

THE UNIVERCŒLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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

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The Principles of Nature.

SWEDENBORG AND DAVIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM,

BY W. M. FERNALD.

In the first place we will take notice of their respective views of the Bible, not because it is first in order, but because we are here presented with the grand distinguishing genius of Swedenborg, and made acquainted with what he supposed to be the peculiar and prominent character of his mission. Swedenborg claimed to have been specially enlightened of God, to reveal the true sense and meaning of his Word—to redeem it from the gross interpretation of the letter, and to show its spiritual significance. Three fourths of all his theological writings are devoted to this purpose. He taught that the sacred Scriptures—excepting the books which he rejected as uninspired—were written in a language framed according to a law of *correspondence between things natural and things spiritual*, by which an interior meaning, differing entirely from the exterior, or mere letter of the word, was invariably the true and most important sense. This interior meaning was always discoverable by application of the law of correspondence, or analogy, between things natural and things spiritual. And in Swedenborg's estimation, the development of the interior sense of the divine Word, was the most potent instrumentality of promoting the ends of divine Love and Wisdom, in the regeneration and salvation of men. And to this end was the chief amount of his mighty intellect entirely consecrated. This constituted his peculiar mission. To this end much of his stupendous philosophical structure, and of his relations from the spiritual world, are made subservient.

Mr. Davis, or rather, Mr. Davis out of himself—abnormalized, does not view the Scriptures in this light. And yet there are appearances of incongruity in his statements on this subject, which it would require the utmost charity, candid and discriminating interpretation, to reconcile with his general denial of this matter. And in fact, it is only in the exercise of such charity, and such interpretation, at the same time with unyielding justice, that Mr. Davis can be properly vindicated here from downright apparent contradiction. And after all is said that can be said, favorable to his apparently incongruous statements, we are left with a conviction of the truth, as effectually enforced here as any where, perhaps, of Mr. Davis' own disclaimer throughout the book, of any thing like infallibility or entire correctness. In fact, there are manifest contradictions in terms and phrases, when speaking on this subject, which clearly imply a contradiction of ideas, but which at the same time are not by any means such as might be represented by an interested or sectarian hand. But they are sufficient at least, to show that the state of mind in which the author was, was not, at all times, sufficiently high to introduce him—if to the clearest perceptions of his subject matter—certainly not to the clearest form of language.

For instance, on page 348, speaking of the literal description of the flood, which differs considerably from the reality, he says—"The original description of the flood is, however, an *entire spiritual correspondence*—representing in an imperfect manner this great catastrophe, which was the basis of the whole illustration. The exact correspondence will be discovered and related hereafter: but it is well to mention that it was by this volcanic occurrence and this great inundation, that the correspondence was suggested, having an *internal meaning*: for it is impossible for the account to have a *literal* signification. I am impressed that the internal meaning of *many sayings* that were apparently literal, has not as yet, been properly and generally understood by mankind, notwithstanding their true meaning was understood by those who wrote them, and has since been unfolded to the world by an expanded and suitable intellect."

Now here is a plain recognition of "an entire spiritual correspondence"—an "internal meaning" to the account of the flood, and a declared similar meaning of "*many sayings*" in the Bible, which have not been generally understood, but which have been unfolded to the world "by an expanded and suitable intellect." Of course this intellect is Swedenborg, and of course, the internal meaning which is here said to have been "unfolded" by him, is approved by Mr. Davis, and recognized to be the same, in nature, as he himself finds in the account of the flood.

Now it may well be surprising to a hasty and superficial reader, after the use of this language, and a direct reference to Swedenborg, as the truthful unfold of the internal and spiritual meaning of many sayings in the Bible, to find Mr. Davis holding forth to us such language as the following. On pages 403, 404, speaking of Swedenborg in connection with the "*primitive sayings*," by which he means the Old Testament writings, he says—"It is not true that he, with all his enlightenment, unfolded an interior truth as expressed in these primitive sayings. Instead of this, he unfolded a stupendous correspondence—not from their interior, but from their external suggestions. The external of the written record, when viewed by a purely spiritually-exalted intellect, shows *not the least indication of a spiritual signification*."

A plainer contradiction in terms could not, at first sight, be stated. First he said of the "*account*" or "*description*" of the flood, that it was "*an entire spiritual correspondence*" having an "internal meaning;" then he says—"The external of the written record, when viewed by a purely spiritually exalted intellect, shows *not the least indication of a spiritual signification*!" Moreover, he refers to Swedenborg as having truly unfolded the "internal meaning of many sayings" in the Scriptures; then he says "it is not true, that he, with all his enlightenment, unfolded an interior truth as expressed in these primitive sayings!" Surely, if this is clear vision, it is not clear speech.

Mr. Davis is still stronger in his denial of Swedenborg's claims. On page 449, he says, "His (Swedenborg's) writings do not unfold a germ of spiritual truth in those primitive pages, because it is impossible for them to contain such, inasmuch as they are only historical accounts, and not spiritual revelations." And still stronger, on page 558—"I am not able to discover any such interior meaning in any portion of the contents of the Word, as he represents."

*Continued from page 70, Vol. III

Now it is manifest that here is either a gross carelessness and imperfection of language, or a gross contradiction of ideas. We are disposed to the most for Mr. Davis that can in perfect justice be done, and therefore (though we cannot, wholly deny such influence,) yet we cannot, with Professor Bush, attribute the whole discrepancy to the insinuation and influx of evil spirits!

That there is an interior or spiritual meaning to language is evident; but wherein it differs from figure, metaphor, allegory, &c., is indeed quite a question. That there is an absolute correspondence through all Nature, between things natural (or material,) and things spiritual, so that an absolute science of analogies may be formed, each thing in Nature, or each outward form, corresponding to an internal, spiritual essence, or cause, is also a greatly interesting truth. But that the Bible was *always* written in accordance with this truth, is, we apprehend, the great question between Swedenborgians and those who dispute the completeness of their claims. And whether mere allegory, figure, metaphor, not only in scriptural, but in *any* language, when truly and appropriately used, in accordance with the true science of correspondences, may not constitute all the interior sense there is to a writing, is indeed, in our apprehension, the whole question.

For instance, we all know, and are too familiar with the fact to suspect frequently any science in the matter, that *light* corresponds to truth, *fire* to love, (good or bad) *darkness* to falsity, the *eye* to mental perception, the *hand* to power, a *lamb* to innocence, &c. Now this whole matter of correspondence between things natural and spiritual, is capable of being reduced to a science which would absolutely astonish one uninitiated, with wondering admiration. Even the most simple things outwardly, are made to answer to the interior essence or cause from which they sprang, or of which they are a perfect analogy, and the mightiest are capable of a striking significance in this science of universal correspondences. So also do outward things of a lower nature, answer to outward things of a higher. To take but one instance from many of the higher order: the heart of man always answers to the will or affections; the lungs to the understanding. And to quote the words of an excellent writer on this subject—"We see that on all things belonging to the moral, intellectual, and spiritual worlds, the Divine Creator has first stamped a certain image of himself; so also we see, that all objects of outward, and even material nature, bear an image of the moral, intellectual, and spiritual world of the human mind, representing its bad as well as its excellent endowments; and thus we plainly see that on these also the divine image is impressed, though sometimes in an inverted and distorted, rather than in a direct and beautiful order. Through all the links of creation, lower things continually answer to higher; and the contemplation of them in this light is indeed calculated to "lead from nature up to nature's God." Whilst through all their varieties, minerals are seen to answer to vegetables, vegetables to animals, and animals to man; and whilst man is recognized as having been created in the image and likeness of God, we see how the attributes of the highest natures may be viewed as in a mirror, in the lowest; we discern how close is the tie which binds together the whole universe of being: we behold how things invisible may be read in the things that are seen. The relation of Analogy thus every where existing, makes the volume of nature an instructive book indeed. In a stricter sense than the poet ever dreamed of, he who thus views the fields of creation,

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."*

Thus we see that a science exists, but whether the ancient Scriptures were always written in conformity to this science, and whether, if they were, it would prove an interior meaning different from what exists in many of the commonest forms of speech in modern use, is indeed the whole question. It is not, of

course, our purpose to canvass the question here; our limits forbid. But when Mr. Davis asserts this meaning in one place, and credits Swedenborg as the profound and true discoverer of much of it, and yet denies it in another, as plain as words can speak, what are we to conclude?

Our explanation of the matter is this. Mr. Davis, as certainly any one professing to be a psychologist and interpreter of Nature must, recognizes the truth of an interior meaning, or a spiritual *correspondence*, in all objects in Nature. For instance, he would say that *light* corresponded to truth, and *fire* to love, and a *lamb* to innocence, &c.; but when it should be simply *written* that a person was in great light, that fires consumed him, &c., he would deny that this mere *language* had an interior, spiritual meaning. That is, he would deny this when looking simply at the Nature of things, but admit it when considering merely a correspondential language. He would not say that there was any thing in the mere *word* light or fire, or hand, that by direct nature had the interior meaning of truth, love, and power, because all verbal language is artificial; but he would discover in *light itself*, *fire itself*, and *the hand itself*, a natural correspondence to truth, love, and power. The difference is simply between the interior meaning or correspondence of the natural objects, and the interior meaning of the artificial words that we use to represent those objects. And yet both are in a proper sense called interior, although the one is Nature's interior, and the other simply the idea transferred to the word by truly correspondential science. And he should not, therefore, have affirmed and denied two things in so precisely similar language.

That this is Mr. Davis' meaning is evident from the following on page 558, where he says—"For I now discover that many of his (Swedenborg's) interior disclosures are, not in the least particular comprehended even by those who at the present time are most actively engaged in their advocacy. And I am impressed to say that if, instead of conveying the idea that he unfolded the spiritual and interior teachings of the Bible, he had said that he unfolded the spiritual and interior teachings of Nature, the world would have sooner approached his sphere of reason and knowledge: because then the connection would have been more distinctly observed between the material and spiritual worlds." This is as clear as light; and it is a pity Mr. Davis was not guided in his former language so as to have spared the necessity of commenting in order to reconcile the most contradictory speech. Now, when he says, immediately following—"But I am not able to discover any such interior meaning in any portion of the contents of the Word as he represents," we begin to understand him. He grows consistent.

Now let us turn again to his account of the flood. "The original description of the flood, is, however, an entire spiritual correspondence—representing in an imperfect manner this great catastrophe, which was the basis of the whole illustration. The exact correspondence will be discovered and related hereafter." We see that he is speaking of *correspondence* only. He says—"It was by this volcanic occurrence, and this great inundation, that the correspondence was suggested, *having an internal meaning*." Of course he meant the internal meaning of the correspondence, for he says immediately following, "for it is impossible for the account to have a *literal* signification." And now when he goes on to say, "the internal meaning of many sayings has been unfolded by Swedenborg," he should not have denied that "he, with all his enlightenment, unfolded an interior truth as expressed in these *primitive sayings*." He should not have said—"The external of the written record, when viewed by a purely spiritually-exalted intellect, shows not the least indication of spiritual signification." He should not have said—"His writings do not unfold a germ of spiritual truth in those primitive pages, because it is impossible for them to contain such, inasmuch as they are only historical accounts, and not spiritual revelations." Because this is all in blank contradiction to what

*Noble, on the Plenary Inspiration of the Scriptures.

he says of the flood which is a historical account, that it is "*an entire spiritual correspondence, having an internal meaning.*"

But we trust the whole secret is now made to appear. Mr. Davis does jumble in language. We know other portions of his book are in the same confusion. Swedenborg is generally very correct in language, to express precisely what he means. We do not think he always means right, or rather, has right meaning, but that is a fault of his ideas, not of his language.

That we are correct in imputing this discrepancy to a misuse of language, is further evident from what he says on page 403, where after saying, "It is not true that he with all his enlightenment, unfolded an interior truth as expressed in these sayings," he goes on to say—"Instead of this, he unfolded a stupendous correspondence—not from their interior, but from their external suggestions." That is, he saw the internal thing in Nature, which the external word suggested, and so wrought out a stupendous correspondence which was indeed frequently a real interior meaning of the passage, but was more properly and strictly an interior meaning of the objects in Nature, signified by these words.

So do we escape from this perplexing contradiction, upon which Bush and Barrett have bestowed so much attention. It is mostly, indeed we may say entirely, a contradiction of words. And for this, Mr. Davis,—rather, Mr. Davis' condition—is accountable; he ought to have been more correct.

As to the interior meaning of many passages of Scripture, Swedenborg was right. But he was right only on the ground of mere correspondences, and this is all he professed to discover. But whether he carried his correspondences too far, and found them in fancy, where they existed not in reality, is indeed a question, and one which we are not called upon here to answer. Davis would admit the true correspondences and interior signification of many passages in the Bible, as we have explained, and therefore it is with a measure of truth he says on page 449,—"There will be observed an *apparent* discrepancy between the things I relate and those written by this Swedish philosopher; and this discrepancy will appear *conspicuous* when the *external* of the account only is viewed, but not when his interpretations and correspondences are properly comprehended." Davis is right, then, in confining the interior or spiritual sense most strictly to Nature, and Swedenborg would not deny it. Swedenborg was right in finding it in a very proper sense in the Bible, and Davis would not deny it. Why, then, the strife? After the above explanation, it is only a question of *extent* of this sort of interpretation, and of right or wrong application—a question which at present, we have neither time nor ability to answer. Suffice it to say, we do not believe in a minute spiritual signification of every part even of the most highly inspired passages of the Bible. There is no doubt that much of the ancient Scripture was written in precise accordance with the science of correspondences, which was understood by the ancients, even by heathen writers, and was much in use by them, and was also understood by the Jewish writers of the sacred Scriptures. But that the whole Bible is so written, or even all those books received by the New Church, or that when it is so written, it is any thing different from much of allegory, figure and metaphor, in common speech, when we speak most naturally, is not to be admitted. That many striking and true expositions of the ancient Scriptures can be made by the application of this science, is not to be doubted. But that the Bible is thus elevated to the center of the Universe—that it becomes exclusively a divine book and a unity—that it is even worthy of the tremendous labor which the giant intellect of Swedenborg bestowed upon it, and which his followers have in a manner imitated, is not, I think, to be conceived.

We would here remark, however, that the real existing science of correspondences, founded on the analogy through all Nature, between things spiritual and things natural, is precisely that which has given rise to so many allegorical and fanciful inter-

pretations of the Scriptures, especially in the early ages of the Church. It was a prevailing habit among nearly all commentators to search for what was called the hidden, mystical, or spiritual sense of the sacred writings, which did not appear on their surface. Indeed for a period of fourteen or fifteen hundred years, there were few, who received the Scriptures at all, who ever thought of denying that they contained mysteries in their bosom which were not apparent to the natural eye. In the third century, Mosheim tells us, it was impossible for the few who differed from the common method of interpretation, "to oppose with any success, the torrent of allegory that was overflowing the church." In the ninth century, he tells us, "The fundamental principle in which all the writers of this class agree, is, that beside the literal signification of each passage of Scripture, there are hidden and deep senses which escape the vulgar eye; but they are not agreed about the number of these mysterious significations. Some attribute to every phrase three senses; others four; others again five; nay, their number is carried to seven, by Angelome, a monk of Lisieux, an acute, though fantastic writer, and who is far from deserving the meanest rank among the expositors of this century."

All this, and much more, goes to show, like every thing else in men's doings, that where there is so much counterfeit, there must be some true coin. Of course, we sympathize not with the ridiculous and fantastical interpretations into which the writings of these Christians run, but we merely allude to it to say that there is a foundation in Nature for all this; and that is, the true science of universal correspondences between spiritual and natural things. (I use the term spiritual and natural, not meaning to say that the *most* spiritual are not in a sense natural.) Now this *true science* is what Swedenborg developed. We will not say that he did not run into error and fancy, and even as Davis says, "developed a novel *exterior* application and signification, which robs the Old and New Testaments of their present garb, and clothes them in a garb of spiritual beauty of which they are unworthy." But I say he did greatly develop what may properly be called their interior meaning, and this by the true science of natural correspondence. Thus he did redeem much of these ancient and sacred writings from an obscurity which no mere reading of the *letter* could ever rescue from absurdity and ridicule.

We cannot, in this paper, adduce much for example, but for a familiar instance, take the following passage from Isaiah xi: 6, 7, 8,—“The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them; and the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the suckling child shall play with the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the oocatrices-den.” “If,” says a Swedenborgian writer, “we suppose that by the harmless animals and infants here mentioned, are typified the good, benevolent, and innocent affections of the human mind; and by the noxious animals, such appetites and propensities as, when not controlled by the former, are of a destructive nature; and if, by their all dwelling together, we conceive to be meant, the depriving of the latter of their pernicious tendencies by the complete preponderance of the former; we have a spiritual sense which certainly teaches a most important moral lesson, conveyed in language most striking and impressive.”*

This, however, let me remark by the way, is an interpretation adopted and familiar with many who know nothing of Swedenborgianism; and this furnishes the remark too, that the claims of this class of Christians are unwittingly granted by those who pretend to deny them. May it teach us to be charitable in all things, and to suspect that we ourselves have not all the truth in the world.

*Noble.

But when we are presented with a real, out-and-out, long-drawn, minutely particularized Swedenborgian interpretation, such as the whole ceremonial service of the Jewish dispensation, interpreted in each of its parts, in each object, in each apparently trifling thing, (though we know if principles are admitted, we should be very *careful* how we deny particulars) to mean some spiritual thing; or the destruction of the Canaanites, or the miraculous (?) capture of Jericho; then we come to a stand:—not, we confess, to a dead, vacant stand, but to a stand of very respectful consideration.

We have room for but one example of this kind, taken from the same Swedenborgian writer. It is an explanation of the capture of the *Ark*, by the Philistines. See 1 Samuel. Chapters 5, 6. The ark was the most holy symbol in the representative worship of the Jews.

"We will briefly state (he says) what appears to be implied by the circumstances of the present history. The ark, under the Israelitish dispensation, was a symbol of the Divine Presence, which none but the truly good can endure, and they not too near; and which causes the lusts cherished by the wicked more openly to become their tormentors. The Philistines represent those who exalt faith above charity, making the former every thing, and the latter of no account; which was the reason of their continual wars with the Israelites, who represent the true Church, or those who cherish faith in union with charity. The idol Dagon is the religion of those who are represented by the Philistines. The emeralds with which they were smitten, are symbols of the appetites of the natural man, which, when separated from spiritual affections, as is done by those who do not apply their faith to the purification of their lives, are unclean. The mice, by which the land was devastated, are images of the lust of destroying by false interpretation the spiritual nourishment which the church derives from the Word of God, as is done by those who separate faith from charity. The emeralds of gold exhibit the natural appetites as purified and made good. The golden mice signify the healing of the tendency to false interpretation effected by admitting a regard to goodness; for of this, as we shall see in the next example, gold is an emblem. The cows are types of the natural man, in regard to such good qualities as he possesses. *Their lowing by the way expresses the repugnance of the natural man to the process of conversion.* And the offering them up for a burnt offering, typifies that restoration to order which takes place in the mind, when the natural affections are submitted to the Lord."

Thus we have it all explained! Now, without doubt, there is much in the above account of true correspondence. It is very likely the writer knew of this method of writing at the time he composed it. But whether it is *all* right, whether, for instance, *the lowing of the cows* is not a strain upon Nature, (and yet it may not be) and whether, in short, this sort of writing, though unquestionably founded in true science, is not *likely* to carry the mind too far into extravagant and fantastical interpretations, finding analogies where there are none, and spiritual significances where only incidental and natural allusions are given—this only is the question. We have no doubt of the marvelous truths locked up in external things—no doubt of the natural correspondences between externals and internals through all Nature—and no doubt that the "expanded and suitable intellect" of Swedenborg made vast discoveries in this matter, rescuing the sacred writings from numberless absurdities which appear only in the letter, and investing them with a high spiritual, internal significance and meaning.

But be it observed here, that even such an admission does not invest the writings of the Bible with a meaning and importance above all others exclusively. This correspondence between things spiritual and material, is *natural*—is founded only in *Nature*. What then, is the quick conclusion, but that wherever a pure-minded, and suitably expanded intellect exists, similar and equally valuable correspondential language may be employed,

overflowing with inspiration from the broad fountain of spiritual Nature? And much of such language is in the world. And much of inspiration where this language is not thought of, but flows as a natural consequence. To this conclusion, then, do we come at last;—that Swedenborg was right in his principles, and right in much of his application of them. And Davis is right too. And rightly understanding, the noble Swedish philosopher, all awake, may shake hands with our psychologist in his sleep, for Nature at last unites and reconciles all things.

The Bible remains, an inspired book, or rather collection of books, but not a unity in perfection. It is filled with high and towering conceptions; takes us up as by heavenly inspiration, to view the glories of the spiritual and material Universes; has to a great extent, a real and internal meaning which does not appear to the superficial observer, and which is the effect of a truly Divine Science; has the highest morality, and the most spiritual religion, exemplified in the head of the divine humanity—the person of Jesus Christ, but does not, and cannot by reason of its separate books, published hundreds and thousands of years apart, and with no idea of their ever being bound into one, as an infallible, outward authority, command our homage in the usual Church style.

Mr. Davis' idea of the Bible, equally with Swedenborg's, is spiritual and sublime. When I say equal, I mean in degree, not in extent. He does not view it with that reverence which the old idea of its unity and perfection commands, but still traces the workings of the Divine Spirit through the minds of its writers, especially in Isaiah, David, Zachariah, Jesus, Paul and John. He recognizes their connection with the higher spheres—the truthfulness of their visions—the excellence and purity of their character, always making what he deemed the proper exceptions. But he condemns in most unqualified language, the blind idolatry paid to the Book, and the mischief, from this respect, which it has wrought in human society, and some of his remarks are tinged with a sarcasm which do not seem worthy his exalted state. Swedenborg venerated, adored, and completely analyzed the Bible; (always allowing for exception of errors) Davis dissects, spiritualizes, and discriminates amongst it. Swedenborg taught more truth in detail concerning it; Davis more in general. Swedenborg was right and wrong (*me judice*) with a powerful and all-grasping intellect; Davis was right and wrong, chiefly in language, with a far-seeing, abnormal intuition. When he was exactly right, was when he was prompted to utter the following, which we find on page 541.—"I am particularly desirous of being apprehended aright in speaking of this important distinction between the *interior signification* of a term or expression, and that *spiritual application* which has been called an interior meaning." When he was wrong, was when he was prompted to say, on page 558,—"The Bible does not present one proper conception of the constitution, *character*, greatness, omnipotence, and majesty of the Divine Mind. Nor does it teach that holy *virtue*, *morality*, and refinement, which should receive the name of religion." This seems unpardonable. The fault with Mr. Davis seems to be, that in expanding too largely in the immensity of the "*Universe*," he overlooked the attention to some important details and particulars. Swedenborg is very minute in his details—has a fault this way. Davis is vastly broad in his generals—has a fault this way. The fault is, not in being too broad, but in overlooking the particulars in the general. And here we are presented with that palpable fact, that as all inspiration, influence, truth and goodness, from whatsoever source, *must* flow through human channels, the current will be perverted somewhat, and tintured, by the peculiarities of the individual mind. The above remark of Davis on the "*character*" of the Divine Mind, and "*and holy virtue and morality*" as set forth in some parts of the Bible, does not comport with his truthful recognition in other places, of the superior purity and virtue of Jesus Christ, and the many high and sublime teachings of the sacred writers—David, Isaiah, and the biogra-

phers of Jesus, in particular—concerning the character of the Divine Spirit. But why should we look for perfection in mortal man? Look at the Bible itself if you want to behold imperfection! And do not misunderstand me.

Such, then, is an imperfect comparison of the views of Swedenborg and Davis, in regard to the Bible. We have extended it beyond the length originally intended, because of the chief characteristic for which Swedenborg as a theological writer is known, and because of the sensitiveness and horror of Swedenborgians in contemplating Mr. Davis' treatment of the Bible. Messrs. Bush and Barret, of New-York, have manifested sensations of this kind, in a pamphlet entitled "Davis' Revelations Revealed; being a Critical Examination of the Character and Claims of that Work, in its relations to the teachings of Swedenborg." We have not intended it as a reply to that pamphlet, but they may find in these considerations somewhat to abate their zeal in the supposition of the "influx of evil spirits."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF EDWIN A. BRISBANE.*

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM.

It was entirely in conflict with all his feelings, that young Brisbane entered the naval service. Probably his father had adjudged him wrongly from the fact of his failure in uniting his earliest destiny with the brother-in-law, and had supposed that such instability as he had manifested would be effectually broken up in the circumscribed conditions and exacting discipline of our naval system. Be this as it may, it was never young B.'s intention to submit to it longer than such time as he would be able to make his escape. There is no doubt room enough in this world for the exercise of all the diverse qualities with which men are endowed. This diversity manifested in unity, makes life desirable; without it, tame and insipid would life become.

On the day of his death he gave me an account of his life up to the time of his fully testing the fashionable mode of obtaining religion, from his entry on board the North Carolina ship-of-war, which I will give almost entirely in his own words, though they are wanting in that graphic life-likeness which he manifested when he had strength to utter his thoughts as they flowed fresh from his mind.

Upon the ship he found, as expected, every thing disagreeable. Life there seemed to be to no good purpose; all that was done might better never have been done at all. Little indeed cares one what he does, or what becomes of him, under circumstances like these. There is nothing to inspire self-respect, or high aims in life. It is not proper here to make a formal or systematic inquiry into the nature and tendency of our whole naval system; an *expose*, however, of the whole affair, should be made to the entire people of the United States, that they may know what they are doing, through their agents. B. wished me to be severe with it, as truth could not well be transcended. Passing this as unsuitable for this place, the incidents of note, that occurred to the subject of our sketch, began with the loss of his blanket, and such other things as are allowed to recruits on school ships. These were stolen, and he in turn could do no less than steal from others. This kind of theft was so common, that soon he found it impossible to keep his clothes. Stealing, lying, and swearing, were the most common things occurring among the recruits, or crew, on board the ship.

On two occasions he was permitted to go ashore on furlough, and might in either case have made his escape; but the confidence reposed in him by the officers so permitting him, so acted

upon his mind, that he could not, in either case, find it in his heart to betray it. When any one received a flogging, (which was common,) all hands were called to witness it. He saw one man receive *one hundred* lashes, and then sent out of the service. His back was beaten till it was completely raw, and this for attempting to strike an officer; he was intoxicated at the time, but quiet and peaceable when sober. This circumstance affected young B. very much. There was a young man on board who was pious, (if piety could there exist,) and after hammocks would get his bible to read. Such a course not harmonising with the feelings of the young men around him, they determined to make him swear. To effect this purpose, several would get by his side, while one behind would strike his arm, and thus knock away his bible. He would pick it up again; they would again knock it out of his hands; finally his patience would become so exhausted that he would swear at them. He was called "Lazarus" in derision; and all these things so preyed upon his mind that he became foolish or idiotic. These things had a powerful effect upon young B.'s mind. Almost every night when a large number were on board, there would be a great deal of story telling, filled, as is usual, with licentiousness.

Young B. had been eighteen months in the navy before there occurred a satisfactory occasion of escape. This occurred July 5, 1841, when he was sent to market with the Captain's steward, from the brig Washington. He was left to take care of the boats, while the rest of the boat's crew went with the steward. He tied the boat to the dock, and went home to see his parents as he probably gave them to understand. After remaining a few days, he learned that the officers were in pursuit of him, and he left home very early on the very morning his person was advertised for, with but two shillings in his pocket. He crossed over the Jersey City ferry at six o'clock in the morning, and traveled not knowing where till sunset, when he called at the kitchen door of a public house and asked for drink. The people asked him where he was going: he replied, that he had been on board a merchant ship, but disliking the business, he had left New York in search of a place on a farm. They took him on trial, as he was willing to work merely for board and clothes. He got enough to eat, a good bed to sleep in, and *second hand* clothes to wear, which sufficed for all his wants and desires. This was in Woodbridge, N. J.

After a few months he learned that Lieut. M. was very intimate in the family, and from his subsequent treatment he supposed he must have told the family who he was. His bed was removed to an antechamber, where he suffered terribly; the bed was miserable and cold, with scarcely the least comfort about it, and as the open way was in the night time much infested with rats, he occasionally received their tooth-marks—impressions sufficient to serve as lasting souvenirs of them and their less kind landlord and hostess. In the most freezing and boisterous weather he was sent to Amboy to fish for oysters. His clothes would be wet and frozen, and his stockings so wet and frozen that not unfrequently he would be obliged to carry them the whole distance in his hands, and walk with his bare feet upon the frozen ground, leaving marks of blood upon the way.

He learned on leaving this place, which he did in March, that his suspicions about Lieut. M.'s informing them who he was, were well founded, and that it was a cause of his ill treatment, he having on his part done all he could to merit approval and good treatment.

His parents advised him to leave the place, which advice he gladly followed, when they learned how miserable his situation had been. Soon after his return to New York, he found a situation with one whom he considered a very estimable man, Mr. Griffiths, brass founder.

An arrangement was made with Mr. G. by which he (B) was to receive a sum per year sufficient to pay for his board and clothing. Whether, because of the reward, or from a consciousness of becoming useful in the world, we are unable to say, but

*Continued from p. 71.

now he began to feel some degree of self-respect and acted more like a man. The employer and employment both greatly pleased him at the time, though he finally became conscious that the affection of his lungs, which caused a dissolution of the mortal frame, was caused by pounding old copper, and inhaling, as he necessarily must have done, much of the verdigris in the dust arising therefrom.

Up to this time he continued the habit of swearing. A habit though this be, it is hostile to refined development, and the sooner any one can rid himself of it the better. His attention was called to it one day by another young man, in such a manner that he renounced it altogether, which was much to his credit.

In July of this year, (1842) his younger sister died. She was a very interesting little girl, and his attachment to her was uncommon, and she felt the same for him. Her death made a deep impression upon his mind. He wrote some verses, which were quite creditable as a literary performance, on her death, in which he expresses the wish to go with her to the new home, and prophecies an early union with her again, which has been quite soon realized. His soul did not become beclouded with doubts, being free for nature's utterances. He thought of seeking for some embodiment of the religious sentiments he felt rising within him, but had little idea of their existence in the various organizations professing to have them. He attended a meeting in Columbian Hall, Grand Street, one Sunday evening: a Mr. Withery was at the head of the meeting, which it seems was an effort to raise a new congregation of the Methodist order. The speaker took for a text the passage in Revelations, "*Behold I stand at the door and knock.*" The sermon was upon the death of friends, and it had great influence on B's mind taken in connection with the death of his sister. He felt that something must be done in his own case; he said it was the first time his mind had been drawn toward what they called religion; he attended meetings a few times, and went forward to the altar resolved to get religion. He found no change, though he had purposed to live a better life. As the society grew and built a church in Norfolk Street, he became a member, but could not be convinced of the doctrine of a supernatural conversion. He assigns as a reason of this, that he always wanted to know the cause of things. A case of conversion in an intimate acquaintance of his, was related to him to convince him of it,—in which a young man fell in a spasm on a ship in Boston, and was taken out, and prayed over till consciousness returned: but as the young man was frank enough to confess that he had no thought of religion when he fell down, nor during his spasm or trance, and that he did not know what it could mean when he saw the company around him shouting and praising God as he came to himself, though he afterward became one of them, B. could not discover that this was any part of the cause by which he was converted. He was unsettled about what they called sanctification or perfection, and made every effort to attain it, believing others honest who said they had it. He went several times to the altar for the purpose of attaining this sanctification, and was prayed for and counseled, and all tried to aid him. Still he did not feel that he had got hold of the thing, that is, as they professed to have it. One night he went up with another young man to make another effort: soon the young man fell back insensible, and he found his own strength becoming exhausted in the same way. He however, felt no exalted moral feelings, and concluded at the time that it could be nothing more than a mere animal excitement.

Here ends B's recital of his life, made on the day of his death. He was anxious to complete it, but said to me, it would be doubtful if he would be able to give more. The remainder of his life comprehends that period of the free and full unfolding of the mind till he come to a good measure of truth and spirituality. As this portion will too far extend the notice for a single number of the paper, the remaining portion will be deferred to another issue.

Z. A.

Choice Selections.

PAUPERISM:

THE MISSION OF CHRISTIANITY.

UNDER this head we find a sensible article in the N. Y. Sunday Dispatch, which we here copy entire. It will serve to show in what light the dead and unproductive formalism of the day which so unjustly appropriates to itself the name of Christianity, is beginning to be regarded by the unprejudiced lookers on. The editors of the "Dispatch" certainly deserve credit for their boldness in telling truths which so many are unwilling to hear. There are to our certain knowledge many other prints that would pursue the same course of denunciation against the monstrous inconsistencies of which the "Dispatch" complains, were they not restrained by the all-crushing potency of the hydra of Bigotry. In order that the press may be fully emancipated, this hydra must be slain; and this could easily be done if those portions of the press which are sensible of the evil, knew their power, and would proceed to a vigorous and united effort. The article follows:

W. F.

THERE would be no pauperism in the world, if men performed their duties to each other. Christianity, like every other religion that we know of, teaches the brotherhood of the human race. In a community of real Christians, there could be no such thing as poverty and misery. The true Christian loves his neighbor as himself. It is impossible for a true Christian to live in comfort and affluence, while his fellow-creatures are in want.

The only true worship that can be paid to God, is to respect his image in man; and when we permit men to be degraded by poverty, ignorance and vice, we blaspheme God, no matter what our pretensions to piety. The only service that men can render to God is to relieve, comfort, and make happy his creatures. This is the essence of all religion. All else is cant and hypocrisy.

Under pretence of religion, the people of this city have built some hundred churches, costing from ten thousand to several hundred thousand dollars, ostensibly for the worship of God, but really to enable clergymen to show off their eloquence, and ladies their cloaks and bonnets. All this capital, with its interest, is wasted to the real objects of religion. The money expended upon the pretence of religion, every year, in this city, would give us its glorious realities. The religion of Christ was to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, heal the sick, and comfort the afflicted. We follow his example by building sumptuous churches, paying high salaries to preachers, and making a show of fashionable piety; while all the real duties of religion, all acts of human brotherhood are forgotten. It was just such a pretentious, hypocritical, heartless religion as ours, that Jesus came into the world to overthrow and reform.

God would be far better worshipped, and religion more honored, if every family in this city had a comfortable dwelling, and there were not a single church; if full employment and good wages were found for all the people, and there were not a salaried minister. Our worship is mere lip service, and while we pretend to adore God we utterly neglect his commandments. Our pretended religion is a bar to all reform. So long as men are satisfied with the present show of hypocritical formality, they will neglect the real duties of their lives. So long as men are satisfied with driving to church in their carriages, and paying a large pew tax and subscription to some missionary society, they will never recognize human brotherhood, or love their neighbors as themselves.

Christianity teaches that all men are brethren, the children of one Heavenly Father, who ought to live together in a loving

enjoyment of the goods of Providence, bearing each other's burdens, helping and sustaining each other. This religion has been taught for nearly two thousand years, its preachers are scattered over the earth, and the people are taxed to support them—its spires point every where to heaven—yet men oppress their fellow-men, governments oppress nations, and we have all round us a mass of ignorance, poverty and crime.

Is this the fault of the religion, or of those who are perverting it? We make no accusations—we state facts of world-wide notoriety. We appeal to every man's intelligence and conscience, whether the religion of the day, in its purest forms, carries out the idea of human brotherhood as taught and practised by its founder. The idea of justice, common to all religions, so far from being practised upon, is scarcely recognized. There has been some great mistake. Jesus has been misunderstood, or his doctrines are woefully perverted. Christianity, as taught by its founder, was the purest of creeds and the most benevolent of systems; but Christianity as practiced, with some possible slight exceptions, is not up to the standard of either Moses or Mahomet. Under the Mosaic dispensation poverty was unknown; no man could be deprived of his right in the soil, and the laws secured the comfortable support of every citizen. The laws of Turkey, based upon the Koran, are a better security to social prosperity and justice than those of any Christian nation. There was never, in ancient Israel, nor in modern Islam, such a scene of poverty and misery as this Christian city of New-York exhibits, to say nothing of the more horrible spectacles that exist, under similar institutions, in the great capitals of Europe.

If, then, the religion of Christ be better than that of Moses or Mahomet, it is clear that we have not got the genuine article. Our Christianity, judged by its fruits, is a sham—a pretence—a mummery—a heaven-daring hypocrisy. It is not the religion taught and lived by Christ and his disciples.

These are hard sayings, but if the pulpit is silent the press must speak the truth. If a hireling clergy fawns on wealth, flatters pride, and grows obsequious to power, the people demand other champions of their rights; and it is to the press alone that they can look for them.

HUMAN PERFECTABILITY.

THE following remarks, taken from an article in an English Review, upon the phenomena of Ghost-seeing, second-sight, magnetic trances, &c. are worthy of deep consideration. We transfer them to our columns, not only on account of their independent importance, (which of itself is a sufficient reason), but because they serve to illustrate and enforce an important point in an article entitled "HOW TO BEGIN THE TRUE LIFE," which we gave in the third Number of our current Volume.

THERE is one conclusion, however, to which the wisely skeptical student of ghosts, spectres, prophetic dreams, presentiments, clear-seeing, and the like, may come without waiting a single day longer; and it is one of such urgent importance, in our opinion, as to demand immediate attention.

If morbid sensibility renders the connection between a human nervous system and nature, as well as betwixt one nervous system and another, so delicate, searching, and far-extending, what would be the results to the individual, and the race, if there prevailed throughout society a pure, wholesome and natural susceptibility to every kind of physical impressions? For surely no one will deny that man is very far from the realization of his ideal condition. He does not fulfil the law of his nature. He is nowhere perfect in his kind, in the manner and degree in which, for example, the wing-footed red-deer of the Scottish Highlands, or those whirlwinds of unmounted

cavalry that sweep the plains of South America, or the self-relying lion of Zahara is perfect, each in its kind. Even the daisy, or our still more favorite flower, the blue-eyed speedwell, is enabled to show forth all its capabilities, and it is complete; but man is neither what he should be nor what he shall become. To speak only of the lower ingredient of his constitution, it appears that his very nervous system does not habitually attain to anything like a free and full manifestation of the wondrous properties lying latent within its round. All men, considered merely as so many cerebro-spinal axes, are maimed and defective. They all want something that belongs to them. Like Harry Bertram, in the romance of Guy Mannering, they do not know the fields that are their own, their ancestral rights, nor yet the small voice of nature that stirs their hearts into remembrance. Nor is there any room for wonder! Think of the enormous amount of hereditary, chronic, and lurking disease in the world. Consider the vast consumption of tea, coffee, alcohol, tobacco, and opium; remembering that the taste for all of these drugs has actually to be acquired, even by otherwise unnatural creatures like the men and women of the present day, and the taste is therefore not congenial with paradisaic instincts of ideal man. Examine the very meats which the flaccid genius of dyspepsy has invented. Count the hundred spices and impurities by which the fine edge of ordinary sensibility is blunted and torn. Recollect the extent to which night is universally turned into day. Take particular notice of the excessive and exclusive cultivation of the mere muscle of body in one class of people, of the mere stomach and lungs in another, of the mere nerves of superficial and sentimental sensibility in a third, and of the mere miserable brain in a fourth one, and so forth. Think, in fine, of every thing in the daily life of Europe that is calculated, if not intended, to thrust man out of harmony with all the finer movements of nature on the one side, and of his own unfathomable soul on the other. Nor can anybody claim exemption from the rule. Be one ever so wholesome in physical living, ever so virtuous in moral, and ever so generally cultivated in mind, it will avail him only a little; but that excellent little is worth a world of self-denial. The disorder, the dulness, and the perversion of the native sensibilities of the frame are distributed through the whole race by marriage, as well as by example and consent. Civilized language contains at least one significant indication of the fact. When there appears among men a person of extraordinary sensibility to the more sacred influences of that temple of nature, in which they are changing money more than serving like priests, they call him a genius, leave him to shift as he can, and let posterity discover that he was the most genuine man of them all. Aye, so bad is the horrid imbroglio of custom, that no sooner does a soul come into the world in such an organization, than he is entangled in the habits of society, and, falling from a greater height, he frequently sinks lower than the lowest.

Everybody knows, of course, that a more penetrating and better tuned sensibility is only one of the co-efficients of genius; it is the immeasurably, and even the incalculably inferior of the two; but it is the only circumstance of creative power over which anybody has any control. Let it then be seen to. There is no saying what a few ages of simplicity and equable culture may effect. The eloquent analyst Isaac Taylor has shown how greatly the mere exaltation of the present qualities of the nervous system of man would add to the felicities of the intellectual and emotional life in Heaven. It is more to the purpose to assert it will do the same on earth. It will bring him closer to the heart of nature. It will extend, deepen, and enoble his whole being. It will gradually restore him to his abdicated sovereignty over creation. It is, therefore, the duty of all men to work, individually and together, towards this consummation among others—namely, the immediate attainment of as high a strain as possible of physical purity.

THE UNIVERCÆLUM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

EDITED BY AN ASSOCIATION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1848.

LABOR, CAPITAL, AND TALENT.

ONE of our associates and one of our correspondents, have given their views in our columns, in respect to the relations which should subsist between Labor, Capital, and Talent. We perceive that the same question has lately engaged the attention of our friends of the "Harbinger," who have offered some strictures upon what has been said upon it in our columns. It is not our purpose at present to follow these writers, or to show directly wherein we agree or disagree with them, but to unfold a few facts and principles, in the light of which we think every one may for himself arrive at correct conclusions upon this subject.

In order that we may obtain that clear and reliable light which will be applicable to every aspect of the question before us, it will be necessary to go back to those fundamental principles engaged in the unfolding of the human being, and in determining his outer relations, in which principles originates the essential idea of Property. At the very commencement of the process of human unfolding, minute living forces and consequent motions are generated, which in operating upon surrounding and suitable particles, assimilate them with themselves. As the assimilation progresses, *depositions* of the particles take place, corresponding in aggregate form to the precise area and prevailing currents traversed by the original motions. These forces and motions may be considered as constituting the *Soul* or rudimentary *Spirit* of the being to be unfolded. As they subdue and assimilate the particles of surrounding substance on which they act, those particles become their *property*. The particles thus organically arranged by the pre-existent and impelling forces, constitute the *body* or *outer form* to contain the indwelling forces or soul,—and serve as the basis for farther and increased action, by which other particles are assimilated. As the process of *growth* thus goes forward, the rudimentary soul consisting of these forces, has an increase of *property* in the increase of particles assimilated.

Finally, having completed this process of organization, the incipient human being is born into the world of sense, of instinct, and of thought, to commence another and corresponding degree of unfolding. Those interior forces which from the first were engaged in assimilating and accumulating particles to form the body, have now formed a nucleus of their more lively and subtle portions, in the *cerebrum*, which, always acting in a definite manner with reference to certain outer substances, develops the principle known as *INSTINCT*. This first exhibits itself in the act of *alimentation*, by which foreign substances are received into, and assimilated with, the system. The particles or substances thus incorporated with the body, become, again, the *property* of the indwelling soul or spirit, which now through the instinct of alimentation, subdues and appropriates them.

For the first two or three years, the human being (which is the *living spirit*) has no property aside from the organs of his own body, together with what is given him by Nature acting through the qualities and affections existing in his parents. Gradually, however, original Instinct in its progressive unfolding, begins to take the form of *Thought*. This, again, in its natural development, unfolds a knowledge of the *uses* of things in the outer world, and that these, by the exertion of the forces within, may be so modified, arranged and adapted, as to administer to exist-

ing or prospective wants. The interior principle or soul, which before manifested itself in no higher form than the instinct of Alimentation, by which substances in the outer world were combined with the actual texture of the *body*, has now so unfolded its self as to feel the necessity of laying up in store against the future, that which will keep the alimentive instinct supplied. It also acts through the bodily organs upon the more *gross* substances in the outer world in order to cover the body with comfortable clothing, to surround it with a habitation that will protect it from the elements, and to extend, arrange, beautify, and harmonize all its external relations.

We see that in all these acquisitions, whether in the form of combinations with the very texture of the body itself, or of substances immediately or remotely to surround the body and administer to its wants, the *principle* is the same, the apparent difference consisting only in the different *degrees* of its manifestation; for all the actions resulting in these acquisitions, originate in the interior forces of the soul, which progressively unfold themselves in the form of Motion, Alimentiveness, and what we may call *outer Acquisitiveness*. If a man, therefore, by ingenuity or industry, and without infringing upon any natural law creates any thing, that thing (or that which he may equitably exchange it for,) properly and exclusively belongs to him, as much as does any organ or particle of his own body. Indeed that thing is virtually a *part* of his own body, and is incorporated with his personal existence, being assimilated, eliminated or elaborated by that interior essence in which originate all human forces motion, instinct, intelligence, and consequently all physical action.

Now suppose a man by his peculiar force, industry, or skill, succeeds in assimilating with himself materials in the outer world amounting in value to ten thousand dollars. This he does without infringing upon the rights or interests of others, or upon any law of society. This we have seen he is entitled to as his own, and is, indeed, a part of his *exterior self*. A number of men desire to organize themselves into an industrial Association, but having little or nothing to invest in the concern, are positively *unable* to go on with it without assistance. This man therefore, being favorable to the enterprise, invests his ten thousand dollars in the Association, and thus the latter is established on a prosperous basis. The capital thus invested subserves a thousand useful purposes, and is absolutely indispensable. It therefore of its self virtually *works*, or operates in the accomplishment of an essential end. But we must not forget that the originator or creator of this capital, and of whose very exterior being we have seen it is virtually a part, is the one who works in the *primary* sense. The powers embodied in the capital as manifested in their various operations in the economical movements of the association, are in reality the prolonged vibrations and manifestations of the powers of the *man* whose skill and industry created the capital. So we see that it is the *man* that is acting—*laboring*—after all, though the action is indirect, and proceeding from a force accumulated by original and superabundant industry.

Now we will suppose that when the Associative compact was formed, money invested in any ordinary way brings an interest of six per cent per annum. We will suppose also that each able bodied man united with this association, is capable according to established rates of compensation in existing society, of earning six hundred dollars per year. His *muscle* should therefore be valued at ten thousand dollars, of which the six hundred dollars is the interest. His investment, then, would be equal to the investment of ten thousand dollars in money, and should receive an equal share in the profits of the concern, be the latter more or less than six per cent upon the investment.]

The man who thus invests his capital in money or other possessions, should have his *pro rata* dividends of the proceeds so long as he lives. But as when he dies his body returns to the earth and passes into other forms, so his *capital* which his *ulterior*

body or incarnation of the affections and forces of his spirit, should be considered common property, the same as a blessing of Nature, and should be appropriated by the still living portions of the associative organism of which he while living was a part, —and the latter should act as a parent guardian, and provider for his children, if he leaves any. For there is certainly no *natural* law by which these children who have never had any share in *creating* the property, can appropriate it exclusively to themselves. Rewards according to actual services rendered should be a principle universally recognized in all associative bodies; while the weak and disabled, if any such there be, should be provided for out of the common fund. Thus all would be provided for, whilst all would be thrown upon such mental and physical resources as they might possess, and every temptation to idleness and dissipation would be taken away.

The foregoing remarks suppose the Capitalist to have gained his possessions by honest skill or industry. No man ever has any natural right either to the principal or interest of any capital he may have acquired by fraud or oppression, or by injustice of any kind.

Those who possess extraordinary talent, and are thus capable of working upon and through the minds of others, we think, according to principles unfolded in the foregoing, should be rewarded according to the *actual good* which they accomplish, the same as if they labored directly with their hands. Such, however, will seldom if ever covet a reward in physical possessions beyond what is actually necessary to supply their wants for life. Their principal reward will be of a higher character, and this they will naturally receive without any impoverishment to others. In an association properly constituted and thoroughly established, personal physical gain will seem quite an inferior object of pursuit to every one, as the interest and happiness of every individual will consist mainly in the riches of the Commonwealth, and the refinements and common privileges arising therefrom.

W. F.

THE NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS.

Much discussion and inquiry have been elicited in regard to the question whether the heavenly bodies have been formed by a gradual condensation of nebulous matter, originally very widely and thinly diffused. It has been asserted that the hypothesis is entirely untenable, because, on application of powerful glasses to what have hitherto been considered as nebulae, they have been separated into distinct stars. And the conclusion has been, that if we had glasses sufficiently powerful, they might all be thus separated, and so the nebular hypothesis would be but a splendid vision.

It is not my purpose to go into a thorough consideration of this matter, and to show how, even granting all the results of present discoveries, the real principle of the nebular theory would not be invaded, but only to call attention to some evidence of a more tangible and visible character, even some experiments, which go to show that the nebular theory is admirably well sustained.

An account of the first experiment may be seen in that admirable work, never yet, I believe, replied to, the "*Sequel to the Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*;"—a work quite as valuable as the original volume.

I write from memory. Have a glass vessel prepared for the purpose, filled with alcohol and water. Into this introduce a drop of olive oil. Here you have the phenomenon of a body of matter relieved from the operation of gravity. The alcohol and water being of the same specific gravity, or density and weight, as the olive oil, it becomes a surrounding medium in which the drop of oil will not sink, or rise to the surface, but remains suspended in the center of the fluid. Now take a small, polished wire, like a very small knitting needle, and introduce it as an

axis *through* the drop of oil—the drop will cling to it—and then commence a rotary motion of the wire. Continue the motion, very evenly and with some rapidity, (the vessel must be prepared for the purpose,) and the drop of oil will soon begin to flatten at the poles and swell out at the equator: precisely as our earth is shaped—which proves it to have been originally a liquid mass, subject to the same motion. Still continue the motion of the axis, and in a short time this drop of oil will separate entirely from the wire, and form itself into an actual *ring* around the wire. Now if you abate or cease the motion, the ring will gather itself up again into a globular body to its axis; but if you still continue and gradually increase the motion, finally the ring breaks, and forms itself into several smaller bodies, each revolving around a common center. But note, when the ring broke, there having been, so to speak, a remainder of velocity imparted to each of the separate bodies, had there been *no other* force, they would have tended to *fly off at a tangent*, or in a right line from a curve; but by continuing the motion of the axis or wire, by this time a considerable rotary motion is imparted also to the surrounding medium—the alcohol and water. Here there are *two* forces; one in the globular bodies themselves, and one in the surrounding medium in which they move. That in the bodies themselves operates as a repelling power, to *drive them from* the center; that in the surrounding fluid operates as an attracting power, to *draw them to* the center. Here then we have the analogous phenomenon of several planetary bodies acted on by attractive and repelling forces, and thus revolving on their own axis and also around their common center.

And now, by still continuing the motion of the wire, it is observed that several or all of these bodies separate again, and throw off very small bodies which commence a revolution around their parent bodies, and thus present the additional phenomenon of so many primaries with their *satellites* revolving around them. And the whole presents a miniature universe. It is thus, not by any doubtful observation of distant nebulae, by imperfect glasses, but by actual mechanical experiment, that the nebular hypothesis is relieved from the character of a splendid vision, and invested with all the marks of truth and reality.

The Edinburgh Journal of Sciences has a very interesting paper by Dr. Hancock, detailing a more recent and simpler experiment. This consists of merely mixing a few drops of alcohol with a small phial of laurel oil. "To exhibit this singular phenomenon," says a late print, "which seems to bear some analogy with the motions of the planetary orbs, the drops of alcohol should be introduced at different intervals of time. A revolving or circular motion instantly commences in the oil, carrying the alcoholic globules through a series of mutual attractions and repulsions, which will last for many days. The round bodies, which seem to move with perfect freedom through the fluid, turn in a small eccentric curve at each extremity of their course, passing each other rapidly without touching. In the course of his experiments, Dr. Hancock observed particles of the fluid to separate in large globular portions; these commenced a similar revolution, and the smaller ones quitted their course and revolved about the larger, while the latter still pursued their gyrations after the manner of primary planets and their secondaries."

Thus do we see how continual discoveries in Science confirm the great fact of Nature's immutable and sufficient operations, and how all our notions of Deity must at last be brought to harmonize with the inspired couplet,—

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul."

—And it is this great truth which lies at the foundation of all harmony in theological, scientific, moral and social improvement

W. M. F.

Love, Will and Wisdom are the fundamental elements of human nature.

HOSTILE INTERESTS IN THE REPUBLIC.

THE present condition of our Republic is critical in the extreme. During the many years of prosperity we have enjoyed as a people, influences have been generated which are secretly undermining the foundations of national justice, integrity and virtue. It may be well for us to glance briefly at these tendencies, and consider how we may best oppose and counteract them. The interests which have been alluded to are four; The Military: the Speculative: the Official: the Licentious.

(1.) We now have in our country a distinct MILITARY class. Its profession is arms: its earnest desire is war: its interest consists in fostering the belligerent and aggressive sentiments of the people. This class looks down with contempt upon labor, trade, and all really useful avocations. It has its own code of morals, alike hostile to the precepts of religion and the public order. While the public executioner is a loathed and hated being, the public executioners are the admired of all admirers—the recipients of the highest honors.

Around this nucleus clusters a distinct party and a powerful influence. It is no hazardous assertion that an hundred thousand of our young men—the very life and energy of the nation—look longingly to a life of arms. The opulent and voluptuous lands of the south, teeming with beauty and with treasure, have inflamed the popular imagination. Our military men desire that our Christian Republic shall be heathenized, and conformed to the model of consular Rome. They would make the eagle on our banner what it was to the Roman cohorts, the symbol of foreign conquest, the guide to universal empire. They wish to push our boundaries over the whole hemisphere: to subdue all inferior races: and to interfere in the disputes of the European peoples. They wish to organize a distinct military interest, following arms as a profession; and to make of our land a warlike republic, with widely extended boundaries and remote provinces, requiring a great standing army for preservation and defense. Those public prints which profess to be the echoes of the popular desire, earnestly advocate these and kindred schemes, seeking to involve us in aggressive wars and make us eminently a military people.

(2.) Another great interest which affects our institutions is the SPECULATIVE. The enormous and complicated system of finance: the sudden and destructive fluctuations of currency and trade: the illimitable resources of the West, and the vast mechanical operations and facilities of the East, have created a class of men more immediately injurious to the nation than the military class. Deserting the channels of legitimate business, they seek by gigantic financial operations to create sudden inflations and contractions of the circulating medium, and of all business facilities, and thus to make the mechanical and agricultural interests subservient to foreign or half fictitious capital. These men are gigantic in their schemes, and daring in their operations. They monopolize all banking privileges—all avenues of business and travel. They bribe or intimidate our legislators. They have been for years, and are now, endeavoring to obtain control of our government, and through it to obtain for associated capital unjust and exclusive privileges: to charter and empower gigantic monopolies: to transfer the public domain from the actual settler to the grasping speculator: to monopolize all avenues of communication, and all mechanical discoveries, and thus to create a monied aristocracy, and degrade the free laborer of the North to the vassalage of the Southern slave.

(3.) A third most demoralizing interest is the OFFICIAL. Our national, state and civil governments have at their disposal an hundred thousand offices, and the yearly disbursement of three hundred million dollars. A large body of men, drawn mainly from the legal profession, look on our institutions from a mere official stand-point: they crave office for the amount of gain and influence it will place at their disposal. To command these offi-

ces, to control these disbursements, to control this influence, they hesitate at no wrong. They have little regard for principles—for institutions for the public good. While in office they resort to all unjust means of gain. Recent developments show that one branch of public officers have been in the habit of taking nearly an hundred thousand dollars yearly for mileage, in violation of law. Other disclosures yet to come will reveal the manner in which enormous fortunes are accumulated by collusion between public functionaries and contractors. Out of office these men resort to every means of attaining power. If a good man is nominated to office he is made the target of all foul abuse, and if elected he is thwarted in every effort for reform, and meets even among legislators, with the most bitter denunciation. The official interest begins even to make the highest dignities of the state a matter of bargain and stipulation, and assumes to sell the presidency as the prætorian guards of old Rome sold the purple and the diadem.

(4.) Another pernicious interest is the LICENTIOUS. In our own city we have at least twenty thousand men who derive their income from avocations forbidden alike by civil law and christian morals. This vast licentious class branches out into the rum-selling, the gambling, the counterfeiting and slave-trading interests, and in all of its wide spreading ramifications it makes up one colossal system. This interest desires the election of lawgivers who will either fail to enact just laws, or who will wink in their violation. It rallies and elects to office men who should be in the penitentiary. We see its influence in our own municipal elections. Let a magistrate resolutely set his face against crime: let him prosecute every violator of the public ordinances, whether high or low: let him show no favor to the keepers of aristocratic gambling houses, and fashionable wine saloons, and he generally fails of re-election. This interest is arrayed against him at the polls, and it there says virtually to every public officer, favor us or we will destroy you.

Now the same feeling that leads us to drive the libertine from our hearth or the incendiary from our dwelling place; the same feeling that urges us to stay the red hand of the murderer, and to bind up the wounds of his victim: the same feeling that urges us to trample out the flames that are kindling at the base of some magnificent temple, or to sustain some glorious statue that is tottering on its pedestal, or to strengthen some great embankment that is yielding before the force of the incoming sea: the same feeling should urge us as citizens to labor for the preservation of our country's institutions, and the enforcement of our public laws.

While the Soldier seeks to involve the land in war, our duty is to cast our vote for peace and good will. While the Speculator seeks to legislate for his class, our duty is to seek to legislate for the common good. While the Official seeks to make the public office and public treasury a means of private emolument, our duty is to see that good men bear rule and justice regulates our disbursements. While the Profligate seeks to elevate men who will legalize vice and wink at crime, our duty is to seek the ascendancy of those tried and true spirits who will guard the public morals with a wise and zealous care.

Let it not be said that this sounds well in the abstract, but is impracticable in operation: let it not be said that we can not change and control the whole current of our national destinies: let it not be said that the principle of good, potent every where from the lone heart to the infinite universe, is ineffectual in the state. The fact that the better a man is the better and stronger is his influence: the fact that the more honest and virtuous a man is, the greater is his hold upon public confidence and his capabilities for good: the fact that if institutions are left in the hands of evil men they first degenerate into tyrannies and then crumble into ruin: the fact that if bad men occupy public stations they spread, through their greater opportunities, licentiousness and wrong: the fact that even good laws may be made the pretexes of evil: the fact that our institutions are not per-

manent, but depend upon the public desire: all these show the necessity, all these urge the duty, upon every good man, of identifying his interest with the state, of extending a watch-care over her institutions, of exercising the sentiment of patriotism as well as those of a broad philanthropy and a private and domestic virtue.

But it may be asked, "How shall I, a private citizen, unfamiliar with partisan warfare and political intrigue, benefit the state? How shall I aid in promoting the true honor, glory and prosperity of the land?" The answer to this is obvious. Do so by breaking the chains of the party, and spurning the dictation of the would be leaders of public opinion. Do so by throwing your thought, your act, your influence in favor of every measure which has for its object the equalizing of the public burdens, the extension of education, the elevation of the oppressed and down-trodden classes. Do so by aiding every true man who has proved himself a sincere well wisher of the public virtue. Do so by opposing the elevation of any man, however brilliant in talent, who is engaged in demoralizing avocations or leads a vicious life. Do so by familiarizing your mind with the great principles of social law, and by activity in all efforts which have for their objects the harmonizing of adverse interests, and the reconciliation of opposing elements. Do so by seeking to create institutions for the prevention of crime and the reformation of the criminal. Do so by judging of every proposed law or policy by the standard of justice and the right. Were the virtue, and the honesty, and the integrity of our land as sedulous of national elevation as it is of private morality our high places would be filled with the virtuous and the just, and our institutions be based on the eternal adamant of righteousness.

It may be said that our institutions are permanent, and that there is no fear of their destruction even if we abandon to their own course the great interests of the state. But I ask for evidence, and I can not find it. Our nation is, at the present time, the only one on earth that has a stable and prosperous government. The nations of Germany are convulsed with civil discord. France is trembling in the agonies of political dissolution and reconstruction. Turkey is crumbling to pieces like a ship in a tempest. The republics of South America are bleeding at every pore. England is tottering over the abyss of national bankruptcy. We alone rest secure. And why secure? Because our institutions, imperfect as they are, do not absolutely oppress and degrade the masses of the people. Let the MILITARY interest make us a warlike people, and we shall be rent by the adverse ambitions of the military chieftains. Our great confederacy will divide into warring despotisms. Let the SPECULATIVE interest obtain the ascendancy, and first the many will be enslaved by the few, and then the defrauded, and starved, and trampled masses will rise in their terrible indignation, and scatter our institutions to the winds. Let the OFFICIAL interest predominate, and government will be palsied by intrigue, and demoralized by corruption—till it perishes of a universal decay. Let the LICENTIOUS interest triumph, and vice will throne itself on the grave of virtue, and our institutions will but pander to iniquity and wink at crime. And thus, which soever of these interests be in the ascendant, our Republic will be endangered, and the star that rose so gloriously will set in a sea of blood. Only by the progressive advancement of our institutions to meet the emergencies of the new times—only by the election of just men, who shall be guardians of the public faith, can we escape the convulsions that now shake the earth from its center to its base. And these objects can only be accomplished by the resolute observance of every duty, the cheerful fulfilment of every responsibility that devolves upon the true and upright man.

I know that a crowd of other duties press ever upon us. I am not insensible to the claims of the family at home and the world abroad. I know, too, that we are seeking a spiritual development—the expansion of the angelic and immortal nature—and communion with the higher life. Life is crowded with duties and

with toils. We are like men on a battle field, with a foe on either hand, and an effort for every moment, and a distinct object in every endeavor. And I know, too, that we are apt to overlook the duty of citizenship, to forget our obligations to the state. Let me, then, impress these duties on you. Let me urge you to a wise and religious patriotism that shall not vent itself in enthusiasm and bravado, but that shall induce you to toil for the conforming of our institutions to the fairest ideal of the Beneficent and the Right.

Here, in this fair land which is consecrated by the blood of freedom's martyrs, let us build the Institutions of Virtue and win the victories of Peace. Let us make these great sea ports that open on the highways of ocean, the golden gates of man's second and better Paradise. Let us displace the warlike eagle from our banner and crown it with the dove, the symbolic comforter bearing the olive branch across the troubled deep. And let us make our land the Messiah of the Nations. Removing the world's disease by its healing virtue, and heralded by the Angels of Reform and Reconciliation, shouting "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men" T. L. H.

SLAVERY EXTINCTION.

SLAVERY, according to present indications, is likely to "die out" in this country, as it has in others after the period of a full trial. The old Romans found it to be, according to the graphic Michelet "the canker of the empire." Schmitz says "Besides the free population of Rome and Italy, there now were large numbers of slaves, who were employed in those labors which had formerly been performed by free men: the consequence of this was the idleness of the citizens, their neglect of agriculture, and their indulgence in vice and debauchery; while a large class of men were deprived of the means of gaining their subsistence. In England, Carrel speaks of it in its decline as follows: "The serfs were not destined to obtain their liberty until the seigniorial authority felt, in its turn, the necessity of granting it to them. The eighty-three years that elapsed between the reign of Richard II, and that of Henry VII, witnessed the commencement of gradual emancipation. . . . The nobles, continually involved in war expenditure, were obliged by their necessities to acknowledge that rents, in kind so vexatious to the villains, were unprofitable to themselves; that lands and flocks prospered better in the hands of farmers who were sure of just returns for their industry, than in those of serfs, idle because they had no interest in the matter. By degrees they came to prefer hired to compulsory services."

Slavery will soon be abolished in this country, the last in the world that ought to allow its existence at all. But it will be only because of the unprofitableness of it. When the Slave States see, as they are beginning to see, how it is sinking them into ruin, while the others less favored every way, are rising and prospering, then will end the entire system. The right or wrong of existing institutions, weighs but little to a man who is filling his pockets thereby. As a general rule the right is preferred if as convenient, and advantageous. So strong is the "love of money!" It is of course safest and best to do right and to do so from principle, but those who are not prepared to act from such motive had better take "honesty the best policy" for a guide till they become habituated to virtue. As things are going, slavery will soon receive its substitute—its doom.

Z. B.

A life of duty is the only cheerful one—for all joy springs from the affections; and it is the great law of nature, that without good deeds, all good affection dies, and the heart becomes utterly desolate. The external world then loses all its beauty; poetry fades away from the earth: for what is poetry, but the reflection of all pure and sweet, all high and holy thoughts?

Poetry.

CHANT OF THE HARMONIANS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

"I will sing unto the Lord a new song."—DAVID.

CHRIST in Heaven has covenanted
With his Father for the DAY,
Which, (the Dawn now being granted,)
Soon shall chase the Night away.

See the Earth regenerated—
Springing from her sleep supine—
Every spot now consecrated
By the deeds of LOVE DIVINE.

See the Angel-Churches whitening
All the Earth from sea to sea,
While the souls of men are brightening,
Thinking of the joys to be.

Earth shall know no more of sorrow—
All our tears are now wiped dry—
What we are to-day, to-morrow,
We shall be until we die.

Here we live as live the Angels
In that ultramundane sphere—
Singing Heaven's DIVINE EVANGELS,
As if Heaven itself were here.

By one undivided union
Each one from the other draws
Strength to hold divine communion—
Bound to Earth by Nature's laws.

As the Stars in their swift courses
Cycle round the Sun above,
We, by our attractive forces,
Circle round the ORB OF LOVE.

Preachers of the TRUE RELIGION—
Symbols of the LIFE DIVINE—
Like the Stars, our name is LEGION—
Like the Stars, we sing and shine.

We have cleansed the Augcan stables
Of the world with holy hands;
We have turned the barren tables
Upside down, of all the lands.

Was not our DIVINE IDEAL
Glorified on earth through pain?
Incarnated in the REAL?—
He who sees it not, is—*Cain!*

Christ was PRINCE of all the princes—
Great HIGH PRIEST of every priest—
Which to every MAN evinces
All are Peers who follow CHRIST.

Round our HOLY MASTER cluster,
Like the Stars around the Sun—
Basking in the Heavenly Luster
Of the AT-ONE-MENT, all as one.

Sorrow-sacred, suppliant Woman
Bows before the SACRED SHRINE—
Ideal of the ANGEL-HUMAN—
Image of the FORM DIVINE.

Rapt with vision of God's glory,
From her Heaven-revealing eyes,
Dewed with over-soul so sorry,
Beams the LIGHT OF PARADISE.

Tyrants now no longer linger
At the threshold of your door,
Pointing out, with scornful finger,
All the miseries of the Poor.

Each warm wave of fellow-feeling
Rippling on the peaceful brow,
From the crimson chambers stealing
Of the heart, is sealed now.

Hear the loud harmonious voices
Of the stars in myriad choir;
While the answering Sun rejoices
On his thunder-harp of fire!

Heavenly body-guard of glory,
In th' Empyrial Empire high,
Thundering down the joyful story
Of their UNION through the sky.

Glory-circled, like th' IMMORTALS,
Choiring through the realms above,
To the Angels at the Portals,
Anthems of Redeeming Love.

THU the glorified TRUTH-TEACHER
Taught on earth with latest breath—
Sealing what no other Preacher
Ever preached, with bitter death!

For Humanity we labor,
Worship, working while we pray—
Gazing from the top of Tabor
For the HIGH NOON of our DAY.

REFORMERS.

BY JAMES R. LOWELL.

If ye have not the one great lesson learned,
Which grows in leaves, tides in the mighty sea,
And in the stars eternally hath burned,
That only full obedience is free;—
If ye in pride your true birthright hath spurned,
Or, for a mess of pottage, beggarly
Have sold it, how, in Truth's name, have ye earned
The holy right to fight for Liberty?
Be free, and then our God will give a sword
Wherefor Orion's belt were not too bright;
There shall be power in your lightest word
To make weak Falsehood, pierced with arrowy light,
Writhe, dying of her own most foul disease,
Within her churches and her palaces!

ENVY.—When a statue had been erected to Theogenes, a celebrated victor in one of the public games of Greece, by his fellow citizens of Thasos, we are told that it excited so strongly the envious hatred of one of his rivals, that he went to it every night, and endeavored to throw it down by repeated blows, till at last, unfortunately successful, he was able to move it from its pedestal, and was crushed to death beneath it on its fall. This, if we consider the self-consuming misery of envy, is truly what happens to every envious man. He may perhaps throw down his rival's glory, but he is crushed in his whole soul beneath the glory which he overturns.

Miscellaneous Department.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I doubt it."

"And so do hundreds who profess to believe it."

"All for the best? It cannot be! Is war all for the best?—war—cruel, bloody war?"

"I believe so."

"Horrible doctrine! Murder, rapine, cruelty, and all manner of wrong for the best! If I were to blow out your brains in a moment of passion, would that be all for the best?"

"Were a good not destined to arise from such an act of evil, you would not be permitted to do it, and, therefore, it would be for the best."

"Insanity!"

"I believe the existing state of society at any time—no matter how much wrong it may involve, to be the best state, because the one that expresses the internal quality of the men making up that society, considered in the mass; and therefore the one best calculated to re-act upon, correct and reform its evils. Don't understand me as arguing for a palliating which is in itself an evil; or as making the slightest apology for evil whatever."

"How else am I to understand you?"

"As arguing for the wisdom of Providence, that permits evils in an evil world, for the sake of good; who preserves evil men in freedom, and turns their evil works to good account."

"Do you bring against God the charge of doing evil that good may come?"

"No. God is not the author of evil."

"But you make him so. If he permits it, is he not its author?"

"I leave you to answer that question to your own satisfaction. I have no doubts on the subject myself. But I will ask you if evil does not exist?"

"Most assuredly, as we can all, with sorrow testify."

"Does it exist without the permission of God?"

"I incline to the belief that it does?"

"Is not God omnipotent?"

"He is."

"He cannot be if he have not power to prevent war, or the breaking out, into violence, of any evil passion of the human heart."

"I don't know."

"Think. Take slavery, for instance, which those who plead for it and those who go for its immediate suppression, alike acknowledge to be an evil. God could have prevented men from bringing to the shores of this New World the degraded African."

"How?"

"He could have smitten with death or impotency every man who put forth his hand to touch the feeble negro with the cruel intent of enslaving him, and left him a monument and a warning to all whose lust of gain might tempt them to engage in the inhuman traffic. He controls the elements—the winds and the waves obey his voice. He could have so ordered it, that the sails of the slave-ship would hang drooping in motionless air. Do you not believe this?"

"Yes."

"And yet He did not do it. You can therefore come to but one of two conclusions: either that God willed slavery to take place, or permitted it for a good end. If He permitted it, and it is plain that He did, it was that some great good might arise; and, therefore, I hold that even slavery, as great an evil as it is, is all for the best, and time will show it—in fact is showing it even now to all who will open their eyes and see."

"But, if I understand your views aright, you would make God's omnipotence extend even to the restraining of man's free will. Now, I hold, that God can compel no man to do good or evil without destroying him."

"And so do I."

"If we agree in this, how can we stand so opposed to each other?"

"It is because you do not comprehend me. Let me make myself more fully understood. All who look at the history of the world can see that there was a certain point in the declension of mankind from good, at which a pause took place; and that since that time, there had been a gradual, but steady return—that the great movement was upwards. But the strongholds of evil had to be broken up at every step, and evil was made to fight against evil, in the overthrow of hellish dominion every where established in the world. None but an All-wise, Omniscient, and All-merciful Providence, could, in this wonderful process of world regeneration, have restrained the evil within certain bounds, and preserved the good from destruction. That He has done so, is evident to all eyes. Look how the world has progressed and is still progressing, spite of evils that threaten to destroy every vestige of good. And He has done so, and at the same time preserved the will of both bad and good. While the good were too weak to oppose the evil, one great evil was made to array itself against another, to the destruction of one or the weakening of both. Thus wars have resulted in good to mankind. And I believe a war has never been permitted to take place, no matter how unjust, nor which party has conquered, that has not been, in the end, a blessing, rather than a curse. Man proposes, but God disposes. This, my friend, is the history of the world's elevation, and the history of every man's elevation is but a type thereof. It is just as true that all occurrences that affect an individual, are best for him, as that all things that take place in the world are best for the world's progress towards a more perfect state."

"There is something specious in what you say, but I can not believe it."

"Time will make it all clear to you."

"I very much doubt."

"Though I do not."

"Many things have happened to me that I can not believe to be all for the best. I know it seems like doubting Providence; but I can not help it. I have been hardly dealt by."

The conversation here given, took place between two men, one a little over thirty years of age, and the other fifty. The elder of the two had, as might be supposed, the soundest views of life. He had lived longest, and through suffering, as well as observation, had grown wiser than most men become even through these means.

The younger man was named Wharton. He was in business, and had a family. At the age of twenty, he became enamored of a beautiful and sweet-tempered young lady, his cousin, to whom he was shortly afterwards married. This union promised great happiness, but, in the end, proved to be a source of the most exquisite pain. Not through the action of adverse tempers, not from any estrangement or diminution of love, but from deep afflictions, fruit of their marriage.

The wife of Wharton was a pure-minded, loving woman, and the attachment that existed between them was of the strongest character. But alas! in their children they were doomed to be sorely stricken. The first that came like a brighter gleam of sunlight across their sunny way, was a dear little girl, who blessed their hearts only for a year, and then left them to blossom in another world. Dark was the shadow thrown by this event across their hearts, and how bitter were the murmurings that fell from the father's lips, while in silence the mother bowed meekly her head in religious submission, and grieved for the one who was lost!

"It was cruel to rob us of our child!" fell unrestrained from the lips of the agonized father. But the mother answered:

"O say not so! It is a deep affliction, but in mercy sent."

They spake as they thought and felt. The one was a murmurer; the other subdued and patient.

Soon after this afflictive event, another child was born, and sorrow for the dead babe changed into an intense love for the new pledge of affection. It was an idol, and they worshiped it. Months passed, and the babe seemed strangely backward. There was a leaden aspect about its eyes that troubled the parents; and a want of tension in the muscles of its body that gave them feelings of uneasiness. At eight months old, it could not hold up its head, nor bear its own weight, and took but little notice of anything that passed. Other children of the same age were so far advanced, as to make this one appear almost like a new-born babe. The child was eighteen months old before it could stand alone, and then it was not able to articulate a single word. By this time the hearts of the parents were filled with alarm. Suddenly had flashed upon them the fear of idiocy in their offspring. Dreadful thought! It haunted them day and night. With what intense interest did they observe their child! how minutely were every expression of its face, and every change in its dull eyes, noted! and, often, imagination found gleams of intelligence where none existed!

Sadly, alas! too sadly, were all their worst fears realized. The child proved to be a hopeless imbecile. At four years old, it could express by words only a few physical wants, and all efforts to open a window in its mind, and let in lights, but proved a vain task.

There is, perhaps, no affliction more severe than one like this. The discovery of his child's idiocy drove Wharton almost beside himself; yet did it not in the least abate, but added, rather, intensity to the interest with which his boy was regarded. It was a moving sight to see him, with a patience foreign to his natural temperament, devote hours each day in efforts to impart a knowledge of the most simple things; to teach him words and their signification; and when his labor was rewarded by never-so-small a gleam of intelligence, to observe how his eyes would brighten with hope. How often would he call the child's mother to witness some trifling evidence of dawning intellect—some little act that presupposed a thought! And yet, cheat himself as he would, the stern truth of imbecility was before him. And now came another cause for anxiety; another babe was soon to appear. Two dear ones had already been given; but one was not, and the other was as good as lost to them. They would not, tenderly as their boy was loved, have been deeply grieved to see him sink peacefully into the arms of death. How many a tear did the mother shed, ere her babe saw the light; how many a sigh heaved the father's bosom, ere it was said of him, for the third time in his life: "A child is born unto thee!"

At last the stranger came, and in joy for its arrival the parents had forgot the fears that had troubled them. It was a beautiful child; and as the days and months of its innocent life went by, its eyes brightened, and its face beamed with intelligence. But, at its seventh month, a dreadful discovery was made—the ears of the babe were sealed! To them, the tremulous air brought no sound. Not even the voice of love could find entrance within their portals.

For days the mother wept; and for even a longer time the father shut himself up from the world.

"It is better so, than if he were like Edward," at length the mother said. "Let us be thankful that it is no worse."

The thought had not crossed the mind of Mr. Wharton; when suggested, his instant reply was:

"Yes, yes! a thousand times better! There is intellect there—a bright intellect, I am sure—though one of the ways to it be obstructed. O, Agnes! why are we so afflicted in our children? But we will be thankful that it is no worse!"

"Do we love them too deeply? Do we make idols of them?" said the mother. "But no, no; children can not be loved too well, if the love be guided by wisdom."

The little one gained strength every day. He was a forward child, and beautiful to look upon. But he could not hear. Only by signs could he express his wants, and it was long before this mode of communication could be established. From his second to his fourth year his mind expanded with wonderful rapidity. Then there was a pause. He became dull, and lost his interest in what had before given him delight; became solitary in his habits, and exceedingly passionate; almost vicious, when crossed.

Too well were the fears this change excited in the parents realized. In the short space of twelve months, all rational lights faded from the mind of the deaf mute; and with this change came the failure of health and gradual decay of the body. A year more, and he was with the dead.

To Mrs. Wharton, the shocks occasioned by the deeply afflictive events we have detailed, proved too severe. Her health sunk under them; and at the age of thirty, Wharton buried her, and Edward, the idiot boy, was soon placed by her side.

For three or four years, Wharton was a gloomy hearted man. That portion of his life which should have been the brightest had proved the darkest; and when his thoughts rested thereon, he felt an inward shudder. It was during this period of sorrow and pain that he so earnestly rejected the idea that all was for the best. He did not refer, particularly, to his own position; he could not have done that. But, if his heart would have let him do so, he would have pointed to his idiot children, and asked triumphantly if that were for the best? The case was a strong one, and his question would have been to the point. But it would have been fully answered; though not then, perhaps, to his satisfaction.

Five years from the time of his wife's death, Wharton married again, and, by this marriage, had three children—two sons and a daughter. As the mind of each innocent being opened to the light, the anxiety with which the father noted every sign of development may well be conceived. None knew the terrible fear that oppressed him—none knew the agonized intensity of his feelings. But there was no cause for apprehension. The bright young beings who had derived their lives through him, had sound minds in sound bodies, and grew up into manhood and womanhood intelligent members of society. Both of the sons rose in early life to positions of great usefulness; and when the father's years were beginning to bear him down with their heavy weight, paths were opened for their feet to walk in, which, if trod with diligence, would make them benefactors to the whole human race.

The conversation held many years before on the overruling power of a wise and good Providence, now, sometimes, occurred to the mind of Wharton. There were things proposed in it that came back upon him with the force of conviction, although some events in his own life seemed dark, and unreconcilable with the idea of all being for the best. The individual with whom this and subsequent conversations on the same subject has occurred, still lived. He was well advanced in years, and had attained the true second childhood to which appertains the innocence of wisdom—not mental imbecility, into which too many sink. They again met in this autumn of their lives. What passed between them then will illustrate all that has gone before. Let no reader be startled at one position which the old man assumed, but rather lay it up in his mind, and ponder it well.

"By this time," he said, referring to what had passed between them many years before, "you have seen enough in your own life to satisfy you that all is for the best. Few men attain your age without broad glimpses of this truth, if not a full conviction of it."

"I have had some broad glimpses, as you call them, I must own, but still I am far from being fully convinced," replied

Wharton. "At times, in taking particular views of things, it seems to me that your position is correct; but other views create serious doubts. If there be an all-wise and good overruling Providence, every thing ought to be for the best. But I own that I cannot see that it is."

"What hinders you from seeing it? What event in your own life, viewed calmly, at this age, looms up darkly before your mental vision, and shuts out the light?"

Wharton was silent for some time, and then replied:

"I believe I can now speak of circumstances that occurred over thirty years ago, without painful emotions. I could not allude to them when we had the conversation to which you have referred, although they were in my heart. What I had suffered was too recent. I married at an early age, a lovely young woman, my cousin, to whom I was deeply attached. She was of sound mind, and had a healthy body; and I was equally blessed. In fact, my father's family has always been distinguished for intelligence and physical health, and she was the daughter of my father's brother. Yet, strange to say, my first child died in a year, my second was an idiot born, and my third a deaf mute, who became imbecile in his fifth year, and died twelve months afterwards. All this proved too much for my wife, who sunk under it; and my idiot boy followed her to the grave, soon after I laid her body in its last resting place. Now sir, this is what staggers me most. I have never yet been able to see how all was for the best that all my children should be born idiotic or incurably diseased. Read me the riddle if you can, and I will doubt no longer."

There was a long pause, and then came this question:

"Did it ever occur to you, that there was a reason grounded in the very nature of things, as they now exist in the world, for the Divine law that prohibits the marriage of blood relatives?"

"There is, doubtless, such a reason."

"Have you thought what it is?"

"The question never arose in my mind."

"Reflect calmly upon what I say, and see if I do not give you the true reason. You are aware of the immutability of this natural law—"Like produces like?"

"Perfectly well."

"And this appertains to the highest of created things as well as to the lowest?"

"Of course."

"It is for this reason that the child resembles its parents both in body and mind, and inherits from them evil or good inclinations, according as the one or the other predominates."

"I believe it."

"In all families, you see certain general characters, and certain tendencies of the mind. In some, one class of affections rules, and in others another class. Evil affections, which every individual inherits, are antagonist to good affections, and are ever seeking to overcome them. There is, therefore, always great danger of man's freedom to choose between good and evil being destroyed; and this would inevitably take place, were he not held in this freedom by the merciful interposition of Providence. All Divine laws that relate to man, look to the preservation of his freedom, for if that be once destroyed, he rushes to swift destruction. The preservation of his freedom to choose between good and evil, must, therefore, be involved in the laws of consanguinity, and be lost if these laws are violated. Now why is it, that the intermarriage of blood relations would destroy the human race? That is the grave, important question I wish you to look at."

"Can you answer it?"

"I think I can. Perhaps you are better able to see now, than you were many years ago, how wars and other dreadful evils that exist in the world, are the very means by which worse evils are met and overcome. The whole human race, sinful as

we see it, is kept in a sort of freedom by the confliction of evil powers and principles, and thus enabled to rise out of degraded states, that otherwise would have been fastened upon portions of the world forever. These conflicts of evil with evil are not permitted to take place until such conflict either weakens both, or destroys one; and in the latter case, the dominant evil only rules for a certain time. Good, in fact, is impressing evil into its own service, and the great result is seen in time. It is a long, severe, and painful conflict; but it is, really, between good and evil, and the sword of evil is ever, really, turned upon itself, though there are times when it seems different. Now think of a like conflict going on in the mind of man between good and evil; and remember, that if he be not kept in perfect freedom, he must inevitably fall. If his hereditary tendencies to evil be so strong that he can not restrain them, he inevitably falls in their conflict, for he is not in freedom. The father transmits his ruling affections to his child, and the mother does the same; if these affections be alike, they must have a double force in the child, and inevitably destroy his freedom; if they be different, they will balance each other, and aid in holding the child's mind in equilibrium. Can you see this?"

"I think I can."

"Take this example. Suppose the father has, naturally, a selfish love of ruling over others, and the mother has a like affection of the mind; is it not clear that the descendant of such parents would inherit the lust of ruling in an inordinate degree—so much so, indeed, as to make it almost impossible for him ever to overcome it, or even feel a desire to do so? But suppose the mother, instead of having a desire to rule, were rather inclined to passive submission to the will of others: do you not see that the child's character would be a better one, neither inclining to rule over, nor be ruled by others—but occupying the middle position of independence?"

"Clearly."

"As I have said, and as you doubtless know, in all families there are certain leading traits of character that spring from a predominant affection of the mind. Intermarriage would reproduce this affection with added intensity, and thus destroy man's freedom; and this is why it is forbidden. But the marriage in opposite families softens, subdues and counteracts the ruling affections of each in their offspring. Do you now fully comprehend my meaning?"

"I believe I do."

"Very well. Now for its application to your own case. Can you bear it?"

"I can."

"Your wife was the child of your father's brother, and, therefore, you both inherited the same general features of mind—had a ruling affection. I remember that you looked alike, and, also, that the resemblance was remarked by others."

"Well?"

"The body is formed by the mind, and unfolds it to the minutest particles. The fact that your faces were alike, proves how much you must have been alike in your mind."

"Well?"

"Your children, therefore, inheriting no counteracting forces by which equilibrium is preserved, were imbecile, and died. It was wisely so ordered. I will not ask you to admit this conclusion at once. But take it with you—ponder it well—and I have no fear of the result. In this matter, at least, you will heartily acknowledge, that all has been for the best."

What the conclusion of Wharton was, after thinking soberly of this matter, we will not say. In what was adduced for his consideration, there is much for reflection, and we leave it with those who may feel inclined to give it more than a passing thought.

Every man is a volume, if you know how to read him.

POETIC SUGGESTIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCÆLUM,
BY CHARLES WORTH.

I HAVE recently read again Shelley's *Revolt of Islam*. How it inspires me to be up and acting! It rouses me to shout exultation, and to press toward a realization of my highest ideal of Truth, Love, Harmony, more than any other poem I ever read. I find in it the utterance of my dreams, hopes, inspirations, and determinations, and the prophecy of my own mission to my kind. It ushers me across the threshold of the prophetic realm, where divine visions descend into my Soul, and make me more and more aspire to the *All Excellence*.

What vivid pictures he draws! Were I a sculptor, I would like to make a statue of Cythna, at the moment of her parting from her Laon to voluntarily go into a polluted world, to be a victim of Pride, Power, and Lust, in order to redeem *Woman* from her husband. A statue fully representing that scene, and the whole thought it suggests, would be as much greater than Powers' Greek Slave, as devoted, courageous Philanthropy is above weak, resigned submission. It would fire us with daring moral enterprise; while the other only excites our commiseration, and makes us artistically mourn that Beauty and Loveliness are not recognized among men. The Greek Slave would never make us *act*; it saddens, refines, purifies us, and elevates us to dreams in the ideal world: but such a statue of Cythna would rouse the soul to its grandest mission; would make one pant to be heroically acting among men, to influence them to cast off Ignorance, Fear, Supineness, and all that can denoble the human Soul, so grand in its dignity, so god-like in its functions and nature, as the high mettled courser paweth the ground in impatience of delay ere the hour arrives for him to start on his career. O Shelley! O Shelley!

When I finished reading the poem I paused, and my interior eyes were opened to a vision of the career of man. I saw it stretch away, away, away, into the limitless azure, a long infinity of progress, like a hollow cone of multi-colored light, the apex of which was in a bank of darkness not far behind me. As my eyes extended forward, the shapes and acts grew dim, mysterious, and vague; but all the more strangely beautiful and glorious. The indistinctness was endowed with hues which our pale sun never casts upon this opaque planet; and in that far light, so transcendently divine, which seemed the atmosphere from which celestial music is evolved, the *Present*, whose shapes are ugly, whose motions are ungraceful and violent, was made endurable, and even lovely. My spiritual senses were intoxicated with delight. O that I could reveal the effect of that vague vision to men, in music; but I can not; and perhaps 'tis well; for I can without delay start and pursue my destiny there, forever, and help my brother man to do so too.

I often have these visions; which are to myself more than descriptions of the visions of clairvoyants I have read. And I would not exchange them for theirs; for I am in no abnormal state: though men of mere common sense, and mathematical demonstration, would laugh at me. Mine are less distinct than some of theirs; but to me not less vivid and elevating.

READING.—Coleridge tells us of four kinds of readers. The first, like the hour-glass, their reading, like the sand, running in, and then out, leaving not a vestige behind. The second, like the sponge, which imbibes every thing, only to return it in the same state, or perhaps dirtier. The third, like the jelly-bag, allows the pure to pass away, and keeping only the refuse and dregs. The fourth, like the slave in the mines of Golconda, casting aside all that is worthless, and retaining only the diamonds and gems. See to it, that you are of the latter class, gathering riches from all your reading.

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