

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.

THE SPIRITUAL CLASSES IN AMERICA.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM,

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

OUR LIFE is two-fold. Within the physical body is a spiritual body; within the physical senses are spiritual senses; within the material brain is a spiritual reason; within the material desires are spiritual affections. The three great elements of the outward man are desire, instinct and impulse, and within these and corresponding to them are the three great elements of the interior man—divine love, wisdom and energy. Now the physical nature is first developed in the order of time. The senses take note of visible objects, the instinct matures itself through sensation into an understanding of them, the desires flow out toward their possession and enjoyment.

The interior man, with his desires, energies, and perceptions, then begins to develop. Those who are possessed of good organizations, and who are true to the promptings of the interior life, at last so far unfold the faculties and powers of the divine man that they govern and regulate the outward nature, and bring the whole life into harmony with heaven. Those of our land in whom the immortal, divine man has been developed—those who have called into energy and constant exercise the organs of the superior nature, comprise the Spiritual Classes in America. We may subdivide them into three orders. Those in whom the Love principle has commenced unfolding. Those in whom the Wisdom principle is maturing itself, conjointly with the Love principle. Those in whom the three great elements, Love, Wisdom and Energy are so far unfolded as to produce HARMONY both of thought, feeling and action.

Those of the spiritual classes in whom the Love principle is active, while the Wisdom is but in its infancy, are found mainly in the evangelical churches, and in the reformatory enterprises of a partial and one-sided character. In the sectarian organizations they are like leaven in the meal. They are zealous in supporting missionaries, in the organization of churches, tract and bible societies, in the establishment of prayer meetings, in efforts for revivals of religion, in the diffusion through their respective bodies of a deeper and richer moral culture and religious life, in developing plans of benevolent assistance for the poor, especially in the church, and in urging the primary reforms of the day, such as temperance, anti-slavery, education, and the like, upon the attention of ministers and people. These have been the life of the Church—its redeeming element—the salt which hitherto has kept it from utter dissolution. The love principle being active, they have labored to carry their benevolent and virtuous desires into practical operation: but in consequence of the comparative dormancy of the wisdom principle, they have overlooked in the main the monstrosities and absurdities of the popular creeds, and have often resorted to modes of operation which have proved prejudicial to the enterprises which they had designed to advance.

The popular church is worldly, and becomes more so every day. Spiritual men and women begin the work of reform in the church, and end by being driven out of it. The great masses of those engaged in the fragmentary and partial reforms of our time, are the former members of evangelical churches, who have either been expelled for non-conformity, or have left the sect after a vain effort for its purification. Leaving the sect, they at once engage with a full heart in the enterprises of the reform movement that they had taken the deepest interest in. The wisdom principle being still weaker than the love principle they yet work sometimes blindly—rush into extremes—denounce men as well as their practices—and think that the world's salvation will be accomplished by the triumph of their incomplete idea. Yet their errors are of the head, not of the heart. They are benevolent, self-sacrificing, zealous lovers of humanity, seekers of its elevation, living up to the light they have, contributing both money and time and talents for the cause with which they are identified. The Washingtonian temperance movement, the moral reform enterprise, the anti-gallows and prison discipline agitations, the abolition enthusiasm, and more recently the free soil organization, have relied for their support upon these divisions of the spiritual classes.

As the spiritual nature is developed the Wisdom grows clearer and stronger, acting in unison with the divine Love within. As this higher reason unfolds, the church member sees errors of doctrine as well as practice. He sees first the infinite moral excellence of God—then the humanity of Jesus—then the fact of individual accountability—then the truth of universal salvation. Thus he emerges from the platform of the orthodox to the pseudo-liberal sects—he becomes a Unitarian or a Universalist—a Christian or a Friend. But his wisdom goes on in its development, and he passes through the camp of liberalism as he did through the tents of orthodoxy. Like ancient Lot, in leaving Sodom, he "tarries not in all the plain." He comes into contact with a new range of experience. Subjectively, he discovers, perhaps, an interior sight like Zschokke, moments of beautiful illumination visit him, when ideas and feelings of the most divine excellence flow into the soul. Critically he sees the truthfulness of the immanence of God in spirit as well as matter: the fact of personal and universal inspiration, and the general range of ideas which are classified somewhat vaguely under the name of Transcendentalism. Objectively he finds in history the great facts of spiritual insight, prophecy, and vision, which are classed under the term miracle, or comes into a knowledge of the higher phenomenon of magnetism and clairvoyance. The result of all this progress is to bring him into a knowledge of the great fact that the spiritual universe exists within the material: that the immortal men and women of the heavens are our ministering and ever familiar guests: that all men have access to the same great records of infinite wisdom which opened their illuminated pages before the unsealed sight of Jesus—that the church universal comprises the spiritual family of the inspired and loving in both worlds, and that the great work of reform is to be consummated by bringing the life into harmony with Heaven, and thus introducing the divine order which there obtains. These things I say are arrived at in the gradual development of our Wisdom conjointly with our Love.

Now there are multitudes of men and women, found isolated in every hamlet of the land, who by interior development and illumination, deprived of outward assistance, are going through this stage of progress. The best minds among the pioneers of reform have passed through or are passing through this phase of development. The best men from among the Universalists, Unitarians and Friends—the noblest spirits from among the early anti-slavery, moral reform and prison discipline, and non-resistance advocates, are emerging into this high table land of inward illumination. The reform poets of our land are sending forth innumerable lyrics that are utterances of the soul in moments of interior expansion. The spiritual teachers of our people, now and then, even in public speaking, are inspired with this persuasiveness that is above eloquence—are touched as with the tongues of Pentecost. Multitudes who as yet do not conceive of the super-sensual universe that is to break in upon them, are tending upward by the unnoticed expansion of the interior perceptions. The right hand of God's providence governs the throng, leading the blind in a way they know not of. Hence, every where we see those who have been engaged in endeavoring to remove the effects of wrong and evil, looking deep into their first causes. We see the isolated armies of reformers begin to coalesce. We see those who have been laboring for the physical development merely, looking earnestly toward the spiritual. Best of all, we see the solemn and wide spread conviction beginning to be manifest, that the work of reform and salvation is to be consummated by a catholic and universal church, whose teachers shall be inspired from heaven, and gaze with spiritual sight upon its revelations, and whose operations for human deliverance and sanctification shall be guided by the ministering spirits of heaven, and even by the personal presence and influence of the great head of the church.

Finally, we see those among us who have not only attained to an expansion of the internal love and wisdom, but who are becoming subdued and regulated into harmony—their development is not one ideal or partial, but universal, complete on every side. There is a frame of mind, attainable as a final result, in which all of the faculties shall work harmoniously together, preventing undue exaltation from prosperity or depression from adversity—preventing a delirious enthusiasm at one time and a corresponding indifference at another—preventing the least sensation of bitterness or ill will—creating an inward peace that is perpetually unbroken, and an outward usefulness that shall be unimpaired and continual.

I am drawing no ideal portraiture. I am familiar with instances in which minds have grown from love to wisdom, and thence to harmony. From that great host who have commenced the warfare against old abuses in the strength of humanitarian love, has been evolved a great number of noble spirits, who have become illuminated with divine perceptions; and from these have arisen a few—first fruits of the ripening harvest—who have entered into harmony—who feel within, the continued influxes of celestial life—who see the great work that is before them, and are preparing themselves for the labor of establishing divine order—in true laws—in true institutions. From this spiritual class result three great tendencies—in church, in state, and in society. In the Church to Universality, in the State to Theocracy, in Society to Association—in all to Unity.

REALLY, does no one love you? Well, they would if they could. The fault, or virtue is yours; not theirs. If you impersonated their ideal of a lovely character, they couldn't help loving you devotedly. Are you beneath this ideal? You are in fault—if anybody. Are you above it? So much you can credit to yourself—if to anybody; and for such credit you can pay the price. You can do without their love—unless there be an affinity between you and them all love would be false.

CHARLES WORTH.

THE LAWS OF NATURE.

THE ills of life are multiplied a thousand fold in consequence of our ignorance of the laws of Nature, or of that disobedience which arises from neglect and want of consideration. It must not be forgotten that the laws of the mental constitution and its relations are as imperative as those of the physical; and that when we have violated a law of the mind, the punishment is frequently found in the penalty which follows the infringement of some physical law to which the former violation has conducted. A principal law of the mental constitution is, that the intellectual and moral powers shall be kept in the ascendancy, and exerted in controlling and regulating the exercise of the propensities and passions. Most unquestionably a very large amount of all the physical ills of our being, happen when these last have obtained the mastery. If ambition seize the man, if he yield to the love of glory, or the love of power, or the love of pomp and splendor, or the love of gain—that basest of all human affections—or if the grosser passions possess him; what is to be looked for, but that he should be hurried into every conceivable position of exposure and danger, to meet the just and necessary reward of his doings? Moved by a fretful and feverish excitement, caution is suspended, prudence is lost, and reason is quite dethroned. He looks to his purpose, and nothing but his purpose. He employs fearful agencies which he can not always control, and in his impatience he tasks them for power and for speed, until nature herself revolts at his presumption, and visits him with awful retributions. He tempts the furious ocean. He dares the angry sky. He is found panting beneath the line. He is found shivering at the poles. He plunges into the forests. He dives into the depths of the earth. Nothing stays him till he has tried every hazard within the reach and compass of his unnatural energies.

Nor are the evils which follow from a failure to preserve the supremacy of the intellect and of the moral sentiments, such only as are thus alluded to. He encounters dangers of a different order, but not less fatal to his peace. Jealousies disturb him. He is racked with envy. He perpetrates mischief, perhaps secret murder, and is stung with remorse. He wrangles with himself and with his household. He substitutes superstition for religion; absurd belief and causeless terror for a gentle faith and a confiding piety. He becomes the prey of every bold pretender—the subject and the vassal of every subtle, petty tyrant. If he be restless and nervous, he may stimulate himself to madness, and die of frenzy. If he be indolent, he may bear about a bloated, living corpse above the ground long after it were better it should be rotting beneath it.

And besides the evils of life which flow directly from violations of the laws of the mental constitution, and indirectly from the infringement of physical laws to which a governing passion or propensity may lead, there are others—neither few nor small. It is a great error to suppose that when a man is acting under a rule of right, or a rule of duty, or a rule of benevolence, he will therefore be pardoned all his transgressions against the natural laws. Such is not the government of God. He will not be pardoned one of them. If a missionary were to set out to cross the ocean in a vessel utterly incapable of performing the voyage, he would be as certainly wretched, as if he were a murderer fleeing from justice. It is a great gain, doubtless, and indispensable to happiness, that the moral sentiments should predominate over the mere animal habits and affections; but this obedience to one set of laws will never save a man from the penalties due to the violation of another set of laws. So surely as the sun rises on the evil and on the good, and the rain descends on the just and on the unjust, so surely will every infringement of a natural law be followed by its appropriate and appointed consequence, whether it be to the evil or to the good, to the just or to the unjust.

[D. D. BARNARD.]

Communication.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCOLUM.

AMONG the pleasant gleams of kindly feeling and enlarged sympathy which cheered the heart saddened by the fearful misery of the Irish population during the winter of 1847, were the letters of Maria Edgeworth, appealing to the American people for aid, and thanking them in the name of a grateful people for assistance given. It gave an added charm to the name we have loved from childhood, to find her in her old age, still active, still hoping, in the cause for which she has toiled so long—the cause of Ireland. Rightly might she appeal to America, whose children she had done so much to educate, and of whom she has never spoken one unjust or uncharitable word. Will a few remarks on her writings be out of season at this time, when again she appears before the public? As an artist (if we may employ this term,) Miss Edgeworth falls far below many who have not half her reputation. Her imagination is by no means active, it is only from the heart that it ever becomes warmed into life. Her style is often careless and harsh, wanting in rhythmical flow and fullness of expression, often inelegant but clear, unaffected, sometimes possessing an epigrammatic strength. Her dialogue is moral, instructive, full of true touches of feeling, but wanting that playful, sparkling, gossiping freedom which delights us in Miss Austin. Her wit is of the intellect, and consists in placing thoughts in a new and striking light, rather than of the imagination, detecting the subtler relations of appearances. It must always be thoroughly translatable, as in the naive answer of Grace Nugent to the fine lady who urged Lady Cloubrony "to give her a day."—"Oh! certainly, to you who gave us a month." The same want of imaginative power is visible in her descriptions of scenery. We cannot remember one which would interest the mind by its sublimity or beauty, yet in her Irish novels, from her truthfulness in details, and the power with which she presents the peculiar circumstances which have made the people what they are, we gather a definite idea of the locality so far as the common subjects of roads, inns, peat bogs, and potato patches are concerned. King Corny, in his Black Islands, makes as impressive a picture as the Countess of Meir in her little kingdom, yet how familiar are we with the scenery of the latter, the rocks, the trout brooks, the retired glens, while King Corny's land is only interesting as it gives him space to roar in. And when Helen goes into romantic Wales, what places become known to us but the basket maker's cottage and the school-house?

In the most important art of a novelist, characterization, how does Miss Edgeworth stand? When we consider the meaning less perfections of a Caroline Percy—the statue-like propriety of a Florence Annable—or the stiffness of some of her heroes whose names even we forget, we are tempted to deny her all power, but many voices rise up in remonstrance. King Corny roars a protest of his actual existence, the old mother in ennui looks up as she lights the fire for her foster son, a crowd of Irish men and women, with their rich brogue, and their ragged elbows, hover about with "Sure and yer honor wouldnt be a-fther denying us," while lady Cecilia offers her card, and Frank and Mary, hand in hand, look in our faces with perfect confidence, to ask if we do not remember and love them as well as the children who live next door, and whom we have known from their cradles. Miss Edgeworth can paint portraits, but can never, out of her own mind, body forth individual forms. When she attempts to do this, it is like the drawing copies of the passions,—nothing too much, nothing too little. But yet we are wholly unaffected by the head. She has seen plenty of Pats, and Mikes, and Rosy's all her life; she has studied them, and

knows them by heart; she has seen Lady Cecilias and Lady Delacenes on fashionable life; she has been fortunate in seeing a Helen Stanley, and that most loveable of French girls, Emile de Conlanges, but a Caroline Percy she has never seen; and while we have the exact dimensions of her character, the height, depth and breadth of her goodness, we gladly turn from her to the impulsive Rosamond, who is real flesh and blood, and we doubt not has long nestled closely to the good author's heart. Whose eyes moisten when the prudent Belinda rejects one lover or accepts another, as at Helen's generous love? Yet prudence, conscientious sense of duty, are as loveable as warm impulsive affection. Jeanie Dean wins our hearts as much by her heroic truth as Desdemona by her dying affectionate lie; but in the one case Miss Edgeworth painted an individual full of warmth and love and virtue, in the other she dissected the virtues and tried to make a woman of them. And yet she often betrays a very keen insight into the moral springs of action. The region of the passions is almost wholly unknown to her—the passion of an Othello which "tears up the soul by the roots," and scatters desolation over his life, the fell cunning of a Iago, the mad despair of a Lear, the wild ambition—the keen remorse of Macbeth, the overflowing love of Romeo and Juliet, open worlds of feeling seemingly unknown to her; we cannot recall an instance of any great awe-inspiring passion in all her writings. The passions are everywhere very manageable with her, the "illimitable possibilities of human nature" she does not reverse, she loves "the modest charm of not too much." We do not fear that General Clarendon, wronged, deceived as he is, will act in any but a gentle, manlike manner; and when he receives the penitent again, it is from a sense of justice, not from a gush of living affection. We never find that heroic goodness which overleaps all obstructions, but in average goodness, what insight into motives, what variety and shades of character do we find! What an admirable picture of the ennugant, what good humored satire in Lady Bearcroft and Lady Cloubrony. How admirable is the dissection of Mrs. Somers' benevolence, who with untiring sensibility makes sacrifices for her friends, and is then offended that the very sacrifices industriously concealed are not seen and appreciated. In what family is there not a generous, impulsive, unlucky Rosamond. How hard is the training which awaits her in life. From the purple jar of her infancy, to the day when to the old question, "When will Miss Rosamond's education be finished?" she answers "Never while she lives, she is the same in unity of nature, but she is growing and disciplining, and we feel that she will become a rich and noble character. And Frank, dear, good, heroic boy! How generous and true, yet withal how boyish. And gentle little Mary, content even when her woman's lot severs her from her dearly loved cousin, what a spirit of meek joy is she.

Miss Edgeworth's children's stories have had a wonderful influence over young minds, she makes goodness so manly, so fresh and vigorous, instead of sour and canting, like the Episcopalian young saints of Mrs. Sherwood & Co. She allies good behavior with good talents, and this is true to nature, and makes good conduct attractive to the ambitious school-boy. But one mischievous influence of Miss Edgeworth's writings is not sufficiently weighed. She excites an inordinate love of approbation, and a passion for self-sacrifice for the sake of the internal or external approval of the act, which wears such a show of goodness that we do not easily perceive its danger. The very highest motive, that of being good because goodness is eternally right and lovely, infinitely more so than evil, is not appealed to. Be good, that you may succeed in the long run, though you fail at first—that you may win the love and approbation of all around you—that you may have the approval of your own conscience, is, we grieve to say it, apparently her highest code of morality. She asks honesty, truth, industry, prudence, kindness, and all these her writings tend to cultivate, but we have heard even children express the want of something yet higher. She never incul-

icates that religious love of goodness and truth which can raise the character above the desire of present admiration, which can support it amid life-long ignominy and danger. The love of petty self-sacrifice for the pleasure of approbation, for the consciousness of superiority, is constantly fostered. This is a most false view of duty. Duty is never fully performed until it is done with joy, and not as a sacrifice; so long as that is felt to be a ground for a reward, it is a consent of the mind and will, but not of the whole heart and soul to the requirements of love. This leads us to the much vexed question of her religious character. Robert Hall said "she was the most irreligious writer he knew of," and "that after reading her works he could not for some time preach with his usual fervor." There is some truth in this charge; Miss Edgeworth is not an eminently spiritual and pious person; yet we doubt not that in accordance with the tone and character of her mind, she is a sincere, humble, grateful, loving Christian; but her mind does not rest in high abstractions, but in practical rules. She loves man more than she consciously loves God, and her religion is morality, more eminently than piety. We consider this a defect, or rather the result of the same defect in her mind, of which we have before spoken,—her want of imagination. It unfits her to influence some of the best minds, and yet perhaps her immediate influence, the good which she aimed to do, has been increased by this very defect. Had she possessed an intense passional nature, combined with imagination, it would have been out of the bounds of probability that she would have preserved that perfect fairness and freedom from prejudice in the midst of opposing sects and parties and nations, which carry her influence into every circle, and cause her to be received without distrust. An Irish-woman, she loves Scotch and English: a subject of Great Britain, she is just to France and America; Protestant, she hates neither pope nor priest; and a moderate reformer, she maligns neither conservatives nor radicals. She labored especially for Ireland; were she a zealous protestant sectarist, could she have won upon the catholic hearts of the Irish? would not her moral teachings have been marred by the heretical doctrines which accompanied them? On the other hand, she wished to promote good feeling and mutual respect between Irish and English; were she a zealous Catholic could she have found equal favor in their eyes? This indeed had not justified her in concealing strong religious opinions, but the stand-point of liberality best adapted to promote the end she had in view, is also that most congenial to her own nature. We should suppose one might indeed infuse a warm glow of piety without sectarianism into their meetings, and yet we have heard those not commonly called bigots object to Miss Sedgwick's "Home," which had ever seemed to us, Christianity made visible in modern life.

Miss Edgeworth has proved herself very clear-sighted in regard to Ireland; the evils of Absenteeism, which she so strongly depicts, are now felt to be the very incubus weighing her down to the dust, and the social evils which she saw in the midst of comparative prosperity are now coming out in all their horror, like a leprosy on the fair form of Green Erin. She has spoken her warning and manfully done her work, and while her heart aches at the desolation around her, she may yet hope that it has not been in vain.

Vivian and Helen are, perhaps, Miss Edgeworth's two most remarkable productions. In Vivian is portrayed a character full of good impulses, talented and loving, but infirm of purpose, wanting in strength, unable to say "no." He is continually helped and supported through his childhood; had he been allowed to stumble when he was learning to walk, he might not, perhaps, have fallen so grievously when he fancied he could go alone. His career is drawn with much power, he loses one blessing after another,—love, friendship, esteem, reputation, at last even self-respect and innocence, and at an early age dies by the hand of his greatest enemy, about the only man whom he has never wronged. Grouped around this character is his friend

Russell, one of Miss Edgeworth's unfortunate saints, so like a well-oiled machine, that one would as soon think of loving him as of embracing a spinning jenny; his mother a very good woman of the world, who wishes her son to be good up to the popular level, but is not willing he should sacrifice wealth, honor, comfort, to any extraordinary degree of virtue; the heartless hypocrite Wharton, with his base wife, and the family at Glasfenbury castle. Lady Sarah is a finely drawn character. With great strength of passion and affection, she has been trained to a mathematical, cold, rigid duty, which freezes every genuine impulse into stone, or rather encrusts them with a hard casing, for in the moment of trial her defense is ineffectual, and they burst forth and threaten to destroy her. Her love for the graceful, impulsive Kiran, is very natural; she loves in him what has been denied to her own life, and feels that she has strength for both. Soon as outward propriety permits it, through this one opening she pours the whole tide of her life; but it has been repressed too long, it is an inundation, not a refreshing shower; it checks his free will without awakening his affection, and while he every day draws farther from her in his heart, he is anxious to preserve to her all outward comfort and elegance. He never understands her, she is too far above him, has too much power over herself to permit him to do so, and only too late the knowledge bursts upon him to add another pang to his self-reproach, another horror to his death. This book is full of rich suggestions, of strong delineations of character, of important lessons, but the impression it leaves on the mind is sad and terrible; it wants the golden light of love and happiness to blend these fierce colors into beauty. The relief of the characters is exaggerated, and they stand out from the canvass like demons. We never approach this book without a shuddering dread. But how different is that last, best book, the crowning glory of Miss Edgeworth's useful career—Helen. We linger over its pages, we think of her with joy, we enshrine her name among those of our heart-friends, and alike her virtues and her faults are ministers of good to us. The other characters are fairly drawn around her,—the stern, hard integrity of Miss Clarendon, with her strong will and robust frame, the lovely, graceful, weak lady Cecilia, but bring out Helen's gentle, womanly strength of character more fully. Beauclerc and Helen are the only lovers Miss Edgeworth has ever painted, and in the midst of the serpent-like folds of evil ever twining closer about them, how refreshing is the perfect confidence between them. The moral of the book is fine; full, generous, living truth is the virtue it seeks to inculcate; not lip truth, but truth of the whole nature. We could wish that Miss Edgeworth here and often took a more decided reform ground. We would gladly hear her protest against duelling, (which she rebukes in Harrington,) war and slavery, more earnestly spoken. We think no one possessing any influence is blameless if he longer keep silence on these topics. A full and earnest expression of the best feelings of humanity is now alone necessary to banish them from the world forever.

We had felt that in speaking of Miss Edgeworth we could treat her as one who belonged to the past, although living, with that unprejudiced frankness which it is difficult to attain toward the present generation; but our heart was gladdened by the announcement of a new work from her pen. It was like the discovery of a new path in our favorite woods, a fresh letter from a long silent correspondent, a visit from a long absent friend. *Orlandino* is a simple tale for children, but it is written in Miss Edgeworth's best style. The mixture of Irish heart, of shrewd and desultory learning, with not a little imprudent vanity and love of excitement, in *Orlandino* is finely depicted, and he maintains his individuality throughout, even after his reformation. Walter is a noble boy, earnest, active, loving, somewhat abrupt and quick in thought and speech, but free from that self-consciousness which is so apt to embarrass her young heroes. The allusions to the Irish famine, and the temperance reformation of

Father Matthew, give an interest and life to the book, connecting it with such heart and home subjects of recent interest.

It is certainly an impressive spectacle to instance the unwearying exertions of this single-hearted woman in the cause of morality and of her country, and the old woman still writing fresh and charming stories for the young of a third or fourth generation, must have kept well alive the dream of her youth, and have still a warm, fresh heart. Hers must be a serene and quiet age, and when she passes the gates of the tomb, it will be only to receive the praise "Well done, good and faithful servant." She has used well the talents she possessed, and a wider sphere of life and usefulness will open before her

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Poetry.

THE LABORER'S THOUGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM,

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

We are born Men, to whom high thoughts are given,
 Heroic hearts, and souls of manly worth;
 Why do we bend our foreheads to the earth,
 And yield the kingly heritage of Heaven?
 Why tame to deadness the keen eye whose levin
 Flashed hot rebuke, when loathed Oppression's girth
 Galled the flayed bosom? Why this utter dearth
 Of human valor,—strength that might have riven
 Our chains, and taught the oppressors what it is
 To do and suffer tyranny, and how deep
 And sheer before them yawns the wide abyss,
 Where Ruin garners what the Avengers reap;
 Rouse! we've a weapon now more sure than steel,
 Strike home a mightier blow than fleshly arm can deal!

What! had we not the nerve, when silk-soft hands
 Put on the yoke, to dash the Insulter down;
 Was it *Forgiveness*, that we bore the frown
 Of our proud masters, till'd their teeming lands,
 And stooped unmurmuring to their hard commands,
 Till toil and scorn and suffering had grown
 Familiar to us as our own hearth-stone,
 And time was marked with falling tears for sands?
 But we were rook, and out of our own want
 And natural love, they forged the links we wear;
 They knew how Beggary and keen Famine daunt
 A Father's heart, and drive him to despair;
 We had but starving babes, and hands to toil,—
 They had the hoarded wealth, the wisdom, and the soil.

But now we know what right belongs to man,
 A Child's birthright to walk God's earth and live,—
 And learning this hath taught us to forgive,
 For we are brothers. What we must we can
 Suffer, in meekness, till our free breath fan
 Our wrongs away, than clouds more fugitive:
 And we will breathe it, till the mountains give
 Our voice to Heaven, and Heaven through all its span
 Resound our challenge to the hoary ill,
 Whose life, fore-doomed, shall feel it like the fire
 That cleaves thick midnight with electric thrill;
 Brave hearts shall leap to hear their dumb desire
 Mount Heaven in words, claiming the long-sought Good,
 When Wealth and Toil unite in one free Brotherhood.

In Love and Wisdom let us win, for all,
 What loveless cunning gave the stronger few;
 Not for one eye doth Heaven spread its blue,
 Green Earth her beauty, and the russet Fall

Gem with ripe fruits her golden coronal;—

All eyes should own delight in every hue,
 All hands should claim the glad task to renew
 Earth's fleeting bounties, and no hunger-call
 Go forth unanswered: One broad heritage
 God gives his children, and to us a power
 To make delightful the wide war we wage
 On Want and Ill—through which we win the dower
 Of strength, true manhood, and quick sympathy,
 Things which shall set, at last, Man and his Labor free.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU.

BY HARRIET WINSLOW.

Pilgrim to the heavenly city,
 Groping wildered on thy way---
 Look not to the outward landmark,
 List not what the blind guides say.
 For long years thou hast been seeking
 Some new idol found each day;
 All that dazzled, all that glittered,
 Lured thee from the path away.
 On the outward world relying,
 Earthly treasures thou would'st heap;
 Titled friends and lofty honors
 Lull thy higher hopes to sleep.
 Thou art stored with worldly wisdom,
 All the lore of books is thine:
 And within thy stately mansion
 Brightly sparkle wit and wine.
 Richly droop the silken curtains,
 Round those high and mirrored halls;
 And on mossy Persian carpets
 Silently thy proud step falls.
 Not the gentlest wind of heaven
 Dares too roughly fan thy brow,
 Nor the morning's blessed sunbeams
 Tinge thy cheek with ruddy glow.
 Yet midst all these outward riches,
 Has thy heart no void confessed---
 Whispering, though each wish be granted,
 Still, oh still I am not blessed?
 And when happy, careless children,
 Lured thee with their winning ways,
 Thou hast sighed in vain contrition,
 Give me back those golden days.
 Hadst thou stooped to learn their lesson,
 Truthful preachers---they had told
 Thou thy kingdom hast forsaken,
 Thou hast thy own birthright sold.
 Thou art heir to vast possessions,
 Up and boldly claim thine own;
 Seize the crown---that waits thy wearing---
 Leap at once into the throne.
 Look not to some cloudy mansion,
 'Mong the planets far away;
 Trust not to the distant future,
 Let thy heaven begin to-day.
 When thy struggling heart hath conquered
 When the path lies fair and clear;
 When thou art prepared for heaven,
 Thou wilt find that heaven is here.

THE UNIVERCÆLUM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1848.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

WITH this number we close the current volume of the *Univercœlum*, and the first year of its publication. It has been a year fraught with new hopes and aspirations and consecrated, as we trust, to the assertion of a nobler purpose, and the labor of a holier cause. At this crisis we may be allowed to express the pleasure we feel in being thus intimately associated, with many earnest and inquiring minds, in a movement which is destined to make an impression for good, and to record itself in the history of the soul.

The latent elements of all truth and goodness exist in man, and are warmed into being by the overshadowing influence of higher spheres. These germs are quickened by the spiritual sunlight, and along with their development great thoughts are born, and man grows divinely beautiful in spirit and life. We are called to witness the development of a *new idea*; a great Truth is unfolding its blossoms in the soul and shedding its fragrance on the moral atmosphere. Even now the Divine Spirit is about to be enshrined in the splendid creations of a new Era. The old heaven and the old earth—the religious and political institutions of the world—must pass away, and from the Chaos of dissolving systems the new heaven and the new earth shall arise and the reign of righteousness begin. We are conscious that this transformation may require a long period. The most stupendous changes are not accomplished in a moment; they serve, rather to mark the transit of uncounted years. What if we do not remain to witness, with these imperfect senses, the completion of the work already begun: we shall still live, and with a clearer vision read the sequel of Earth's history.

Life has been compared to a drama in which every one has his part assigned him. The earnest man—the true man—will not neglect his turn because he is not permitted to appear in the last scene. The duties of to-day are as essential to the final result as those of the morrow, or of the remote future. Well will it be, therefore, if we but discharge the obligations of our own time. If true to existing relations, and faithful in the observance of present duties, we shall neither live in vain nor fail of our reward. It is written that he who is faithful over a few things—conforms to the laws of physical nature—shall so develop his higher powers and enlarge his capacity that he shall become a ruler over many things. It is true that when the soul assumes the governing power, and the inward senses are quickened and exercised, a new world is gradually opened to our contemplation. Thus we are born of the spirit, and find ourselves in the midst of an empire, vast and beautiful, in which the conscious soul reigns with God.

We are prepared to enter on another year with more definite views of the enterprise in which we are most deeply concerned, and with a better knowledge of our reciprocal duties and relations. With a serene and cheerful spirit, yet with affections chastened and hopes graduated by the experience of the past, we go on our way rejoicing.

S. B. B.

There are a few—say eight or ten—of our subscribers who are also subscribers to the "*Univercœlum*." Those of them who have paid for the "*Rationalist*," will have their case attended to in due time, as soon as other arrangements are completed.

W. M. F.

"THE CHRISTIAN RATIONALIST."

FROM Bro. Fernald's address to his Patrons, which is published this week, it will be perceived that the *RATIONALIST* has been discontinued, and its subscription list transferred to us. That the paper did not succeed is no fault of its talented Editor, who has labored with a zeal worthy of more auspicious results. We are most surprised that, with the limited means and instruments at command, Bro. Fernald has accomplished so much in so brief a period. While we lament that his success, in this noble enterprise, has not been commensurate with his most ardent desires, we are most happy to welcome him again to his place in the columns of the *Univercœlum*.

It has been proposed to have a Boston Department in our paper, under the head of the *CHRISTIAN RATIONALIST*, but after mature deliberation it is deemed inexpedient to make this change. The *New-York* head is only important to us in our *business relations*, since the *Univercœlum* is designed to be a world-wide exponent of Spiritual Philosophy and Christian Ethics. It should, therefore, seek a "local habitation," where it finds its name—in the great *UNIVERSE*. If the subscribers to the *Rationalist* have not its head, they may still preserve what is more to be prized—its heart—in the person of Bro. FERNALD; and we trust they will respond to its pulsations as truly as when it was wont to beat in another body.

As a fearless inquirer into the principles and processes of Nature, and an advocate of universal reform, the *Univercœlum* is now cherished in the homes and hearts of thousands. Though there are few places, comparatively, where our subscribers are very numerous, yet the paper has already made friends in the most distant portions of the Union. It circulates in the British Possessions in the north; it is finding its way into the West India Islands and South America, and is destined to exert a wide and powerful influence.

With our present resources, we think we shall be able to render our paper all that the friends of the *Rationalist* can either expect or desire. It should be borne in mind that hereafter all letters and communications should be addressed to us, and that the amount due the *Rationalist* for subscriptions is, by the terms of the transfer, made payable at this office.

The *Univercœlum* will be distributed in Boston by the carriers of the *Rationalist*, and an Agency will be established there with as little delay as possible. The subscribers in other places will receive the paper through the Post Office, and should any irregularity occur, as possibly there may at the beginning, we desire immediate information of the fact.

S. B. B.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF THE "RATIONALIST."

YOU are presented, this week, with the *Univercœlum* instead of the *Rationalist*. Our reasons for this change are these: The work we undertook alone we found to be more than we could well attend to, in justice to ourself and the cause. While we edited the *Rationalist*, we (forgive this editorial we) performed the work of at least two ordinary men. We stood *emphatically* alone. We were Editor, Accountant, Boy and all. We performed the writing of two editors, as they generally run; we kept all our own accounts, attended to the Printer, mailed our own papers, did our own running, and did it *well* too. We claim the right to boast a little here. But we could not, after all, do as well as we wished to do; were obliged to hurry in the performance of editorial duty; the work was incessant, and so was the joy. But we could not attend to everything and more too, and take that time for thinking and breathing which we must have in order to live any way with in the range of tolerable circumstances. We found also, that we were dealing with subjects too high and all-embracing, for the brief and hurried time we could allot to them.

But we could have hired help. Yes, that we could have done, but could not pay for the hire. We must do *all* alone, or else not do at all. So that want of *Cash*, in the last analysis, must be our apology for the change adopted. Some of our subscribers have not yet paid in—they can now send to office of the "Univercelum."

We are glad, friends, to be able to present you with a paper so ably sustained and ably conducted. It has now a stock company to back it, and there is an association of editors which *must* make it a most attracting and useful sheet. The principles of this paper are, in the main, the same as those of the Rationalist. Its *name* needs to be defined, as also its pronunciation. For this we are not at all accountable. It signifies the *united revolving heavens*; and the idea is simply, that it embraces *all* things, spiritual and material, which are of any importance to moral, religious, and social progression. Its pronunciation is U-ni-ver-se-cum.

But in this paper is also the Rationalist, (all but the name,) alive and active. We shall occupy a reasonable space each week, and our correspondents will also appear here, so that on the whole, we shall probably be able to present quite as interesting a paper as our subscribers have hitherto been treated with.

It is the *united* design on the part of the editors, to make this sheet the organ of a thorough spiritual and social reformation,—to inculcate truth regardless of sect, to maintain perfect freedom, and to aid in hastening on that period when there shall be one Religion—the religion of the Universe; one Philosophy—the philosophy of Nature; one Church—the church of Humanity, embracing all mankind in Unity.

W. M. FERNALD

REFLECTIONS.

IT IS A COMFORTABLE thought, that after all the cares, trials, and changes of this world, that another and more expanded scene—a scene of Harmony and Joy, is to open up to us in the progress of Nature. The same may be illustrated by appeals to the lower kingdoms. Could we suppose the mineral to be endowed with consciousness, there can be no doubt that it would dilate with joy, on its ascension to the vegetable kingdom; how much finer would be its conditions, more delicate its structure, and more extended its life. Again, could we suppose the same of the vegetable, what an increase of delight, and compass of interest, on its ascension to the kingdom of animated Nature. So precisely of man. As he leaves the material sphere in which he is born—in which his spirit first receives its individualization and consciousness, and ascends to the spiritual sphere which is developed out of this grosser, what must be his sensations of wonder, and of wondering admiration! We do not believe that those who have lived in gross crime and iniquity will find all pleasureable in that higher state, but there can be no doubt that their outward circumstances and society will be more harmonious, and so adapted to restore them more speedily to purity and happiness. But to the virtuous mind—to the mind distracted with care, and torn with anxiety—to the disappointed and afflicted—to those out of place and in misery by the inharmonious conditions of our present society, how grateful and joyous must be the change from this earthly, to that heavenly sphere, like rising to a higher nature, and unfolding to a greater beauty and harmony. How pure must be the joys, how sweet and deep the affections, how elate the spirit, and withal how serene, and how extensive the prospect! I confess, this is my highest joy—the hope of such a change as this. It is this that sustains me in all my trials, and in all my changes in this world. I *know* it to be truth. I want no further demonstration. Faith has become knowledge, or at least merged into a living reality, which the wealth of worlds could not tempt me to surrender. God be praised for his unspeakable gift.

W. M. F.

"THE NINETEENTH CENTURY;"

EDITED BY C. CHAUNCEY BURR, Philadelphia.

As both the July and October numbers of this noblest of *Quarteries* passed by without a word of acknowledgment, or good cheer, from our columns, we propose, at the present time, to make amends for the apparent neglect, by referring to them both. That the previous neglect was *only* apparent, our brother will readily believe, when he knows the circumstances of illness, absence, and, withal, the pressure of many cares, which contributed their barriers against this pleasing duty.

The leading article of No. III, entitled "Life—the Ideal and the Actual," and the "Means and Chances of Success in Life," in No. IV, are among the best efforts of that truly practical, cogent, and earnest writer, HORACE GREELEY.

"She hath Fallen," is a touching little poem by FANNY RENSHAW. We know nothing of the author; but in the sweet spirit of her verses—in their simple and touching pathos—they approach to the best efforts of Hood; and, moreover, realize the spirit of the age, which is beginning ever more clearly to perceive, and recognize, that the sinner is not so much a legal subject of vindictive abuse and punishment, as of that pity, and love, which ever regard the unfortunate erring as victims of constitutional disease, or of external wrong, which, very probably, they may have been wholly unable to resist, and by which the best of us might, very possibly, have fallen. Whoever shews this truth most clearly is the truest benefactor of the race; for a misapprehension of the best remedy for social wrong, is the great mistake of the Past, which the Present is striving, with what light, and what force it may, to correct.

PARK GODWIN'S Address to the People of the United States is a clear and philosophical analysis of social evils, and their remedy, worthy alike of its author, and of the attention of every individual to whom it is inscribed.

"The Maid of the Mist," by KNOWLTON, is a charming fancy; and if a portion of the superfluous steam of these matter-of-fact times could often be wrought into such ethereal "*mist*," and peopled with such fairy-like forms, we should certainly be a more refined, if not a richer people.

In the series of "Hymns for the People," by CARLOS D. STUART, the very chains of oppression seem to have forgotten their old menial clank, and, in the hands of the gifted minstrel, to ring out the deepest, the most heart-searching melodies. Are not these, and kindred strains, an earnest that the day dawns in whose annealing fires the cold iron of all bondage shall be entirely fused, until the softening links of wrong shall fall away forever, from the festering limbs, and the cramped and distorted soul?

"Woman's Rights, and Woman's Place," by CORA MONTGOMERY. This paper is the work of a true woman; and wherever may be, at this moment, her "local habitation," here is an arm long enough to reach across the intervening space, and draw her into a right fraternal embrace, of a heart that leaps with joy, and swells with pride for her sex, when it comes in contact with such a nature; and blessed be Chauncey Burr for fostering such a manifestation of woman's rights, for it is only the *TRUE MAN* that can acknowledge, or even dare, the absolute equality, and companionship with man's most exalted nature, of the *TRUE WOMAN*. Nor is our sister Cora merely speculative. She deals with facts. Tracing the chain of history from the earliest times, she proceeds to shew that the treatment of woman affords an exact measure, not only of the civilization, but of the absolute strength of any people. For whomsoever that cannot read the whole article—and it is a pity any one cannot—we copy a portion of the closing paragraph: "Does any one believe that our institutions could be preserved for two generations, if the women of America were deprived of their intelligence, and honorable independence, and reduced to the Asiatic level? If not, it becomes the first duty of legislators to secure amplest nurture

for this intelligence; and to protect, with all the safeguards of the law, their citizen rights. Not to make laws, nor to execute them, which is freely conceded to the obvious fitness of man, but to cherish and instruct infancy, and to be FITLY PREPARED FOR THAT DUTY—to soothe the afflicted, to aid the weak, to ennoble as well as embellish household life, to share in all the inspirations of poetry and art, to raise and expand the mind to the measure destined by God, to study and reflect; to learn and compare all that is wise, good, and true—to become, in one comprehensive sentence, capable guides for the children of the republic, and the competent partners of the heart, home, honor, and happiness, of those who are themselves the state; and to enjoy all this, in freedom and respect, is the right of woman. It is already assured to her in this land of freemen, and each day with more liberal distinctness; and as man becomes free everywhere, will woman share his freedom, for a true and enlightened liberty cannot exist while one sex remains in bondage." Let such doctrines, and such women, be multiplied in the land until they become universal;—for let us not believe we are, yet, by any means, as free as we may, or ought to be;—and the brightest dream of social amelioration ever cherished by the fondest enthusiast would be more than realized.

It is impossible to notice singly all the glistening soul-beams from this brilliant constellation of genius, unless, indeed, we could get out an extra for the occasion; but we cannot pass by "The Deserted House," by R. H. STODDARD. Mr. Stoddard is a working man; and he handles his subject with a true artizan skill. In this poem, particularly, he manifests a graphic power of description, a spiritual inhabiteness of the actual scene—and a delicate pathos, a truth and nature, worthy of Burns. But that he is a true man, and therefore more like himself than any other man, he might be called the American Burns; for he has caught the true Promethean fire, and drunk deeply of the living waters of Helicon.

"The Carpenter and the Carpenter's Son," and "The Sisterhood of the Green Veil," ably sustain the reputation of their author, GEORGE LIPPARD, who, in the form of prose, embodies subjects of truly epic grandeur, managing the details with a dramatic power and expression, which are unrivaled, as they are truly original and impressive.

The Editor's papers are redolent not only with beauties, which are kept ever fresh by a free and natural play of the most genial humor, but also with the true philosophy of life—demonstrable principles of action. He is not *merely* a poet—which he most pre-eminently is—but a man capable of the far-reaching, and comprehensive thought, which has regard to the policy of nations, and the welfare of man—not, indeed, with the cold eye of a mere speculator, but with the warm heart of a true brother. His papers on Ireland, and other subjects, are fine instances in support of this. But most especially does he excel in delineating the character of Genius. Here, as by an intuitive sympathy, he is at home. We feel that he is invested with clairvoyance, and placed *en rapport* with his subject. His papers on Shelley, Byron, and Carlyle, are cases in point. We must not forget the fine portrait of Carlyle, which adorns the last number. Without ever having seen his mortal features, we feel that THIS must be the author of Sartor Resartus. The whole of that most quaint, but profound conception, seems nestling in the curves of the mouth; and the great deep soul of Teufelsdröckh, is looking out from those large dark eyes. This portrait is worth the price of the volume, if one could get it no otherwise.

"The Last Vendue" is one of the quaintest thoughts of that sprightly and graceful writer, RALPH HOYT. But there is not a finer thing of the kind in our language than the "Hymn to Departed Genius," by the Editor. In these exquisite stanzas the spiritual delicacy and tender sweetness of Shelley, are embodied in the real means of the bereaved brother. Much more might be said of the work; but enough has been said to shew

that the Table of the Nineteenth Century is always spread with a feast of fat things, and whoever may, for the sum of three dollars, purchase admission to such a repast, though he were the veriest Yankee of us all, he could not wish his money back again.

A PHILOSOPHICAL SPIRIT.

"I have had," says Zschokke, in his autobiography, "like every other mortal, my portion of the burden of human sorrow. The first weight of an affliction might shake or bear me down for a moment, as it might any man, but with increased elasticity of spirit I rose again, and bore my appointed burthen without murmuring; I will say more, although ordinary people may shake their heads incredulously. An earthly sorrow was not even always unwelcome. It weaned me from too great trust on the transitory, and made known to me the degree of strength and self-reliance which I yet retained in the season of the passions.

"There is—of this I am, and have long been thoroughly convinced—no evil in the world but sin! The consciousness of guilt alone spins the black threads that run through the many-colored web of life even to the grave. Not God is the creator of our woes, but man himself, in his self-pampering, in his over-estimation of pompous nothingness, his fostering of selfish desires. He cries like a child who cannot have everything its own way, and at seventy years of age is not yet a man. He weeps, and complains, and despairs, because God does not *obey him*. But every external misfortune is as worthy a gift of God as every external good. I too, like other men, have suffered from the most barefaced ingratitude; but I suffered without repining, for I had not acted as I had done for the sake of their gratitude. Friends have deceived me; I felt no anger against them, I had deceived myself in them. I bore misconception and persecution calmly, because I knew how discordant were opinions, and how vehement their attendant passions. The hardships of poverty I have endured without a sigh; I had learned, from my own experience, that outward poverty brings inward wealth. I have known the loss of moderate, but hardly-earned wealth; such losses never embittered a single day; they only taught me to work and be economical. I have been the happy father of happy children; twelve sons and a daughter were mine, and I have sat with a bleeding heart by the death-bed of four of these sons. I felt in the last breath they drew, that 'divine sorrow' which illumines the soul."

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS.

1. When you undertake to write for the public, be sure you have something to communicate.
2. Let the idea you would express be well defined, in your own mind, before you attempt to convey it to others.
3. Be particular to express your thoughts in as few words as possible, and avoid a too frequent recurrence of the same terms in similar relations.
4. Remember that an idea, when once appropriately expressed, derives no additional force or importance by being repeated.
5. Do not begin by selecting the profoundest subject within the whole range of human thought. We recollect an instructive anecdote of a boy, who was presented with a new hatchet, and he straightway got on to the largest log in the wood—and then—he got off again! It is not advisable to take the largest log first.
6. If unpracticed in composition, bear in mind that you may exhaust your powers in treating a familiar theme.
7. Always commence where your subject begins, and stop where it ends.

[Ed.]

The Physician

COLD FEET;
THEIR CAUSES AND CURE.WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERGELUM,
BY A. J. DAVIS,

EVERY BODY knows what it is to have cold feet. The young and old sometimes experience the unpleasant and disturbing sensations arising from this slight affliction. The youth in school is disturbed with cold feet, the aged in bed is sleepless with cold feet, the student in his chamber is pained with cold feet,—cold feet disturbs every body sometimes, and every body will understand what I mean when I announce my intention to consider the difficulty. Though it is a small disturbance in the physical temperature, it is a very uncomfortable and unhealthy one. At first, the unpleasant difficulty may exist independent of any organic or functional derangement, but it is capable of eventually developing and urging them into being. The affliction may seem of itself small and insignificant—and so it is—but it can and frequently does cause great and important consequences. And believing that in order to render the *whole* of any structure perfect and harmonious, its parts and trifling integral portions must be correspondingly perfect, I turn my attention, as a physician of the body, to its minutest disturbances.

1. THE CAUSES. The primary or fundamental causes of cold feet, as of every other affliction known in nature or in technical schools, is a want of equilibrium in the physical temperature—sometimes owing to an absence of blood from the parts—sometimes to an absorption of the moving principle into the brain,—or, in more appropriate language, the absorption of the mind from the extremities of the organization into the various instrumentalities of thought and feeling. The secondary causes of cold feet, therefore, are intense and protracted mental action. Any thing that draws powerfully upon the mind and feelings whether it be study or passion, will attract the spiritual essence and living current (the blood) from the circumference and extremities, to the center and superior portions of the body; and this will produce cold feet and hands, to a greater or less extent, according to the susceptibility of different individuals.

Another very plain and general cause of cold feet is an exposure to the piercing winds, cold rains, heavy frosts, and deep snows, during the autumnal, winter, and spring months. The reader will allow me to state the truth. There are great numbers of children—of men—of women—who are very poor, and who, consequently, reside in the midst of sickening and disheartening circumstances—who are daily compelled to tread the streets of New York and other cities, and the thorny, flowerless paths of present social life—without good shoes and stockings, if indeed they have any at all. I think it requires no interior perception, but only christian charity and common sense, to obtain knowledge of this fact; nor is it necessary to employ interior wisdom to determine the coldness of the feet of the poor, nor to remind missionaries of all sects, of the *absolute* necessity of exemplifying their fondness for doing good, for clothing the naked, for healing the sick, for opening the eyes of the physically and spiritually blind, and for extirpating sin and wretchedness, by confining their labors to the towns, the cities, and the communities in which they fortunately reside.

It is of but little consequence to the sufferer with cold feet, what particular cause or causes are engaged in rendering them so, if he is put in possession of such information as will enable him to cure the disturbance.

2. THE CURE. If the difficulty is produced by poor shoes and stockings, the natural treatment is—get them repaired, or purchase better ones. But if you *can not possibly*, and consistently with paramount duties and obligations, purchase better

ones, the cure is—*not to steal them*—but go the Treasurer of the "New York American Tract Society," or to the Treasurer of the vast Trinity Church Property, or, especially and above all, visit the Treasurer and Directors of the "Board of Foreign Missions;" or, if you live too far from these societies, call upon similar ones in your own neighborhood, and state *truthfully* your condition. All of these companies and organizations of clergymen and laymen, are professedly anxious for objects and opportunities requiring and permitting the manifestation of indwelling good and Christianity. Go, therefore, to these Christian corporations; state the simple truth, and with the *means* they furnish you, purchase good shoes, and, if need be, other clothing, for yourself, your children, or your companion. If any cold feet are warmed by this prescription, I earnestly desire the relieved one to favor me with particulars of the cure, that I may communicate to the world the novel and extraordinary occurrence.

If the coldness of the feet is the result of intense study, or mental excitement, or of any disease known, I would prescribe the following as a reliable specific: According to the size of the sole of the shoe or boot you wear, get two copper and zinc plates. The *copper* plate is to be folded (as directed in the section on dyspepsia.) upon the *zinc* plate about half or three quarters of an inch, and this lapping is to be in the hollow of the foot. The philosophy of the prescription is this: Zinc and copper, like many other metals, when thus intimately associated with each other, generate an electric fluid. This fluid is capable of assimilating almost immediately with the life and spiritual forces of the human system; and by its constant introduction and penetration into the system where coldness and *slow motions* are existing, a *quicker* motion is created; and this re-attracts the inward principle to that particular locality, and re-establishes the equilibrium of the physical temperature.

Fearing, however, the patient may not fully understand the arrangement of these metallic plates, I will state the directions more simply. The zinc and copper plates should be about as thick as sheet tin. The copper plate should extend from the *toes* to the center of the foot, and the zinc should extend from the *heel* to the center, where they should be folded within one another or clasped together—just as tin sheets are locked together, which are used in roofing houses. I would advise that the plates be fitted to the shape of the foot by molding them over, or hammering them into the shape of the sole, on a shoe-maker's Last.

These plates can be worn on the soles of the feet in the bed, in the study, or in the counting room. Those subject to cold feet should wear these plates at night. They should be warmed before placing them on; and the feet will be delightfully warm in an hour.

Those who can not get the plates, can rub their feet with red pepper and gum of camphor in equal quantities, finely pulverized: or blood root, or bayberry bark, and camphor in the same proportions. Simple brandy and mustard seed are an excellent remedy for cold feet, if used in bathing them just before retiring. I do not treat the simple affliction of cold feet as a disease. It may, however, be called a disease. It is induced by the same causes that are engaged in developing the most violent fever or the most fatal disease,—being different in importance and intensity from almost all other disturbances, only because it is quite removed from the natural functions and dependencies of the internal organs.

CHRISTIANS use their bible much as the lawyers use their statute books; and believing in their own immortality same as the Spaniards did their *wishes* about the El Dorado. But the *man* (who is more than a christian,) reads the bible as he would a novel; and believes in the soul's eternal being somewhat as Columbus did in the existence of a new world.

[CHARLES WORTH.]

THE PALATE; ITS STRUCTURE AND DISEASES.

THE term *palate* is derived from the Latin *Palo*, to cover, and hedge in; but the organ which it is employed to designate, is, owing to its shape, more scientifically and properly termed *Uvula*, which signifies conical and grape form. The *Uvula* or palate is a thin short muscle; it is suspended between two veil-like membranes of the mouth, which constitute two arches serving to protect the palate and pharynx and to assist them in the performance of their respective functions. The two membranes on each side of the palate, in consequence of their veil-like and arch-like character and appearance, are scientifically termed *velum pendulum palati*; and within, before and behind these membranes and the palate, are little bones of irregular shape and proportions. In the region of the palate, behind the *velum pendulum palati*, are processes which connect with the head; through these air and secretions pass to and from the head and lungs.

1. THE USE. I think physiologists can not say what are the natural functions of the palate. The larynx influences the intonations of the voice; the pharynx conveys the masticated food from the tongue and fauces into the œsophagus; but in all these functions and processes it does not appear, upon dissecting the bones and muscles, what use the palate subserves. Physicians have not discovered all the truths in medical science; nor have physiological anatomists ascertained all the various uses and functions of the human bones and muscles. It is a common expression relative to anything pleasant to the taste, "that it pleases the palate,"—giving the impression that food and liquids are tasted, and their flavors distinguished, by the palate. Of course, no one requires to be told that this is not true. However, what is scientifically termed the palate, (meaning the mouth,) in fact, is the instrument of distinguishing flavors. But what is ordinarily termed palate, (the *Uvula*) is designed simply to arrest and graduate the ingress of air required to speak, and by it the voice is modulated, and rendered soft and musical. Without the *Uvula*, the voice is smothered and nasal. Physicians say that the palate is intended to move backwards, and forwards, and upwards, and downwards, according to the actuating influence of the *palato-pharyngeus*, or of the slight muscle which proceeds from the several membranes of the mouth, and lies at the base of the *Uvula* or palate—but what this movement is for does not, to them appear. The use of the palate is intimately associated with the use of the larynx, in the production and modulation of vocal expression. Anything, therefore, that interferes with the palate, interferes with the structure of the vocal organs, and the healthy sensations of the throat.

2. ITS DISEASES. One of the diseases to which the palate is subject, is *inflammation*. This is generally accompanied with enlargement of the *tonsils*, and the inflammation spreads over almost all the membranes. The symptoms are heat, smarting irritation, and dryness. The dryness extends considerably down the throat or œsophagus. Another disease is, *Ulceration* or festering tubercles. This is the development of the inflammation,—an approach to decay and decomposition. Another disease is, *prolapsus*,—this generally occurs between inflammation and decomposition. This is usually termed "the falling of the palate." Another is an *enlargement* of the palate at its base and end. It will be evident to the patient when the palate is inflamed, or ulcerated, or fallen, or enlarged. Inflammation is the first indication, in almost every instance, of farther development. After a slight inflammation, the muscles and membranes become weak and seemingly incapable of sustaining the little muscle of which the palate is composed. If the palate gets down, and remains so a few days, it sometimes seems impossible to get it up again. It will become more elongated and spongy at the lowest point; and occasionally the end will decompose and drop away.

3. THE CAUSES, of prolapsus *uvula* (or falling of the palate) are bronchial affections, or diseases of the throat, viz: influenza; catarrh; coughing and the constant expectoration of mucus; and the involuntary movements among the muscles and tissues, which form the *velum pendulum palati*, the *uvula* the *larynx*, and the bronchial arrangement in general, while thinking or writing. I have seen instances where medicine had been taken for months to cure bronchial and throat diseases when *nothing* was wrong but the falling of the palate. Some people do not seem to know when their palate is down, or what causes a tickling cough—indeed, unless an examination is made, it is sometimes difficult to tell from what cause a slight cough originates. A simple cold is the general cause of the falling of the palate; but a long, protracted disease is not unfrequently the cause of its permanent elongation.

4. THE CURE. Caustics, and the knife, are to be avoided except in extreme cases. If after using the ordinary means to bring the palate up, it remains elongated and white at the end, commence the use of cold water bandages about the neck. Do this day and night, and whenever convenient, gargle the throat with Mullein-leaf tea, made very strong. A plaster of Burgundy pitch, worn on the back of the neck, is exceedingly good for coughing and falling of the palate; but if the throat is inflamed, —and dryness, and coughing, are the symptoms, prepare a lung-fumigation every day, and use it, according to the following directions: half an ounce of the oil of turpentine; one fourth of an ounce of tolu balsam; and a pine knot, (broken in small pieces,) or one gill of tar. Put these three articles in an iron pot or pan, and set them on fire, being careful to avoid setting the house on fire. Leave the room as soon as the articles have commenced burning, and fix over your mouth and nose a piece of sponge, saturated with water. Now enter the room, and walk about,—inhaling the smoke and vapors, arising from the above mentioned materials, half or three quarters of an hour. If the throat and lungs are not stifled or pressed, when inhaling the vapor without the sponge, then the sponge can be dispensed with. For colds, coughs, prolapsus-*uvula*, consumption, and every bronchial disease known, this *lung-fumigation*, is confidently recommended. Animal magnetism, or human influence, is an auxiliary in the successful treatment of this as of every other disease. In France there is a new sect of physicians who employ the organs of animals to cure corresponding organs in the human body. This is animal magnetism; it is reducing the physical temperature of the human system with the magnetic life residing in the animal structure. But I would urge the more refined practice of human influence, in every disease having for its origin atomic and temperatural disturbances.

~~~~~

WHEN on the quiet of my lonely hours  
Some softly whispering inspiration steals;  
Am I less blest than he whose spirit feels  
The deepest movings of the muse's powers?  
Nay. For the sunlight that gilds up the towers  
Of princes—in the sheltered lane reveals  
The beauty of the primrose,—and unseals  
Phials of fragrance in the violet's bowers.  
For poetry can glad, illumine, sustain,  
And dignify the humblest heart she sways;  
And though the world the trifles may disdain,  
Still dear unto the poet are his lays.  
And whoso seeketh shall not seek in vain,  
For joys abundant in her pleasant ways.

[JERROLD'S MAG.]

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CONTENTMENT has long been talked of as a great attainment. At best it is but passive, idle; and produces nothing positive, which is not a very high happiness. A better philosophy would be to wring from every thing untoward some means of advancement.

C. W.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE HYACINTH.

EMILY was in great trouble that the winter lasted so long; for she loved the flowers, and had a little garden of her own, where she tended the most beautiful flowers with her own hands. Therefore she sighed after spring, and longed for the winter to be gone.

The father then said to her: See, Emily, I have brought you a flower-bulb; you must, however, yourself nurture it with great care. How can I do that, my father? replied the maid. The snow still lies without, and the ground is as hard as a stone! She did not know that flowers could be raised in pots, for she had never seen it. Her father, however, gave her a flower-pot, filled with soil; and Emily planted the bulbous root in it. But she looked on her father, and smiled, in doubt whether he was in earnest; for she thought there must be a blue heaven over the flower, and the breath of spring floating around it, and that such beauty could not thrive under her hands.

For juvenile simplicity and humility expects not the extraordinary to take place for its sake.

After some days, the earth in the pot began to open up, and on its surface there shot out green germs of leaves, pushing themselves up into the light. Then Emily jumped for joy, and proclaimed to father, mother, and the whole house, the birth of the young plant.

The parents smiled, and said to each other: We shall now see her as careful of her little plant as of a child, with quiet love and hope: so will we rejoice in our Emily, as she in her little charge.

Emily carefully sprinkled the plant with water, and looked down upon it with a smile of pleasure. The father saw, and said: That is right, my child! The sunshine must follow the rain and dew. The beaming of the friendly eye gives its value to the good deed which the hand performs. Your little plant will grow finely, Emily.

Now the leaves shot forth entirely out of the bosom of the earth, and shone in lovely green; and then was Emily's joy greatly enhanced. Oh, said she, out of an overflowing heart, I would even be satisfied if no flower were to appear at all!

Contented spirit! said the father; more will be granted thee than thou dar'st to hope. That is the reward of modest contentment. He shewed her the germ of the flower that lay concealed between the leaves.

Emily's care and affection increased daily, as the flower gradually developed itself. With tender hand she sprinkled the water upon it, and asked whether it was enough or too much, and whether, also, it might not be too cold. And when a sunbeam came through the window, walking softly, she carried the plant over into the sunshine, and with her breath blew the dust from the leaves, as the breezes of morning blew around the rose.

Oh, the sweet union of the most tender love and innocence! said the father. The purer the spirit the more celestial the love.

With thoughts of her flower Emily went to sleep at night and awoke in the morning. Often in her dreams, too, she saw her hyacinth in full bloom, and when in the morning she was disappointed in not finding it in bloom, she was undisturbed in her feelings, and said, smiling: It may yet bloom! Sometimes, also, she asked her father in what colors the flower would probably appear. And after going through all the colors, she would say with cheerful voice: It is all one to me, so it only blooms.

Sweet phantasy! said the father, how beautifully dost thou port and play around innocent love and infantile hope!

At length the flower bloomed. Twelve bells had opened out in the early morning. Between five broad emerald-green leaves they hung down in youthful beauty. Their color was rosy, like the blush of the morning red, or the delicate glow on Emily's

checks. The fragrance that emanated from the flower was balsamy. It was a serene morning in March.

Emily could not comprehend the glory. Her joy was silent, and not expressed in words. She lay on her knees before the flower and gazed upon it.

The father stepped up and looked upon his darling child and her blooming hyacinth, and with deep emotion, said: Behold, what your hyacinth is to you, that you are to us, Emily! She sprang up and embraced her father; and after a long embrace, said, with gentle voice: Oh, my father, that I could give you such joy as it gives me!

K.

EARTH'S BATTLE FIELD.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCOLUM.

FEAR NOT, ye who now press on,
For the victory shall be won!
Pause not, but increase your speed,
In this march there's constant need.
Seek the Truth, the Falsehood scorn,
Be Love's banner o'er you borne,
Be your armor honest worth,
Be your battle-field the earth.

Here are foes well worth the fighting,
Here are wrongs well worth the righting,
Here are sorrowing hearts to bless,
Here's oppression to redress;
Here's the field for worthy labor---
Love to God and love to neighbor:
This your battle-field, O Man!
Conquer it! for well ye can.

There is one who went before you,
He is Brother---Captain o'er you;
He hath fought the warfare pending,
His example is strength lending;
Where he stood ye too may stand;
Where he raised ye raise the hand;
He hath left the field for glory---
Be your prompting theme his story.

For the wronged ones well he fought;
For the weary ones he sought;
To the sorrowing brought relief;
Taught, nor was his influence brief---
Taught by word and action too;
Do ye as your Lord did do,
And to you shall be extended
Victor crowns when life is ended.

Teach and act; by acting teach;
Seize the work within your reach;
Say not "This is not my sphere,"
Need of worker? Then 'tis here.
Onward! though the strife be long,
Right shall triumph over wrong.
Work! nor deem the victory won,
Till on earth God's will is done.

H. E. K.

NATURAL LAW.—The man who has made himself acquainted with the moral law of God, which is equally the law of his mental constitution, and preserves himself in a happy state of conformity to it, has done a great work; but only half that appointed him to perform, unless he has applied his intellectual faculties to study the will of God in the book of Nature, and brings himself, as far as possible, into habitual conformity to the statutes and ordinances which he finds written therein.

THE UNIVERCÆLUM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

It is impossible to disguise the fact that many of the most enlightened men are beginning to test and interpret all external objects and appearances, by certain great internal and spiritual laws, simultaneous revelations of which are occurring in various parts of the civilized world. And along with this we perceive a disposition, every where, to question *all things*, and to judge of their relative importance by the product of their *actual results*, as these may affect the general interests of Society, or regard the universal wants of MAN.

Many advanced minds are no longer satisfied with the old corporeal mythicism and mysticism of the Past; they are rejecting the lifeless formulæ of ceremonials and rituals, and seeking for some intrinsic principle of Truth, and embodiment of Goodness, which shall fully satisfy the prophetic aspirations of all past ages, and realize the Ideal of all living and God-like men.

It will be perceived that among the distinguishing features of the age is the development of

A NEW PHILOSOPHY,

based on the interior principles of things, rather than mere external forms and visible manifestations. This Philosophy unfolds the WORLD WITHIN, and thus serves as an exponent of spiritual phenomena which have hitherto been inexplicable, although they occur within the sphere of ordinary human observation. The pure and beautiful principles of this Divine Philosophy are now spreading with electric light and power, from soul to soul, like the heralds of a new and higher civilization, and no barriers can arrest their progress, save those which define the boundaries of Reason and Intelligence. One inevitable consequence of the dissemination of these principles will be

THE TOTAL ANNIHILATION OF ALL MATERIALISM.

Through the medium of this Philosophy we look through the forms of things and discern their essences. It establishes the truth that the reality of all Being is invisible to the outward sense, and proves, by a process of reasoning that admits of no appeal, that SPIRIT is the origin and end of all things. Wherever it is received

IT DESTROYS ALL SKEPTICISM AND INFIDELITY.

Its mission is to trace visible things to their invisible causes; to show that all material forms are the ever changing expressions of spiritual realities; that all things, whether in the world of matter or mind, rest on a purely natural basis, and that the most wonderful developments of the material and spiritual creation, admit of a rational explanation. It accounts for the inspiration, and the revelations made to the divinely gifted Seers of the Past, and exhibits the rationale of the spiritual phenomena in which the human mind is mysteriously and almost daily impressed, either in a sleeping or in a highly illuminated waking state, with the images of great truths and the shadows of coming events. Those who have hitherto regarded man only as an ingenious and wonderful machine, and life itself as a kind of phantasm, have been enabled to perceive, by the radiations of the Inner Light, the evidence of the spiritual nature and immortality of man; and thus thousands have come to anchor their hopes on a foundation broad as the Universe, and illimitable as the ever-growing aspirations of the soul.

PROPOSALS FOR A NEW VOLUME.

It will be perceived that our paper differs in some of its essential features from any publication in this country, or the world. And although its circulation is, as yet, comparatively small, we believe it is destined to be the medium through which the great idea of the Nineteenth Century will find its utterance.

The first year of the publication of the *Univercælum* is now drawing to a close. It has performed one revolution, and we may be allowed to say, has shed a new light in the firmament of Mind, attracting the attention of thousands, and awakening an interest, which perhaps no other periodical, in this country, has ever done.

THE UNIVERCÆLUM will continue to be a bold inquirer into all truths pertaining to the relations of mankind to each other, to the external world, and to the Deity; a fearless advocate of the theology of Nature, irrespective of the sectarian dogmas of men; and its Editors design that it shall, in a charitable and philosophic, yet firm and unflinching spirit, expose and denounce wrong and oppression wherever found, and inculcate a thorough Reform and reorganization of society on the basis of NATURAL LAW.

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

In the EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, a wide range of subjects will be discussed, the establishment of a universal System of Truth, the Reform and reorganization of society, being the ultimate object contemplated.

Now that we are about to enter on another year, a few familiar words with our friends seem to be necessary. We desire our readers, everywhere, to understand that

THE UNIVERCÆLUM WILL BE CONTINUED.

Some persons have hesitated to subscribe, or to solicit subscriptions, from an apprehension that the paper would be discontinued. There have been so many ephemeral publications, the offspring of some vagrant impulse, which, without vitality in themselves, have been galvanized into being by external agencies, only to disappoint the hopes of friends and to deceive the public, that we could only expect to gain the general confidence by slow degrees, and unwearied effort. But the regular publication of the paper through the first year, will, we trust, inspire the doubting with confidence in its success, and that all our friends will, at this crisis, exert themselves in its behalf. This is absolutely required; for while a few devoted friends have generously resolved to continue its publication until it is firmly established, it should be borne in mind, that the *ordinary receipts, from Subscribers, are inadequate to its support*, and we now ask that one united and vigorous effort be made to place it on a broad and permanent basis.

Hereafter, we propose to render the *Univercælum*, if possible, more attractive and valuable than it has been in the past. A. J. DAVIS, whose psychological disclosures have done so much for the cause of Spiritual Science, will continue to make it the vehicle of his highest intuitions. We shall enrich its columns with the regular contributions of the best minds within our sphere; and it will, moreover, be elegant in its Mechanical execution, and pure and brilliant in its Literary character, as it is profound and spiritual in its philosophy.

In order to fully accomplish our purpose, we must have a PATRONAGE commensurate with the expenses we incur—and with the good we desire to achieve. We must *double our circulation*. This can and will be done—and if the friends everywhere so order—IT WILL BE DONE NOW.

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

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