

# THE UNIVERCŒLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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

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## The Principles of Nature.

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### PHRENOLOGY AND MESMERISM: THE TRUE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT IN WHICH THEY SHOULD BE EXAMINED.

It cannot be denied, that, in the present day, knowledge is more generally diffused, and education, as far as concerns an acquaintance with natural science, more rational, than was the case a hundred years ago, or even at the commencement of the present century. But it is equally certain, that the knowledge existing generally in society is lamentably deficient, and that the scientific part of modern education either is very imperfect, or has not yet had time to produce any very notable effect on the public mind. To convince us of this, it is only necessary to study the reception given by the world to new truths, or to statements professing at least to be truths, founded on careful and accurate observation of nature.

We are ready enough to refer to the absurd conduct of those who refused to look through the telescope of Galileo, and see with their own eyes those discoveries which they denied; and of those who could think that a compulsory recantation of an opinion founded on observation, and not yet refuted by observation, was either desirable or even efficacious, unless as a direct encouragement of falsehood. We contrast with such conduct the reception lately given to the beautiful discovery of Leverrier, by which the linear extent of our system has been doubled. And it is no doubt true, that the great truths of astronomy have been so strongly impressed on the public mind, that an extension of our knowledge, IN CONFORMITY WITH OUR NOTIONS OF THOSE TRUTHS OR LAWS, is readily admitted.

But the true question is this—How do we receive NEW TRUTHS? that is, truths involving principles different from those which we acknowledge. How should we receive, for example, the announcement of a doctrine of the universe, as different from that of Newton as Newton's was from those of his predecessors? It is much to be dreaded, that a candid answer to this question would indicate a line of conduct not very remote from that of the opponents of Galileo, of Newton, or of Harvey.

It would appear that the human mind has usually opposed an instinctive resistance, a *vis inertia*, to the progress of new ideas. Many of us can recollect, that when gas was first introduced, Walter Scott spoke and wrote of the idea as that of a visionary; and yet, before thirty years had passed, he had a gas factory at Abbotsford, and was chairman of the Edinburg Oil-Gas Company. Here a man of a sagacious and practical turn of mind recoiled from a great practical improvement, apparently for no other reason but that the idea was new to him. Even the history of railways, at a still later period, can furnish an entirely parallel case; and the same may be said of steaming across the Atlantic.

If, then, where the point in dispute is so eminently practical, the first impulse be to reject the new, this is much more likely to be the case where the new doctrine treats of matters not lying on the surface, and where a personal knowledge and conviction of the truth can hardly be obtained without laborious study

and observation. If, in addition, the new doctrine should clash, or should appear to clash, with established views on points on which the feelings are apt to be excited and interested, we may reckon with absolute certainty, even in the middle of the nineteenth century, on an opposition to it, very similar to that which might have been experienced in the sixteenth—equally vehement, and, inasmuch as it originates from the passions and not from the intellect, equally unreasoning.

The reception of Phrenology by the contemporaries of Gall was a case in point. Without an attempt to verify or disprove his statements by observation, his whole doctrine was at once rejected; and he, the patient, unwearied, and sincere student of nature, was stigmatized as a quack by men who had never even looked at a brain or skull, with a view to discover the relation they might bear to the mental manifestations. Nay, an authority, yet living, who certainly was not in the habit of making physiological or anatomical investigations, actually went so far as to declare, that "there is not the smallest reason for supposing that the mind ever operates through the agency of any material organs, except in its perception of material objects, or in the spontaneous movements of the body which it inhabits."\*

The opposition to Phrenology, on the part of Gall's contemporaries, has all the characters above alluded to. Like the opponents of Galileo, those of Gall refused to look through his telescope; but thought themselves, nevertheless, justified in denying his statements of facts, and in accusing him of quackery and imposture. In place of arguments founded on independent observation, the only legitimate answer to statements of facts founded on observation, they attempted to put him down by reasonings *a priori*, founded on what they chose to assume as the order of nature, or by attributing to his doctrine certain consequences inconsistent with their views of ethics and religion; as if any doctrine truly deduced from natural facts, could be inconsistent with true religion or true morals; or as if, supposing the doctrine to be illogically deduced from the facts, or the facts to be erroneously assumed as such, the proper method of meeting it could possibly be by reasoning, either *a priori*, or to consequences. They forgot that both these false modes of reasoning were employed against Galileo and the other discoverers above alluded to, and that the Bible was then supposed to declare that the sun really moved round the earth.

It is not in the least material to this question, whether Phrenology be true or false. Whether true or false, it appeals to facts and to nature; and no such appeal, whatever be the doctrine legitimately deduced from it, can be properly or even fairly met, except by a similar appeal to facts. Now, when we look at the history of the various attacks made on Phrenology, we find that they are almost uniformly characterized by the entire absence of facts or observations, as well as by the prevalence of the argument *a priori*, or the argument from the supposed consequences of the doctrine. The very few attempts at a refutation of Gall's doctrine by means of observation, which have appeared, have been either ludicrously self-contradictory, or else founded on a total misapprehension of the doctrine to be refuted. At all events, they have not been successful, since each successive anti-phrenologist has rejected the refutations of all his predecessors,

\* Edinburg Review, vol. xlii., p. 257.

and has been in turn rejected as insufficient by his successors.

If we endeavor to account for the fact, that new truths, or statements of fact involving new principles, whether such statements be correct or not, are met, as they would have been two or three centuries since, not by an appeal to nature (which, in the case of false or erroneous statements, would be the shortest, as well as the most satisfactory method of dealing with them,) but by arguments *a priori*, assertions without proof, accusations of quackery and imposture, personal abuse, and appeals to prejudice on the score of the supposed or asserted consequences of a doctrine, we are forcibly struck with the apparent absence of all accurate notions, on the part of such objectors, of what constitutes evidence in natural science. And if we would trace this deficiency to its origin, we are compelled to admit that our boasted education is grossly defective in this point, and that the young seldom receive any instruction which can enable them to judge of the evidence produced by an investigator in support of his views of natural truth. Not agreeing as to what constitutes evidence of a natural fact, it is not wonderful that men should come to different conclusions with respect to the inferences to be drawn from it; whereas, if all were duly trained to appreciate evidence in natural science, they would, when a new subject was presented to them, speedily come to a common decision as to the facts; and from these the inferences would follow as a matter of course, and all the time would be saved which is at present thrown away in disputes that could not occur if the disputants knew the laws of evidence in natural science.

It would be easy to quote many examples of every conceivable form of opposition to Phrenology, originating in the above-mentioned ignorance of what constitutes evidence in natural science. But the chief object of these remarks is to draw attention to another instance of the same deficiency, producing the very same result, namely, a blind and prejudiced opposition to new ideas, in the case of Mesmerism.

Mesmerism, like Phrenology, is essentially a collection of facts, or of what are, at least, alleged to be facts. In Mesmerism, as in Phrenology, the observers describe what they have seen, and appeal to nature; while in Mesmerism, as in Phrenology, many individuals, without appealing to nature, without making a single observation, unhesitatingly declare the alleged facts to be no facts, and the observers to be either dupes or impostors.

Now, in Mesmerism, as in Phrenology, it is of not the smallest importance in reference to the present question (which is the mode in which statements of facts should be met,) whether Mesmerism be true or false, or, as Dr. Forbes has it, true AND false. Whichever it be, it is quite certain that the alleged facts cannot be got rid of by declaring them to be no facts, or by declaring them to be impossible, or by accusing the observers of incapacity or of fraud, unless these assertions are made good by an appeal to facts. And yet such is the staple of the opposition to Mesmerism.

One chief cause of this must be sought in the same want of accurate notions as to what constitutes evidence in natural science, to which we have referred the principal part of the opposition to Phrenology. Let us, therefore, endeavor to trace the process, that we may discover the fallacy or fallacies which must exist somewhere, to account for the circumstance that, while, on the one hand, statements of fact are made by those who profess to have observed them, and who appeal to nature, maintaining that every man may, if he choose, observe them for himself; on the other, these alleged facts are contemptuously rejected on a variety of grounds, but certainly without the objectors having, as they ought to have done, investigated the matter experimentally for themselves. We say that some fallacy or fallacies must exist here, to lead to so strange a mode of treating a question of fact; and that if we can trace it, we shall probably find it to be the same which operated in producing precisely similar conduct

on the part of the opponents of Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Harvey, and Gall.

We do not here proceed on the assumption that what is called, in general, Mesmerism, is true. We only maintain that, whether true or false, it appeals to fact, and has been met by every kind of opposition except the only legitimate one in such a case, namely, a fair appeal to fact on the part of the objector.

If we take the accounts of the mesmeric phenomena from the modern writers on the subject, we find that they may be divided or classified into several states or stages, which are not always found to occur in the same individual—sometimes one only appearing, sometimes another, and sometimes two or three in succession.

The first of these is the mesmeric sleep, passing, in many individuals, into sleep-walking, or somnambulism. Indeed, the latter may almost be described as a distinct stage. It is, however, very closely connected with simple mesmeric sleep, and in many cases is the first stage observed.

In the next stage, the subject, still asleep, and commonly with closed eyes, can readily communicate with his mesmerizer, and often exhibits attachment to him, often also sympathy with him, with or without contact, so as only to hear, or at least, to notice his voice, etc. In this stage, if not in the former, the subject frequently exhibits insensibility to pain (though this is far from uniform,) and community of taste. He sometimes appears to possess introvision, and an instinctive knowledge of his own bodily state. There is often observed an uncommon acuteness of some of the senses.

In the third stage, the subject possesses all or most of the powers previously noticed, in a far higher degree, and seems to have acquired new senses. Clairvoyance, in some of its forms, is said to appear. He can, perhaps, read a closed letter, or tell the hour by a watch at the back of his head, or tell what is going on in the next room, or the next house, or next street, or even farther off still. He also, we are told, predicts accurately the course of his own disease, and sometimes exhibits a like power with reference to the diseases of others.

As a general rule, in simple somnambulism, and in all the higher stages, the consciousness of the patient is divided from that of his ordinary state, in which he has no recollection of his mesmeric proceedings. But, as in all the other phenomena, so in this, there is great variety. Some remember part, others the whole, of what occurs in their sleep. It may here be mentioned generally, but it will be more particularly alluded to hereafter, that the variety in mesmeric phenomena is so great that not only no two cases are likely to yield exactly the same result, but even the same case, at different times, may exhibit very different phenomena.

Now, there is nothing in such statements which ought to deprive them of the benefit of the ordinary rules of scientific investigation. They are surely such as can easily be proved, if true, or disproved, if false, by experimental investigation; and this would appear to be the only legitimate method of meeting them. Let us see, then, how far the opponents of Mesmerism have or have not adopted it.

1. The first objection commonly urged is, that the higher phenomena, such as those of clairvoyance, are impossible or incredible, and must therefore be rejected; and as a corollary from this proposition, it is also maintained, that those who profess to have observed such phenomena, are either themselves impostors, or the dupes of fraud on the part of the subjects of their observations.

To any one accustomed to scientific research, it is at once obvious that such a mode of getting rid of the subject, for it cannot be called argument, is altogether unscientific and inadmissible. It assumes, first, that we know the utmost limits of the natural powers of man, and are able to declare, *a priori*, what is possible and what is not. Such power, it is needless to say, we do not possess; and in point of fact, our real knowledge of

the natural powers bears the same ratio to that which is unknown, as the science of Newton, in his own opinion, did to the vast mass of undiscovered truth, when he compared himself to a child picking up pebbles on the sea-shore. Secondly, It assumes the right to deny the *bona fides* or capacity of the observer, merely because we cannot account for the facts to which he testifies. Now, in reference to this point, it may be safely laid down that the *bona fides* of an observer is on no account to be denied, unless his previous conduct have given good grounds for doing so. And it is more especially our duty to give every observer credit for truth and honesty, when the facts he states are such as may easily be ascertained by experiment. To act otherwise is to infringe, in the most direct and inexcusable manner, the divine precept, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." The generation now passing away had a striking lesson on this duty in the history of Bruce of Kinnaird, the Abyssinian traveler, whose statements of facts, to which he was eye-witness, were contemptuously classed with traveler's tales, although the truth and candor of Bruce were previously unimpeached, merely because these statements were startling, and the authorities of the day chose to consider the facts impossible. The lapse of time, however, has shown that Bruce had strictly adhered to truth in all his statements, which have been fully confirmed, even where apparently most improbable, by subsequent travelers in Abyssinia. No one now hesitates to admit that those who accused Bruce of *mala fides* were alike deficient in justice and in logic; and the same judgment is impending over those who have accused the writers on Mesmerism of fraud, merely because the facts they described could not be explained or accounted for.

Here it may be observed, that there is a remarkable tendency in the human mind to be satisfied with any thing which wears the aspect of an explanation of natural truth, even where, in reality, nothing is explained and nothing accounted for. It is easy to find many persons who attach great importance to Newton's law of gravitation, not because it enables us to classify the facts, to remember the law according to which they occur, and with the aid of that law to predict new facts occurring under it, but as *accounting* for the phenomena, as *explaining why* bodies attract each other. It is not, then, very wonderful, that those who suppose that they are accounting for gravitation, when they are merely stating the facts in a connected form, or, in other words, the law according to which, and not the cause in consequence of which they take place—it is not, we say, wonderful that such persons should ask for an explanation of the facts of Mesmerism previous to admitting them; and finding them quite unaccountable on all ordinary principles, should reject them; little aware that were we to reject all that we cannot explain or account for, little, or rather nothing, would be left.

Who can explain life, or thought, or sensation, or the various attractions through the play of which our universe is sustained? Who can tell why the needle points to the pole, or deviates from it when a small magnet is approached, although we can measure the amount of deviation? Who can tell how a copper wire, in conducting a current of electricity or of heat, becomes a magnet, although the magnetic force of the current be measurable? Who can explain why or how an acid and an alkali neutralize each other, although we can measure the force of their attraction? Let us look where we may, we shall find the ultimate causes of all natural phenomena quite unknown to us. But we do not, on that account, deny the facts of life, sensation, and thought—of astronomy, magnetism, electricity, and chemical action. Still less do we accuse the observers of these facts of *mala fides*, because we cannot explain them. "True," it may be said, "but these facts are obvious to our senses, and we cannot deny what we see." But it must not be forgotten that these very facts, or many of them—for example, the great facts of astronomy—were actually long denied, notwithstanding their obviousness. And, on the other hand, the observers of Mesmerism

appeal to nature, and assert that if you look there, you will find it impossible to deny or doubt the facts of Mesmerism, just as you find it impossible to deny the facts of electro-magnetism, strange and unaccountable as they are. Now we maintain that such an appeal cannot be disposed of by sheer denial of the facts, or in any other way than by an appeal to observation; which, if the facts be only alleged, and not true facts, must be a very short and easy operation.

In reference to the first objection, then, it must be admitted, that it is no valid answer to statements of facts in Mesmerism, to say that the higher phenomena are impossible; and also, that the difficulty or impossibility of accounting for the facts does not entitle us, any more than it did the calumniators of Bruce, to accuse of *mala fides* observers of character previously unimpeached.

2. The next objection we shall notice is that drawn from the supposed consequences of admitting the mesmeric phenomena. It is said that the Creator never could have intended to confer on man such powers as appear to be exhibited in certain mesmeric cases—as, for example the power of predicting future events. It is also said, that the unbounded influence acquired by the mesmerizer over his patient is most dangerous, and capable of being perverted to the worst purposes.

In considering objections of this class, the first thing that strikes us is, that the existence of any real fear of bad consequences implies belief of the facts themselves. We cannot fear the perversion of that the existence of which we deny. If, therefore, Mesmerism be altogether the result of fraud and imposture, these evil consequences must be imaginary. If, on the other hand, the facts be admitted, as they must be by those who sincerely dread such consequences, then we maintain that, in all questions of natural fact, we are entitled only to ask, "Is this true?" "Does it exist?" and not, "What are its consequences?" If the alleged fact be true, it must be the work of God; for human nature can possess no powers which are not derived from Him. This being the case, the dread of evil consequences argues an imperfect acquaintance with His works, and should rather act as an additional inducement to us to investigate these obscure phenomena, than lead us to neglect the additional knowledge to be obtained by such researches.

With regard to the influence of the mesmerizer, over his patient, in some cases it appears to be great, in others limited, in others, again, it is absent. The abuse of this power can only be dreaded by those who admit its existence, and there is no reason to suppose that it is more liable to abuse than other powers or agencies, none of which are exempt from the liability to abuse. The best security, in all such cases, is not ignorance, but knowledge.

In reference, therefore, to this second class of objections, it is plain that, where entertained, they can only be so by those who admit the facts; and it is equally obvious, that to reason against a natural fact, from its supposed evil consequences, is contrary to all the rules of scientific research, which, in all cases where *facts* appear to lead to evil results, prescribe, not a denial or oblivion of the facts, but a more diligent study of them, in the conviction that no natural truth, when fully understood, can be otherwise than beneficial to mankind.

3. Another class of objections, on which great stress is laid, is that drawn from failures in mesmeric experiments.

Here it must be observed, in the first place, that one well-attested instance of success will overbalance, as evidence, hundreds or even thousands of failures, which, in that case can only prove, at the utmost, that we are not sufficiently familiar with the conditions of success. To borrow an illustration from another department of science—when a chemist of known accuracy announces the discovery of a new and remarkable compound, and describes a process for its production, and when other chemists, on first repeating the process, fail to obtain the desired result, they do not conclude that the statement is false, but simply,

either that the necessary conditions have not been described with sufficient minuteness, or else they have neglected some one or more of these conditions; and they repeat the experiment till it succeeds, or apply to the discoverer for more detailed instructions. This happens every day in chemistry; but what would be thought of a chemist who should refuse to try the experiment; and yet consider himself justified in denying the truth of the discovery, and accusing his brother chemist of imposture, because it appeared to him impossible, or because he could not account for it?

But, in the second place, when we consider the special case of Mesmerism, we perceive many reasons why failure in obtaining certain results is a circumstance of even less weight and importance than in such a science as chemistry. In mesmeric experiments, the conditions of success are much less known. From the very nature of the subject of experiment, namely, the living nervous system, it is far more exposed to variations arising from causes apparently slight, but in reality only imperfectly studied. than the dead subjects of chemical research. There are many experiments, even in chemistry, in which a difference of a few degrees in temperature will cause utter failure. How much more probable is it, then, that the nervous system should be affected by a great variety of causes of uncertainty and failure! Every one knows, in his own experience, that the mental powers, and indeed the bodily powers also, are not at all times alike. The poet is not always able to rhyme, nor the musician to compose, with equal success; and the slightest variations in the state of health, especially in nervous temperaments, produce corresponding variations of mood, or humor, as it is called. Why, then, should it appear strange that the powers possessed by individuals in the mesmeric state should vary at different times? Ought we not rather to expect that which, according to all writers on Mesmerism, actually occurs—namely, that the mesmerized person shall at one time possess powers which at another time are absent? It would indeed be strange if mesmeric phenomena alone exhibited a uniformity never seen in the other phenomena of the nervous system.

But, further, there are other causes of failure, to which mesmeric experiments are peculiarly liable. The first of these is a consequence of ignorance, on the part of the experimenter, of the facts just alluded to, and of a confidence in the results, which, if not justified to the full extent by a careful study of the subject, is, at least, a strong indication of the *bona fides* of the observer. We allude here to the boldness with which those who have once obtained certain results in a given case, undertake, even in public, to exhibit and demonstrate the same results, and thus to convince skeptics. Now, these bold exhibitors, in many cases, not only do not practically attend to the considerations above stated as rendering occasional failure possible, but, also, neglect other considerations which render it even probable. Of these, the most important are, the exhaustion of the subject, the arbitrary alteration of the conditions of experiment, and the effect, on the mesmerized subject, of the proximity of many persons, or indeed of persons other than the mesmerizer, and especially of the skeptical and uncandid.

It frequently happens, at exhibitions of mesmeric phenomena, whether public or private, that certain experiments, requiring the full powers of the individual, are tried when he is already exhausted by a long series of efforts, and when, therefore, his answers are more or less unsatisfactory. This cause of failure is obvious, and easily avoided; but there is another which is less so; we mean the arbitrary alteration of the conditions of experiments. For instance, we shall suppose that an individual is said, when mesmerized, to acquire the power of *reading* a closed letter, or the page of a book covered with twenty other pages, or the dial-plate of a watch laid on the epigastrium, or held near the occiput. The experiment is tried, and succeeds; but a skeptic starts up and declares that he, for one, is determined not to be taken in; that, in the experiment just performed, collusion and

imposture were *possible*; and, if he does not actually assert them to have been employed, he gives it to be understood pretty plainly that such is his opinion. He will not, he says, be satisfied, unless the clairvoyant shall read a letter inclosed in several folds of paper, and shut up within a box, perhaps in the inner one of two boxes; or else he insists that the eyes of the clairvoyant shall be closed with strips of adhesive plaster, and bandaged in half a dozen towels and handkerchiefs, with the aid of pledgets of cotton wool. Without this, he will not believe. The mesmerizer and his clairvoyant, without having ever tried the proposed method, at once agree to his preposterous demand (a striking proof, by the way, of *bona fides* on their part;) and the experiment now fails, as was indeed most probable. Now, this we call arbitrary alteration of the conditions of experiment, altogether unwarranted on the part both of skeptic and exhibitor. On what ground does the latter undertake to do what he has never yet done? By what right does the former dictate to Nature conditions, without which he will not believe? The truth is, that both are misled by theory. The exhibitor unconsciously flatters himself that he can explain how his patient sees with his eyes shut, and does not mind an additional obstacle or two; while the skeptic takes a most erroneous view of the province of the experimenter in scientific research, whose duty it is to observe and record the phenomena presented to his view, whether by simple observation or by experiment, but who has no right to dictate to Nature the conditions under which she must exhibit a fact. He is at perfect liberty to try any form of experiment he chooses; but he is, at the same time, bound, above all, to study the fact, *as presented to him by Nature*. To return to our case—he may try as many experiments as he pleases, and on any conditions, however arbitrary and absurd, that he chooses to impose; but he is not entitled to say that his belief, or that of others, depends, or ought to depend, on the fulfilment of these conditions; for he is bound to study the case under the natural conditions, that is, those under which the fact was first observed. All writers on Mesmerism agree in this, that a patient may exhibit clairvoyance when his eyes are shut, and the object to be seen or perceived is behind his head; but it is nowhere stated that he is certain to succeed if, in addition, his eyes be glued up and loaded with bandages, in the way recorded by some profound skeptics. Indeed, were such a statement to be made, we should instinctively reject it as absurd. Is it conceivable that the horrid discomfort of such a blinding operation should have any other than a most injurious effect on the powers of the patient? That in some such cases the experiments succeed, in spite of the obstacles thus unwarrantably raised against them, only shows that some patients are less easily annoyed or disturbed than others. We must never forget that it is quite possible that *any* change in the conditions *may* cause failure, and that, at all events, to promise, or to demand, *before trying the experiment*, that it shall succeed, the conditions being altered, is as rash and unjustifiable on the one part, as it is illogical and unreasonable on the other. At all events, it is plain that the exhibitor is to blame who tries such a variation of the original experiment for the first time in public, in perfect confidence of success; and that very often, were he first to try it in private, he would find himself compelled to say that such varied experiment would not succeed. Failures of this kind, therefore, only prove the rash confidence of the exhibitor, and, while they speak in favor of his *bona fides*, they argue a very limited acquaintance (such as we fear is too common among exhibitors of Mesmerism) with the phenomena which he professes to demonstrate.

There is entire unanimity among the chief authorities on Mesmerism in regard to this—that the proximity of other persons besides the mesmerizer, produces in many patients a degree of disturbance highly unfavorable to the successful exhibition of the higher powers; and that this is particularly observed when the patient is in proximity to a person in a skeptical, above all, in an uncandid frame of mind; that, for example, the

approach of a person who is convinced that the patient is guilty of fraud, and has probably expressed this opinion to the company, will often deprive a clairvoyant of his whole power. Nay, it is stated by all writers on the subject, that the patient will often detect this state of mind in those with whom he is placed "en rapport," although it has been concealed from all. Deleuze mentions a very striking instance of this, where the skeptic, finding that his secret thoughts, thus read, acted as an impediment to the further exercise of clairvoyance, became convinced that imposture could not account for this, and investigating the matter for himself, became a distinguished mesmerist. But it is sufficient here to state, that such is the uniform testimony of all the authors on the subject. Now, this being the case, it is plain that a very large proportion of public failures must admit of being thus explained; or, at least, that those who state the fact as we have here given it, would be entitled, on their own principles, to predict numerous cases of failure under such circumstances. Such failures, therefore, if they prove any thing at all, prove the truth of Mesmerism, by demonstrating one of the most curious mesmeric phenomena, namely, the alleged power of penetrating the thoughts and sentiments of others—or, as it may be called, occult mental sympathy, and the extreme sensitiveness of the mesmerized patients. Of course we understand that the failure shall be distinctly traced to this cause, as in the case mentioned by Deleuze.

These considerations are not to be regarded as *EX POST FACTO* attempts to explain failures. We offer them, on the contrary, as views deduced from the writings of the best authorities on Mesmerism, which would lead us, *A PRIORI*, to contemplate the probability of numerous failures in experiment performed under the circumstances we have mentioned; and which, so far from having been made use of by exhibitors generally to account for occasional failures, have been altogether neglected by them—a neglect which has led to by far the greater part of the public failures in Mesmerism.

In reference, then, to the argument against the truth of Mesmerism, derived from the occasional failure of experiments performed in public; our remarks may be briefly summed up as follows:

Like all other phenomena of the nervous system, the phenomena of Mesmerism are subject to frequent and great variations.

The conditions of success being much less known than in other experimental sciences, mesmeric experiments are even more liable to failure than others.

The exhibitors of mesmeric phenomena, ignorant of this, or not attending to it, expose themselves to failure by undertaking to perform exactly what they have performed before.

The patient may vary in his power on different days, or from slight changes in his health, or from exhaustion in previous experiments; and in all these ways failure may take place.

Again, the skeptic often unwarrantably dictates new conditions of experiments, which are rashly accepted; and failure is the result.

Lastly, the proximity of persons in a skeptical, above all, of persons in an uncandid, prejudiced state of mind, has a powerful and most unfavorable influence on many susceptible subjects; and many failures are thus accounted for.

But even supposing that failures should occur not admitting of explanation in any of the above ways, still it remains indisputable that the evidence derived from one successful experiment, carefully observed and accurately reported, far outweighs that deduced from a hundred or a thousand failures, which can at most prove that we cannot do what others have done.

*To be Concluded in our next.*

THE more elevated a sentiment becomes, the more there is of union and fulness in it; and it fears less inconstancy; it removes from perishable matter by its own essence and approaches God, the principle of all stability.

## The Physician.

### APOPLEXY—ITS CAUSE AND CURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,  
BY A. J. DAVIS.

APOPLEXY is the nosological term for a local development of constitutional derangements and disturbances, which results in a partial or complete suspension or abolition of the intimate relations subsisting between the senses of the mind and its corresponding ones in the organization. The relations and connections between different parts of the body, are so exceedingly subtle and intimate that it is an absolute impossibility for one part, organ, muscle, nerve or particle, to suffer without, more or less, sympathetically implicating all the others. This is true in every department of animated nature; and the more we study and meditate upon the relationship existing between the Divine Mind, and his vast and boundless material constitution, the more will our souls expand and our thoughts dwell upon, and be unfolded toward a comprehension of, the Infinite. And this study will also teach us to be just—just to ourselves, that our individual harmony may affect harmoniously those whose life and existence are joined to, or inwrought indissolubly with, our own; for individual injustice will generate disturbance and disease, and, like the influence of a hypertrophied or an atrophied heart in apoplexy, will correspondingly affect dependent portions, and throw the most complete and perfect organization out of its just equilibrium.

There are but few cases of apoplexy in which the heart is not diseased. And in proportion as the flow of blood from ventricle to auricle is obstructed or accelerated in that great central force pump, the heart, is the momentum power diminished or increased in the encephalon.

Among pathological and physiological researchers, the question remains unsettled whether the brain is or is not compressible; and whether the power of the heart, and the quantity of blood propelled through its ascending channels, can diminish or increase the contents of the cranium. And another question no less absurd is agitated—whether the laws of hydraulics or of gravitation are applicable to the human circulation? does posture affect the circulation of the blood or fluids of the system so as to induce their gravitation to the lowest point?

The progress of cerebral pathology, and, indeed, of medical science in general, is manifestly retarded by these iatro-mathematical theories, propounded by Borelli, or emanating from his school, and advocated by Dr. A. Monro, at Edinburg, during the latter half of the last century. And, inconsistent as this theorizing may appear when contrasted with the daily experience of every individual, "it was founded," says the British and Foreign Medical Review, "upon the incompressibility of the substance of the brain, and upon the spheroidal form of the skull. The idea might probably be traced from Monro to Boerhaave, or Pitcairn"—and it seems that the celebrated Dr. Abercrombie is esteemed as one of its most worthy and vigorous disciples.

Water was once supposed to be incompressible; but subsequent experiments have demonstrated it, and the human brain likewise, capable of being compressed and occupying a much less space than in the natural conditions. And I think every one may ascertain experimentally for himself, whether cardiac disturbances affect the encephalon, the arteries, veins, sinuses, and vessels of the brain, correspondingly; and whether posture influences cerebral circulation, by placing the head, or any other member of the body, in an inclined position, for a brief period. Since, then, these iatro-mathematical speculations may be proved unsound by the simplest test, it does not become medical men to devote their time and talents to them, while the human brain is liable to congestive diseases which pathological science has been able to master. But these are questions to be hereafter discussed, and I will therefore proceed directly to enumerate the causes of Apoplexy.

I. THE CAUSE.—It is highly important for every individual to know that the whole organisation is so closely related in its parts, and is so delicately and yet so powerfully constructed, combining an infinite variety of lesser systems or organisations, that should any part be unduly weakened or strengthened, by too much or too little exercise, the whole must suffer in consequence of the infringement. And should any part be constitutionally weak or undeveloped, a greater proportion of the injury will fall upon that portion, and develop a local disease. Now suppose the vascular system to be hereditarily defective—weak in some particular organ, and that the patient is subject to, or experiencing, the repeated influences of over exercise or excessive temperature—would not that weak part become more and more defective as time advanced? Should that weakness be located in the abdominal viscera, the local development would undoubtedly be hernia, hæmorrhoids or dysmenorrhœa; if located in the stomach, hæmatemesis or vomiting of blood; if in the lungs, hæmoptysis or raising and spitting of blood; if in the brain, it would probably be an effusion or extravasation of blood—in other words, apoplexy.

If the peritoneum, or protecting coatings of the abdomen, should be perforated, the phenomenon would be hernia; but should the cranium or skull be perforated, the phenomena would be the disease under consideration. The fact that the vessels of the brain expand and break by cardiac disturbances, or angina-pectoris, atrophy, hypertrophy, ossification and correlative diseases of the heart and circulation; or that they will yield to external lesions and pressure, proves that the quantity of blood may be increased in the cerebral organ, and that the brain is compressible—for cerebral compression is the ultimate cause of comatose, or the apoplectic affection, and of its accompaniment—hemiplegia.

The brain has respiratory movements corresponding to those of the lungs and heart; and upon the regular and perpetual movements of the latter as the central organ, the brain chiefly depends—so that the systolic and diastolic motion manifested by the dura-mater when exposed to the view, is only an indication of what is thus occasioned throughout the entire brain. Every inspiration occasions an influx of arterial blood to, and impedes the reflux or return of venous blood from, the brain. Consequently the arteries and veins are greatly distended, and come very near that peculiar state of turgid congestion which is produced by strangulation, the abstraction of blood by the lancet, or the apoplectic coma. But the succeeding expiration permits the outflowing of venous blood, causes the congestion and turgidity to subside, and makes room for the ascent of the cerebro-spinal fluid.

This extra vascular serum, or watery fluid, is a substitute for the presence of blood in the vessels of the encephalon—that is, when by expiration the venous blood escapes the cranial veins, this serum ascends to, and enters them, that thereby the quantity of matter in the head may be at all times the same. The balance of power and the quantity of substances within the cranium are thus, in the perfectly normal state, perpetually preserved. The cranium and spinal column form one cavity, and the medullary substance is only the continuation of the cerebrum and cerebellum, or in other words, an extension of the brain;—hence it is termed the "medulla oblongata."

At the base of the brain are fixed two ventricles, or cavities—the corpora striata—designed as receptacles for the deposition and distribution of the cerebral serum into the cerebral vessels. The dual action of these is occasioned by inspiration, which not only prevents the too rapid influx of blood, but accelerates its passage from the brain to all parts of the system. Thus we are led to another important therapeutic consideration—the connection between the spine and the cranium, the spinal marrow and the brain, the serum and the blood, and their relations in the development of apoplexy. A spinal injury would necessarily affect the medullary substance; this would influence the cerebral respirations; this would cause one of two disturbances, namely:

prevent the requisite ascension of the cerebral serum, or cause an accumulation of it within the ventricles. In either case, it would produce apoplexy.

This conclusion is based upon the supposition previously specified, that the weakest part, or the hereditary defect, resides in the vascular system, and is especially located in the head; but, should this weakness not exist, the spinal disturbance would develop altogether a different phenomenon—that of hydrocephalus, or dropsy on the brain. There are, therefore, two distinct causes and species of apoplexy—the sanguineous, or that produced by an effusion or extravasation of blood upon the brain; and the serous, or that produced by a superabundance of vascular serum. The ultimate cause in both cases is identical; it is simply an arrest of the returning blood from the brain, and of the respiratory movements, which increases the pressure and quantity of blood within the cranium.

I desire it to be distinctly understood that apoplexy is seldom developed as unassociated with valvular disease of the heart. The former is generally preceded by the latter in some one or more of its numerous modifications. When it is duly apprehended that the heart depends upon the brain for spiritual motive power, and that the dependence of the brain upon the heart, upon the other hand, is as entire, physicians, as well as patients, will avoid predisposing causes, and direct their medicines to the more important precedents.

Among the predisposing causes of apoplexy, the following are the most prominent: a full, heavy, lymphatic, plethoric or lethargic habit or constitution; a large, disproportioned head, with osseous protuberances and inequalities underneath the skull; corpulency; weakness of the vessels conducting the blood; a collection of insaculated serum, which is presented as watery tumors, bags, sacks or cysts upon the brain, and are generally situated near the cortical substance or upon the corpora striata; the striking in of any external eruption—such as erysipelas, serofula, scurvy, leprosy and the gout; or the sudden cessation of any customary evacuation, as detailed in the diagnosis of epilepsy—or any thing which prevents the reflux of blood from the head, and which rapidly increases the quantity in that organ, and suppresses cerebral respiration and circulation—such as a compressed chest, a tight cravat, an aneurism, angina, or quinsy sore throat; a sudden blow upon the skull, or remaining too long with the head low; the excessive and continued use of old rough wines, or any other stimulating drinks; spices; a too copious and frequent discharge of semen, as in excessive venery; intoxication, either induced by liquor or passion; close, sedentary habit or occupation, and intense study.

These are the external predisposing causes of apoplexy; the vascular tendency may exist, however, but the disease may never be developed. Youth is seldom if ever afflicted with this complaint; but after the age of twenty or twenty-five, the system is more and more liable to become subject to apoplexy as it is locally weakened and hardened by the advancing time. Ossification of the heart, the mitral valve, the aortic arch, and of surrounding portions, becomes more and more confirmed as years roll by; and this, interrupting the harmonious relations subsisting between the great pump and the reservoir, develops apoplexy, paraplegia, hemiplegia, and produces disorganization. Paraplegia is a complete prostration of muscular power; hemiplegia is a partial prostration, or a paralysis of one side, including the brain and limbs, and which almost always succeeds an attack of apoplexy.

It will be understood, then, that apoplexy, whether sanguineous or serous, is a sudden cessation of sense and voluntary motion, ultimating itself either in palsy or death; and that its last or ultimate cause is an effusion or extravasation of serum or blood over the contents of the cranium; and that it is identical with other extravascular hæmorrhages, only differently named, because developed in different places, and attended by different symptoms.

II. THE SYMPTOMS.—Preceding the cerebral attack are dizziness; head-ache; dulness; loss of memory; painful dreams;

delirium tremens; night mare; concussive and breathing sounds in the ears; remarkable alternations between excitement and composure, normal motion and paralysis; sleep and wakefulness, passion and amiability. Compressed, laborious breathing; snoring, and convulsive starts usher in the fit—which must be avoided by prompt and appropriate treatment. These symptoms precede; but when the fit is on, the extremities are cold, insensible, motionless and paralyzed; the countenance is full, florid and swollen—the eyes protrude and are fixed—the tongue is furred toward the stomach—the veins and arteries are unusually distended—the pulse light and slow; the patient has no command over the sphincters, nor of the voluntary muscles. These concomitants are especially associated with sanguineous apoplexy; but in serous apoplexy the symptoms are less distinct and less violent; the principal ones are complete vertigo, coma, and a morbid sleep.

III. THE REGIMEN.—Persons pre-disposed to this disease by such causes as are detailed, should avoid everything that tends to its development—abandon all strong drink, heavy food, excesses of every description, and lead a temperate life. A thin, farina-cious diet should be the general nourishment. Cold bathing is not to be neglected; and all the disturbing influences of habit or association must be overcome, that the first attack may never occur.

IV. THE CURE.—It is exceedingly difficult for the physician to diagnosticate a cardiac or cerebral disease by the pulse; and much more to decide upon the necessity or propriety of venesection; inasmuch as the abstraction of blood by the leech, the cup, or the lancet, will reduce the cerebral pressure, lessen, and perhaps prevent the violence of the attack, but will also do irreparable injury to the heart, should its valves be so diseased as to admit of frequent regurgitations. If the latter condition exists, the pulse is light, quick, and wiry; but the pulse is ever deceptive, and that practice must be erroneous which is governed to any great extent by its variable indications.

Bleeding from the arm, however, is the first thing required in sanguineous apoplexy; but let it never be done in serous attacks. If there exists great tumult about the heart, an active blister may be applied over it, or leeches may be applied directly upon the sternum and the mastoid process. Next employ a clyster, composed of tincture lobelia and milk in quantities suited to the individual's habit, condition and strength. Purgatives may be administered with prudence and profit in nearly every case.

The most essential thing is attention to temperature and posture. First, be careful to elevate the head; put the feet into warm water; apply cold water and cold effusions to the head copiously and frequently; attend particularly to the paralyzed side, by bathing it with one part laudnum and three parts brandy; continue cold applications to the head and warm to the feet; do every thing to prevent the rush of blood to the head, and the accumulation of cerebro-spinal fluid in the ventricles. The sequelæ of the apoplectic shock, or the convalescent stage, demands the greatest possible attention. Nothing can be more injurious than an early use of the muscles or brain after the fit; in eight out of ten cases it would produce another extravasation of blood or serum, and utterly annihilate all probabilities of a cure.

Attention to diet, and judicious exercise, is the safest and most reliable means that can be employed. I would recommend no remedy, either as an ameliorative or specific, because it is an incurable complaint. My object in detailing causes, influences and tendencies, which develop this most dreadful complaint, is to enable those who have had one attack to avoid a repetition; and to induce those whose progenitors were afflicted and died with it, to study the economy of the system in which the mind, or the *real self*, resides. I write for the rising generation; upon their physical and spiritual health, and power and wisdom, depends the destiny of our race. Its period of peace will be nigh or far off, according as we act and desire.

It is quite impossible to indicate more minutely the various symptoms that precede or denote the approach of apoplexy; yet there are certain other characteristics which I intend to detail, (and incorporate in the volume for which, also, these articles are designed,) and that cannot be mistaken.

## Original Papers.

## META.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,  
BY CHARLES WORTH.

I REMEMBER not the time when first I saw my sister Meta; I only know I was a very little child. I faintly recollect the first May mornings that ever dawned upon me, as she and I played together in a small hill-girdled mead, which was carpeted with grass and wild flowers. I remember well the brightest of those days. I was wandering there alone listlessly, in a semi-conscious dreamy mood, enjoying a vague sort of child-happiness, when she appeared to me brightlier laughing than ever before, clad in a garment of woven flowers. She had in her hand a wreath of roses and lilies with which she playfully tried to bind me, that she might clothe me with a dress like hers.

The sheen of the earnestly playful smiles she then showered upon me, infused me with a joy divine, which at no period since has wholly left me.

But I would not be fastened with her garland-cord; and when she flung it round me with such loving grace, that it would have been captivation to a soul less hard and cold than mine, I broke it, and was angry with her. Then she turned away from my moroseness and grieved at my wayward disposition. But I did it again and again, growing worse and worse; till by-and-by she would entirely leave me at such times. Sometimes, in her absence, her lonely image would appear in the mirror of my memory and charm me into quiet; and then she would return and try to bless me. O, she loved me with a girlish, tender fondness, which none but a sister nature could bestow. But I was a rude, selfish boy, and was seldom in a mood not outrageously repulsive to her delicate goodness. Ofttimes when I rejected her she would come to me most winningly, and try to lure me to her affection; but I always met her with a frown, and often spit upon her, and thus forced her from my presence, weeping. And, as she departed, she would always look back to me with a sad longing, through her tears; but I was so unloving that not even this could wring from me a regret for my cruel treatment of her. But her constancy could not be baffled; her love clung to me in my most degraded states, and when I left our play scenes and her, and went to a fennish valley to join companions like myself where we played in the mud, and cruelized our natures by torturing the pigs that came to wallow in the filth—scenes and sports which she could not approach, not even to see her brother; how often would the memory of her haunt me; but I was so impure that it haunted me to vexation.

As I grew in the stature of years, I grew not in progress. I became blear-sensed, till I saw her only as a prostitute. Then I would have stolen the brightest, costliest jewel that she wore; ay, I would have made her the slave of the basest (which was the greatest,) portion of my perverted nature.

But even then, in my darkest age of shame and guilt, she was willing to stand by my side, hold my hand, and call me brother in the presence of the world, and receive for it naught but their bawdy sneers. O, a sister's love! it's transmutive fire changes stone to gold: hers has been my salvation. Ah, there is a power in virtue that can tame the most uproarious vice. Truth and love possess an influence which baseness cannot withstand forever. The good and true will sway the scepter by-and-by over all.

Then came the dark-age period of my history. Poor Meta became wan and pale, and pined toward death. If she then had died, I surely would have perished; for she only linked me to that eternal life which is for all who will receive it. I had almost forgotten her, except in the character my own vileness had endowed her with; when, one night of superlative darkness, I dreamed of the terrible blackness that was in me, and had so long eclipsed the brightness of her love, and made the embryo of my wisdom a putrid abortion. I saw my gulf of ruin yawning. I heard sepulchral voices prophesying my fearful destiny; in my own tracks I read my horrid doom. I awoke, and found it not a dream. I cried for help; but only Despair offered me assistance, and he

held to my lips a lethean nepenthe; but I saw it stripped of guise, and dared not drink it. Then did terror and self-loathing make me seek to forsake myself. My own presence was a hell to me, from which escape was hopeless. I would not let my sister come near me; for I felt that I was all too vile to be with her. And when she would have come to me I spurned her; not because I hated her, or saw her as I had; but because I saw myself as I was, and loathed myself more than I could express but by spurning her.

But she came with magic charms and spells, to enchant me to self-nobility and her love. I yielded all that my rough, gross nature could; but the mastery of power that vice had gained over and within me, was not to be conquered in a single combat. Long and terrible were my struggles to break away from my old home and comrades, and go to that quiet valley where was her home, and where I might dwell in love and live a life of exquisite poetry and high philosophy. I often came within the precincts of her vale and held sweet, enholing intercourse with her,—this was during my best, loftiest moments,—then would return an old mood of grossness, with its intoxication of sensual delight, and I would return to my old haunts of vice. But right manfully I strove against these vicious habitudes, till success and triumph crowned me here.

The beautiful valley then became my permanent home, and my own dear Meta my constant companion; and though I often heard the unmusical shout of my quondam boon companions calling me away to their miasmatic swamps, far over the hills, they gradually lost their temptation; for her voice lured my ear away from theirs.

Our vale enlarged and grew more lovely; and its skies became far fairer than when we were boy and girl together there. With this genial scenery and society, I fast grew in manhood. I daily took ablutions in the juvenescent streams that flowed from among the hills by our cottage of peace.

There had been a time when perpetual scowls hung on my countenance like midnight clouds on the cerulean of day; thronging visions of unlovely forms obtruded on all my waking hours, like incubus dreams in nights of trouble and unrest. But now Meta's smiles chased these all away, and her loving nature created in me, from the materials of that chaotic past, a new existence, whose glebes were rural occupations and delights; whose sky was safety; whose breezes were friendship; whose atmosphere was love; whose light was truth; whose work was progress; whose pastime, duty; whose day was joy, and whose night was trust.

O, could I speak of her! but my thoughts will not be cramped in the prison cell of speech. Lovelier and fairer is she than all the nymphs that haunt the artistic reveries of those who dwell far up in the eternal possible. No painter, sculptor, or poet, could adequately tell of her, with pencil, chisel, or pen; even music, the highest form of utterance man yet knows of, is meager to convey full ideas of her pulchritudes. And he who is now uttering all he can of her, can only point her out, and tell her name. I here call her Meta; men have named her Beauty; among the gods her name is Purity.

O, ye who would feel an intensity of life which ye have never yet experienced; ye who long and yearn for an ideal excellence yet unattained, which resides but just within the limits of your highest ken; ye whose loftiest visions permeate your utmost ability with an earnestness and vigor which no obstacle can daunt; ye who would be, and perpetually become the embodiment of your inmost and immortal thought—become acquainted with her: she will be a sister to as many as will seek her; her capacious and expansive heart can take in all who will receive her gifts. Know and love her, and the skies shall not be lofty to you; nor shall the stars be distant; nor your aspiration for ever be a phantom; nor your utmost possible an inaccessible height; nor Heaven a supermundane El Dorado, beyond an Atlantic death. You will rise from this dull Actual, soar through the bright Ideal, into the deep heights of the eternal Real.

The all-infusing being she would impregn you with, could not be told in words; only a great, high life could give to it expression. The greatening influence, the creative power, the marriage of Wisdom and Love from the highest which she would im-

part to you, would make existence a world-empire, over which you would have supreme control, all things ministering to the perpetually intense rapture of bliss which would be the sublime result. And all you could experience in this stage of life would be but a digit in the infinitude of numbers, which are but the prophecy of the eternal progress of the after-being, in which you would revel for ever. O, seek her, by being worthy of her.

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Years have shed their dews of youth upon me since that sister died; Meta only died; Beauty and Purity are immortal; though at first it seemed as if they, with her, had fallen. My lonely heart called after her; but no response came from above, no echo resounded from the earth. The last gleam of sunshine vanished in darkness; the last strain of music expired into silence; the last form of beauty plunged into chaos; my bark of existence floated without rudder toward oblivion's gulf.

But ere long, she came to me with a brightness far transcending those May morns of childhood, which were so full of happiness. And from the azure she has brought calmnesses, hopes, joys, aspirations, far beyond all I had ever known or imagined of them. And she is far lovelier than when she was Meta; for now I know her by the name the gods have given her. And O, what an infinite contrast between Meta as I saw her in my vilest age, and Purity, as I now behold and know her!

I would speak of her as now she is; but if I can only tell her name when she was Meta, what can I now say of her?

O, ye whose thoughts are eagles that soar beyond all ken, are humas that come not down to earth, and whose words are reptiles that crawl upon the ground, ye know how vainly we must ever strive to express our best, loftiest thoughts. But ye are those who can perceive the lofty thought, though its words are meager. Let it suffice.

And now she prophetically promises that she will introduce me to another being, who is more than her, as thoughts are more than words; to whom she is as a gleam of the ideal to the bright reality.

Often, since Meta's departure, has she vouchsafed to me visions from her upper home, and in them I have caught glimpses of troops of celestial souls. And peerlessly conspicuous among them is always *one*—I can only speak the name she has in heaven; it is Love.

Thus much only, I can say of that other being who is to be my feminine self. But her being and mine cannot interfuse till I am wise, and wisely great, and good, and true. Till then we wait each other with a patience that contributes to our greatest growth.

What that biunity of ours will be, is too far up in the unattained for me to speak of now; and here my words must end. If you will wait long years of progress, I may then be able to tell of ourself as we then shall be. Till then let us all stablish ourselves in the highest faithfulness.

Boston, Mass.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,

#### NATURE AND MAN.

What gives us such a love for flowers and birds? Whence the geniality with every thing beautiful and simple? From what memory arises, like a spirit from its body's grave, our interest in antiquities? What forms the tie of relationship between us and every thing human?

Have we not been flowers, and birds, and every thing else in the gradations of Nature? Did not all simple beauty minister to us through all these stages? Did not the essence of every substance of the past concentrate to form us? Have we not been in every mood of man since mankind began?

And from what excelsior height descends to us the ceaseless aspiration toward the embodiment of all excellence and perfection? Do not all these things beneath us point to something above? Are we not to rise, approach, and approximate to the great Author of all this? O, surely we are not the crowning work of Divinity, but a link in the eternal chain, a number in the infinite series.

CHARLES WORTH.

Instinct in animals, is what intuition is in man.

# THE UNIVERCELUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1848.

## OUR PLANS FOR SOCIAL REFORM.

WE have been requested to present our plans for the reform and reconstruction of society. With all due respect to those who have made this request, we would say that we are not moved to go into any thing like a thorough exposition of the subject to which it relates, until several preliminary points shall have been duly presented and illustrated to our readers, in the light of which we may be enabled to present the subject in its due force and clearness. Any crude and premature attempt to unfold a subject of such magnitude and importance, would necessarily result in injury and not good. Founded as our plans are, upon certain universal and invariable laws of Nature, justice to those plans cannot be done in any representations which may be given, before the laws or fundamental principles on which they rest, are clearly unfolded to the apprehension of our readers. To unfold these properly, a somewhat extensive view of the structure and *modus operandi* of the Universe; of the principles involved in all organic structures; of the relations of mankind to external nature and to each other, &c., would have to be given. Some principles have already been unfolded, in our recent articles on psychology, which admit of a powerful application in reference to the social relations of mankind; and so soon as certain external circumstances cease to compel so large a share of our attention as at present, we propose to write a series of articles upon cosmogony, anthropology, &c., for the purpose of unfolding, as clearly as possible, the law and general plan, a strict observance of which, it seems to us, is absolutely necessary to success in an effort at social reorganization.

Without attempting, for the present, to be specific, we will here drop a few hints of a miscellaneous character as having a bearing upon this vast subject.

The primary Law upon which the whole theory is based is that of *Gravitation*—by which we mean simply the tendency of particles and substances, organic and inorganic, to associate according to the principle of elective affinity. This subject is clearly presented in Mr. Davis's book, which we believe is the first work ever written in which even an attempt has been made to explain the causes of the phenomenon which Newton termed "gravitation." This law of gravitation, (or the association of kindred particles and substances,) is applicable to all things, whether in the world of gross matter, or in that more beautiful world of etherialized substances of which the minds of men are composed. Indeed it has its most delicate and perfect exemplification in the mutual affinities subsisting between human minds, and in the attractions exerted upon those minds by outer objects. Gravitation was the first law called into requisition in the formation of worlds; and it is the first and all-important law that must be obeyed in forming the great mass of human beings into one harmonious world of thought and action.

At present society is in a *nebulous*—a *chaotic state*. Each individual (with comparatively few exceptions,) forms an isolated world within himself, and instead of laboring for the general welfare, is constantly endeavoring to absorb from his neighbors that which will conduce to his own personal emolument or aggrandizement. Thus mankind are disunited, and the interests of each conflict with the interests of all others. Thus a spirit of supreme selfishness is at present the main spring of human action; and injustice, oppression and degradation are the unavoidable consequences. But by a strict observance of the law of gravitation, elective affinity, or association, as displayed in

all parts of the Universe (save that which is formed by the human race,) each human being would find his natural position—a position which he is specifically qualified to fill, and in which he could be useful and happy. Mankind would form one complete Body, of which each individual would be an organ; and the same harmony and reciprocity of offices and influences would be established in the great human world, which prevail throughout the vast material creations of the Divine Mind. Reasoning upon the principle of universal analogy or correspondence, we may infallibly conclude that such will ultimately be the condition of the great human world, (which is only an inseparable part of the material universe,) after it progresses, by the action of gravitating or attractive forces, from the *nebulous* (or chaotic) to the *organic state*; and we believe that this beautiful and glorious end may be materially hastened by a faithful and persevering exhibition of the principles on which it is to be accomplished.

In the foregoing there will necessarily be to some minds a degree of obscurity and incompleteness; but we earnestly hope that this will not discourage them from a thorough investigation of the subject in its farther ramifications as it is presented in Mr. DAVIS's book, and will hereafter be presented, more briefly and imperfectly, in the columns of this journal.

According to universally manifest principles of Nature, we can have no faith in the efficacy of any *arbitrary* measures—measures which have not a full and perfect response in all the well developed human affections—to accomplish the object here contemplated. The plan of rallying people disgusted with the evils of present society, from different parts of the country, and purchasing a domain fixed upon by the voice of the majority, with a view to the establishment of an Industrial Association, must, we believe, in nine cases out of ten, inevitably fail as an incipient measure. The mass of minds thus brought together are necessarily more or less heterogeneous and unassimilated to each other, and they are brought into relations, employments and surrounding circumstances for which they were previously totally unprepared. They are indeed not attracted to the center around which they cluster, or to the organization into which they form themselves, but they are rather repelled from the form of society in which they have experienced or witnessed so much wrong and oppression; and they are led to the measures which they adopt, mainly as a relief from the evils which prevail in the world. Hence but few of their affections are gratified by the circumstances and privileges of their new situations, while uncongenial personal associations, and perhaps necessary employments for which they have no attraction, render the condition of a greater or less number of them positively disagreeable. After the first band organize themselves together, there are generally but few accessions to their numbers. Other persons who may feel inclined to unite with them, desire first to witness the result of their experiment. Thus as their body dwindles by death and secession, there are no additions to supply their loss. Pecuniary involvement follows, and finally the institution fails and disbands—simply because in forming their association they did not recognize the law of spontaneous attraction, or gravitation of kindred particles, as established in Nature, but were rather arbitrarily forced or driven together by outer repulsions.

We would say distinctly, however, that although we have no faith in the success of the above as the incipient plans looking toward a social reconstruction, we would not throw the least obstacle in the way of those worthy and philanthropic minds which are laboring for its accomplishment. By exposing the evils of present society, and agitating the subject of a reorganization, they are contributing much to hasten the adoption of some plan which is feasible: and we bid them God speed in their labors in behalf of suffering man.

But with all deference to those who have thought vastly more upon this subject than ourself, we would say that the only incipient step which would seem to us to promise success, is suggested in operations which might be supposed to take place in certain conditions of Nature which may be specified as follows: Suppose the matter composing the whole Universe were in a

nebulous or gaseous state: innumerable centers would be established by masses of different qualities and degrees of density, and at distances from each other determined by the laws of equilibrium; and by the action of the gravitating power established by the fiat of the Deity, particles possessing mutual affinities would *associate* at each of these centers, and form bodies which would gradually progress to suns and planets. Exercising mutual influences upon each other, these again would form groups and systems; and finally the whole stupendous and united Organism which the Universe now presents, would be developed.

From the infinitely great we will proceed to the infinitely minute: Three infinitesimal particles in the mineral kingdom, having progressed to a certain condition, unite together by natural attraction. The three form a center, around which others are drawn as they are prepared for the association, and with these still others unite, until the perfect crystal is formed.

These two examples, taken from the two extremes of Nature, correctly represent operations which take place in the incipient stages of her formations in all her varied departments. The great chaotic, and at present unassimilated mass of Mankind, must follow these examples, if they would establish themselves in harmonious relations, and form a united organism excluding all discord and evil. The first step to be taken in ascending the great ladder of reform, must be but one step above present conditions, or else it will be impracticable, and the very effort to reach it will produce derangement, and will endanger a fall to a position even lower than that before occupied. *Centers* must first be formed, composed only of so many "particles" in the human world, as may be found sufficiently perfected and assimilated to form a harmonious unity. These should be formed in every city and village and township in the country, and should be multiplied as circumstances may naturally demand. To insure success, a lofty spirituality, an elevated moral sentiment, and a well developed judgment, must constitute their leading characteristics. To form these centers, men do not need to remove from their present locations. They should be established, at least in their incipient stages, right among us as we now are, and wherever the proper and requisite materials for their establishment may be found. Once formed, they will, by a natural progression, gradually increase in size and influence. Surrounding individuals will be attracted, assimilated to, and incorporated with, themselves. The different *bodies* should associate with each other as individuals associate with the different bodies, until all will form one grand Body, composed of every variety of necessary parts. Animated by the central principles of spiritual attraction, and governed by the mandates of a well developed wisdom, provisions should be made for the regulation of all internal and personal affairs; and industrial movements should be instituted and organized, on just and equitable principles, adequate to an abundant supply of all wants. Of the specific nature of these we cannot speak farther than to say that they should be instituted upon the principle of combination according to individual attractions and qualifications. Thus society will be as *one Man*, of which each individual will be an organ, furnished with congenial and remunerative employments, and performing a useful function in the great Body.

Whether the plan thus generally and imperfectly stated, would be feasible or nor, may be determined to a certainty by first inquiring whether it would be in accordance with natural law—whether it would be in conformity to the examples manifest in the incipient formations of all Nature, of which the human race only forms a higher development. If, in all our movements, we strictly conform to the laws and examples of Nature, there is no possibility of failing or going astray; if we proceed on any other principle, we can not and ought not succeed.

That the world is fast becoming ripe for movements, such as are above suggested, must be obvious to every intelligent observer of the signs of the times. A spiritual brotherhood constituted precisely on these principles, has already been formed in a distant State, and this will be the parent of a thousand others; and the principle of Association in its cruder manifestations is becoming yearly more conspicuous. It is the dawn of a new era!

W. F.

## A CHAPTER FOR THE MONTH.

## MARCH.

THOUGH poets have not sung thy name, praising thy beauty in immortal strains; yet I cannot wholly forget thee, vigorous, and spirit-stirring March; for I owe much of happiness, even to thee; and spite of thy roughness, and thy blustering, I hail thee as a friend. There is do deception in thee. Thou claimest not, and pretendest not, to more than is thy own. There is a right honest nature in thee that I love. Thy young sister, May, is a coquette—the gypsy! She advances with a smile; and the old Earth, and hoary Time, flush with a warmer glow at her coming! She whispers winningly—and the young blossom lifts its delicate head. Even the ancient trees are moved; and they send forth their young buds to welcome her. But wo, for the hope! and wo, for the trust! Too often in that beaming smile only the herald of a chilling storm! Too often are the sweet tones of love, succeeded by the loud voice of anger or despair! Too often does the heart that trusted, lie dead on her pitiless bosom! Yet thou, good March, cold, and shrewish, and wayward as thou art, hast none of this in thy nature. Thou comest with a frown, but it is an honest one; and it seems to say: "I shall chill you, and pinch you, and freeze you, it may be—but I shall never cheat you! Take care of your heads! It is fine sport for me to shatter you with agues! Take care of your throats! There is croup, and quinsy, in every wind! Take care of your lungs! Influenzas, catarrhs, asthmas, and consumptions, are in every breath!"

Though we shall be won by thy fairer sister to praise her when she comes—for no human heart can resist her magic influence—yet we must do thee justice. Thou wagest battle with old Winter right bravely, fairly overcoming him with his own weapons; but, like most Reformers, thou art grossly slandered, honest March; yet I know not that either of thy sisters could take thy place, and be better than thou! Thou weakenest the power of Frost; and Earth, from her inmost depths, is moved to bless thee. Thou breakest the icy chains of thy predecessor; and the disenthralled rivers, and the leaping rills, go abroad to praise thee. Even the delicate crocus opens her purple eye, and leans confidently on thy cold bosom. The jay, when he hears thy echoing footstep, calls to his mate, telling her that Winter is gone; and the freshest song of the blue-bird is for thee. There is a wild and picturesque beauty about thee, which we feel, perhaps, without acknowledging. Thy mantle of rustling evergreens is lovely to the eye; and thy buskins are broidered with silvery lichens and verdant mosses. The russet alder, by the brook-side, sends out her humble flowers to greet thee; and the golden eyes of the willow-blossoms peep forth with a look of joy. The proud gem that brightens in thy virgin sward, thy own *Nelistrophe\**, catches the rich light from thy flashing eye—its carmine pales beside thy glowing cheek—and its deep thrilling sentiment is borrowed from thee. Thy step is fleeter upon the hills than the arrowy doe. Thou goest forth, in thy wild beauty, over the mountain crags, poising gracefully, where the foot of the chamois never trod; and the soaring eagle, when he hears thy voice, comes down to bless thee.

So must the true heart ever salute thee with a blessing; for all the messengers of the FATHER ARE GOOD.

## CANZONET.

The snows are gone, the brooks are free!  
Bonny March, I welcome thee!  
Soon the robin's mellow song  
Through the copse will float along,  
Waking all the gentle flowers,  
Slumbering in their guarded bowers.

\* It is a Polish superstition that each month of the year has its particular gem attached to it, which governs it, and is supposed to influence the destiny of persons born in that month. It is therefore customary among friends and lovers, to present each other with some trinket containing the tutelary gem, as a birth-day gift, accompanied by a kind and appropriate wish, or compliment.—[Gems of Life.]

The gem of March is the *Nelistrophe*, or blood-stone; and the sentiment is, "courage and firmness, in trying occasions."

Hymns of blessing are abroad,  
Every creature praising God!  
And the fountain lifts its voice,  
Calling to the streams; "rejoice!"  
They are happy! they are free!  
What so glad as Liberty?

Every season hath its charm—  
This is sunny—that is calm—  
But no time the year can bring  
Is to me like early Spring!  
Wreaths of fir, and budding larch,  
Are for thee, my bonny March!

E. H. CHAPIN.

WE learn with pleasure, that Mr. Chapin of Boston, has accepted the invitation of the Apollo Society, and will enter upon his duties in this city about the first of May ensuing.

Mr. Chapin by his liberal principles, his amiable and catholic spirit, and his graceful and forcible elocution, has won for himself a distinguished position among the pulpit orators of America. We trust that his talents and influence will be made subservient to the cause of spiritual progress, that he will be found at his post whenever reason is assailed by authority, or the freedom of the soul endangered by ecclesiastical domination. We understand that Mr. Chapin will not sign the declaration of faith, which forms the present test of ministerial fellowship in the New York Association. Hence, according to the standard erected by the Grand Council of Southold, he will be found wanting, and cannot, therefore, be received into the congregation of the saints. We think it must be a pleasant reflection with Mr. Chapin, that should the platform of *Long Island* prove to be too narrow for him to stand upon, there is room enough on the "*Main Land*," with Jesus and Humanity. S. B. B.

EDWIN FORREST.

MR. FORREST is now absent on his last professional visit at the South. On occasion of his benefit at New Orleans, in reply to the call of the audience, he made the following address:

"For the very cordial and flattering reception, ladies and gentlemen, you have given me to-night, I will not attempt to thank you, for I have no words which could adequately express my feelings. And yet this kind reception, flattering as it is, is not unmingled with regret—regret that the end of my present engagement will close for ever, in this city, my professional existence. Other pursuits, entirely unconnected with public life, invite me from the stage; and to devote myself to these, I must gradually diminish the sphere and limit the number of my theatrical engagements. I come to you, therefore, with my humble offerings for the last time; and permit me to hope, that as you looked with a friendly interest upon the early blossom of the tree, its fruit, now ripened by the mellowing hours of time, may not be to you unacceptable."

The patrons of the drama will lament that Mr. Forrest is likely to be allured from a sphere which has been dignified by his exalted character, and in which his superior talents have been so eminently displayed and so generally acknowledged.

"But the world is a stage, life is one great drama, and all men are actors. Mr. Forrest is performing an important part, with honor to himself and for the world's benefit. His interest in several benevolent enterprises, has been manifested in a substantial manner, and he appears to us in a more interesting aspect as a philanthropist. He who has done aught to cheer the unfortunate or to augment the sum of happiness, has not lived in vain. Edwin Forrest has done much for this cause, and the story of his life is not without interest or his example without profit.

Mr. Forrest is not only a gentleman of great natural powers, of refined taste and accomplished manners, but his soul has

— "a look southward,"

and in the genial light and warmth of his presence, the flowers of hope spring up beside his pathway to bless those who shall come after him. S. B. B.

### MR. DAVIS'S VISION.

In our last week's number we gave notice that we should probably this week be able to commence the publication of a full account of a most interesting spiritual vision with which Mr. Davis was favored while in the interior state, on the 7th of March, 1844. We had no apprehension when we wrote the notice, of subjecting the reader to disappointment. We would say, however, that Mr. D. placed the manuscript of his vision in our hands without previously seeking interior advices, and that since our last paper went to press, he has received a distinct impression that the account of the vision should not be published until after the lapse of several weeks. A sufficient reason for the postponement could be given were it necessary. We regret the reader's disappointment, but it is unavoidable; and we hope that when the treat does come, it will be the more fully appreciated from the growing desire occasioned by the delay. W. F.

### THE RESPONSE.

TO ———.

THINK not we have or can forget  
Although from home we had not spoken  
We love thee brother—better *thine*,  
Nor can those links of love be broken.

But at our quiet country home  
We oft recall the pleasures passed  
And fondly hope—shall it be vain—  
That they are not to be the last,  
But that when "sunny skies" return  
And singing birds and "fragrant flowers,"  
Those cherished scenes may be renewed  
On this minuté domain of ours.

That B. and L. and D. will come  
With *wives* and little ones each *three*,  
We love the household one and all,  
But yield the palm dear Kate, to thee. S. W. T.

"S. W. T." has been more successful in this case than in the memorable effort, by moon-light, on the Hudson. If Kate has pre-occupied the first place in his esteem, we will endeavor to excuse his preference on philosophical principles; especially, as he has been our friend, not only in the genial summer time, but in the dark

— "Winter of our discontent."

We venture the responsibility of saying, that "the palm" is accepted.

Friend, *thy* name is associated with pleasant memories; but we, too, have a preference without which the "domain" were robbed of a great attraction—an *IMAGE* of truth and love,

Intwined with the sweetest flowers,  
From the Summer's verdant bowers,  
By hill-side and river and lee;  
A face that may vie  
With the sunny sky,  
In a land that is light and free. S. B. B.

"SONG OF THE NORTH-WIND!"—Last night the North-Wind played a stirring Song under the window of the Poetess. The Spirit of our own dear Jenny was moved—she awoke, and her utterance was grand and free as the wild blasts which cradled her Muse. It was not "an ill wind" that brought us this sublime and beautiful poem. S. B. B.

GENIUS.—The productions of genius of the highest order, of sovereign poets, of creative painters, are true revelations. An infinite thought was slumbering in their souls, but slept an uneasy and agitating sleep. At once it awakes, struggles, explodes, and behold the "creation" of Haydn, the "divine comedy" of Alighieri, and the "Moses" of Michel Angelo. Such is, so to speak, the incarnation of the human thought in all its beauty; it is then that according to the true acceptance of the word, Man is the image of God, and that the Deity manifests himself with magnificence as he was manifested in Jesus Christ, the most beautiful among the sons of men.

## Poetry.

(Written for the Univercelum and Spiritual Philosopher.)

## SONG OF THE NORTH-WIND.

BY JENNY LEE.

From the home of THOR, and the land of HUN,  
 Where the valiant Frost-King defies the Sun,  
 Till he, like a coward, slinks away  
 With the spectral glare of his meager day—  
 And throned in beauty, peerless Night,  
 In her robe of snow, and her crown of light,  
 Sits, queen-like, on her icy throne,  
 With frost-flowers in her pearly zone—  
 And the fair Aurora floating free,  
 Round her form of matchless symmetry—  
 An irised mantle of roseate hue,  
 With the gold and hyacinth melting through;  
 And from her forehead, beaming far,  
 Looks forth her own true polar star.  
 From the land we love—our native home—  
 On a mission of wrath, we come—we come!  
 Away, away! over earth and sea!  
 Unchained—and chainless—we are free!

As we fly our strong wings gather force,  
 To rush on our overwhelming course—  
 We have swept the mountain, and walked the main—  
 And now, in our strength, we are here again—  
 To beguile the stay of this wintry hour,  
 We are chanting our anthem of pride and power;  
 And the listening Earth turns deadly pale—  
 Like a sheeted corse, the silent vale  
 Looks forth in its robe of ghastly white,  
 As now we rehearse our deeds of might.  
 The strongest of God's sons are we—  
 Unchained—and chainless—ever free!

We have looked on Hecla's burning brow,  
 And seen the pines of Norland bow  
 In cadence to our deafening roar;  
 On the craggy steep of the Arctic shore  
 We have waltzed with the Maelstrom's whirling flood,  
 And curdled the current of human blood—  
 As nearer—nearer—nearer—drew  
 The struggling bark to the boiling blue—  
 Till, resistless, urged to the cold death-clasp,  
 It writhes in the hideous monster's grasp—  
 A moment—and, then, the fragments go,  
 Down—down—to the fearful depths below  
 But away, away! over land and sea—  
 Unchained—and chainless—we are free!

We have startled the poisoning avalanche,  
 And seen the cheek of the mountain blanch,  
 As down the giant Ruin came,  
 With a step of wrath, and an eye of flame—  
 Hurling destruction, death, and wo,  
 On all around, and all below;  
 Till the piling rocks, and the prostrate wood,  
 Conceal the spot where the village stood;  
 And the choking waters vainly try,  
 From their strong prison-hold to fly!  
 We haste away, for our breath is rife  
 With the groans of expiring human life!  
 Of that hour of horror we, only, may tell—  
 As we chant the dirge, and we ring the knell,  
 Away, away! over land and sea—  
 Unchained—and chainless—we are free!

Full often we catch, as we hurry along,  
 The clear ringing notes of the Laplander's song,  
 As, borne by his rein-deer, he dashes away  
 Through the night of the North, more refulgent than day!  
 We have traversed the land where the dark Esquimaux,  
 Looks out on the gloom from his cottage of snow—  
 Where, in silence, sits brooding the large milk-white owl—  
 And the sea-monsters roar—and the famished wolves howl—  
 And the white polar bear her grim paramour hails,  
 As she hies to her tryst through those crystalline vales,  
 Where the Ice-Mountain stands, with his feet in the deep,

That around him the petrified waters may sleep;  
 And light, in a flood of refulgence comes down,  
 As the lunar beams glance from his shadowless crown,  
 We have looked in the hut the Kamschatkan hath reared,  
 And taken old Bhering, himself, by the beard,  
 Where he sits, like a giant, in gloomy unrest,  
 Ever driving asunder the East and the West.  
 But we hasten away, over mountain and sea,  
 With a wing ever chainless—a thought ever free!

From the parent soil we have rent the Oak—  
 His strong arms splintered—his scepter broke;  
 For centuries he has defied our power,  
 But we plucked him forth, like a fragile flower:  
 And to the wondering earth brought down,  
 The haughty strength of his hoary crown!  
 Away, away! over land and sea—  
 Unchained—and chainless—we are free!

We have roused the Storm from his pillow of air,  
 And driven the Thunder King forth from his lair;  
 We have torn the rock from the dizzying steep,  
 And awakened the wilds from their ancient sleep;  
 We have howled o'er Russia's desolate plains,  
 Where death-cold silence ever reigns,  
 Until we come, with our trumpet breath,  
 To chant our anthem of fear, and death!  
 The strongest of God's sons are we—  
 Unchained—and chainless—ever free!

We have hurled the glacier from his rest  
 Upon Chamouni's treacherous breast;  
 And we scatter the product of human pride,  
 As forth on the wing of the Storm we ride,  
 To visit with tokens of fearful power,  
 The lofty arch, and the beetling tower;  
 And we utter defiance, deep, and loud,  
 To the taunting voice of the bursting cloud;  
 And we laugh with scorn at the ruin we see—  
 Then away we hasten—for we are free!

Old Neptune we call from his ocean caves  
 When for pastime we dance on the crested waves;  
 And we pile up the billows, mountain high,  
 A wall of gloom against the sky;  
 Then we plunge in the yawning depths beneath  
 And there on the heaving surges breathe,  
 Till they toss the proud ship like a feather,  
 And light, and hope, expire together;  
 And the bravest cheek turns deadly pale,  
 At the cracking mast, and the rending sail,  
 As down, with headlong fury borne,  
 Of all her strength and honors shorn,  
 The good ship, struggles to the last  
 With the raging waters and howling blast.  
 We hurry the waves to their final crash,  
 And the foaming floods to frenzy lash!  
 Then we pour our requiem on the billow,  
 As the dead go down to their ocean pillow—  
 Down—far down—to the depths below,  
 Where the pearls repose, and the sea-gems glow;  
 Mid the coral groves, where the sea-fan waves  
 Its palmy wand o'er a thousand graves,  
 And the insect weaves her stony shroud,  
 Alike o'er the humble and the proud,  
 What can be mightier than we,  
 The strong—the chainless—ever free!

Now away to our home in the sparkling North;  
 For the Spring from her South-Land is looking forth;  
 Away, away, to our arctic zone,  
 Where the Frost-King sits on his flashing throne,  
 With his ice-burges piled up mountain high,  
 A wall of gems against the sky—  
 Where the stars look forth, like wells of light,  
 And the gleaming snow-crust sparkles bright!  
 We are fainting now for the breath of home;  
 Our journey is finished—We come, we come!  
 Away, away: over land and sea—  
 Unchained—and chainless—ever free!

“There is but one great right and good; and ill  
 And wrong are shades thereof, not substances;  
 Nothing can be antagonist to God.”

## Miscellaneous Department.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD CHIMNEY.

## CHAPTER IV.

So months went by. The autumn, winter, and spring, had again passed away, and it was June. Mongotucksee was once more traversing the same path where we last left him; and again he came to the high where he then was, an eminence that was named by the Indians Warponeto—which, being interpreted, means the brother of Warpoes, the hill on which their village was situated. The young chief sat down; leaning against the stem of a large rock-maple, surveying with a pleased expression the fair scene that surrounded him; and no horizon on the face of the globe ever embraced a lovelier. The Island was then in its summer morn of freshness and beauty; and the forest was one wide sheen of living emerald. The grape-vine was just putting forth its simple but delicate flowers; and the germs of the future fruit, like clusters of seed pearls, had begun to appear. Just before him was a tulip tree in full blossom, and a little farther was a fine magnolia, with its large basin-like flowers expanding their rich white velvet petals to the light, that was not fairer than themselves—the whole contrasting richly with the dark shining evergreen leaves. The open meadows were spangled with lilies, both red and white; and every humblest bog bore up on its forehead a crown of roses. The luxuriant creeper, in the wantonness of life and growth, now garlanded some hoary rock, now twined itself lovingly with other vines, now crept to the highest tree-top; and when it could ascend no farther, it stretched out its light tendrils, looking toward the sky, as if its thought were “higher”—though, in its wildness, it might seem as if its being were a frolic, and not a serious and settled purpose. Thickets of the taller rose, now in its full beauty and fragrance, skirted the swamps, every little aperture revealing beauties which are perfected only in the deepest seclusion, closely veiled from the garish eye of day. There might be seen the yellow lady’s slipper, looking up to the tall trees with the meek eye of reverence, while in the farther depths rose the pyramidal clusters of the magnificent scarlet Lily, no less royal in her beauty, because she is queen of the West. On every little pool might be seen the American Callar, hardly less fair than her Ethiopian sister, expanding her snowy petals on the bosom of the cherishing waters, sweet emblem of beauty, which is always dearest in the embowering shade of home; and the graceful willows dropped their pensile arms, as if their delicate fingers were reaching after the pebbles in the clear brook, swaying to and fro, with a motion ærial and soft, as if it woke in responsive cadence to the murmuring stream; while the ozier waved its golden wands, and rustled its silvery leaves, in harmonious unison. And here, close by the young warrior’s feet, and stretching away in bright rosy dots over the hill-side, were clumps of eglantine, breathing their profusion of sweetness upon the air, a grateful token of the ministering dew, and the invigorating light, pouring ever their own freshness and brightness, upon leaf, and bud, and flower; while in the distance waved the great forest in the fresh morning wind, an ocean of living verdure. Again, on the nearer hill-sides, gleamed the roseate coloring of the magnificent laurel and rhododendron, vying with each other in their queenliness; while here and there a box-tree interposed its large, white, pink-hearted flowers, as if it knew that its delicate beauty would relieve the eye of too much brightness; and the thorn, in its full robe of fairest blossoms, stood out from the midst, like a mound of snow. There were birds, too, of gorgeous plumage, and unrivaled song; and gaudy insects, and brilliant humming-birds, fluttered around the open blossoms, themselves bright, as if flower and gem had taken wings, to visit all their radiant sisters; while their murmurs chimed in pleasantly, with those of the earnest, and ever-active bee. And over all bent the protecting arch of heavenly blue, and around all came the refreshing waters, each presence, in itself, a ministry of love. Long years, with their unspeakable changes, have passed away; but still the memory of this fair Island, as I first beheld it, in the virgin freshness of

its beauty, lives amid all the waste of hope, and thought, and feeling—an amaranthine flower, yet blooming to gladden the ruin of a desert, once bright as itself. The original features of our beautiful home are rapidly passing away from the outer vision; and therefore, have I now sought to arrange, and combine one aspect of them, that the picture may live, as it is, a true portrait of the Past.

But Mongotucksee had other thoughts than these—far other. His mind, by some strange fatuity, had come to dwell for ever with the strangers. From the slight glimpse he had caught of them, he had come to perceive they were a race of far higher powers than his own people had been gifted with—his people who, until they came, he had believed were the lords-paramount of Earth, the favorite, the only\* children of the Great Spirit. His pride was mortified, while, at the same time, his enmity was excited; but along with these was also developed the latent germ that lives in every human bosom—the desire to know—the in-born curiosity that looks forth after truth, with whatever eyes it may, and never is satisfied until it be attained—and even then reaches farther, indefinitely far, after the unattained, the possible. But while he secretly, and almost unconsciously, revered, he also feared and suspected them. Had there been some high and true brother-soul to stand between his savageness and civilization, softening the asperities and pouring light on the darkness, at one hand, and restraining the disposition to encroachment, extortion, and tyranny, on the other, and so acting as interpreter and mediator between them, how gladly would he have turned to develop this higher character in himself and his people.

The parchment scroll mentioned in our last, had become the young chief’s bosom companion. When he sat alone in the depths of the forest, at the silent hour of noon, he would draw forth the treasured Kabbala, and ponder deeply on the impenetrable secret of its being, which he was strongly impressed might, in some way, be connected with the superior power of the Lennappe;† and when the moon looked down through the solemn stillness of midnight, he studied by her pale rays the mystic lettering; but the sealed mystery he could never reach. Sometimes he had a mind to form a conspiracy to destroy the strangers when they returned; but again, he thought this might be cutting off the avenue to light, for him and his people: so a continual struggle was produced in his mind; and this was the greater because his father, who was now falling into dotage, had shown himself childishly pleased with the little presents he had received; but the acuter penetration of Mongotucksee foresaw that not only lands, but liberty itself, would be sacrificed to this puerile fancy. Then again, he thought of his people who had fallen a sacrifice to the white strangers; and he burned with a deep and inveterate longing, to chastise the audacious intruders, who had entered, uninvited, the country the Great Spirit had given them, and dared to slay his children. But these counter-irritating thoughts were kept carefully sealed in his own bosom; no other person knew or suspected them.

Now his mind had recurred to their first coming with more than usual interest; and from thence it was led naturally to their probable return—which, indeed, they had promised should be sometime during the present year.

He was stooping down to gather a tuft of the delicate drosera‡ that was growing at his feet, thinking how sweetly the light visited the pellucid little gems in its dark hoary leaves, with a kind of dreamy thought, whether, in like manner, the light would ever visit, and reclaim *their* darkness—when his attention was arrested by a booming sound as of thunder, rolling heavily over the water, and rousing the old echoes of the distant hills. He sprang hastily to his feet, and looked abroad. No cloud was to be seen; and the morning sun was shining radiantly over the woods of Monockong. But directly came another shock; and then, looking down the bay, he perceived a cloud of smoke;

\* Doctor Vanderdonck, the earliest historian of the Manhattas, says that when the Half Moon arrived in New Netherland the Indians “did not know that there were any other people in the world, than those who were like themselves.”

† The Indians called the strangers the Lennappe, or white people.

‡ The sun-dew.

and the truth flashed directly on his mind—the sea-monster had come back again—the white people had returned. He hastened to the shore; and in a very few minutes the basin was alive with canoes, and the banks swarming with Indians, all exhibiting the most intense interest and curiosity, as the proud ship, under full sail, with her gay streamers fluttering in the wind, stood majestically in toward the Island.

But it was not the same ship that had visited them before; and they soon perceived, also, that the men were not the same individuals, though of the same people.

The old chief, father of Mongotucksee, soon appeared in full state, to welcome his distinguished guests; and on coming ashore they were conducted, with much savage pomp and circumstance, to his wigwam.

The Indians were soon given to understand that their visitors had come with the intention of remaining some time—or perhaps settling in the country. They were to establish trading posts, and commence a regular business, by purchasing the furs of the natives, giving, in return, the curious and wonderful things which they exhibited; and the announcement was hailed with joy by the simple savages—with some few exceptions, among the friends of the unfortunate victims, who could not be so much dazzled with these brilliant overtures, or quite smother the latent fires that were burning with the secret hope of vengeance.

These white men were some what less than a score in number; and at present it is sufficient merely to mention the names, and most conspicuous attributes of a few individuals. There were Jan and Joeres Hansen, two brothers, dark-eyed and stern-looking, who, though natives of Holland, betrayed the stronger temperament and warmer blood of the Norman race. Gabriel Vanderbeeken was a stout, fat, jolly Dutchman, with a countenance so genial and merry, one would never think he vegetated on sour krout. Jacobus Van Courtlandt might have been known among them all for the leader—which, in fact, he was. His clear blue eye was stern and hard-looking, and his mouth, with its compressed and thin lips, had obtained the curve of conscious superiority and dictation. He was one whose prejudices it would not be well to trifle with; for his own rights, assumed or real, were guarded with a jealous eye; though he might be less mindful of the rights of others—a quite too common feature of the man of the world. He was, upon the whole, a sagacious, economical, thriving Dutchman, having little pity for the sufferings of poverty, inasmuch as he could not perceive the necessity of its existence; as, indeed, there could be none, if men were as earnest in *doing* good, as in receiving and demanding good. Mynheer Van Courtlandt could not see why people should ever be poor; and yet every act of his grasping hand had been calculated to make and keep them so; an absurdity into which successful business men are very apt to fall. His son Cornelius, a fair-haired youth of some sixteen summers, was wholly the reverse of his parent. He had the peculiar gentleness of demeanor, and delicacy of form and feature, that almost always distinguish the finer mold of being, which we call genius. Jacobus Van Brunt and Leffert Lefferts, had nothing remarkable about them; or if they had, it may be developed in the course of the history.

The last character I shall mention, was Scipio, the slave of the Commandant; as for brevity's sake, we shall call Mynheer Van Courtlandt. He was one of the happiest specimens of his race, loving, faithful and devoted, grateful for the smallest kindness, and ever ready to sacrifice his own private interests, and himself, if need be, for the welfare of his benefactors. He was a native African; but his chains, to say the least, sat very lightly on him; for his nature was too buoyant to be long depressed by any circumstance, and he caroled the wild songs of his native valley, as it would seem, heart-whole and fancy-free. As he loitered gaily through the pleasant forest paths, he whistled the wildest, sweetest airs, that rang out on the solitude with an instinct of irrepressible joy in the consciousness of being, which not unfrequently subdued itself into an expression of the richest, deepest pathos—as if some saddening memory had unconsciously poured itself into the sound. To Scipio young Massa Con, whom he had carried in his arms when

an infant, and had watched with the most sedulous care from that time upward, was a type of all highest perfection; and his love for him was unbounded.

We trust the reader will find sufficient interest and variety in these characters whom we have introduced; albeit, for a considerable time, our venerated Founders wanted the presence of that gentler sex, whose softness and beauty only can relieve the darker shade, and smooth down the harsher asperities of human life.

After his people had been well refreshed in the wigwam of Warpomo, the Commandant made known to that chief a desire to purchase land, so they might plant corn—a suggestion to which his savage highness listened with serene complacency. The Commandant then set forth a collection of articles, such as beads, looking-glasses, and scissors—offering to give them for as much land as would fall within the circumference of a bullock's hide, a proposition to which the chief assented with that eagerness which believes itself grasping at a great bargain. Soon after this, the brothers, Jan and Jansen, were seen busily cutting the hide into narrow strips, an operation which the Indians watched with great interest. This done, the strips being knotted together, were made to extend over a large surface. Warpomo, as well as the other Indians, appeared much delighted with this *ruse*, which the Dutchmen had borrowed from the story of Dido, in her first purchase of the lands of Byrza, whose citadel became the germ of the future Carthage. They willingly gave the required amount, although it embraced the most valuable part of their Island, being the lower and cultivated portion, which also commanded the entrance to the bay, stretching to the north-east, along the banks of the Groote river. But Mongotucksee was far from being pleased with this arrangement—as Cornelius, who had, from the first, been attracted toward him, was quick to perceive. With the earnest and straight-forward impulse of honesty, seeking to atone for the craft of others, he drew from his pocket a valuable knife, and, gliding quietly through the crowd, he came to the side of Mongotucksee, and with a kind of deprecating gesture, pointed to the subject of his dislike, at the same time placing the knife in his hand. There was so much truthfulness in the act, simple as it was, that the heart of the young chief was touched; and with the delicate perception of a high and noble nature, he felt the presence of a kindred spirit, receiving the little token, just as it was intended, not as an equivalent for the purchase of his approbation, but as a token of generosity, which did what it could to repair the breach made by the selfishness of others. It was surprising how well they understood each other, without the intervention of a word; and a proof, also, of the electric properties of the human soul, of which one of the old Greek philosophers obtained a partial glimpse. Mongotucksee was much pleased with the gift; and especially so, when all its wonders were unfolded, and its three blades, with the cork-screw, gimblet and lancet, opened to view, and their uses explained; then the youth modestly withdrew.

In consummation of this treaty, the Dutch and Indians sat down on the purchased land, where they smoked many pipes together, holding, meanwhile, a profound silence, equally accordant with the tastes and habits of both parties, and evincing a congeniality and companionship which would doubtless tend to strengthen the chain which they then made. The Indians could not but conceive a great respect for such veteran smokers; while their gravity and silence were set down as tokens of superior wisdom: so every individual of both parties quietly puffed away until each was surrounded by an atmosphere of his own, as he continued according to his character, to raise and establish numerous castles upon the quite substantial basis of his own Cloudland.

And there, as the good Dutchmen sat within the circumference of their new purchase, to all seeming, quite unconscious of the important relations which that hour held with all subsequent time, the first residence was obtained—and the colony of the New Netherlands was planted. The profound silence which had prevailed for some time, was disturbed by a loud and ringing laugh, and the sober thoughts which had been unbending themselves by a quiet rough and tumble with their kindred

vapor, were suddenly re-called from their aerial sports; and with as much wonder as if a moon-stone had fallen among them, they looked forth, one upon another, or rather upon the clouds that intervened between every man and his neighbor; but they spoke never a word.

Then came a short low chuckle, and "See, Massa Con," was uttered in the suppressed tones of the Negro; "look, Massa Con! gentleman Ingun got new-fashin' brooch in he bosom!" and another burst of laughter, wilder and richer than the first, succeeded, as Scip pointed to two braves just then approaching, who, by their air, were quite distinguished. They came forward into the midst, and laying down the game with which they were heavily laden, saluted their chief; and, sooth to say, the sober Dutchmen, themselves, were little inclined to chide the Negro—inasmuch as they, being not wholly insensible to the ludicrous, found their own self-relying gravity now put to its severest test.

The first of the new comers wore an axe, dangling at his breast—certainly a very substantial-looking ornament. The second had a hoe, arranged in like manner; while the third, in addition to both these decorations, had a pitch-fork bound into his head-gear, the tines projecting from his brow, a pair of sharp and formidable horns; while each one of them wore at his side a stocking stuffed to its full dimensions, for a tobacco pouch. It is, perhaps, needless to add, that these articles had been presented by their white visitors of the year before; and that they had wholly misapprehended their uses.

"Ah, Massa Van!" continued Scip, rolling the whites of his eyes up to his master proper, while he exhibited his fine ivory to the best advantage. "Ah, Massa Van!" he continued, after making a quick observation that told him the stout burgher was unbent to that degree, which insured safety to his trifling; "ah, dat too good! Guinea nigger hesef did'nt do better!" and his young master chimed in with his next burst of fun—the profound roar of Jan and Jansen swelling the chorus; while the small blue eyes of Vanderbecken absolutely twinkled with mirth, his fat sides keeping time with the chuckle that shook them. But Cornelius readily saw that Mongotucksee was displeased by the merriment, that was exhibited at the expense of his people; so he graciously strove to suppress his own, and that of his companions; and, in order to turn the attention of the negro, he whispered; "show them how to make handles, and use them, Scip."

"Yah, yah!" responded the other, "me teach'em poor savage! yah, yah! Hoe for de breast-plate! ha, ha, ha!"

A single look from the Commandant checked his mirth; while, at the same time, the former directed the attention of Warpomo to its cause; for he feared the old chief might resent the matter as an insult; so he condescendingly explained the design and character of the articles to that dignitary. Meanwhile Scip, acting upon the suggestion of Master Cornelius, drew the braves aside; and, with the ready instinct by which real good nature always finds a way to make itself companionable he sharpened some sticks which he inserted into the axe and hoe, and proceeded to illustrate their uses, which they readily and joyfully perceived; but those of the pitch-fork involved more complex and remote ideas, which put poor Scip's invention to a severer test; since, as the Indians had no cattle, it was quite difficult to make them comprehend, without spoken language, the making, or the use of hay; but by various expressive acts, and gestures, he succeeded in giving a faint idea. Though the Dutch were evidently willing to return to their primitive soberness, it was sometime before their equanimity was completely restored.

Mongotucksee was leaning against the stem of a large elm, whose proportions were graceful and flexible as his own. Cornelius, who sat at a little distance, also apart from the smokers, was struck with the graceful majesty of his form and carriage, as well as the classic beauty of his features; and taking a pencil and a bit of parchment from his pocket, for he was an amateur, and had made considerable proficiency in the limning art, he began sketching a subject that presented so many attractions. Rapidly the soft curves united to express the proper form and character; and, in a short time, an outline was produced, so

graphic that the young chief, who had been intently watching him, believed that the mirroring waters, themselves, gave back no truer image. This done, Cornelius perceiving how much interest he had excited, playfully held out the sketch; and pointing to it, with a winning smile, softly uttered the syllables, "Neto!" which he had already learned was the Indian name for brother, though Nature had taught him, long before, the expression of its true meaning. "Neto, brother?" again whispered the youth, yet more softly; while, at the same time, he brushed the wavy golden hair from his large blue eyes, now beaming with an expression of so much gentleness and love, that Mongotucksee was wholly subdued; and the scheme of vengeance, which he was even then maturing, melted from his bosom, like frost-chains from the breath of Spring. Almost unconsciously, yet with the simple and truthful impulse of nature, he extended his arms, repeating, in his own rich manly tones, the words, "Neto, brother."

The impulse was one. The spirits that Nature had cast in the mold of unity, were drawn together by an irresistible attraction, like two coalescing drops. The youth rushed forward, and Mongotucksee clasped him in his arms. O, how beautiful it was, that triumph of omnipotent Love over Selfishness and Hate—the almost fatal accidents which too often drive asunder, hearts that were formed for the same great single character of perfect union: and the Angels welcomed, with shouts of joy, the birth-hour of a friendship which they knew should, through all time, and all eternity, coexist with the souls it united.

One moment they were thus—heart beating against heart—every throb uttering its own truth, in a language of deeper power than ever took the form of words; and henceforth they knew each other, and needed no interpreter between them. No word was spoken, as they went out from the throng of smokers, into the clear air—the holy night surrounding them, as a great temple of worship; and all the vestal stars, that minister for ever before their altars of inextinguishable light, looked down upon them with the deep thrilling eyes of blessing.

So they sat together, Cornelius leaning confidently against the bosom of the chief, whose right arm was thrown lovingly around his light but perfect form; while hand was fast locked in hand, and eyes were reading eyes.

It was wonderful how soon an intelligence was established between them. During the two hours, which had passed almost like moments, Cornelius had told his new friend a great deal about his native land, its large cities, big houses, and great ships. He told him also of the great mystery of books and writing; and Mongotucksee was pleased to find how well his own impressions concerning the parchment, had shadowed forth the truth. He also succeeded in making him comprehend the late death of his mother, a most congenial and devoted parent.

From this day, henceforth, the new friends became inseparable—in their affections and their interests absolutely one.

Cornelius, although so young, had caught something of the scientific spirit of the age, which it should be remembered, about this time was, almost throughout Europe, concentrated on the subject of Botany. He had been for several years the favorite pupil and companion of an uncle, who had studied with the distinguished Gesner, the great Swiss botanist, whose introduction of classes, orders, and genera, created an era in the science. Cornelius had been sent out to America, for the purpose of making a collection of the native plants, by his uncle, who was not permitted the privilege of coming for himself. None but a botanist can form any idea how he reveled in this new world of new flowers, abandoning himself with a perfect rapture to the magazines of wealth which swamp and wood unfolded to his view. On this point I cannot dwell now, nor is it consistent with the plan of my history that I should do so.

Mongotucksee was the idol of his father's people; and his young favorite was soon adopted as a kind of secondary divinity—an elevated position, to which his native generosity and nobleness well entitled him. He soon had learned enough of the Indian tongue to express himself with ease upon all common subjects; nor was his friend behind him in the acquisition of English. He rapidly acquired the art of reading—and in a few

months had mastered several volumes of poetry, to which his taste most inclined him.

It was pleasant to see the friends, going out together on those fine summer mornings, Mongotucksee with his bow and quiver, and Cornelius with his portfolio, tin box, and manual; and when they rested in the hot noon, the latter taught his friend much of the philosophy of vegetable life and growth—into which he was led easily by his intimate knowledge of external nature, and, consequently, of many of the habits of plants. Pleasant indeed was the intercourse they had together; but when they returned at night, the father of Cornelius would call him a graceless, thriftless vagabond—and various other hard names, with which his vocabulary seemed to abound—prophecy that he would yet be sent home to Holland, and die in a work-house. All this, however, was mere talk; for he had consented to the employment of his son, in a mission such as then engaged the most distinguished men of Europe—that of visiting foreign lands, for the purpose of making herbariums—and so adding to the stock of botanical science; for his brother, who certainly did not want shrewdness, had persuaded him that such a course would not only open the way to honorable distinction, but would be, of itself, a fortune to the youth. He knew all this; but like many other morose persons, he found it very convenient to get a safety valve, for his ill humor, in the person of one who dared not contradict him.

Very soon the Dutch had erected several log huts for temporary shelter; the germ of the future city began to unfold itself, and the commerce which now maintains honorable relations with the wide world, then sat down on Kapsee rocks, with a few bark canoes for ships, conducting its bargains with wampum, cut from periwinkle and quahaug shells.

In a few weeks the ship returned home, leaving the colonists, or rather traders, with their new friends, the Indians, with whom, for the most part they preserved the most harmonious relations; carrying on a traffic which was equally pleasing to both parties.

One evening, soon after the arrival of the whites, Scip came running to his young master with a curious looking instrument, which the Indians were very anxious to see and handle. It was a flute, which, until that time, had been mislaid. The faithful fellow had just then found it; and well-knowing its virtue, he hastened to put it into the right hands.

"No, no;" he said, pushing off the soliciting hands, with a gesture as important as if he had been an ambassador to some high court. "You no make 'e speak! Massa Con make 'e talk!" so saying he put it into the hands of his young master, who received it with great joy; and having explained something of its properties to Mongotucksee, they took a canoe, and went out a little way upon the water, to try its effect upon the Indians—Scip being left on shore to make his own observations. Soon the light barque was seen rocking gently on the swelling tide, when gradually a single strain of music, the first these shores had ever heard, save only the sweet melodies of Nature, came sighing over the waters, continually expanding itself, like a principle of all-pervading sweetness. Already quite a large number of Indians had assembled on the rock of Warponeto, where they were reclining, in the luxurious indolence of their evening pipes. As the liquid murmur came moaning up to the beach, every one arose—involuntarily reaching forward, in breathless earnestness, as if he feared to lose a single note. The prelude over, then came a rich burst of melody—now, so sweet, and low, and distant, it seemed the expiring murmur of farthest winds—then, deep and solemn, as if it came up from the very heart of the waters, and the great surges had poured into it the utterance of their own eternal music—and again wild and spirit-like—so full of heavenly sweetness—as if radiated from the stars, on a mission to lure the soul homeward—and all those hoary solitudes welcomed it, like an angel presence—and all those beautiful shores prolonged its sweetness. The wondering whippoorwill suspended her own song to listen; and nestling birds that were dreaming of divinest melodies, awoke and held their breath to hear, as if a spirit had spoken to them in their own language. The Indians were inexpressibly affected; and features that had matured into almost granite hardness, were wet with the soft, warm moisture, of falling tears.

Then followed a bolder strain of war and glory—when the listeners sprang to their feet; and, seizing their weapons, moved to the impulse of the inspiring air, in a wild but majestic and graceful dance. At the close, Scip, who had entered deeply into the spirit of the scene, clapped his hands with a long, ringing, gleeful laugh—saying: "Massa Con 'e too good!" It was, indeed, a signal triumph of art.

It is not surprising that with such gifts, the young Cornelius became a great favorite. And now, in closing this present chapter, I would say, that having been almost wholly confined to the awkward position of intercourse, almost without any verbal language, it is hoped the reader will comprehend and appreciate the difficulty under which the writer is laboring—so shall his forbearance be rewarded, by a more interesting chapter in the next.

FOR THE UNIVERCÆLUM.

### TO MIGNON.

I SAID, I "will not love thee!" for I would not give my heart  
The brief joy, and long sorrow of those who love and part;  
I knew the self-same moon that shone on words of greeting said,  
Would still shine on serenely—on tears at parting shed,  
And though my heart leapt toward thee, yet I thought of after-fate,  
And I said "I will not love thee!" but, 'twas even then too late!

'Tis true, three little weeks ago, I had not met thine eye,  
Beneath whose light my spirit now could live confidingly;  
I had not grasped that gentle hand, which now I hold in mine,  
Nor heard the winning music of that sweet-toned voice of thine,  
I may not meet that eye for long, I may not hear that voice,  
And I will not choose to love thee—there were folly in the choice.

The rich, pure thoughts, thy spirit breathes, will linger with me long,  
Feelings of thine within my soul, in clustering beauty throng,  
Thy presence will be near me in the silent hours of rest—  
Thy memory in my heart will be an ever cherished guest;  
I grieve that I must leave thee, and that that thy ear hath heard  
I said I would not love thee—for—I cannot keep my word!

O, ho! such sunny, glowing beams are thrown across my path,  
To bless one spirit with the light another spirit hath;  
Thou art not left, where'er I go, the heart is never bound  
By place, and time, and circumstance in life's unceasing round,  
Long as I love the beautiful, the true, the kind, the free,  
Long as I worship purity, Lady, I must love thee!

SERAPHINA.

A VIRTUOUS sentiment grows calm without being weakened; a wrong passion is agitated, though about to be extinguished. That which is not in order is by its nature mortal; that which belongs to virtue belongs also to immortality.

THERE are persons who lean upon their chains. They fear to fall if you sever the links.

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