

THE UNIVERCŒLUM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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

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The Principles of Nature.

THE SOLICITORS OF ALMS; PLAN TO SUPPLY THEIR WANTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM,

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A LOVE for Humanity, or desire for the progressive happiness of the various individuals which constitute the Human Race, prompts me to inquire into the mental and social condition of mankind. It induces me to investigate their physical and spiritual health. It makes me reflect night and day, concerning the most natural, practicable, and expeditious mode of promoting their refinement, unity and elevation; and under promptings like these, I proceed to investigate the condition, and the means for supplying the wants, of that class mentioned in the title of this article.

NEW-YORK AND ITS SCENES.

New-York is a miniature embodiment and true representation of the whole world. It is not necessary to visit Paris or London to become acquainted with sin and selfishness, crime and cruelty, wealth and wretchedness, pride and poverty; nor to visit the Isles of the Sea, to learn of Savagism, barbaric ignorance and enslaving superstition. The great metropolis of America embraces within itself all the forms of real and false civilization, all the conflicting elements of monarchy and aristocracy, of strife and contention, and all the attractions of refinement, opulence, and luxury.

Amid these depressing and elevating scenes, circumstances and duties have compelled me to reside. It was necessary that I should come in contact with them every day: and with my constitutional sensitiveness and disposition to sympathize with the suffering, the weak, and the oppressed, without possessing the means to render them assistance, the intercourse became exceedingly painful and uncongenial. I could not walk through a street with any degree of pleasure or satisfaction; for at almost every corner was located a representation of loneliness, distress, and destitution. Each scene was sufficient to neutralize in my mind, all recollection of enjoyment and happiness, while at the same time, the counteracting effort was to remove all remembrance of personal distress, oppression, and disappointment.

Perhaps the streets were covered with snow—the wind piercing—the night dark—the weather very cold. Perhaps the scene was a child weeping, seated on a stone step or cellar door; or, perhaps, a woman with a little child, with a sick husband at home, with a month's rent unpaid,—having every appearance of hunger, and cold, and poverty; or, perhaps, an aged man—deformed, weak, trembling, and nearly divested of garments. What is a philanthropist—whose heart is beating for human good and happiness, to do in such a case? The forlorn look, the despairing tone, the heart-rending solicitation for money and assistance, would sink with their full force into the depths of my being; and moved thus, by the spontaneous and sympathetic sensation of pity and charity, I would nervously bestow upon the

child, the mother, or the old man, whatever sum I could consistently spare, and hasten on my way.

But instead of being internally approbated for, and conscious of doing a righteous act, or a permanent good to the individuals, I invariably experienced a kind of condemnation and disapproval of judgment,—a consciousness of inadequacy in the nature and tendency of the act. This consciousness of dissatisfaction invariably succeeded the act of giving, (which was generally measured by the impetuosity of the impulse,) both concerning the influence and magnitude of the bestowment, with reference to the actual condition of the solicitor. Whether I had given enough, and to the *right* one, were the perplexing questions. I desired to feel differently—to suspect the motions of the mendicants less, and to experience inward approval for the exercise of charitableness. But I found the more I listened to petitioners, and bestowed upon them, the more numerous became similar wants, objects, and opportunities. And I discovered that instead of doing a positive good and lessening the prevailing evils of poverty and wretchedness, I was daily strengthening them, and adding more fuel to the consuming flame.

And the lapse of months and years has enlarged my experience and strengthened this consciousness of something wrong in the general custom of bestowing local charities. But I have hitherto dwelt so constantly in the field of theological and philosophical reformation, that until within five weeks, my mind has not been free to take the subject into elaborate consideration. About five weeks ago, however, an instance of seeming poverty and heart sickening dejection, was presented in such a manner as to move me to serious reflection. A concentration of mind upon the subject induced the superior condition, and I contemplated the causes and consequences, the prevention and cure, of poverty, in the following order:

THE ANGEL OF CHARITY.

Charity is the perfection of all christian excellencies; it is the benignant angel of the human soul. Charity is the perfect image and manifestation of *Fraternal Love*: and fraternal love is the development, refinement, and expansion of *Self-love*. Fraternal or brotherly love, therefore, unfolds its self into a most beautiful form—a form embracing the elements and attributes of the self-love and conjugal love; and this form, when manifested among men, bears the impress of an angel, and her name is Charity. The tenderness of her nature, the beautiful spontaneity of her impulses, and the gentleness and delicate attention, which characterize her intercourse with the sick, the poor, the prodigal, the abandoned, and the disconsolate, are precious evidences of her exalted character and glorious mission.

Education and circumstances sometimes prevent the manifestation of her nature and influence in the world, and sometimes she is chained and imprisoned within the gloomy vaults and cheerless dungeons of the miser's dark and selfish heart; but when she is permitted to walk forth among men, a sweet and heavenly influence proceeds from her, like that from angels more exalted and divine, and spreads over the community in which she resides. The seal of divinity is upon her brow: and she is never more beautiful or powerful

than when her works and deeds are unaccompanied with display and pretension. If charity is properly directed, and unrestrained while walking in the holy avenues of Wisdom, her deeds will unfold like heavenly violets in the garden of the Soul, and spread the fragrance of happiness wherever she treads. An individual may be distinguished for temperance, and patience, and perseverance, and for good judgment, and for sectarian sanctimoniousness, "but," says a free thinker and writer of the patriarchal age, "the greatest of these is CHARITY."

Charity teaches us to feel that one member cannot suffer without all the other members sympathizing and suffering with it—that not one individual can suffer from pain, or punishment, or exile, or destitution, or from any conceivable affliction, without positively affecting, to some extent, the quietude and happiness of every other individual. Hence she teaches that the inhabitants of this planet, and of other planets in our solar system, and the inhabitants of the planets of immensity, and all the subordinate, and superior, and celestial, and super-celestial angels, and the Father Himself—yes, that *all* would be disquieted and consequently unhappy, were one, only *one* immortal soul consigned to eternal misery!

Charity educates and expands the perceptions, and conceptions, and all other attributes of the soul. She teaches self-love to be just, and kind, and gentle, with one's self. Then she expands and teaches *self* to perfect *self* in another—that *is*, to form a *perfect union* with another and corresponding self, by conjugal relations and attractions. Then she teaches the soul to feel its individuality, to acknowledge its dependence, and cultivate the spirit of a universal relationship. Then she admonishes us to preserve and perfect our enjoyments, and attributes and freedom, by perfecting and preserving the enjoyments, and attributes, and freedom of our neighbors. Thus our companions, and relatives, and friends, and neighbors, and all the nations of the earth, and the friends and relatives in other worlds, together with all the spiritual embodiments of goodness in higher spheres—yes, thus *ALL* will experience the glowing influence, will feel the genial embrace, of the angel of charity! Thus Self-Love unfolds and expands into Conjugal-Love; and Fraternal Love elaborates the most beautiful image,—in her nature, and form, and influence, the most sweet and lovely angel; and her name is Charity.

CHARITY'S FIELD OF ACTION.

Charity's field of action is as expansive as the boundless universe. Her mission in the soul is to pervade every good act and principle with toleration; and to throw around the victim of sin and circumstances an atmosphere of lenity, forbearance, benevolence, forgiveness, and reconciliation. Her *true* labor is not so much in direct reference to the poor, as to the *causes* of poverty; not so much in reference to the sinful as to the *causes* of Sin; it is not confined to the individual, but is extended to the whole. In the steady discharge of her mission, Charity is tender, gentle, unpretending, and strong. Conscious of innate holiness and purity of motive, she never fears or feels contamination. Should she enter the most gorgeous palace, or the darkest chamber of corruption and disease—yes, should she labor in the deepest sinks of sin—she would be an angel still. The generous heart beats not merely for individual instances of suffering and depravity, but for the purification and happiness of universal Humanity. When guided exclusively by Wisdom, she confers her kindnesses, not upon the few, but upon the many,—not upon the immediate object of destitution, but upon the institutions, hospitals, and asylums, designed by her for the permanent relief of mankind, every where and in all conditions.

Whether beating in the midst of cold magnificence, or in the prison's darkest cell, the blinded, misdirected, and desponding heart should be warmed and illuminated by the sweet influence of Charity. She should mitigate the severity of every

punishment, and lessen the magnitude of every transgression. Charity is not proud. She rides in the good man's bosom, but seldom in costly equipages. She sits watchfully in the inmost sanctuary of the well developed soul, but is seldom found in fashionable churches. She discourses in deeds, but seldom in words from modern pulpits. To search out the nature and extent of want; to heal the sick; to breathe benevolence and reformation into the midst of pollution and depravity; to entertain kind feelings and sentiments toward those who think and act contrary to our opinions, desires, and interests; to harmonize and adapt individual interests and possessions to the interests and possessions of the neighbor; and to concentrate labor, capital, talent, motive, impulse, and desire, to the end that selfishness, ignorance, crime, and poverty may give place for the advent of the kingdom of heaven, is charity's constant labor, her glorious mission, and her legitimate field of action.

INSTANCES OF DESTITUTION.

Having ascertained what is the origin, and nature, and mission of charity, it is necessary to institute a few practical observations concerning the various objects and scenes which address her. New-York, as an example and representation of all the world, lies in the distance before me: it shall constitute the field of my present observation; and perhaps the vagrants and mendicants I now describe may have been frequently observed and are familiarly known to many who reside in the city, and frequent its busy streets.

The *first* instance of apparent want and distress is represented in the personal appearance of a middle aged woman and two quite young children. They are resting upon the cold stone steps of the Bank on the corner of Bowery and Grand streets. What a painful scene! The gentlemen of business, and the gentlemen of leisure, and the fashionable ladies, of the city, pass and repress the miserable objects—apparently unconscious of their existence. But the approaching philanthropist is sure to perceive them, and deeply sympathize with their situation, feeling a painful consciousness of his inability to render them assistance. The woman is evidently suffering from the effects of some disease: she seems to experience pain and aches in every nerve and muscle. Her clothing is thin, deficient, unclean and ragged. The little girl—her head resting upon the mother's bosom, with face contorted and exposed to view; her body imperfectly protected from the cold; her tiny hand extended to grasp the hand of charity—seems famishing for food.

The little boy—with body slim, shivering, half-clad—stands, with imploring look and hat presented to the passing multitude. A good Christian will sympathize with them, and think "perhaps they have no home, no place to sleep, no food to eat, no money or strength to assist themselves. The winter will soon be upon us—its deep snows—its tempestuous storms—its dark, dismal, friendless nights—its heavy and dreadful consequences, will fall upon this poor woman and her children; and our good Master teaches us to think of the poor." Charity moves within his heart; he bestows upon the poor woman some money and advice, and joyfully hastens away.

The *second* instance is an aged man—not your father nor my father, but he is some one's son, and perhaps he is some one's father. He stands on the side walk in Broadway. His body is deformed, his senses impaired, his features shrivelled; and the characters of trouble and distress are written by the hand of time and circumstance, all over his countenance. His body and mind seem the especial subjects of poverty and misfortune. The promptings of charity cause some individuals amid the busy throng, to drop now and then a piece of money in his hand.

The *third* instance is a little girl weeping,—her person and expression representing the concentration of anxiety and destitution. She follows each smiling stranger, utters no distinct words, but pantomimes the unmistakable language of want and loneliness.

The *fourth* instance is an aged woman, sitting with a few apples in a basket, in front of the most splendid and fashionable dry goods establishment in New-York city. Her expression is sad and lonely; her external appearance indicates an experience of many weary years—years rife with distress and despair. Charity occasionally purchases an apple, pays *thrice* the sum demanded, is pained to the heart with awakened sympathy, and passes on.

The *fifth* instance is an abandoned, intoxicated, and friendless son of Erin. Apparently he is physically well, but he has many, many wants,—he wants friends, sympathy, employment, money, encouragement, and fraternal stimulation. Charity observes him, is pained deeply, but cannot assist him. The watchman conducts him rudely to the watch-house; he sleeps from the combined effects of fatigue, alcohol, and disconsolation.

Numerous instances now break upon my vision. Men, and women, and children, of every nation, climate, and complexion—having old store houses, hulls of vessels, cold cellars, stifling rooms, and smoky attics, for their resting places and homes. Disease, and prostration, and destitution, reveal their hideous heads, and speak with melancholy tones, in almost every street and section of the city. Empower me, O kind spirit of Charity, to confine my vision to this one city; never permit me—never prompt me to view, with comprehensive eye, the inhabitants of other cities, other countries, and climates; nor to feel for one single moment the realities of their real condition; for my heart would swell with sympathy, and be palsied with conscious inability to assist them; my joyful soul would be stilled with sadness, and my brain would almost decompose with the intensest thought concerning their relief. Yes, many, very many miserable objects inhabit the city that lie before me; I can bear the view of no more fearful and wide-spread scene than its soul-chilling instances of destitution.

INTERIOR INVESTIGATION.

Inasmuch as every one experiences, more or less, the moral promptings and fraternal suggestions of charity, it is reasonable to believe that, every one who resides in, or visits New-York, must experience some uneasiness and depression on seeing the mendicants and horrible personifications of poverty, that walk and sit along its principal thoroughfares. Some individuals, however, become accustomed to these scenes, and pass them by unnoticed. But to abolish the seemingly benevolent custom of bestowing local charities upon these apparently wretched creatures; and to impress the *absolute* necessity of instituting more wise and effectual plans by which to remove them from the streets, and to supply their wants,—is the sole object of my present revelations.

The *first* instance—the woman and two children—was ingeniously arranged for the purposes of exciting sympathy and extracting gifts, in the following manner: The woman is not very sick, nor very well; but she would rather beg than work, and has no children. The little sick girl belongs to one neighbor, and the little boy to another; and they are engaged, at a trifling sum per day, to complete and act out the representation. They are not destitute,—are not deserving the deep sympathy and money that many good citizens and strangers have bestowed upon them. I know that the statement of this discovery will seem to discourage the exercise and growth of Charity in the generous heart; that it will tend to generate conflicts of judgment and hesitation, on seeing a new, and perhaps a *real*, instance of poverty—and will tend to give birth to a cold skepticism concerning the honesty of every one who may be compelled, from the unyielding force of circumstances, to solicit alms; but if every individual possessed the power of interior perception, and had the faculty of just and quick discrimination, then a different course in reference to the relief of destitution, would be deemed expedient.

The *second* instance—which was an aged man in Broadway

and one who has caused many sympathetic pulsations and manifestations of charitableness—is in the possession of a good farm with agricultural stock, in the state of Connecticut. When nothing particularly engages his attention at home, he visits New-York on a begging expedition, and finds it uniformly more profitable than other speculations indigenous to his native land.

The *third* instance—which is a sad looking little girl—is a true representation of a true condition, and an exact embodiment of the condition of very many others, who are less known and more retired. But she receives, in the aggregate, not more than *one third* of the assistance which is bestowed upon the above detailed instances.

The *fourth* instance—which is an old woman with apples—is more wealthy than many of the well-dressed, well-educated, and highly genteel ladies who pass by her into the fashionable store, and along the streets.

And the poor Irishman—what can be said of him? He, too, like the poor little girl, is a truthful representation of the *actual* condition of hundreds of his countrymen—both in Ireland and in the United States. And he receives not *half* the kindness and assistance which the above mentioned vagrants receive; because charity, not being properly directed by Wisdom, expends nearly her last farthing, and sheds her last tear, whenever and wherever she is most affectingly addressed, or is spontaneously impressed to bestow them.

But let me observe farther. I behold companies of beggars, dressed in their most affecting uniform, having for their leader and manager some coarse, unkind woman; and other companies, having for their head and master some coarse and cruel man. I behold an organization of German and Italian musicians, composed of men, women, and children, who play upon their harps, violins, organs, and who are scattered abroad over the city of New-York, and other cities, and over the country everywhere; and who are employed, supplied with their various instruments and sometimes are remunerated for their useless toil,—by a single individual proprietor. I perceive that the solicitation of alms has become a highly profitable and wide spread business. And, thanks to the Father of Spirits, there is no want of charity in the human heart—it is a constitutional element; but there is a great, a fearful want of Wisdom in the manner of, and time for, its manifestation and exercise.

CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES.

Hereditary physical and spiritual deficiencies, together with a combination of vitiating, depressing, and crushing circumstances, are almost invariably the fundamental causes of individual and general poverty. But reverses in family relations, in entailed fortune, and individual occupations, among the higher and more intelligent classes, are not unfrequently the causes of great suffering and want. The delicate, cultivated, and once wealthy individual generally suffers ten times more from the deprivations consequent upon poverty, than those who are born amid its depressing scenes, and have become thoroughly habituated to its numerous consequences.

The consequences of human poverty are many and weighty. Some individuals are urged into what is termed vice and wickedness, because they are poor; others are poor because they are generous. A man has a family; he must have employment by which to feed and clothe them, and pay his rent; he makes several unsuccessful applications for work; the necessities of life press in upon him; they make him desperate; he begs, *truthfully begs*, and is scarcely noticed; he steals as the next necessary resort, and is condemned to prison. His wife and children are supported, perhaps, by the benevolent institutions of the city, or with thrice the expense and much less kindness, by its numerous strangers and resident individuals. And thus some are wicked because they are poor; and such is a legitimate consequence of poverty.

Again: A gentleman has a justly earned reputation for be-

nevolence and philanthropy; he is in the possession of wealth; his house is beset at almost every hour of the day, from the moment he arises until he retires, by applicants for work and assistance. He gives food, money, clothing, counsel, and imparts the sweetest sympathy; he has no peace save that internal quiet which resides in the bosom of conscious truth and good. The world seems to him one vast sea of trouble, poverty, ignorance, and corruption. He becomes desperate in his efforts to refine and elevate humanity, and breaks in upon his investments of capital, the interest being consumed to little purpose. He thus becomes embarrassed; he gives still more, and is reduced to poverty. Thus some become poor because they are generous. I know such instances are exceedingly rare, but there are such instances, and such are the legitimate results of local charity as exercised in the relief of poverty.

A vast amount of ignorance, vice, licentiousness, inebriety, theft, murder, and misery, can be traced to entailed poverty and circumstantial influences. But then on the other hand, the greatest, the noblest, the most powerful and talented specimens of humanity ever known on earth, can be traced to a similar origin and class of circumstances. These antagonistic or opposite consequences depend not so much upon the immediate conditions and circumstances of birth and education, as upon the constitutional tendencies and qualifications of the individual. The evil consequences of poverty are illustrated in the case of the most numerous class of individuals—individuals who are constitutionally weak and inferior, and who, consequently, fall victims to surrounding circumstances; but the good consequences of poverty are manifest in a few individuals—such as are constitutionally superior to the former, and who, consequently, rise pre-eminently above the immediate circumstances, the established customs, the prevailing opinions, and the social influences of the age in which they live.

EVILS OF LOCAL CHARITIES.

Having investigated the *seeming* and *actual* condition of the poor, and reflected upon the causes and consequences of poverty, it is now proper to inquire into the evil tendency of local charities. The spontaneous, local, and indiscriminate bestowment of attention and money upon apparently wretched and furnishing individuals and families, is seldom attended with permanently good results. Instead of neutralizing and removing the evils of poverty and want, the practice more frequently encourages and strengthens the disposition to idleness and improvidence. Instead of lessening, it multiplies the objects and instances of seeming destitution, and transforms the natural instinct of self-preservation and responsibility into a kind of presumptuous dependence upon the more wise, and prudent, and wealthy citizens. Instead, therefore, of contracting, the practice naturally expands and perpetuates, the evil of poverty and its consequences. There are certain individuals, who are hereditarily predisposed to live by an indolent absorption of comfort and maintenance from the general fund of wealth, industry, and plenty; and these will presumptuously say; "the world owes me a living, the good people shall support me, and I will not work." And finding the generosity of the multitudes more profitable and less fatiguing than labor, such persons form themselves into begging organizations, dress themselves in begging habiliments, and go upon begging expeditions. And thus, charity's gentle, loving, tender heart, is constantly pained, and taxed, and wearied: and at last, from the effects of overburthen she becomes exhausted; and is constrained to withdraw her sympathies, perhaps from the really deserving and needy, and shut them up within the seemingly selfish-attribute of selfish-protection. And the individuals in whom this occurs, are pronounced uncharitable!

The practice of bestowing local charities is injurious to the progress and development of individual energies, because it creates a false reliance upon the wealth and exertions of others,

and generates incautiousness and a want of true dignity and self-respect. It is injurious because it is a positive transgression of the principles of Deity as manifest in Nature. The earth is watered and rendered fertile by the united and concentrated influence of the rain and sun upon its surface; but never by drops of water here and there, and by spasmodic flashes of heat and light. The rain is good, the light is good, and local charities are good,—but they are permanently good only when they emanate from a central source, and in quantities appropriate and well proportioned. Charity is ever anxious to do good and conquer poverty and its evils; but the custom of directing her exertions in a disunited and abstracted manner, can not but result in lessening her power, strengthening her enemy, and impoverishing herself. Napoleon was ambitious to conquer and become Emperor of the whole world; but he, like charity, by directing his forces in a disunited and abstracted manner, succeeded merely in lessening his power, strengthening his enemy, and accomplishing his own downfall. Charity's goodness, and Napoleon's ambition, have fought and labored for dissimilar ends, in a similar way, and have had results analogous. I know that local charity does a negative good; but, I know also, that it creates a positive evil; and hence I feel the absolute necessity of urging its immediate, but, at the same time its conditional abolition.

SUMS ANNUALLY BESTOWED.

The constitutional love of mankind for Humanity has expressed itself in various forms all over this country, and is beginning to speak in many portions of Europe. These imperfect expressions are our Odd Fellow Societies, Anti Slavery Societies, Moral Reform Societies, Christian Sewing Societies, Temperance Societies, Benevolent Societies, and Prison Reform, and Anti-Capital Punishment Societies. And fraternal love has built Alms Houses, Hospitals, and Asylums, for the sick and destitute. And Jails, and Houses of Correction, and Penitentiaries, are also imperfect and incomplete expressions of fraternal love as exercised in social protection.

But I must confine my attention to New York. In New York city there are between three and four hundred thousand inhabitants. About one-fourth of the number are decidedly wealthy; and the remaining three-fourths generally occupy every conceivable plane between the sphere of the actually wealthy and the sphere of the actually poor. And I am surprised to find that in all New York city, there are not three hundred individuals—including women and little children—who are compelled to wander about homeless, in search of aid, food, and employment. But there are many, very many, who are compelled to work, day and night, for a much less sum per week than is generally expended by a leisure gentleman at the saloon in a single refreshment upon wine, oysters, and cigars! The sum which is annually bestowed by residents of New York, its visitors, and the public in general, upon the poor objects in its streets, in the almshouse, and upon the solicitors of alms in the city everywhere and in every way, is of sufficient magnitude to furnish—if systematically concentrated and wisely applied—every poor family in the city with a neat house, 20 feet square, one story and a half high, situated upon an acre of good land! The poor costs the city at present, all told, not less than one million and a half dollars per annum,—which sum is expended without being attended with any very permanent results! Those persons to whom you gave money yesterday, are in the streets, and in the same condition, to-day; give them more money to-day, and to-morrow the scene will equal the scene of yesterday, if, indeed, it be not a more exciting appeal to the sympathies.

HOW TO EXTERPATE POVERTY.

Charity never moves the heart nor hand to give without causing the individual to desire a certain assurance, an unequivocal knowledge, that the donation will be productive of beneficial results. Therefore, in order to nourish, and expand, and develop fraternal love and good will

among men, and to free the streets of New York, and other cities, of mendicants and impostors, let there be immediately organized a MORAL POLICE. We have a legal or municipal police, who, as a body of men, do a *negative* good, for dollars and cents, and for the sake of office; but we want a MORAL POLICE, who, as a body of men, will do a *positive* good for Humanity; and for the sake of PRINCIPLE. Clergymen and laymen—good men, good women, and affectionate spirits—who desire that all men may be saved and come unto the knowledge of the truth—*such* should, and *only can*, compose this Christ-like band of brothers. Let there be no arbitrary laws of organization, no specific plans for searching out and investigating apparent and *sequestered* instances of poverty and vice; but let *one impulse* dilate their hearts, and energize their movements, and the Spirit of Christ and the Angel of Charity will form a matrimonial union. Let the Moral Police be spiritually remunerated, (which they inevitably would be,) with an internal *consciousness* of doing good, which is a *treasure* in the kingdom of heaven, where moths do not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal. And let their pecuniary remuneration flow from the new streams which would be thrown open, composed of copious contributions to the new movement.

The business of the *moral police* should be to search out all the cases and victims of actual want; all the cases of individual vice, corruption, depravity, inebriety, stealing, gambling, and youthful excesses; all the instances of female degradation and abandonment, and all the causes, and the extent, of those vices which flow from ignorance, and crushed or misplaced affection, from business failures, from moral or mental delinquencies, or deficiencies. In a word, the *moral police* must strive, and work, and pray, for the establishment of the kingdom of Heaven on Earth! And then, whenever the peace and laws of the community are infringed upon or transgressed, and the unfortunate transgressor is arraigned before the City tribunal to answer therefor, *he will have an advocate* somewhere among the moral police; some one among them will be thoroughly acquainted with the causes and extenuating circumstances of the transgression. The Angel of Charity will thus plead his cause, pronounce a just verdict, and suggest ways and adapt means by which to prevent him from doing subsequent harm to himself or to the interests of Society.

The Moral Police will also report every case of actual want to the treasurer of the city organization, and the provisional committee will decide upon the most *permanent* means of relief, which, it will take immediate measures to have promptly executed. If only temporary assistance be required, the committee will bestow it; but the *permanent* good of the individual and the various interests of society, must ever be the first and paramount considerations.

To this end let benevolent societies cease working independently of, and, as they sometimes do, in direct opposition to, one another's objects and interests, and strive to concentrate their spirit, impulse, labor, capital, and talent; and there will not be one single instance of real or pretended poverty in the city, nor in any other place where the same measures are carried out. And to this end, let there be placed, instead of miserable mendicants, HEAVY IRON SAFES on the corners of the principal streets. Let them be conspicuous, so that good strangers and wealthy men, and fashionable ladies, can easily see them; and let there be painted upon them these simple words: "FOR THE POOR." On these conditions, let no one give money to vagrants, who, by exercising their personal and national liberty, continue to present themselves in the public streets; but let *every penny, every shilling, every dollar*, which unostentatious charity prompts the heart to bestow, be put in the treasury for the Poor.

And for the sake of general health, refinement, and civilization,—and for the important purpose of supplying *every* applicant with *profitable employment*, calculated to reciprocally benefit the individual and the whole—let the entire city be cleansed and

beautified; let little street-sweeping girls be justly remunerated for their labor; and let occupations be so well selected and so well executed as to encourage the labourer, do honor to the executive committee, and make proud the spirit of reformation everywhere.

CONCLUSION.

To generous hearts, to a Christian community, to a glorious nation, I submit these suggestions. America is now the great light-house of nations,—I desire her to become their example! She towers above the kingdoms of earth; the clouds of old things are fast passing from her firmament; and her intelligence, and freedom, and generosity, and republicanism, and concentrated impulses to improvement, and her sparkling spirituality, will perpetually send out their gentle influences which will fall like heavenly dews upon, and bless, the unadvanced multitudes and nations beneath her. But we must strive to overcome evil with good; ignorance with wisdom; and poverty, in all things and everywhere, with abundances, and with the inexhaustible productions of the earth which is Jehovah's footstool, and with the divine treasures of the human heart which is the vestibule of the kingdom of heaven.

FORM AND BEAUTY OF THE SPIRIT.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM,

BY W. M. FERNALD.

Just awakening, as many are, to a faith in the reality of the spirit world, and our close proximity to it, every thing that is calculated to make still more real the truths of such an existence, and throw an air of *spiritual nature* over it, must be received as of essential service to faith. Some, too, are affected in one way, and some in another. For one, I confess to a powerful affection of form and beauty, always imagining a conforming spirit within it. Nor do I know why in spiritual things—in the immortal heavens, our ideas of gracefulness, perfection, and figure, may not be capable of ministering the same charm as that of beauty in the material world. Those indeed, who, in their subtle speculations on spirit and matter, have "defined and refined spiritual nature into nothing," may find no sympathy for the remarks to follow. But to those who have learned that the human spirit is still a man—having the form and parts of a man, as has been repeatedly illustrated to the readers of these papers, it can but be both pleasing and instructive to conceive something of what may be called the external appearances of the Spirit world. For one, I expect to have my spiritual nature gratified with the forms and colors and beauties of the heavenly spheres, which shall be as much more perfect than the forms and appearances of this material world, as the virtues and intelligence of those spheres are more divine and perfect than the mixed attainments of this our earthly condition.

There is another subject connected too with this. It has long been a problem with those who have attended to the more critical study of human nature, how to account for the gross, striking, and unpleasant incongruity existing between the faces of certain persons and their characters. Why, for instance, should a person of ugly, morose, and vicious disposition, be born to so beautiful a face? Why are demons formed and painted like angels? Why is beauty so frequently a decoy—false index to an unbeautiful mind—having no more connection with the soul within, than the fair and whited sepulcher to its corrupting and decaying contents? And on the other hand, why is virtue and angelic perfection encased so frequently in so hideous and forbidding an exterior? Why are angels made to look like demons? Why a philanthropist, a saint, a goddess almost, whose gentle and unwearied virtues are worthy of heaven, and whose intellect is so pure and beautiful in its natural work-

ing—why such an one made to look so evil, so contrary to the reigning spirit within?

To be sure, this may in part be denied. To a keen observer of nature, there is always something good, even in appearance, in those who are really so. The beauty of the spirit shines through. But this is not what we are speaking of. We are speaking of the form. And we are ready to grant there is something even in the form, if we criticise not too nicely, which accords with the general character. There is the noble brow, the expressive mouth, perhaps even more than the fire of the eye; and to a keen physiognomist, perhaps even all the features may speak forth some corresponding quality of spirit. I am ready to grant it. And even unscientifically, we all catch glimpses of the character from that index to the soul—the human face. But are we not as often deceived? And after all allowances, is not the disparity great and unpleasant, nay, sometimes absolutely shocking, between what we know of the mind and what we see of the body? It is said of one of the most beautiful female writers in this country—and certainly she is one of the most virtuous and benevolent of women—that she refuses frequently to see visitors, on account of her person. They see her writings, and it would only be a detraction from them forever after, to see her. In plain parlance, she is the homeliest woman in the land.

Now, is there not a philosophy about this? Is there not a sufficient account for the unpleasant disparity which we frequently see between the character and the person—between the beauty of the spirit and the unsightliness of the form; and on the other hand, between the deformity of character and the beauty of the face? Have we not, or ought we not seemingly to have, some ground in nature for finding beauty of spirit and form together? Do we not, spite of our non-expectation in the matter, which exists from our being accustomed to almost universal non-conformity, feel sometimes that it ought to be so? Certainly we do feel so, and certainly Nature has not preserved her universal harmony, if there is no ground for such an expectation. I know we are taught that virtue and character are the all of importance; that if these exist it is frivolous to seek for mere personal beauty, and yet these very persons who tell us so, feel all the time, as sensibly as any, that Nature is seemingly at fault or wayward, and certainly have no objections to any philosophy which may conciliate their sense of harmony.

There is, then, a very pleasant philosophy on this subject. And what is more, it involves, like every thing else in Nature, a moral. But the moral is profound here. We shall find that beauty of form is more closely connected with goodness of character, than we were aware of—that the difference or disparity can only be reconciled by taking into consideration spiritual and material things, and even the spiritual and material worlds.

I will now make room for an extract from the "Memorabilia of Swedenborg," which comprises, in fact, all that we were about to introduce to the reader on the subject, having been led into the preliminary remarks by way of preface. To those who acknowledge the spiritual philosophy, and the interior sight, as realized in Swedenborg and others, the following remarks are certainly interesting; and we submit them for moral consideration.

"The spirit of man, when he first enters the world of spirits, which effect takes place a short time after his resuscitation, spoken of above, hath a similar face and a similar tone of speech to what he had in the world; the reason is, because he is then in the state of his exteriors, nor are his interiors as yet uncovered; this is the first state of men after their decease; but afterwards the face is changed, and becomes quite another face, being similar to the ruling affection or love in which the interiors of the mind have been in the world, and in which the spirit was in its body; for the face of the spirit of man differs exceedingly from the face of the body, the face of the body being derived from the parents, but the face of the spirit from its affection, of

which it is an image: into this face the spirit cometh after life in the body, when the exteriors are removed, and the interiors are revealed: this is the third state of man. I have seen some on their recent arrival from the world, and have known them from their face and speech, but when they have afterwards been seen, I did not know them; they who had been principled in good affections were seen with beautiful faces, but they who were principled in evil affections with deformed faces; for the spirit of man, viewed in itself, is nothing but its own affection, the external form of which is the face. The reason, also, why the faces are changed is, because in the other life no one is allowed to assume a semblance of affections which are not properly his own, thus he is not allowed to assume faces contrary to the love in which he is principled; all, of every description, are there reduced to such a state as to speak as they think, and to express the inclinations of the will by the countenance and gestures; hence, therefore, it is, that the faces of all are the forms and effigies of their affections: hence also it is that all who have known each other in the world, know each other likewise in the world of spirits.

"The faces of hypocrites are changed later than the faces of other spirits, by reason that from custom they have contracted a habit of composing their interiors so as to imitate good affections, wherefore for a long time they appear not unbeautiful; but whereas what is pretended is successively put off, and the interiors which are of the mind are disposed to the form of their affections, they become afterwards more deformed than others.

"It is to be noted, that the human form of every man is more beautiful after death, in proportion as he had more interiorly loved divine truths, and had lived according to them; for the interiors of every one are both opened and formed according to their love and life, wherefore the more interior the affection is, so much more conformable is it to heaven, and hence so much the more beautiful is the face: it is from this ground that the angels who are in the inmost heaven are the most beautiful, because they are the forms of celestial love; but they who have loved divine truths exteriorly, and thus have lived exteriorly according to them, are less beautiful, for only exterior principles shine forth from their face, and no interior, celestial love is translucent through those principles, consequently no form of heaven such as it is in itself; there appears somewhat respectively obscure in their faces, which is not vivified by the translucence of interior life; in a word, all perfection increases toward interior principles, and decreases toward exterior, and as perfection increases and decreases, so likewise doth beauty. I have seen the angelic faces of the third heaven, which were such that it would be impossible for any painter, by all his art, to give to colors any share of such light, as to equal a thousandth part of the light and life which appeared in their faces; but the faces of the angels of the ultimate heaven may in some measure be equalled."

So discourseth the excellent Swedenborg. It is certainly a pleasant philosophy, and the more so for its intimate connection with morals and virtue, thus to consider the forms of spiritual things. And there is an air of naturalness about it all, that commends it to our reception for truth. Swedenborg certainly did not imagine all this, though his writings contain errors; if he did, there is at least "a method in his" imagination. We receive it as truth, solving an unpleasant problem, removing causes of prejudice and antipathy, and encouraging us all to cultivate the best affections, not only for good and truth, but for spiritual and undying beauty.

It is an old and true saying, that divinity is omnipresent and omnipotent. Of course it is in all human climates, however cold, gross, rocky, marshy, or barren; and it will fructify them in due time. It is seldom seen in the acorn.

CHARLES WORTH.

Poetry.

PETER AND THE ANGEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCOLUM,
BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

SLEEP, cradling in its arms the wearied world,
Hushed to sweet rest a poor unfriended man;
To prison gyves and dungeon misery hurled,
Beneath the Church's ban.

He had gone forth with bold, unselfish zeal,
And, through th' Hierarchal City's crowded mart,
Flung burning Truths, like sparks from flaming steel,
Upon the People's Heart.

Some Power there was about his strong, plain words,
That shook the very base of Church and State,
And spread strange terror through the haughty crowds
Of armed and mitred Great.

He taught the very Slave that he possessed
A Manhood mightier than imperial Rome,
A Power that roused should Wrongs fierce cohorts breast,
And scatter like the foam.

He rose in might beneath the Temple's dome,
Rending the tabernacles veils apart,
Showing that God dwelt not in gold or stone,
But in the loving Heart.

Neath his true spirit moved the enkindling throng
As the obedient sea beneath the stars,
The mountain waves of Popular Thought ran strong
Against Oppression's bars.

So his free speech and freer thought to crush,
The Priesthood flung him to the dungeon stone,
And through the Midnight's cold, sepulchral hush,
Peter slept calmly on:

Slept calmly, fearing not to-morrow's load,
The scourge of suffering and the crown of thorns,
For the true Soul sails safely home to God,
Alike through calm and storms.

A glory kindles round his brow: he wakes:
Tinged with the Morn his Soul transfigured stands:
Upon his eye the eternal radiance breaks,
And spread the Elysian Lands.

And lo! the Angel! the delivering Friend!
His form divine in soft resplendence 'rayed,
His accents with the captive's heart beats blend,
"Tis I, be not afraid."

Before his touch the brazen portals ope!
Beneath his glance the welded gyves give way!
They, hand in hand go forth, and heaven's blue cope
Above is tinged with Day.

So Peter, strong in supersensual might,
Rode forth triumphant o'er Wrong's gathering storm,
The first CRUSADE, marshalling to the fight
The ARMIES of REFORM.

Oh, Brother Man, fear not! Though Hate and Wrong
And Want and Death hem round thy perilous path,

Cease not to warble forth thine angel song,
Fear not old Falsehood's wrath.

Whether we face the Lion's in the den,
Or sail o'er martyrdom's red, fiery seas,
Around us camp, invisible to men,
"The Cloud of Witnesses"

No chains can bind, no flames consume the soul:
God's breath dissolves the avalanche of Ill:
When the dark clouds of suffering round us roll,
Heaven sends its Angels still.

TO ISADORE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCOLUM,
BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

HEART-BUDS opening into ROSES
Of PURE SONG, dear ISADORE!
Were thy words to me, all POESIES
Of pure love, born in the closes
Of thy heart in days of yore.
SWEETER than CELESTIAL ROSES
Were thy songs, dear ISADORE!

Saintly Lily newly blooming,
Was thy youth, dear ISADORE!
Fresh from Eden, sweetly snowing
On me its perfume while growing
By my side in days of yore.
Flower of Eden, newly blowing,
Was thy youth, dear ISADORE!

Many, many sweet love-matches
Have we made, dear ISADORE!
As we sung our plaintive snatches
Underneath the silent watches
Of the stars in days of yore.
Many such divine love matches
Have we made, dear ISADORE!

Hear the GOLDEN GOSPEL thunder
Through the world, dear ISADORE!
Tearing Sin's dark throne asunder,
While the ROCK OF AGES under
Us stands firm forever more.
Hear the GOLDEN GOSPEL thunder
Through the world, dear ISADORE!

See the hoary Ages waiting,
Crowned with years, dear ISADORE!
Weary, worn with congregating
At Heaven's gate, with hearts dilating
With new hope forever more—
Our redemption ever waiting
Back to Heaven, dear ISADORE!

Hear their saintly songs foretelling
Our return, dear ISADORE!
Like the Seraphim sung sailing
Over Eden lost, loud wailing
For the DAYS that were of yore—
Our redemption aye foretelling
Back to Heaven, dear ISADORE!

BEAUTY is always a lovely flower in the path of man, that
steals upon his senses like the breath of spring.

THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

EDITED BY AN ASSOCIATION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1848.

HOW TO BEGIN THE TRUE LIFE.

A CORRESPONDENT, having, as he says, found in our paper, "together with the work of A. J. Davis, something on which to lay the foundation of a belief in immortality," and being animated with new and living aspirations by the influence of his new faith, proposes the inquiry how he, and others in like situations with himself, shall "begin to live the true life?" It affords us the deepest gratification to know that questions of this nature are beginning to be frequently proposed; and we shall ever esteem it among the happiest of our privileges to answer them, when required to do so, according to the best of our abilities. A question, however, involving such a world of philosophy, can not be thoroughly answered in the brief space of an editorial article. For the present, therefore, we shall confine ourself to general and fundamental principles, hoping that our remarks may not be entirely ineffectual in leading reflective minds, inquiring upon this subject, into that train of thought which will naturally and progressively conduct them into all truth necessary to the pursuit of a life in harmony with the interior nature and the outer Universe.

In order that the question "How shall we begin to live the true life?" may be clearly and decisively answered, two previous questions must first be in some measure settled: viz., 1. What is it that is to live this life? or in other words, what is man? 2. What is his relation to the Universe of matter and mind with which he is surrounded? I do not mean that these questions must be decided in all their ultimate minutiae and details, before any progress can be made in the true life, for in that case the latter could never be attained. But as these are questions upon which the mind is progressively unfolded, (perhaps *without end*;) they should stand as fundamental subjects of thought, at every possible stage of mental growth; and according to the degree of certain knowledge obtained upon them, should be the unfolding and guidance of the interior and outer life;—the same as the development and physical movements of the body are necessarily governed by the unfolding of those interior and vital forces which we call the soul.

What, then, is man? Perception and consciousness first answer—He is a living physical organism. This necessarily lies at the basis of all conceptions that man can have in reference to himself. In the natural order of mental unfolding, the relations of man to outer things next come into view.

It is perceived that he is not an independent entity—that the earth is necessary to him as a standing place, that air must be taken into the lungs, that certain outer substances must be received into the stomach as food, and that heat and light affect him, congenially or otherwise, according to their degrees of intensity. He next discovers his relation to such outer materials as may be combined in the form of clothing, or in the structure of a habitation, which may shield him from the elements. A sense of loneliness while in solitude, and of the inadequacy of his individual powers to make things and circumstances in the outer world conform to his wishes, makes him feel his dependence upon beings of like species with himself, for society, for assistance, and for the gratification of his physical instincts. His selfhood thus runs into, and becomes inseparably connected with, those of his own species—with his conjugal companion, his offspring, and his fellow-beings generally. Becoming thus

blended and united with society, social circumstances are necessarily *his* circumstances, and social interests *his* interests. He is, therefore, dependent upon general social conditions existing in the world for that measure of happiness which accords with his expanded susceptibilities.

This knowledge of man's relations to the world of matter and mind around him, is of course gradually unfolded upon the basis of a corresponding unfolding of knowledge in reference to his own nature, physical and mental; and in that stage of growth in which man will duly perceive his social relations and dependencies, he will have discovered that he is a being of instincts and loves, and that he is capable of reasoning, combination and construction. In short, the knowledge will have gradually unfolded in his mind, that he is a *passional* and intellectual, as well as a physical and organic being. The instincts, passions and intellectual powers, therefore, now become also proper subjects of contemplation. The fact will be duly perceived that these are the originators and controllers of all outer movements, and hence that their improvement and expansion is absolutely necessary, not only on account of the enjoyments naturally connected immediately with them, but in order to the due development of those outer physical and social conditions in which the peace and happiness of men, individually and collectively, are so deeply involved.

The unfolded conceptions at the same time look into the infinite abyss of things unexplored, and man correspondingly imagines that there is an immensity of improvement within human reach yet unattained. At this stage of mental growth, the *causes* and *objects* of all existences are naturally associated in the subjects of inquiry. Man thus not only feels his relation to the Universe, but to that intelligent, designing, and infinite ENTITY upon which the Universe, with all its specific forms and movements, depends for its existence. He feels the capacity of progression and unlimited expansion of knowledge in reference to the structure, movements, and laws of universal being, and from natural analogies reasons himself into the belief that his mental existence will be perpetuated in some form or other, so long as there are truths before it unexplored, and so long, consequently as it is capable of unfolding to a higher maturity. Creation beneath him thus becomes, in his mind, an inexhaustible Fount of materials and forces, progressively unfolding forms, from the lowest to the highest; and invisible regions above him become peopled with innumerable beings who were once like himself, and who, having ascended from rudimental spheres, are advancing toward the throne of that Eternal One in whom all Beginnings and Endings meet. He feels his comparative insignificance in the midst of this Universe of higher intelligences, and yet is sensible of his abstract importance in consideration of his capacity to unfold for ever. He becomes submissive as a little child, and yielding up his errors and misdirections, drinks in instruction as from the voice of the great Spirit Father, immanent in all matter and mind.

And now unbounded space becomes to him one mighty scene of Matter, Motion, Life, Sensation, and Intelligence, forming one living, inseparable and eternal UNITY composed of innumerable and harmonious parts, and governed by established and unchangeable Laws pervading alike the whole mighty Organism! Of this great universal Structure he feels that he is a part—a particle—an ultimate refinement; and from universal conditions and movements, he reasons correspondentially in reference to the laws of human existence, and the conditions of harmony, unity, and happiness among mankind in general. From the constant inflowings of truth from beneath and from above, his interior faculties become refined and harmonized, and the kingdom of heaven becomes permanently established in his soul.

Such, then, is man—such are his capacities—and such his relations to outer things. The human mind at first is a mere *point* of vitality and ethereal force. Its thoughts are like successive and circling waves, small at first, but which as they follow each

other, continually enlarge; and the bounds of Infinity itself can only be the bounds of their ultimate expansion.

We come, then, to the more practical question, which may now be clearly answered,—how shall a being thus constituted, and thus related to outer things, live and act?

As the unfolding of the mind naturally determines the movements of practical life, there should be a progress in the latter corresponding to the progress of the former, each beginning at the same point, and keeping pace with the other throughout all its future stages of development. In the course of mental and physical discipline to be recommended, then, the very first thing necessary is a suspension of all belief and disbelief in respect to any existing theories, however sacred or profane they may have been deemed, until such can be subjected to the ordeal of a re-investigation upon established and demonstrated principles. The inquirer must thus become as a little child, and allow truth to flow into his mind as his mind in its progressive unfolding, according to the natural course of discipline to be instituted, will assimilate with it.

With this docility of disposition, the inquirer must commence his course of practical life at the very rudiments of his being,—by purifying and regulating the *primary conditions* of all thought and action. He must consider that the highest and most sublime attainments possible to man, are attainments of the *selfhood*; and that therefore the selfhood, as the very basis of all usefulness, should be the *first* object of his attention. He must know that the *body* is the vessel which contains the mind, and the organ through which it acts with reference to the outer world; and that therefore the health of the latter necessarily depends, more or less, upon the health of the former. He must carefully study and scrupulously obey every law of dietetics, cleanliness, temperature, exercise and rest, avoiding all excesses on the one hand, and all stagnation of his powers and acquisitions on the other.

The immediate relations and dependencies of the body, should naturally be the next objects of attention, and resources should be permanently established, such as will exclude all physical want. In these provisions, the interests of those inseparably connected with one's self, by family ties or otherwise, and who thus compose, as it were, a *part* of himself, should be included. Every thing should thus be done to render one's position in the world strong and self-sustaining, so that no required efforts afterwards to benefit the world, may dissipate his resources and render him impotent and dependent. To this end, one's time, and all his thoughts, actions, relations, expenditures, &c., with reference to himself, his connections, his business, and the world, should be thoroughly and rigidly *systematized*. This is absolutely necessary so that there may never be any conflict among the various branches of his pursuits; so that he may not be constantly destroying or neutralizing with one hand the efforts of the other, and so that his *undivided* and *unobstructed* powers may be devoted to each branch of his general pursuit, at the particular time appropriated to its consideration or execution.

Unless this system of self justice is rigidly observed as the *first* consideration of a man's life, the very basis of all his influence in the world will be defective, and he will necessarily be disqualified for any extensive operations in the spheres of fraternal and universal justice.

Having thus established self and self-relations in a healthy state, the next object should be to establish, so far as possible, the same healthy conditions and operations among those with whom we may be immediately connected in the outer world. There should be no "compassing of sea and land" to accomplish this object, but the effort should commence with those to whose minds one has the most direct and easy access. Care should be taken to find out what channel of each person's mind is most open, and each should be approached *through that channel*. A reciprocity of interest and action should thus be established, according to the specific plane of thought and action on

which each individual stands,—there being, at the same time, constant effort for the *elevation* of all, according to the natural law of a gradual progression. No antagonism should ever be designedly raised, and no theories or prejudices cherished as sacred, should ever be rudely assailed. A man should be content to let whatever light he has, constantly shine forth like the genial rays of the sun, and be satisfied that all should receive it who can, and that all should close their eyes against it who may be dazzled by its brightness. A kind word or a kind look, if nothing more, should be in store for every one; and the irregularities and derilections of men, however aggravated, should be immediately referred to the pre-existent *causes* which necessarily produced them, whether these resided in mental constitution or external circumstances; and while there is every effort to remove these causes, unkindness to the subject of them should be considered as much out of place as unkindness to the deranged cogs of a machine. Thus there should be every effort to harmonize and mutualize human interests and actions, and to establish similar relations among mankind to those which exist between the differently constituted organs of the individual human body. Efforts judiciously made in the furtherance of this great and noble work, will necessarily and constantly reflect back upon one's self, and add to the sum of his own happiness.

The exercises appropriate to the next stage of mental unfolding, are efforts to develop and harmonize one's own interior thoughts, and to advance toward a higher stage of outer and especially of *inner* life. An ardent aspiration for communion with higher beings, with the invisible and eternal realities of another world, and finally with the universal Father, is now peculiarly appropriate. An humble, teachable, and lamb-like disposition, should now be cultivated and cautiously preserved. To know God, his mode of existence, and his relations to the Universe of matter and mind, should now be the object of the profoundest study; and the mind interiorly harmonized so far as possible, should be constantly held open to the gentle inspirations from the higher world. And let me say for the encouragement of all inquirers in this department, that no one has ever yet sought with due diligence and *with the proper spirit*, the communion of the other world, who has not to some extent found it.

The practical efforts growing out of the next stage of mental and spiritual development, (being that which particularly contemplates the mutual relations pervading the *infinitude* of things)—should be to establish harmony, unity, and distributive justice among all mankind, in all departments and spheres of physical, mental, individual, social, and national life,—connecting and organising all natural groups of individuals into one grand System of concentric circles, thus forming one mighty, living and intelligent MACHINE of mutually dependent parts, and applying the laws of the great Universe to its government. But only the great Fathers and natural Governors of the Race ever grow to this sphere of thought and action in its *fulnes*; though all may grow to such of its principles as are applicable in a limited sphere.

But as this is a subject upon which we delight to expatiate, we have already extended our remarks beyond our originally proposed limits. We will therefore, for the present conclude,—proposing hereafter, from time to time, to enter more into the specific details of this subject. We, desire however, to impress it now upon the mind of the reader, that the *progressive* course of action herein indicated, can no more be reversed in any of its departments, than the progressive course of mental unfolding upon which it is based. The "true life," then, must be commenced with the due development and proper government of the *selfhood*, as this is the basis of all higher developments; and from this center there may be a gradual and natural expansion, until all human affections and interests are comprehended, and provisions are made for the supply of their wants.

W. V.

CURIOSITY.

MANKIND were designed for progression: in other words, progress is a natural law of our being, and whoever retrogrades (for to remain stationary is impossible,) is acting contrary to his nature, and violating a law of his being.

This to me is an axiom; to others it may seem a proposition which requires demonstration. And as one proof, I would suggest a consideration of the fact, that none are satisfied with present knowledge, but on the contrary have a strong desire to pry into hidden things—an unconquerable propensity to unravel whatever is mysterious to them. In short, all have *curiosity* in a greater or less degree: it is not acquired, but is inherent in every individual—is a part of his nature.

I know this *curiosity* has been and is now, stigmatized as idle or mischievous, and is sometimes even denounced and condemned. To be sure, it may be misdirected and misapplied, it may even lead to evil results. Like many other good things, it may be abused; which fact in accordance with the old rule, is no argument against its use.

But its improper or wrong use, is more frequently the result of ignorance than wilfulness. A person unacquainted with his true destiny, or the real object of his life, often perverts the faculties with which he is gifted, because he really does not know wherein lies their legitimate exercise. Did he know this, and was he restrained by no extraneous obstacles, he would use all his faculties as laudable means for desirable ends.

And among these I opine, none could lead to higher and wiser results, than a free use of that desire to soar beyond our present sphere of knowledge; to penetrate depths yet unfathomed, and to examine regions yet unexplored. The new truths thus brought to light, the discoverer may incorporate into his own mental organization, which will thereby become expanded and developed. And this, seems to me, the true theory of progression.

This must be the result of a legitimate application and use of *curiosity* upon every person who is true to himself. I leave each individual to answer to his own conscience for the non-fulfilment of the design of this faculty.

F. M. B.

Fear not to become ridiculous. Speak the truth, or the convictions of your honest mind, laugh who will. Remember, the greatest discoveries have been the most laughed at, and the history of the world's progress is the history of its conceited and presumptuous ignorance. The human race has ever an average intellect. All above that is of course unappreciable by the masses, and the highest is the most unappreciated. The most ridiculous characters in the world have been the world's greatest redeemers. This applies equally to science, morals, and religion. Speak out, then; the tables may be turned by and bye. Even now, the angels may smile at your approaching triumph. Ridicule is a powerful weapon for the time being; but we seem even to have arrived at an age when its past mortifications are sanctified to present confidence. Nor have we any thing to fear so long as bold, honest, and independent minds continue to assert their belief, in despite of "the world's loud (and I may add empty) laugh."

W. M. F.

OUR EXCHANGES.—Most of the country papers with which we exchange, are of no use to us whatever. On the *quid pro quo* principle, therefore, we are induced to ask such to give at least one insertion to our prospectus, which may be found on the last page, or to give us an editorial notice which will be equivalent thereto—in either case marking the insertion so that we may not fail to see it. We hope that those which do not comply with this request, will not consider it any mark of disrespect if we should feel obliged to strike them off from our list.

NOTICES.

BRO. DAVIS desires me to say that in consequence of an entire absorption of his mind in the investigations in which he is now engaged, he finds it, for the present, impossible to make his interior powers available in the examination of individual cases of disease, especially when the patients are not immediately before him. He hopes that this will serve as an excuse for non-attendance to many requests which he has lately received from various parts of the country. He finds that an attempt to conquer the diseases of mankind in *detail*, would be attended with but little general good, and would at the same time effectually divert him from the more important object of setting forth to the world the *causes* of disease, and the means of preventing and curing it.

W. F.

THE CHOLERA has made its advent into this country, and is now raging, though in a comparatively mild form, at the Quarantine at Staten Island. This fact has caused some inquiry for Mr. Davis' article, recently published in our columns, giving the diagnosis and prescription for that formidable disease; and as we have not copies of the paper containing the article to supply the demand for it, we shall republish it in our next number. Those who may desire a supply of the paper containing the article, will please forward their orders to this office, as soon as possible.

"THE MASSACHUSETTS QUARTERLY REVIEW," for Dec., 1848, (edited by Theodore Parker and Ralph Waldo Emerson,) is now lying before us. It contains articles on "The political destination of America;" "The legality of American Slavery;" "The law of Evidence;" "The works of Walter Savage Landor;" "A new theory of the effect of the Tides;" "Postal Reform," and "The Free Soil movement,"—also "short reviews and notices."

"THE DAILY SUNBEAM."—We have just received the first number of a daily paper of the above title. It "appears before the public under the auspices of the National Reformers of Cincinnati," at which place it is published. It is devoted to the interests of the working classes, and to the promotion of the objects of general Reform. We are much pleased with the free and elevated tone of the Number before us, and wish the enterprise abundant success. L. A. HINE is the Editor.

Our friend J. L.'s inquiries respecting "Protective Unions," shall be answered in our columns, according to the best of our abilities, as soon as time and room will permit.

W. F.

"M. L. S." is most welcome to our columns. After perusing her gentle though forcible exposure of that "pious" sin, the "Persecution of Children on the Sabbath," we are sure that our readers will join us in desiring to hear from her frequently. Her interesting psychological fact shall appear in our next.

Our readers will please bear in mind that all remittances, communications for the paper, and letters of business pertaining thereto, should hereafter be addressed, (post paid,) "UNIVERCELUM OFFICE, 235 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK." A disregard of this request will, owing to a recent arrangement, hereafter necessarily be attended with some inconvenience in the office.

BELA MARSH, No. 25 Cornhill, Boston, will act as agent for the Univercelum in Boston and vicinity.

REFORMERS out loose from their old moorings and float away from port and soundings. Some dash on Scylla, and others go down to Charybdis; while very few outside all hurts. But even that is better than to remain where they were and rot.

C. W.

Original Communications.

TO THE FRIENDS OF ORGANIZATION.

NUMBER THREE.

THE real estate should be held in joint stock, for the following reasons: First, it will allow such municipal regulations as the members choose to make; by which they can prevent the introduction of groceries, or shops, in competition with each other, in the same kind of business. Secondly, the Society is thereby made a mutual insurance company, and the loss of a building by fire is sustained by a per cent on all the property, in the same way as by mutual insurance companies. Thirdly, it allows the organization of agricultural groups, and division of land into suitable lots for the use of machinery, and will dispense with nearly one half the tools, teams, &c., which would be required for small farms and separate interests. Fourthly, it allows the Society to adopt at once that great and fast spreading idea of the "National Reformers," the "permanent and inalienable homestead of every family," which will be secured by perpetual lease. Fifthly, it allows the laying out of streets, lots, &c., and the erection of shops and dwellings, with uniformity and order. Sixthly, it will bring together congenial spirits, and be the first great step toward establishing a fraternal neighborhood.

The Society should guarantee labor to all its members, which there would be no difficulty in doing; and after a few years they would have an abundance of the necessities of life, and a small amount of labor would be all that would be required to support any family: and a large portion of the time could be devoted to mental improvement and spiritual progress.

It is the universally acknowledged duty of society to educate all the children; and the manual labor schools are the best that have yet been to any great extent adopted, because they come nearer to conferring a moral, physical, and intellectual education, according to the wants of the natural constitution, than any others. With some modifications, this plan can be made convenient for, and adapted to, the proper development of the youthful powers.

The Commercial Branch, or Trades-Union store, would be a very essential part of the organization; it would be the agency to market, and would dispose of all the products of the various branches of industry. It would also be the agency to purchase the material to supply mechanics and all other laborers, and also such articles as families or others need for use and consumption, all of which would be furnished at an advance on cost only sufficient to pay rent and clerk hire. Most mechanics who buy, at retail shops, their material for manufacture, and also for family consumption, would scarcely believe me if I should state the amount of saving which this system would secure to them.

Every branch of business should have a separate organization, subject to general regulations of a municipal character, and there should be no two organizations of one kind of business; for it is the competition in the same branch that ruins operatives, coupled with the double monopoly of capital and soil. All these evils should be carefully avoided. For illustration, I will suppose the boot and shoe business is commenced. The shop or shops will be under one uniform system of labor and rules, adopted by themselves, and under the direction of a foreman of their own choosing; and whether there be five or fifty who work at that business, there would be no strife except to see who could do his work best, and fastest, and thereby elevate himself among his fellow workmen, and gain a higher number on the scale of figures representing the quality of operatives: for there is an easy and practicable mode of representing workmen by numbers, and that is what I alluded to by my seventeenth article in the "general features," where "operations" as printed, should read *operatives*. All materials would come at the same

price to each workman, and each would receive the same price for the same quality or amount of work. Thus the workmen would compete for *skill*, and not for each other's work or custom.

These regulations, like all of nature's laws, are simple and easily adopted by *honest men*. If I work at farming, and my brother at cabinet work, and he earns twice as much per hour as I do, there will soon be a rush into that branch to learn the business, and it will be brought to its proper level. All such difficulties as many suppose they see, will soon regulate themselves, by the freedom which all will have to learn and work at whatever branch they choose; and the proper education of children will place each in the field of attraction.

Rents and interest should correspond. The equity of this will be readily seen by a simple illustration: If I invest \$1000 in stock, on which I am to have five per cent by agreement, and I use a dwelling which cost \$500, I should pay the five per cent on what I use, which makes it the same to me as owning it. If ten of us use the other \$500 in a shop, we jointly pay the interest on that. This amount, with the addition of perhaps one per cent to cover incidental expenses of fire department, &c., is all that should be charged as rent; for every building should be well and permanently constructed, and then kept in repair by the occupants until it is worn out; and then it will have been more than replaced by a rate of interest even as low as one per cent.

Land never should cost anything exclusive of improvements; but as we are compelled to submit to the organic evils of our parents and of society, we will make the best we can of our condition, and as the land (exclusive of improvements) never *actually* rises in value, we will estimate it only at *cost*, and never put any mere fictitious or speculative value upon it.

CERESCO, Wis., Oct., 1848.

W. CHASE.

THE SOCIAL CAUSES OF POVERTY.

In the popular belief, Intemperance and Idleness are the chief causes of Poverty. May not the proposition be reversed, and Intemperance and Idleness considered rather the *effects* of Poverty? Undoubtedly these vices may produce destitution in individual cases, but as general evils they must have their source in some cause which is widely prevalent. If it should appear that they proceed from a defect in social arrangement, the friends of humanity would proceed more wisely by curing that defect than by warring directly with the vices themselves. By carefully tracing out the causes of Poverty, we may easily solve the above question.

I begin with a definition: Poverty is the inability of the masses of society to obtain a comfortable subsistence, though surrounded with an abundance of the necessities of life, without excessive toil. It is not merely the want of the comforts of life, but the inability to procure them without an injurious severity of labor. This definition embraces the essence of the whole matter; from it, it may be logically inferred that the immediate cause of Poverty is: The want of a *just* distribution of the products of labor. The masses are producers of the comforts and luxuries of the social state, but by some magical process they are *charmed* into the hands of the few.

The causes of the want of a just distribution of these products are four.

1. The individual members of society are compelled to produce *more* of a given kind of products than they need of that kind.
2. They are, at the same time, unable to produce *enough* of those kinds which they do need. That is, the members of society are compelled into different employments, or branches of industry.
3. Separated into a diversity of employments, they are forced to a mutual exchange of their products. If products could be exchanged directly by barter, and upon this principle, viz: Arti-

cles produced by *equal amounts of labor* shall be accounted of *equal value*, no branch of labor, and of course, no individual employed in that branch could become poorer than another, till the material of its industry were exhausted. Now barter is impossible in civilized states. Still, if products were exchanged by a medium which recognized the principle that *equal values are equal amounts of labor engaged in production*, there could, none the more, be any place for Poverty. But if the medium, in the popular estimation, was held to have a *value in itself*, independently of its representative utility, these consequences would ensue:

The medium would be more valuable in fact than the products of labor, because it could control them to any amount.

Its mere use would have a price.

Immense quantities accumulated in the hands of a few who had not paid for it in labor, would go on accumulating; thus labor would be charged for an arbitrary value at first, and taxed for the local fluctuations of the medium.

Some branches of industry would be always excessively overpaid, and the rest cheated of their dues.

The handlers of money would become lords of the state.

The consumer and producer being separated, armies of merchants would spring up to tax them with *arbitrary profits*, and make markets where the laborer could be sold over and over again in the fruits of his toil.

4. In a medium, or currency, then, which is *supposed to have a value in itself*, which does not exchange labor for labor, but artificial values for artificial values, lies the fourth, and great cause of Poverty.

In that false social system which taxes labor beyond endurance, by working multitudes to death, and depriving multitudes of all employment, is there not abundant reason for the existence of Intemperance and Idleness?

The remedy is plain. The laborer should not war with laborer, by upholding a currency based on gold and silver. The industrial classes should have a common market. They should issue notes payable in the products deposited in that market. They should pledge each other to receive those notes as money. Their currency should have no value except as a medium of exchange. Then the hosts of bankers, usurers, and merchants, that infest christendom, would vanish with the rapidity of an encampment of Bedouin Arabs.

D. L.

SCIENTIFIC PROPHECY.—About nineteen years ago, Mr. Hait, of Wilton, Conn., then a remarkably good student in his Collegiate course, was suddenly deprived of his reason and memory. In those circumstances, his father, Rev. Mr. Hait, sent him to Hartford; but finding no relief, he sent him to Dr. Chaplin, of Cambridge, Mass. The doctor said there was no relief for him at that time, but at the age of thirty-six or seven, there would be a change; that the brain was too much expanded for the cranium, and there would at that age be a contraction, which would enable it to act healthfully. His anxious father and family saw their hopes peremptorily deferred for nineteen years. That time has recently expired, and to their great joy, the prophecy is fulfilled. The man began to inquire for his books as if he had just laid them down, and resumed his mathematical studies where he left them. There was no trace on his mind of this long blank in his life or of any thing which has occurred in it, and he did not know that he was almost forty years of age.

[JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.]

In the general mind, *matter* and *spirit* are commonly separated, the latter being considered as an ideal intangibility, differing but little from an absolute *nothing*. This idea may be dispensed with if we consider the infinite divisibility of matter, and that at *each stage* of its refinement, or rarefaction, it is, as analogy teaches, capable of forming *definite organisms*. The spirit is an organization of matter in its highest stages of refinement.

Psychological Department.

THE SOUL AND ITS POWERS.

"From Jung Stilling's Pneumatology!"

THE highest species of apparitions, which have their foundation in human nature is, incontestably, when a person still living can show itself in some distant place. However much this may have been ridiculed as the most absurd superstition, yet so certain and positive are the facts narrated, that the matter is placed beyond a doubt; and many of my readers will probably remember some incident or other of this kind. I do not speak here of such apparitions as have shown themselves, immediately after death, to some particular friend, but of those that have made such a visit, whilst the individual still animated a living body. Instances are known to me, in which persons who were sick were seized with an indescribable longing to see a certain friend; they soon after fell into a swoon, and during the time, they appeared to the distant object of their longing. But the following narrative exceeds all that I ever read or heard upon this subject; it comes from a credible source, and possesses all the characteristics of historic veracity.

About sixty or seventy years ago, a man of piety and integrity arrived in Germany from Philadelphia, in North America, to visit his poor old parents, and with his well-earned wealth to place them beyond the reach of care. He went out to America whilst he was still young, and had succeeded so far as to become overlooker of various mills on the Delaware river, in which situation he had honorably laid up a considerably sum. This respectable individual related to one of my friends, upon whose veracity I can depend, the following wonderful tale.

In the neighborhood of Philadelphia, not far from the mills above mentioned, there dwelt a solitary man in a lonely house. He was very benevolent, but extremely retired, and reserved, and strange things were told of him, amongst which was his being able to tell things that were unknown to any one else. Now it happened, that the captain of a vessel belonging to Philadelphia was about to sail to Africa and Europe. He promised his wife that he would return again in a certain time, and also that he would write to her frequently. She waited long, but no letters arrived; the time appointed passed over, but her beloved husband did not return. She was now deeply distressed, and knew not where to look for counsel or consolation. At length, a friend advised her for once to go to the pious solitary, and tell him her griefs. The woman followed his advice, and went to him. After she had told him all her troubles, he desired her to wait awhile there, until he returned and brought her an answer. She sat down to wait, and the man opening a door, went into his closet. But the woman thinking he stayed a long time, rose up, went to a window in the door, lifted up the little curtain, and looking in, saw him lying on the couch or sofa like a corpse: she then immediately went back to her place. At length he came and told her that her husband was in London, in a coffee-house which he named, and that he would return very soon: he then told her also the reason why he had been unable to write. The woman went home pretty much at ease.

What the solitary had told her was minutely fulfilled: her husband returned, and the reason of his delay and his not writing were just the same as the man had stated. The woman was now curious to know what would be the result, if she visited the friendly solitary in company with her husband. The visit was arranged, but when the captain saw the man, he was struck with amazement; he afterward told his wife that he had seen this very man, on such a day, (it was the very day that the woman had been with him,) in a coffee-house in London; and that he had told him that his wife was much distressed about him; and that he had then stated the reason why his return was delayed,

and of his not writing, and that he would shortly come back, on which he lost sight of the man among the company.

This most singular narrative, which is totally inexplicable and incredible, according to the common system of materialism, can be explained only according to my theory of human nature, and its possibility demonstrated. For this purpose, I must refer to the indubitable facts, for which we are indebted to animal magnetism.

It is now an evident and established truth, that there is, in the human frame, a subtle luminous body, an ethereal covering of the immortal rational spirit, which has undeniably manifested itself in magnetism, galvanism, electricity, and in sympathy and antipathy, and shown itself operative in a variety of ways: with this body the rational spirit is eternally and inseparably connected. In the foregoing pages, I have denominated this eternal luminous body, the human soul.

The human soul, by an artificial stroking or magnetizing, can be detached from the nervous system in a numberless variety of degrees, and become a free agent, according to the extent of the degree of detachment; certain diseases, and likewise certain medicines, or rather poisonous plants, are capable of producing the same effect.

In the inferior degrees of this detachment, consciousness remains, but the imagination is more lively, so that the man really believes he sees and hears what he merely imagines.

Natural sleep is also one species of detachment. When the organic machine of the body, or rather the nerves, becomes wearied to a certain extent, the human soul forsakes these organs, in so far as they belong to the senses; for, from the latter alone proceeds our consciousness of the visible world: the soul, however, continues to act of itself; and if this take place in so lively a manner as to make an impression on the inward organs of sense, we then remember it on awaking, and call it a dream.

This detachment is some degrees more complete in the common sleep-walkers, and has a similarity to magnetic somnambulism: in this case the human soul acts more freely, it dreams more connectedly and distinctly, and to such a degree, that the nervous system, and consequently the body also, is set in motion, although the senses are all at rest; and as the man in this state is not actuated by the sensible world, but by the connection of ideas in the soul, actions ensue which do not belong to the natural order of things; but these very actions, as every one knows, are much more perfect in themselves, than when performed in a wakeful state; from whence it is again evident, that the human soul, when delivered from the bonds of the body, can act much more freely, perfectly, and actively; it then neither sleeps nor slumbers, nor is wearied any more for ever.

In the common fits of hypochondriacal and hysterical persons, as also those who are afflicted with worms, the degrees of detachment are likewise very various, consequently the exhibitions and actions also which proceed from them; but at death it is complete. Of this, I will treat at large in the chapter on apparitions.

It is, therefore, an incontestible experimental truth, that the human soul can be detached in an infinite number and variety of degrees, even to entire separation from the body, and is able to act freely of itself, according to the degree of this detachment.

There may be those to whom this detachment is a very easy matter, and assisted by secret means, may even be carried so far, that the human soul leaves the body for a short time, performs something at a distance, and returns to the body again: but this, however, must take place in a very short time, before the blood loses its fluidity. We have several instances of the occurrence of this in diseased persons. I will now explain according to my theory, this rare and most remarkable phenomenon, with reference to the American instance above related, which is the most perfect of its kind.

When the soul is in a state of detachment from its sensitive organs, whilst still in the body, consciousness of the visible

world ceases, so long as the detachment lasts: the soul, however, lives and acts in the sphere of its knowledge, and enters, at length, by frequent repetition of this state, into connection with the world of spirits; it is no longer sensible of any thing in the visible world; it sees and hears no one except those with whom it is placed in rapport, which is accomplished by bringing the physical atmospheres of both into contact with each other, according to certain laws. With such persons the soul can have intercourse and converse, and from them it learns what is passing around in the visible world at the time.

Now, supposing the American above mentioned, possessed the capability, either by nature or by some secret means, or by both, to detach his soul at pleasure, entirely from the body, and unite it again with the body; he could therefore place himself in a state of the most perfect somnambulism, by the phenomena and experiments of which, every thing must now be explained. His soul, therefore, forsook its body, with the will to ask the captain of his protracted stay, and of his not writing. As soon as it left the body, it was no longer sensible of any thing in the material world, and was in the world of spirits, where no space can separate. The moment, therefore, the soul forsook the body, it was already in London with the captain of the vessel: and if he had been in China, or any where else, its magic will would have carried him thither.

The human soul, abstractly considered, is invisible, it is not obvious to the senses, but it can make itself visible in two ways: 1st, by attracting atmospheric substances, and forming out of them a body like its own; and 2d., by placing itself in rapport with the person to whom it wishes to appear. In the former case, it may be seen by many persons; but then every one perceives that the apparition is no human being, but a spirit; in the latter case, it is only visible to him with whom it stands in rapport, by acting in such a lively manner on his soul and organs of sense, that he sees the person before him as clearly, as if he were present in his own body. This remark I shall also subsequently elucidate, very clearly and completely, in the chapter on the apparition of spirits.

APPARITION.

Lord Byron used to mention a story which the commander of the packet, Capt. Kidd, related to him on the passage to Lisbon, in 1809. This officer stated, that being asleep one night in his berth, he was awakened by the pressure of something heavy on his limbs, and there being a faint light in the room, he could see, as he thought, distinctly, the figure of his brother, who was then in the naval service in the East Indies, dressed in his uniform, and stretched across the bed. Concluding it to be an illusion of the senses, he shut his eyes and made an effort to sleep. But the same pressure continued, and still, as often as he ventured to take another look, he saw the figure lying across him in the same position. To add to this wonder, on putting his hand forth to touch this form, he found the uniform in which it appeared to be dressed, dripping wet. On the entrance of one of his brother officers, to whom he called out in alarm, the apparition vanished; but in a few months after, he received the startling intelligence that on that night his brother had been drowned in the Indian seas. Of the supernatural character of this appearance, Capt. Kidd himself did not appear to have the slightest doubt.

The mind must be cultivated, ere the soul can appreciate spiritual things. True indeed it is, that great learning is not a prerequisite of piety; but true it also seems to be, that gross ignorance is most unfavorable to its growth. Mere intellect, however capacious, may be unaccompanied by true wisdom; and men of great attainments are frequently led astray by their own vain imaginations.

Miscellaneous Department.

PERSECUTION OF CHILDREN ON THE SABBATH.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCÆLUM,

BY M. L. S.

"HAVE a care," says one, "how you burn your fingers meddling with this subject. Is it not spoken, confirmed, and recorded among the household laws, that Children are to go to Meeting and the Sunday School—walking all the way, with hands folded, and eyes bent on nothing in particular—read good books, *KEEP STILL*, and do nothing else, on all the Sundays in the year, and in every year of their natural lives?"

Responds another, "Would you teach our children to be disorderly on the Sabbath—to disregard holy time?"—(what time is *unholy*, friend?)—"to cease to reverence the minister—to break through all restraints?"

Lend us your ears and hearts a moment, dear, anxious people.

A few Sabbaths since, when the late summer and early autumn flowers were in their glory, I walked several miles to listen to a sermon; not from a velvet robed pulpit, not from a paid and popular preacher—oh no, we rarely get sermons that are sermons from *them*—would to God that we did!

The sermon to which I refer, was gathered from the clear blue Heavens, with here and there a soft white cloud like pure thoughts on Angels' bosoms; from the golden-hued trees as they gently bowed their heads in solemn worship of God alone; from a huge brown rock, saying to every passer by, "I have a broad, unflinching bosom—rest upon me ye weary, care-laden ones;" from the bubbling stream that ever bathed with kisses the feet of that mountain granite; from the pebbles that turned their clear, bright faces upward with smiling joy; from the flowers that peeped out at every nook with the sweet call, "take me, and me;" from the insects that danced and frolicked in the sun; from the restless wind that sighed, and sang, and blustered, and sighing again, lulled itself to a breezy whisper; and last, though not least, from the hearty grasp of two warm, honest hands, and the true welcome of two earnest, sincere souls. In fact, I went to see—not merely a *man*, as "Mr. Diogenes" did, but a *man and woman*.

On my way, I had collected a knot of wild flowers, so very beautiful that they attracted the earnest gaze of a child sitting by the front open window of her father's dwelling. It was a little girl, apparently five or six years of age—one of those tearful, leaning spirits that look as naturally to the flowers and stars for companionship, as do the grosser ones of earth to *their* kind.

Throwing my rustic boquet upon a mound of green earth full in her view, I lingered a moment in front of the house, ostensibly to fasten the string of my shoe; suddenly lifting my head, I caught the longing glance of her blue eyes, and her lips trembling with delight, and extending the flowers I asked, "Would you like them, sis?"

Never came there a more rapid change over human countenance than marked hers in one brief second. Her cheeks crimsoned, her head drooped, her eyes filled with unbidden tears. At the moment, I attributed her embarrassment to the address of a stranger, and resolved upon making a little acquaintance with her, I tapped at the open door for admittance.

A stout voice bade me in, and I found myself in the midst of a family group where "*Sunday was kept*." I apologized for my intrusion by saying, "the child at the window looked so wishfully after my flowers that I was anxious to share them with her."

"That was very naughty of you, Agnes, pick up your book and move your chair from the window," said a smart, buxom

mother, regardless of the latter part of my introductory; then added to me by way of explanation, "Agnes always begs to sit there in the sun, though it makes her dreadfully brown, and is a very bad way of spending Sunday."

"What is bad?" I asked.

"Why, staring about at every thing out of doors, instead of reading her book," replied the woman with a sort of wondering pity at my simplicity. To which, by way of a clearer development of the case, the father added,

"We bring up our family to go to meeting regularly when there is one, and when there isn't, to keep Sunday at home. I'll venture to say that nobody ever saw our children hunting birds-nests, or picking berries, on the Sabbath."

I bowed slightly in acknowledgment of this important information, but could not avoid thinking, as I threw a glance around upon a group of seven sons and daughters, that any honest employment which would keep their mental and physical powers wide awake, would be preferable to the condition that induced such dozy sullenness upon every countenance. Nevertheless, they all seemed well drilled and somewhat content with their slavery except the little Agnes, who, in obeying her mother's command, had placed her chair where a golden sunbeam lay warm and pure about her; and again held timid communion with the spirit-messengers in my hand.

"Madam," said I,—the little creature impelled me to a bold effort—"will you allow Agnes to walk with me for half an hour? I will be punctual to return with her at the moment."

Oh! how her eyes flashed and twinkled—how convulsively her fingers worked along the seam of her dress—how quickly hushed was her breath for the reply! Alas, poor child! thy feet were not made for Sunday use.

The woman opened her large black eyes still wider with astonishment, and replied in a tone of severe reproach,

"We never let our young ones go strolling about the fields of a Sunday; they have always been taught better, and if they were left to themselves, I think they'd know their duty better than to go."

A faint sob from Agnes—what *could* I do for her? The father said nothing, and though I fancy he may be a tolerably amiable man on week-days, yet, dressed as his face was in the double-and-twisted solemnity accordant with his own notions of holiness, it forbade any appeal to him in behalf of the prisoner; moreover, his eyes were fixed upon the door, which I regarded as hinting strongly toward my departure.

"Not yet," thought I, and looked about me.

"May I trouble you for a glass of water?" I said quietly to the least Sunday-looking of the group, a boy of twelve, who could apparently claim some affinity with his youngest sister. He seemed particularly disposed to comply, but his mother motioned him to remain *still*, and waited upon me herself. I sipped a few drops, quickly plunged my whole boquet into the large tumbler, and placing it upon the table beside Agnes, said to her,

"There, sis, I dare say mama will permit you to have the flowers tomorrow if you are quite good today;" then receiving a kiss from her sweet lips, and holding her tiny brown hands closely nestled in mine for an instant, I withdrew with all due ceremony.

Walking slowly onward, I gathered fresh flowers, and listened to the birds, and mused upon what poor Agnes' fate would be should not the Good Father take her home to be taught by angels.

From my window, one Saturday evening last summer I overheard the conversation of two girls, which tells the whole story.

"O dear," said Mary impatiently, "tomorrow is Sunday; how I do hate Sunday! —I don't see what it was made for."

"I love it!" replied Julia gaily; "it is the best day of all the week. We have always clean dresses on, and mama has no work to do, for we take lunch instead of a dinner, and then we do, oh, so many fine things!"

"What can you do on Sunday?" demanded Mary in great surprise.

"Sometimes," continued her playmate, "we go to church and listen to the music, and what we can understand of the sermon; at others, we get a beautiful story, and read in turn till it is finished; then again we take some lunch in a basket, and go for a long walk, getting flowers, four-leaved clovers, tall grasses, and amusing ourselves with all sorts of merry antics, provided we disturb no one. Mama says that these strolls make us healthy and active, and that we shall be more just and generous, and love God better, for having sound bodies. Very often we all sit down beside some pretty stream, and while we rest and bathe our feet in the water, some one tells a true story, or we make fables, or ask questions, or papa and mama tell us things that we should never guess, and which I suppose they learn from large books. Oh, I assure you, Mary, we are never at a loss about being happy on Sunday—if I had my wish 't would be Sunday always."

"Mine is very different from that," said Mary sorrowfully.

"The truth is, we are all cross of a Sabbath morning,—we children, because we hate to be ordered, and watched, and kept as close as mice in a trap all day; and papa and mama are out of humor because they say we are so bad, and troublesome, and always beg off from going to church. But good night—I'll see you on Monday; mother said she should punish me if I spoke with you on Sunday, because your folks don't 'keep it.'"

The old proverb gives "every dog its day;" from which we take encouragement that when the "day" of popular superstition shall have set, that of justice, humanity, and common sense, will have a chance to rise. Till then, Heaven help the poor children who are put into *holy stocks* one seventh part of the time.

MECHANICAL SKILL OF THE ANCIENTS.

BY JOHN WESLEY.

If we admire the ancients in those monuments which remain to us of the greatness of their undertakings, we shall have no less reason for wonder in contemplating the dexterity and skill of their artists in works of quite a different kind. Their works in miniature are well deserving of notice. Archytas who was cotemporary with Plato, is famous in antiquity for the artful structure of his wooden pigeon, which imitated the flight and motions of a living one. Cicero, according to Pliny's report, saw the whole *Iliad* of Homer written in so fine a character, that it could be contained in a nut-shell. And Elian speaks of one Myrmesides, a Milesian, and of Callicrates, a Lacedemonian;—the first of whom made an ivory chariot, so small and so delicately framed, that a fly with its wing could cover it; and a little ivory ship of the same dimensions; the second formed ants and other little animals out of ivory, which were so extremely small, that their component parts were scarcely to be distinguished.

It is natural here to inquire, whether in such undertakings as our best artists cannot accomplish, without the assistance of microscopes, the ancients had not any such aid; and the result of this research will be, that they had several ways of helping the sight, of strengthening it, and of magnifying small objects. Jamblichus says of Pythagoras, that he applied himself to find out instruments as efficacious to aid the hearing as a rule, or square, or even optic glasses, were to the sight. Plutarch speaks of mathematical instruments, which Archimedes made use of, to manifest to the eye the largeness of the sun, which may be meant of telescopes. Aulus Gellius, having spoken of mirrors that multiplied objects, makes mention of those which inverted them; and those of course must be concave or convex glasses. Pliny says, that in his time artists made use of emeralds to assist their sight, in works that required a nice eye;

and, to prevent us from thinking that it was on account of its green color only that they had recourse to it, he adds, that they were made concave, the better to collect the visual rays; and that Nero made use of them in viewing the combats of the gladiators. In short, Seneca is clear and full on this head, when he says, that the smallest characters in writing, even such as almost entirely escape the naked eye, may easily be brought to view, by means of a little glass ball filled with water, which had all the effect of a microscope in rendering them large and clear; and indeed this was the very sort of microscope that Mr. Gray made use of in his observations. To all this add the burning-glasses made mention of before, which were in reality magnifying glasses: nor could this property of them remain unobserved.

It would be a needless task to undertake to show that the ancients have pre-eminence over the moderns in architecture, engraving, sculpture, medicine, poetry, eloquence, and history. The moderns themselves will not contest this with them; on the contrary, the height of their ambition is to imitate them in these branches of science. And indeed what poets have we to produce, fit to be compared with Homer, Horace, and Virgil; what orators equal to Demosthenes and Cicero; what historians to match Thucydides, Xenophon, Tacitus, and Titus Livius; what physicians, such as Hippocrates and Galen; what sculptors like Phidias, Polycletus, and Praxiteles; what architects to rear edifices similar to those, whose very ruins are still the objects of our admiration?

'Tis worth notice, that the merit of the ancients is generally most controverted by those who are least acquainted with them. There are very few of those who rail at antiquity qualified to relish the original beauties of the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, and other immortal performances of the authors just enumerated. There are fewer still, who are capable at one view to take in all that variety of science, which hath been laid before the reader, and which comprehends in it almost the whole circle of our knowledge. Of the remaining admirable monuments, which show to what admirable perfection the ancients carried the arts of sculpture and design, how very few have taken any due notice; and of those, how very few have been able to judge of their real value? True it is, that time and the hands of barbarians have destroyed the better parts of them; yet still enough is left to prove the excellence of what hath perished, and to justify encomiums bestowed on them by historians. The group of figures in the Niobe of Praxiteles, and the famous statue of Laocoon, still to be seen at Rome, are, and ever will be, models of beauty and truth sublime in sculpture, where much more is to be admired than comes within the comprehension of the eye. The Venus de Medicis, the Hercules stifling Antacus, the other Hercules who rests upon his club, the dying gladiator, and that other in the vineyard of Borghese, the Apollo of the Belvidere, the maimed Hercules of the same place and the Equerry in the action of breaking a horse on Mount Quirinal, are all of them monuments which loudly proclaim the just pretensions of the ancients to a superiority in these arts. Their pretensions are still further supported by their remaining medals, the precious stones of their engraving, and their cameos. There is still to be seen a silver medal of Alexander the Great, on the reverse of which there is Jupiter sitting on his throne, finished with the finest strokes of art; not a feature, even the smallest, but seems to declare his divinity. The stones engraved by Pyrgoteles, who had an exclusive privilege of engraving Alexander's head, as Lysippus had of making his statue, and Appelles of painting him; those of Dioscorides, who engraved the heads of the seals of Augustus; the celebrated Medusa, Diomedes, Cupid, and other performances of Solon; in short, all the other eminent pieces of sculpture and engraving, so carefully sought after by the curious, and with so much reason admired by connoisseurs, render it needless for me to enlarge on the praise of artists sufficiently renowned by being the authors of works so lasting and so precious.

STORY OF A SAILOR.

Four years ago, I left the port of Boston, the master of a fine ship bound for China. I was worth ten thousand dollars, and was the husband of a young and handsome wife whom I had married six months before. When I left her, I promised to return to her in less than a twelvemonth. I took all my money along with me, save enough to support my wife in my absence, for the purpose of trading when in China on my own account. For a long time we were favored with prosperous wind; but when in the Chinese Sea a terrible storm came upon us, so that in a short time I saw the vessel must be lost, for we were drifting on the rocks of an unknown shore. I ordered the men to provide each for himself, in the best possible manner, and forget the ship, as it was an impossibility to save her. We struck—a sea threw me on a rock senseless, and the next wave would have carried me back into a watery grave, had not one of the sailors dragged me farther up the rocks.

There were only four of us alive, and when morning came, we found we were on a small, uninhabited island, with nothing to eat but the wild fruit common to that portion of the earth. I will not distress you by an account of our sufferings there; suffice it to say that we remained sixty days before we could make ourselves known to any ship. We were taken to Canton, and there I had to beg; for my money was at the bottom of the sea, and I had not taken the precaution to have it insured.

It was nearly a year before I found a chance to come home, and then I, a captain, was obliged to ship as a common sailor! It was two years from the time that I left America that I landed in Boston. I was walking in a hurried manner up one of its streets, when I met my brother-in-law. He could not speak, nor move, but he grasped my hand and the tears gushed from his eyes.

"Is my wife alive?" I asked.

He said nothing.

Then I wished I had perished with my ship, for I thought my wife was dead; but he very soon said:

"She is alive."

Then it was my turn to cry for joy. He clung to me, and said:

"Your funeral sermon has been preached, for we have thought you were dead for a long time."

He said my wife was living in our cottage in the interior of the State. It was then 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and I took a train of cars that would carry me within 25 miles of my wife. Leaving the cars, I hired a boy, though it was night, to drive me home. It was about 2 o'clock in the morning when that sweet little cottage of mine appeared in sight. It was a warm moonlight night and I remember how like a Heaven it looked to me. I got out of the carriage and went to the window of the room where the servant girl slept, and gently knocked. She opened the window, and asked, "Who is there?"

"Sarah, do you know me?" said I.

She screamed with fright, for she thought me a ghost, but I told her to unfasten the door and let me in, for I wished to see my wife. She let me in, and gave me a light, and I went up stairs to my wife's room. She lay sleeping quietly. Upon her bosom lay our child whom I had never seen. She was as beautiful as when I left her, but I could see a mournful expression upon her face. Perhaps she was dreaming of me. I gazed for a long time—I did not make any noise, for I dared not to wake her. At length I imprinted a soft kiss upon the cheek of my child. While doing it, a tear dropping from my eye, fell upon her cheek. Her eyes opened as clearly as though she had not long been sleeping. I saw that she began to be frightened, and I said:

"Mary, it is your husband!"

And she clasped me about my neck and fainted.

But I can not describe to you that scene. She is now the happy wife of a poor man. I am endeavoring to accumulate a little property, and then I will leave the sea forever.

IN answer to many inquiries which have been made, we would say that Mr. Davis' Chart can not be sent by mail without subjecting it to great injury.

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