

# THE UNIVERCELM

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.

#### IMPRESSIONS IN A TRANCE.

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Having views different from those commonly entertained of the existence of God, and feeling that my views are well grounded upon principles of philosophy, I am willing and feel disposed to give them to the world. I would that I were more competent to write, as yet I am scarcely eighteen years old, and quite unused to penning my thoughts on paper. I therefore feel no small degree of reluctance, that I attempt to write upon a subject of the importance of the one now before me.

Now in the first place, let me say that the idea of a God without body or parts, is as erroneous a doctrine as could possibly be taught. It may properly be asked if there is any meaning in the word God? If there is, what does it mean?—anything or nothing? If it means anything, then certainly it must have a body and parts. If there is no meaning in the word, then I cannot see how they can worship anything but the bare word God. But letting alone the foolish doctrine of man's wisdom, I will venture to say (and I say what I do know) that God has both body and parts; that He is the Great Intelligent First Cause of everything we see. He is self-existent and omnipresent, because we are a part of Him. In other words, God is matter. He has fixed in Nature certain laws, and by those laws the whole Universe is governed. It is by these laws that the stars keep their place. It is by these laws that the Earth rolls on her axis. Time was once, however, when these planets did not exist separate from the great mass of matter, and in accordance with those great natural laws which grew out of his intelligent mind, parts or particles of matter, were thrown off as far from the main body as they would go, the main body having the power of attraction over them at a certain distance, beyond which distance they can never pass. And this is the situation of all the planets. They are kept to their places by motion, which is the grand basis of his great laws. And as a building would fall as a natural consequence, if the foundation be taken away from under it, so if any one of the vast multitude of planets should but for one moment stop its motion, the whole Universe would be thrown into utter confusion. The present form of the Earth, and in fact all the other planets, is caused from two distinct causes; one is the motion that it has upon its own axis, the other is from the power it has of attracting everything towards its center.

\* Of the accompanying record of impressions received by a young man while in a trance, we published the introduction in our last number. We would say to those who may not have read what we said in our last number, that we have the account from the most respectable authority, and have not the least doubt that the facts were as represented. The young man's production, as it will be perceived, makes no great literary pretensions; but we publish it as we receive it, and for what it is worth, believing that it will do much good.

W. F.

And according to the laws which God has established, there comes life, both vegetable and animal, which as a natural consequence, enlarges the body of the earth; and as bodies have attractive power according to their size, so must it follow as a natural consequence, that these vast bodies that are now separate, and at a great distance apart, must come in contact with each other, and they will then all be drawn back into the old original body, where the whole mass of gross matter will be cleansed preparatory to being again thrown off. This operation has been going on from eternity, and will continue thus to change. God is a spirit; the gross matter, which is such matter as can be perceived by the natural eye, is but a small part of God; his greater part being more rarified than ether, which is the thickest air of which the human mind can conceive, and this rarified matter is the spirit of which he is composed.

This matter, too, is intelligence; therefore those who worship Him must worship Him intelligently. How erroneous, then, is the idea that we ought not to investigate and understand God! Why should it be called blasphemy for us to ask the question, who is God, that we should adore Him? when we are told that He seeks such to worship Him as would worship Him intelligently. Now those who worship nothing, are spending their life time in forms and ceremonies which are of no possible account, neither to themselves nor their posterity after them. Are we any better off now for all the forms and ceremonies that have been practised, since the world has been inhabited by the present race of beings? The answer is clearly in the negative. And on the contrary, it may be said truly, that these same forms and ceremonies have caused more dissensions, strife, and bloodshed, than all other causes combined. The introduction of the New Covenant declares, that we might know that we had passed from a state of ignorance to that of intelligence. Now if you show me a man who loves the whole human family as a great brotherhood, I will show you a man that has a much more exalted view of God, than all christendom besides. He loves his brother intelligently. In him you will find the principle of peace permanently established. He is no bigot, but a plain common-sense man—one whom you cannot make believe that God, the great Intelligent Cause of the existence of everything, ever designed that creatures of intelligence should wrong and destroy each other.

Intelligent beings love, and he who is possessed of intelligence is possessed of love. God is love. Therefore, the man who has this intelligence is so far like God—he is so far the express image of his person. How very different must be the feelings of those who have no more exalted views of God, than to think that all the cruelty and oppression which is attributed to Him, in the so-called inspired word of God, the Bible, is true! I know that I am treading on forbidden ground when I thus speak. But all the threats of a bigoted set of church-going multitudes cannot drive me from my purpose. I will speak the truth, though all the world oppose. So in conclusion, I will say, that the time will come when the present forms and ceremonies will cease, and the kingdom of God will come with power. And I feel a rejoicing within me when I look forward to that time, which I now prophecy is not far distant. It may be centuries before it will be fully, but it will not be many years before the influence of



the priesthood will go by the board. They will be *proven* to be "blind leaders of the blind." The eyes of a world will be opened by some unlooked for circumstance, and those who preach for hire will begin to wail their condition, saying, this our craft is in danger. Yea, and those who have been heaping up gold in their coffers, will tremble with fear, because the doctrine of equality is being taught. In that day it will also be taught that by breaking a physical law, a man is no less guilty than he who breaks a moral law; and it will also be taught that the use of narcotics of every description is breaking the laws of our being. Then our Merchantmen and all those who get their living by the unholy employment of making, raising, buying or selling anything that destroys life or hinders the faculties which God has given, from being developed, will begin to stare at each other because of the intelligence of the people. Oh that I had language at my disposal with which to express my views upon these great subjects! Me thinks that if I could but find one individual whom God had brought into his marvellous light; one who could sympathise with me, who would sit by my side and assist me in bringing out these great truths, so that they cannot be misunderstood, I should be free to write from this period to the end of my life. But instead of having such a friend, I receive nothing but firm opposition. Such is the prejudice against me that I dare not let this manuscript be seen even by my own most intimate friends and acquaintances. Still I am resolved to write, and it may be possible that in after days this manuscript will meet the eyes of some free-thinking philosopher, and it may be it will be brought out to the world.

This chapter has been devoted to mere premises from which I intend to draw my own conclusion; and if those conclusions do not prove that the premises are true, then I am willing that the whole should be considered a farce, gendered in a weak and frenzied brain. But if on the other hand, it proves the truth, then pass it not by as a mere phantom, but investigate, weigh, and consider. You will have my assertions for this matter backed up by the principles of philosophy. If I make assertions that will not stand the test of philosophy, you are not bound to accept them as truth.

I would go back to the Old Testament times and speak of the very many inconsistencies that are there written. But in the first place let me say, that I am prepared to withstand all the buffetings of the world. I well know that I shall be told that I must swallow it whole. The golden cup that was seen in the hand of the whore of Babylon was filled with all abominations. Yet, if I for once admit that the cup was gold, then of course, I must admit that its contents were righteousness and truth. There ought to be a line drawn between what is consistent with truth and what is not. I laid down the principle that the whole world was governed by certain laws. I now further say, that if those laws be broken, it follows as a matter of course, that death and premature decay are the inevitable consequence. And again, Nature cannot of herself act contrary to the laws by which she is governed. Now let us try the Bible by this standard. I shall not attempt to follow it in all its unphilosophical assertions, but shall content myself to mention a few of the most glaring ones.

For instance, by what law of Nature was the rod in the hand of Moses turned into a serpent, then back into a rod again? By what law did the Red Sea open so as to let the Children of Israel pass over dry shod. Water always seeks its level; and to say that it separated in the centre and became a wall on each side, is an assertion that cannot be sustained. The Bible also asserts that the Sun stood still for a certain length of time, &c. Now in this we have two of the most glaring inconsistencies that could have been uttered. First, the standing still of the earth, and then the fighting of intelligent beings with the sanction of an intelligent and loving God.

I make no doubt that Joshua's host thought they were fighting a very long while. But that the sun or the earth stood still is

erroneous, for the whole universe would have been thrown into confusion by it. Again, we find in many instances while they were engaged in fighting each other, their motto and watchword was, "trust in God." One of the greatest arguments that was ever wielded against the Christian religion, is the fact that those professing its principles stoutly aver that they believe the assertions here made, that God is a God of justice, and at the same time, at the bottom, of such injustice. Let no ignorant man accuse God of injustice. I may some day speak more minutely upon these assertions and claims to sanction from God. But it will be sufficient for my present purpose to mention one more; that is the miraculous conception of Christ. That he was born of woman I pretend not to deny, but that his mother conceived by any other means than by Nature's laws, is inconsistent, and we are not bound to believe it.

Yet the Bible has many very excellent truths: the new covenant if lived up to, would establish the system of a great paternal brotherhood. It teaches outright the plain doctrine that each ought to give place to each; that man ought to love his neighbor as himself; and that he ought not to cheat, abuse, and oppress him. Now if each would give place to each, a different state of things would exist. One man would not monopolize more land than was necessary for his support, to the utter disregard of his neighbor's wants. The law of God is made of none effect by the traditions of men. Man has not set up his law, inconsistent as it is, saying a man may hold all the land he may be able to purchase, thereby holding out the great inducement for one man to cheat and oppress his fellow men. Oppression stalks abroad at noon-day, Avrice occupies high places. By this principle of wrong, the mass seems to be governed, and where lies the fault? Oh that I could convince the world of their wrong, and change them from their present course!

There is another defect in the organization of Society, and that is the constant breaking of the laws of our being, by taking into our systems the poisonous drugs that are constantly on our tables and about our persons. It is to gain these luxuries that men toil day and night with unceasing diligence. Their tendencies are to destroy health and bring the victim to a premature grave. This assertion needs no proof; the truth is indelibly stamped upon the features of every one we meet. Some countenances bespeak complete exhaustion; others are bloated; some are pale and sickly, while others are red with brandy. Some are saturated with tea, and others with tobacco. The organization of Society is wrong in still another form,—that is the want of confidence shown by one towards another. If we acted upon the principles of one brotherhood, we should have confidence in each other, for we would be sure our brother would do by us as he would have us do by him; and this is the only basis upon which we can rest with safety to ourselves or to the world around us.

It is said that Society is so bad that it will not do to preach such doctrine as that. "Why," say they, "if you preach such doctrine as that, we shall have nothing to protect us from the vile assassin and the vicious. Our lives and our property would be in constant danger." They flee at once to the old worn out doctrine of expediency, that we must do wrong because an absolute wrong exists. But we are on the wrong track. Man has gone so far away from his Maker that he has lost sight of Him altogether, and also of His mandates. We are made with natural social feelings, and when any creed, forms, or ceremonies interfere with these social principles, mankind are driven apart like sheep frightened by wolves. They become afraid of each other. Now, suppose this no longer to exist. Let every one enjoy his own opinion as to things of minor importance; break down all partition walls. If your brother has done wrong, then go to him, and with your arm around his neck entreat him not to do so again: not in the presence of any one, but while alone. Treat him as a brother beloved; if he spurn you, bear it patiently. If you have gained your brother, you receive your reward. Du

not put the unholy law in execution; for by this you do your brother no good and receive no satisfaction yourself.

I shall now speak of your physical being, and shall be very brief. These things are as new to me as to any one. Yet of their truth I am fully convinced, and shall present them in as few words as I can. I may at some future period write out my views more in detail. As this manuscript may never reach the eye of any one, or at least until I shall have grown older, I think it not best to attempt a carrying out in detail all of these truths that have been so miraculously forced upon my mind. I do not see men as trees walking, but I see and know of a truth that what I now write is the truth.

Man exists the noblest work of God. There is implanted in him the seed of intelligence, which seed grows and brings forth fruit in proportion to the cultivation of the soil in which it is planted. As motion is one of—the ground work of—Nature's laws so action or exercise is essential to the development of mind. But let it be remembered that over exercise is as dangerous to the growth of intelligence, as too much motion would be on the part of the earth.

And again, Nature has so fixed her laws in the system of man, that in order to keep pace with her, we must keep an equilibrium. We must not suffer an extreme in any case; for if we do, we retard the growth of the Spirit, and we come to a premature grave, before the Spirit shall have been fully developed. Now overloading the stomach or taking anything into it that is not natural food for digestion, disorganizes that organ, and as all the other organs sympathize with those organs in distress, the whole body is affected by it, and therefore it cannot produce what it would otherwise. As too much moisture would rot and destroy the seed that is put into the earth, so too much food taken into the stomach would destroy the seed of intelligence implanted in us. The brain is the seat of our thought; while that is in a healthy state it will gender thought; but if it be diseased, then we must expect that it will not fulfil the high office for which it was designed.

Nature has provided everything for the comfort of man, and all her laws are in perfect keeping with his happiness; that is, if those laws are not broken, and he who breaks these laws, on his own head rest the consequences. The reason why men are called to mourn over the untimely death of their offspring, is because they have broken the physical laws of their being, and entailed the penalty upon their offspring, so that parents are responsible for the lives of their children up to the time that they are old enough to choose and act for themselves; and in one sense clear down to old age, for the example set them by their parents they will follow precisely. Now if the laws of our being be preserved inviolate, we should live to a good old age, and the lamp of life would go out without a struggle.

If my life is spared long enough to accomplish the work, I shall subsequently speak of all those things that are now in use which so much injure our health and shorten our days. But I have now said enough to answer my present purpose, namely, to keep a memorandum of what I have seen and heard. I am obliged to write in secret on account of the many prejudices of my friends and acquaintances. I will therefore be as brief as my subject will let me.

That there is a state of punishment like that commonly taught by Theologians, is as presumptuous as the doctrine itself is cruel. When this body dies, the spirit leaves it in form like a mist rising from other matter, yet unlike anything that can be seen with mortal eyes. On entering the spirit world, it looks up, and behold the scene is changed! He sees nothing about him that is calculated to make him unhappy, except the remembrance of his past life, the misuse of which he must always regret. But, says one, remorse may be staid by a pardon of those sins. I am told by one in the spirit world that there is no such thing. We can by reformation alter our state and stand-

ing as it regards our past encroachments on a moral or a physical law. But we can never make restitution for our past sins neither can another man die for us. If we have broken a law and thereby brought upon us premature old age, another person cannot die for us, and thereby restore us to youth and vigor. One man may die to save the life of another for a short time, but he cannot by that death hinder the other from afterwards dying. Neither can his death atone for the breaking of a physical law. Even God himself cannot atone for the sins of his creatures. I tell you the truth when I say that for sin there is no redemption from punishment. We must suffer the consequences, and I appeal to the world to stop and think. Remember this punishment does not come out of a spirit of revenge, but it follows as a natural consequence. If we sin and suffer for it, we must remember that we give ourselves the wounds we feel. I would that this idea could be firmly established in the mind of men, not of one man alone, but of the whole human family. Could this principle become firmly established in the mind of the world, a different state of things would be the inevitable consequence; for man never wills himself misery. It is this idea that permits men to sin, namely we have a way of escape. Now let it be distinctly understood that escape is impossible, and man will feel a constraint that he has never felt before.

Had I the voice of seven thunders I would mount some lofty summit and cry out, awake, awake, O thou that sleepest and hear my counsel. You have had blind leaders long enough; suffer not yourselves to be deceived until each successive generation shall have grown weaker, until the human family shall finally become extinct. Awake, reform, postpone not another day; for ruin lies at your door, knocking for admittance. Arise now, for the light has indeed come. Break off your sins by repentance, and your iniquities by seeking intelligence.

Ye rich men who have gained wealth from the profits of other men's labors, wake up, or sleep on at your peril. Let this day be a day of reformation, a jubilee to the whole Universe. Let the oppressor stay his hand. Break away from those ties that bind you together for oppression. Let the wide world enjoy the liberty designed for them by their Creator. You who labor and toil to adorn the outward form with gay apparel, cease these efforts and labor to adorn that intelligence you possess with more durable apparel.

I shall now speak of the peculiar adaptation of everything in Nature to the wants of every thing that exists. And in order to get at this subject so as to be understood, it will be necessary for me to go back in the history of the world to its first formation, and follow its history up to the present time. Let it be distinctly understood that the existence of organized matter is the product of mind. God designed it and it came into organization. He designed, and there came a certain kind of fluid upon the surface of the whole earth. For the surface was smooth and even, consequently the attractive power would keep it of an even thickness all over. This fluid in the process of time lost its power of sustenance and died, as a natural consequence. This was the first material substance that died, its power of sustenance having receded, which was heat. Here we find the first instance of natural adaptation.

In the death of this matter, there was still another great design, and that was, by its death, Nature could adapt herself to the wants of vegetation. Had this matter lived, vegetation could not have existed. So we find matter yielding to the impulse of mind, and vegetation is the result. The first vegetation was plants of an inferior order. They grew spontaneously. But after the first growth had come to maturity, this dead matter could not again produce plants, for its power had been absorbed by the growth of the first set of plants, and by the great Designer this power was conveyed to the seed of the plant. This position is proved by the fact that if we dig into the earth to a great depth, and bring soil from a distance below the surface, we will



find, that soil on being exposed to the air will produce a plant the like of which cannot now be found on the earth except it be from a similar cause. That same plant will go to seed and then die. Now that soil will not again produce unless the seed is first planted there, then it will again produce.

We find that nature has adapted herself to the wants of that which exists, so far. Now let me go a little farther. I have shown that life grew out of dead matter. Now what must be the effect of the dying of such a great mass of plants as we find covering the earth at that time? God in his wisdom established a law of progression, and on account of that law, it was impossible for each succeeding generation not to improve, or in other words for this production of plants, in their death, not to bring forth something that should approach nearer to perfection than the plant itself.

Nature, therefore, being adapted to the end for which her laws were made, produced *Sensation* in the form of a slimy substance, covering the stem of the plant which had already fallen to the earth, and when another stalk fell on it, it would show signs of life. Next came a small creeping animalcula. This animalcula had nourishment prepared, for it fed on the green herbage of the plant that gave it birth. In the process of time this animalcula increased in size. The earth having passed through changes caused by the gas exploding or some other process, large piles of rock and particles of soil that had accumulated on the surface of the earth were thrown together. These changes diversified the soil and it brought forth different vegetable matter in different parts of the country.

Here again we see the wisdom of the Great Spirit in bringing about his great designs. Animals now began to be numerous and feeding on different vegetables, they began to display different forms and features. As the earth continued to change through the lapse of time, animals continued to change, until there was a very great variety of kinds, each kind producing after his kind. Such was the situation of things at one period of the earth's history.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Selections.

#### THE TRUE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

That the one, sole destiny of mankind is enjoyment, is established by the fact, that the only legitimate function of every organ of the body, every faculty of the mind, every element of our entire nature, is happiness. Accordingly, happiness is the only thing we love, and misery the only thing we hate. And whatever we love, we love because we suppose it calculated to promote our happiness; and what we hate, we hate because we suppose it calculated to enhance our misery. In short, the entire constitution of man, mentally and physically, is happiness; and in accordance with this law, every thing that men would do, or strive for, or possess, or become, has for its only object their happiness.

Men toil the life-long day, and give themselves pains and penalties of one kind or another, simply to obtain the means of subsequent enjoyment; and acting on the same idea, men often do penance in this life, thereby hoping to enhance their happiness hereafter. In short, the entire world, from the king upon his throne, down to the meanest beggar, are in the *EXCLUSIVE* pursuit of enjoyment. No one seeks or desires any thing, except what they think promotive of this end.

Yet on casting a scrutinizing eye abroad, we see how significantly all human beings fail in this, the only object of their pursuit. They neither escape misery on the one hand, nor enjoy much happiness upon the other. Yet the fault is not in

nature; for every student of the human constitution, and of universal nature, as well as of the adaptation of the former to the happiness of the latter, bears witness that our benevolent Creator has done all that even a God could do, to render all his creatures happy; and that man is constituted to experience an amount of happiness inconceivably great, and to be perfectly full of the most extatic enjoyment throughout every department of his nature.

Since, then, the cause of human misery, and of the poverty of his enjoyments, is not in nature in general, nor in the human constitution in particular, where is it? Some answer, "In the innate depravity of mankind. But why do men seek this depravity, but in the imaginary, though mistaken idea of rendering themselves happy thereby?"

If men knew and felt that the violation of the laws of their being, morally and physically, rendered them miserable, every human being would inquire, with his utmost intellectual energies, "WHAT CONSTITUTES these laws?" and bend every energy of his being to their fulfilment. All the depravity of mankind is but an intentional pursuit of happiness; and the simple way to diminish this depravity, is to promulgate the idea that all depravity, all violation of law, occasions misery; and all virtue, all obedience to law, produces enjoyment.

Since, then, the fault of many enjoying so little and suffering so much, is not in his nature, nor in his intentions, nor even in any constitutional depravity of that nature, where is that fault? It lies somewhere, and is most grievous. Where is it? What is it?

It is this: men seek happiness *FROM WITHOUT* instead of from within, whereas the true source of happiness is from *WITHIN*, instead of from without. Instead of rectifying their own minds and bringing them into delightful harmony with nature and with nature's God, they keep this the only fountain of happiness sealed, and go abroad, some after property, some after fashions, some after titles, honors, office, and various worldly ends; but almost all neglect nearly every source of internal enjoyment.

It is not denied but that external possessions may *FACILITATE* enjoyment, provided our internal states of mind are as they should be. But while our minds are in a wrong state, no matter what we possess of property, of houses or lands, of honors or worldly distinctions, they are all, so far from promoting our enjoyment, turned into a gall of bitterness by the wrong state of our minds. It so is in the constitution of the human mind, that when that mind is turned aright, it will extract happiness alike from poverty or wealth; from the presence of others, or their loss by death, or from their proving traitorous; from the want of lands or their possession; from toil or from leisure.

There is far less difference in the respective sources and capabilities of enjoyment, between the rich and poor, than many imagine; for, while the former have all the *EXTERNAL* means of enjoyment, their perpetual violation of the laws of their being produces a state of their minds which would not even enjoy a paradise if they were in it; while the poor without this external means of enjoyment, as far as they possess the right state of mind, can convert even instruments of misery into occasions of enjoyment, toil into pleasure, want into grateful submission, sickness into seasons of delightful communion with God, and scarcity into occasions of additional thankfulness for what little they do possess.

That, however, those possessed of wealth and leisure, provided their inner natures are in a right state, are capable of attaining a higher maximum of enjoyment than those suffering from want or toil is obvious. Hence, while we would not discourage the possession of wealth, we would succor the poor by telling them they can be happy without it; and warn the rich, that with it, but with a vitiated state of mind or body, misery is their inevitable portion. And, taking society in the gross, there is less

misery and more happiness in the poorer classes than in the richer; though the "neither poor nor rich" class has every advantage over both extremes.

A single illustration of this subject must suffice. If the nerves on the back of the hand be in a healthy state, touching an object, whether coarse or fine, will give pleasure, or, at least, no pain. But when these nerves are inflamed, any by a boil, this same touch will cause aggravated pain; not on account of any quality in the thing touched, but on account of the diseased state of the nerves that touch it. So, when our mentalities are in a right state, whatever we touch gives us pleasure. If the day is fine and sky bright, we are happy therein; and if it be cold or stormy, we take equal delight in gathering around a cheerful fireside; in reading, conversation, and meditation, or some inn-door, pleasurable pursuit. If a neighbor calls, we are happy in the exercise of some of our other faculties. If our children are pleasant we are happy because they are happy; or if they are cross or bad, we take pleasure in trying to make them good, and in the manifestation of that sweetness and benignity which their badness naturally provokes.

If we go abroad among our fellow-men and see misery, we derive personal happiness from our efforts in various ways to lessen it; and if we see our fellow-men good and happy, our own good and happy feelings are thereby excited. We enjoy sunshine, rain, morning, noon, evening, and night; and experience one perpetual round of pleasurable emotions; everything contributing to swell the tide of our joys, and our lives become a perpetual holiday. No matter whether we are rich or poor; whether we toil or recreate; travel or stay at home; all these external circumstances have their influence upon us not from their respective natures, but from the state of our own minds.

But if, on the contrary, our own bodies or minds are in a feverish, diseased, unsettled, dissatisfied, craving, anxious, fretful state—if it is a delightful morning over head, forgetting the pleasures of a bright sky, we complain because it is a little muddy under foot; or a little too warm or too cold; or because we cannot well get out of doors to enjoy it; or because something in our business has unsettled our temper, or enfeebled our brains. We do not enjoy a fine morning, because of the cares we experience. We do not enjoy unpropitious weather, but are rendered more miserable because we cannot escape from ourselves or divert our minds. We do not enjoy our children because they are not perfectly to our liking; and if they were just what we wanted them to be, we should desire them to become something else. We fail to enjoy the company of our fellow beings, yet are miserable if alone: so that our whole lives become one perpetual round of miseries; not because of any external circumstances, for, whatever these are, we extract misery therefrom; but because of the sad, poisoned state of our minds.

Have readers never observed two individuals in like circumstances, subject to like provocations, privations, or evils; the one fretting at them all, the other happy under them all? Over some minds misery seems to have no power. They are proof against every ill, because they convert every sour of life into a sweet; while others are never satisfied with anything, but make what is sweet in itself, and what would be sweet to others, sour to them, and do their best to make every one of them miserable.

In conclusion, reader, please to stop short just where this article meets your eye, and begin to analyze your circumstances. See what there is in those circumstances calculated to make you miserable; and whether the sources of your misery are not all internal, and do not proceed mainly from a perverted, misery-generating state of your own minds, and from a diseased craving after what would do you no good if you possessed it. See whether the state of your mind is not, like a dyspeptic's stomach, craving this, that, and the other kinds of food; yet giving him dreadful gripping pains if he eats them, and hankering after several times more food than he actually requires to sustain life in all

its vigor, and thus tormenting him with the food that is craved and eaten; giving him pains when he eats easily digested food, and when he eats food difficult of digestion; and giving him pain from what, if his stomach were in a sound state he could digest with ease and pleasure.

Is not your mind suffering from riches-dyspepsia; hankering after this, that, and the other kind and amount of property; yet tormenting you with foolish fears of losing it, or perplexing you with cares in case you attain it?—perhaps suffering from religious-dyspepsia; miserable in case you think you are not religious enough, yet the more religious the more miserable—perhaps from work-dyspepsia—very desirous of doing this, that, and the other thing, and yet no more happy when they are done than if they remained undone—perhaps, wife-and-children-dyspepsia that is in a craving state of the affections for them, yet in a fretted state of Combativeness and Destructiveness with them? Indeed, the analogy between physical and mental dyspepsia is complete. Dyspepsia produces a restless gnawing, a fevered hankering alike after the good and the bad, but is contented with nothing, and turns everything into the gall of bitterness. As physical dyspepsia produces a faintness, goneness and sinking of body and mind, so mental dyspepsia produces a corresponding state of mind. As physical dyspepsia is cured primarily by abstinence, so mental dyspepsia can be most speedily removed by limiting our wants to the simple requisitions of nature, and cultivating content with such things as we possess.

And now, happiness-seeking readers, apply to your own selves individually the important principle embodied in this article. Set at once about rectifying the tone and cast of your own minds which when once done, in and of itself will render your life a perpetual sunshine of delight—will, indeed and in truth, place you in the garden of Eden, and confer upon all the capabilities and all the pleasures of which your respective natures are susceptible.—*Fowler's Phrenological Journal.*

### EFFECTS OF POWERFUL EMOTIONS.

The passions and emotions of the mind, in reference to their action upon the body, may be conveniently divided into the exciting and depressing.

The exciting emotions act powerfully upon the heart and circulation. They cause increased pulsation, heat, flushing, and a state like temporary fever. A fact quoted by Dr. Good is strikingly illustrative of the influence of the emotions of the mind upon the heart: "A young lady who had suddenly learned that her husband had been cruelly murdered by a band of the popular ruffians, (in the days of the French Revolution), was instantly seized with a violent palpitation, that terminated in a syncope so extreme that she was supposed to be dead. This apprehension, however, was erroneous; she recovered; but the palpitation continued for many years, and she at length died of water in the chest." Dr. Gregory says, that, "dying of a broken heart, on some occasions, expresses with sufficient accuracy a pathological fact." Mirabeau died of a disease of the heart, induced by the mental excitement to which he was exposed in consequence of the active part he bore in the Revolution. The exciting emotion of anger, by its stimulating effect on the circulation, has often become the cause of dangerous or fatal disease. John Hunter, the great surgeon, died suddenly in a paroxysm of rage. The Emperor Nerva died of a violent excess of anger against a senator who had offended him. Valentinian, the first Roman emperor of that name, while reproaching with great passion the deputies from Germany, burst a blood-vessel, and fell lifeless to the ground.

Lord Byron mentions that the Doge Francis Foscari died of bleeding at the lungs, in consequence of his violent rage at being deprived of his office. He also states the case of a young lady, who had within his own experience become a sudden vic-



tim of uncontrolled temper. Sophocles is stated by some authors, to have died of joy on being crowned for a successful tragedy. Dionysius, of the same emotion for a similar reason, a fortunate literary effort. Pliny records the death of a Roman lady from excessive delight at receiving her son safe from the battle of Cannæ. Pope Leo X. fell into a fever, from which he never recovered, upon hearing the joyful intelligence of the taking of Milan. Colocotroni, the Greek general, is reported to have died of apoplexy, brought on by his intense delight upon the happy marriage of his son. Jaundice has frequently been observed to be caused by the passion of jealousy and anger.—Shakespeare, in his epithet of "green-eyed" to Jealousy, avails himself of a physiological fact.

### THE PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY.

THERE are no limits to the progress of knowledge, though there are mysteries which must forever remain unknown. The circle of science is constantly widening; yet beyond that circle is the infinite, which can never be reached or comprehended. In our search after knowledge, we are ascending a ladder which rests upon the earth and extends into the illimitable heavens. In our ascent we calculate our progress from our starting point, and thus we perceive our advancement; but the infinite above us and around us seems only to extend and widen as we advance. Hence there is knowledge which is unattainable, there are ways which are unsearchable, there are laws and principles which are past finding out. The finite cannot comprehend the infinite. The intellect of man is narrowed down to the understanding of his wants, and seems to have the power of expanding itself only in proportion to the multiplication of those wants. Hence, as population increases, the laws of nature are gradually unfolded to man, to enable him to multiply his resources. But when population is at a stand, genius is inactive, invention slumbers, no new laws or principles are discovered.

We have reason to believe that there is a *vis medicatrix* in society as well as in nature, in the body politic as well as in the physical man. There is a principle at work, which will serve to check or prevent those evils which are dreaded as the inevitable fate of the multitudinous generation that seems destined, at some future period, to overwhelm the face of the earth. This principle is the law of improvement—the *nixus* which prompts invention, and causes the faculties of the mind to be constantly reaching forward beyond the present limits of knowledge, to obtain the supply of an intellectual or physical want. Thus as a tree increases in size, and demands a greater abundance of nutrition, the little tendrils of its roots are constantly extending themselves into the widths and depths of the soil, until they reach a particle of matter which is capable of yielding them subsistence. The strength of these efforts of nature is proportional to the difficulties encountered, both in the intellectual and physical world. As the tree which is planted in a barren soil, produces a root with more numerous and more extended fibres, so does the mind that labors under difficulties fall into action a greater number of latent faculties, and makes them obedient to its purposes. Not only is necessity the mother of invention, but of the faculty itself which made the invention.

Almost every age of history is noted, either for some particular discovery in science, or for some peculiar productions of genius. During the period of the dark ages, as the middle ages are often termed, the apparently useless and unsubstantial pursuits of alchemy and scholastic philosophy were preparing the way for the wonderful discoveries of the succeeding ages that produced Kepler, Galileo, and Newton. Those faculties which existed in the intellects of these great men were developed by the exercises of the learned of the age that preceded them. Had these great discoverers never existed, their discoveries would still have been made, and probably by the generation to which

they belonged. They were the representatives of the genius and learning of their generation, and they brought to light in their immortal works, those ideas which spontaneously arose in a multitude of minds that were similarly educated. All knowledge is obtained by gradual approaches, like the ore in the mine. He who discovers a lump of gold sees only that which, if overlooked by him, would be immediately discovered by his fellow laborers.

The past generation has been distinguished by its mechanical improvements. For the last century the human intellect has been carrying the principles which were discovered by a former age, into practical operation. Some new laws of nature have been discovered, but greater improvement has been made in mechanics and the arts than in science and philosophy. Until some further discoveries are made of nature's laws, invention can now make but slow progress. Almost all known principles have been brought into practical service, and mechanical genius is now waiting at the footstool of philosophy, for the genius of science to promulgate some new discovery.

### SOCIAL INEQUALITIES.

MONOPOLY prevails throughout society. On the right wing of humanity we see a monopoly of wealth by a few, while on the extreme left we behold a Monopoly of Poverty by another class; both of which are equally blameless for their condition,—because they have sinned through ignorance. On the one hand, those who monopolize the wealth are ignorant of the relations they sustain to their fellows, of the fact that all cannot be rich, and while some are so, others must be poor, and believe each has a perfect right to accumulate all to which his powers are adequate, regardless of the well-being of others.

Those who make money under this delusion, are no more blame-worthy than he who spends the last cent, which should buy bread for his children, in purchasing a white robe ornamented with gold, under the delusion that the "last great day" is at hand, and the saints should prepare to ascend. Correctly viewed, both cases appear equally ridiculous; for the man accumulating wealth, as a general rule, does so at the expense of his moral and intellectual nature, as well as that of his children, who will be certain to distinguish their progress through the world by gilded trappings and a gorgeous display of expensive pageantry.

On the other hand, those who monopolize the poverty of the world are not culpable, because they are either inadequate in business tact and talent to cope with the other class, or they are too honest to resort to the usual means of getting wealth; or, finally, the chances in the great lottery of the business world have proved unfortunate for them.

This class of monopolists is most wretched in this life. They are the prey of all other classes who have reduced them to gaunt skeletons and ghostly shapes, which make them at once objects of contempt by those of better condition, and of startling affright to themselves. They look about them, and are amazed at their own existence. They see nothing to enjoy—nothing to live for—a dark mystery hangs over their existence, and they wonder for what purpose they were brought into the world. They find their fate to be little better than that of slaves; one ceaseless round of unmitigated drudgery—one unceasing struggle with crushing toil, in order to get the scantiest means of subsistence. They rise at the early dawn, and swallowing a morsel, are lashed speedily to work by dire necessity—and it is through all the "live long day," work, work, work, even after every bone aches and every muscle groans under the overmastering task. At nightfall they return to their dreary homes, and without a moment's time for pleasure or intellectual diversion, are driven to the slumbers of the night by a necessity for repose. My God! of what value is a life thus doomed! Talk of Slavery! Le

there be slavery if the slaves are well fed, well clad and moderately worked, in preference to such a toilsome lot, aggravated by all the mental torments that can spring from a fear of starvation for themselves and children!

We are told that Liberty is a jewel, and is "dearer than life," but it is a jewel that is daily steeped in tears—a jewel that the worn-out with toil and the starving loathe and abhor. Liberty is called a "delightful sound;" but of what avail is it to utter the sound with a thousand trumpets, in the ear of him who is steeped in intoxication, or who knows not, while exhausted with the labor of the day, whence will come the next meal, or how he can support his children so that they will not be absolute curses to themselves and to society! Ah! I fear this sound of Liberty is calculated more to cajole us into quietude, while our wealthy masters lash us on to our tasks and reap the profits of our labor.

We would not apologize for slavery in any form, but would be glad to strike the manacles from every slave, whether white or black. God grant that the time may soon come when good deeds may so increase, and benevolence become so familiar, that plenty shall abound with easy toil, and real Freedom be enjoyed by those who can only boast of it.—*Western Quarterly Review*.

### PROCESS OF DEATH.

As soon as the human organization is perfected in its form, size, and general developments, and as soon as the period has arrived when the spirit exercises its full control over the body, the process of transformation commences. And as manhood progresses to old age, the body gradually becomes incapable of performing the office required by the spirit. Hence, when people are aged, their faculties seem buried beneath the worn-out and useless materials of the body. They appear weak in intellect, imbecile, and unconscionable to all around them that is youthful, blooming, and seemingly perfected. One faculty after another withdraws from the material form, and their energy, brilliancy, and susceptibility, seem to decline. The body, finally, is almost disconnected from the spirit which gives it animation; and then the body is a dweller in the rudimental sphere, and the spirit is an inhabitant of the inner life, or the spiritual world. And when the moment of dissolution occurs, the sensation or clothing medium of the body is attracted and absorbed by the spirit, of which it then becomes the material form. At this instant the body manifests faint and almost imperceptible movements, as if it were grasping for the life which had fled; and these are contortions of the countenance, spasmodic contractions of the muscles, and seeming efforts of the whole frame to regain its animating soul.

Such are the visible appearances connected with the process of death. But these are deceptive: for the process occurring in the interior is far more beautiful than it is possible to describe. When the body contracts its muscles and apparently manifests the most agonizing and writhing efforts, it is merely an open indication of joy unspeakable in the inner being, and of ecstasy unknown to all but itself. When the countenance is contorted, pain is not experienced; but such is an expression of ineffable delight. And when the body gives forth its last possession, a smile is impressed on the countenance, which of itself is an index of the brightness and resplendent beauty that pervades the spirit's home! In the last moments of outer life the spiritual perceptions are greatly expanded and illuminated, and the spirit is thus rendered competent to behold the immense possessions of its second habitation. It is given me to know these truths by daily experiencing them, and having them verified in the frequent transitions that occur within my being, from the outer to the inner world, or from the lower to the higher spheres.—*Davis' Nature Divine Revelations*.

### Psychological Department.

#### PREMONITIONS—PROPHET DREAMS.

The following is taken from "The Philosophy of Sleep," by Robert Macnish.

"Miss M —, a young lady, a native of Ross-shire, was deeply in love with an officer who accompanied Sir John Moore in the Peninsular war. The constant danger to which he was exposed, had an evident effect upon her spirits. She became pale and melancholy in perpetually brooding over his fortunes; and in spite of all that reason could do, felt a certain conviction, that when she last parted with her lover, she had parted with him for ever. In vain was every scheme tried to dispel from her mind the awful idea; in vain were all the sights which opulence could command, unfolded before her eyes. In the midst of pomp and gaiety, when music and laughter echoed around her, she walked as a pensive phantom, over whose head some dreadful and mysterious influence hung. She was brought by her affectionate parents to Edinburgh, and introduced into all the gaiety of the metropolis, but nothing could restore her, or banish from her mind the insupportable load that oppressed it. The song and the dance were tried in vain; they only aggravated her distress, and made the bitterness of despair more poignant. In a surprisingly short period, her graceful form declined into all the appalling characteristics of a fatal illness; and she seemed rapidly hastening to the grave, when a dream confirmed the horrors she had long anticipated, and gave the finishing stroke to her sorrows. One night, after falling asleep, she saw her lover, pale, bloody, and wounded in the breast, enter her apartment. He drew aside the curtains of the bed, and with a look of the utmost mildness, informed her that he had been slain in battle, desiring her at the same time, to comfort herself, and not to take his death too seriously at heart. It is needless to say what effect this had upon a mind so replete with woe. It withered it entirely, and the unfortunate girl died a few days after, but not without desiring her parents to note down the day of the month on which it happened, and see if it would be confirmed, as she confidently declared it would. Her anticipation was correct, for accounts were shortly after received that the young man was slain at the battle of Corunna, which was fought on the very day on the night of which his mistress had beheld the vision."

The Author of this work, though himself a disbeliever in spiritual appearances, and communications of this kind, and attributing all to a "fortuitous cause," thus relates a dream of his own.

"I was then in Caithness, when I dreamed a near relation of my own, residing three hundred miles off, had suddenly died: and immediately thereafter awoke in a state of inconceivable terror, similar to that produced by a paroxysm of nightmare. The same day, happening to be writing home, I mentioned the circumstance in a half-jesting, half-earnest way. To tell the truth, I was afraid to be serious, lest I should be laughed at for putting any faith in dreams. However, in the interval between writing and receiving an answer, I remained in a state of most unpleasant suspense. I felt a presentiment that something dreadful had happened or would happen; and although I could not help blaming myself for a childish weakness in so feeling, I was unable to get rid of the painful idea which had taken such deep-rooted possession of my mind. Three days after sending away the letter, to my astonishment, I received one written the day subsequent to mine, and stating that the relative of whom I had dreamed, had been struck with a fatal shock of the palsy the day before,—viz. the very day on the morning of which I beheld the appearance in my dream! My friends received my letter two days after sending their own away, and were naturally astonished at the circumstance. I may state that my relation was in perfect health before the fatal event took place.



# THE UNIVERCELUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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## PANTOLOGY.

We cannot enter fully into the merits of this subject at present. To do so, indeed, an extensive volume would be required. We can only offer a few brief hints, which in the mind of the reflective reader may be indefinitely expanded, and may lead to the most important results.

Pantology, in its most extended application, contemplates the laws, principles, developments, and operations of the whole Universe, from generals to particulars. In other words, it is the science of all things. It is a science, therefore, which may be studied forever, and may never be mastered in its fullest extent, though its principles when sufficiently generalized, may be in a measure, truly comprehended by the most simple capacity. In the particular aspect in which we shall now view it, its general principles may be exhibited as follows, premising that in this statement we can do but little more than announce propositions, leaving their proof to be derived from other sources, or from future articles:

Creation in its present form, is not eternal. Each specific object of which it consists, had a beginning; and hence the aggregate of things constituting the present Universal System, must also necessarily have had a beginning. Of this beginning, as well of all subsequent unfoldings throughout the infinite ramifications of being, there must have been a Cause. We will not at present enter into any speculations upon the question whether this Cause was intelligent or unintelligent, whether it was absolutely primitive, or whether it proceeded from a prior Cause. Suffice it to say, it must have consisted of elements susceptible of two general divisions, viz: materials and forces. And these, combining in the formation of the Cause of all things subsequently developed, must have originally contained *within themselves*, undeveloped, all specific creations that have existed, that do now exist, or that ever will exist in any future stage of universal unfolding. It is evident, also, that all things proceeding from this same original Fount of materials and forces, must in a sense, so far as they are perfect organisms, be reproductions of that Fount, not in form, but in principle, and must so far correspond to it. Thus Man, who was the last being developed, who is an aggregation of all the refined essences, and combines within himself all the delicate forces and principles, of all preceding creations, is a little universe of himself; and having, as we may say, successively been all things in the progressive process of his elementary unfolding, he is now capable, without the possibility of a re-absorption by other materials, of progressively unfolding until he mentally comprehends all things. And all inferior creations, being proceedings from the same original Cause, must bear definite relations to man—must, indeed, be the foundation on which he stands—and must also bear definite relations to each other.

Thus the Universe is a Unit, consisting of mutually dependent parts, all growing out of the same original Cause: and man, its ultimate product, is dependent upon it as a Whole, and, immediately or remotely, upon all its parts. Thus it is evident that there can be no law, or force, or principle in the Universe, which is not applicable to man, and which is not, indeed, manifest in a refined degree in his own interior nature, corresponding as this must, to the Soul of the great Universe from which it proceeded, and which we call God. Equally evident is it that

man can be legitimately subjected to no other laws than those which are embraced in the forces and *modus operandi*, of all things included in the developments from the great original Fount; for any laws proceeding from a source foreign to these, must be totally foreign to his nature, and hence to his capacities for comprehension and obedience. All things being thus connected, and man depending upon their aggregate, and also upon the specific conditions of their parts, it follows that all things have reciprocal actions, as they proceed in their rounds of progressive development, and that the condition of one department of universal being sympathetically affects all others. This fact, faintly and almost inappreciably manifested in the kingdoms below man, and in the planetary systems, is unmistakably manifest in human society, in which it is emphatically true that if one member suffers the whole body suffers with it.

In all preceding creations, then, we may see man in embryo, and in their parts we may find a gross and tangible analysis of his nature and of the laws of his being. For let it be borne constantly in mind that it is the aggregation of the refined elements of these, which, without a change of fundamental nature, constitutes man. If man, therefore, desires to know any truth embodied in his own nature, or to acquaint himself with any obligation imposed upon him by any law of his being, and is unable to gain the required wisdom by a direct analysis of himself, it is only necessary for him to ascertain, first, what portion of exterior Nature corresponds to the department which he desires to investigate, and to analyze the latter and apply the principles unfolded in the investigation. By rules which will at the proper time be given to the world, these correspondences could be accurately determined, and correct reasoning upon their basis would always conduct to reliable conclusions.

This is what may be termed a *pantological* view of things. And it must be evident that there can be no comprehensive reform in human society—no reform which *itself* will not sometime require reforming—which is not based upon some such view as this. All reforms, to be true and just, must necessarily recognize the *whole* of things with all the associated and necessary parts, and give to each department of the great whole, all that is due. All reforms based upon any other foundation must necessarily be isolated, and must exhibit inequalities in their practical workings. They must (unconsciously to their authors it may be,) consult the interests of one class or more, of society, or of the affections of the individual mind, to the comparative exclusion of all others, and thus fail in the accomplishment of the good of the *whole* man, or of the whole Social Body, and by their excessive stimulations in some departments of action, and their withholding all motive influences from others, it not unfrequently happens that equilibriums are destroyed, and painful reactions ensue. It is by overlooking the connected natural organism of things, and taking isolated views, that the prevailing *one idealism*, and the various isolated and in some instances, *conflicting* reform movements of the day have arisen, many of which claim to be the thing that humanity needs for the cure of all its woes. It is a sufficient refutation of the more comprehensive claims of many of these reform movements, to place them in juxtaposition with each other.

Let us be distinctly understood: In asserting that no permanent and *thorough* reform, either in individual man or society, can be accomplished except it be based upon pantological view—in other words, in asserting that the *microcosm* or little universe, includes all the principles of, and must be governed, in order to be governed perfectly, by all the laws which govern, the *great* Universe, we do not assert that desirable reforms may not be accomplished as based even upon *isolated* views. Nor would we imply an opinion that the various reform movements of the day, (or most of them at least,) are not upon the whole, vastly useful, though we believe that most of them contain essential errors. It may, indeed, be said with little qualification,



that the history of humanity has been the history of isolated reforms; and it is by the aggregate of such, with the sifting out of their errors, that humanity has attained its present lofty stage of general development. We would encourage all sincere and honest efforts even at isolated reform, wherever there exists an isolated evil. But however much *local* good may be accomplished in this way, we can not suppress our conviction that so long as these isolated measures are *alone* pursued, there will necessarily exist one grand and wide spread evil, which is the very essence of all evil, and that is *disunity*. And we think it is now high time that philanthropists should seek for some universal principles, on which they may efficiently labor for the extermination of universal evil, and the elevation of universal man, and on which, preserving all that is *essential* in their present isolated movements, they may all unite and co-operate with each other. In this case the labors of each reformer would be more healthful, more truthful, and incomparably more efficient, because they would be mutually assisting, and would not be subjected to any neutralizing counteractions. That such universal principles do exist in the nature of things, is as absolutely certain as that the original Cause, of which all existing creations are the *corresponding* effects, was, and is, harmonious in the elements of his own nature.

It constitutes no part of our object to attempt to specify these principles at present. The object of this article will be gained, if to any extent, it creates a desire to know what are those distinct principles which lie at the basis of the All of things, and which when perfectly unfolded, may be made efficient in the harmonious and perfect government of individual man, and of society. For not until this desire is created, will mankind be prepared for the reception of the truths which are its object. We may feel prompted to offer more upon this subject hereafter.

W. F.

### THE INDUSTRIAL CONGRESS.

THIS Body will hold its next Session in Cincinnati, on the first Wednesday in June, and continue its sitting at least one week. Its prime object is to take into consideration the causes which subject labor, every where, to obloquy and wrong, and the best method of securing to it those rights, which by nature belong to it, and that respect which society justly owes to the only source ordained by Providence, of individual or national sustenance or wealth.

This is the most comprehensive, organized movement of the age. It is composed of men of all political and religious creeds; and opens wide its doors to all Reformers, and all reform questions. No sex or color is debarred its equal privileges; and precedence is given to mental and moral worth alone. Only one issue is raised, and one requirement made; "the Brotherhood of the Race," involving the equal rights of all to labor, to a home, to education, and to parental protection from society, must be acknowledged by all who are admitted as members, and by all whom they represent. None will, therefore, be prevented from joining in its action, who do not seek the advancement of some partial scheme to the exclusion of other equally important measures.

It is constituted of delegates chosen from Industrial Associations, formed on the simplest plan, in any place where some half dozen or more of men or women, signify their acknowledgment of the above principles, and authorize one of their number to represent them. Protective Unions, where their organization is comprehensive, Mechanics' Associations, Associationists proper, Land Reform Associations, and Societies of the Liberty League, as well as every other form of Union, based on principles of universal justice, are entitled to a voice in its deliberations, and a vote in its enactments, which depend alone on their moral force, for what sanction they may have.

There have already been held three Annual Sessions, since the organization; one at Boston, one at New York, and the last at Philadelphia. Every section of the Union has been represented in them, and nearly every trade and profession. They have increased in interest and in character, each year; and the coming meeting, at the Queen City of the West, is looked forward to with deep interest. We would recommend all friends of progress, where it can be done conveniently, to be represented there. It can do no harm, and may be the means of doing much good, by giving concert of action to the innumerable efforts that are being put forth without system, for the realization of a better state of things. It is undoubtedly the best thing, of a general character, that can be attempted now; and its influence may be wielded for most noble use, if those capable of directing its forces to good, do not suffer it to die, or become subservient to a narrow policy and purpose.

Its proceedings have, heretofore, been dignified with the utmost order and general harmony, and pervaded with the most catholic spirit, which patiently entertained the canvassing of every question, and disposed in a dispassionate manner, of the most exciting subjects. If its infancy be a precursor of what its manhood shall be, its moral recommendations shall yet have a wider obedience than the physical force governments, which belie men into "chattels" and "machines," and its censures be more feared than the gibbet and jail, or even the bayonet and cannon, which now enforce hoary-headed wrongs. J. K. I.

### LIGHTNING.

LIGHTNING is subject to the same laws as electricity, for which it is but another name. No shock of it ever takes place, except to restore an equilibrium which has by some means been disturbed. Consequently no object or individual is in danger from it, unless in a line with the points where the opposite electricities meet. The chain must be connected, or there will be no shock. The most exposed points serve with the moistened atmosphere, as conductors to the fluid. The atmosphere is relinquished for the vegetable, as for instance, a tree, unless the distance to the moist earth, or to another cloud in the opposite state, is much less in a direct line. The vegetable is relinquished for the animal, and the animal for the metal. It is only through ignorance or inattention, that persons are ever struck by lightning, except when overtaken in very exposed situations. While the feet are on the damp ground, trees should not be approached very nearly, though they are a protection at a little distance. In the house there is almost perfect safety, unless in immediate contact with some conductor. It is to be regretted that in reports of deaths from this cause, it is so seldom stated in what position and relation to surrounding objects, the person stood; for was this done, many who know nothing of the laws which govern electricity, might avoid danger, and be saved from depressing fear.

J. K. I.

ANNIVERSARIES.—It may not be known to many of our distant readers, that on the second week in May of each year, various reform and benevolent societies meet in this city for the celebration of their anniversaries. At the time this paragraph is written, there are several of such societies in session in the city, the members of which have come together from different quarters of the land, to exchange fraternal greetings, and to consult upon the best means of furthering the object contemplated in their various associations. By setting apart one and the same week for the meetings of these various bodies, many heterogeneous ideas are brought together, the fermentation produced by the union of which tends constantly to purge off impurities and errors, and to evolve truth. Thus the period of unity is being accelerated by the constant circulation of the attractive and repulsive points in human opinion, and much good is thus being wrought out.

W. F.

## HUMAN MAGNETISM IN HINDOSTAN.

The following originally appeared in the "New York Commercial Advertiser." We offer it to our readers as an evidence that in some things surgical science in Calcutta is ahead of what it is in America. What the writer says of the "humbug theories concerning Animal Magnetism and Clairvoyance as known among us in America," we will let pass without remark. But here is the article:

"We have long since 'defined our position' in regard that the marvelous things alleged of the mysterious agency called Mesmerism; to wit, that, as a medical agent it does produce effects altogether surpassing explanation upon any known and recognized theory—effects which we cannot comprehend, but which it is equally impossible to deny. As to the supposed miracles of clairvoyance, pathetism, and the like, although we do not positively scout them, we yet feel at liberty to say that we have never seen any which might not be effected by ingenious systems of collusion and confederacy.

"Of Mesmerism as a medical agent we have an extraordinary account, in a letter with which we have been favored, written by a gentleman of North Carolina, who has been passing some time in the East Indies, for the sake of health, and addressed to a medical friend. We have abundant assurance that the letter may be accepted as a faithful narrative of what the writer actually saw. It runs thus:

"CALCUTTA, Bengal, Nov. 6, 1848.

"My Dear Doctor—There is one hospital here, the nature of which will no doubt astonish you, and on account of which will leave you to judge whether Calcutta is behind or ahead of the rest of the world. In Calcutta there is a mesmeric hospital; it is under the care of Dr. Esdaile, a regularly educated M. D. and a surgeon of the honorable East India Company. I have personal acquaintance with him, and he seems a cultivated gentleman, with none of the accused humbug theories concerning clairvoyance and animal magnetism as is known among us in America. The Hon. Company furnishes the hospitals with medicines and instruments, and thus in a measure patronizes the establishment. As to myself I have as yet formed no thorough opinion on the subject, knowing too little about it, but I will tell you what I have seen with my own eyes in company with other gentlemen; and mere imagination will not account for. I will give to you nearly as I wrote it in haste in my note-book, while it was fresh in my mind.

"Monday, Oct. 23.—This morning D. Esdaile called upon me and told me that an operation was to be performed at the Mesmeric Hospital in Dhurrumtollah street, at twelve o'clock. Notwithstanding the intense pain in my head, I went at the hour in a palkee (palanquin.) The subject was a Musselman, and perhaps the finest specimen of a man among the natives that I have seen in the country. He had a large tumor on the body originating in elephantiasis, nearly the size of my head. On my arrival I found the man in a mesmeric sleep. The pulse was then as a child's, the eyes were slightly open, and the jaws were tightly locked together as in a trismus, giving the mouth an air of determination that I never saw equalled; the chest rose and fell as if in quiet slumber. Before commencing, a sharp knife was stuck in the most sensitive part of his body, but he might as well have been a stone. The operation lasted nearly five minutes during which time I watched with the most eager attention, but he slept as calmly and as still as if he were indulging in a refreshing siesta. No motion was seen save that given to him by the keen knife in the hand of Dr. Esdaile. Owing to the delicate organs connected with this delicate operation, it is perhaps of the most painful one in surgery. Yet through the whole of it he was as dead—without sensation or motion. Anxious to see the state in which he would be when awakened, I stood by him

with no little interest, while Dr. Esdaile pulled out a handful of beard, (a mortal insult to a Musselman) and gave it to me, saying, "Take that home as a memento of Mesmerism." His eye suddenly opened and he looked as fresh as if he had been engaged in animated conversation. Seeing Dr. Esdaile standing by him, he raised his right hand to his forehead, saying the usual "Salaam, Saib," (peace to you my Lord.)

Raising both hands in the manner always employed by the natives when he speaks to a white man, he asked in the Hindostanee language, "how many days it would be before the 'burra Saib kukeem' (big lord doctor) would operate upon him; he had come all the way from Hooglye, having heard of the Saib, to be cured; he was a poor man and had left his family; his children would starve if he remained long; he wanted to be at work again, which he could not if he remained there on his back; the Saib must cut it off in one or two days, he could not wait any longer; he was ready for it and wanted it over." His whole manner and earnestness of tone and entreaty showed that he was perfectly unconscious of the painful and ghastly sight I had just beheld. "Tell him it has been performed," I said to Dr. Esdaile. He told me that it was rather cruel to do it, for they instantly become aware of pain in the place where the operation had been performed, and that when not told, they were oftentimes many hours before they were made conscious of it; yet to show me the whole scene, he said to an intelligent Hindoo who stood by, (and who of course understood the Hindostanee better than he did,) tell him to thank God that all is over; that the operation has been performed. At the same instant an assistant held up the mass of tumorous flesh in his sight.

"No man can tell of the utter astonishment and the look of intense pleasure and wild delight that he cast upon Dr. Esdaile. Lifting his two hands to heaven he said, Allah is in heaven but you are Allah on earth. Now you are my God; my children will worship you—you are my father; you have begotten me, I am twice born—Once I was born a child but you have given me another birth." Thus in the most extravagant and truly oriental style did he pour forth his gratitude to Dr. Esdaile, for whom he will while life lasts offer up his daily prayers. What think you of that, my dear doctor? Do you think mere imagination would do all that? Strong indeed must be the imagination that could make a man to endure such a cutting to pieces as I saw that poor wretch undergo. Bear with me and I will tell you another sight that I saw in the same hospital on that day. A poor wretch of a Hindoo, who had a large tumor dangling on his face, growing fast to the ball of the eye, had it completely taken off while under the Mesmeric sleep. Of course the whole orb of the eye was taken out with it, and within the socket of the eye there was a cavity left large enough to place an egg. A horrible sight it was.

"Mark, into this hollow, in which was nothing but the raw granulated flesh, with the extremity of the optic nerve laid bare, strong nitric acid and water was injected. Had the man been a corpse he would have felt it no more. When he awoke he did not even know that the bandage had been taken off his eyes. Flesh, methinks, could not endure that in a conscious state and live. One more, and I have done. A Hindoo, with a similar tumor to the first case, preparing for the operation, I saw lying on his bed. It was only the second time he had been asleep, and therefore he was but partially under the Mesmeric influence. A live coal was put in my hands to try the "fiery ordeal" upon him. Holding it in the "forceps" I placed its bright red surface on various parts of his legs, and no evidence of feeling was shown. At last placing it upon his shin, I held it there until the flesh began to broil, when I perceived a slight tremor run over his leg, not more however than a fly causes when walking over our person when asleep.—Thus, dear doctor, I have told you what I have seen of the wonders of Mesmerism. They are strong cases, and you may rely upon them as being perfectly correct; there



is no painting in them, on my word. Dr. Esdaile does not mesmerize the parties himself. There are too many of them. He has men from the hills whom he has taught. Not long since he cut a tumor from a man that weighed 110 pounds: the man himself weighed but 98 pounds—thus cutting him in two parts; and the fellow lived. Every day you can see men and women with the leprosy and the elephantiasis, walking in the streets. I have seen some of these last mentioned with one leg fully as large as an elephant's, and the other like a straw; the foot cannot be seen. For this there is no cure on earth.

Yours, &c.

N. C.

A PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY is now in process of being formed in this city. The first meeting with a view to its formation, was holden in Clinton Hall on Wednesday last. A number of well known advocates of the science were present and took part in the deliberations, among whom the Fowlers were conspicuous. Meetings of a very interesting character, diversified by short and pithy speeches, were also holden on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. The object of the contemplated society is to establish a cabinet of specimens, and to create facilities for disseminating the principles of Phrenology by means of publications, lectures, &c. The society will be composed of members and officers residing in different parts of the Union. We believe it will accomplish much good.

W. F.

## STREET DIALOGUE.

"PRO AND CON."

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM.

CONSERVATIVE.—Well, Neighbor Progressive, have you heard the news?

PROGRESSIVE.—To what news do you refer?

CON.—The late news from Europe—the socialists are being put down there effectually. In two or three years, socialism will be forgotten.

PRO.—I have read the news, but I don't see any evidence that the socialists are likely to be suppressed or driven from the political arena. All that I see is, that a concerted plan of attack has been devised by their opponents; but we all know that attack only excites resistance, and that nothing strengthens a weak cause so much as a show of persecution. Moreover, the measures which the opposition have chosen, are the very ones best calculated to please a socialist. Among the most prominent of these measures is the discussion of associative doctrines, by means of popular tracts, newspaper articles, &c., in Conservative Journals. Now, if they employ men of talent to investigate these doctrines in order to refute them, they must be careful whom they select for that duty, for many who have examined the doctrines for this purpose, have ended in becoming their sincere advocates.

CON.—Have we not always been ready for discussion?

PRO.—For denunciation and invective, you have, but not for discussion. The contest is now arriving at its second stage, and who can doubt the result? Free discussion has ever been the life of free principles.

CON.—But, my dear sir, how can you advocate the breaking up of families in the manner proposed by the socialists?

PRO.—Breaking up of families! I advocate no such thing, nor do the socialists. This is but another evidence of the ignorance in regard to our doctrines which prevails among our opponents.

CON.—I am sure I have always understood that such is a fundamental objection to your system.

PRO.—Allow me to say that you have been misinformed. Mis-

representation is one of the elements of that denunciation to which I have referred. I think I can show you that the socialists establish and confirm the family, while it is the present anarchical state of society which tends to disunite it. We will suppose a case: Here is a family of eight children, and their parents, who occupy a farm of three hundred acres of land, upon which is a large dwelling-house and the necessary out-houses. In time the sons and daughters marry and have children, amounting in the aggregate to sixty-four, so that the increase of two generations is seventy-two persons. According to present custom, this family of eighty-two persons would be divided into nine different families, each having separate interests, residing in different localities, one perhaps in Maine, one in Louisiana, and the others equally distant from one another. What is this, but the breaking up of a family? Now suppose these eight fragments of a family still united in one, the old mansion enlarged for their accommodation, the ground extended by purchase, and thoroughly tilled in a scientific manner, shops erected, and all the improvements made which such a company would not fail to make—and then see at what a great reduction of cost this united family could live, compared with the nine fragments, and what luxuries could therefore be indulged in, and you have the comparative advantages of the plan advocated by the socialists. I have said nothing of the moral advantages of a family, thus united, nor of the influence which they would undoubtedly exert in a community.

CON.—Well, this is altogether a new view of the subject, I confess; I must think of it. Ah, there is my friend, BULLION; I must hasten to meet him! Excuse me, sir—good morning!

PRO.—Good morning, sir. (Solus.) It troubles my friend CONSERVATIVE, to think, confoundedly; besides, should he be in the least tinged with doctrines of this kind, it is my opinion, he would lose his interest in BULLION.

H.

## SERVICE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM.

THE world would gladly have welcomed Jesus to its thrones, if he had approached it merely as a being of Power. The Type of evil, speaking within him at the temptation, the crisis of his life, promised him kingdoms, on this condition. He rejected this condition of power as evil. He chose to take upon himself the form of a servant, and declared thereby, in all his ministry, that love in service, was the only majesty. He washed his disciples' feet, on his last evening with them, that in this act they might see he was the same Lord and Master they knew and acknowledged him to be, in his great acts of power. The disciples could feel and worship the power and glory of love, but not love in its native form of service. It was pride in Peter, and not humility, which declined to have Jesus wash his feet. Must he see Peter's Lord and Master abase himself to service? The disciples (except John, perhaps,) always preached Jesus as a Power, not understanding love; and the church so preaches him, because it cannot understand him. The church proclaims the omniscience of God, who knows the mystery of the seven-fold light, and overlooks the love of God, who maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good. The church expands upon the omnipresence of God, who fills every corner of a Universe, and forgets that quality of his nature by which he never enters the door of our hearts, unbidden. The church declaims upon the omnipotence of God, who pours out the rivers as a rushing flood, but considers not that condescension of God, by which he maketh the little brooks to run between banks of the earth, that the beasts of the field may drink and be glad. All creation is the service of love; but the popular theologies treat of the creation as a manifestation of power and skill, or as a price paid by the Deity for personal glory.

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## Poetry.

## THE POET.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M.D.

THE Poet, through all things on earth, can see,  
 Glimpses of that Celestial State to be.  
 The Voices of all Ages, from their dim  
 Abodes, (his foregone echoes,) answer him.  
 God's holy Messenger to ignorant men  
 To lead them safely back to Heaven again;  
 For that Celestial State is far above  
 This low, terrestrial one in heavenly love.  
 He is the echo of great Nature's voice,  
 Whose utterance makes the heart of Man rejoice—  
 That God-made Memnon who doth ever make  
 Celestial music for his own soul's sake.  
 Thus he becomes the Prophet of all time,  
 Archangel-like, in thunderous tones sublime—  
 Preaching that mystic music unto men,  
 Which Angels shall rehearse in Heaven again.  
 Then listen to him while he sings to thee  
 Of what thou art—what thou shalt surely be;  
 For knowing not what thou art now—hast been—  
 Is not to know what thou shalt be again;  
 Which, knowing not, will teach thy soul to know  
 What, only known, will bring thee deepest woe!  
 He plucks the fruit of that Igdraail-tree  
 Whose roots grow in the Heart of Deity.  
 He speaks of the Eternal Source of things,  
 And gives to wingless Man an Angel's wings.  
 He tells him of his soul's lost Paradise,  
 And how he may regain it in the skies—  
 That his peculiar mode of being here,  
 Is not the being that shall live up there.  
 He tells why Man cannot be happy here,  
 Because his hopes of joy are fixed up there.  
 He shall be happy in the world to come,  
 Who lives as this were not his Heavenly Home.  
 He is the Pole-Star of this life's dark night—  
 The only Pharos to the Ports of Light—  
 That great, divinest, Everlasting Day,  
 God-lighted, shining here on earth away.  
 He is the Temp'le of the Living God,  
 Built here on earth for His Divine Abode.  
 Rapt with Archangel-might, his sunlike song  
 Gushes in golden music from his tongue.  
 When, like Elijah in his chariot driven  
 Through whirlwind-parted clouds from earth to Heaven,  
 Whose bickering wheels shed thunder as they roll  
 In lightning fire—to glory goes his soul—  
 Where God's Sphere-melody is heard on high  
 Flooding the ocean-ether endlessly—  
 (Radiating from the rolling Stars like light  
 Out of the sun, encompassing his flight—)  
 Until the unborn Ages yet to be,  
 Are rapt with his great Seraph-melody.

*Villa Allegra, Ga, March 15 1849.*

## SPEAK FREELY

"Be thou like the first Apostles—  
 Be thou like heroic Paul;  
 If a free thought seek expression,  
 Speak it boldly! Speak it all!"

## A FOUNTAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM.

BY STELLA.

SWEET fountain, welling forth to light,  
 From thy dark prison-home below,  
 Thy crystal waters fresh and bright,  
 Onward to distant ocean flow.

So some pure spirit, born of earth,  
 Freed from its darksome home of clay,  
 Springs joyous into second birth,  
 And hails a brighter, fuller day.

Sweet fountain, from thy foaming crest,  
 Now tremulous the sunrays gleam,  
 As some blithe bird with snowy breast,  
 Glances in day's first dewy beam.

The flowers that stud thy grassy brink,  
 To thee their bright existence owe,  
 From mystic tubes their fibres drink,  
 Instinctive piercing earth below.

Those fibres traversing the earth,  
 How like to human forms are they,  
 In nourishing a brighter birth,  
 While groping on their darkling way!

How little knows the insensate root  
 Of what it nourishes, so fair—  
 That verdant leaf, and flower, and fruit,  
 Are waving in the upper air!

As little knows the untaught mind—  
 Its hopes and joys all centered here—  
 Of germs within its depths design'd  
 To blossom in a higher sphere.

## THE CLOUDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM.

BY S. H. LLOYD.

I love the clouds, the golden clouds  
 That in the sunset glow,  
 Or when the plain they drench with rain  
 And make the rose-buds grow,  
 And as they sail and turn to hail  
 Or gently fall in snow.

They fall in showers and kiss the flowers  
 In sheltered nook and dell,  
 And on their breast they make their nest,  
 And there their secrets tell;—  
 They fall in rain and bless the grain  
 And make their blossoms swell.

They gently fill each tinkling rill  
 That makes the wheel go round,  
 The trav'ler o'er each distant shore  
 Their pearly streams have sound;  
 With icy feet they fall in sleet  
 Or snow-flakes to the ground.

On steps of light, they speed their flight,  
 And bend their bow on high,  
 Impearled with dew of every hue  
 It gilds the rosy sky,  
 To fall again in dew or rain  
 And on the flowerets lie.



## Miscellaneous Department.

From the Quaker City.

THE ENTRANCED;  
OR THE WANDERER OF EIGHTEEN CENTURIES.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

(Continued from page 366.)

LUCIUS VISITS THE NEW WORLD.

As the sun was setting, a young man gazed from the deck of a ship, which sailed alone in the midst of the trackless ocean, and turned his blue eyes with a thoughtful earnestness toward the West.

Around him stretched the world of calm waters, and above him the world of cloudless sky. Sky and ocean looked warm and golden in the light of the declining day. A solitary star, trembling on the verge of the vast horizon, shone with a mild lustre as the sun went down.

And while the sun was sinking, the young man, with his hands clasped and his eyes filled with tender light, still kept his face toward the West, and looked far over the waters, like one who sees pleasant images in a waking dream.

It was Lucius, on his way to the land of the new world.

"There, at least, the Gospel of Nazareth is preached unto the poor. There, at least, while the Old World is given up to the throes of Revolution, the A risen Gospel walks divinely among millions of happy people. There, at least, in the land of Penn and of Washington, shall we behold a free people, dwelling in brotherhood, without a single slave to mar their peace, or call down upon their heads the vengeance of God. Hail, land of the New World, set apart by God as the heritage of the millions who toil! Hail, thou Palestine of the human family, to which the tribes of the poor may go up freely, and dwell in the very Shoshoneh of Brotherhood! Hail, land, which the Men of Plymouth, and the Pilgrim of the Delaware, and the Catholic of Baltimore, planted hundreds of years ago—land watered with the tears of the Revolution—made holy by the deeds of Washington—rich with the harvest of the Martyr's blood—land of the Gospel, the heart within me swells, as far over the waters I decry your blessed shores!"

Thus it was that Lucius lifted up his voice, as the sun went down, and night came silently on, over the world of wave and sky.

For he had left the old world, with the words of Lamartine in his ears, "*The name of Washington is not so much the name of a man, as it is the holiest synonym of Liberty.*"

And for many days and nights Lucius gazed earnestly over the waves, yearning with all his soul for a glimpse of the New World. At last he caught sight of its shores, but did not set his foot upon the sacred soil until the ship anchored, one winter evening, in the waters of the Potomac.

The other passengers of the ship had wondered much at the sight of Lucius, attired in the blouse of labor, and were much impressed with love of his mild countenance, lighted by eyes of tranquil blue, and shaded by locks of golden hair. But now, as the ship swung at anchor, while the sunset rays streamed over her banner of stars, they were surprised beyond the power of words, to see the young stranger take staff in hand, and depart alone. They watched the little boat into which he had descended, until it glided from the sunshine into the shadows which slept beneath the high cliffs of the Potomac.

But Lucius bade good-bye to the oarsman, and stepped ashore, as his heart gathered emotions too big for utterance.

He was alone, in the shadows of the great rocks.

He bent down and gathered a handful of sand, and sprinkled

it upon his golden hair, saying in a low voice, like the voice of one who prays:

"Thus I baptize me with the dust of this sacred land! Sacred, because it is not trodden by the foot of a tyrant or a slave!"

Then Lucius, ascending from the shore, came upon a wide lawn, which, green and flowery in summer time, was now white with drifts of new-fallen snow.

And at the end of the lawn stood a stately mansion, whose windows glittered like burnished gold in the last rays of the setting sun.

Lucius, with bended head, entered the home of Washington, and sat him down in a spacious chamber, whose furniture was covered with the dust of many years. It was a place of calm twilight; the hearth was without fire, and the curtains of the bed waved to and fro, with a tremulous motion.

"Here Washington died," said Lucius solemnly.

For a long time he sat there, in the dark and stillness.

But at last, impelled by the same influence which had guided his steps to the New World, he arose and said—"Washington, I will even visit thy grave, and say a prayer amid thy dust."

And it was so, that Lucius for a time lost the consciousness of a two-fold life. Or, if the consciousness came to him at all, it only came in broken gleams. He was but an humble laborer, clad in the blouse of labor. It was his task to journey over the New World, and gaze upon the fruits of the labors of Washington, and the brethren of Washington. He was, for awhile, but a man of the world, although glimpses of his life of eighteen centuries streamed in upon his soul, like the words and faces of a dream.

He was led by the invisible influence to the grave of Washington.

It slept where, under the light of the winter stars, a gentle knell crowned with cedar and cypress tress, and with the sacred ashes of Washington within its breast. It was far down in a secluded place, where a perpetual stillness brooded night and day, and as you came near it, you felt your heart dilate at once with love and awe.

Lucius entered the gate which arose amid the sombre trees, and descended into the vault, where the ashes of the dead slept in a coffin of stone. All was dark; but the heart of Lucius, through the darkness, went out from him, and mingled in sympathy with the ashes of the hero.

Presently a pale lustre shone through the gloom, and revealed the narrow vault, and shone upon the stone coffin. That lustre also disclosed the face of Lucius, as sinking on his knees, he laid his hand upon the coffin and uttered a prayer.

Then Lucius saw the coffin unclose, and the ashes began to stir with life. And right before him, encircled by that luminous lustre, arose a dim and shadowy form, whose mild eyes were fixed upon the face of Lucius.

"It is Washington," said Lucius. "He comes from the dead. He arises to walk the earth, as in days of old. He will journey with me over the land of the New World. Hand in hand we will go together, and look upon the harvest of his labors."

Then a low voice was heard through the stillness—"It is even so. I will go forth with thee, in bodily shape, and together we will survey the land."

"What shape wilt thou assume?" asked Lucius. "Wilt come in the garb of Royalty, or wilt thou appear in the attire of Wealth, with the voluptuous odors of luxury clinging to thy garments?"

"I am permitted only to return to earth on one condition. If within the borders of this land there shall be found one man dying by the pangs of hunger, or beneath the lash of oppression, I am permitted to inhabit his form, and thus go forth with thee, clad in the veriest rags of wretchedness."

"But," said Lucius, "through all the borders of this land,

there is not one who cringes beneath the tyrant's lash, or dies by the slow agonies of famine—not one—not one. How then shall I meet thee, Washington?"

"Then I cannot come back to earth again," said the voice, and Lucius felt that the light over the coffin was fading fast. "But in the course of thy pilgrimage, shouldst thou encounter this suffering one—dying of hunger or the lash—then thou mayest know that in truth my spirit has entered that breast of anguish and despair."

"O, Washington, tell me," said Lucius, eagerly, "for what end didst thou pass through the battle and the fire of Revolution?"

The brightness had faded, but through the darkness a low voice was heard, and Lucius listened with all his soul:

"The Lord called me when an orphan child. He spoke to me in the accents of a mother's prayer. He led me into the wilderness, where I heard his voice in the roar of the cataract, in the sound of the thunder, in the howling of tempests, but most of all, in the awful stillness which came down upon the untrodden forests in the dead of night.

"And amid the scenes of virgin nature, I was hardened into an iron manhood. I knew not whether the invisible hand was leading me, but I always felt, as boy and man, that there was a great work for me, hidden in the womb of the future.

"This feeling became my religion. It taught me to trust in God. It taught me to govern my fiery temper; to hoard up the strength of my nerves and the vigor of my brain. Many a time, in the lone wilderness, when dressed as an humble forester, I faced the perils of blood and fire, the wrath of savage men, and the anguish of days and nights of fever, has the consciousness visited me, *that I could not taste of death until my work was done.* And the nature of this work for years was hidden in darkness. I was passing the noon-day of life. Then the voice of a people's woe came to my home, saying: 'We would be free—lead us to battle!' It was the work for which the Lord had prepared me, by the iron education of many years. I answered the call. I went through the battle and the flames of seven year's Revolution. When all was dark, and the hopes of ages rested upon a starving mob, who, smitten by pestilence, hid their faces from the day in the huts of Valley Forge—even then I did not despair. God had called me to do his work—this was my religion—and not until his work was done could I pass away. At last, when the work was done, I passed away, and my ashes mingled with the dust of ages."

This voice, speaking not so much with words as to the heart, penetrated Lucius with something of awe. And through the darkness, Lucius raised his voice again:

"Tell me, Washington, for what end didst thou do this work," he asked.

Again the voice was heard:

"The object for which I worked was not always clear to me, when my soul was joined to my mortal body. But now, as I look forth with the eyes of eternity, and survey my earthly life, as though it were the life of another, the object for which I worked, battled, and was willing to die, even upon a gibbet, is clear as the noon-day sun."

"Tell it to me, and now," asked Lucius, humbly.

"Not now," answered the voice. "Not until I meet thee in bodily form, and we go forth on a pilgrimage together."

Then the voice spoke no more, and Lucius remained in the darkness, until morning light, pondering deeply by the coffin of Washington.

#### LUCIUS ENTERS THE CITY OF THE DOME.

When morning light baptized the grave of Washington, Lucius arose and took his staff, and journeyed whither he was led by invisible hands.

Like one who is bewildered by the images of a dream, he wandered on, through a dreary winter landscape, now among the

leafless trees, and now by the river shore, where the rocks of granite and the rocks of ice mingled together, until toward the close of day, he saw the sun shining brightly upon a dome, which swelled into the cloudless heavens.

And it was so, Lucius spoke not a word to the travellers who passed him on the way, nor did he feel conscious that the faces of living men were gazing wonderingly into his own.

But absorbed in his thoughts, he wandered on until he saw the great dome glittering in the setting sun.

And beneath the dome, scattered over a rough space of ground, were lofty tenements rising from the banks of a turbid ditch and edifices of brick and stone, resembling the palaces of Ancient Rome, towered generally into the air, with huts and kennels at their feet.

Pausing on the dusty roadside, where the snow had melted and exposed the grey earth, for a space of two or three yards, Lucius raised his eye, and surveyed the hamlet of palaces and hovels, which lay beneath the colossal dome.

"There is not a cloud in the winter sky. This place, despite its contrast of palaces and hovels, looks beautiful in the sunshine. Let me hasten to yonder house and ask its name."

Through a wicket gate and along a path covered with boards, Lucius passed until he stood before a small edifice, built of grey stone and standing among withered trees. The sun shone brightly upon its window panes, and even gave a cheerful glow to a high wall, which arose from one extremity of the edifice.

Lucius passed the threshold, and presently stood in a large chamber, where a comfortable fire was burning. Near an oaken table, which was filled with bottles and glasses, sat a man of cheerful features, with his feet upon the stove, and his hands in the arm-holes of his waistcoat. There was a wreath of tobacco smoke around his smiling features, and a pipe in his mouth.

Lucius stood before him, dusty and wayworn, and yet the man of the place could not help starting in his chair, when he beheld that youthful countenance, with its blue eyes shining in saddened thought, and its golden hair tinted by the afternoon sun.

"Do you want to sell or buy?" said the man, before Lucius could speak a word. Strange was it that the words "sell or buy," was the first greeting which Lucius received in the land of the New World. Lucius gazed upon him with a look of blank wonder,—but impelled by a voice within him—answered with these words:

"First let me behold your wares. After I have seen them I will tell you whether I want to sell or buy."

Now in one part of the room, the white wall was varied by a small square space, which looked like a casement covered by boards. Lucius started, for the blind windows, sunken in the thickness of the walls, reminded him of the iron door in the Catacombs.

The good-humored man arose and opened the window and said "look!" and blew a whistle which was suspended from his neck.

Wondering, Lucius advanced. He looked through the aperture. He beheld a square yard, paved with stone, and surrounded by a massive wall, which was built with great solidity, and which cast a gloom upon the space which it encircled. Three sides of the wall were bounded by the dead wall, and the fourth side was also a wall, but pierced with windows and doors. The windows were covered by iron bars; the doors looked as though they led into funeral vaults.

"Where are your wares?" said Lucius.

The good humored man smiled and blew his whistle, when lo! a crowd of men and women and children, came running through the narrow door, into the yard bounded by gloomy walls.

And they ranged themselves in a line before the eyes of Lucius. And Lucius saw that some of the men were black, and some of the women also, but there were many whose countenances were as fair as that of the good humored man by his side.



The scene bewildered Lucius.

"I would see your wares," he said.

"These are my wares," said the good humored man, smoking his pipe, and laughing merrily: "I will sell you that man for eight hundred dollars. He is a stout fellow in the harvest field, believe me. Or, that woman and her child for nine hundred dollars. She is a good housekeeper, and the boy is healthy—in a few years he will be worth at least four hundred dollars. Or I will sell you the mother without the child, for seven hundred dollars. Maybe you would like to buy that stout fellow in the brown jacket? He can read and write, and can preach the Gospel, I assure you. He's a capital fellow to have on a plantation. Preaches the Gospel and keeps the slaves in order."

Lucius felt his heart grow sick within him, and staggered back from the window.

"What is the name of this land?" he cried, while a horror, too deep for words, distorted his face.

"America," said the good humored man, with a smile at what he thought the insane demeanor of Lucius: "America. The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. I am an American myself: born here. My grand-father fought under Washington, and fought for liberty. Do you want to sell or buy?"

"What is the name of the city whose dome shines yonder in the sun?"

"WASHINGTON. Named after the immortal Washington who fought for freedom. Did you say you'd buy that woman?"

"The name of this—" hesitated Lucius, at loss for a word to express his meaning—"this house?"

He staggered to the door; and laid his hand upon the lock, turning his face over his shoulder as he waited for an answer.

The good humored man had sat him down and taken bottle and pipe, and was drinking and smoking away, with great complacency.

"Stranger," he said between each puff of smoke—"I reckon your intellect is a little decayed. Don't you know that this house as you call it, is the Slave-Pen of the City of Washington?"

Lucius heard no more. He tottered from the house. He ran along the broad walk and gained the highway, lifting his hands to the clear sky and muttering wildly these words:

"AMERICA! WASHINGTON! SLAVE-PEN!" For truth to tell, Lucius the Arisen, never had heard before, such a strange mingling of words. America, Washington, Slave-Pen! It was as though one had said Heaven, Saint Paul, Hell—and in a single breath.

That night Lucius traversed the City of Washington. Leaving the Slave-Pen, he ascended to the Palace of the Republican Monarch, and from the Palace he hastened to the Capitol, where the Senators were in council. Nor did his journey terminate at the Capitol. He traversed the city that was above ground, and also traversed the city that was beneath.

And the sights that he saw, and the words that he heard, if written in a book, would not be believed by one man in ten. And the man who would write them in a book would be starved to death, or suffered to rot in a jail, or put to the torture at the stake.

For those sights and those words, enacted and spoken in the City of Washington, were a blasphemy upon every good thought which God has implanted in the hearts of his creatures, and a blasphemy upon the truth and purity of God himself.

And it is to the honor of humanity, that those sights and words would be denied belief, by the great mass of human kind.

\* \* \* \* \*

But there were sights and words which may be described and written. Behold and listen.

\* \* \* \* \*

Toward the break of day, Lucius, shuddering and cold, stood

upon the steps of the Capitol, gazing upon the city, which extended—but did not alumber—at his feet.

The stillness and the gloom which rested upon the Capitol, was in strange contrast with the confused murmur, the flaring of lights, and the rolling of carriage wheels, which resounded from beneath.

The stillness was disturbed by a hollow laugh. And through the gloom strode a gaunt form with measured steps, and a swarthy face, lighted by fiery eyes, gazed in the face of Lucius:

"The Executioner!" exclaimed Lucius.

"Yes, it is even I—your companion of eighteen hundred years," responded the Executioner: "The Old World became too hot to hold me. What, with the Reforms and Revolutions, and Sacraments of Brotherhood, I had a troubled life of it. But this New World is the place for me. I like it much, and think of making it my residence for the future,"—a smile, which made Lucius grow colder and paler, flashed over his sombre face—

"Ho! ho! friend Lucius, what think you of the Arisen Gospel?" And with these words he was gone. He glided away, but Lucius heard his hollow laughter echo from the grounds beneath the Capitol.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SMOKING.

"Dost thou smoke, Bill?" said a tall, lean, sickly-looking youth, to a fine, robust, healthy-looking lad the other day, as they passed me in the street; while at the same time a cloud of tobacco smoke came directly in my face, which made me wish heartily that he did not smoke. I need not say how glad I was to hear the rosy-looking lad say, "No, I don't." Just as this conversation took place, two dashing young men passed me, smoking cigars, the one about seventeen, the other about eighteen years of age. Turning my footsteps homeward, I could not help pondering on this almost universal practice of smoking, pursued alike by old and young, and ever and anon some of the faces of my neighbors and acquaintances would present themselves to my recollection, and never was I more surprised to find, on reflection, how closely were linked together great smokers and poverty, great smokers and pallid looks, great smokers and want of cleanliness. I took down my cyclopaedia, and looked for the word "tobacco."

"Tobacco," says the compiler of the book, "contains an oil of a poisonous quality, which is used in some countries to destroy snakes, by putting a little on the tongue; on receiving it the snake is seized with convulsions, coils itself up, and dies; and what is very singular, becomes almost as stiff and hard as if it were dried in the sun." "I have been," says a very eminent medical writer, "now twenty-three years in extensive practice, and I never observed so many pallid faces and so many marks of declining health, nor have I ever known so many hectic habits and consumptive affections as of late years; and I trace this alarming inroad on young constitutions, principally to the pernicious system of smoking cigars. I am entirely convinced that smoking and chewing tobacco, injure ultimately the hearing, smell, taste, and teeth. The practice of smoking is productive of indolence; it opens the pores on the head, throat, neck, and chest, and then going into the cold, your pores are suddenly closed. Hence arise disorders of the head, throat, and lungs." Mr. Curtis, in his observations on health, says, "The excessive use of tobacco, in whatever shape it is taken, heats the blood, hurts digestion, wastes the fluids, and relaxes the nerves. A patient of mine, who used to boast of the number of cigars he could smoke in a day, produced ptyalism, or salivation, by his folly; and had he not abandoned the practice, he would have lived but a very short time." Snuff is highly injurious to apoplectic persons, and those laboring under deafness and other diseases of the head; to the consumptive, and to those afflicted with internal ulcers.—*Temperance Tract.*

## INFLUENCE OF A SMILE.

It is related in the life of a celebrated mathematician, William Hutton, that a respectable looking country woman called upon him one day, anxious to speak with him. She told him with an air of secrecy, that her husband behaved unkindly to her, and sought other company, frequently passing his evenings from home, which made her feel extremely unhappy, and knowing Mr. Hutton to be a wise man, she thought he might be able to tell her how she could manage to cure her husband.

The case was a common one, and he thought he could prescribe for it without losing reputation as a conjurer. "The remedy is a simple one," said he, "and I have never known it to fail. *Always meet your husband with a smile.*"

The woman expressed her thanks, dropped a courtesy and went away. A few months afterwards she waited on Mr. Hutton, with a couple of fine fowls, which she begged him to accept. She told him, while a tear of joy and gratitude glistened in her eye, that she had followed his advice, and her husband was cured. He no longer sought the company of others, but treated her with constant love and kindness.

## WONDERS OF PHILOSOPHY.

The polypus receives new life from the knife which is lifted to destroy it. The fly-spider lays an egg as large as itself. There are four thousand and forty-one muscles in a caterpillar. Hook discovered fourteen thousand mirrors in the eye of a drone; and to effect the respiration of a carp, thirteen thousand six hundred arteries, vessels, veins, bones, &c., are necessary. The body of every spider contains four little masses, pierced with a multitude of imperceptible holes, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all the threads, to the amount of one thousand to each mass, join together when they come out and make a thread with which the spider spins its web, so that what we call a spider's thread consists of more than one thousand united. Luenhoek, by means of a microscope, observed spiders no larger than a grain of sand, which spun threads so fine it took four thousand of them to equal in magnitude a single hair.

## CLIMATE OF NEW ZEALAND.

The following extraordinary facts relating to the effects of the climate of New Zealand upon exotic vegetation, are recorded in the minutes of the lords' committee on colonization. Plants which in Europe are annuals, become perennials. This has been observed to be the case even of barley, beans, &c. The wheat is remarkably good, and grows exceedingly high, the stalk being so strong that it has the power of resisting any ordinary wind, and is never laid. It is alleged also to have produced fifty bushels to the acre. The natives never grow wheat in large quantities. The myrtle and the fuschia are large timber trees. Cabbages grow close to the sea-shore, with a heart eleven inches in diameter, and radishes become larger than mangel-wurtzels, as big, in fact, as a man's leg.

## BURIED FOR TWO THOUSAND YEARS.

LORD LINDSAY, in his travels, writes that while wandering amid the pyramids of Egypt, he stumbled on a mummy, proved by its hieroglyphics to be at least 2,000 years of age. In examining the mummy after it was unwrapped, he found in one of its closed hands a tuberous or bulbous root. He was interested in the question how long vegetable life could last, and he therefore took that tuberous root from the mummy's hand, planted it in a sunny soil, allowed the rains and dews of heaven to descend upon it, and in the course of a few weeks, to his astonishment and joy, the root burst forth and bloomed into a beautiful dahlia.

When I think of the vast capacities of the human mind, of God's nearness to it and unbounded love towards it, I am disposed to wonder, but that they have not been more variously vouchsafed to the wants of mankind.—*Channing.*

## MARRIED,

In Southington, Ct., May 1st, by J. K. Ingalls, Mr. SELDEN HOTCHKISS, and Miss LUCY J. MATTHEWS, daughter of Mr. Arnold Matthews.

## REMOVAL OF OUR OFFICE.

HEREAFTER, until farther notice, all letters, remittances, communications &c., intended for this paper, must be addressed (post paid) 131 Nassau street, our office having just been removed to the latter place. Our City patrons who call for their papers, at the office, will according call at the latter place hereafter.

## THE UNIVERCÆLUM

AND

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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## PSYCHOLOGY

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## FROM THE INTERIOR STATE

have done so much for the cause of social, psychological, and spiritual science, will continue to make The Univercælum the vehicle of his highest intuitions.

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# THE UNIVERCŒLUM

AND

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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

VOL. III.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1849.

NO 25

### The Principles of Nature.

#### IMPRESSIONS IN A TRANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM.

(Concluded from page 372.)

ANOTHER point I will mention here. It may be asked why Nature does not now produce and bring forth animals as she did at first? The answer is plain: the earth is not now as it was in its original state. There is no dead matter now capable of producing by any other law save that of producing from seed; for this first matter expended all its power in the first production, and that production did not restore this power by its death, but gave it other powers, namely, to produce other substance. There were as many as six different changes before animals began to display intelligence. This intelligence at first was very limited. But as the food which the animal relished best was the cause of the first glimmering of intelligence, so by continuing to eat of that same kind of food, his intelligence naturally increased. Here again may be found a mark of the wisdom of God, in adapting the laws of Nature to those things which Nature has produced, and to bring about the great end for which the earth was organized. This was his glory; and in order to this, we see that spirit in man must be the inevitable result. Of what utility is this spirit, or how can it glorify him unless it first knows from whence it came and to what end it was made? Hence the necessity of a direct revelation from God to man through his spirit, for He can reveal himself no other way. And here again we find man adapted to this great end. God has given him powers of reason by which he may discover an overruling Being in those things which he sees.

I will step aside from the tenor of my remarks to speak of the manner in which God always has made revelations to man by his spirit, and I will prove my position by the revelations that have been made in all ages of the world. He never has, neither can he do it, by any other process than by disengaging the spirit from the body. I admit, however, that individuals may not know whether they are in the body or not, but from the peculiarity of their situation at the time, we must come to the conclusion that when they were in the spirit they were absent from the body.

I will now speak of the peculiarities of man, and of the necessity of his having this spirit in order, not only for his own good, but were it not for that it would be impossible for Nature to go in her course. This may be a startling idea, but it is nevertheless true. I have remarked in some of my papers, that the earth grew larger, and that it attracted things just in proportion to its bulk. Now take away man's intelligence, and how long would he live?

The heat from the inner portion of the earth recedes, and therefore we find it cold, and snowy, and stormy, before which man could not stand [were it not for his intelligence.] Besides there are very many kinds of cattle which could not live were it not for the intelligence of man to take care of them. The en-

largement of the earth, then, would cease in the course of time, or at least it would increase so slowly, that the great laws of Nature could not be observed.

Again we find the adaptation of Nature's laws in man's organization. Every bone, ligament, and muscle, acts in its own proper place and time. Here let me speak again of the food we eat, and of its tendencies, (let him that reads consider). Nature has been faithful in her work, and are we not under obligation to be faithful in the performance of our duty to ourselves? I will begin with our food. It is known that there is a certain amount of poison in our food. Now that poison is put there for our good. Were it not for this, the joints in our bodies would become dry and immovable. The oily substance that we find in our joints, proceeds directly from the poison in the food we eat. Now if this poison be taken in too great, or too little quantities, we feel its effects immediately. Therefore to grind and bolt our flour too closely, will have a tendency to destroy the health of the consumer.

In certain climates it is necessary for man to subsist on different from what they use in other climates. Here again is the necessity for man's intelligence in order to preserve his health. He that goes on regardless of his own judgment, must suffer the consequences. I have a very distinct view of the anatomy of the human body, but I am not capable of going into the investigation of so great a machine, to show all its parts and how it is put together. Nor is it necessary for my present purpose. But I will try and show what is necessary for the good of this great machine, and the sphere in which Nature has adapted it to move. Here let me be understood. In the first place that the law of progression is a fixed and unalterable law. We may disregard that law, but it remains unaltered. Let the reader bear this in mind as he proceeds with the perusal of these manuscripts, and he will the more easily understand what he reads. I speak entirely from this principle through the whole of my papers. It is in fact one of Heaven's first laws. The throne of God (or administration of His government) is also governed by this law.

Now let us contrast the original state of man and his present state, with what he might have been. To do this we must show in the first place what he might be. It is contended by many that in Adam's sin man became utterly depraved. This doctrine is erroneous. It cannot be proved by any authority whatever. But the truth of the matter is just here. God has done for the human family all that he could do. He has provided a means of progression beyond what man has ever looked for. Now if man had followed in the path marked out by the great God, he would now be holy, upright and perfectly happy. It is thought by many that partaking of the tree of knowledge was a sin. By partaking of the tree of knowledge man was to become like God, knowing good from evil. Did this make man totally depraved? No. A man is wicked in proportion to the lessons taught him by those most nearly connected with him. This is what makes a man do wrong, but knowing good from evil does not affect him either way. To know good from evil is to become intelligent, and just so far as we become intelligent, just so far we become like God. Man's sin, then, consists in doing that which he knows to be wrong. For instance, if I take a vial of poison and I know

its contents will produce instant death—if I take it into my system, I become my own murderer. So if I eat anything that is not wholesome, I so far destroy my own life, and am my own torturer. It became necessary, therefore, that man should know good from evil. Here is nature's adaptation in promoting progression.

I will now prove that man is not what he might have been.—We find that at a very early day the intelligence of man told him that if he eat of certain kinds of fruit it would do him injury. We find he did partake of that fruit, and the mind became dull and listless. He lost the relish he had for communion with that holy and all intelligent God who was till that time his Instructor to lead him on to perfection. It is said that God thrust him out of Paradise. This is not so. He lost all relish for holy things, and therefore lost his high and happy station. There was no curse pronounced upon him except this—by constantly disobeying the laws of his being labor became a burthen to him, and he has construed this into a charge upon God when it was the result of his own wrong doing. It is also said that a sword was placed between man and paradise. That sword is nothing more than the effect produced by the constant practice of doing wrong.

Let me examine the other side of the question a little while. Let me follow the history of the world, and we will find that when men lived in accordance with nature's laws, the sword set to guard the garden of Eden was removed, for such men have always had intercourse with spirits and were consequently happy. The curse pronounced against the evil doer is rather a blessing. I mean the alledged curse, that we should get our living by the sweat of our face. Now let me introduce one argument against this doctrine: Suppose man had never partaken of the forbidden fruit, how would he have got his living? That is, if it is a curse to eat bread in the sweat of his face because he partook of the forbidden fruit, would God have conveyed to him his food, fed it to him and chewed and swallowed it for him? If so what kind of being would man have been? I will tell you. He would have been a monument of perfect stillness, without motion and without life. Is it then a curse to labor?

Again. Did nature adapt herself to the principle of slavery? Did she say that a part of the human family should support the other part? Or has she ever adapted herself to the wants of those who would thus oppress their fellow men? She has indeed adapted herself to man's natural wants, but not to his artificial wants. If we examine this matter candidly, we shall find that the development of the human mind depends entirely upon the creature himself. Here lies the cause of all the misery in the world. But for this, the earth would be a universal Paradise. Then let light and truth be disseminated. Throw your old worn out systems of theology to the moles and bats. You talk about men worshipping Idols. Those you denounce are far the most consistent beings. They do as well as they know how, while you do not. Man is the noblest work of God; and to destroy his physical being is to blot out the image of God which is in him. Nature designed that this image should grow brighter and brighter. It is not the fault of nature that man does not reflect the image of God in his person; the fault is in man himself. Now has God indeed done all for us he can do? Let the judgment of the reader answer this question. My heart is pained when I hear men charge God with being the author of all their suffering. I wish I could use language to impress this idea upon the mind of the world, and thereby wake them up to this subject. For this one thing is certain, that in order for the full development of the mind of man, he must first learn his state and standing as to the spiritual world. But this will do for this time.

I will now proceed to notice more particularly the design of nature in the vegetable world and of the mineral kingdom. Let it be understood that nature is all the while laboring for the de-

velopment of mind. She has no other object in view, nor can she have any other. That the mind of man may be improved by studying her laws, cannot be denied. I will therefore introduce a few thoughts upon this subject, and then leave it for the consideration of the reader.

First, I will notice the motion of the earth, forming night and day. Now a man sleeps much the best in the dark, and sleep is also necessary for the development of mind, and without this man would become weary of life. Next to this I will notice the attractive power of the earth, without which it would be impossible for us to stay on it: we should in a moment be left in the midst of space where we could not subsist. Next I will notice the mineral kingdom. Without this man could not subsist long on the earth. Next in order is the animal kingdom. Here we find very great enjoyment and derive great benefit. And last but not least is the vegetables found all over the earth. Now these things are all governed by the laws of nature to the end that the mind of man might be more fully developed. Each plant bears seed after its kind, and thus continues a source of constant blessing to the human mind. Now what could nature do more? Man has only to observe these laws and be happy.

We find the seed of different plants disposed of in many different ways, yet all tending to the same end. The meanest plant we know, if we only study its nature, we will at once discover that it was created for the same great end. The fragrance of the blossoms distil health in the atmosphere, and one cannot but exclaim, Oh, how wonderful are Thy works! We find the weeds in our gardens are designed for the good of man in supplying the life of smaller animals. Each plant is designed for its own particular sphere. The seed of the thistle is prepared with wings to convey it to other parts, so that it may germinate. It is carried in the air until it is caught or entangled by some heavier material with which it may come in contact. And so we might go on and enumerate things of both vegetable and animal properties. But enough has been said to illustrate my views on these points.

I have shown how vegetation exists and how animals subsist. I will now proceed to speak more fully of man. I have shown how he exists as an animal. I have also spoken of his spirit. I now further say that his spirit, or vital, or intelligent part, is an organization of itself, independent of the body. In order that I may be properly understood, I will say in the first place that the spirit or principle of intelligence cannot be brought into existence except the seed of intelligence be first planted in the earth. I have already shown that man is of the earth. Now this seed is planted in him, and it grows. Its growth, therefore is dependent upon the body. But it is not thus dependent for life. The body may die, but this independent Spirit cannot die. It passes into another state of existence, so that in this sense it is independent of the body—that is, for life. I will further say that this same spirit may be separate from the body while the body yet lives. For proof of this, I will refer to the apostle Paul, to Peter, to John the Revelator, to Zachariah, to Joseph and to many of the ancient worthies who talked with angels. Now it is a fact that gross matter cannot see and hold converse with spirits. Can a man see the air? He can see and feel its effects when it is set in motion. Neither can a man see spirits.

Then how is it that a man may see angels? To deny that a man can see angels would be denying more of the Bible than I dare presume to deny. How then can a man see and talk with angels, except by getting out of the body? That is by the spirit leaving the body when the body is asleep? It leaves the body, but the body still lives. It is said by many that the body must be raised up before the soul of man is complete. This idea is very erroneous. The spirit or soul of man, as I have said before, is an organization separate from and independent of the body. The body having done its part, it is laid aside as a useless incumbrance. Methinks I see the spirit of my sainted mother who