use God's world in a manner worthy of himself and his Creator, and thus fulfil his destiny on earth.

To the achievement of this exalted and comprehensive freedom, there is necessary an abundance of wealth, attainable by all, the certainty of various employment, and a universal circulation of knowledge and love—all utterly impracticable in a condition of society where the few only can secure the advantages of life, and where the many are condemned to degrading toil; but inevitably and easily obtained, where the whole mighty

energy of society shall be concentrated in the production of this glorious result.

#### § VII. RELATION TO OTHER REFORMS.

This reform of the township, then, we recommend to the attention of all classes of men and women; to politicians of every party; to philanthropists of all grades; to Christians of all sects. We say to ALL, because we believe that it possesses all the requisites and characteristics of a universal reform. It covers ground enough to include every variety of interest and all shades of opinion. In its external features it may seem new, but in its inward spirit it is as old as the heart of man. The world, for some centuries past, has been preparing for its advent; but especially, within the last few years, have the benevolent aspirations of the human race been struggling to realize themselves in some arrangement of society like that we propose.

"The many partial projects of Reform," says one of our noblest writers, "which agitate our cities and towns, which send armies of lecturers and scatter snow storms of papers and tracts over the land, which animate conversation around every private fire-side, and in every bar-room, steamboat, rail-car, all naturally and necessarily tend to central social re-organization. The *Abolitionist* finds that his universal principles of freedom and human rights apply to the serfdom of wages as well as to that of chains, to the oppressions of white and black alike; and sees that nothing but an elevation of labor to its true dignity everywhere, and an honoring of all men according to their genuine worth, can complete the work of redemption which he longs for. The *Non-Resistant* and *Peace-Advocate* finds that the wars which desolate the fruitful earth, waste national resources, engulf human energies, and make death a less evil than the hell of brutal passions thus set loose, are the final result of the petty wars of competition, which make each man in his own sphere an Ishmael; and sees, that legalized murders and penitentiaries, and the government of force can be put away, only by giving every human being the free development and exercise of his best powers in right and useful directions. The *Temperance* advocate finds the explanation of his brethren's excesses in the depressing influence of their monotonous employments, in their wretched homes, anxieties, coarse associations; and sees, that to cure society of the madness of intemperance, we must discover and use some healthful and pure stimulants, refining recreations, wider culture, steadier occupation, larger spheres of action and thought, nobler interests, above all, freer access to the most elevating society. The *Moral Reformer* finds in the dependence of women, the meager pittance paid for their services, the frivolity resulting from superficial education, the extravagant demands of fashion, the worldly selfishness of many, if not most, marriages, the limited avenues opened for female energies, and the general tone of insincere flattery, an explanation of the hideous maelstrom of licentiousness; and sees, that nothing but the securing for *Woman an equally free career with Man* will enable her to attain the commanding power, which husbands, sons, brothers, fathers, need to have for ever poured upon them, to purify and soften their characters. It is seen, too, that the concealments which are possible in society, as now constructed, favor the outrages which pollute it; and that all need to live in the full light of a common conscience, of a common sense. The *Physiologist* finds that excessive weariness, deforming labors, ill-regulated hours, bad air, adulterated food, want of abundance of water, wretchedly constructed houses, crowded dwellings, breed such a general miasm of disease and lamitnde, that not one in a thousand reaches symmetric manhood; and sees, that rotation of occupations, country air, leisure and recreations, wholesome and well-prepared viands, liberal baths, manly games, are indispensable means to cure the state of half-sickness, which unmans the moral and mental energies of so many, and spreads such a sorry dulness over cheerful spirits. And so we might go round the circle of the noble Reforms, which have stirred for years past with ever-



increasing power the public mind, and show how each and all demand for their fulfilment, *associations of men and women, resolute to do perfect justice to human nature, by perfect obedience to the Creator's laws.*"

The *Political* changes of the country tend to the same result of the peaceful establishment of juster relations in all details of social existence. It is seen that the great parties which divide the country are but the aggregate of the little parties which divide every town, and that these again are but the concentrated expression of strifes which embitter the every-day transactions of all kinds of business. Unjust division of toils, unequal distribution of profits, isolation and opposition of interests, is the radical difficulty which the whole nation recognizes. The capitalist knows that every day the tenure of his possessions becomes more insecure, his investments less certain, from the restless experiments of those who, confident that they are not duly recompensed for their weary drudgery, resort to any new expedient, any new shift; and either from fear, if he is selfish, or from humanity, if he is generous, inquires for some mode by which he may aid to enrich a larger multitude without impoverishing his own family. On the other hand, the working man, longing, under the stimulus of our free institutions, for social elevation, wishing through education and refinement for himself and children, sick of the petty frauds which cheat him at every side out of his hard earnings, in unkind relations with his employer, in unnatural competition with his fellow laborer, feels that the rust of jealousy is eating into the golden links of his affections; and either learns to hate the prosperous, while conscious of his dependence upon them, and seeing, too, that the abasement of the richer classes would only make the poor poorer: or, more brave and hopeful, listens to every schemer who proposes some new plan for obtaining "equal chances to equal capacities, and equal rewards to equal works." The endless succession and variety of the bankruptcies, also, which swallow up the distributing classes—the merchants and traders, wholesale and retail—point to radical errors in our commercial system, and stimulate producers and consumers to demand some mode by which they may be brought into close contact, without this prodigal drain of the means of both to feed these uselessly numerous hosts of go-betweens. And the commercial body itself confess what a dreadful waste of energy, talent, character, and, alas! too often of conscience, there is, in this rush of hungry traffickers, hasting to seize on riches as the stepping-stone to respectability. Our national mania for wealth, making haggard so many cheeks, wrinkling so many brows, bending with premature cares so many manly forms, and converting life into a mint, where the clink of stamped coin drowns human speech, impels all who respect themselves and their brothers to ask for some less costly mode of gaining those outward goods, which, when obtained, are but the foundation whereon to rear homes of affection and beauty, temples of love and wisdom, some more certain mode of procuring for the many the advantages which now, with all this merciless expenditure of power, are insecurely possessed only by the few. And finally, the increasing spirit of liberty, the deepening respect for man, the conviction of the inevitable necessity of greater equalization of all conditions, give resistless force to this demand for a union of all divided interests. In some manner, civilized states must substitute co-partnerships for wages, and effect a division of gains graduated in proportion to the amount of energy or means expended, and the amount of profit realized. Bank or no bank, tariff or no tariff, we must all co-operate to return to industry, in fairer ratio, the reward which industry fairly earns. The organization of industry is manifestly the political problem now forced upon all by Providence, and the end must be some form of Association.

When even thus hastily we cast our eye over these many movements of Reform, now mingling their floods in one grand river, may we not, must we not find courage, hope, and calmness in the thought, that it is Divine will, not man's caprice, which

has brought this people to their present desire for *Social Re-organization*. The love and justice which God has inspired, make, in these varied modes, the demand for communities based upon principles of true social order, where the energies of each shall be exerted for the good of all, and the well-being of all shall re-act upon each individual, as in a living body the several members work together, suffer and rejoice together. This hope of peace and kindness, in all our relations of industry, education, enjoyment, intercourse, worship, so strong as it is in many hearts, so universal in its aim, is the prophetic spirit of the age.

The *Christian Spirit* of this American nation, wearied by polemics, earnest for fuller actualization of brotherhood in the business and labors of daily affairs, strengthened by endless efforts of benevolence, and yet disheartened at the small results of public and private charities, looks with longing to plans which seek to substitute *radical justice* in production, distribution, and use, for *superficial alleviation* of wrongs. The christian conscience of our people sees that society itself causes the very crimes which it punishes, the very wants which it taxes itself so insufficiently to supply. The holding pews in a meeting-house, assembling a few times in the week for devotion, and supporting a teacher and pastor, is felt to be a kind of association too utterly inadequate to deserve the name of church-fellowship. The religious sentiment, concentrating upon the practical application of its professed principles, confesses that the structure of our religious societies is altogether too weak a bond to unite those whom the necessities and temptations of the world drive into selfish collision. By contrast with the law of love, announced from our pulpits—our actual divisions into castes, separated by accidental circumstances—our daily cheatings, lyings, over-reachings, abuses of power and opportunity—our competitions and rivalries, are admitted to be intolerable hypocrisies. Hospitals, alms-houses, prisons, are loud comments upon the universal selfishness of our existing social relations. Strange obliquity! when we point to the very institutions which are the horrible evidences of our accustomed inhumanity in the week-day work of life, as monuments of the brotherly kindness preached about and prayed for on days of rest. Either let us unblushingly assert that *love* is a visionary abstraction, sentimental nonsense, fit for poets to dream of, but unworthy the thought of practical men, or else let us prove that in fact it can govern *every occupation, and our whole intercourse*. So says the christian heart of society to-day.

#### § VIII. RELIGION.

The basis of our reform, therefore, is religious, although we wish to urge it only on the ground of science. Our present aim is to conciliate, to a certain extent, all sects and parties, both in church and state, by a plan for introducing truth and equity into our industrial arrangements—which plan we can prove to be in consonance with revelation, because it is science. We accept the book of scripture as a standard both of faith and morals; and the book of nature as a test and standard of principles of science, and by this double standard we require to be judged—received, or rejected.

The American Associationists, the only name by which we wish to be known, are not a sect in politics or religion; they ask all sects in religion to try their principles for rendering truth and equity practical, by that universal standard which all sects adopt, the bible; and they ask all parties in the state to leave the revolutionary field of party strife, and look dispassionately at universal principles of scientific and social progress.

We long for unity among the material interests of men as the necessary groundwork and condition of higher spiritual unities. We wish to see the truth and love that are already in the world made practical, that by the very practice of them we may ascend to still superior degrees of truth and love. We think that the time for exciting and bitter controversy has ceased, and that the time for harmonious, friendly action has come. We think that the human mind has already run into a sufficient number

of ultrasims to develop the infinite variety of its faculties and characters, and that the period has arrived for a general reconciliation. Matter and spirit, man and nature, earth and heaven, have been too long at war; henceforth let them be as one.

Associationists are not indifferent to religious inquiry; they have a profound faith in the religious origin and destiny of the human soul; they believe in the scriptures as the word of God; they trust in the universality of Providence; they hope to see the kingdom of heaven realized on earth. But they cannot set up any distinct theological creed, nor can they rely upon mere religious enthusiasm in the propagation of reform. And the reason for their remaining neutral in these matters, are, that in the multiplicity and conflicts of warring sects, they do not know which to adopt as exclusively in the possession of the truth; that they have already recruited to their ranks persons who are individually connected with every existing church, such as the Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, the Unitarian, the Universalist, the New Church, &c.; that they believe it to be the most just and rational policy to remain on the positive grounds of science which they can understand, without adventuring into the uncertain fields of speculation or polemics; and that the true Christian spirit, at this age of the world, demands the toleration of all who conscientiously adhere to religious truth. We recognize the right of every individual to remain connected with any branch of the Universal Church in which he may have been taught, or which he has conscientiously adopted; while we wish to hold up the science of Association as a universal science, at the service of every church and party.

We do protest, however, against the fanaticism which claims the religious character exclusively for those engaged in doctrinal disputes or sectarian declamation, and which argues that a scientific body must be necessarily material or irreligious in opinion if it does not directly advocate some peculiar religious creed. We wish to promulgate the principles of science and order in society; to neutralize the influence of a deadly selfishness and antagonism, both on the external condition of men, and on their religious and political speculations; we wish to feed and clothe the poor, and harmonize the worldly interests of all parties, that religion may have universal and unceasing influence in reforming moral feeling and preparing souls for spiritual purity here and hereafter; and if for this we are to be accused of want of faith and religion, we must consider the accuser as destitute of charity, and a bigot. It is not true religion that opposes science, nor can it be true science that opposes true religion, since they mutually illustrate and assist each other in the redemption of humanity from ignorance, from disease, from suffering, from wrong, and from spiritual death.

But we take higher than this mere defensive ground; we have positive principles to teach; we are propagandists; and while we steadily refrain from mingling with the peculiar religious feelings of any sect or individual, we yet assert that the true organization of every sect is only to be found in the principle of association. Religious truth is the principle of unity and harmony, but it cannot be realized in practice universally, without a correspondent unity of action in the sphere of worldly interests. Association is the true form for the practical embodiment of religious truth and love; and while attractive industry and unitary combination are not themselves religious unity, they are the body or collective form in which alone the ordinances of christianity, the spirit of religion, the universal church can be incorporated, practically and incessantly; for without the body the spirit cannot be fully manifested on earth.

An important branch of the divine mission of our Savior Jesus Christ, was to establish the kingdom of heaven upon earth. He announced, incessantly, the practical reign of divine wisdom and love among all men; and it was a chief aim of all his struggles and teachings to prepare the minds of men for this glorious consummation. He proclaimed the universal brotherhood of mankind—he insisted upon universal justice, and he predicted

the triumphs of universal unity. "Thou shalt love," he said, "the Lord thy God with all thy mind, and all thy heart, and all thy soul, and thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." Again: "If ye love not one another, how can ye be my disciples?" "I have loved you, that you also may love one another." "Ye are all one, as I and my father are one." Again: he taught us to ask in daily prayer of our heavenly father, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Ay, it must be done, actually executed in all the details of life! And again, in the same spirit, his disciples said, "Little children, love one another." "If you love not man, whom you have seen, how can you love God whom you have not seen?" And in regard to the form which this love should take, the apostle Paul says, "As the body is one, so also is Christ. For by one spirit we are all baptized in one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles," &c. "That there should be no schism (disunity) in the body, but that the members should have the same care one for another; and if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it." "Ye are members one of another."

These divine truths must be translated into actual life. Our relations to each other as men—our business relations among others—must all be instituted according to this law of highest wisdom and love. In Association alone can we find the fulfilment of this duty; and, therefore, we again insist that Association is the duty of every branch of the universal church. Let its views of points of doctrine be what they may—let it hold to any creed as to the nature of man—or the attributes of God—or the offices of Christ—we say that it cannot fully and practically embody the spirit of christianity out of an organization like that which we have described. It may exhibit, with more or less fidelity, some tenet of a creed, or even some phase of virtue; but it can possess only a type and shadow of that universal unity which is the destiny of the church. But let the church adopt true associative organization, and the blessings so long promised it will be fulfilled. Fourier, among the last words that he wrote, describing the triumph of universal association, exclaims, "These are the days of mercy promised in the words of the Redeemer," (Matt. vi. 5.) "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." It is verily in harmony, in associative unity, that God will manifest to us the immensity of his Providence, and that the Savior will come, according to his word, in "all the glory of his Father: it is the kingdom of heaven that comes to us in this terrestrial world; it is the reign of Christ; he has conquered evil. *Christus regnat, vincit, imperat.* Then will the Cross have accomplished its two-fold destiny, that of *Consolation* during the reign of Sin, and that of *Universal Banner*, when human reason shall have accomplished the task imposed upon it by the Creator. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness"—the harmony of the passions in associative Unity. Then will the banner of the cross display with glory its device, the augury of victory: in *Hoc Signo Vincas*; for, then it will have conquered evil, conquered the gates of hell, conquered false philosophy and national indigence, and spurious civilization; *et porta inferi non prevalebunt.*"

#### CONCLUSION.

To the free and christian people of the United States, then, we commend the principle of Association; we ask that it be fairly sifted; we do not shrink from the most thorough investigation. The peculiar history of this nation convinces us that it has been prepared by Providence for the working out of glorious issues. Its position, its people, its free institutions, all prepare it for the manifestation of a true social order. Its wealth of territory, its distance from the political influences of older and corrupter nations, and above all the general intelligence of its people, alike contribute to fit it for that noble union of freemen which we call Association. That peculiar constitution of gov-



ernment which, for the first time in the world's career, was established by our fathers; that signal fact of our national motto *E Pluribus Unum*, many individuals united in one whole; that beautiful arrangement for combining the most perfect independence of the separate members with complete harmony and strength in the Federal heart—is a rude outline and type of the more scientific and more beautiful arrangement which it would introduce into all the relations of man to man. We would give our theory of state rights an application to individual rights. We would bind trade to trade, neighborhood to neighborhood, man to man, by the ties of interest and affection which bind our larger aggregations called states; only we would make the ties holier and more indissoluble. There is nothing impossible in this; there is nothing impracticable! We have pledged our sleepless energies to its accomplishment. It may cost time—it may cost trouble—it may expose us to misconception, and even to abuse; but it must be done. We know that we stand on sure and positive grounds; we know that a better time must come; we know that the hope and heart of humanity is with us—that Justice, Truth, and Goodness, are with us; we feel that God is with us, and we do not fear the anger of man. *The Future is ours—the Future is ours.* Our practical plans may seem insignificant, but our moral aim is the grandest that ever elevated human thought. We want the love and wisdom of the highest to make their daily abode with us; we wish to see all mankind happy and good; we desire to emancipate the human body and the human soul; we long for unity between man and man in true society—between man and nature by the cultivation of the earth, and between man and God, in universal joy and religion.

### Original Communication.

#### INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION.

##### PLAN OF ORGANIZATION.\*

##### Specific and Incidental Features.

NO COMMENCEMENT should be made with less than ten resident families, nor on a domain of less than four hundred acres, which should be bought and paid for before any industrial business is commenced; and also laid out in lots for residences, shops, &c. The domain ought also to be located near some center of business and trade; (the sale of the school lands in this State—which will be going on for some years to come, and which are located in the center of the Congressional townships—present a favorable opportunity.)—suitable dwellings should be erected before the families move on to the domain, and each family should be required to invest the means to erect its dwelling, and to rely on its own resources and industry for support.

As soon as ten families are ready to commence an organization of this kind, and the necessary means are raised, a committee of three or more should be appointed to select a location, lay out and make such improvements as are necessary for the pioneer families and have charge of the affairs until an organization is effected,—every improvement which increases the value of the property, and thereby the stock, should be done by contract, and after the stock has been invested or pledged to meet the payment. After the organization, no families should be allowed to become members without a partial acquaintance, and the consent of at least three-fourths of the members, and all investments should be purchased of any family wishing to leave; which could always be done if the improvements and investments are judiciously made.

As soon as a sufficient number of children are on the domain a school should be commenced, and an industrial department connected with it, and made to contribute to its support; and the remainder of the expense, which will be something in the

commencement, should be paid by a tax on the property. But in this state the common school fund would help much to meet the expense required. The Trades-union store should be early commenced, and each member should be required to be a shareholder, and it might be extended to the surrounding country, if means sufficient could not be procured without; and perhaps it would be best, in any case, to have shareholders abroad, that they might be contributing to the interests of the society, and realizing some of its advantages.

Mechanics shops should be started at an early day, and much pains taken to have work done well and punctually. And a Library, Reading room, and rooms for public meetings, should be established as soon as means can be spared for that purpose, for this will be the great field of moral and social progress and enjoyment.

Stock investments should bear a specified rate of interest not exceeding six per cent; and the cost individually and respectively, of the property and improvements, should be the unitary value, and no increase estimated or fictitious value fixed, or stock issued; and each member or department should be required to keep in repair the property they use, subject to the natural decay or loss by the elements,—in which cases, for the first, the interest is the proper and usual remedy; for the latter, the joint stock makes it a mutual insurance company.

All sales and purchases should be made through the mercantile department, always requiring only the per centage necessary to cover the cost of rents, clerks, &c.

The dairy, bakery, wash-house, &c., should be under the supervision of the Board of Directors,—the charges of the same should only cover cost of carrying them on by contract, the amount of work and rates of compensation being distinctly specified.

Every branch of business that is established or carried on for profit, should be organized, and every organized branch of business should be independent of the other, and have the products of its industry; and the operatives should in all cases make their own internal rules and regulations respecting the distribution of the labor, compensation, &c. But all such rules should conform to the general rules, as the laws of a state conform to its constitution. The board of directors and members should determine what branches of business shall be pursued, enact laws to preclude the traffic in ardent spirits, and make all needful police regulations.

The lots for tillage, and the different kinds of stock, should be fenced in a manner adapted to the various purposes to which they are severally applied; and all agricultural business, carried on for profit, should be conducted by organized departments in the same manner as mechanical business, and through the department of trade each could be accommodated with the needful exchanges, in a manner alike profitable to all.

Should objections arise, or inquiries be suggested, we shall gladly answer them, and give reasons and explanations at a future time.

W. CHASE.

CERESCO, WIS., OCT. 4, 1848.

"The beautiful and the noble in every thing attracted me. In tranquil moments I often thought on my educators, and it seemed to me that they existed in the whole of nature and the life of the world, for which my thoughts and my soul only existed as active artisans. The world ever seemed to me a beautiful girl, whose form, mind, and dress, had attracted my whole attention; but the shoe-maker said, 'Look only at her shoes; they are quite preferable; they are the principal thing.' The dress-maker exclaimed, 'No, the dress; see, what a cut! that, above all, must occupy; go into the color, the hems, study the very principle of it.' 'No,' cries the hair dresser, 'you must analyze this plait; you must devote yourself to it.' 'The speech is of much more importance!' exclaims the language master. 'Ah! good heaven!' I sigh, 'it is the whole which attracts me. I see only the beautiful in every thing.' [H. C. ANDERSON.

\*Continued from page 313

## Voices from the Mountain.

## MR. DAVIS' INITIATORY VISION.

Written by Himself.

## NUMBER TWO.

BEHOLD the awful, sublime and stupendous majesty of the expanded heavens! See the ethereal curtains, whose dissolving and commingling folds, conceal from the human vision, the star-peopled abyss,—where ten-thousand-thousand orbs roll in ineffable grace, before the *Celestial Throne* of the ever-living, and omniscient King! The grandeur of the transparent sheet, around and above, is beyond the power of language to express. Divine greatness is reflected in all things! *Order* and *Form*, and *Love* and *Wisdom*, are indicated in each created object, from the lowest to the highest. From the constant re-combinations of existing materials, youthfulness is everywhere manifest, and Beauty grows out of, and inwreaths every spontaneous creation!

Such thoughts as these were presented to my mind, while standing at a late hour of the same night, on the side-walk at the corner of Mill and Hamilton Streets, in the quiet village of Poughkeepsie. How can this be, thought I,—I distinctly remember retiring to my own chamber, and falling into a profound sleep; but what a remarkable change! The heavenly archway above is exceedingly glorious and beautiful; and the many stars stationed throughout its vast labyrinths like diamond lights, shine with an immortal effulgence to guide the traveler onward and upward to the city of eternal joy! And here I stand alone, unseen by any except the Eye of the Eternal Being, and unheard by any, except the Ear that hears the silent echoing of all human thoughts! Yes! I am clad in my usual garments, and am contemplating the most high and sublime of subjects!

Thus, I was situated and meditating—not knowing by what means I came thither, or the length of time that had elapsed since I retired; but I retained those diversified sensations of body and mind, which I experienced when I placed myself upon my bed. I felt great calmness, although I could not suppress feelings of curiosity relative to my marvellous transportation. It was spring-time. But it being a late, cold and dreary season, the sun had not yet warmed into life the beauties of Nature. The earth was clothed with a snowy garment, and the whole scene was gloomy, yet awful and sublime.

For a short time I stood meditating, supported by a wall-fence which separated the street, from an adjoining field;—when all at once, a strange sound vibrated on my ear, apparently, proceeding from behind me. I looked around, and lo, I beheld, with admiration, a flock of clean and beautiful sheep! Their sudden appearance somewhat excited me, but about and with them, all seemed right and good. The flock proved larger than I at first supposed it was, and their physical condition proved far inferior. Their bodies, however, were perfectly *white*; and they manifested great kindness and gentleness of disposition. I was impressed with the following interpretation, which I apprehended as evidently true, and as disclosing the *use* of the vision.

The sheep corresponded to the vast brotherhood of mankind. Their beautiful external whiteness corresponded to the innate purity and goodness of all created spirits, indicating that they are capable of material refinement, and spiritual elevation. The poverty of their bodies, corresponded to the wretched physical condition of the earth's inhabitants, owing to the fact that their interests and social affections, are disunited; that they are opposed to each other's highest good and happiness; that their spiritual sympathies are mis-directed. For mankind are connected by the senses to outer, material things; by friendship, love and conjugal attraction, they are related socially and spiritually. They are possessed of moral powers which incline them to sentiments of veneration—to the love of good, truth, and of

God. And the whole human race represents a flock of sheep, whose shepherd is the Universal Father!

These truths flowed into my unfolded and willing Spirit as freely as Wisdom flows from higher spheres to our earth. I recognized, and deeply felt their use and importance. I continued my meditation. The sheep seemed at peace, in the same position, as when I first saw them. But inasmuch as I comprehended the instruction intended, they began to change their position, seemingly desiring some *Fold* wherein they might rest undisturbed. Being greatly confused, they proceeded to pass along the street in such a way as would have shown, had they been men, that their judgments were *weak* or impaired, and that they were thus incapable of choosing the proper and righteous path, which would have led them to that goal which all seemed to be seeking.

At the next moment I beheld a shepherd. His sudden appearance surprised me not, though it was strange, and I approached him. I saw that he was much perplexed, yet fully determined in purpose—though inefficient to urge or lead the sheep hence, where peace and harmony reigned.

He had great elegance of form, and was plainly and usefully attired. He presented an air of unassuming and stately dignity, to be admired in any being. His countenance indicated purity, and his whole appearance was that of a kind and gentle being, endowed with physical and spiritual perfectedness. On my approach he spake not, but expressed in natural language, by illuminating his countenance, the desires of his soul. I perceived that he needed sympathy and assistance. The sheep were in ignorance and confusion, which he labored to overcome; and they required gentle but regular discipline. To his request I immediately acceded. By a powerful but wise exertion, we succeeded in establishing an order among them, to which they mutually adhered;—whereupon they and their delighted shepherd proceeded down the street. Their uniform motions seemed melted into one harmonious movement, till they mingled with surrounding objects that formed the distant scene.

With impressive solemnity, the whole scene came and passed within the brief period of ten minutes. I preserved, however, general tranquility throughout the amazing representation. The signification of its closing part was made distinctly manifest. The shepherd corresponded to a great and noble Reformer,—a good Man, *our Brother*, even Christ, whose spirit breathed "*peace on earth and good will to men*;" whose exalted wisdom comprehended the many physical and spiritual requirements of the human race; whose grand and healthy system of social and moral government infinitely transcended all others conceived by man, since life, sensation and intelligence pervaded the bosom of Nature. He investigated all natural desires, and the means for their appropriate gratification. He sympathized with the suffering, the destitute and the desponding. The suffering and needy he soothed to peace and joy; and the desponding he inspired with a "*lively hope*." Love of Man—of truth—of heaven—and of God, with a progressive advancement in happiness, he taught, by a righteous life and godly conversation.

The state of painful confusion into which the sheep were thrown, corresponded to the confused condition of the theological world;—to the conflicts between truth and error, reason and theology, reality and imagination, theory and practice;—and to the intense anxiety each being experiences who desires, but can not believe in, immortal life. The request which so benignly beamed forth from his countenance, corresponded to the truth that I, like others, am called to perform; a duty enjoined by the Originator and Disseminator of all truth and goodness. I sensed the truth thus impressed, and cheerfully bowed, in humble submission, to the sacred responsibility!

So I am compelled to speak: First, because the instruction intended by the beautiful representation, flowed into my mind irresistibly; and secondly, because my unconscious transportation to that portion of the village which I had not at that time



any thought of visiting, was produced and governed by a power superior to myself, and more wise than I.

The scene now changed. I stood almost free from thought, and anon, sensation was nearly destroyed. The life-blood chilled in my exposed body; my head and chest were painfully congested; my spirit contracted violently, and seemed determined to leave my weak and prostrate form entirely! I was surrounded with a death-like darkness, and became almost insensible. I struggled and gasped for breath; but the effort failed. Life had almost fled; all was cold, dark and deathly. I made a feeble effort to escape that lonely death, and then fell unconsciously to the ground.

On the subsequent morning, an anxiety mingled with fear and surprise, pervaded the family with whom I boarded. A young man who occupied an adjoining room, stated that he was not disturbed by a single sound during the whole night; and rising at the usual hour, and discovering my absence, he descended to the room and hall, through which I had passed on the previous evening. He found the several doors, as secured by me, in the same situation: none of them were unlocked.

My operator and others endeavored to discover, or conceive of, the probable means of my mysterious escape. But they could not penetrate beyond the visible facts, viz: that I had retired in the evening, and was gone, while the doors and windows were locked on the inside. Wherefore, the whole matter seemed clothed in an impenetrable garment, which defied all attempts at investigation.\*

My marvellous disappearance was quickly communicated to many of the inhabitants of the village. No one could do more than express his astonishment. Some gentlemen, among whom was the clergyman at whose house I had called on the evening previous, conceived it proper to institute a search. But no acquaintance, of whom inquiry was made, had seen me—nor could I be found at my usual places of resort. Search was at length abandoned;—and their *fear* was succeeded by a *hope*, which was modified into an assurance that *those laws* which were engaged in effecting my unaccountable disappearance, would preserve me, and that the affair would end in good.

Where, reader, do you suppose I could have been? I will relate. My natural powers were so exhausted that I was rendered unconscious of life or existence; and had not my body been resupplied with life and energy, I could not have changed my position. But now a sweet and gentle sensation aroused me, and renewed the consciousness of life. I moved, and rejoiced. I stretched forth my hand, and felt the soft, waving and vivifying atmosphere. I could hear, and I opened my eyes! "Is it possible," thought I, "that I again behold, with natural eyes, the material creation?" In a few minutes my vision was clear, and I glanced, calmly, over the scene that lay before me. I was nearly stupified with wonder! I was in a reclining position, elevated about seven feet from the ground. The mass on which I rested was composed of underwood and youthful trees, neatly and closely interwoven, one with another, forming a well proportioned structure, which corresponded precisely to an artificial altar. On each side of me was a barren, craggy and stupendous mountain; higher and mightier than any I had ever seen. I was thus situated in a deep and apparently inaccessible valley.

\*I was informed of this and other circumstances connected with the vision, by Mr. William Livingston, (the first magnetizer of Mr. Davis, and at whose house the event took place,) in July, 1844, at which time I first saw Mr. Davis. Mr. L. was at a loss to account for the occurrence related; but although I did not inquire much into particulars, I think it is possible that Mr. Davis may have effected his exit from the house by climbing through the window of his bedroom, or through the scuttle, and descending on the outside, as persons have frequently been known to do while in a state of somnambulism.

The towering acclivities were covered with ice and frozen snow; and through this hard coating protruded large, ill-shaped rocks, between whose interstices were decayed trees. That I was lying on a line, in the direction of east and west, could be seen from the positions of surrounding objects—of this I felt fully persuaded. My head being in an eastern direction, enabled me to observe on rising, that the valley was terminated by the mountain acclivity about ten rods to the west—before me—there being an apparent opening leading to the left, around the mountain's base. On turning eastward I beheld a beautiful river, which afterward proved to be the Hudson, at the seeming distance of about four miles. On the opposite side of the river I beheld ill-fashioned and dilapidated dwellings, desolate and abrupt hills, and forests dark and gloomy.

The heavens were now shrouded as if mourning a world's death, and sorrow filled their bosom with frightful paroxysms. Dense blackness swelled into bursting convulsions, and *thunder*, like smothered groans of universal agony, rolled forth, far and wide, with terrific violence. The electric fire, like distorted smiles of hope mingled with pain, illuminated the vast concave,—succeeded by gloom which the contrast rendered blackness inconceivable! Light and darkness followed each other in instantaneous succession. Oh! it was a horrid scene. I never can forget how, as the rain descended, the heavens seemed to weep, and groan, and sigh, and laugh with angry joy; and how I, alone, did sympathize with them, and pray for power to still their troubled elements,—not having this power I trembled and desired to escape. Terrible indeed was my exposed condition. The rain fell in torrents, and the fleeting elements, while warring among themselves, seemed to menace my destruction!

An awful and impressive solemnity pervaded the whole scene. It was a fearful *Book*, but a sublime and instructive lesson. I listened with a trembling but voluntary submission. Reposing upon an altar, composed of woodbine and other shrubbery, encompassed about with mountains high, frightful and forbidding—rendering escape impossible—there I gathered a harvest of wisdom! From the grand, but appalling representation, I learned submission and elevation; and from the quickness of the lightning, and the terrific positiveness of the thunder, I learned that "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." I beheld my own insignificance, and meanwhile, as of all mankind, I beheld an unspeakable importance in my very existence. I learned to revere, obey, and depend alone on that Power which directs and controls the Universe!—and saw that omnipotent truth *will* consume all error and artificial theology, whose power is weakened, and whose corruption is revealed by the divine light of Nature's manifestations! I learned that *all evil will* be subdued and banished by the ultimate triumph of those principles that are good, *divine* and unchangeable, and that my righteousness shall be no more;—that streams of good and healthy motives will spring up to cleanse and refresh the moral world, on whose advancing tide the race will ascend to intellectual and social harmony, and to a high state of spiritual elevation!

With composure I witnessed the disconcerted elements as they sought an equilibrium, and saw the clouds chased away, which, when apparently fatigued with their conflicting strife, changed into sparkling gems, and helped to grace the morning's drapery. Emerging from the clouds I beheld the king of heat and light, the glorious Sun, whose radiations penetrated and melted the darkest clouds into the brightest robes, which served to render more beautiful his radiance, and to increase the sublimity of his march through the heavens. Not long, and the sky was clear and serene, and the scene presented was one of grandeur and beauty wholly unsurpassed. The conviction rushed upon my mind, with great power, that every movement in universal Nature is a direct response to the imperative command of immutable Law, which is the rule of divine action eternally established by Him who presides over, and animates an infinite creation!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1848.

## THE NATION'S STRENGTH.

AMONG families, tribes, and nations—in all civil compacts and political institutions—there is an element of Truth, or a law of Nature, which serves as a connecting medium, or a cohesive power, uniting and binding the simple elements together. This union is more or less complete and permanent as the principle itself, in its incarnation, is more or less perfect. The simple fact that men live together, and act in an associate capacity, proves the existence, among them, of some central Truth, which serves as a kind of magnet, by virtue of which they remain together. No such union of individuals could exist for a single moment if the truth, which to them is the great law of cohesion, were removed. Suspend the sun's attraction, and vast worlds would fly off like withered leaves on the autumn blast; annihilate the cohesive power which binds these earthly elements together, and this ponderous globe would explode like a rocket, and the lawless particles float at random in the atmosphere like fragments of a wreck in the midst of the sea.

The same general law will be found to exist, and answer a similar end, in the political, social and religious institutions of the world. In every organization there is some cardinal principle which forms the bond of union, without which the organism could no more exist, than the elements composing the human body can remain together, when the soul has departed. Suppose the love of Liberty to be the only law on which the existence of this Confederacy is made to depend; destroy that love and the Republic would writhe and fall like a smitten giant. Annihilate the paternal affection, and the spirit which hallows the hearth and home of childhood would depart, the family relation would be dissolved, the most sacred earthly shrine deserted, and even God might forget his offspring. It is unnecessary to furnish particular examples to illustrate the truth that no such union can exist, in the world of mind, where there is not some conservative principle as its basis. Different substances unite only as they have an affinity for each other. So there are spiritual affinities, and men are mutually attracted or repulsed by a law that is natural and universal. The central truth or cardinal doctrine which we find in all human institutions, is, to Society, what the law of elective attraction or chemical affinity, is to disorganized matter.

But there is another point worthy of special observation. In the social organism as well as the natural, the truth, which is thus incarnated *must be developed along with the body*, and when the former is not strengthened in its powers in proportion as the latter is increased in its dimensions, the safety of the organization is endangered. For since the union depends on the internal principle rather than the eternal form, it follows that the accumulation of foreign particles, without a corresponding development of inward forces, only multiplies the probabilities of its dissolution. The organism, whether political, social or religious, may become so large that the specific gravity of the elements without may overbalance the cohesive power within, in which case the body will inevitably fall in pieces by its own weight. It will be perceived that no organization can be sound and vigorous, unless the equilibrium in the growth of the outward form and the inward life, is preserved. As the one is enlarged by the addition of extrinsic elements, the other must be strengthened by the unfolding of its own inherent energies; and unless this process goes on harmoniously, our growth is dangerous and

our destiny uncertain. Hence those who labor to extend the national domain by the addition of new states and territories, while they do nothing to develop the principles which bind them together, are engaged in a thankless and a useless service. If our idea is founded in truth, the following proposition may be confidently stated:

A nation's strength does not depend so much on the number of its inhabitants, the durability of its fortifications, and the abundance of its stores and means of defense, as it does on the integrity and intelligence of the people.

Now what are the great lessons of history and experience on this subject? Strange as it may appear to the careless observer, nations have frequently been strongest and most secure in their infancy. Empires seldom perish in their birth, but in the maturity of their years, when pride and affluence have weakened the restraints of virtue—when corrupted by artificiality and hoary in crime. To this truth Time has placed the seal of all ages and countries. Babylon, once the wonder of the world, "and the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency," fell—not in her infancy—but *in the hour of her purple pride*. The Capitol of Judea perished when millions, glorying in its impregnable strength, were intoxicated with the idea of their fancied safety? While Rome, clothed in her virgin graces, was wooing the Virtues to her "mountain home," she was imperishable. From the banks of the Tyber she stretched her giant arms over sea and land, and claimed the trident of Neptune and the empire of the Earth. But when her physical pomp and grandeur eclipsed her virtues, when the moral energies of the people were palsied, and vice, like an ocean tide swept over the hills of the "eternal city," then came the Barbarian to reign in the clime of the Cæsars, and his arm drew the mantle of ruin and the pall of desolation, over the home of Genius and the shrines of the illustrious dead. Thus does History confirm the truth that nations are strong only as they are wise and virtuous, and that when they come to disregard the claims of justice, they fall into merited obscurity, however exalted their previous condition. All experience has shown that vice tends to enervate the moral, physical and intellectual man, and thereby renders him not only unfit for the enjoyment of virtuous liberty, but prepares him to yield to the usurpations of lawless ambition, and the unjust encroachments of despotic power.

As a nation we boast of our widely extended territory, our vast undeveloped resources—and rapidly increasing population. We construct ships of war and build great fortifications, and imagine that we are strong. But there are voices—deep, solemn and thrilling—that come from the veiled Past to remind us that our strength is not in these. The winds that murmur in sullen cadence along the Nile and the Euphrates, whisper the truth, and a mysterious utterance comes up from the Classic land, where Genius yet lingers to tell her tale of woe among the enchanted ruins. *The nation is not strong when its moral restraints are no longer commensurate with its outward pomp and physical resources.* What if we had an army of *ten millions*, with the great valley of the Mississippi for a *magazine*, and the Rocky Mountains for a *breast work*, these would not render us invulnerable; without a deep-seated love of country, a respect for virtue and the rights of man, there would be no safety. Let us labor, therefore, to develop the mind and moral energies of the people that we may grow divinely beautiful in our prosperity. It is written that Righteousness exalteth a nation, and history and experience confirm the truth, that **WE ARE STRONG ONLY IN VIRTUE.**

S. B. B.

**FALSE IDEAS OF STRENGTH.**—Some nations estimate their strength by the size of the Army and Navy. They call the roll, and count the muskets, weigh the round and chain shot, and the Secretary of War writes down the result, and reports the measure of power possessed by the nation. The people read it, and sleep soundly because they are strong, and there is no danger.



## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SALISBURY, N. Y., OCT. 10th, 1848.

BROTHERS EDITORS:

Having a few moments' leisure, I have thought to employ them in a brief correspondence. Some of the readers of the *Univ. Coelum* already know that I am absent from the city on a lecturing tour. Although the object was to advocate an important political Reform, I have nevertheless had opportunity to observe the Spiritual tendencies in the region visited. Independence of all sectarian bias, has prepared me for the better consideration and arrangement of what elements, in the religious world, I have discovered in process of change and development.

On the first Sabbath after my arrival in the interior of the State, I was invited to speak in Rev. Mr. Scofield's church at Hamilton. It was not inquired to what sect I belonged, for I was known to be a reformer; and the attention which was accorded me by these unsectarian people, who are nevertheless esteemed Orthodox, was flattering to one who has been marked as unsound, by a professed liberal and proscribed sect. The truth is, that there is a feeling among the noble hearted of all names, that this unbrotherly strife of sects is anything but christian; and that after all, he who has the *spirit* and does the *work* of a Christian, is most Christ-like. In this vicinity there are a number of free Churches, where reformers of all sects, and of no sect, assemble to worship, and hear the Gospel of Reform. Of course it does not essentially interest us to inquire, to what particular division they may have belonged, it is enough to know, that they are zealously laboring in unison for the great cause of human advancement.

It was found not inconsistent with our object to be present at the Christian Convention, at Canastota. Here were assembled some most earnest and advanced minds, to take into consideration the possibility of establishing a Christian union. The opinion seemed to prevail that in order to have union, it was necessary to have entire toleration. Resolutions were passed to this effect; also, that ministers might be ordained or chosen by the members, while any member had the right to administer the sacrament, or any other ordinance in which it is proper for an Elder to officiate.

It was gratifying to listen to the spirited debates which were excited by these and other resolutions. There were two or three who brought with them a portion of their love of Sect and forms; but they appeared like dwarfed minds, compared with those who unfettered, stood up manfully for liberty and truth. Here was Wm. Goodell, whose acquaintance would be interesting to any reformer. Linden King had come up from the depths of sectarianism, to breathe an atmosphere of love and freedom; as well as his Son, who is early making the most rapid strides in spiritual advancement. Here was also the enthusiastic Pryne, whose whole soul seems to war with clerical assumption and domination. Here were other earnest men, from different parts of the State, and the blows which they dealt, against the hydra-headed monster, were neither powerless nor misdirected. The eloquence with which they plead the cause of oppressed and down-trodden humanity, bleeding under the severance of all brotherly ties, through mere sectarian prejudice, is seldom exceeded. For myself, there was much to rejoice at in the signs of progress here evinced, and in the manner with which every reference to the great ideas of the common brotherhood were received. Thus while those preferring exclusive claim to these ideas, are treading the backward road of forms and creeds, and sundering ties on earth they believe will be reunited in heaven, true men are coming from the precincts of every denomination, whose love of Christ is greater than of a Church, whose devotion to humanity is greater than their reverence for a creed. That their professions of liberality were not simply formal, may be inferred from the fact that Mr. Van Amridge and myself,

were invited to take part in their deliberations, and that what we had to say, was listened to with earnest attention.

That they are yet prepared for a general movement toward a better organization, and a more spiritual union, may be questioned; but the indifference of sectarian establishments to every form of oppression, and to all needful reforms; (especially, the subject of human bondage,) has opened the eyes of those who respect the rights of man, to the enormous evils which have their origin and end in this devotion to party and strife for denominational supremacy. I ought to remark, also, that among the more advanced there are some differences of opinion with regard to what constitutes a Church; some regarding the church as a human, and others as a divine organization. Of the latter class, is Gerrit Smith, and there is a Church at Peterboro', conducted in conformity to these views, and there are several others in the state, somewhat different from what are called *free churches*. In order that you may the better understand the character of these bodies, I will give you a synopsis of the basis of the Church at Peterboro', the form which I happen to have before me. It is prefaced with a beautiful motto from D'Aubigne. "In the beginning of the Gospel, whosoever had received the Spirit of Christ, was esteemed a member of the Church."

You may be surprised to learn that after all, they have a Creed; but it is, as Br. Grosh would say, a *very small* one; nay, it is a *very large* one; so comprehensive that all can be encircled in its embrace. I will not give it entire; yet this is the Spirit of the whole. "We believe that the Church of Christ on earth, is composed of all the Christians on earth, and that the Church of any location is composed of all the Christians in that location; and that members can neither be voted into Christ's Church, nor out of it."

Such is the Catholic Spirit under which they meet; and it is unnecessary to say that freedom and comparative harmony are the result. Being released from the duty of inquirers, they cheerfully perform the duties of members, and so far from squaring their opinions with an abstract formula, they feel free to express their peculiar views on all points. The following sentiments, in the form of resolutions, will further illustrate their conceptions of what a church ought to be.

"A Church of Christ is a company of moral reformers, and, any organization which refuses to engage in the prosecution of such reforms, especially those that are nearest at hand and most urgent, however excellent may be the character of individuals in it, is not a Church of Christ."

"Sectarianism, guilty as it so clearly is, of rending the seamless garment of the Savior—of dividing the Church of Christ into mutually warring parties—tearing asunder those who should esteem themselves to "be One," even as the Father and Son are One—guilty also, as it manifestly is, of making the strongest and most successful appeals to the pride, bigotry and intolerance of the heart, is, therefore, the mightiest foe on earth to truth and reform, to God and Man."

"The members of a Gospel Church are not only free to entertain their respective views, both of doctrine and practice, but are bound to inculcate them."

An interesting feature of their "discipline" is to deal with scismatism, or in other words, those who circumscribe their christian sympathies within the limits of the Sects. If they find that any good man or woman has joined a sect or remains in it, they summon the person to answer to the charge of scism; and in several instances have succeeded in convincing them they had no right to give their affection to what they would admit was only a *part* of the true Church.

What I have seen in this region, has convinced me that the great change indicated by these things, is mighty and near at hand. The bloated body of a corrupt Church establishment can not long endure. The hill tops every where, are tinged with the early radiance, that bespeaks a better day. May Re-

formers be true to all the light they enjoy, that on them, at least, its beams may multiply.

I have found the Univercœlum and Spiritual Philosopher greatly admired, by those who have seen it. Br. Davis' Book, is also looked upon with deep interest; not so much for its marvellous character, however, as for the elevated system of Spirituality it unfolds, and the deep interest it evinces in whatever is humane and reformatory. I have not witnessed any disposition, however, on the part of his warmest admirers, to forbear the rigid scrutiny of reason, in respect to the great principles of which he treats; although there evidently is danger, in our contemplation of developments so truly wonderful, of relaxing the vigilance of judgment, and becoming satisfied with the mere words from a source so reliable.

I have preached every Sabbath, I have been absent; at Hamilton, Madison, Oriskany Falls, and lastly at Little Falls. Men and women of all names have listened to me, and I find more inquiry with regard to the manner of pulling down the partition walls, than how they may be built up. Heaven speed the day when all shall see eye to eye.

J. E. I.

## THE UNIVERCÆLUM.

OUR PAPER is becoming the illuminated center of a divinely attractive power, from which a refined spiritual magnetism constantly emanates, and far distant minds are warmed and made luminous by the light, while the shadows of the old Night are being scattered from the sphere of a thousand souls.

Among those who have been attracted to the New Philosophy, we are permitted to record the name of Dr. THOMAS H. CHIVERS, Washington, Georgia, whose opinion of the Univercœlum is expressed in the subjoined letter.

Dr. Chivers is gifted with enlightened views and popular talents, and we are happy to number him among our regular contributors. It will be perceived, by the postscript, that he proposes to furnish a series of Spiritual Songs, the first of which—"The Spirit's Return,"—will be found in this number. S. B. B.

WASHINGTON, GA., OCT. 1, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I have just received your valuable paper, and hope to receive it as long as it is published. It is truly, as its name imparts, THE UNIVERCÆLUM—the Revelator of the sublime Arcana of God, and of God's eternal Truth. It is the Apocalypse of the ever-wonderful mysteries of the Shauma-yim, the Heaven of the inner Man. It is certainly the fulfilment of that demand which lives immortal in the soul, for a perfect revelation not only of the beauties of external Nature, but of the wonderful wisdom of God, which has long existed in the world. It was a wise saying of Coleridge, the myriad-minded, that we should never declare a truth to the mind of any man who is not prepared to receive it; for, by so doing, we make truth a liar, because he perverts our meaning. Therefore, be cautious how you throw pearls to swine. Swedenborg tells us that he once asked the angels for grapes, and they gave him figs; whereupon he said, "I asked you for grapes;" when they answered, "We gave you grapes, but you took them for figs." There is a sublime significance in the crystal under-current of this beautiful parable. There are some truths which can only be known to the *Sacred Few*—those who have been anointed and set apart by the wisdom of God for the regeneration of the world. The reception of the Univercœlum—the Messenger of the golden days of the primeval Man—will be cherished by me as an Angel-visitant from the unseen world. Hoping that your life may be long and prosperous,

I remain yours, most truly,

S. B. BRITTON.

THOMAS H. CHIVERS.

P. S. I send you a poem, entitled "The Spirit's Return," the first of a series which I will send you, under the head of "SONGS OF THE INNER LIFE."

T. H. C.

## RESOLUTIONS.

In an article signed "B. P. A.," published in our last number, reference is made to a resolution, pending before the New York Association. This resolution, if we are correctly informed, is designed to prohibit the administration of the Eucharist, by any clergyman in the order who may not have received ordination. It is not a little singular that those who formerly invited all persons to the table, without the slightest investigation into the circumstances of their public or private character, have come, of late, to regard the ceremony with a reverence, so deep and solemn, that none but a *finished minister*, bearing on his brow the seal of the Councils, and carrying in his pocket the paper commission signed by the Standing Clerk, may be allowed to officiate at its administration.

As near as we can recollect, Christ did not give any explicit directions touching the matter before us, but all agree that his precepts are opposed to all "avarice" and "wrath" and "evil speaking." If, therefore, any man value money more than he loves the brethren; or if a minister is wont to censure others in rude and offensive speech—if he labors to misrepresent their views, impugn their motives and destroy their characters—is he a suitable person to administer the ordinance? If not, we would respectfully suggest the passage of a resolution to meet the peculiar circumstances of those clergymen who belong to this class.

S. B. B.

## "THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."

C. CHAUNCEY BURR, of Philadelphia, is the Editor and publisher of a quarterly Magazine, bearing the above title. If any of our readers have not yet examined this work, we trust that they will embrace the first opportunity to look at a Number. Among the Quarterlies it is emphatically the great exponent of the Times, and the freedom, genius and vivacity for which it is characterized, render it superior, in these respects, to any similar work in the country.

The following is an extract from a letter recently received from a friend who has become deeply interested in the Spiritual Philosophy.

ST. LOUIS, MO., OCT. 10, 1858.

Dear Brother—Permit me to congratulate you on the noble part you have so fearlessly taken in the cause of Christ and Humanity. How inseparably connected they are! Raise the standard for bleeding man, and Christ is there. The issue of a cause so glorious is too apparent to be mistaken. What richer boon can you ask than the warm response of congenial spirits? What pearl of greater price can you leave posterity than the record of a life devoted to humanity? Hope on! There are thousands of warm hearts far from you, that are beating in unison with yours, and with the hearts of your spiritual and very talented contributors.

To me the Univercœlum has come like springs of living water on some desert waste, or bread to the half famished soul. With all the light and genial warmth of Heaven pervading its columns, it will always find a warm response in the hearts of the holy and the free. How cheering it is to see one after another giving in his testimony, (not to dead forms or creeds of men, with which the earth is cursed, but) to a far nobler cause. A cry is heard far and wide—a shock is felt—the deep, pure sympathies of the soul are aroused, and man sees a brother every where in man. Struggle on, then, for there are giant minds already in the field. Sons of God are with you—Reason, the highest gift of Heaven, is with you—and with a supreme reverence for the Right, and guided by a generous forbearance, victory is certain, as Truth is immortal!

I am, dear brother, yours affectionately

F. P.



## Poetry.

SONGS OF THE INNER LIFE.  
THE SPIRIT'S RETURN.WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELOM,  
BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

BENEATH the shelter of mine own dear home,  
I lay, one night, when all had gone to rest,  
When, presently, there seemed from Heaven to come  
An Angel, telling me that she was blest.

The radiance from the light of her swift wings  
Melted the moonlight as she came from rest,  
Whose presence glorified all earthly things—  
Making them Heaven—to tell me she was blest.

There was no sound—even Silence, by the breeze  
Of her odorous breath, was soothed to rest,  
When, in the moonlight, underneath the trees,  
She came from Heaven to tell me she was blest.

All things grew silent—voiceless—dumb as death—  
In awe of that dear being Heaven-possessed—  
My soul was speechless—when her Eden breath  
Parted her lips to tell me she was blest.

The coming of her light-ensandaled feet  
Star-flowers upon the bloomless earth imprest,  
Whose breath, with fragrance made the air replete—  
My soul with joy—to tell me she was blest.

The Cherubic-truths which thrilled my ear  
The Night's soft stillness with such joy imprest,  
The mysteries of the grave were all made clear—  
Heaven was revealed—to tell me she was blest.

Her beauty put out all things, as the sun  
Puts out the stars—of brighter light possessed—  
For heavenly Day came with that HEAVENLY ONE  
From Heaven above to tell me she was blest.

She came so near me that she touched my soul—  
Her radiant hand sent rapture through my breast—  
Which made the warm tears down my pale cheeks roll—  
She came from Heaven to tell me she was blest.

The sweet, dew-music of her rose-lips fell  
Soft on my heart's parched leaves by grief oppress,  
More nectarous than the mystic Hydromel  
To Jove—wherewith she told me she was blest.

As light is rayed out from some star at even,  
Pensive within the chambers of the West,—  
So was her glory, as she came from Heaven,  
In spiritual fire, to tell me she was blest.

As the God-praising music of the spheres  
Thrills audibly the Ether's hyaline breast;  
So thrilled she my fond heart, with song, to tears,  
Which overflowed to know that she was blest.

The hyaline wavelets of her voice of love  
Rose on the soundless ether-sea's calm breast,  
Amid the interstarry realms above,  
To God in Heaven to tell me she was blest.

Her incense-voice, now echoing round the throne,  
Has left me here on earth so dispossessed—  
Wailing for that lost melody alone—  
I know no joy but this—that she is blest.

As God leans down from Heaven to earth to hear  
The Angel-music of man's heart oppress;  
So leans she out of Heaven her gracious ear  
To hear me sing—she told me she was blest.

Silence, the mother of all sounds, grew mute  
To hear my heart beat joy within my breast,  
As from her spirit-tongue, her soul's sweet lute,  
The music fell to tell me she was blest.

The Angel-gladdening music of the spheres,  
Singing the Cycles of her soul at rest,  
Through the Great Sabbath of th' Eternal Years  
Echoes the Song that told me she was blest.

The luminous Huntress of the desert night,  
Haunting the Earth with her swift stars, express,  
With her cold voice, the infinite delight  
She felt to hear her tell me she was blest.

The radiance from the light of her swift wings  
Melted the moonlight as she went to rest;  
For, as the snow-white Dove from earth upspring,  
So went she back to Heaven among the blest.

## PICTURES FROM MEMORY.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Among the beautiful pictures  
That hang on Memory's wall,  
Is one of a dim old forest,  
That seemeth the best of all.  
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,  
Dark with the mistletoe,  
Not for the violets golden,  
That sprinkle the vale below;  
Not for milk-white lilies,  
That lean from the fragrant hedge,  
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,  
And stealing their golden edge;  
Not for the vines on the upland,  
Where the bright red berries rest,  
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,  
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,  
With eyes that were dark and deep—  
In the lap of that old dim forest  
He lieth in peace asleep:  
Light as the down of the thistle,  
Free as the winds that blow,  
We roved there, the beautiful summers,  
The summers of "long ago:"  
But his feet on the hills grew weary,  
And, one of the autumn eves,  
I made for my little brother  
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded  
My neck in a meek embrace,  
As the light of immortal beauty  
Silently covered his face.  
And when the arrows of sunset  
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,  
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,  
Asleep by the gates of light.  
Therefore, of all the pictures  
That hang on Memory's wall,  
That one of the dim old forest  
Seemeth the best of all.

## Miscellaneous Department.

# HORTENSIA: OR, THE TRANSFIGURATIONS.

BY HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

[CONTINUED.]

These enchantments were yet far from being at an end.

Five days after this event, the god of sleep mimicked before me that I was invited to a great assembly. It was a great fete dance. The music made me melancholy, and I remained a solitary spectator. Hortensia suddenly came to me from the crowd of dancers, pressed secretly and fervently my hand, and whispered, "Be gay, Faust, or else I cannot be so!" She then gave me a look of compassionate tenderness, and was again lost in the tumult.

The Count Hormegg attended a pleasure party on that day, at the country-seat of a Venetian. I accompanied him. On the way he told me that the countess would also be there. When we arrived, we found a large company—in the evening there were magnificent fire-works, and then dancing. The prince opened the ball with Hortensia; it was like the stroke of a dagger to me as I looked at them. I lost all inclination to participate in the ball. In order to forget myself, I chose a partner, and mixed with the floating beautiful troop. But it seemed to me that I had lead fastened to my feet, and I congratulated myself when I was able to slip out from the crowd. Leaning at a door, I gazed on the dancers, not at them, but only at Hortensia, who moved there like a goddess.

I thought of the dream of the past night; in the same moment a dance broke up, and glowing with joy, yet timidly, Hortensia approached me, pressed secretly and lightly my hand, and whispered, "Dear Faust, be gay, that I also may be so!" She spoke this so compassionately, so kindly—with a look from her eyes—a look—I lost sense and speech. When I recovered myself, Hortensia had again disappeared. She swept again in the train of dancers, but her eyes constantly sought only me; her looks constantly hung on me. It was as if she had the humor, by her attention, to deprive me of the residue of my reason. The couples separated at the end of the dance, and I left my place with the view of seeking another situation in the room, to convince myself whether I had been deceived, and whether the looks of the countess would seek me there.

Already fresh couples assembled for a new dance, as I wandered over to the seats of the ladies. One of them arose at the moment that I approached her—it was the countess. Her arm was in mine—we joined the circle. I trembled and knew not how it had occurred, since I never could have had the boldness to ask Hortensia to dance, and yet, it appeared to me as if I had done so in my absence of mind. She was unembarrassed—scarcely observed my confusion—and her brilliant glances roved over the splendid crowd. One moment and the music began. I seemed to be unbound from all that was earthly! spiritualized. I swept on the waves of sound. I knew not what was passing around me—knew not that we chained the attention of all the spectators.

What regarded I the admiration of the world? At the end of the third dance I led the countess to a seat, that she might rest herself. Whisperingly I stammered my thanks—she bowed, with mere friendly politeness, as to the greatest stranger, and I drew back among the spectators.

The prince, as well as the count, had seen me dancing with Hortensia, and had heard the general whisper of applause. The prince burnt with jealousy—he did not even conceal it from Hortensia. The count was offended at my boldness in asking his daughter to dance, and reproached her the next day for so thoughtlessly forgetting her rank. Both maintained like all

the world, that her dancing had been more full of soul, more impassioned. Neither the count nor the prince, doubted but that I had inspired the countess with an unworthy inclination for myself. I soon perceived, notwithstanding their efforts to conceal it, that I was an object of hate and fear to them both. I was very seldom, and at last not at all, taken into the society where Hortensia moved. I was, however, silent.

Both gentlemen indulged, nevertheless, too much anxiety on this account. The countess, certainly, did not deny that she felt a sense of gratitude toward me, but any other feeling was a reproach, at which she revolted. She confessed that she esteemed me, but that it was all the same to her whether I danced in Venice or Constantinople.

"You are at liberty to dismiss him," said she to her father, "so soon as my cure is perfected."

## THE AMULET.

The count and Charles awaited this moment in pain, to get rid of me, and to bring on the marriage of Hortensia. Hortensia looked for it with impatience, in order to rejoice over her own recovery, and at the same time to quiet the suspicions of her father. I also expected it with no less desire. It was only far from Hortensia, amid new scenes, and other occupations, that I could hope to heal my mind. I felt myself unhappy.

The countess one day announced not unexpectedly, as she lay in her strange sleep, the near approach of her re-establishment. "In the warm baths of Battaglia," said she, "she will entirely lose the gift of being entranced. Take her there. Her cure is no longer distant. Every morning, immediately on waking, one bath. After the tenth, Emanuel, she separates from thee. She sees thee never again, if such is thy will; but leave her a token of thy remembrance. She cannot be healthy without it. For a long time, thou wearest in thy breast a dried rose, between glasses, and set in gold. So long as she wears this, inclosed in silk, immediately about the region of the heart, she will not again fall into her cramps. Neither later nor earlier than the seventh hour after receiving the thirteenth bath, yield it to her. Wear it constantly till then. She is then healthy."

She repeated this desire frequently, and with singular anxiety; she laid particular stress upon the hour when I should deliver up to her my only jewel, and of whose existence she had never heard.

"Do you really wear any such thing?" asked the count, astonished, and highly delighted on account of the announced restoration of health to his daughter. As I answered, he asked further, if I laid any particular value upon the possession of this trifle. I assured him the highest, and that I would rather die than to have it taken from me—nevertheless, for the safety of the countess, I would sacrifice it.

"Probably a remembrance from some beloved hand?" observed the count, laughing, and in an enquiring manner, to whom it seemed a good opportunity to learn whether my heart had already been bestowed.

"It comes," I replied, "from a person who is everything to me."

The count was as much moved by my generosity as contented, that I had resolved to make the sacrifice on which Hortensia's continued health depended—and forgetting his secret grudge, embraced me, a circumstance which had not happened for a long time.

"You make me your greatest debtor," said he.

He was most urgent to relate to Hortensia, as soon as I had gone, on her waking, what she had desired in her trance; he, moreover, did not conceal from her his conversation with me on the subject of the amulet, which had so great a value for me, since it was the remembrance of a person, that I loved above all. He laid great stress on this, as his suspicion still remained, and, in case Hortensia really felt any inclination for me, to destroy



it, by the discovery that I, since a long time, had sighed in the chains of another beauty. Hortensia listened to it all with such innocent unembarrassment, and so sincerely congratulated herself upon her early recovery, that the count perceived he had done injustice to the heart of his daughter by his suspicions. In the joy of his heart, he was eager to confess to me his conversation with his daughter, and immediately to mention to the prince all that had passed. From that hour, I remarked, both in the manner of the count and prince, something unconstrained, kind and obliging. They kept me no longer, with their former anxiety, at a distance from Hortensia; but treated me with the attention and forbearance due to a benefactor, to whom they were indebted for the happiness of their whole life. Arrangements were immediately made for our journey to the baths of Battaglia. We left Venice on a beautiful summer morning. The prince had gone before, in order to prepare everything for his intended bride.

Through the pleasant plains of Padua we approached the mountains, at the foot of which lay the healing spring. On the way the countess often liked to walk; then I must always be her conductor. Her cordiality charmed as much as her tender sense of the noble in the human character, and of the beautiful in nature. "I could be very happy," she often said, "if I could pass my days in any one of these beautiful Italian regions, amid the simple occupations of domestic life. The amusements of the city leave the feelings vacant—they are more stunning than pleasing. How happy could I be if I might live simply, unprovoked by the miseries of the palace, where one vexes one's self about nothing; sufficiently rich to make others happy, and in my own creations to find the source of my happiness! Yet one must not desire everything!"

More than once, and in the presence of her father, she spoke of her great obligations to me, as the preserver of her life. "If I only knew how to repay it," said she. "I have for a long time racked my head to discover something right pleasing for you. You must indeed, permit my father to place you in a situation which will enable you to live quite independent of others. But that is the least. I need for myself some other satisfaction."

At other times, and frequently, she brought the conversation to my resolution of leaving them as soon as she recovered. "We shall be sorry to lose you," said she, good-naturedly: "we shall lament your loss, as the loss of a true friend and benefactor. We will not, however, by our entreaties for you to remain with us, render your resolution more difficult. Your heart calls you elsewhere," added she, with an arch smile, as if initiated in the secrets of my breast. "If you are happy, there is nothing else for you to wish for; and I do not doubt that love will make you happy. Do not, however, therefore forget us, but send us news from time to time of your health."

What I felt at such expressions, could be as little uttered, as that I should repeat what I was usually in the habit of replying. My answers were full of acknowledgments and cold politeness; for respect forbade my betraying my heart. Nevertheless, there were moments when the strength of my feelings mastered me, and I said more than I wished. When I said something more than mere flattery, Hortensia looked at me with the clear bright look of innocence, as if she did not comprehend or understand me. I was convinced that Hortensia felt a grateful esteem for me, and wished me to be happy and content, without, on that account, giving me a secret preference over any other mortal. She had joined me in the dance at the ball, from mere good nature, and to give me pleasure. She herself confessed, that she had always expected me to ask her. Ah! how my passion had created presumptuous hopes from it! Presumptuous hopes, indeed; since had Hortensia, in reality, felt more than mere common good-will toward me, of what service would it have been to me? I should only have become more miserable by her partiality.

While the flame silently devoured me, in her breast was a pure

heaven, full of repose. While I could have sunk at her feet, and confessed what she was to me, she wandered near me without the slightest suspicion of my feelings, and endeavored to dissipate my seriousness by pleasantry.

#### THE DISENCHANTMENT.

By the arrangements of the prince, rooms were provided for us in the castle of the Marquise d'Este. This castle, situated on a hill near the village, offered, with the greatest comfort, the most lovely distant prospect and rich shaded walks in the neighborhood. But we were obliged to resort to the town for the baths—therefore a house was arranged in that place for the countess, where she passed the mornings as long as she bathed.

Her trance in Battaglia, after the first bath, was very short and indistinct. She spoke but seldom, did not once answer, and appeared to enjoy quite a natural sleep. She spoke after the seventh bath, and commanded, that after the tenth she should no longer remain in that house. It is true, she once more fell asleep after the tenth bath, though she said nothing more than "Emanuel, I see thee no more!" These were the last words she spoke in her transfigurations.

Since then she had, indeed, for some days, an unnaturally sound sleep, but without the power of speech in it.

At last, arrived the day of her thirteenth bath. Until now, all that she had commanded or predicted in her transfigured hours, had been most punctually fulfilled. Now was the last to be done. The count and prince came to me early in the morning, in order to remind me of the speedy delivery of my amulet. I must show it to them. They did not leave me for a moment the whole morning, as if, that now being so near the long desired goal, they had suddenly become mistrustful, and feared I might, as regarded the sacrifice, change my mind; or that the relic might accidentally be lost. The minutes were counted as soon as the news came that the countess was in the bath. When she had reposed some hours after her bath, she was conducted by us to the castle. She was uncommonly gay, almost mischievous. Having been told that she was to receive a present from me in the seventh hour, which she must wear all her life, she was delighted as a child at a gift, and teased me, jestingly, with the faithlessness I committed toward my chosen one, whose present I gave to another.

It struck twelve! The seventh hour had arrived. We were in the bright garden saloon. The count, the prince, and the women of the countess were present.

"Delay no longer," cried the count, "the moment which is to be the last of Hortensia's sufferings and the first of my happiness."

I drew the dear medallion from my breast, where I had carried it so long, and loosening the golden chain from my neck, pressed, not without a sorrowful feeling, a kiss upon the glass, and delivered it to the countess.

Hortensia took it, and as her look fell on the dried rose, a sudden and fiery red spread over her face. She bowed gently toward me, as if she would thank me—but in her features one discovered a surprise or confusion, which she appeared to endeavor to conceal. She stammered some words, and then suddenly withdrew with her women. The count and prince were all gratitude toward me. They had arranged for the evening a little festival at the castle, to which some noble families from Este and Rovigo were invited.

In the mean time we expected long, and in vain, the reappearance of the countess. After an hour we learnt, that as soon as she had put on the medallion, she had fallen into a sweet and profound sleep. Two, three, four hours passed—the invited guests had assembled, but Hortensia did not awake. The count in great disquiet ventured to go himself to her bed. As he found her in a deep and quiet slumber, he feared to disturb her. The fete passed over without Hortensia's presence—though, without her, half the pleasure was wanting. Hortensia still slept as they

separated about midnight. And even the following morning she was still in the same sound sleep. No noise affected her. The count was in great agony. My uneasiness was no less. A physician was called, who assured us that the countess slept a sound and refreshing sleep—both her color and pulse announced the most perfect health. Mid-day and evening came—yet Hortensia did not awake! The repeated assurances of the physician that the countess was manifestly in perfect health, were necessary to quiet us. The night came and passed. The next morning rejoicing echoed through the castle, as Hortensia's women announced her cheerful waking. Every one hurried forward, and wished the restored one joy.

## NEW ENCHANTMENT.

Wherefore shall I not say it? During the general joy, I alone remained sad—ah! more than sad, in my room. The duties, on account of which I had entered into an engagement with Count Hormegg, were now fulfilled. I could leave him whenever I chose. I had often enough expressed my desire and intention of doing so. Nothing more was expected from me, but that I should keep my word. Yet only to be allowed to breathe in her vicinity, appeared to me the most enviable of all lots—to receive only one of her looks, the most exquisite nourishment to the flame of life—to live far from her, was to me the sentence of death.

But I thought of her near marriage with the prince, and the fickleness of the weak count—I thought of my own honor—of my necessities—that I was free to die—then my pride and firmness were roused, and the determination remained to withdraw from the service of the count as soon as possible. I swore to fly. I saw that my misery was without end; but I preferred bidding adieu to joy for the remainder of life to becoming contemptible to myself.

I found Hortensia in the garden of the castle. A soft shudder ran through me as I approached her, in order to offer my congratulation. She stood, separated from her women, thoughtfully before a bed of flowers. She appeared fresher and more blooming than I had ever seen her—glowing with a new life. She first discovered my presence as I spoke to her.

"How you frightened me!" said she, laughing and embarrassed, while a deep blush overspread her beautiful cheeks.

"I also, my dear countess, would offer to you my joy and good wishes."

I could say no more—my voice began to tremble—my thoughts became confused—I could not support her looks, which penetrated into the depths of my heart. With difficulty I stammered an excuse for having disturbed her.

Her looks were silently fastened on me. After a long pause, she said: "You speak of joy, dear Faust; are you also gay?"

"Heartily, as I know you to be saved from an illness by which you have so long suffered. In a few days I must depart, and endeavor, if it be possible, in other lands to belong to myself, since I am no longer connected with any one. My promise is redeemed."

"Is it your serious intention to leave us, dear Faust? I hope not. How can you say that you belong to no one? Have you not bound us to you by all the obligations of gratitude? What forces you to separate from us?" said the countess.

I laid my hand upon my heart; my looks sunk to the earth; to speak was impossible.

"You remain with us, Faust. Is it not so?" said the countess.

"I dare not," I replied.

"And if I entreat you, Faust?" said the countess.

"For God's sake, gracious countess, do not entreat—do not command me. I can only be well when I—No, I must go hence," I replied.

"You are not happy with us—and yet what other employ-

ment, what other duty draws you from us?" asked the countess.

"Duty toward myself," I replied.

"Go, then, Faust," said the countess, "I have been mistaken in you. I believed that we also were of some value to you."

"Gracious countess," I replied, "if you knew what your words excite, you would, from compassion, forbear."

"I must, then, be silent, Faust. Go, then, but you commit a great injustice," said the countess.

As she said these words, she turned from me. I ventured to follow her, and entreated her not to be angry. Tears fell from her eyes. I was frightened. With folded hands, I implored her not to be angry.

"Command me, I will obey," said I. "Do you command me to remain? My inward peace, my happiness, my life I sacrifice with joy to this command!"

"Go, Faust; I force nothing," said the countess. "You remain unwillingly with us."

"Oh! countess!" said I, "drive not a man to desperation."

"Faust, when do you depart?" said she.

"To-morrow—to-day," I replied.

"No, no, Faust!" said she, softly, and approached nearer to me—"I place no value on my health, on your gift, if you—Faust! you remain, at least, only a few days." She whispered with such a soft, entreating voice, and looked so anxiously at me with her moist eyes, that I ceased to be master over my will.

"I remain," said I.

"But willingly?" she asked.

"With delight," I replied.

"It is well! Now leave me for a moment, Faust. You have quite disturbed me. But do not leave the garden. I only wish to recover myself."

With these words, she left me, and disappeared among the blooming orange trees.

I remained long in the same place, like a dreamer. I had never heard such language from the countess before; it was not that of mere politeness. My whole being trembled at the idea that I possessed some interest in her heart. These solicitations for me to remain—these tears, and what cannot be described, that peculiar something—the extraordinary language in her manners, in her movements, in her voice—a language, without words, yet which said more than words could express. I understood nothing of it all, and, nevertheless, understood all; I doubted, and yet was convinced.

In about ten minutes, as I wandered up and down the garden walks, and joined the women, the countess approached us quickly and gaily. Enveloped in white drapery, and surrounded by the sun's rays, she appeared like a being out of Raphael's dreams. In her hand she carried a bouquet of pinks, roses, and violet-colored vanilla flowers.

"I have plucked a few flowers for you, dear Faust," do not despise them. I give them to you with quite different feelings from those which, during my sickness, I gave the rose. But I should now remind you, my dear physician, how I vexed you with my childish humors. I recollect it myself, as in duty bound, in order to make up for it. And, oh! how much have I to make up! Do give me your arm—and you, Miss Cecilia, take the other," which was the name of one of her women.

As we wandered around with light chat and jokes, her father, the count, joined us, and soon after the prince. Never had Hortensia been more lovely than on this, the first day of her restored health. She spoke with tender respect to her father—with friendly familiarity to her female companions—with refined politeness and goodness to the prince; to me, never without demonstrations of her gratitude. Not that she thanked me with words, but in the manner in which she spoke to me. So soon as she turned to me, there was in her words and tone something indescribably cordial; in her looks and manner something of a sisterly confidence, good-naturedly solicitous for my satisfaction. This tone did not change either in the presence of her father or



of the prince. She continued it with an ingenuousness and sincerity, as if it ought not to be otherwise.

Some delightful days passed by in fete and joy. Hortensia's manner toward me did not change. I, myself, ever wavering between the cold laws of respect and the flames of passion, found once more in Hortensia's conversation an inward repose and independence, which I had been deprived of since my acquaintance with this prodigy. Her sincerity and truth made me more calm and contented; her confidence, as it were, more fraternal. She did not at all conceal a heart full of the purest friendship for me—still less did I conceal my feelings, though at the same time I did not venture to betray their depth. Yet who could long behold so many charms, and resist their influence?

It was the custom for the visitors of the baths at Battaglia, on fine evenings, to sit assembled before a large coffee-house, enjoying the air and refreshments. An unconstrained conversation reigned there. They sat upon chairs in the open street, and in a half circle. To the right and left were heard the sounds of guitars, mandolines and singing, after the Italian mode. In the great houses, also, music sounded, and windows and doors were lighted. One evening, the prince having left us earlier than usual, the countess took a whim to visit this assemblage of the visitors of the place. I was already in my room, and sat holding the bouquet in both hands, dreaming over my destiny. The light burnt dimly, and my room stood half open. Hortensia and Cecilia saw me as they passed. They watched me for some time, and then came softly in. I did not observe them till they stood close beside me, and declared that I must accompany them to the town. They now amused themselves with jests at my surprise. Hortensia recognized the bouquet. She took it from the table where I had thrown it, and withered as it was, stuck it in her bosom. We went down to Battaglia and mingled with the company.

It happened that Cecilia, in conversation with some persons of her acquaintance, separated from us, which neither Hortensia nor myself regretted. On my arm she wandered up and down through the moving crowd, till she was fatigued. We seated ourselves on a little bench, under an elm which grew on one side. The moon shone through the branches upon Hortensia's beautiful face, and upon the withered flowers in her bosom.

"Will you again rob me of what you have given me?" asked I, as I pointed to the bouquet.

She looked at me long, with a strange, thoughtful seriousness, and then replied: "It always appears to me as if I could give you nothing, and could take nothing from you. Is it not sometimes the same with you?"

This answer and question, so lightly and quietly thrown out, placed me in embarrassment and silence. From respect, I scarcely dared to dwell on the kind meaning. She once more repeated the question.

"Alas! it is often so with me!" said I. "When I see the abyss between you and myself, and the distance which holds me far from you, then it is so with me. Who can give or take from the gods, that which does not always belong to them?"

She opened her eyes, and looked at me with astonishment.

"Why do you speak of the gods, Faust? Even to one's-self, one can give or take nothing."

"One's-self?" replied I, with an uncertain voice. "You know that you have made me your own property?"

"I do not myself know how it is," she answered, and her eyes sank down.

"But I, dear countess; I know it. The enchantment which ruled over us is not lost, but has only changed its direction. Formerly, in your transfigurations I governed your will, now you govern mine. In your presence only do I live. I can do nothing—I am nothing without you. If my confession, a crime before the world, but not before God, vexes you, I am not the cause, since it is at your command that I have acted. Can I

dissemble before you? If it is a crime that my soul has involuntarily become chained to your being, it is not my offense."

She turned away her face, and raised her hand to denote that I should be silent. I had at the same moment raised mine, in order to cover my eyes, which were dimmed in tears. The upraised hands sank down clasped together. We were silent; thought was lost in powerful feelings. I had betrayed my passion—but Hortensia had pardoned me.

Cecilia disturbed us. We went silently back to the castle. As we separated, the countess said, lowly and sadly, "Through you I have obtained health only to suffer more."

#### PETRARCH'S DWELLING.

When we met the next day, there was a kind of sacred timidity between us. I scarcely ventured to address her—she scarcely to answer me. In our looks, full of seriousness we often met. She appeared to wish to look through me. I sought to read in her calmer moments if she were offended at my boldness of yesterday. Many days passed, without our again seeing each other alone. We had a secret between us, and feared to profane it by a look. Hortensia's whole manner was more solemn—her gaiety more moderate—as if she did not enter with her whole heart into the customary routine of life.

Nevertheless, I counted too much on her changed manner, after that decisive hour under the elm. Prince Charles had, as I afterward learnt, formally solicited the hand of the countess, which had caused an unpleasant and constrained state between herself, her father and the prince. In order to gain time, and not to offend them, Hortensia had entreated for time for reflection: and truly for such an unlimited period, and under such hard conditions, that Charles must almost despair ever to see his wishes crowned.

"Not that I have any aversion to the prince," as she expressed her explanation, "but I wish still to enjoy my freedom. I will, at a future day, of myself and voluntarily, give my yes or no. But if the offer is repeated before I desire it, then I am determined to reject him, even though I may truly love him."

The count knew of old the inflexible disposition of his daughter; though from that reason he hoped the best, since Hortensia had not directly refused the attentions of the prince. Charles, on the contrary, was discouraged. He saw, in this declaration, only the finally rejected lover, without any definite hopes. Yet he had sufficient self-love to believe that, by his constancy, he should at last, move Hortensia's heart. Her confidence toward me was at times displeasing to him, not that he appeared to fear it. He even found it so much the more without danger, because it was open and unembarrassed. Hortensia also treated him in the same manner. He had accustomed himself to see me treated as the friend of the house, and confidential adviser both of the father and daughter; and as the count had confided to him the secret of my plebeian descent, he could still less fear me as a rival. He condescended to make me his confidant, and one day related to me the history of his wooing Hortensia's hand, and her answer. He conjured me to grant my friendly services to discover, however distant, if Hortensia had any inclination toward him. I was obliged to promise it. Every day he inquired if I had made any discovery? I could always excuse myself, that I had no opportunity of seeing Hortensia alone.

Probably, in order to facilitate this opportunity, he arranged a little party of pleasure to Arquato, three miles from Battaglia, where the visitors of the baths were accustomed to make a pilgrimage to the tomb and dwelling-house of Petrarch. Hortensia esteemed, above all the Italian poets, this tender and spiritualized songster of pure love. She had long been enjoying the idea of this pilgrimage. But when the moment of departure arrived, Charles, under some light pretence, not only remained behind himself, but contrived also to prevent the count from accompanying Hortensia, promising, however, to follow us.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

DEAR NELL:—

I want to speak to somebody; but, as no one is in the mood to listen to such as I have to say, I feel like writing to thee. May be I can't say a thing—I can say one word, though,—BEAUTY,—and that with as much emphasis as I could ever utter it; for I have been conversing with the soul of all Beauty this afternoon, though through a far-fetched medium. I have been examining some agates and crystals with my microscope. But I cannot describe them, words are so dull, inadequate, even when applying them to what our eyes can see; and they utterly fail when we come to the essences of the interior world. These sense-forms, which I cannot describe, are the grossest shadows of a divine spiritual beauty; and that only images to me a purity and joy still more ineffable; and then beyond that again, is Love. Ah, how everything dissolves, is absorbed in that. Oh, let me plunge upward into the all infinite of UNIVERSAL LOVE!

And I have again seen the Greek Slave. It is one of those things which become *yours*, forever, i.e., sinks into your consciousness, and becomes a part of *you*, as glorious sunsets, rainbows, mountains, oceans, and all grand, and beautiful things do. The first time I saw it, I saw that it was beautiful; but it did not ravish and captivate me, as it did to-day. To-day I inhaled from it something of the breath of life. I came away *more* and *better* than I went. It impresses me more than any other statue I have ever seen. All the Venuses, Psychees, Madonnas, Graces, &c., seem quite ordinary by the side of this. They all seem stone forms of bodies, without souls; while this is a marble image of a soul; and seems as adequate, as aught material can be, to express the immaterial. Nothing I have seen in the antique comes near it. (You will remember that I am no artist, and am only giving the impressions it had on me.) There is a bust of Clytie, which possesses something perennially sweet and touching in its sad expressions of sorrowing, faithful love. Also a cameo of it, by Thomas Carew, is even more sweet and tender. And I have seen an ideal bust, by R. S. Greenough, which is inexpressibly beautiful. It seems to me that its effect on a Novæmberian stoic would be to make him yearn for love, and ever afterwards feel that it was a joyful era in his life, even if it lasted but one moment, to feel a desire to love and be loved. I know not that the face of the Greek Slave impresses me more, if as much, as these others; but the whole form produces the effect. As I look at it I involuntarily hold my breath to see the limbs move, and the breast heave. It seems a spiritual presence; and not a mere image of a sensuous one.

Beauty, Purity, and Love, a divine triad, are imaged in it. How any one can look on it, and go away with an unchaste soul, be it only for the moment, even if he has spent every night of his life in debauchery, I cannot divine. I cannot suppose any do; for I do not believe anybody incorrigible; and such an one would be. I saw men, rowdies, with lecherous faces, come in to see it, as if they came to get such food as they fatten on; but their countenances told that they were awed at once, and chastened with a holy light shed from that white statue; and they went out to their customary impure habits and moods, with one pure feeling—at least they experienced one moment of high adoration at the shrine of Beauty—it is as if, for a moment, they are ushered into the presence chamber of the queen of all that is lovely. Think you no memory of that rapt moment will ever rise to gently subdue unholy fires often kindled in their breasts? Ah, that one thrill of the infinite Beauty is a seed which shall be preserved forever in their souls, till they shall embrace the immortal Purity, and ever afterwards be holy.

It is the most powerful and eloquent sermon against licentiousness and slavery I ever heard or saw. I cannot guess how men can gaze on it, and then prostitute the human soul to aught that is base; or how they can resist such a lesson in fa-

vor of all that is tender, delicate, poetic, feminine. Is there one so low that it ministers to him nothing above the mad he wallows in? Impossible! were I to resort to the embrace of harlots to-night, that marble purity would rush into my memory and lure me away, and inspire me to a holier life.

Think of God's image like that, exposed for sale among a company of wealthy debauchees! Why don't the plaintive sweetness of those asking lips, those sad eyes in their resigned despair, that helpless, pleading attitude, and the rending sadness of that chaste soul, visible in the whole of that elegant, graceful figure, so soon to be trampled by swine, into their own offal and ordure, subdue the hell-passions of their fiery pollutions, and paralyze them into powerlessness?

Ah, the Devil is stronger than God now; but he will not be so always. The base of a temple for the Holy is now being built; the temple is in the future; it will be a harmonious structure, wherein the All-Beautiful, the All-Pure, the All-Lovely, will be worshiped, admired, loved,—yea, *lived*.

And can it be that there is aught gross or impure in the soul of the man who conceived and wrought so exquisite a form? O, Powers must be a vestal soul. And in this work he has contributed to make us all so. Its tendency must be to elevate, in every way, our mental, moral, spiritual tastes; and this is the true function of symbolical art—I mean that which is fanciful, imaginative, poetic, aside from the useful, the philosophic. The business of this sex of Art, the feminine, is to make forms which shall embody feelings; represent emotions; symbolize aspirations; and lure us into an *excelsior* life. In this sense, to me, the Greek Slave is one of the signal triumphs of Art.

[CHARLES WORTH.]

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