

THE UNIVERCŒLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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

VOL. III.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1849.

NO. 7.

The Principles of Nature.

SWEDENBORG AND DAVIS.*

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM,

BY W. M. FERNALD.

HAVING said thus much of the phenomenal and scriptural comparison of these two authors, it would be interesting to compare notes in passages adduced from their works. Of course, as we do not intend in this article, a contrast, but a comparison, it will not be expected that we should array their hostile doctrines one against the other. It is generally understood that the "Principles of Nature" do not recognize the Theological Trinity, Vicarious Atonement, Endless Punishment, and their kindred doctrines, while Swedenborg has much of the tincture of the old theology through all his writings. We can say this for Swedenborg, that he is always serious, profound, preserving a spirit of the highest reverence through all his works. Davis is generally the same. For ourselves, we have no objection to a good sarcasm, well sustained and impregnated with truth. There are those who think differently. We do not always view that perfect dignity in the "Principles of Nature," which is becoming a state so generally and highly exalted, but the exceptions are hardly worth the mention, if it were not for that perfect justice with which the work should be treated, especially in such a comparison.

Contrast of doctrines, then, is not our purpose to present. But there are a few passages which may be produced from the works of both, showing a similitude of conception on very important and interesting matters, and manifestly proving both authors to have been in similar spheres of divine and spiritual truth. For instance, speaking of the origin of creation, Swedenborg says—"The Lord created the Universe and all things in it, by means of a sun, which is the first proceeding of the Divine Love and the Divine Wisdom. There are two suns by which all things were created from the Lord, the sun of the spiritual world, and the sun of the natural world: all things were created from the Lord, by the sun of the spiritual world, but not by the sun of the natural world; for the latter is far below the former, and in a mean distance; the spiritual world is above it, and the natural world is beneath it; and the sun of the natural world was created to act as a medium or substitute."†

Davis says—"And I am desirous of enforcing that great, spiritual, and eternal truth, which it is necessary for man to know and appreciate before he can know himself and be happy; and that is, that all manifest substances, forms, compositions—indeed, that ALL THINGS VISIBLE, are expressions of an interior, productive cause, which is the spiritual essence: that the Mineral Kingdom is an expression of Motion, the Vegetable an expression of Life, the Animal an expression of Sensation, and that Man is an expression of Intelligence; that the planets in our own solar sys-

tem are a perfect expression of the sun from which they sprang; that the various combined bodies and planetary systems in the Universe, are a perfect expression of the Great Sun of the Univercœlum; that the Great Sun is a perfect expression of the SPIRITUAL SUN within it; and that Spiritual Sun is a perfect expression of the Divine Mind, Love, or essence. The Spiritual Sun is thus the Center and Cause of all material things. It is a diverging or radiating Sphere or Atmosphere, of the Great Eternal Cause. It is an *aroma*—a garment and a perfect radiation of the more interior Essence, the Divine Creative Soul.*

Take the following with regard to the soul or spirit of man.

Swedenborg says—"The spirit is organic, or an organized substance. The spirit of man is in the human form, and it alike enjoys sensories and senses when it is separated from the body as when it was in the body; the all of the life of the eye, and the all of the life of the ear, in a word, the all of a life of sense which man hath, is not of his body, but of his spirit in those sensories, and in their most singular parts; hence it is that spirits see, hear, and feel, alike as men do, but, after the separation from the body, not in the natural world, but in the spiritual. That the spirit of man, when released from the body, is a man, and in human form, hath been evidenced to me by the daily experience of several years, for I have seen, have heard, and have discoursed with spirits a thousand times, even on this subject, that men in the world do not believe it to be so, and that they who believe are reputed by the learned to be simple: the spirits were grieved at heart to think that such ignorance still continues in the world, and principally within the church; but they said that it originated chiefly with the learned, who have thought concerning the soul from a corporeal, sensual principle, from which they had conceived no other idea respecting it than as a thinking principle alone, which, when viewed without any subject in which, and from which, it exists, is a kind of volatile principle of pure ether, which must of necessity be dissipated on the death of the body."‡

Davis says—"Every human form possesses an organized, interior principle by which the exterior is determined and developed. It is now made manifest why man's external form corresponds to, and represents his interior being. For it is now perceived that there is a trinity in every thing, and that there is a perfect likeness between the external form of man, and the form and structure of the soul. The soul of man is thus proved to be a tangible reality; for it has been made distinctly clear, even to a sensuous observer, that forms are created and determined only by their essence. This all-important truth applies to man, and to the whole Universe. To behold the soul or spirit of man, then, observe his material mode of being. Meanwhile consider that the real man is the internal, this only animating the material form, in order that it may perfect its constitution and preserve its identity, and also establish an inseparable connection between the material and spiritual worlds."§

Take the following on influx from the spiritual world into the natural.

*Principles of Nature, pp. 639.

†Aroana Cœlestia, 4622—Heaven and Hell, 432, 442, 453, 459.

‡Principles of Nature, pp. 619, 638.

*Concluded from page 85, Vol. III.

†Divine Love and Wisdom, pp. 131, 153.

Swedenborg says—"The reason why heaven was shut up, involves a great arcanum; and also why at this day it is so closed, that man does not know that he is attended with spirits, much less by angels, but supposes himself to be altogether alone when he is separated from worldly company and in meditation with himself, when, nevertheless he is continually in consort with spirits, who observe and perceive what he thinks, intends and devises, as clearly and openly as if it were exposed to the view of the whole world. Man is altogether ignorant of this, although it is a certain truth. The angels, when they flow in with men flow in, as far as possible, into his goods, and by goods into truths; the truths, that is, which he had impressed upon himself, and of which he had become persuaded; that they may withhold him from falses and guard him from evils. When they flow into his goods, they flow into truths, for they are conjoined, and when they flow into truths, they flow also into goods. Evil spirits flow into the affections of evils and into falses; in a word, into one's cupidities and appetites, as also into the persuasions and principles of the false, and thus hold him captive."*

Davis says—"The spirits of the various planets in our solar system are in different stages of refinement. And those that are on the higher have the privilege of descending to the lower planets, and immersing their thoughts into the spirits of the inhabitants at will, though the latter in many cases know it not. In this manner do spirits descend to, and dwell on the earth, when they have a peculiar attraction to some relative or friend; and they are ever ready to introduce into his mind thoughts of higher things, and suggestions that are pure, though these may seem to the person to flow independently from the workings of his own spirit. Spirits from any sphere, may, by permission, descend to any earth in the Universe, and breathe sentiments into the minds of others which are pure and elevating. Hence it is that there are times when the mind appears to travel in the company of those it knows not, and has visions in its dreams that are actually true, and sometimes come to pass with remarkable accuracy. At other times, dreams are incited upon the thoughts of spirits, but are not defined, because they are not duly directed. There is, however, a species of dreaming which is uncaused by anything except an excitement of the nervous medium or consciousness of the body. Such dreams are only unquiet thoughts, and wild and fantastic formations of thoughts pre-impressed into visions and fancies.

"It is a truth that spirits commune with one another while one is in the body and the other in the higher spheres—and this, too, when the person in the body is unconscious of the influx, and hence cannot be convinced of the fact; and this truth will ere long present itself in the form of a living demonstration. And the world will hail with delight the ushering in of that era, when the interiors of men will be opened, and the spiritual communion be established, such as is now being enjoyed by the inhabitants of Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, because of their superior refinement. Concerning these things and their details, a knowledge can be had by perusing the relations made by Swedenborg during the period of his mental illumination."†

It should be remarked here, that Mr. Davis says nothing of, and does not believe in, the influx of evil spirits. He does not believe they are permitted to exert that power; or rather, that spirits are so harmonized in the future world, in their external conditions, which conduces so much to their satisfaction and improvement, that they have no desire, and no occasion, for such an indulgence of evil to the inhabitants of this earth. I confess, I am not fully prepared to adopt this opinion.

Swedenborg's view of the spiritual worlds, is, that there are three hells and three heavens. The hells, however, are not, in their condition, of an arbitrary character, but simply accord with the state of the individuals occupying them. They are filled with

objects answering by perfect correspondence to the affections of those who inhabit them. And their evil is their delight. Hence, as swine wallowing in the mire, their occupations and thoughts are not repulsive to them, as contrary to their natures, but it is their delight to revel in all manner of abomination. This is their state. Swedenborg's hells have been said to be the most agreeable of any taught in Christendom; certainly they are the most natural, but if we can conceive of an agreeable state of eternal filth and abomination, even though it may be our nature and love to wallow in such filth, surely it does not say much for our state, or our happiness. With Swedenborg, too, the wicked are fixed in everlasting wickedness—grow no better, and no worse; but to the good, he gives an eternal progression.

Davis makes seven states, or spheres of future existence, and all of them ascending. All his states are heavens. He does, indeed, divide all human spirits in those spheres, into three societies. The first society in the second sphere, contains all infant and uncultivated spirits; the second society, the more cultivated and principled in divine truths; the third society still higher. He recognizes infinite degrees of character and happiness, but the lowest is an improvement on the state occupied in this world, and there is eternal progression for all.

But perhaps we had better let Mr. Davis speak for himself here, on what he terms rather a discrepancy in the use of terms than in absolute ideas, between himself and Swedenborg.

Says he—"A mind was sufficiently illuminated to have an actual knowledge of the relation and affinity between the natural and spiritual spheres, and of the spheres to one another, and this was EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. He, however, employed terms to express the same things that I have endeavored to impress by terms of a different and more congenial character. He put forth the truth that there were different degrees of goodness, and that the lowest was so imperfect, when compared with the highest, that the one seemed evil, and the other good; the one perfect, and the other imperfect. Hence he describes the first three spheres as three hells, inhabited by lower spirits and angels; while the three higher spheres were the three heavens, in which the higher spirits and angels dwelt. He represented the first spheres as being under the disapprobation of the All-Wise Judge, yet as being loved with an unfailling affection while the higher spheres were near the Great Spiritual Sun, and their inhabitants dwelt under the smile of the Divine approval. And he also related the truth that the inhabitants of these spheres could not approach each other, because of the dissimilitude in their positions and degrees of refinement—any more than evil can approach goodness, or darkness can approach light.

"All this, I can affirm, is true, not in the absolute, but rather in the comparative sense. There is a seeming difference between the lower and the higher in all things; yet the highest, as has been proved, is an unfolded representative of what the lowest has in substance, undeveloped. It is, then, the use of terms, and their particular application, that presents the apparent discrepancy between his relations and these. And I can with assurance affirm, that the conceptions are the same in substance, and true—as is demonstrated by the order and harmony of all visible things; and that a unity of thought has arisen, by independent processes, from no other cause than the influxations of the truths of visible and invisible Nature. From this, as a common source, and from an illumination of the same, has the relation of each been derived; and the two accounts from this cause, mutually substantiate each other."*

Such is a general account of the spiritual spheres, as given by these two authors. There are a few particulars which may still be presented in comparison. First, of the analogy between the natural and spiritual worlds, and how one is connected with, or developed from, the other.

*Davis' Revelations Revealed, by (Bush and Barrett) page 11

†Principles of Nature, pp. 675, 676.

*Principles of Nature, pp. 674, 675.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

Swedenborg says—"The spiritual world, and the natural world, are alike, only that all and every thing of the spiritual world, is spiritual, and all and every thing of the natural world, natural. These two worlds being alike, therefore in both there are atmospheres, waters, and earths, which are the generals, by, and from which, all singular things exist with an infinite variety."*

Davis says—"I behold the *spiritual* sphere as containing all the beauties of the *natural* sphere combined and perfected. And in every natural sphere these beauties are represented, though in the first and rudimental degree: so that every earth is of itself an index and introduction to the beauty and grandeur that are existing in the second sphere. For from the natural, the spiritual is unfolded, or made manifest."†

In accordance with this perfect analogy between the natural and spiritual worlds, is the comparative description of the sensations which individuals experience on first entering the spiritual world.

Swedenborg says—"As to what in general respects the life of souls, or spirits lately deceased, it was made manifest to me by much experience, that a man when he comes into another life, does not know that he is in another life, imagining that he is still in the world, yea, in his own body; inasmuch, that when he is informed that he is a spirit, he is filled with wonder and astonishment, as well because he is altogether as a man, as to his senses, desires, and thoughts, as from this, that he did not believe, when he lived in the world, that he was a spirit, or (as is the case with some) that a spirit could be such. But when the astonishment ceases, then they wonder that the church should be in such total ignorance concerning the state of men after death: That they should deny the extension of the spirit, and dispute about substance, and parts without parts, which were never designed to have any place in the mind, because they obstruct the way to intelligence."‡

Davis says—"And what may appear strange, is, that often when a spirit leaves the human form, and is introduced into this sphere, it for a moment cannot realize the change, for it is imperceptible. Spirits retain the same bodily form in the spiritual sphere, and at first they feel as if they were only transferred to a country they knew not. It is, however, not long after the transition before their interior senses are opened; and then they behold and appreciate the change, and the beauties with which they are surrounded. And some spirits appear to wonder that they did not see it before, and that they did not believe it while in the body; for now it appears so tangible, and so perfectly agreeable with the universal teachings of natural law."§

One more comparison between these two psychologists, on the state of infants after death, and we bring our subject to a close.

Swedenborg says—"Infants who die are equally infants in the other life: they have a like infantile mind, a like innocence in ignorance, and a like tenderness in all things; they are only in the rudiments of the capacity of becoming angels; for infants are at angels, but they become angels. For every one who goes out of the world, is in a like state of his own life; an infant in the state of an infant, a child in the state of a child; a youth, a man, an old man, in the state of a youth, a man, and of an old man; but the state of each one is afterward changed. But the state of infants exceeds the state of all others in this, that they are in innocence, and that evil from actual life is not yet rooted in them; innocence also is such, that all things of heaven may be implanted in it, for innocence is the receptacle of the truth of faith, and of the good of love.

* Divine Love and Wisdom, p. 57.

† Principles of Nature, p. 653.

‡ Arcana Coelestia—Heaven and Hell.

§ Principles of Nature, p. 658.

Infants, as soon as they are raised up, which takes place soon after their decease, are taken into heaven, and delivered to angels who are of the female sex, who in the life of the body tenderly loved infants, and at the same time loved God: these, because in the world they loved all infants from a sort of maternal tenderness, receive them as their own, and the infants also, from an innate disposition, love them as their own mothers. There are as many infants with each one as she desires from a spiritual parental affection.

Infants are instructed principally by representatives adequate to their capacities, the beauty of which, and at the same time, the fulness of wisdom from within, exceed all belief; thus by degrees is insinuated into them intelligence, which derives its soul from good."*

Davis says—"I perceive that whenever an infant dies on any of the earths, the germ of the undeveloped body of its spirit, becomes deposited in this sphere, and is fully unfolded in intellect, and highly enlightened concerning all of its own existence and prior situation. The infant that has had life and dies in infancy, is, I perceive, in this sphere, fully developed and perfected. So it is with all uninformed spirits who escape the body on any earth: for each is here educated in the truths and beauties of the whole existence.

"I perceive that when infants are introduced from the human races into the first society, they are believed to be born among them: for appearances to them are the same as to families in the human race. After the infants are ushered in their midst, they behold and admire it; for it teaches tenderness, kindness, and immaculate purity. Infants, therefore, are cherished, nourished, guided, and admonished by them, according to the high degree of love and wisdom that exists among the various societies. The infant is beheld as constituted only of love, and as possessing inherent qualities that will unfold and lead to perfection. Their whole object is to produce a proper development of the germinal qualities contained in love; and this they do by processes of the most simple and gentle character.

"And also little children are recognized and loved here as they are on earth. Parents who love their children while in the form, continue to love them in this sphere; and their love is here strengthened by superior wisdom. If a child leave the form while very young, and the parents while aged, the child must of necessity be far advanced, both in its outward size and its inward developments. But when the parents are introduced into the same sphere, they know their child by a peculiar sense of rudimental love—by a relation of a constitutional character which they instantly perceive, and they rush (with wisdom) into each other's embrace."†

Thus we have endeavored, first by a phenomenal comparison, and next by a comparison of their different views of the Bible, and lastly, by a comparison of passages from their works, to show something of the truth and similarity there is in the exalted state and teachings of the illustrious Swedenborg, and the psychologist of our own day. Of course, I do not say that we could not draw contrasts. We could, most striking ones. But our purpose has been to show that however much they have differed in their teachings, they were in similar states of mind—similar spheres of thought, and have in fact delivered, on the most important subjects, very similar truths. Swedenborg has been exalted as a supernaturally inspired man—the founder of a New Church, and we confess, we wonder not at the claims which have been made for him, nor at the esteem and veneration in which he is held. We almost adore the man as having been divine above the rest of mortals.

Of Mr. Davis, we confess, we cannot properly speak as a man, He was not in his normal state—was not outwardly conscious

* Heaven and Hell.

† Principles of Nature, pp. 647, 657, 681.

when he dictated the matter of his Lectures, and we can only speak of the matter and burden of his theme, and of the evidently superior state in which his spirit must have been, to have been made the recipient of such thought, and the instrument of such a volume. That we have already done: we may again, in the nature of a review. Swedenborg's works, from the time of his first spiritual illumination, amount to some thirty volumes. Davis has at yet only given us one. That one, with all its imperfections, is a Unity, and is a rich and invaluable treasury of Wisdom. What Mr. Davis may hereafter attain to, we cannot say. But having accomplished our present labor, which was merely to present a comparison, for the better understanding of psychological phenomena—for the vindication of a genuine philosopher—for spiritual instruction and information—and for justice to all parties concerned, we now retire, praying that the spirits of all the great and good may continue to hover over us, and guide us into all good and truth.

A. J. DAVIS' INITIATORY VISION.

It is our general rule not to publish anonymous communications, however well written, if they have any personal bearing, or involve any ideas liable to exception from any quarter. But although the following communication came to us without a responsible signature, we know whence it came as well as we know from whom came an ingenious manuscript sermon now in our possession, concerning a "Great Prince." Even had the author succeeded in disguising his hand, (which he appears to have attempted in the commencement of his Mss.) the general sphere emanating from his communication, would still, we think, have irresistibly carried our mind to the old Bay State, and not a thousand miles from the banks of the Merrimack. We can not, however, exactly comprehend why our correspondent, especially in writing on so legitimate a subject of inquiry, should refuse to entrust us with his name, even though he may not desire to have the latter made public. As we know (in spirit) and esteem the author, we give his communication precisely as we receive it, appending to it such remarks as the nature of the case seems to demand. The numbers of the paragraphs of our remarks, refer to portions of the text to which we append the same numbers. It will be seen that we do not undertake to defend any thing, (let the subject stand or fall upon its own merits,) but so far as our remarks have an explanatory character, they are intended as a simple response to what appear to be the wishes of our correspondent, and perhaps some other querists. The communication seems to be the best embodiment that we have had, of objections which have, in two or three instances, come from other quarters, and this is an additional reason why we publish it. It is inserted, and our notes upon it are written, in the absence of Mr. Davis, and therefore without advising with him. It follows:—

I am a firm believer in Mesmerism or Magnetism, Clairvoyance, sympathetic, independent, and spiritual. I also believe in Davis' philosophy, having been one of the first to obtain and read his book, and having taken the Univercelum from the commencement. In fine, I have devoured every thing coming from the spiritual brotherhood, with the appetite of a wolf, but I must confess that I do occasionally swallow something that is impossible for me to digest. (1.)

Mr. Davis' philosophy of Matter, meets my entire approbation.—vapor, congealment, mineral, vegetable, intelligence, spiritual, &c. There is no such thing in my mind, as dodging the conclusions arrived at by Mr. Davis. I have swallowed every thing, with very few exceptions, from the first rise of vapor to the ultimatum—a seventh sphere spirit. In perusing Mr. D's wonderful theory, I have been gratified and instructed, beyond measure. In fact every thing in God's Universe, appears to have been wisely produced; and that too, through the media-

tion of certain fixed, unalterable laws, which could not have developed results other than what are apparent. In thus getting a peep into the operation of Nature's hidden laws, we see a wise reason for every thing, which makes man love all Nature, and have a more elevated view of his fellow-man, and a far more exalted idea of the Great Positive Mind, or God.

Again, I have noticed very attentively that not only Mr. Davis, but many writers in the Univercelum have endeavored to convince the understanding that *Miracles* in the usual acceptation of the term, are impossible—that no result can happen, except through the operation of fixed and unerring laws; that no suspension of them can take place under any circumstances. Now this seems to be the only rational and common sense view of things, when stripped of their *mysterious* garb.

For myself, I must say that I have occasionally noticed what appears to be a departure from this rational course. I am no critic, neither do I look for perfection in man here in this world; and thinking it possible that I might be wrong, I have conversed with many others on the same subject, and in every instance the same view is taken that presents itself to me. I alluded to a portion of Mr. Davis' "Initiatory Vision." The most part of it appears very truthful and prophetic, and appears to shadow forth very vividly things which have been, and are daily being verified. But when Mr. Davis, or any body else, relates things so *miraculous* or marvelous that we cannot give credit to them without tearing down the whole superstructure of his theory, it seems we have a right to ask an explanation, and to ask Mr. D., or Mr. Fishbough, who appears to be his expounder, (2.) to reconcile what appears to be impossible, in accordance with the rules of interpretation laid down. If Mr. D. had informed us that it was entirely a spiritual vision, and that his body did not move but a short distance, then all would appear, not only very rational but very beautiful, and highly figurative of what was to happen, especially that portion of it in relation to the *sheep*, visit of Galen, Swedenborg, &c., but I regret to say that, as the remarkable story now appears, a portion of it, to say the least, is an utter impossibility. I have read it attentively, over and again, to see if Mr. D. did not mean it all as a vision, so far as the traveling is concerned. But I cannot understand it. He really does say, that his body did travel eighty-six miles in sixteen hours, crossing the ferry twice, and spending much time in a sitting posture in the grave yard, as well as other places.

Mr. Davis says (Vision No. 4, p. 378.) 'I at length felt returning life streaming through my system, and was restored to a high degree of animation. I opened my eyes, and, wonderful to relate, I was seated upon a marble grave-stone about eighteen inches from the ground;' and then goes on to describe the situation of the grave-yard, scenery, &c., all the while in the ordinary or normal state, if I understand him. And while in this condition, he holds his converse with Swedenborg and Galen. If Mr. D. was in his normal state, then it was no vision, and if it was a vision, then he could not be in the normal state. If I am wrong, pray tell me what he meant by saying, that he had 'awoke to consciousness,' and immediately follows his converse with Swedenborg, &c.

There are several other statements in this vision that do violence to my senses, as a believer in the new philosophy, &c., which I will not notice in particular. But there are none which come up to the following, (Vision 4, p. 480.) Mr. D. says—'I remember being conscious only at intervals as I walked on the road leading to Poughkeepsie. It was surprising how I could pass, with the greatest ease, wagons loaded with agricultural productions, and carriages filled with ladies and gentlemen, each going in the same direction; and yet the persons in those wagons and carriages did not seem to observe the fact that I was passing near them! I distinctly remember passing fourteen wagons and carriages; the persons in them, I could see clearly,—even the motion of their eyes, and every bodily gesture. And what is still more remarkable, is, that I walked with the greatest ease

and quietness, past every wagon and other vehicle I chanced to overtake on the road; the horses were traveling at a little *more* than ordinary speed.

This has completely *upset* me—I can not understand it. If Mr. D., or any one else, will point to the law that will allow of his traveling bodily past 'fourteen vehicles,' while some of them went 'beyond the ordinary speed,' and even going so close to them, as to see 'the movement of their eyes,' and they not notice him, why, then, I will give it up, but till then, I must not be blamed if I say it borders too much upon the marvelous, not to appear like humbug. (3.) How in the name of Nature's laws, could a man pass wagons loaded with people in this way, and not be noticed? Did ever such a thing happen before? It is too ridiculous to believe for one moment, and in the opinion of many, spoils the whole story. In fact, I have known of some who have even been shaken in their confidence in the Book of Mr. D., just for the apparent inconsistency of this portion of the Vision. I wonder some of the talented writers of the *Univercœlum*—and there are many—who look over nearly all the matter for the paper, did not notice and suppress this portion of the vision. (4.) I call upon Mr. Davis, Mr. Fishbough, or some other of your able writers, to unravel the mystery; show how it was done, or admit that it was only a spiritual voyage, which would need no explanation. Until you can exhibit some law that will enable a man to travel past people in this way unseen, when such miraculous traveling, in such a way, is just the very thing that would attract people; or until you can tell how they can see, and not be seen while in the flesh, you will excuse me if I *demur* to the whole story. (5.)

Mr. Fishbough, (*Univercœlum*, p. 393.) has in a very lame manner, in my opinion, attempted partially to account for the rapid transition from one place to another, by the additional strength afforded through magnetism; but in this instance Mr. D. was not *physically* magnetized by any body, and of course could not have been aided in this way; and I am not aware of any *voluntary* or *involuntary* state being produced that gives 'four times' the additional usual physical strength, (6.) and even if it were so, that would not give him the power of invisibility, as was the case in passing the wagons.

Brothers Editors:—Allow me to account for all this in my own way, that is, until a more natural one is presented, viz., that the whole of this Vision was a reality; that the bodily traveling never took place—at all events not more than a few miles: that the whole was really a mental illumination, and that it was really a *spiritual* journey. In this view, it is all beautiful beyond conception; we can all perceive how he could travel faster than horses or any other beast, or even any man, flying along fast as thought. His mind or spirit went to the Catskill mountains, the grave yard, and was with the good spirits of Swedenborg, Galen, &c. Now what objection is there to this view of the subject? (7.) Is it not the most rational? Mr. Davis says he shall yet be told how this was. This may be an easy way of getting over such an inconsistency, but I am confident it will not satisfy the readers of your paper, to tell them that, concerning the operations of laws, which no man can believe, without violating all the principles which the rationalists have labored so hard, and with so much success to establish. (8.)

RATIONALIST.

NOTES.

(1.) That certainly is entirely contrary to the New Philosophy, which requires that no one should swallow *indigestible* substances, whether they are presented through the *Univercœlum*, through Davis' "Principles of Nature," or through any other medium.

(2.) No more the "expounder" of Mr. Davis, than of any one else of whose teachings we have any knowledge, and whom we think the world equally needs to understand. His teachings

rest upon his own responsibility, and not upon ours, at least excepting so far as we adopt them, and thus make them our own.

(3.) As our correspondent has assumed the position of an *incognitus*, and our remarks, therefore, can not touch him personally, he will excuse us for employing this favorable opportunity to administer a little *good natured* castigation to a *host* of others, over his shoulders. Then as to that euphonious and very philosophical and *spiritual* word "*humbug*:"—How admirably does it serve to relieve one of the toilsome drudgery of an ulterior thought! If a theory is started that is contrary to one's established modes of thinking, or that is in any way distasteful, it is only necessary to give emphatic utterance to that all-potent word "*humbug*," and a pall of darkness spreads forth its magic folds, impenetrably shrouding the subject from all farther scrutiny, until some straggling and obtrusive ray of common sense dispels the gloom? Not the least important feature in the conveniences of this magic word, is the fact that it may be used with equal facility by the drivelling urchin who has just emerged from his swaddling clothes, and by the man of gray hairs; by the idiot or parrot, and by the professed philosopher. And by whomsoever or *whatsoever* it is uttered, it is *intrinsically* equally significant—equally potent; and it may be used with the same force against truth as against error. The most sumptuous and dainty "feast of Reason" may be polluted as by the touch of harpies, by labeling it with those few letters of the English alphabet, or by breathing over it the intonations of the two syllables which they form. Oh my brother, if thou hast not downright force of *truth* and *intelligence* on thy side, to grapple successfully with what thou deemest error, do not, in Heaven's name, attempt to choke it down by the brute force of a corrupted English word.

There: we have preached our sermon upon the text "*humbug*." We do not design these remarks to apply exclusively, or even particularly, to our correspondent, but to show in general terms, the ridiculousness of a common *ad captandum* mode of treating subjects which are simply *novel* and *not understood*.

(4.) We do not think that our correspondent, upon second consideration, would deem it proper that we should suppress any portion of Mr. Davis' statements, however *apparently* inconsistent they may be, unless we suppress the *whole*. This would be injustice both to him, and to the public who want every possible means of judging fairly of his pretensions. We therefore, never have assumed, and never shall assume, the responsibility of making any erasures or alterations of his productions, except what the laws of good grammar require.

(5.) *Demur to the whole story?* How is it then, that in your last paragraph you clearly profess to *receive* the whole story, only with a different interpretation from what it appears to bear upon its face—considering the story as honestly told, yet not exactly understood in its unimportant features, by the narrator?

(6.) If our correspondent is not aware of any state of the human system which gives it four times (or about that) the strength ordinarily possessed, then he is not only unacquainted with many of the well known phenomena of magnetism, but of catalepsy, and even epilepsy. We could mention instances were it necessary. It is true that "Mr. Davis was not *physically* magnetized" at the time the occurrence referred to is said to have taken place; but that he may have been *spiritually* magnetized and his muscular system acted upon, and his whole frame rendered buoyant by the influence of unseen intelligences, and forces subject to their control, we think may very readily be conceived in view of lately discovered principles, and of well authenticated statements of cases somewhat analogous found among the records of almost all ages. Mr. Davis was evidently not in the normal, nor yet very deeply in the *abnormal*, state when the occurrence which he relates took place, and by his "*awaking*

to consciousness," he simply means approximating so nearly to the ordinary state as to preserve in his memory his impressions, and the appearance of surrounding scenes, at the time. Concerning Mr. D's "power of invisibility," if such he meant to intimate he possessed, we have nothing to say. We believe, however, that his story is told according to his *honest impressions*; but that he may not have *unconsciously* overstrained some unimportant points, we certainly can not take it upon ourselves to say. And if any of his statements are not found to harmonize with established laws, when those laws, especially in their *spiritual* stage of unfolding, are *duly understood*, of course such statements must be set down as untrue. We would moreover advise every one not to receive either Mr. Davis' statements, or the statements of any other author, ancient or modern, unless he can conceive of their possibility according to principles which are either *known*, or may rationally be *believed* to exist. Faith based upon any other foundation, is mere *superstition*.

(7.) Personally we have no objection to this view of the subject, but from the first have thought quite probable. This would certainly account for Mr. D's apparent *invisibility* to the persons whom he overtook upon the road. This view perhaps finds some additional support in what Mr. D. says as follows: "In like manner I entered Poughkeepsie village; but as I approached home, my speed was lessened, at which my mind became *exceedingly disconcerted*, my mental sensations being similar to those which I experience on waking from my superior condition." Considering that he says in the preceding paragraph, that he was at the time conscious "*only at intervals*," it may, we think, be reasonably conjectured that at the time his mind became "*exceedingly disconcerted*" on his approach to Poughkeepsie, his body, which may not have traveled far from the village, may have been "*awaking from his superior condition*" by a re-entrance of the spirit, and that he was not aware of the process, owing to his disconcerted and half unconscious state. Before the vision was published we proposed a solution of this kind to Mr. Davis, but he rebutted it by the fact that he was seen on the same morning at the village of Rhinebeck, (about sixteen miles from Poughkeepsie, we think,) by the "Proprietor of the Poughkeepsie Furnace," who *knew* him. Even this, however, may have been a mere *psychological* manifestation analogous to one, an account of which was copied in the third number of this paper, from the writings of Jung Stilling. Yet seeing that Mr. D. *sincerely believed* in his own *bodily* transportation, we did not insist upon any solution of our own, believing (as we yet do,) that the whole matter would be *rationally* explained in due time.

(8. And yet notwithstanding the "success" with which the Rationalists have labored to establish their favorite principles, it may be fairly presumed that there are *several* things in this great wide Universe pertaining to the more refined operations of *natural laws*, which they have not yet begun to conceive of. If the idea of sending intelligible thoughts a thousand miles in an instant of time upon a copper wire, and receiving responses in the same way, had been proposed to our correspondent fifteen years ago, he would doubtless have found as little difficulty in exploding it as a monstrous absurdity and superstition, by the application of the same rationalistic principles which he here brings into requisition. The magnetic telegraph, nevertheless, does now exist, and is acknowledged to be a thing within the range of *natural laws*. What may yet be proved to be within the range of those laws, we may not say. We believe, however, that not one millionth part of the forces of Universal Nature—or rather the specific modes of the *manifestation* of those forces—have yet been discovered by the intelligence which has been developed on this infinitesimal globe which we call the Earth. We believe that the sources of all real power, *however* manifested, are at the ultimate analysis, *invisible* and *spiritual*;—and that forces are available to spirits in the other world, by which, if *necessary*, they can act in almost any given way, on spirits, and

even on *gross matter*, in this world, we think may be believed without any violence to *true* rationalistic principles. We believe that we are on the eve of some important disclosures upon matters of this nature. There is no end to the wonders yet to be disclosed, any more than there is an end to the Universe or to the immortal existence of the human soul. Still in regard to matters of this *super terrestrial* (not *supernatural*) character, it is wise that we should exercise extreme caution, so as not to be carried away by mere *fancies*, and that we should subject every thing to the test of a most rigid and thorough scrutiny. w. r.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

"OUTLINES OF A NEW SYSTEM OF PHYSIOGNOMY, illustrated by numerous engravings, indicating the signs of the different faculties. By J. W. REDFIELD, M. D. New-York: published by J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall."

Such is the title of a neatly printed pamphlet of ninety-six octavo pages, which has been placed upon our table. Every thing calculated to facilitate the study of man, we regard as useful, especially at a period when the great problems of human conditions, interests, and destinies, justly occupy so large a share of public inquiry as they do at present. The discoveries of Gall, Spurzheim, and Combe, as extensively carried out and applied by the Fowlers in this country, have, we think, *thus far* done more toward liberalizing and fraternizing mankind, and bringing them to an obedience of the laws of their being, than any other discoveries in the philosophy of mind. Yet there is confessedly a degree of imperfection and uncertainty about Phrenology in its present state, and taken *alone*, which has greatly obstructed its progress, and tended to strengthen doubts in minds constitutionally skeptical, in regard to the validity of its benign lessons. The system of *Physiognomy* discovered and elaborated by Dr. Redfield, appears to consist of the ultimate anatomical manifestations of those interior elements of the soul which first embody themselves in the peculiar configurations of the brain. That the principle of *CORRESPONDENCE* on which Dr. Redfield's system is based, is a true one, we think there cannot be the shadow of a reasonable doubt. We see this principle manifested in all Nature, not only in the most stupendous but most minute objects which meet our gaze. The angles of a crystal, and the configurations of a plant or tree, even to the minutest portions of its foliage, are most certainly the exact outer expressions or embodiments of the internal and living forces which produced them. As the human body, on the same principle, grows only by virtue of its association with an internal and living force, which is the spirit or soul, its outer configurations, especially those of the countenance, may with equal certainty be taken as the expressions of the internal qualities of the soul; and when their language is understood, one may read human character from the face and general frame, as he would read a book. How far Dr. Redfield has discovered this true physiognomic language, we are not as yet entirely able to say, though we have witnessed some marvelous examples of the accuracy with which the doctor himself reads human character. That the *generals* of his system are true, we have not the least doubt, as the *principle* on which they are based, is founded in Nature; and that the details are also true in the main, we are equally well convinced. We see not, however, why Physiognomy and Phrenology, (the latter greatly improved as we can conceive it may be,) should not be blended together and considered as forming one grand system, as we think Nature indicates that they should be.

We commend Dr. Redfield's *very interesting* book to general perusal, not only because it presents a generally reliable index of human character, but because it will tend to promote and foster a habit of *general* correspondential reasoning, by which the great physiognomy of universal Nature will be more and more understood, and her sublime lessons will be more and more practised. The book may be procured at our office. w. r.

Original Communications.

STATEMENT

OF THE CONDITION OF THE WISCONSIN PHALANX AT THE ANNUAL SETTLEMENT FOR THE FISCAL YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 4TH, A. D. 1848.

THE Wisconsin Phalanx was organized as an Industrial Association in the Spring of A. D., 1844, and commenced practical operations in the unoccupied township since called Ceresco, on the 27th of May of the same year; making this the fifth annual settlement.

The moral and social condition of the Phalanx still continues to progress, though slow; still, faster than would be anticipated by any one acquainted with our limited means.

The social and even moral progress of the children is more apparent than with the adults, notwithstanding no special educational organization of a physical or mental nature has been made applicable to them, for want of means.

It is encouraging, however, to observe with what attractiveness man enters into true social relations, as fast and even faster than he can create the material conditions thereto.

RELIGIOUS MEETINGS are sustained by us every Sabbath, at which the largest liberty is extended to all in the search after truth.

In the Educational department we have done no more than sustain a common school; at the same time awaiting anxiously the time when our condition will justify more extended operations. In the absence of a Reading Room, and Library, one of our greatest facilities for knowledge and general information, is a great number and variety of Newspapers and Periodical publications, a general interchange of which among the members, gives them great advantages over the isolated family.

The number of resident members is 120; viz: sixty-three males, and fifty-seven females. The whole number of resident families is twenty-nine. We have resident with us, who are not members, one family and twelve single persons. Six families and three single persons have left during the year; a portion of the stock of whom we have purchased.

We have lost by death during the past year, seven persons, viz: one married lady, of consumption, one child two years of age, and five infants.

The health of the members of the Phalanx has been good, with the exception of a few cases of remittant and billious fevers.

The Phalanx has sustained a boarding house during the past year, at which most of the members have boarded, at a cost not exceeding seventy-five cents per week. The remaining families have boarded at their own apartments.

The number of hours labor performed during the year, reduced to the medium class, is 97,036. The whole amount of property at the appraisal is \$33,527 77. The nett profits of the year are \$8,077 02; which gives a dividend to start on of six and one fourth per centum, and to labor six and one fourth cents per hour.

The annexed schedule specifies the kinds and valuation of property on hand:

| | |
|---|-------------|
| Real Estate, 1793 acres of land, at \$3 per acre, . | \$ 5,379 00 |
| Live Stock, | 3,117 00 |
| Mechanical Tools, &c. | 1,866 34 |
| Farming Tools, | 1,250 75 |
| Mechanical Improvements, | 14,655 00 |
| Agricultural Improvements, | 2,298 90 |
| Agricultural Products, | 3,161 56 |
| Garden Products, | 1,006 13 |
| Miscellaneous Property, | 793 09 |

Total,

\$33,527 77

At our annual charter election, holden according to law on the eleventh of December, 1848, were duly elected the following officers, to wit: JACOB BECKWITH, *President*; W. STARR, *Vice President*; JAS. STUART, *Secretary*; A. DEVINE WRIGHT, *Treasurer*; G. H. BAKER, S. BATES, J. WOODRUFF, WM. DUNHAM, R. D. MASON, L. STILLWELL, R. SMITH, C. ADKINS, D. O. FRENCH, *Councilmen*.

STEPHEN BATES, *President*.

CERESCO, December 13, 1848.

CASE OF DIVORCE.

THE case of divorce now pending between the celebrated Fanny Kemble Butler and her husband, has excited much interest in every quarter. We wish to say nothing of the merits of this case, only to express one thought which it brings with new force to our mind. We would like to ask, by what right a woman is summoned "to leave all other business whatever," and appear before a court of men to answer to such charges as are here brought against Mrs. Butler. It is virtually, though not in form a criminal trial; for it is because she has wilfully and maliciously deserted her husband that he asks certain things which she esteems injurious to her. But is she tried by her peers? Certainly not. Whether man be the superior, or inferior, or the equal of woman, he is not her peer in position and circumstances, especially in the case of a marriage question. It is not alone a question between individuals—it is a question between sex and sex; and no man can be qualified to judge for a woman—for it is not possible that he can appreciate and know her position fully. Mrs. Butler's defense is, that her feelings and rights as a wife and mother, were grossly outraged. Is it just that men alone should be the judges of this defense? Man tells us that woman has not his intellectual power and his strength, but more sensibility, more fancy, more heart than man. If so, are not those things deep wrongs and severe hardships to woman, which would be easy to the stronger sex? Can a man wanting this greater sensibility, this quicker fancy, this nice consciousness said to characterize woman, fitly measure to what degree these may be safely wounded? Suppose for a moment, the case were one of a difference between two men, representing large and seemingly opposite interests, like the manufacturing and importing interests: what would a manufacturer say, if his case were to be tried only before those deeply interested in the business of importation? He may appear by counsel, it is true, but his lawyer must be pledged by all old associations, and old interests, to the importing class, and no manufacturer, except as a witness, can have any part in the proceedings.

We do not wish to find fault with the spirit manifested toward Mrs. Butler. Though a foreigner and a woman, the press has in general manifested a most kindly spirit toward her. The issue of the trial is not known. We hope it will be in accordance with justice; but we wish only to look through this instance to the abstract right, (and we confess it appears entirely inconsistent with all principles of justice, with all theories of representative government,) that a woman, especially in those cases particularly affecting her as a woman, and not as a holder of property, or simply as a moral agent, should be judged exclusively by men. We hope these few words may induce some abler thinker to test this practice by the stern demands of absolute justice and eternal right. We believe it will be condemned at once; but slow and toilsome will be the progress toward its reformation. Yes the right must prevail, and the true civilization will not bless the world until all the various elements of human life and character are fairly represented therein. x.

To carry religion, or rather the forms of it, into a cold, stiff morality on the Sabbath day, and cast the virtues of christianity off like a loose mantle, six days of the week, shows that religion is abused, rather than used.

THE UNIVERCÆLUM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

EDITED BY AN ASSOCIATION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1849.

A VIEW OF NATIONALITIES.

THESE United States were originally settled by individuals, the majority of whom came in the hope of finding here an asylum from the persecutions, civil, social, and religious, with which they were visited at their own homes. Gleams of the truth of man's individuality, and his right of freedom of thought, of inquiry, and action, had begun to illumine their minds; and the beauty and nobleness of this truth made them desire to incorporate it into their own being, that it might become the man of their counsel and the guide of their actions.

Existing institutions, among which they lived, forbade this deviation from the time honored regulations which had emanated from their reverend wisdom; forbade people to walk by any other light than that which flickered dimly from their almost wasted torches, through their cloudy murky atmosphere; to tread any other path than that which they and their ancestors had trod, notwithstanding the true footprints which they had left, were so faint and scattering as to be scarcely discernible; while all around were paths thickly marked with truths in all their perfect order and clearness.

To such arbitrary and unnatural restrictions, many noble minds would not submit; and of these, not a few emigrated to a "New World," in the hope of finding among its untrodden wilds, and untainted atmosphere, a place where a man might breathe without contamination; might think without sacrilege, and might act without becoming a martyr.

Nor were they disappointed. Their most ardent desires could not have coveted any thing more free and grand, than the place which received them, homeless exiles as they were. Their imaginations could not have pictured any thing more magnificently beautiful than they here realized. And this beautiful, noble, free land, was to become their dwelling place, the country of their adoption, in which to rear their home roof-tree, to lay their social hearth-stone; to erect the altar on which to lay the religious offerings of their truthful, loving souls; and it was the soil in which they were to plant the germs of enlarged thoughts and liberal principles, that they might become a mighty tree, under whose branches a great nation might rest and be refreshed.

Now have the anticipations which one might rationally indulge concerning a people, under circumstances so favorable, been realized? Do we find here the social relations, which guarantee to every child of the land enough to satisfy every reasonable want? Do we find a religion prevailing, whose followers breathe nought but good will and charity toward their fellow-beings, and whose actions are but the manifestations of such influences? Do we find the great "tree of freedom," with its branches waving in the cooling breeze, and its verdure reflecting the gorgeous sunlight, thus inviting all to come on equal terms, and enjoy its soothing shade and quiet? Do we find even the domestic circle so harmoniously arranged as to charm all its members, thus rendering them proof against all the allurements and temptations which vice scatters in her train?

Alas! the alms houses and charitable institutions, and gaudy temples, exclusively for their own sects; the arsenals, and fortifications, court houses, and legal tribunals; the prisons and penitentiaries, give a terrible negative to these questions. They tell in voices of thunder, that poverty and want, and religious proscription, and sectarian strife, and jealousy, and civil wranglings,

and foreign disputes and wars, and domestic injustice, and guilt, and crimes, exist!

Methinks I hear a wail from the spirit-land, lamenting that a nation so highly favored in its commencement, should have proved so unfaithful to its duty, so untrue to its own best interests. We regret that a child, endowed with a brilliant intellect, and surrounded in its earliest years by circumstances apparently favorable to the development of a great and wise man, should prove instead, a profligate, a criminal, a hardened villain; indeed we look upon such a result, from such a beginning, as a moral problem, not easily solved. But is not the case parallel, when a Nation proves thus recreant to its early promise and privilege? And is not an unfavorable result in the latter case, a cause for greater sorrow, than in the former; inasmuch as the national responsibility is greater than the individual?

Now that the condition of this country is as good as it should be, nay, as good as it might reasonably have been expected [to be under existing circumstances, none I suppose will have the hardihood to assert. Hence there must be a fault somewhere. If our ancestors proved recreant to their trust, if they deviated from the right, we do still worse; for by continuing in the line upon which they started, we get every moment farther and farther from where we should be. If we are not actually deeper in the wrong than they were, we are certainly more foolish.

They came from beyond the "big sea," to avoid customs and laws there existing, while some of their descendants of the present generation would fain bring those customs and laws here. People go to Europe, and upon their return appear so enchanted with European nations and fashions, that they can scarcely be recognized. If they would imitate European virtues, it might prove advantageous to themselves and the community around; but to imitate their follies or perhaps their vices, shows at least great weakness and a lack of true principle.

We are accused of having no individuality as a nation: how can we be expected to have, when so many are aping foreigners, instead of acting from a firmly established conviction of their own? It is lamentable, that a man endowed with a soul—with an emanation from the Almighty—will so far forget and degrade his divine birthright as to stoop to such folly, to call it by no harsher name.

But to return to our duty in reference to action. We all know well enough that wrong exists somewhere. It will not do to say that we act according to the best of our abilities, by the light which we already possess. Enough light is in the world to enable all to do right; therefore we do wrong if we close our eyes against it.

Contemplate for a moment, or rather during one session, perhaps prolonged several months, of what is termed the "assembled wisdom" of this nation—I mean the Congress of the United States. Think you they divest themselves of all selfishness and act according to the best of their abilities for the good of the nation? Do they perform their parts as faithfully, as one who knew, said Washington and Franklin did. He says: "I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point which was to decide the question. They laid their shoulders to the great point, knowing that the little ones would follow of themselves."

Suppose every member of Congress would adopt this maxim, and in addition, see that all "great points" were right ones; would not the actions of that body soon assume an altogether different phase from what they now wear, while their benefits to the nation would be incalculable?

Next, let each individual belonging to the learned professions, adopt the same rule, and what a change would result in those bodies! Then might all others, both in high and low standing, pattern after them with profit.

When such a course is adopted, this nation may be what it should be, but not before.

F. M. E.

THE SIGNS.

Perhaps there never was a period when the elements of human society were in such general commotion as they are at this present time. Old dynasties are crumbling into ruin. Kings are forsaking their tottering thrones, and fleeing before the irrepressible and enraged masses who demand freer and more congenial government. Time honored institutions all over Christendom, are rocking upon their foundations as by the upheavings of a mighty earthquake, and every thing betokens social and political change.

These phenomena, with different modifications in their outer aspects, may be observed both in Church and in State. Recent arrivals from Europe bring the intelligence of the imprisonment of a Pope of Rome by his own subjects and in his own territory, and of his flight from confinement under the guise of a servant! This is an event unparalled in the history of the past, and which could not have taken place at an earlier age. The temporal dominion of the Roman Pontiff may now be considered as at an end. His thunders, which in former times frequently made all Europe quail, have lost their power, and his spiritual authority will inevitably sink gradually into contempt. France has thrown off the monarchical incubus, and become republicanized, and is now taking the first lessons of experience which, as it is to be hoped, will ultimately prepare her for self-government. That embodiment of conservatism and darkness-loving tyranny, the Austrian government, has been racked by intestine commotions, and its imbecile sovereign has abdicated in favor of a more congenial prince and popular form of government. In Germany and Prussia, the people are demanding their rights at the hands of their rulers, and will not submit to evasion. The starving millions of Ireland are sending up their wailings of despair, which will be heard in high heaven, and answered to the discomfiture of their oppressors. In short all Europe is as one mighty cauldron in violent ebullition, and the scum and foam of old corruptions is rising to the top and being removed.

On this side of the waters, the movements, although not so violent, are none the less ominous and important. Every where are to be seen two and diametrically opposite tendencies,—to the establishment and consolidation of a dominant and oppressive wealth on the one hand, and to the diffusion and equalization of blessings and privileges among the toiling masses, on the other. Corresponding to these are two spiritual tendencies, the one to the consolidation of a stolid, bigoted sectarianism, and the other to the most free and expansive general thought and inquiry. These tendencies, (manifest more or less all over the civilized world) are becoming more and more definitely developed, and are destined inevitably to a final and paroxysmal conflict, which will be the war of Gog and Magog against the saints, spoken of by St. John as preceding the establishment of the New Heaven and the New Earth.

It would indeed require no great power of discernment to predict, from present indications, how the final struggle will terminate. The adversaries of human rights and those who would restrict human inquiries to the boundaries of antiquated creeds, are growing imbecile and diminishing in number, whilst thousands, with strong arms and vigorous minds, are flocking to the standard of complete mental freedom and social rights. Periodicals advocating the reform of old abuses, are being multiplied, and are patronized by eager and delighted readers, in all portions of the land. Even a majority of the members of one branch of the American Congress, have at length dared to espouse the cause of that portion of their oppressed brethren whose skins do not happen to be so fair as their own,—which they have done in asking for a bill to abolish the slave trade in the District of Columbia! What a mighty change in the popular sentiment within the last few years!

Not the least important of the signs in the social world, is the growing disposition on the part of the laboring masses, to form ASSOCIATIVE BODIES for mutual protection. The prominent examples are to be seen in our "Odd Fellowship" societies, and in our "Trade's Unions," and "Protective Unions." The tendencies of all such Associations, properly constituted, are to general fraternity and the elevation of the masses, physically, morally, and intellectually, and they therefore should, and will, receive the encouragement of all enlightened philanthropists.

All these tendencies to a freer, more liberal, more equal state of things in society, are certainly increasing, whilst their antagonisms are growing weaker day by day. The former are sanctified and immortalized by their inherent truth and goodness, while the latter are decaying and crumbling under the corrupting influence of intrinsic error. As the final result may, therefore, be predicted with *mathematical certainty*, it behooves every one to conform to the just and natural current of events, and by his intelligence and wise efforts, to direct and assist the general developments to which all things tend.

One of the signs of the times as collateral with those already mentioned, and which cannot receive too great prominence in our thoughts, consists in the vast numbers of psychological developments that are occurring all over the civilized world, indicating a close conjunction, at this time, of the spiritual with the natural sphere, by which the most important disclosures have been given as tending to aid and direct the movements and developments of society. Though people in general do not yet perceive it, and few even believe it, we are thoroughly convinced that these continually unfolding influences will hereafter operate as the life-spring and all potent law determining and regulating all developments in the social world, and that through this instrumentality the harmonious, unitary, and peaceful kingdom or government of the higher worlds, will be established among men on earth.

w. r.

LITERARY NOTICES.

HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE.—The January number of this valuable monthly periodical, has come to hand. It is usually filled with a vast amount of useful information. The present Number, is particularly rich, and contains among other things, articles with the following titles: "The history and principles of American Commerce;" "Memoirs of Samuel Slater, the father of American Manufactures,"—(of whom there is given a steel-cut likeness;) "The law of debtor and creditor in Tennessee;" "Commercial cities of Europe;" "Commercial cities and towns of the United States;" "The gold region of California;" "Protection of ships from lightning;" "Preservation of vessels from fire;" "Commercial Chronicle and review;" "Literary Notices, &c." The present Number commences the twentieth volume, and it is a good time to subscribe. Terms \$5, per annum, in advance. Address Freeman Hunt, 142 Fulton Street, New-York.

"THE AMERICAN METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE."—We have just received the first Number of this new Monthly, and are much pleased with the neatness of its execution, and the literary ability displayed in its pages. It numbers in its list of contributors many of the most popular writers of the day, among which we discover the names of L. Maria Child, L. H. Sigourney, N. P. Willis, W. C. Bryant, Orville Dewey, and a score of other writers equally eminent. We copy in our Miscellaneous Department this week, an instructive story from the "Metropolitan," entitled "THE JURYMEN," written by Mrs. Child. We perceive that this Magazine proposes to blend reality with fiction, in giving a series of interesting papers upon the Life of Washington, from the pen of that popular biographer, J. T. Headley. Price of subscription \$3, per annum, in advance. Address the publisher, Israel Post, 259 Broadway, New York.

INDIVIDUAL PHILANTHROPY.

In the city of Boston there is an individual unknown to vulgar fame, who makes it his business to go about doing good. His name, which of course he will care but little about having known by the world's people, is JOHN AUGUSTUS. We abridge the following account of his labors from a statement in the New-York Sunday Dispatch.

About seven years ago he commenced bailing out drunkards from the police court, and two years afterward he extended his charities to thieves and vagrants. For these so far as possible, he procured employment. Most of them have since sustained the character of sober and respectable citizens, and have worked industriously in the situations which he has procured for them. From six to seven hundred people have thus been saved.

The Dispatch says, "Of all the population of Boston, with her boasted philanthropy, there was but one John Augustus!" This is true, but there is in that city a JOHN M. SPEAR, whose unostentatious works of love have, we doubt not, accomplished quite as much for the unfortunate, the erring, and the abandoned. His sphere of charitable employment is similar to that of John Augustus, and his labors are rendered efficient and generally influential by his talents as a public lecturer. The unfortunate and sinful, wherever found, find in him a friend and a brother, and by his kindly assistance and encouragement, hundreds have been redeemed and made respectable citizens. We shall never forget our emotions when we passed with him, some months ago, through the State's Prison in Charlestown, together with the benevolent warden of that institution, who co-operates with him in his labors of reform. As he approached those prisoners, the expressions of many countenances seemed to say, "There comes my friend and my brother; I will be a better man even for his sake."

We have no room for farther remark at present than simply to inquire, Where are the John Augustuses and John M. Spears of New-York and other places? W. F.

In consequence of the last part of an article being handed in late, when it was found it would not come in the space appropriated for it, we have been compelled to place a portion of our editorial matter in another part of the paper.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF EDWIN A. BRISBANE.*

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM.

THE causes of any important change in one's life should be given with such distinctness as will enable any one investigating the same, to comprehend the subject of his inquiry. In the present case, want of space must preclude much of the detail that otherwise might, with advantage, be given. One trait of character which Mr. B. possessed, should be here named, as it will greatly assist us in comprehending him; and it may further be stated, that this trait was so marked, that on all occasions he evinced it, notwithstanding he advocated his own opinions with great positiveness. This trait consisted, particularly, in the freedom with which he examined all new opinions and propositions, and in the candid course he pursued with opponents. No person can grow wiser who is not possessed of this trait, and to it we may trace, as a cause, the rapid advancement Mr. B. now began to make.

His father had been a subscriber to the "New York Christian Messenger," a paper then conducted with great dignity and candor; these old papers were used for wrapping his meals, which he carried to his shop with him; and while partaking them alone in the shop, he would read these old papers, as they were laid out before him. The freedom and ability with which

the subjects were treated, engaged his attention: besides, subjects which he felt to be of the highest importance to the race, were the prominent topics of discussion. His interest more and more increased in the matters discussed in these old papers, as he examined them in the fresh supply afforded him daily.

He now felt more and more the inadequacy of his present spiritual supplies, as dealt out to him by Mr. Withey, and the class-leaders and exhorters, whose functions were somewhat alike tested on his account. He did not hesitate to make known the growing wants of his soul to those who professed to have charge of all its higher concerns. In all their efforts to relieve him, they only, in his estimation, made the matter worse, and fully convinced him of their inadequacy to confer upon him what was needful to satisfy his mind and give rest or reconciliation. After repeated failures, he felt that he would be obliged to look elsewhere for aid, though such were his predilections for the Methodists, that he would much rather have received aid from them than to have gone from them for it. And although his Methodist friends judged him differently, and therefore wrongfully, he felt compelled to seek from others what he had in vain sought from them. It was under such circumstances that he ventured to go and bear a discourse from Mr. Sawyer, minister to the Universalist congregation in Orchard-street.

As might be expected, a first attendance but opened the way for a second, and he continued his inquiries according to his own method, which was fully to canvass every proposition, and consider it in all its relations and bearings. He did not at once receive the doctrines of Mr. Sawyer, but he soon became satisfied that he would more than all others aid him in the solutions of those problems, for want of which solutions his mind was subjected to continual and most unpleasant agitations. It was soon noised abroad that Mr. B. was not only examining the principles of Universalists, but had the daring hardihood to go to hear them preach, which was contrary alike to the wishes and the social code of the Methodists. It will be observed by all those acquainted with the affairs of the different sects, that a great change in their feelings and policy has taken place within a few years, so that the antagonist spirit Mr. B. met among his old friends, will be estimated not by what may now happen, but by what *did* transpire then.

It was a great mystery to him, that his brethren, who professed an interest in his welfare, should not co-operate with him in his search for truth, instead of obstructing his pathway thereto; nor could a mind fully in love with truth comprehend such narrow-minded policy as was shown toward him during his growth out of the Methodist church: it was only an expansion of ideas that led him beyond their stand-point. At this time a tract or notice was placed upon the pulpit of Mr. B's church, to the great displeasure of all the Methodists, and it was charged upon B., though he said, not an hour before his death, he had no hand in, or knowledge of it.

As he gradually came to recognize and publicly avow new ideas in theology, it was deemed necessary on the part of his religious associates, to disconnect themselves entirely from all responsibility concerning his new doctrines, *unless* he would consent to be *silent* on the subject, which of course he would not do. There was then no alternative. He was sent out of the church with such a disgrace as is, in similar cases, commonly inflicted by such ecclesiastical bodies, viz: a condemnation for *heresy of ideas merely*. Mr. B. came out a believer in the final triumph of truth and goodness over sin and error, and in the full belief of the ultimate purity and harmony of the human race; and being deprived of the society of his Methodist friends, he sought those of congenial minds and ideas with himself.

Passing the but common incidents of his life in his new relations to the religious world, it will suffice to say he continued as long as he could labor at all, with his friend Mr. Griffith, giving satisfaction, I believe, in every particular. He was not a year out of his time, while he had his health, and besides aiding his

*Concluded from p. 85.

parents and keeping himself well clothed, he had collected a very respectable library of choice books, which he used in a very careful manner, freely criticizing whatever seemed amiss to him. He dealt with books as he did with men; if they spoke truth, he received it; if error he as freely rejected it.

He became a teacher in the Sunday School which was afterward, at his suggestion, organized as the "Murray Sunday School Association" connected with the Fifth Universalist Society; and he manifested great zeal and prudence in its behalf. He also distinguished himself as an officer in the Union Association of Sabbath School Teachers, and he gave several addresses before the public meetings of that body, in which were displayed superior method and talent. It was in the Conference meetings, held each Wednesday evening in the church in Fourth-street, that he more fully showed himself. His improvement during the two last years of his life truly surprised all his friends. All listened to him in wonder that he acquitted himself so well. It was not in the mere manner, but in the things he offered, that he called the attention of his hearers. He always had a new stock of ideas to give, and never seemed wanting in matter.

Mr. B. thought much of the Conference meetings during his illness, and had designed an article or essay to be read there, in which he wished to present his final thoughts of religion and human advancement. "I want," says he, "to impress our friends with the supremacy of *mind*." His ideas of the ministry were primitive, and he had intended to have devoted himself to the instruction of the people in those principles which *he felt* to be of so much value to mankind. One of his first discourses was given in his own church, without notes, and upon a very short time to arrange his thoughts, and what is remarkable, some strangers to him were present, and did not suspect that he had not long been accustomed to speak in public. His first and greatest public extempore speech was made before a very large audience, in reply to an attack upon magnetism by a lecturer who attributed this power to the devil, and who had endeavored to prove it from the bible. Mr. B.'s reply was a dispassionate yet complete refutation of all the arguments adduced to sustain so singular a solution of the great problem of Magnetism. Mr. B. had preached several times in the village of Southold, L. I., to such acceptance that had he lived he would have been called to labor with the Universalist congregation of that place. Although he had several times preached and addressed audiences of various sorts, he was still, as many would suppose, without the means of instruction himself, having no school or tutor to guide him—simply following his own inclinations.

It has been a matter of wonder with nearly all his friends, that one in his situation could make such rapid advancement, being destitute of means with which to procure books, and without time to read, if he had them. It is probably with most persons a difficult problem, as they do not see how any one can have information, as we now use the term, without *letters* or *books*. He of course was not without books entirely, yet respecting the subjects or principles upon which he was best informed, he had read the least. Knowledge does not unconditionally flow into any one's mind, of course, and we are left merely to determine the conditions upon which we receive it most advantageously. It will be admitted that Mr. B.'s mind was in close proximity to those conditions upon which knowledge is received; and if we know these, we have only to say, he pretty well fulfilled them. Then we have his character before us, in this one respect. I must not stop to search out these conditions, nor do they belong more to his life than to any one's else. He early became interested in Phrenology, from which he derived great advantage; from Combe's Constitution of Man he gained information which greatly aided him in the development of his mind.

As might be expected, Mr. Davis' Lectures and Revelations were soon examined by Mr. B., in the same free and impartial spirit that he evinced toward all subjects which he investigated.

He was extremely well pleased with the book. Its principles, in the main, he at once was enabled to comprehend, which shows the condition of his mind, and the ready perception he possessed; for most persons require several readings before any tolerable conception and appreciation of that work is attained. He also felt a deep interest in the *Univercœlum*, and read it with great profit, and wrote several articles which were published in the first volume.

We are compelled to pass over with too great haste and abruptness these last days of his life. It would be interesting to many could we spare the space to trace out his modes of thought, and his process of investigating subjects; but as these memoirs have already extended beyond the space at first intended, it becomes necessary to speak directly of his closing period in this sphere. His death was caused by consumption, which worked by slow but regular stages, and left him to reflect, and mature himself for the change of death. Those who would pronounce Mr. Davis' principles *infidel*, must solve also the problem presented in Mr. Brisbane's experience. From those principles our Brother derived a strength and confidence in the future which nothing else had been able to impart. He did not look upon them as in any sense in conflict with Christianity, but as a further expansion of it. He felt that his spirit would enter a sphere above the present, and find associates more favorable to progress than any he saw on earth. I asked him but the day before his death, if he had any desire to live here longer, provided his health could be restored? He said, "No; I shall go where I will find society more congenial and I can improve myself faster; besides, if I should live, the world would regard me as an infidel, and I would find but few at any one place to whom I might speak, or who would hear me and be profited thereby." For some time he had no expectation of recovery, nor did he ever, to my knowledge, betray the least anxiety for it. He loved his friends, and had as many reasons for attachment to life as any might be supposed to have of his age. It was an interesting spectacle to me to witness his composure while conversing upon the subject of his death. He was more calm and composed than almost any one else could be upon hearing him speak; nor could he understand why his friends around him should weep, being so far removed from the causes of grief. Up to the instant of his death, there was no struggle for more of life. He passed from this sphere, as one goes to sleep; quietly does the spirit take its subtle organization from the grosser one. Well may the mother say, "I have lost a good son,"—still in the full belief that he has lost nothing, but gained much. So do all his friends and associates feel a loss, but not that there is a loss to him. It must be a consolation to them that he has risen to a higher life, not indeed to forget those he has left behind, but still to encourage them to go forward.

Upon Mr. B.'s mind may be seen the legitimate fruits of Mr. Davis' ideas. They had their free and full bearing upon his mind; and who will say it was injurious. Who will assert it was either corrupting, or calculated to induce the least disrespect for God or any divine truth! I ask these questions, because of the fear that is quite prevalent in the community, of Mr. D.'s Book—a fear to read it lest they should believe it; and a fear of believing, lest it should lead them to infidelity. If it led to infidelity in Mr. B.'s case, then the more such infidelity the better. So far from any thing of the kind was its influence upon Mr. B.'s mind, that his soul, his spirit, was more fully wise and illuminated thereby. His uniform advice was, "read it, it will do you good;" and so anxious was he to have it read, that he loaned his own volume when he really wanted it himself and during his sickness he expressed his desire to have it with him for consultation. He died leaving a name that will long be remembered with satisfaction, by parents, relatives and friends, and an example of self-improvement worthy the attention of all young men.

Poetry.

AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR.

BY JAMES R. LOWELL.

He spoke of Burns: men rude and rough
 Pressed round to hear the praise of one
 Whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff,
 As homespun as their own.

And, when he read, they forward leaned,
 Drinking, with thirsty hearts and ears,
 His brook-like songs whom glory never weaned
 From humble smiles and tears.

Slowly there grew a tender awe,
 Sun-like, o'er faces brown and hard,
 As if in him who read they felt and saw
 Some presence of the bard.

It was a sight for sin and wrong
 And slavish tyranny to see,
 A sight to make our faith more pure and strong
 In high humanity.

I thought, these men will carry hence
 Promptings their former life above,
 And something of a finer reverence
 For beauty, truth, and love.

God scatters love on every side,
 Freely among his children all,
 And always hearts are lying open wide,
 Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds
 Of a more true and open life,
 Which burst, unlooked-for, into high-souled deeds,
 With wayside beauty rife.

We find within these souls of ours
 Some wild germs of a higher birth,
 Which in the poet's tropic heart bear flowers
 Whose fragrance fills the earth.

Within the hearts of all men lie
 These promises of wider bliss,
 Which blossom into hopes that cannot die,
 In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestic
 In life or death, since time began,
 Is native in the simple heart of all,
 The angel heart of man.

And thus, among the untaught poor,
 Great deeds and feelings find a home,
 That cast in shadow all the golden lore
 Of classic Greece and Rome.

O, mighty brother-soul of man,
 Where'er thou art, in low or high,
 Thy skyey arches with exulting span
 O'er-roof infinity!

All thoughts that mold the age begin
 Deep down within the primitive soul,
 And from the many slowly upward win
 To one who grasps the whole:

In his broad breast the feeling deep
 That struggled on the many's tongue,
 Swells to a tide of thought, whose surges leap
 O'er the weak thrones of wrong.

All thought begins in feeling—wide
 In the great mass its base is hid,
 And, narrowing up to thought, stands glorified,
 A moveless pyramid.

Nor is he far astray who deems
 That every hope, which rises and grows broad
 In the world's heart, by ordered impulse streams
 From the great heart of God.

God wills, man hopes: in common souls
 Hope is but vague and undefined,
 Till from the poet's tongue the message rolls
 A blessing to his kind.

Never did Poesy appear
 So full of heaven to me, as when
 I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear
 To the lives of coarsest men.

It may be glorious to write
 Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
 High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
 Once in a century;—

But better far it is to speak
 One simple word, which now and then
 Shall waken their free nature in the weak
 And friendless sons of men;

To write some earnest verse or line,
 Which, seeking not the praise of art,
 Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
 In the untutored heart.

He who doth this, in verse or prose,
 May be forgotten in his day,
 But surely shall be crowned at last with those
 Who live and speak for aye.

THE TWO BRIDES.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

I saw two maids at the kirk,
 And both were fair and sweet;
 One was in her bridal robe,
 One in her winding-sheet.

The choristers sang the hymn,
 The sacred rites were read,
 And one for life to Life,
 And one to Death was wed.

They went to their bridal beds,
 In loveliness and bloom;
 One in a merry castle,
 One in a solemn tomb.

One to the world of sleep,
 Locked in the arms of Love;
 And one, in the arms of Death,
 Passed to the Heavens above.

[METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.]

Miscellaneous Department.

THE JURYMAN.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

PETER BARKER belonged to that numerous class, who are neither better nor worse than other men. Left an orphan in his infancy, the paths of life were rough and lonely at the outset. He had a violent temper and a good heart. The first was often roused into activity, and punished with energy kindred to its own; the last remained almost undeveloped, for want of genial circumstances and reciprocal affection. One softening gleam fell upon his early path, and he loved it like the sunshine, without comprehending the great law of attraction that made it so very pleasant. When he attended school in the winter months, he always walked home with a little girl named Mary Williams. On the play-ground he was with her, always ready to do battle with any body who disoblged her. Their comrades laughed, and called him Mary's beau; and they blushed and felt awkward, though they had no idea what courting meant. Things had arrived at this stage of half-revealed consciousness, he being fourteen years old and Mary twelve, when her friends removed to the West, and the warm, bright influence passed out of his life. He never rightly knew whether he was in love with Mary, but years afterwards, when people talked to him about marrying, he thought of her, wondering where she was, and whether she remembered him. When he drove his cows home from pasture, the blackberry bushes on the way brought up visions of his favorite school-mate, with her clean cape-bonnet thrown back, her glossy brown hair playing with the winds, and her innocent face smiling upon him with friendly greeting. "She was the best and prettiest child I ever saw," he often said to himself; "I wonder whether she would be as pleasant now." Sometimes he thought of going to the West and seeking her out. But he knew not where to find her; his funds were small, and his courage fell at the thought, "Oh, it is many years ago since we were children together. Perhaps I should find her married." Gradually this one ray of poetry faded out of his soul, and all his thoughts fell into the common prosaic mold. His lot was cast with rough people, who required much work, and gave little sympathy. The image of his little mate floated farther and farther away, and more and more seldom her clear blue eyes smiled upon him through the rainbow-mists of the past, or from the air-castles of the future.

In process of time he married, after the same fashion that a large proportion of men do; because it was convenient to have a wife, and there was a woman of good character in the neighborhood, willing to marry whoever first offered her a respectable home. Her character bore the stamp of harmless mediocrity. She was industrious and patient, but ignorant, dull, and quietly obstinate. The neighbors said she was well suited to him, he was so rough and passionate; and in the main he thought so himself; though her imperturbable calmness sometimes fretted him as a rock chafes the lashing ocean into foam. The child that was born to them they both loved better than they had ever loved; and according to their light, they sincerely strove to do their duty. His bodily wants were well supplied, often at the cost of great weariness and self-sacrifice; but their own rude training had given them few good ideas concerning the culture of an immortal soul. The infant did more for them, than they for him. Angelic influences, unseen and unheard amid the hard struggles of their outward life, became visible and audible through the unconscious innocence of their little one. For the second time in his life, a vision of beauty and love gleamed across the rugged path of that honest, laborious man. Vague impressions of beauty he had constantly received from the great panoramas of the universe. His heart sometimes welcomed a

bright flower in the sunshine, or a cluster of lilies on the stream; he marveled at the splendor of the rainbow, and sometimes gazed reverently at the sun sinking to rest in his rich drapery of purple and gold. But these were glimpses of the Infinite; their beauty did not seem to appertain to him; it did not enter like a magic charm into the sphere of his own existence, as did the vision of Mary Williams and his own little Joe. The dormant tenderness there was in him leaped up at the smile of his babe, and every pressure of the little fingers made a dimple in the father's heart. Like the outbursts of spring, after a long cold winter, was the revelation of infancy to him. When he plodded home, after a hard day's rest, it rested him body and soul to have the little one spring into his arms for a kiss, or come toddling along, tilting his little porringer of milk, in eagerness to eat his supper on father's knee.

But though this new influence seemed to have an almost miraculous power over his nature, it could not quite subdue the power of temperament and habit. As the darling babe grew into boyhood, he was sometimes cherished with injudicious fondness, and sometimes repelled by bursts of passion, that made him run and hide himself from the over-indulgent father. Mr. Barker had himself been educated under the dispensation of punishment, rather than attraction, and he believed in it most firmly. If his son committed a fault, he thought of no other cure than severity. If a neighbor did him an ill turn, he would observe, in presence of the boy, "I will watch my chance to pay him for it." If the dog stole their dinner, when they were at work in the woods, he would say, "Run after him, Joe, and give the rascal a sound beating." When he saw the child fighting with some larger lad, who had offended him, he would praise his strength and courage, and tell him never to put up with an insult. He was not aware that all these things were education, and doing far more to form his son's character than anything he learned at school. He did not know it, because his thoughts had never been directed toward it. The only moral instruction he received was from the minister of the parish; and he usually preached about the hardheartedness of Jews two thousand years ago, rather than the errors and temptations of men and boys, who sat before him.

Once he received an admonition from his neighbor Goodwin, which, being novel and unexpected, offended him as an impertinent interference with his rights. He was riding home with Joe, then a lad of thirteen, when the horse took fright at a piece of white paper, that the wind blew across the road. Mr. Barker was previously in an ill humor, because a sudden squall of rain had wet some fine hay, all ready for the barn. Quailing the system on which he had himself been educated, he sprang to the ground and cudgelled the poor beast unmercifully. Mr. Goodwin, who was passing by, inquired the cause of so much severity, and remonstrated against it; assuring him that a horse was never cured of bad habits by violence. He spoke mildly, but Mr. Barker was irritated, and having told him to mind his own business, he continued to whip the poor frightened animal. The humane neighbor turned away, saying, "That is a bad lesson for your son, Mr. Barker."

"If you say much more, I will flog you, instead of the horse," muttered the angry man. "It is n't his horse. What business is it to him?"

He did not reflect in what a narrow circuit he was nailing up the sympathies of his child, by such words as those. But when he was rescued in the wagon, he did not feel altogether pleased with himself, and his inward uneasiness was expended on the horse. The poor bewildered animal, covered with foam, and breathing short and hard, tried his utmost to do his master's will, as far as he could understand it. But nervous and terrified, constantly in expectation of the whip, he started at every sound. If he went too fast, he was reined in with a sudden jerk, that tore the corners of his mouth; if he went too slow, the cruel

crack of the whip made him tear over the ground, to be again restrained by the violent jerk.

The sun was setting, and threw a radiant glow on every tree and little shrub, jewelled by the recent shower. Cows grazed peacefully in verdant hollows, birds sang, a little brook rippled coolly by the wayside, winds played gently with the flowers, and kissed the rain-drops from their faces. But all this loveliness passed unheeded by human hearts, because they had at the moment no inward beauty to harmonize with nature. Perhaps the familiar landscape seemed quite otherwise to the poor horse, than it would have done, had he travelled along those pleasant paths guided by a wise and gentle hand.

Had Joseph continued to be little Joe, his eager welcome and loving prattle might soon have tamed the evil spirit in his father's soul that night. But he was a tall lad, who had learned to double up his fists, and tell other boys they had better let him alone, if they knew what was good for themselves. He still loved his father better than anything else in the world, but the charm and the power of infancy was gone. He reflected back the vexed spirit like a too faithful mirror. He was no longer a transparent unconscious medium for the influence of angels.

Indeed, paternal affection gradually became a hardening, rather than a softening influence. Ambition for his son increased the love of accumulation; and the gratification of this propensity narrowed his sympathies more and more. Joseph had within him the unexpanded germs of some noble qualities; but he inherited his father's passionate temperament with his mother's obstinacy; and the education of such circumstances as I have described, turned his energies and feelings into wrong channels. The remark, "It is n't his horse; what business is it to him?" heard in his boyhood, expressed the views and habits of his later years. But his mental growth, such as it was, pleased his father, who often said exultingly, "There is no danger of Joe. He knows how to fight his own way through the world."

Such was their mutual product of character, when Mr. Barker was summoned to a jury, in a case involving life or death. He was vexed to be called away from his employments, and had never reflected at all upon the fearful responsibility of a jurymen. James Lloyd, the prisoner, was a very young man, and his open honest countenance gave no indication of capacity for crime; but he was accused of murder, and circumstantial evidence was strong against him. It was proved that a previous quarrel had existed between him and the murdered man, and that they had been seen to take the same road, the prisoner in a state of intoxication, the night the violent deed was committed. Most people thought there was no doubt of his guilt; others deemed the case by no means certain. Two of the jury were reluctant to convict him, and wished to find the evidence insufficient; the penalty was so dreadful, and their feelings were so much touched by the settled misery of his youthful countenance. Others talked sternly of justice, and urged that the Scripture demanded blood for blood. Of this number was Peter Barker. From the beginning, he was against the prisoner. The lawyer who pleaded for him had once been employed in a law-suit against Mr. Barker, and had gained the cause for his client. The jurymen cherished a grudge against him for his sarcastic eloquence on that occasion. Moreover, it so happened that neighbor Goodwin, who years ago had reproved his severity to the horse, took compassionate interest in the accused. He often consulted with his lawyer, and seemed to watch the countenances of the jury anxiously. It was a busy season of the year, and the jury were impatient to be at their workshops and farms. Mr. Barker would not have admitted it, even to himself, but all these circumstances helped to increase his hardness against the prisoner. By such inconceivably slight motives is the conduct of men often swayed on most important occasions.

"If the poor young fellow really did commit the act," said one of the jury, "it seems likely that he did it in a state of in-

toxication. I was once drunk myself; and they told me afterward that I had quarrelled with a man, and knocked him down a high flight of steps; but I had no recollection of it. If I had killed him, and they had hung me for it, what an awful thing it would have been for my poor father and mother. It taught me a good lesson, for I was never again intoxicated. Perhaps this poor youth might profit by his dreadful experience, if a chance were allowed him. He is so young; and there is nothing bad in his countenance."

"As for his womanly face," replied Mr. Barker, "there is no trusting to that. The worst villains are not always the worst-looking. As for his being intoxicated, there is no telling whether it is true or not. That cunning lawyer may have made up the story for the sake of exciting compassion, and the witnesses may be more than willing enough to believe every thing strange in the prisoner's conduct was the result of intoxication. Moreover, it won't do to admit that plea in extenuation; for then, don't you see, a man who wants to kill his enemy has only to get drunk in the first place? If anybody killed my Joe, drunk or not drunk, I should want him to atone for it."

By such remarks, urged in his vehement way, he swayed minds more timid and lenient than his own, without being fully aware of what he was doing. He was foreman of the jury; and when the awful moment arrived on which depended the life of a fellow being, he pronounced the word "Guilty," in a strong, firm voice. The next instant his eye fell on the prisoner, standing there so pale, and still looking at him with such fixed despair. There was something in the face that moved him strongly. He turned quickly away, but the vision was before him, always and every where before him. "This is weakness," he said to himself. "I have merely done my duty. The law required it. I have done my duty." But still the pale young face looked at him; always and every where it looked at him.

He feared to touch a newspaper, for he wished not to know when the day of execution would arrive. But officious neighbors, ignorant of his state of mind, were eager to talk upon the subject; and when drawn into such discourse, he strove to fortify his own feelings by dwelling on all the worst circumstances of the case. Notwithstanding all his efforts, the night preceding the execution, he had troubled dreams, in which that ghastly young face was always conspicuous. When he woke, he saw it in the air. It walked beside him as he ploughed the fields, it stood before him on the threshold of his own door. All that the merciful jurymen had suggested came before him with painful distinctness. Could there be a doubt that the condemned had really committed murder? Was he intoxicated? Might he have happened to be intoxicated for the first time in his life? And he so young! But he drove these thoughts away; saying ever to himself, "The law required it. I merely did my duty." Still every thing looked gloomy to him. The evening clouds seemed like funeral palls, and a pale despairing face gazed at him for ever.

For the first time in his manhood, he craved a companion in the darkness. Neighbors came in, and described the execution; and while they talked, the agitated jurymen beat the firebrands into a thousand pieces, and spoke never a word. They told how the youth had written a long letter to his mother, and died calm and resigned. "By the way, perhaps you knew his mother, Mr. Barker," said one; "they tell me she used to live in this neighborhood. Do you remember a girl by the name of Mary Williams?"

The tongs dropped from Mr. Barker's hand, as he gasped out, "Mary Williams! Was he her son? God forgive me! Was he her son?" And the strong man laid his head upon the table and wept.

There was silence in the room. At last, the loquacious neighbor said, in a subdued tone, "I am sorry I hurt your feelings. I didn't know she was a friend of yours."

The troubled jurymen rose hastily, walked to the window,

looked out at the stars, and, clearing his choked voice, said, "It is many years since I knew her. But she was a good tempered, pretty girl; and it seems but yesterday that we used to go together to pick our baskets full of berries. And so she was his mother? I remember now there was something in his eye that seemed familiar to me."

Perhaps the mention of Mary's beauty, or the melting mood, so unusual with her husband, might have excited a vague feeling of jealousy in Mrs. Barker. Whatever might have been her motive, she said, in her demure way, without raising her eyes from her knitting, "Well, it was natural enough to suppose the young man *had* a mother; and other mothers are likely to have hearts that can feel, as well as this Mary Williams."

He only answered by shaking his head slowly, and repeating, as if to himself, "Poor Mary! and so he was *her* son."

Joseph came in, and the details of the dreadful scene were repeated and dwelt upon, as human beings are prone to dwell on all that excites strong emotion. To him the name of Mary Williams conjured up no smiling visions of juvenile love; and he strove to fortify his father's feelings, by placing in a strong light all the arguments in favor of the prisoner's guilt. The juryman was glad to be thus fortified, and replied in a firm, reassured voice, "At all events, I did my duty." Yet, for months after, the pale young face looked at him despairingly from the evening air, and came between him and the sunshine. But time, which softens all things, drifted the dreary specter into dim distance; and Mr. Barker's faculties were again completely absorbed in making money for his son.

Joseph was called a fine, promising young man; but his conduct was not altogether satisfactory to his parents. He was fond of dress and company, and his impetuous temperament not unfrequently involved him in quarrels. On two or three of these occasions, they feared he had been a little excited by drink. But he was, in reality, a good-hearted fellow, and like his rough father had undeveloped germs of deep tenderness within him. His father's life was bound up within his; his mother loved him with all the energy of which her sluggish nature was capable; and notwithstanding the inequalities of his violent and capricious temper, the neighbors loved him also.

What then, was their consternation, when it was rumored that on his twenty-fourth birth-day he had been arrested for murder! And, alas! it was too true that his passions had thus far over-mastered his reason. He wished to please a young girl in the vicinity, and she treated him coolly, because a rival had informed her that he was seen intoxicated, and in that state spoke over-boldly of being sure of her love. He drank again, to drown vexation, and while the excitement of the draught was on him he met the man who informed against him. Unfortunately an axe was at hand, and, in the double fury of drink and rage, he struck with it again and again. One hour after, he would have given all he ever hoped to possess, nay, would gladly have died, could he have restored the life he had so wantonly destroyed.

Thus, Mr. Barker was again brought into a court of justice, on an affair of life and death. How differently all questions connected with the subject presented themselves now! As he sat beside that darling son, the pride of his life, his only hope on earth, oh, how he longed for words of fire, to plead that his young existence might be spared for repentance and amendment! How well he remembered the juryman's plea for youth and intoxication! and with what an agony of self-reproach he recalled his own hard answer! With intense anxiety he watched the countenances of the jury for some gleams of compassion. But ever and anon, a pale young face loomed up between him and them, and gazed at him with fixed despair. The vision of other years returned to haunt him; and Joseph, his best beloved, his only one, stood beside it, pale and hand-cuffed, as he had been. The voice that pronounced his son guilty sounded

like an awful echo of his own; and he seemed to hear Mary Williams whisper, "And *my* son also was very young."

That vigorous off-shoot from his own existence, so full of life and feeling, and, alas, of passion, which misguides us all—he must die! No earthly power can save him. May the ALL MERCIFUL sustain that poor father, as he watches the heavy slumber of his only son in that dark prison; and while he clasps the cold hand, remembers so well the dimpled fingers he used to hold in his, when little Joe sat upon his knee and prattled childish love.

And the ALL MERCIFUL *was* with him, and sent influences to sustain him through that terrible agony. It did not break his heart; it melted and subdued him. The congealed sympathies of his nature flowed under this ordeal of fire; and for the first time, he had a realizing sense that every human being is, or has been, somebody's little Joe.

"How kind you are to me," said the prisoner, in answer to the soothing words and affectionate attentions.

He replied meekly, "Would I had always been so!" Then turning his face away, and earnestly pressing Joseph's hand, he said, "Tell me truly, my son, does it ever occur to you, that I may have been to blame for this great misfortune that has befallen you?"

"You, dear father!" he exclaimed. "I do not understand what you mean."

Still keeping his face turned away, and speaking with effort, Mr. Barker said, "Do you remember once, when I was beating my horse cruelly (you were a boy of twelve then), neighbor Goodwin remarked to me, that I was giving a bad lesson to my son? I was angry with him at the time; and perhaps that resentment helped to make me hard toward a poor young fellow who is dead and gone; but his words keep ringing in my ears now. May God, in his mercy, forgive me, if I have ever done or said anything to lead you into this great sin. Tell me, Joseph, do you ever think it might have happened otherwise, if you had had a less violent father?"

"My poor father!" exclaimed the prisoner, pressing his hand convulsively, "It almost breaks my heart to hear you thus humble yourself before me, who so little deserve it at your hands. Only forgive me for my violent outbreaks, dear father! for in the midst of them all, I always loved you. You have always sought to do me good, and would rather have died than have led me into any harm. But since I have been here in prison, I have thought of many things that never occurred to me before. The world and all things in it are placed before me in a different light. It seems to me men are all wrong in their habits and teachings. I see now that retaliation and hatred are murder. I have read often, of late, the exhortation of Jesus to forgive our brother his offences, not only seven times, but seventy times seven; and I feel that thus it ought to be with human beings in all their relations with each other. What I have done cannot be undone; but if it will be any satisfaction to you, rest assured that I did not intend to kill him. I was wretched, and I was fool enough to drink, and then I knew not what I did. Violent as my temper has been, I never conceived the thought of taking his life."

"I know it, my son, I know it," he said; "and that reflection consoles me in some degree. While I have a loaf of bread I will share it with the mother and sister of him you ——" he hesitated, shuddered; and added in a low deep tone—"you murdered."

"I was going to ask that of you," replied the prisoner; "and one thing more, dear father; try to bear up bravely under this terrible blow, for the sake of my poor patient mother."

"I will, I will," he answered; "and now my dear mis-guided boy, say you forgive your poor father for the teachings of his violent words and actions. I did not foresee the consequences, my child. I did it in my ignorance. But it was wrong, wrong, all wrong."

The young man then threw himself on his father's bosom, and they had no other utterance but tears.

After this only strong link to life was broken by the violent arm of the law, Mr. Birker was a changed man; silent, and melancholy, patient, gentle, and forgiving to all. He never complained of the great sorrow that wasted away his life; but the neighbors saw how thin and sad he looked, and the roughest natures felt compassion for him.

Every year, she who had been Mary Williams, received a hundred dollar note. He never whispered to any mortal that it was sent by the juryman who helped to condemn her son to death; but when he died, a legacy of a thousand dollars to her showed that he never forgot the pale despairing face that for years had haunted his dreams. [METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.]

THE NOBLEMAN.

BY CARLOS D. STUART.

Not for crowns and gilded places
Where life's fragrant feet have trod,
Leaving deep and awful traces,
Is the noble man of God!

He, who on his garments beareth
Not of guile, and not of stain,
On his brow a signet weareth
Prouder than the diamond chain.

Lip to speak that never feareth,
Boldly o'er the head of wrong;
Soul that day by day but neareth
Virtue's altar, ever strong.

These, with deeds of earnest trial,
Are the only marks I scan
On the shifting human dial,
Worthy of the noble man!

O'er your kings, are skies serener
Than have beamed on harvest fields—
Is the earth beneath them greener
Than for those to whom it yields?

If to stride the steeds of battle,
If to plunder realms oppress,
Sweeter soundeth than the rattle
Of the sickle bravely prest;

Then, the monarchdoms of ages,
Titles true are they to fame;
And the noble from its pages,
Are the kings of boasted name!

But if to be noble, we are
To be earnest, good, and true,
Firmest faith'd and ever freer,
Titles, castles, Kings, adieu!

In the strength of God's own spirit,
Doing, as we have, and can;
Acting what we all inherit,
Then is such a noble man!

When I compare the clamorous preaching and passionate declamation, too common in the Christian world, with the composed dignity, the deliberate wisdom, the freedom from all extravagance, which characterized Jesus, I can imagine no greater contrast; and I am sure that the fiery zealot is no representative of Christianity.

[CHANNING.]

ERRATA.—In our haste to get our paper on the press last week, two typographical errors of some importance were left uncorrected. In the second line of Dr. Chivers' poem, for "Dar" read DAY. There was also a mistake of just twelve months in the date of the paper. For 1848 read 1849. [E.]

J. M. H. We cannot furnish C. S. A. with the second volume in sheets. Shall we send the first volume?

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FROM THE INTERIOR STATE

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