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

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The Principles of Nature.

SWEDENBORG AND DAVIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM,

BY W. M. FERNALD.

WE HAVE for some time past promised to the readers of the "Rationalist," now united with this Paper, some account of the remarkable book of A. J. Davis; frequent notices of which, and some extracts, had appeared in our columns. Our purpose was to review the work—not from all points—a labor which we do not feel competent to undertake—but chiefly from a spiritual and theological point of view. That purpose is not wholly abandoned. But as in partial fulfilment of that promise, and as introductory perhaps to a more full exposition of "The Principles of Nature," we have thought that an attempt at *comparison* between Swedenborg, the psychologist and seer, and Davis who professes the same powers, might be as judicious and profitable a way as any, of introducing this subject to our readers.

The fame of Swedenborg has gone out into all Christendom. His name is enshrined among the highest saints. A church has become established in his name, composed of the most enlightened and spiritual of Christians, and what greater testimony to unrivalled powers could be given for any person? "The Church of the New Jerusalem," numbering as it does very many of the most intelligent and thinking portion of Christendom, receiving Swedenborg as its inspired founder, subordinate only to Jesus himself, whose peculiar mission it was to reveal what is called the interior or spiritual sense of the Divine Word, together with many marvellous truths pertaining to the future state of human existence, and whose theological and philosophical works amount to some forty volumes; who anticipated many of the advanced discoveries in modern science, and who, in short, has proved himself one of, if not the master mind of the world,—all this is surely testimonial to the transcendent powers of the illustrious Seer.

The case of Swedenborg seems to be this. It was in 1743, in the city of London, where, after having completed several works on natural science, and studying profoundly upon them, he suddenly fell into a trance, or into a vision, as we should more familiarly say, when he received great interior illumination, and was conscious even then, of a spiritual attendant, who intimated to him in audible language to "eat not so much," as more abstemious habits would prepare him for still greater intercourse with the spiritual world. From that time forward, to the day of his death, a period of some twenty-five years, he was the constant subject of spiritual impressions, having intercourse with beings of the next state of existence, and his published works show an almost incredible amount of philosophical, psychological, and theological labor. By far the most interesting of these, are those relations which Swedenborg makes of the spiritual world—the nature of the soul, its mode of existence after death, its communion even now with the spirits and angels of the higher world, and the close proximity of that world to this.

Many of these relations, to be sure, we cannot sympathize with, for one must be thoroughly Swedenborgian in order to do it. Those who receive him for *authority*, as *infallibly* inspired, may find no difficulty in so doing. But the true student of Nature, who recognizes in these phenomena but the more interior workings of the spirit power, and which are as natural as the exterior and grosser operations of the material world, cannot so do violence to Reason as to bend submissively *anywhere*, without the concurrence of the understanding. We conceive Swedenborg to be fallible, as we do other men. Infallibility, in fact, is a quality which belongs only to the Divine Mind. To be sure, the Divine Spirit flows into man, but always through human channels, as differently modified as are the developments, and temperaments, and circumstances of the individuals. It is not to be expected, then, that we may rest on any man's *ipse dixit*, for any truth of superior importance that he may utter, but unless we can receive it by a similar state or condition, it is not truth to us, and we have therefore no exterior standard of truth and authority such as men are incessantly striving after. But we have an interior standard—the intuitions and convictions of our own souls, and this is a standard which is ever widening and becoming more general and uniform, as the minds of men expand, so that in all matters of essential importance, we may approach a unanimity of opinion and a general judgment which shall be received as authoritative truth. In this way we may feel that we are enabled to give truth for authority, rather than authority for truth. We ought never, I suppose, to believe a felt absurdity, because a great or inspired person states it; and even inspiration itself, by which I mean influx of ideas from the spiritual world, is not necessarily infallible, because that world itself is not perfect, though, being a higher sphere, generally far superior to this; yet spirits are there in all degrees of culture, and a person can only be made the recipient of such ideas and truths as he is by state, condition, and nature, made capable and sympathetic of.

Swedenborg was undoubtedly a great, noble, and inspired soul. We question not his intercourse with the spiritual world; but he is not by that qualification to be invested with authority—such authority as that we must needs believe because he says it; nor by any other qualifications can a claim so superior be made out for him. His followers are undoubtedly enthusiasts in this particular. We are aware that many of them do not pretend so much for Swedenborg; scarcely any, on close questioning, would be thought to allow it; still there is this idea of infallible authority which hangs about the New Church, which is more, I would fain believe, than the excellent Swedenborg would tolerate for a moment, were he now on earth, or than he ever dreamed of among men.

Now, what, precisely, was the condition of Swedenborg? I am not conscious, in endeavoring to answer this question, of the least bias to any party or sect, especially against Swedenborg, for I look exultingly on to the day when the true philosophy of his spiritual theory shall become generally received, and indeed, overspread the earth. I believe the time is not far off—it is "at hand." The recent developments in psychological discovery, in the higher departments of magnetism and clairvoyance, seem to herald the day. I do not believe as Professor Bush in-

timates, that "the design of these marvelous manifestations is no other than to pave the way for the *universal* admission of Swedenborg's claims;" but I do believe that they are the harbinger of the reception of *much* that is true in him, and of a spiritual theory and manifestation which shall be the glory of these "latter days." Swedenborg himself predicted that the year 1852 is to be decisive of the destiny of his Church—that if its doctrine be not then extensively embraced, it is to be counted as false. And that is about a time to which several predictions have pointed, of those who have been subject to interior influence, both in this country and in Europe. Even the Millerites, I would fain believe, have been stirred by some truth, and it is highly probable that they are not so grossly mistaken in the time of their expectations, as in the event. The *physical* world may not pass away; while the *theological* and *social* world may be dissolved in flame. The end of the "age" may be again nigh. The old Jewish tradition of "two thousand years before the law, two thousand years under the law, and two thousand years under the Messiah," may also be floating on the stream of truth. We disclaim superstition, but he who cannot see in the present state of the world, tokens of a speedy and mighty change to the very depths of its social and theological institutions, must be blind to the movements of Nations, and to the manifestations of Providence.

We are interested in the prevalence of a spiritual and natural theory of religion, to take the place of the present artificial and cumbersome theology. In the passing away of the "supernatural," we hail with religious extacy, the coming in of the supersensual and superhuman. It is in this respect that we welcome to our investigation, the phenomena of Swedenborg, and the more recent phenomena of Davis. We are aware that the broaching of such a subject is the very pitch of unpopularity. So was Christianity once: so it is now in Hindoostan. Had we no greater ends than popular favor to seek for, we should long ago have sought in the popular channel. I sympathize with the *Forslers*, in knowing that a subject is unpopular, but in thanking God that I am yet able to live, to utter unpopular truth.

No more of this. Swedenborg's illumination, then, we believe to have been no more than a natural perception of interior truth, on precisely the same principles of those of modern mesmeric clairvoyance. We say, no more than this. We apprehend this is enough. We are aware that Swedenborgians have an utter horror of such an explanation as this, deeming it not only a derogation from the dignity of Swedenborg, their inspired leader, but also recognizing higher phenomena in the manifestations of his mind, than any subjects of mere clairvoyance have attained to. We mentioned above, *mesmeric* clairvoyance; we did this purposely, for we spoke only of the *principles* of the phenomena. The principles are the same, whether we consider the state produced by the mesmeric process of "laying on of hands," or induced by an entirely independent process. Many times persons become clairvoyant involuntarily. This may happen either in their sleeping or their waking hours. Hundreds of instances might be given. Those instances which have been presented in our former columns, of prophetic dreams, second sight, the recognition of the death of friends, and the visible circumstances of their death, while the friends were at a great distance, are all cases in point. They are but results of different stages of the clairvoyant power; in other words, such power as the spirit may be supposed to possess when perfectly divested of the body. Swedenborg, it is said, never was magnetized. But this does not prove the powers for which he was so remarkable, to be different in principle from the powers of those who are magnetized, and of those who are not, who equally present to us instances of the clairvoyant state. The power is simply the perception of the spirit, of objects not discernible by the bodily senses. Sometimes the objects may be before unknown to any party concerned. And this has happened in innumerable instances with different persons. It is more frequently in-

duced by the magnetic sleep, but it frequently happens in natural sleep, and in perfect wakefulness. For instance, the case related in the "Rationalist," a few weeks ago, of the gentleman who was struck suddenly at his desk, while attending to business, with the impression and interior sight of the boy who was washed from a vessel at sea, upon a rock, and was there struggling for life and finally drowned—all of which proved true. Again, the recent case of a young Lieutenant on board one of her Majesty's ships, when lying off Portsmouth. "Being one day at a mess-table, he suddenly laid aside his knife and fork, pushed away his plate, and turned remarkably pale. He then rose from the table, covering his face with his hands, and retired from the room. The president of the mess, supposing him to be ill, sent one of the young men to enquire what was the matter. At first Mr. P. was unwilling to speak; but being pressed, he confessed that he had been seized by a sudden and irresistible impression—that a brother he had then in India, was dead, "He died (said he.) on the 12th of August, at six o'clock; I am perfectly certain of it." No argument could overthrow this conviction, which in due course of post, was verified to the letter. The young man had died at Cawnpore, at the precise time mentioned.

Another case of wakeful clairvoyance is in the little girl at Bristol, R. 1., who was standing in a chair by the window, when suddenly her eyes became fixed, her person rigid, and her whole expression as of one looking on some fearful and distressing scene. "O my father, (she exclaimed) he is drowning in the water! he is drowning in the water!" In this state she remained half an hour: nothing could pacify her, till she finally sunk to sleep from exhaustion. The time was noted, and the next news was that the father of the child, at that precise time, had fallen overboard in a storm. For half an hour he continued swimming after the vessel, and then sunk to a watery grave.

These instances are sufficient, though many more could be given, to testify the truth of natural clairvoyance independent of the mesmeric process. Sometimes it may be merely in the nature of an impression, sometimes by actual sight. In both cases, however, and with or without the mesmeric process, the principles of the spirit-power are the same. The difference appears only in degree. In the higher cases it may simply be said to exist in greater perfection than others.

In the case of Swedenborg, he possessed this power to an uncommon extent. But it does not prove *supernatural* inspiration—it does not cut him off from his race, and elevate him to a high unaccountable any principle of natural law. It simply shows him to have been a man of uncommon expansion and refinement of mind. There is much in the *quality* of the spirit. There is much in temperament. There is much in purity, and goodness of purpose. Many circumstances conspire to induce this state, but the above instances, and the thousand cases of premonition, second sight, prophetic dreams, visions, that are on record, are sufficient to show that Swedenborg's case was *not* such as to confer upon him a supernatural character not to be brought into the category of similar and natural things.

Swedenborg saw the fire raging at Stockholm, while he was at Gottenburg—stated that it would be arrested before it came to his building, which was confirmed by intelligence a day or two afterward, announcing that the fire had commenced and terminated precisely as he had affirmed. What is this but a natural and familiar clairvoyance?

Now, as to his revelations of the future world, or the spiritual spheres connected with this earth, we account for them on the same principle. It is saying much for Swedenborg—much for any man, that he is enabled to do this; and his followers need not, therefore, fear any derogation from his transcendent powers, by thus rationalizing and naturalizing the process of his attainments. It is not necessary, in order to exalt a man, to unnaturalize him. Here come up the old fear of rationalizing spiritual and theological subjects. To rationalize them, or to find out their most distant connection with natural things, is in

the view of some persons, to spoil them of all their sacredness. So it is that men stumble over truths without being enlightened by them. No doubt, if Swedenborg could now speak to us, he would tell us that spiritual nature *entirely* is as much system and law, as much a part of the Universe, of the eternal and connected structure of things, as the material earth we inhabit. By a connection with this nature, and by natural powers largely expanded, he went into the spiritual universe. He saw the nature of the soul; he explored the spiritual worlds. As before said, we cannot receive him as infallible; and so with much that is true and beautiful, we find much which, to our perception, is not true—which is not only visionary, but incongruous. We would not, on any account, recommend the universal reading of his works, so voluminous, and containing so much of the cumbersome and artificial theology. But there are portions, and large portions, which are truly illuminated with Nature's most spiritual truths. Many of his conversation with spirits and angels, and much of his revelation concerning state and condition, are undoubtedly true. He talks too much of hell, and revels, one cannot help thinking, in imaginary horror.

But here it is necessary to remark somewhat on the locality of the spiritual world, and our proximity to it. Many say it is a state, rather than a place. I would say it is both. A state without a place cannot exist. But the gross ideas of heaven as a place, have well nigh closed up all our perceptions of any possible connection with it here; though the ideas of the vulgar and illiterate frequently accord somewhat more with the truth of spiritual intercourse, and direction from the heavenly world. The common idea of heaven is, that is ten thousand million miles off—above the stars—a vast enclosure somewhere, with walls and pavements of a very rich and gorgeous character. The idea that heaven is a spiritual and substantial sphere surrounding our material sphere, emanated from it, and enclosing us on all sides, would doubtless at first be received as visionary. Let those, however, who object to visionary things, betake to their own notions of heaven and of heavenly things. Nothing, I wot, could be more visionary, or more out of all possible conception. If heaven is any where, we may rationally suspect it to have some connection with this world. If it is not a "castle in the air," without foundation, we may suspect it to have some connection with the material globe we inhabit, as we know the magnetic sphere of every human being has with the body he hears about. Every person is surrounded with his own peculiar sphere. This sphere is a fluid of an electrical or magnetic nature, emanated from the body. It varies in quality as the individual varies. It partakes of his mental characteristics. It brings two persons in contact of thought when nearing each other, while each is yet unknowing to the other's approach. Hence a certain well known proverb which need not be here repeated. Some persons have more power over their respective spheres than others. Hence they are able to send out influence further than others. This may be felt at quite a distance; if the thoughts are intensely and actively fixed upon another. A magnetic connection of this kind is sometimes established at miles, yea, hundreds of miles distance. These cases however, are very rare, and take place only with very susceptible persons, under peculiar and powerful circumstances, some of which have been related above. In common occurrence, the mingling of spheres is very sensibly and familiarly felt. How often is it that we feel an indescribable attraction for a certain person, which we cannot explain, and which draws us irresistibly to him—to his discourse—to his very soul, raging, as it were, through his eyes and all his features! How often are we thus attracted to a stranger even before he speaks! We seem to feel pleasure in his presence. We are at ease and at home with him. So also, how often do we feel an instinctive repulsion from certain persons, before they speak, before we know them. Some are more sensitive in this respect than others. Some never can associate with any body—or with but a few—

not one in a thousand. It is owing mainly to a repugnance in the spheres. The attraction is accounted for in the same way.

Now these spheres may be called spiritual. Of course they are material in one sense, as all things are; they have a matter, or a substance; but they are so refined, and invisible to external sense, that we may call them spiritual in a low degree. But they are emanations from the body. So it is a truth that every material body in Nature has its spiritual sphere. The plants have theirs, animals have theirs, man has his, and so do the worlds have theirs. I call all these spiritual; of course it is not the common nomenclature, but I do it for sake of illustration of the subject. I say, the spiritual sphere belonging to this world must be an emanation from it. I do not say *how far* from it, nor do I say that it may not include the spiritual spheres of other planets and systems, to an extent beyond imagination. What the ultimate boundaries of the second sphere of human existence is, (what we commonly call the future state,) I will not pretend to say, I only throw out the principle of its connection with this world. It is most intimate. Nor is it any mere imagination to suppose that in the refined materials of that spiritual substance, may exist in the substratum for millions on millions of spiritual beings, invisible to mortal eyes, as even unorganized electrical matter is, but visible and even tangible to each other, and enjoying all the refinements, and all the beauties, and all the affections, of that, to us, ascended, invisible, and immortal world.

We may be, then, doubtless are, surrounded by these beings. They are in our very midst.

"Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep."

The old Jewish prophets saw these beings, their interiors being opened; Jesus communed with them on the mount of Olives: In his agony, one appeared, strengthening him. Paul was caught up into the third heaven, where he heard unspeakable words, not prudent to utter; John saw the angels while on the isle of Patmos; Boehme, Swedenborg, private individuals in our own day, attest to the same things in the same way; and the conclusion is, we are surrounded by the spiritual world, in close proximity to it!

It is by the refinement of our natures—by the stripping off of sensuality—by parting with all grossness—by purity and singleness of heart—by faith and desire, that we may attain to the same things. And I am speaking within the limits of Nature all the while. I believe the time is coming when it will be nothing uncommon for thousands to be convinced of the reality of their spiritual sight and communion with heaven; and in the perfection of the race, by social re-organization and universal culture, and the establishment of the kingdom of heaven here on earth. I believe the spiritual world will be open to this world as the common privilege of its ascended nature.

Such, then, is the philosophy of Swedenborg's intercourse with spirits and angels. By his great interior expansion he *saw* these things, as we see the faces of our near and familiar friends. But by his human imperfections, by his not being at all times sufficiently "in the spirit," and by what we must conceive to be his theological prepossessions, he has mixed up, with his truthful accounts of the spirit world, much of a theology which we believe to be at variance with the truths of spiritual Nature. We regard him as a noble Psychologist and Seer; a Providential Man; a great spiritual Reformer; one who has outrun many of the discoveries of modern science, and whose spiritual theory, in the main, is substantially correct, and is destined to prevail in the Earth. And when we have said this, we feel that we have awarded him his highest praise. It is no mean praise. We cannot view him as a miraculous man, or as infallibly inspired; but as a natural man, and *greatly* inspired. His system is destined to receive alterations and improvements, and like all other productions of the human mind, the good and the true will live, and the evil and the false seek their destined oblivion.

We have thus presented the main characteristics of the phenomena of Swedenborg's case, in order to compare it with a similar phenomenon—the work of A. J. Davis. We are aware that there are many of the peculiarities and teachings of Swedenborg which we have not touched upon; some of these we have reserved to make use of in the comparison. What we have said has chiefly relation to the phenomenal part of Swedenborg—to his mental qualifications and attainments. And having said thus much, it will save us much similar remark in the case of Davis.

Davis, it will be understood, pretends to similar interior perception. His book, entitled "The Principles of Nature," was published in 1847, and consists of a series of consecutive lectures, occupying nearly eight hundred pages. It is not our purpose to give here a history of the production of that book, as this is generally known, at least by all those who have read it. Suffice it to say then, that the book is now generally admitted to be honest in its professions—to have been dictated from the magnetic or clairvoyant state, and to have been faithfully recorded by the scribe. Whatsoever of error there may be in it, is not now generally imputed to any ignorance or bungling on the part of compilers, as the contents undoubtedly emanated from the mouth of Mr. Davis, while he was in a death-like sleep, and did not in fact know what he delivered till he was restored to his normal state, and was made acquainted with the contents of the manuscript of his own dictation. Mr. Davis professes to have derived his information in part, as Swedenborg did, from "the second sphere of human existence." But it should be understood that he never professed to have derived it all from that source, as there are many things related which require only "a glance over the earth," or as the Germans have it, an "intuition of a totality," to inform one of the whole truth. But it is hardly necessary to inform the reader that even *such* an exploit, in one's sleep, requires no ordinary "sphere" of thinking! Some indeed pretend to say that the lectures in question were only a reflex of the mind or minds with which he was in magnetic communication. This, however, can not be consistently supposed after one is acquainted with the minds referred to. They were not capable of producing such a book.

Some suppose that Mr. Davis, in his former years, must at least have read the newspapers, or perhaps Swedenborg, or certainly, the "Vestiges of Creation," or possibly heard Dr. Lardner lecture! and that the chips and fragments of knowledge, acquired in this way, and expanded and systematized in the clairvoyant state, mysteriously produced the volume before us. Others again suppose that some person or persons have used Mr. Davis as a tool for a stupendous imposition—that the lectures were all concocted by the knowing; that Mr. Davis committed them to memory, and then professedly delivered them from the clairvoyant state. Various other surmises have been indulged in to account for the existence of the book, to none of which we shall reply, as it is not our purpose here to defend the book in the least, but simply to announce our own opinion, and to make a comparison of Swedenborg and Davis. Of the above matters each reader will judge for himself, after reading, and learning the facts of the case.

I will simply premise here, that the book in question is a compendium of universal history of the creation, of the formation of suns, planets, all organized bodies, from the lowest plant, or crystallization, up to man; a brief description of the nature, inhabitants, and other matters, of the planets in our solar system; the history of mythological theology, with a run through the Bible; a captivating account of the nature of the human soul and the seven spiritual spheres of human existence; the whole concluded with a "Voice to Mankind," embodying a detailed description of the causes of our chief social evils, and a plan for their removal.

Such is a *brief and imperfect* account of the book. And now, from whence did it arise? Have we any evidence that Mr.

Davis obtained any part of it from, or had any connection with, the "second sphere" of human existence? In answer we say, much of our stumbling at such a pretence arises from our crude and imperfect notions of what the future state of existence is. We are all too prone to imagine that heaven is that "castle in the air," ten thousand million miles above the stars. There is much truth, after all, in the remark, that "heaven is a state, rather than a place," though it be a place and a state too. And how much pretension, pray, is there in one's simply affirming to have visited the "second sphere?" Have not many men and women, in the simplicity of their faith and virtue, professed to have received influences from heaven? Is not this indeed the burden of much ordinary preaching? And yet I apprehend, but few are aware how much nearer in reality they are to heaven, than their words would imply. We have endeavored to explain something of the philosophy of the existence of the higher sphere. We suppose it to surround this material one, and to be developed from it; also from all the planetary bodies, not presuming to say how many the spiritual state of our next existence may embrace, or how far it may extend. And for the proof of this, we rely on many psychological facts and discoveries, the declarations of the old prophets, the evangelists, Swedenborg, and others.

Now, then, to enter the second sphere, or to perceive interiorly, the truths of that next state of being so intimately connected with this, it is not necessary to die and go there; it is only necessary that the spirit be enabled to see through the thick veil of sense that envelops it. To do this, it certainly requires a very exalted state, but the state is not only induced by a process of exterior manipulation, by which the outward senses are closed, and the inward opened and elevated, but exist independently in many cases, as in the instances of the old prophets, Paul who was "caught up into the third heaven," John who was in a vision on Patmos, Swedenborg who was in a similar condition. And the cases of prophetic dreams, premonitions, wakeful clairvoyance, &c., which have been related both in this paper and the "Rationalist," are only instances of different degrees of the development of the same power.

Now we have no doubt that Mr. Davis was in this state, a state corresponding to the experience of Swedenborg, into which he was placed by the process of mesmeric influence. But here let me say, once for all, I do not suppose that one in five hundred thousand, so to speak, of the mesmeric subjects, are capable of this degree of exaltation, to enable them to ascend to the spiritual state. Nor do I suppose that Mr. Davis was at all times equally elevated, in the time of his delivery of the lectures in question. It is possible, that at times, he may have reflected the thoughts of those around him; it is possible, perhaps probable, that at times he was borne down by the influence of fatigue; sometimes he may have been the organ of his own pre-existing thought: far be it from me to vindicate the perfection of this or any other book. Nor could we receive the statements from the highest possible plane of thought, even from the "second sphere" of human existence, as of an "infallible" nature, be they ever so well authenticated, for the reasons aforesaid, that beings in that state are in all degrees of culture and attainment, and they can only reveal themselves to kindred and sympathetic spirits. It should be remarked, however, of Mr. Davis, that he does not profess to have received his information from any particular spirits in that sphere, but only from the general law, or grand pervading influence of that sphere of thought. And at times, it would be preposterous in any one, to claim for him any higher sphere of thought than what belongs legitimately to this world. He does not claim it himself.

And now, after all is said, we class him in the category of Swedenborg, Boehme, and others. Swedenborgians and others object to this; and in the comparison, it has been remarked for the superiority of Swedenborg, that "his natural senses were not

dishonored"—that he assumed the state at will, or it came involuntarily upon him; while Davis submitted to the ordinary practice of magnetism. Moreover, Swedenborg was a vastly learned man—a giant in intellectual attainments, before the period of his mental illumination, while Davis was an illiterate youth who had never had but "five months school education," and who was "apprenticed to a shoe maker." All this is very true. As regards Mr. Davis' school attainments, it must be admitted, they are no more honor to him than a fisherman's calling to an apostle. As for Swedenborg, he was, independently of his superior state, one of the master minds, if not *the* master mind, of the world. We confess to a great, and even unpleasant disparity here. We love the tall, embracing intellect of Swedenborg, and we shrink from the idea of a "five months school education." There must be some force in the passage that the Lord hath "chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise," or here is a prominent contradiction to that famous passage.

But might not one philosophize somewhat on the facts here presented, for a more congenial reception of these lectures of Davis, than the facts of education would at first seem to admit of? Indeed, it is, after all, the Book which must speak for the Book, irrespective of any theory, or any source from which it came. It stands or falls on its own merits. Its origin is entirely a separate question.

But how may we remark on these disparaging facts of education? In the first place we should say, that education has nothing to do with the phenomena in question. Mr. Davis, as Mr. Davis, did not produce his own book. And whatever errors there may be in it, or however damnable these may be, I have frequently thought that poor Davis is singularly irresponsible for this performance, for he did not know what he had said, on being restored to his normal state, till he was told of it, or he had read it in his scribe's manuscript! It is, then, in an interior state alone, which made him susceptible of such influxes, that we are to think of him as a man. Outwardly and ordinarily, he is not a very remarkable person. Of late, and since he has delivered the lectures in question, he has become what may ordinarily be called a very intelligent young man. But his knowledge, such as it is, is chiefly the result of his mental experiences in his interior state. Any one will perceive, on conversing with him, that it is mainly of that peculiar character. If it were not for the interior impressions to which he is constantly subject, Mr. Davis might pass through the world, and to his grave, without attracting any unusual attention. But as it is, he is frequently the mark and center of the social circle.

Now then, if education has nothing to do with this phenomenon—if it is only the interior impressions that distinguish the man and his book, it may not speak so much for an education, as favoring the mere condition referred to. A right and complete education, in all respects, we should say, would offer no obstruction to, but aid, the unfolding of the interior powers. But a wrong education—errors imbibed, most certainly would obstruct this process. In this respect, the more mere learning a man should have, the more he might be disqualified for receiving influxes of truth from a higher sphere. And we know it to be the case, that learned men generally have a great deal of "learned nonsense." Now, to say the least, Mr. Davis could not have had much of that!

Swedenborg was a learned man—a mighty man—a giant. To his praise be it spoken. But may he not have been, by this very learning, predisposed too strongly to peculiar habits of thought? Was his theology perfect? And was he not, in his illuminated state, under any previous bias from that? We ask these questions modestly, but frankly. And we are compelled to answer the latter in the probable affirmative. We know that, for instance, the doctrine of the Trinity was a favorite one with Swe-

denborg, on which he manifested great interest and bestowed great thought. Did it not have its influence, even in his superior state, in producing that particular form of faith for which Swedenborgianism is distinguished? So of Heaven and hell—so of many things. We speak it not in disparagement of learning, we could not; but as an influx of truth from the higher world, or a mystical elevation of thought to a much higher sphere than is common, depends not necessarily on education, but on simple expansion and refinement of mind, may it not have been—indeed, was it not so—that Swedenborg, being one of our common humanity, was biased as all mortals are liable to be, even in the moments of his mental illumination? We believe he was. And yet we credit him for an immense amount of pure and undiluted truth, direct from the higher world.

And now, what may be all that is necessary to prepare one for a truthful reception of influx from the spiritual spheres? Simply a well balanced brain, and a good temperament, with a mind generally free from artificial modes of thought. This forms the channel. It is not necessary that a man should be educated, but simply, if such a one as described, that he have his mind opened without prejudice and with pure desire. Indeed, many of us, at times, receive influxes from the spiritual world when we know it not. But I have reference to a prominent and marked display of such power and capacity. I say it requires a well balanced brain, a good temperament, a general freedom from artificial modes of thought, with a mind opened without prejudice, and with pure desire. But when I speak so, I have reference to much more than is generally conveyed by those terms. Now, Mr. Davis, to say the least, is such a man. And yet he is not perfect—far from it. His brain is not large, but is indeed quite small—smaller than the average of intellectual men. And by those who speculate superficially in phrenology, it may well be said, in reference to Mr. Davis, in the language of Goldsmith's lines on the country village pedagogue:—

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew!"

But Mr. Davis' head is finely balanced, combined with an admirable temperament, and that is all about it. It is quite high, well and evenly developed in the intellectual region, and combined with a temperament favored by Nature, and by other circumstances, and this is the mere channel, and it is a sufficient one, for truth to flow through unobstructed and unperverted, at least more than is usually the lot of man.

Now, as to having his "natural senses dishonored" by the necessity of submitting to the mesmeric process of induced physical insensibility, in order to deliver the truth he did, I am not quite so sure that this is not a more favorable condition for such mental experience, than that of Swedenborg, who had the use of his external senses while he was subject to the superior state. As to the "dishonor" of the process, we pass it by without a remark. But as to a more favorable condition for the reception of truth by influx, we think we can perceive in the state of profound and death-like sleep, when all the outward senses are closed, and the internals only opened, a state more favorable (at least in the present state of human development) to the influx of pure and undiluted truth, than in the waking state while the external senses are likely to be occupied at the same time, and to divert and obstruct, perhaps, the internal operations, by the intrusion of outward objects. I am sure the old prophets were affected in this way in their sleep. It was in his sleep that Jacob saw the angels ascending and descending from earth to heaven, and from heaven to earth, [Gen. xxviii, 11:] it was in a "deep sleep, when a horror of great darkness fell upon him," that Abram received the knowledge that his nation should be submitted to Egyptian bondage, and afterwards delivered, (Gen. xv: 12, 13;) it was in his sleep, "in thoughts from the visions of the night," that Eliphaz saw the spirit pass before him, and heard the voice, and received the instruction from heaven, (Job iv: 12;) it was "in

dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon a man, in slumberings upon the bed," that Elihu learned that God "openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction (Job xxxiii: 15); it was in his sleep that Daniel saw his visions, and in dreams that many of the New Testament records are commended to our reception. Certainly, then, we cannot object to such a condition as being unfavorable to spiritual influx, for by this the old prophets were even prepared for it, and it seems, on the whole, that if *any thing* could be an obstruction to such a reception of truth, it would be the intrusion of outward objects upon the external senses. Swedenborg *might* have been hindered in this way, but surely it is no objection, or dishonor, or sign of inferiority in the condition of Davis, that he had not the use of his bodily senses. We may even find a superiority in the condition.

This we may say, and should in justice, I think, say of Davis; that whereas, it is only by his capacity *while in the interior state*, and his susceptibility of *going into* that state, that he is in any way distinguished, he can not for a moment be classed with such minds as Swedenborg, and many others, whose powers by ordinary nature are vast, gigantic, and comprehensive. It is only Mr. Davis, then, as a *clairvoyant*, or as one peculiarly susceptible to the interior, and of course higher, sphere of thought, that we can speak of him in any such comparison. But in justice also to Mr. Davis, it should be remarked that this very susceptibility, in so high and remarkable a degree as he possesses it, requiring as it does so many favorable circumstances of development and temperament, is, so far as the merit and conspicuousness of the thing is concerned, quite enough to say of his nature and character.

But again it should be remarked of Davis, that since the delivery of the lectures in question, a new phenomenon has taken place with him, by which he is enabled to go into the superior state without a magnetizer, by abstracting his own mind, during which he manifests similar powers of interior perception, and is indeed now writing a book from that state, to be presented to the world in a few months. So that, in this particular, he is brought more distinctly and nearly into close comparison and similitude with Swedenborg. Whether the book, however, will say as much for this voluntary state, as the present volume does for the involuntary one, remains to be proved.

But we trust we have said enough to establish the similarity of the phenomena of both. Our purpose now is, to show still further, from a few extracts, and appeals to the writings of these two authors, that they both rank in the same category of mystical seers and psychologists, and have in fact delivered the same truths. Wherein they differ, will also, in some respects, be pointed out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

We have read of certain sects, which have denounced, indiscriminately, all sports and relaxations; because these, if allowed, will be carried to excess; and of others, which have prescribed by laws the plainest, coarsest dress, because ornament, if in any measure tolerated, would certainly grow up into extravagance and vanity. And is this degrading legislation never to end? Are men never to be trusted to themselves? Is it God's method to hem them in with precise prescriptions? Does Providence leave nothing to individual discretion? Does Providence withhold every privilege which may be abused? Does Christianity enjoin an exact, unvarying round of services, because reason and conscience, if allowed to judge of duty, will often be misguided by partiality and passion? How liberal, generous, confiding, are nature, Providence, and Christianity, in their dealings with men! And when will men learn to exercise towards one another the same liberal and confiding spirit?

No deed, in and of itself, is great; its greatness is in the doing. c. w.

SOOFFEEISM IN PERSIA.

WE have been much interested in the following account of a sect called *Sooffers*, which exists in Persia, as given by Rev. H. Southgate, now Episcopal Bishop of Constantinople, in his travels in that country.

The general ideas of the Sooffees (he says) respecting God are very similar to those of the Pythagorean philosophy. The radical principle of their system is the doctrine of the manifestation of the infinite in the finite, and the differences which are observable among their doctors are chiefly different explanations of the mode of this manifestation. Thus according to the theory of one or another of these teachers, the infinite is expressed in the finite as a reflection from a mirror—or it is diffused through it as a higher life—or it is transferred to it as when each individual soul is supposed to be a particle from the Divine Essence. In all these the generic idea is still retained—Deity is in some way manifested in humanity, and the principal question is as to the mode of the manifestation.

The common belief of the Sooffee is that every man is an incarnation of Deity, or that at least all are partakers of the divine principle. This idea may be traced in their writings, and runs through all their sects. It tends to liberality, because a Sooffee regards every human being as a representative of Deity. "I hold," said one of them when rebuked for his intimacy with Christians, "that all men are of God. I regard none as unclean." Among some, this doctrine (the writer says) has a tendency to a laxness of morals, while in others it assumes an entirely different aspect. Regarding themselves as the offspring of God, they insist upon the possibility and duty of re-uniting ourselves to the Divine Essence from which we have sprung. The great means to this end is to abstract the soul from worldly things, and to absorb it in divine contemplation. This in their view takes the place of external worship, which they condemn as subjecting the soul to the bondage of arbitrary forms. They discourse largely and eloquently on the *love of God*, the *dignity of virtue*, and the divine pleasures of a *union with the Deity*. The *Mesnevi*, their principal book, is full of the most impassioned sentiments of this kind, in no way inferior to the spiritual reveries of Christian recluses.

It is impossible to state the number of those who cherish the tenets of Sooffeeism. For the most part they do not appear as open sectarians, although they are to be found in every part of the empire, have their acknowledged head at Shiraz and their chief men in all the principal cities.

[CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.]

REMARKS: We regard the foregoing with deep interest, as another indication of the tendency of the great Mind of the Race at this age. The Persians are regarded by Christendom as in a state little above barbarism. They have no small share in the solicitude of those who would "compass sea and land" to add one member to the outward Christian Church. But where in all the innumerable folios that are constantly issuing from a *Christian press*, can we find an embodiment of a more sublime, more spiritual, more truthful Theosophy than that here attributed to the Sooffees of Persia? How vastly superior is it, both in point of philosophy and manifest spiritual and practical tendency, to the gross, indefinite, and materialistic views of the Deity and man entertained by the great majority of professing Christians! Oh, that professing Christians would learn reason and spirituality from these "benighted Heathen," if not from the *very similar* teachings which they may find nearer at home! We have here another evidence that inspiration from the *higher spheres* is doing its work among nations now entirely estranged from us, with a view to bringing the whole Race ultimately to a unity of faith and spirit. w. r.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF EDWIN A. BRISBANE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCOLUM.

A SUFFICIENT apology for introducing this sketch of one who has gone to another and higher sphere, is judged, by the writer, to be found in the fact of his having been deeply interested in this paper, and its doctrines and principles of reform. Especially was he interested in the "Revelations of A. J. Davis," from whose disclosures he derived a consolation that assweetened the prospect of death, that it came to be desired and looked upon as a birth into a world and society greatly to be preferred to the highest and most perfect in this sphere. It will be seen in the sequel that Mr. B's personal claims to a public notice are numerous; and they present considerations worthy the attention of all young men, who are in the midst of those seductive influences which so often and so effectually swallow up, in ruin, young men of the fairest promise.

For the most part, the following notice may be regarded as autobiographic, a portion of it having been dictated to the writer on the day previous to, and the remainder on the day of his death.

He was born in this city, March 24th, 1826, being the second of a family of six children. He has one brother older than himself, who is a preacher in the Methodist connexion, a sister, and two brothers younger, and to him a dearly beloved sister who left this sphere in 1842. His parents were too poor to fulfil many of the duties that naturally devolve upon those holding this relation, in the present age and state of society. He must have inherited a good share of mind, which, like a blessing in the midst of curses, came near proving of no service to himself or others in this sphere. Consequently that most critical and important of all periods, childhood, was to him, what it is to tens of thousands of children in New-York and elsewhere, more than thrown away. Perhaps no particular blame is to be ascribed to parents: the city is in the best point of view, a most terribly dangerous place for youth, and very unfavorable to properly rear them to virtue, and to inspire in them high conceptions of life's destinies.

When about eight years of age, he attended a Presbyterian Sunday school, and happening to have a good teacher, derived benefit therefrom. It saved him from many snares, and from such viciating influences as exist in the society of parties of boys on Sundays in the city. In this school he remained four years; and the fact of his first consciousness of having a good man to watch over him, is enough to show that his Sunday school was a lasting benefit to him; at any rate, he ever cherished the deepest convictions of the utility of Sunday schools; even when the doctrines taught were not in all respects correct, and accordant with the highest wisdom and love. Any religion he conceived to be better than none at all; and in this he judged rightly.

At the age of nine, he commenced attending a day school; but, either from diffidence, or some other cause of kindred nature, his school did not carry him forward much, though it was not entirely lost to him. His natural reserve must be assigned as the principal cause of his not mingling in street parties of unruly boys. The poverty of his parents compelled them to take him out of school when he was about twelve years of age. He undertook the sale of newspapers: here he found himself out of his proper element; he did not succeed in the business. His father then deemed it best to send him from home, which he did, to a brother-in-law of young B. in Bordentown, N. J. With him he did not long remain, for as he said, there was no congeniality of mind between them, and being treated with great severity he ran away one day, under the apprehension of a flogging, for

a slight offence. He escaped with only the clothing he had on at the time.

After traveling about a mile in a southerly direction, with the single object of *escape* in view, he came up to some men husking corn; he asked them if they wanted one to assist in any kind of work. Probably his strange appearance made them the more inquisitive; and, as was natural, he was first of all questioned as to his person and projects. To avoid being sent back, he, in answer to their inquiries, told what he considered one of his first falsehoods. After several adventures, and much suffering, he found himself engaged with a Mr. Hulett, three miles from Hightstown. He had been there some time, and supposed himself secure, when one Sunday as he sat in the doorway reading, he saw two men drive up at the foot of the lane. As they alighted and fastened the horse, they turned toward the house. He saw that one was the dreaded brother-in-law. A large house dog sprang out rather fiercely, as was his custom, and young B. was at first minded to set him on them. A second thought restrained him: he then passed through the back kitchen into the garden, thinking to make his escape. Here again he was brought to a stand; all his clothes were in the house, and he did not find it prudent to leave without them; and as the men were now almost upon him, he concluded to have a meeting with that uncongenial spirit. Mr. Hulett, who just at that moment was passing from his barn to the house, saw B., and soon brought the two men round to him. He at first firmly refused to return with his relative. He was told that his mother had been down from New York, nearly heart-broken on his account. He was finally, by fair words, and the co-operation of Mr. Hulett, who refused to keep him longer under the circumstances, induced to promise to return with him, and remain till spring.

It was midnight when they arrived at this brother-in-law's house. The moment he set his foot upon the threshold, his brother-in-law turned to him and spake in the most taunting manner. This cut young B. to the heart. He found there had been no change, and all things went on as before he left. He therefore resolved to leave again the first chance he might have. This presented itself to him on the second Saturday thereafter. That night he lay in an open rail car which stood upon the wharf. Suffering greatly from cold he could not sleep much of course. The earliest dawn mingling with his fears, aroused him. So cold and stiff were his limbs and joints that he could not tell when his feet came upon the ground as he got off the old car. By degrees, after leaning against the car and piles of wood around him, he could walk. He now advanced to where some men were killing swine, and warmed himself by their fire. They noticed his sufferings, and took him into a house, and gave him a breakfast. He now felt anxious to return; midwinter is not so favorable to the houseless and homeless in this latitude. Young B. set his face back, he could not call it homeward, and when he came near the place, lingered, anxiously waiting for some one of the family to call him or coax him in; this would in part relieve him of the burden upon his mind. As he stood leaning against a fence, a niece came out to persuade him to return; he negatived her entreaties, though inwardly rejoiced at receiving them and purposing their reception. She called her mother and through the persuasions of both he followed them home with feigned reluctance. As he passed into the house, he merely exchanged glances with the, to him, repulsive relative, without speaking.

Here he says he *made* himself contented till Spring, when he went with his old friend Hulett, who soon afterwards died, and his farm was sold. Not long after this, young B. returned home to his parents in this city. He was sent to school for a short time, when his father was persuaded to place him in the navy entirely against young B's will. When he entered the service, the project of *escape* was full in his mind; nor did his purpose forsake him during the whole time he was in the naval service, where we leave him till another interview with the reader.

E. B.

THE UNIVERCELUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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THE POWER OF FIDELITY.

WHILE against Truth we can do nothing, for it we can do all things. Opposed to it we are paralyzed: arrayed in its defense we are unconquerable and all-prevailing. Every truth the world now has, was once unknown and unsuspected: threw it rose in orb'd yet distant brightness upon the soul of some lone seeker and watcher after Wisdom, and he by faithfulness to the light that was within him imparted it to men. We fancy that truth has been mysteriously revealed from God out of heaven: and so it has: but it has been revealed in a natural manner, through natural faculties, and promulgated through natural means, like any other object in Nature. I know that magnificent images may be evoked by our great orators, and pressed into the service of supernaturalism, but the simple fact which they overlook is far more magnificent. I may be told that the Lord God Omnipotent thrusts his arm through the burning wheel of the Universe, and arrests it in its course: that his voice may go out with the power and the majesty of miracle: and I may feel a momentary thrill at the splendid image; but how much grander is the idea that truth flows from God into mind and heart naturally, and in perennial currents flowing on forever: that the soul is connected with the infinite Father as effect to cause: and the great gates of revelation are open to the faithful seeker yesterday, to-day and forever. How does this, then, remove from God the stigma of partiality and mutability! How does it impress on us the duty of faithfulness to our intuitions! And what a glorious vista opens before us in the future, terminating in the great day when we shall see as we are seen, and know even as we are known.

He who loves truth, and obeys it and follows it: he who lives up to his highest idea and carries out his noblest intuition: he who makes truth an incorporate part of his own being, and merges his own success with its triumph and acceptance, never need despair though the whole world rise up in arms against him. The man who identifies himself with his idea, can make it the theme of universal discussion and final acceptance. That brave and constant fidelity makes him more than mortal—strengthens him with human omnipotence—gives him a vital energy that overcomes the world.

Fidelity gives us power. It brings us into contact or oneness with God. It places us in magnetic unity with the forces of the infinite life. The experience of earth's moral heroes is proof to us that in moments of supreme faithfulness to conviction there flows into the very consciousness a current of rich and all-sustaining vitality. Thus God's life flows into ours, making us one in energy and purpose with the infinite Father. The same Fidelity invigorates the intellect—unsealing new fountains of experience, and unfolding new faculties of intuition. If I receive and am faithful to one great idea, a higher and vaster revelation breaks in upon me. He who is faithful in the few things is made ruler over the many. The like Fidelity also unfolds our spiritual nature. It lifts us into moral manhood; produces inward harmony: develops the faculties of the interior and immortal man: makes us angels of God even while we dwell in this clay: and gives us the angels vision and the angels happiness.

Besides, Fidelity immensely intensifies and extends our influence. If we are true in soul, we can face the world and charm

it into final acquiescence. If we are thoroughly honest: if from our inmost being we mean what we say: if we are conscious that our words and deeds chord in unison, we tower up in lonely strength, no more moved by the tumult of dissent and unbelief than the lone island summit by the shifting waves of ocean. Men look on us and feel the power of our integrity, and the intense attraction of our desire: and God's angels join their influences to our own, and the church universal presses the force of our ideas upon the souls of men.

Thus faithful to our convictions, we who can do nothing against the truth, can do all things for truth. We become one with God, and thus act in unison with the force that moves the stars and heaves the pulses of the deep. If we are filled with love, we can send it tingling through ten thousand hearts. If we are filled with light, we can shed it abroad upon the nations. If we ourselves are in unity with God and heaven: if we have taken hold upon that which is within the veil: we are stronger than gold, than the church, than the state—stronger than all ignorance and all opposition. Like a great Heart fixed in the center of Nature, we send the vibrations of our Idea, and the living currents of our Life, through the veins and arteries of Universal Man.

T. L. H.

CHRUSIOPHOBIA.

WE have coined this outlandish term to express what appears to us to be a somewhat *outlandish* disease which has lately taken possession of a large portion of the public mind. Its prominent symptom may be noted by drawing nigh to almost any group of persons congregated at any public place, and observing the emphatic words of their discourse. Above the indistinct murmur, rendered only half audible by the intervening distance, you may hear the expression, repeated at intervals of every few seconds, "California gold, California gold!" It would perhaps be difficult to pass the length of a block of buildings in any of our crowded thoroughfares, without hearing something of "California gold!" Wall street, that undisputed domain of Mammon, is for several hours each day, thronged with persons with glistening eyes and greedy expressions of countenance, who constantly keep up the monotonous ditty about "California gold." From Maine to Texas, and from Florida to Green Bay, one loud and general ejaculation has arisen, which has found utterance through the press, and the burden of which is "California gold!"

And what is "California gold?" Why, reader, it is a certain species of yellow dust recently discovered in great abundance among the mineral formations of California. This dust can neither be eaten, nor woven into fabrics suitable for wearing apparel; and there are few purposes connected with the arts, for which it can be used to advantage. Yet for the sake of hoarding it together, men leave their comfortable homes, sunder all the ties of family and kindred, subject themselves to all manner of privations and hardships, and peril even their lives, in distant and savage lands!

Seriously let us look at this matter, and calmly inquire what will probably be the advantages or disadvantages of this new discovery, and of the excitement which prevails concerning it. We begin by observing that the *great majority* of persons who will go to California will undoubtedly be of two classes—those in whom *avarice* is the ruling passion, and those who are fond of adventure. Both classes will consist mainly of men under thirty years of age, a large portion of whom will be unmarried, and consequently free from those salutary and restraining influences necessarily associated with conjugal and family ties. Many of these will probably sell their possessions for the purpose of procuring means to convey them to the distant *el dorado*. The journey to California will necessarily be arduous, and attended with many uncertainties, to say nothing of its dangers; and doubtless many will find their little means exhausted long before they reach their place of destination. Those who do reach the

land of their *golden dreams*, will find that in order to realize the great object of their journey, they will have to submit to privations and hardships to which the savage in his native wilds is a stranger.

If the gold region turns out to be as prolific as it is now thought it will, we may reasonably expect that at least one hundred thousand people will be poured into California within the next twelve months. These during their absence, which we will say will average two years, will not be producing any of the necessities and comforts of life, but will be consuming them. Estimating the products of each man's labor, according to present valuations, to be worth \$300 a year, there will therefore be lost to the nation, during the two years, products amounting in value to \$60,000,000.

The success of those who seek for gold will doubtless be very unequal; but we will say that the *average* acquisition during the two years, allowing for expenses, will be \$3,000 apiece. At the end of two years, therefore, the 100,000 people bring, we will say, \$300,000,000 into the country. Now it is perfectly obvious that *money* is only valuable on account of what it may be exchanged for, and that its value is always graduated by the amount of *necessary* consumable produce or real estate which it will purchase. It is also well understood that abundance *decreases*, and scarcity *increases* the actual value, both of money and other possessions. According to this rule, if there were not more than one-fourth the quantity of money in the country that there *now* is, and especially if this amount were rendered *permanent*, it would necessarily bear the same relation to the real estate and consumable materials that the existing amount now does; and if the amount of money were increased ten-fold, its actual relations to existing necessities of living would upon the whole be the same. If, therefore, there is a decline in the actual amount of consumable produce, the loss to the country is *absolute*, whatever increase there may be in the amount of gold. I am now speaking on the supposition that the gold is not exchanged for the products of foreign nations, in which latter case the loss would be a loss, not to the country, but to the Race.

During the two years of the absence of these 100,000 people, therefore, the country, according to previous estimate, would *actually* be the loser to the extent of the decline of necessary produce caused by the withdrawal of labor; and the immense quantities of gold imported, which is of no value whatever except as a medium of exchange, will no more compensate for that loss than would an equal quantity of sand.

We know it is said that the great quantities of gold that will be brought into circulation, will have the effect to stimulate all branches of business. But this stimulation will be based upon the idea of the increased number of mere *dollars and cents* in circulation, utterly ignoring the fact that these will necessarily have *decreased in value* in precise proportion to their nominal multiplication. The stimulus, therefore, will be merely artificial: it will therefore be unhealthy and will necessarily be followed by a *revulsion*; and whatever *local* and *individual* benefits may be derived from it, it is not probable that the country at *large* will be directly profited.

We are aware, however, that the California enterprise will not be undertaken from motives either of philanthropy or patriotism, but of individual gain. In this object the few will doubtless succeed, but the many we fear will *upon the whole*, be greatly disappointed. To say nothing of the immense incidental privations during the expedition, the sacrifice of health and correct habits of thought so essential to that great and ultimate object of human existence—*happiness*, will in general be such as will scarcely find its compensation in any amount of the precious mineral that may be accumulated, however great. Besides, the conflicting interests and efforts of the undisciplined and heterogeneous mass that will go in quest of gold, we fear will be such as will greatly obstruct the accomplishment of their object, whilst they will tend to engender mutual suspicion,

and develop and strengthen the most sordid selfishness. *Many* will be induced to resort for insurance and protection, to the *strong*—to the *capitalist*—who, though not in *need*, will undoubtedly receive the largest share of the spoils, whilst the poor laborer will be compelled to go comparatively unrewarded.

Moreover, whether the gold seekers are successful or unsuccessful, they will generally return to their homes with bodies prostrated and minds unsettled, and disqualified more or less for the ordinary and more useful employments of life. They will thus, in general, find it as difficult as ever to gain a comfortable subsistence, and regret that a couple of years of the most valuable portion of their lives have been *utterly wasted*.

Still we believe that ultimate good will result from the discovery of the gold deposits of California. It will probably hasten the colonization of those wild regions, and also the opening of a more direct communication with China.

We designed to offer some other thoughts upon this subject, but our limits compel us to withhold them for the present. W. F.

TENDENCY OF THE DEVELOPMENTS.

Not the least interesting feature in the general spiritual unfoldings now becoming so extensive, is the fact that those whose minds become properly regulated and harmonized within themselves, and thus come into conjunction with the spiritual, uniformly experience a strong desire that the same harmony and unity which reigns in their own souls should be permanently established among mankind in general, and should govern all their social relations. By whatever process people's interior natures are unfolded; of whatever nation or clime they may be, and however circumstances may preclude the possibility of their "comparing notes," it is found that their views when announced, invariably agree in all their general *social* as well as spiritual bearings. There may, it is true, be diversities in the degrees of unfolding, and in the particulars and minutiae of general ideas, corresponding to the original diversities of individual gifts; but the general and ultimate aim of all is identical—THE UNITY OF MANKIND. By way of illustrating in some slight degree these remarks, we give the following extract from a letter recently received by a friend of ours, from a spirit originally rendered susceptible to the interior light by the apostolic mode of the "laying on of hands."

"Love your neighbors as yourselves: this is the foundation of Association—the only sure basis upon which to build. Who are our neighbors? Are they not the whole human family, extending even from generation to generation? And if the *iniquities* of our fathers are visited upon their children, are not also their virtues? Certainly. Then labor for them; light your lamp; set it upon a hill that its light may be seen. No matter how dim it may be at first, it will glow and burn until it illuminates the whole world! A few minds who are interested, should draw together, and stretch out their hands to the oppressed—to the most hardened criminal as well as to the virtuous; and children must be educated that they may see the light, and be led in the path of love and wisdom, to unity. A society for the promotion of the good of all mankind! What a field to work in! Let no wild enthusiast ask, what shall I do to make my name great? while such a field as this is open. Let no one think of the obstacles in the way, but keep constantly in view the glorious progression and final success. This will do away with the necessity of prison-discipline and moral reform societies. There will be no need of a society to abolish capital punishment, for there will be no subjects to execute. There will be no criminals to confine, for all will see the light, not at a distance, but within their reach. This is a glorious work! Then why delay its commencement? No matter how small the beginning, perseverance will ensure success. Be not discouraged if you should have some perverse spirits among you; for even

Christ, our example, made choice of one who betrayed him. The millenium is before us; then tarry not in the wilderness, but form your ranks and march on.

It is very essential that there should be funds upon which you could draw to enable you to carry on the great work. In order to establish such, it would be advisable for those who feel interested, to meet once a week socially. You can then form such plans as you think most expedient, and each one present at the meeting can make a deposit according to his or her ability. Thus may be laid the foundation for Association. Your progress, it is true, may be slow at first, but success is sure in the end.

I think that coming together strictly as a community should be avoided. That appears to me to have been the cause of failure in many associations. Take Nature for your example. We see that the Supreme Being has not conferred on one portion of the earth all love, happiness, and beauty, nor all evil; but has distributed his blessings through every quarter of the globe. So can you all, by example and influence, attract many, and diffuse the right spirit into all who approach you. They in their turn will attract others; and thus, in time, the whole world will become one in mind, one in heart, and one in purpose. But in order to accomplish this, you must begin at the foundation: educate the rising generation, and infuse into their minds the spirit of reformation.

H. M. T.

JESSEY CITY.

Our friend is undoubtedly right in the principles and plans which she proposes. These only need to be rendered more *specific* in order to be practically applicable in their *full* extent: and they will be in due time. The true policy for the present, however, we think is, to remove all obstructions, give right directions to all tendencies, and then let things have their *natural* growth. The developments which will then ensue, will necessarily be in harmony with Nature, with Truth, and with the Divine Mind, and hence will be permanent.

W. F.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

It certainly affords us great encouragement to know that our labors are not ineffectual in accomplishing the object to which they are directed. Nearly every mail brings us some encouraging account of the interest which has been awakened in our principles, or some flattering testimonial of the esteem in which our publication is held. We may be indulged in a brief extract from a letter from a subscriber in Canada, now lying before us. He says:

"The Univercælum has found its way into Canada. I was induced by one of your agents to take the paper, but I assure you it was with some fear that I read its pages; for I saw something in it so unlike any thing I ever saw in any other paper, and so unlike that which I had been brought up to believe. I kept it concealed from my family for some time, but after a candid reading I handed it to my companion. After reading it, she said I need not hesitate to place it on the table for our children. It is now welcomed as a weekly visitant, by the whole family. The cloudy horizon of our minds is clearing away. We see a brighter day dawning. We have now something to hope for that is real. We never enjoyed ourselves so well as of late. We wish you prosperity and success."

"Yours &c.,

S. H."

We love to hear a man say he never enjoyed himself so well before, especially when that enjoyment is based upon spiritual truth. Thousands who have imbibed the principles which it is our object to set forth, can respond to the sentiment of "S. H." May their number continue to be increased, until all come into the unity of the faith and spirit.

W. F.

TREATMENT OF OFFENDERS.

It is too commonly the case in society that offenders, whether personal or general, are treated in a manner compatible only with the object of retaliation, or a positive derogation from their character, standing, and happiness. The extreme of the spirit which would thus treat them, expresses itself in sanguinary laws requiring the punishment of death for aggravated offences. This spirit may be corrected by the consideration that Humanity even as a whole, is yet in a comparatively undeveloped state, and that particular individuals of the great mass are more imperfect than others; from which fact it must necessarily be expected that some individuals will act unjustly, or in violation of the conceptions of right entertained by others. In this comparatively low stage of human progress, such is the established state of things; and we have our existence only on condition that we submit to the evils necessarily connected with present undevelopment until they can be changed by the regular process of mental and moral growth, and the corresponding improvement of social relations.

Perhaps we may exhibit our idea more clearly by the following illustration: Suppose that before the human beings existing on the earth were born, the particles now composing their physical and mental organisms, (which particles *always* existed in Nature,) were called together, temporarily organized, and endued with intelligence, to represent the individual existences that were to be. It is shown them that a subsequent and more permanent existence upon the earth, would necessarily be connected with all the individual derilections and crimes inseparable from an imperfect stage of development, (such as now obtains,) and it is left optional with them whether they shall have a subsequent and more permanent existence amid these conditions, or not. It is believed that every one possessing ordinary wisdom, would choose the existence, notwithstanding its necessary imperfections, in preference to non-entity.

But as the existence must be chosen with all its *inseparable* conditions or else not at all, the next question would be, What course does *justice* prescribe should be pursued towards those individuals who will infringe upon the rights and interests of others, or of society at large? And the answer would evidently be, that as they are a necessary part of Humanity, in a necessary stage of progress through which it has to pass, they should be treated in the same spirit in which one would treat *general* Humanity, of which he himself also is a part. That is, they should be treated with reference to the *causes* of their derilections or crimes, which causes are seated in general conditions which they individually did not create, and for which they are not responsible. These causes, therefore, should be removed, and the individuals subject to them should simply be placed under different influences, and thus secured from farther transgression. But any absolute *injury* that is inflicted upon them, is an injury to *Humanity*—of which not only *they*, but we ourselves, are necessary parts.

It is not difficult to perceive what bearing these principles, unquestionably true, have upon many of the penal codes of our land. And when we hear a person even speaking in a tone of violence or unkindness towards one who may have infringed upon his rights and interests, or departed from any duty, we conclude with *positive certainty* that that individual has not yet grown to a true comprehension of his position in the Body of Humanity, or of his relation to other parts of that same Body. If he had thus grown, he would indeed feel that harshness to one member, organ, or particle of the great Body, would be in a measure harshness to himself, as well as to all others; for the law of *sympathy* pervades humanity *universally*, the same as it does the organs of the individual human body.

W. F.

LITTLE minds act on the suggestions of oracles; but great ones are a law to themselves.

C. W.

ASTRONOMICAL—TELEGRAPHIC.

AN account of another example of the wonderful achievements of Genius in pressing the ietherial elements into the service of man, we extract from the Cincinnati Gazette, as follows:

The distinguished Astronomer, Sears C. Walker, has been for some time operating in this city for the purpose of determining longitude by telegraphic observation.

At his request Prof. Locke undertook so to connect his clock with the telegraphic line that its beats should be heard and registered at Pittsburgh and even at Philadelphia. On Wednesday the machinery was made by Joseph M. Locke, and on Friday evening, 17th inst., the clock sent its beats along the whole line to Pittsburgh. At this last place the register was put in motion, and the fillet of paper came out marked with lines of equal length each, representing a second of time, and each being made in exact correspondence with the swings of the pendulum, and precisely at the same moment. By a slight imperfection in the adjustment of the breaches between the lines were probably unequal: this, which was already known to Prof. L., was perceived on the register at Pittsburgh, and announced from that city.

Professor Locke (the problem being clearly and particularly stated by Prof. Walker,) has finally devised a plan by which a clock at Cincinnati shall not only be heard at Philadelphia, but shall register on the running fillet of paper the hours, minutes and seconds, and also the exact fraction of a second at which a star or other celestial body passes the meridian at either place. Say first, the observer at Philadelphia registers the transit of a star, and afterward the observer at Cincinnati registers the transit of the same star, both of these points of time and the intervening interval, will be registered on the same fillet by means of the same clock.

"HAPPY NEW YEAR."

This is a season of compliments, and of sentimental reflections upon the death of the old and of the birth of the new year. Not being given much to poetry or sentimentality, we must excuse ourselves from farther remark than the simple suggestion that *now* is as appropriate a period as any that will occur within the next twelve-month, to form such resolutions as are necessary to the reparation of past deficiencies, and to a proper growth in spiritual life and practical goodness. Whoever profits by this suggestion, (and we certainly hope that all may, including ourselves), will most assuredly not fail to experience, what we cordially wish them, a HAPPY NEW YEAR. W. F.

MERRY'S MUSEUM. We have just received from the publishers, the January number of this popular juvenile Monthly, being the first number of Vol. 17. It is a neatly printed pamphlet of thirty-two octavo pages, interspersed with elegant wood cuts. Of its merits as adapted to the wants of the rising generation, and as even affording instruction and amusement occasionally, to "children of the larger growth," it is sufficient to say that it is edited by S. G. GOODRICH, the renowned Peter Parley. It is published by D. MACDONALD & Co., 149 Nassau-street, New-York, at one dollar a year, payable in advance.

LET not the length of Bro. Fernald's article commencing on the first page, deter any one from its perusal. It is of importance and interest to every spiritual inquirer. It will be concluded in two more numbers of our paper. It being of a highly psychological character, we shall, for the sake of presenting the greater variety, omit our regular psychological department while it is being published.

THE instructive story entitled "Christmas presents," published in our last, should have been ascribed to T. S. ARTHUR, and credited to Godey's Ladies' Book.

Communication.

INSPIRATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSECEUM,

BY G. SMITH.

BELIEF in inspiration has prevailed in every age and among all nations, Holy men, whether Egyptian, Hebrew, Greek, Chaldean, Mahometan, Hindoo, or the Savage of America's wilds, have all communed with God, or been instructed by him to communicate truth to the world. So it is believed. All religions profess to have been received through the same channel. Is there any foundation for this belief? Has God ever communed with his child, breathing into his soul truths beautiful and divine? Or is it all a dream! A few thoughts upon this interesting subject may not be altogether unacceptable to our readers. I will first give the Church's idea of this matter.

That branch of it termed Catholic, believes inspiration to be a miraculous gift, confined to but few, and those only members of her own church. Hence the clergy of her communion, being constantly under the influence of this divine gift, can never feel, speak, or do wrong. They only are qualified for expounding the words of the Scripture to the people; since a man must be absolutely inspired to be capable of explaining writings that were given by inspiration! The common people can never understand the Bible; therefore she suffers it not to be read by them. It would be dangerous too, to their souls. She has forbid the bans between reason and religion. God is immanent only in the Catholic Church, as he was in the Jews "Holy of Holies." And she can bind on earth whatsoever is bound in heaven. Poor O'Connell, the champion of the Green Isle, cannot get into heaven till she opens to him its gates. Though he gave his body to his beloved Ireland, and ordered his heart to be sent to Rome as an evidence that he loved the Church, still she declares him in hell, and has ordered a thousand masses to be said for his soul, which will cost us many thousand pounds! For a few dollars she will remit all the sins of those who choose to come to the confessional. And if by chance they should fail of this, and be suddenly taken away, it is just as well, for the same sum she can pray them out of hell. Her holy water, her host, her prayers, are all sanctified through inspiration. God dwells especially in the Church at Rome—is shut up there in the city of the seven hills. He communes not with, nor inspires, the rest of his children. They have all gone over to the flesh and the devil;—are no sons and daughters of his. Such is the catholic doctrine of inspiration. Shall we look at the Protestant ideas?

The Protestant Church denies the claim of the catholic, and declares that inspiration now exists only in the Bible;—that God no longer inspires the children of men. He revealed through Moses, Isaiah, Jesus, Paul, and some fishermen, all that he had to communicate to the race. The Oracle closed with the life of the Apostles, and its voice hath never uttered a syllable from heaven since. The Old and New Testaments contain all the Revelation God ever made to man. Every word recorded therein is truth. The Bible contains no errors, no contradictions. It is the same now that it ever was. A miraculous inspiration has reached over and preserved it in all its copies, and translations into the numerous tongues. It is now the only infallible rule and standard of truth and faith. A miraculous power has watched it from fraud. Do you recollect Cappellus' Book on the "various readings" of the Old Testament? What a noise the Protestants made about it. It would destroy religion—overthrow the Bible. There could be no "various readings;" for a perpetual miracle had watched over and preserved it all the way down. But there were various readings though, almost

without number. Thus, by a single hand, the doctrine of the miraculous preservation of the Bible was overthrown.

Nevertheless, Protestantism wrought wonders in the Reformation. It delivered us from the iron bondage of the Catholic church, and brought us back to freedom of thought, conscience, and reason. They were brave souls, those heroes of the Reformation, who dared to look old errors in the face, and pronounce them errors, though time honored, and sanctioned by a thousand generations. When truth swells the soul, the servants of God must speak, though the stake be prepared and the faggots kindled. Moses may say, "I am slow of speech, and the people be given to their idols, they will not listen to me;" but God burns in the bush and speaks, "Say not that I am slow of speech; go forth and speak to the people all that I bid thee, and I am with thee to give thee tongue and words of power that shall break the flinty rock in pieces." Timid Jeremiah may shrink from the task laid upon him; but the word is shut up in his bosom, and burns there like fire in his bones; and God says, "Go—I will be a wall of brass around thee in the face of thy enemy; he shall not prevail against thee." Then he goes forth, a lamb among the wolves, bearing the message of his God. The burthen is off his soul,—fear is fled,—and the effeminate Jeremiah, bold now as a lion, pours forth the words of God in burning eloquence to that hardened race. Is not the man *God-inspired* now? Ay,—and such inspiration has not only fired the soul of a Moses, a Jeremiah, a Jesus, a Paul; but also the soul of a Luther, a Zwingli, a Fox, a Murray. The "burthen" of the Lord is not yet taken from man. The world only advances over the dead bones of slain Prophets and murdered Reformers. These all fall upon evil times. But they come just at the time they are needed. Persecuted and despised while they are performing their mighty work; but honored and applauded by the next generation, who appreciate their motives and are blest by their labors.

Now the Catholic Church asserted a truth when it declared that inspiration did not cease with the Apostles—that it is still in the world. But it asserted an untruth when it declared that all inspiration was confined to its own members. Protestantism also declared a truth when it asserted that Moses, the Prophets, Jesus, the Apostles were inspired. But it asserted an untruth when it declared that every word in the Bible was inspiration; and a still greater untruth when it declared that inspiration ceased with the Apostles, and that God no longer speaks to his children. Has God entirely withdrawn himself from the world, and will he no more own his child? Where hath he hid himself, that the pure in heart can no longer see him, nor feel his presence? God has not changed. The soul of man still bears the image of its creator. The heavens are the same. The stars still look down upon us, beautiful as of old. The sun shines as brightly. The earth is as green; and the birds sing gaily as in ancient times. The soul of the All-Father flows into these still. His presence is in them. Is he not in man, the noblest work of all?

Yes, in man also. God hath not denied his own. He still dwells with the humble and contrite soul. We can approach him if we will, and receive truth from the inflowings of his spirit. There is only one condition; it is that we shall purify our souls. Then the life of God flows into us, and we see him burn in every bush—his presence in every star, tree, and flower. Holiness—love of God and man—is the condition of inspiration, and the measure thereof. Each man is inspired according to his capacity. Isaiah has more inspiration than Moses; and Jesus more than Paul, Peter, and John. His soul contained more than all these, because his life was more divine. He lived nearer to God, and so obtained more truth from heaven. But is inspiration confined to these holy men who uttered such burning thoughts, and truths pure as heaven and everlasting as God? Nay. If Jesus was inspired to declare at Jerusalem the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," was not Confucius also inspired to declare the same truth, and in almost the

same words, five hundred years before, in China? Or if Paul was inspired to declare, "There is one God and Father of all, who is above all, and in all;" was not Pythagoras also inspired to declare the same doctrine many hundred years before at Samos? Or shall we say that it was revealed from heaven to Jesus and Paul, and that Confucius and Pythagoras, in groping after God, by mere chance or accident happened to stumble upon the same truths? No. "God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted of him." No man may limit the measure of God; nor say to here, or to there.

The Jews fell into the error of supposing that their nation only, was the chosen of God; that he spake only to their Fathers and their Prophets. Christians have fallen into the same error. They have limited God, the omnipresent, to that little point in space, the land of Judea! "The heaven of heavens cannot contain him; much less can the land of Israel!" Shall we set bounds to the Almighty and say, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther?" Nay, man, this were folly! Is God every where present? He is if he be infinite. Else he is no God. If he be infinite, and so every where present, does he not fill spirit as well as matter? If his presence is manifest every where in the material world, is it not felt in the spiritual? If he moves mighty worlds and systems in their revolutions, by fixed and eternal laws of his own; may he not move men's souls in every age and nation, by laws similar and natural?

Inspiration, then, is not a miraculous thing. It is normal, regular, certain. The soul of man has spiritual senses, as well as natural. Through the ear, the eye, it looks out upon the material world. Through the faculties of veneration, hope, marvelousness, it looks into the spiritual world—sees God, communes with him, and receives back to itself light, truth, love. And I must here urge again the fact that holiness of heart is the condition of inspiration. There is truth in that declaration of Jesus—"If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." And thus may every spiritual man know.

Through the same medium has the doctrine of immortal life been revealed to every nation, kindred, and people under heaven. Immortality is a fact of our consciousness. It no more admits of proof, than the fact of our personal existence. It is old as the race, and as universal. It is an eternal truth, the consciousness of which can never be rooted out of the human soul. Men *feel* their immortality; it is no dim sentiment imparted to the soul through the hearing of the ear. Nor does it rest on history and tradition. It is older, deeper, than these. God breathed it into the soul; and from thence it is published to the external world. In the soul, it is a living reality; in the world, only a dead letter. The measure of this also is purity of heart and life. The more divine the man, the stronger his consciousness of immortal life. Love of God and man, points as truly to an increased assurance of immortality, as the needle to its pole. Pure holiness of heart and immortality are inseparable companions. They can never be divorced. Thus faith is the hand-maid of religion. Happy the soul in which dwell these daughters of heavenly birth.

How beautiful is charity. She goeth forth like an angel, with consolation on her tongue, love in her heart, pity in her eyes, and relief in her hands. She inclines her ear to the suffering and poor. She seeketh out distress, nor ceases from morning until evening her mission among the homes of the sorrowing. She heeds not the scorn of the proud, the shrinking of the fearful, the eyes of the inquisitive, nor rain, nor wind, nor the bitter frost, but keeps on, and her way is compassed about with gladness. The hungry, the ill clad, the sick and despairing rejoice at her approach. She shuns ostentation—she has no set time for her labor, but worketh always, for want and suffering, and grief are among men—ever in her path.

Poetry.

THOUGHTS FOR THE DEPARTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCOLUM,
BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

THINK ever of the dead:—

When Spring is beautiful, when Summer shines,
When the soft skies rose-mingled luster shed,
When Autumn sun-beams kiss the purple vines,
And when the snow-stars glisten, to them wing
Thy gentlest thought: they filled thy life with Spring.

Think truly of the dead:—

Let not thy heart be ever won away,
By eyes that laughing radiance o'er thee shed,
And flatteries breathed like incense round thy way;
Oh, deep and warm their love, and true their faith;
Thou should'st not change—they changed not unto death.

Think sweetly of the dead:—

All while they lingered in this world below
The music of their voice, their smile, their tread,
Thrilled the glad soul, and taught the cheek its glow;
Lip unto lip, and heart to heart was pressed;—
Shrine tenderly their memories in thy breast.

Think joyful of the dead:—

As of sweet friends, whose blissful harp-notes ring
In that fair clime where kindred souls are wed,
And heart to heart like lips of lovers cling.
Think joyfully, they breathe thy name in prayer,
And wait, and long to bid thee welcome there.

They think of thee—the dead:—

The glorious dwellers in yon peopled skies!
Their thoughts, like dew-drops, on thy heart are shed:
They fill thy soul with blessed sanctities,—
Sweet Inspirations of the pure and fair,—
The spring-time breathings of celestial air!

They dwell with thee—the dead:—

Pavilioned in the auroral tents of light:
Their spheres of heavenly influence round thee spread,
Their pure transparence veiling them from sight.
Angelic ministers of love and peace,
Whose sweet solitudes will never cease.

They strive with thee—the dead:—

Spirit with spirit striving, heart with heart,
Alluring from the paths of Wrong you tread,
Spurned and resisted they may not depart.
In the dark prison of Life's last despair,
Lo! the Delivering Angel's with thee there!

They watch with thee—the dead:—

Through the last agony, the doubt, the gloom,
When Soul and Body are through pain unwed,
And Night droops down—the midnight of the tomb:—
And o'er the soul-sense steals their wakening hymn,
Familiar—yet the song of Seraphim!

They welcome thee—the dead:—

The soft, sweet glow of those beloved eyes
Balm each worn heart that long hath inly bled,
And gives new glory to God's Paradise!
Love and remember them—unseen yet near,
Their white feet guide thee to the immortal sphere!
CHRISTMAS DAY, 1848.

THE CLOUD.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCOLUM,
BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

SLOWLY to float, a golden-skirted cloud,
Through the blue depths of infinite Repose,
In curling wreaths whose every folding glows
With heavenly dyes, high o'er the jarring crowd
Of earth, though earth-born, soaring; never proud
Of that high beauty God alone bestows,
But borne in meek obedience, be it mine,
Serenely wafted by the Breath Divine;
If then there wandered any thirsting one
Faint in the desert, him would I relieve
With shade and shower; if in the o'er-hot sun
Any sweet bud hung drooping, forced to grieve,
How would I weep, till melted into dew
On its shrunk petals, and their bloom renew.

A SONG OF HOPE.

Translated from the German,
BY NELSON BROWN.

LET us live for the present, enduring in hope
Each misfortune, and trial, and sorrow;
As to troubles and sorrows, they are often the worst
We unwisely with interest borrow.
It is well to be cheerful each day of our lives,
And to think for the best all our trouble;
Repinings and frettings can do us no good,
But will always our miseries double.

Heaven never designed that our hearts should e'er wear
The clouds of despair nor of sadness;
Look abroad, look abroad! and a lesson receive,
All nature is smiling in gladness.
Though our friends may seem cold, or strangely forget,
And misfortune so thick overtake you,
There is one who is dearer and truer than all;
If you trust him, he ne'er will forsake you.

To the prayerful and trusting in life and in heart
Bright hopes to your souls will be given;
If we will, we can feel in a world e'en like this,
A foretaste of peace and of heaven.
Though our souls are cast down in the deepest of grief,
And each face wears a frown to our seeming;
Look above! and by Prayer and by Faith you'll behold
Hope's star there in glory still beaming.

Let us think, then, our trials are all for the best,
With ease then, we all can endure them;
To think them for evil, and to cure our hard fate,
Is folly, and never will cure them!—
If our souls are oppressed with sadness or grief,
Or the heart with deep anguish is riven,
Rouse up! look above! then speed to thy work,
Still trusting each moment in Heaven.

We cannot expect in a world just like this,
To be free from all trouble and sorrow;
But remember! the troubles that harass the worst
Are often the ones which we borrow.
Let us hope and trust on, and do all we can
For the good of ourselves and each other;
Its our mission to make our lives cheerful and glad,
And to cheer up each sorrowing brother.

[GAZETTE & RULE.

Miscellaneous Department.

EDITH MAURICE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

How many beautiful, lovely-minded women, do we meet in society, who are united in marriage contract, with men whose tastes, habits and characters, cannot but be in every way congenial. And on the other hand, how often do we see the finest specimens of men unequally joined to women who seem to have no appreciation of what is really excellent in morals or social life. The reasons for such inequality are very apparent to all who observe with any intelligence. The affinities which govern among those who enter life's dazzling arena, are in most cases, external instead of internal. Accomplishment, personal appearance and family connections, are more considered than qualities of the heart. Beauty, wit, station and wealth, are the standards of value, while real merit is not thought of, or fondly believed to exist as a natural internal correspondent of the external attractions so pleasant to behold. In this false and superficial mode of estimating character lies the bane of human happiness. Deceived by the merest externals, young persons come together and enter into the holiest relation of life, to discover, alas! in a few years that there exists no congeniality of taste, no mutual appreciation of what is excellent and desirable in life, and worse than all, no mutual affection, based upon clearly seen qualities of the mind. Unhappiness always follows this sad discovery, and were it not for the love of children, which has come up to save them, hundreds and thousands, who, in the eyes of the world, appear to live happily together, would be driven angrily asunder.

Aunt Esther, whose own experience in life, confirmed by much observation, made the evil here indicated as clear as noonday to her perceptions, saw the error of her beautiful niece Edith, in courting rather than shunning observation while in society.

"You wrong yourself, dear," she would often say, "by this over carefulness about external appearance. You attract those who see but little below the surface, while the really excellent and truly intelligent avoid instead of seeking your society."

"Would you have me careless about my appearance, Aunt?" Edith would sometimes say, in reply to these suggestions.

"By no means," aunt Esther would reply. "A just regard to what is appropriate in externals marks the woman of true taste and right feelings. But you go beyond this."

"Then I violate the principles of taste in dressing?"

"I will not say that you do very broadly. Most persons will affirm that you display a fine taste, and in using the word display would express my objection. I think a woman infringes good taste when she so arrays herself as to attract attention to her dress."

"As I do?"

"Yes, Edith, as you do. If you disguise from yourself the fact that you both love and seek admiration for personal appearance, you do not do so from others—at least not from me."

Aunt Esther did not wrong her niece by this judgment. It was Edith's weakness to love admiration; and what we love we naturally seek. Without actually infringing the laws of taste and harmony, she yet managed to dress in a style that always attracted the eye, and set off her really fine person in the most imposing manner. The consequence was that she had many admirers, some of whom were elegant and attractive young men. But none of these were drawn to the side of Edith from a love of her moral beauty. It was the beauty of her person, the fascination of her manners, and the sparkle of her wit, that made her an object of admiration.

Edith had a friend whom she dearly loved; a sweet, gentle, true hearted girl, named Mary Graham. Those who are dazzled

by an imposing appearance, passed Mary with indifference; but the few who could perceive the violet's odor by the way-side, as they moved along through life, sought her company, and found, in the heart of a loving woman, more of beauty and delight than she ever gives as a creature of show and admiration.

Different as they were, in many respects, Edith and Mary were alike in the possession of deep affections. They loved what was pure and good; but, while one had an instinctive power of looking beneath the glittering surface, the other was easily deceived by appearances. While one shrunk from observation, the other courted attentions. The consequence was, that Edith had hosts of admirers, while only the discriminating few lingered near the retiring Mary. The one was admired for what she appeared to be, the other was for what she was.

Two young men entirely dissimilar in character, yet thrown together as friends by circumstances, met one evening, when one of them, whose name was Ashton, said to the other,

"Erskine, I met a glorious creature last night—a perfect Hebe!"

"Ah! who is she?"

"Her name is Edith Maurice."

"She's a showy girl, certainly."

"Showy! She's a magnificent woman, Erskine. And so you've met her?"

"A few times."

"Were you not enchanted?"

"No. Your glorious creatures never turn my brain."

"You're an anchorite."

"Far from it. I delight in all things lovely; and above all in the presence of a lovely woman."

"A lovelier woman than Edith Maurice I have not seen for a twelvemonth."

"Though I have."

"You have, indeed!"

"I think so. She has a friend, named Mary Graham, whom I think far more interesting."

"Pray introduce me."

"I will, when opportunity offers."

Not long afterwards an introduction took place, and Ashton spent a short time in the company of Mary Graham.

"That's your lovely woman," said the young man to his friend, in a tone of contempt, when they next met.

"To me she is exceedingly interesting," returned Erskine.

"Interesting! A duller piece of human ware it has not been my fortune to meet these dozen years. I should say she has no soul."

"There you are mistaken. She is all soul."

"All soul! If you want to see a woman all soul, look at Edith Maurice."

"All body, you mean," replied Erskine, smiling.

"What do you mean by that?" inquired Ashton.

"All external. It is rather the beauty of person than the beauty of soul that you see in Edith; but in Mary, every tone and motion but expresses some modification of the true beauty that lies within. Edith bursts upon you like a meteor; but Mary comes forth as Hesperus, scarcely seen at first, but shining with a purer and brighter light the more intently you gaze upon her."

"Not a meteor, my dear fellow," replied Ashton, "I repudiate that comparison. Edith is another Sirius, flashing on the eyes with an ever varying, yet strong and beautiful light. As for your evening stars, with their unimpassioned way of shining—their steady, planet like, orderly fashion of sending forth their rays—I never had any fancy for them."

"Every one has his taste," said Erskine. "As for me, I like true beauty—the beauty of the mind and heart."

"Oh, as for that," returned Ashton lightly, "let people go in for hearts who understand such matters. I don't profess to know much about them. But I can appreciate, ay, and love a

magnificent woman like Edith Maurice. You can have Mary Graham, and welcome; I will never cross your path."

From this time Ashton became the undisguised admirer of Edith. The young man was handsome, well educated, and had a winning address; yet, for all this there was something about him from which the pure minded girl at first shrunk. Erskine she sometimes met; and whenever she happened to be thrown into his company she was charmed with his manners, and interested in his conversation. Unobtrusive as he was, she admired him more than any man she had yet seen. But the showy exterior of Edith hid from the eyes of Erskine her real worth. He looked upon her as vain, fond of admiration, and of course as possessing little heart—and turned from her to find a congenial spirit in her friend Mary. Had Erskine sought to win the favor of Edith, a man like Ashton would have proved no rival. But Erskine evinced no disposition to show her more than ordinary polite attentions, and with an inward sigh she suffered the heart which shrunk at first with instinctive repugnance, to turn with its attentions toward Ashton.

Vain with the thought of having so imposing and beautiful a woman as Edith for a wife, Ashton did not stop to inquire whether there was a relative fitness for mutual happiness, but pressed his suit with ardor, and won her consent before the half bewildered girl had time for reflection. Friends who understood the character of the young man, interposed their influence to save Edith from a connection that promised little for the future; but their interposition came too late. She was betrothed, and neither could or would listen to a word against the man with whom she had chosen to cast her lot in life.

A brilliant and beautiful girl, Edith was led to the altar by one, who as a man was her equal in external attractions; but he was far from possessing her pure, true, loving heart. It did not take many months to lift the veil that had fallen before the eyes of Edith. Gradually the quality of her husband's mind began to manifest itself—and sad, indeed, was her spirit, at times when her manifestations were more distinct than usual.

The experience of a single year was painful in the extreme. The young wife not only found herself neglected but treated with what she felt to be direct unkindness. She had discovered that her husband was selfish; and though to the world he showed a polished exterior, she had found him wanting in the finer feelings she had fondly believed him to possess. Moreover, he was a mere sensualist, than which nothing is more revolting to a pure minded woman. External attractions brought them together, but these had failed to unite them as one.

No wonder that in such a marriage a few years robbed the cheeks of Edith of their roundness and bloom, and her eyes of their beautiful light. Those who met her no longer remarked upon her loveliness, but rather spoke of the great change so short a period had wrought. A certain respect for himself caused Ashton to assume the appearance of kindness toward his wife, when any one was present; but at other times he manifested the utmost indifference. They had three children, and love for these held them in a state of mutual toleration and forbearance.

Ill health was the understood reason for the change in Edith's manner and appearance. Few imagined that the fountain of her affections had become sealed, or only poured forth its waters to sink in an arid soil. In society she made an effort to be companionable and cheerful for the sake of others: and at home with her children she strove to be the same. But, oh! what a weary hopeless life she led; and but for the love of her little ones she would have died.

Mary Graham was united to Erskine, shortly after the union of Edith with Mr. Ashton, and it was a true marriage. A just appreciation of internal qualities had drawn them together, and thus proved, as they ever do, permanent bonds.

Mary and Edith had retained a tender regard for each other, and met frequently. But in all their intercourse, with true womanly delicacy. Edith avoided all allusion to her own un-

happy state, although there were times when her heart longed to unburden itself to one so truly a sympathizing friend.

One evening—it was ten years from the time of Edith's marriage—her husband came home in the usual cold and indifferent way, and while they sat at the tea table, something that she said excited his anger, and he replied in most harsh and cutting words. This was no unusual thing. But it so happened that Edith's feelings were less under her control than usual, and she answered the unkindness with a gush of tears. This only tended to irritate her unfeeling husband, who said, in a sneering tone,

"A woman's tears don't lie very deep. But it's lost time to use it on me. I'll go where I'll meet cheerful faces."

And then rising from the table, he put on his hat and left the house to spend his evening as usual, in more congenial society.

Edith dried her tears as best she could, and going into her chamber, sought by an effort of reason to calm her agitated feelings. But such an effort for a woman, under such circumstances, must, as in this case, ever be fruitless. Calmness of spirit only comes after a more passionate overflow of grief. When this had subsided, Edith remembered that she had promised Mrs. Erskine, who lived two or three doors away, to come and spend the evening. Had she consulted her feelings, now, she would have remained at home, but, as she would be expected, she rallied her spirits as much as was in her power, and then went in to join her friend.

How different was the home of Mary to that of Edith. Mutual love reigned there—the very atmosphere was redolent with domestic bliss. Mr. Erskine was away when Edith joined Mary, and they sat and talked together for an hour before he returned. A short time before Edith intended going home, he came in, with his ever cheerful face, and after greeting her cordially turned to his wife and spoke in a voice so full of tenderness and affection, that Edith felt her heart flutter and the tears steal unbidden to her eyes. It was so different from the way her husband spoke. The contrast caused her to feel more deeply, if possible, than ever, her own sad, heart-wrung lot.

Rising suddenly, for she felt that she was losing the control of her feelings, Edith excused herself and hastily retired. Mary saw that something had affected her friend, and with a look made her husband comprehend the fact also. He remained in the drawing room, while Mary passed with Edith into the hall, when they paused for a moment, looking into each other's faces. Neither said a word, but Edith laid her face down upon the bosom of her friend, and sobbed passionately.

"What is it that pains you, Edith?" Mary asked, in a low, tender voice, as soon as her friend had wept herself into calmness.

Edith raised her face, now pale and composed, and pushing back with her hand a stray ringlet that had fallen over her cheek, said, with a forced but sad smile,

"Forgive my weakness, dear—I could not help it. A full heart will at all times run over. But, good night—good night!"

And Edith hurried away.

A few years more and the history of a hopeless, weary life was closed. Is the moral of this history hard to read? No; all may comprehend it.

BEAUTIFUL SUPERSTITION.—Among the superstitions of the Seneca Indians, is one, which, for its singular beauty, should be well known. When a maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its power of song, and then loading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings, neither close its eyes, until it has flown to the spirit land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. It is not unfrequent, says the Indian historian, to see twenty or thirty birds let loose at once over one grave.

REFLECTIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCÆLUM,
BY CHARLES WORTH.

THE other day I received a letter from a friend in Georgia. In it he sent me a blue gentian, and some pine needles, from the south side of the Blue Ridge. These little specimens of a blander climate came accompanied with a sort of magic, rousing within me a poetic sense, which was hardly translatable into a poetic sentence. They recalled to my mind my own expedition to Jamaica, some years ago. Before me rose a vision of that clime of Beauty, with its mountains—*O Mountains!*—clad in their semperient forests; the magnificently beautiful palms; the spicy pimento trees; the fragrant orange groves; the odorous lime and lemon hedges; the snowy coffee bushes; (when in blossom they are very like our snow ball bush in flower,) the waving fields of sugar cane; and all the sights which so intoxicated my poetic element then—and how much more now, as the vision reproduces them! But, after all, I know not that that land is more beautiful or sublime than this. It captivated my attention because of its novelty. Ah, this world is full of Beauty. Nature, which our external senses come in contact with, is a grand system of order, and typifies and prophesies the beauty, harmony, truth, which lie folded in the future of the race who occupies it, without knowing what he possesses, or what resources are slumbering all about him, ready to rouse and minister to him whenever he shall call on them with the voice of Genius. But he is to be developed into a state to receive these blessings; he is to know and use all. Ah, what a career of being and becoming is before us! as much greater, higher, than all we can conceive of now, as the stars, which I looked at last evening till I was lost in an extatic reverie, are farther off than all we can experience of distance.

And, as I contemplated those orbs twinkling in that pure cerulean, I thought of man's celestial destiny. As this earth prefigures his terrestrial history, so do the stars predict concerning his state that is to be, millions of ages hence, when this earth shall have passed into a higher form of organization, and all we shall have experienced on it shall be forgotten in a sublimer portion of our career; even as our infancy is forgotten in our manhood. It will be as much greater than our present experience, as this vast space, into which I gaze in bewilderment, where dwell Depth and Silence, is vaster than it seems. *O Vastness! O Infinity! O God!*

THE VOICE OF THOUGHT.

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

FAINT as the far-down tone
Beneath the sounding sea,
Muffled, by its own moan
To silent melody;
So faint we cannot tell
But that the sound we hear
Is some sweet roses' smell
That falls upon our ear;
(As if the Butterfly,
Shaking the Lily-bell,
While drinking joyfully,
Should toll its own death-knell!)

Sweeter than Hope's sweet lute
Singing of joys to be,
When Pain's harsh voice is mute,
Is the Soul's sweet song to me.

INDUSTRY, or action, is a universal law of Nature.

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FROM THE INTERIOR STATE

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