

THE UNIVERCŒLUM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1847.

NO. 2.

The Principles of Nature.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MIRACLES.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

THE time has at length arrived when Theology must be made to harmonize with enlightened reason and a sound inductive philosophy, or it will be rejected. True religion and the philosophy of nature, are not a mere antagonism. There is an essential harmony between them. Truth is always consistent with itself, and whether the record be found in Nature or the Bible, it is equally precious. Nature is the prior Revelation, and its authority is not to be disregarded. Its meaning is not in any sense made to depend upon the significance of terms. It was never transcribed or translated to suit the peculiar spirit, and to sanction the schemes of a selfish dogmatism. It remains as it was written by the finger of God, and every one may read it in the original language.

Nature and Revelation bear witness of the invisible things of God, and any attempt to invalidate the testimony of one of these witnesses, must, so far as it is successful, diminish the general confidence in the other.

Divines and Theologians sometimes manifest their superior reverence for the Scriptures, by their disposition to repudiate every argument derived from any other source. Because Paul admonished his brethren to beware of the *vain* philosophy of his time, they must discredit the sublime results of philosophical induction as uncertain and unprofitable. They reason nearly on this wise: 'The ancient pagan philosophy was imperfect; Christianity is perfect; conclusion—all philosophy is false!'

Philosophy is the science of Nature. It treats not only of the objects of the external world as subject to the relation of cause and effect, but it may be understood to include the whole domain of ethics and metaphysics as ordinarily defined. The department of individual action, duty and responsibility; the truths which relate to God, the human spirit and the nature of being; the science and art represented by the distinctive term logic; the general classification of mental phenomena, and the nature and progress of the Soul. The term is thus highly comprehensive.

No principles of action or rules of conduct can be more perfect than the laws of Nature, and the wisdom which is revealed in all the works of God. We do not say that truth received through another medium may not be better adapted to impress the human mind in a certain condition; but we affirm that the teachings of prophets and apostles cannot be more perfect than the works of God. The Scriptures reveal no important truth; they present no essential principle that did not before exist in the nature of things.

Nature is the original revelation of the eternal power and unerring wisdom of God. The laws of the Universe are the harmonious expressions of the Infinite Mind. The student of nature will not close his eyes to this light. He will venture to read the ample page on which "the invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly seen." To say that a

written revelation is more perfect, or that it justly claims a higher veneration than nature, is the assumption of ignorance. Every effort to exalt it above, or to array a mere book against the revelations of God in nature, so far as it has any effect, will lead enlightened minds to question its truthfulness, and infidels to treat it with contempt. So far as our labors may have any bearing on the subject, we trust that they will serve to illustrate the truth, that all true revelations must harmonize with the principles of Nature.

Before we proceed to the discussion of principles, it is necessary to agree in the definition of *terms*.

Nature, we understand to comprehend the entire constitution of things. That which is interior or spiritual, is as much a part of nature or of this constitution, as the gross elements and material forms of the outer world. The natural *laws* may comprehend the inherent principles of matter, the causes, tendencies and results developed in the operations of universal nature. A *miracle* is defined to be something beyond the power of man, and a deviation from the established laws of the universe, and in the opinion of many theologians requires the direct interposition of God as an essential condition.

It is generally believed that Christ and his Apostles performed many wonderful works; that in some mysterious manner they were enabled to accomplish the most extraordinary results. It is supposed that the miracles of Christ were immeasurably beyond the utmost limit of all natural operations—that some of them at least were of a nature to require the special agency of supernatural power, and were performed in opposition to the established laws of the Universe.

This view is adopted because it is presumed that the great problem will not admit of a more rational solution. The course of reasoning employed to sustain this opinion is briefly as follows: The effect cannot exceed the cause—the miracles of Christ are superior to the natural laws, and must therefore be referred to some higher agency.

We may now define our position. We do not deny the fact that Christ actually performed many wonderful works. It is the peculiar manner and the nature of the power which we propose to discuss. We cannot admit that the alledged results were such as to require the immediate interposition of God, or the suspension of the laws of Nature. We do not believe that those laws were ever suspended for a moment. Indeed, we regard it as impossible, and to maintain that it was ever necessary, is virtually to assume that the original constitution of things was *defective*. Nothing can be more unphilosophical than the supposition that Nature's universal laws may be suspended or abolished like the acts of human legislation. The empire of nature is governed by immutable laws. The existence of all these, and their reciprocal action is indispensable to a perfect condition. They constitute the vital portion of the system. They all depend one upon another, and if the least were wanting, the whole would be imperfect. Suspend one of these laws, and Nature through all her boundless fame would feel the shock. It would disturb the general harmony and introduce confusion into the whole economy. The universal chain of causation would be severed. It is immaterial what law you suspend—

"In Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten thousandth breaks the chain alike"

If the natural laws are all required to render Nature complete, and her operations harmonious and perfect, it is absolutely certain that the absence of one would interrupt the general harmony and endanger the whole fabric. It is not likely that these laws were ever suspended that a few Jews might witness certain inexplicable phenomena, which, if intended as proof of the Divine authority of Jesus, was after all rejected, and the result ascribed to the power of Beelzebub. Indeed, that a Being of Infinite Wisdom would violate his own laws, or empower another to suspend their operation for such a purpose, is not merely improbable—it is absurd to the last degree. The laws that govern the multifarious operations of nature are an expression of the Divine Will, and the enduring record of his eternal thought. They are perfect, therefore, and require no revision. They are susceptible of no change or modification. They are not suspended when a fig-tree is blasted, or a man raised from a state of unconsciousness.

All admit that the manifest design of God in the Creation was good. Nature, with all her powers of reproduction and progressive life, affords the media through which a great and glorious result is to be accomplished. To secure what appears to us to have been the intended object—to produce the immortalized human spirit as an ultimate, the present order of things has its existence.

If the works of God are created in wisdom, there must be a subserviency of the whole to His purpose, and a complete adaptation of means to end. If the original constitution of things was thus perfect, it is obvious that the results of the Divine government may, and will be secured through the natural operation of the established laws. When the general law is sufficient, special legislative action is unnecessary. If the intended object and appropriate result of the Divine administration is rendered inevitable from existing laws and causes, it follows that no supernatural agency or direct interposition—that no extrinsic means or efforts can be required. If the results contemplated by the Divine Mind, cannot be secured in this way, we are driven to an unpleasant conclusion.

If the inventor of a machine were required at times to employ a large wheel in the place of a small one, or occasionally to remove a certain spring, and introduce one more powerful, we should naturally conclude that the mechanism was defective. Nor can we resist the conviction that, there must be some defect in the established order of things, if it be necessary to reverse the laws of nature in order to accomplish the purpose of God.

But it may be said that if the miracles of Christ did not require a suspension of the natural laws, they were nevertheless beyond the capacity of Nature, and were therefore *supernatural*. I grant that some of the New Testament miracles appear to indicate a deviation from the *known* laws of nature. But there are doubtless many natural laws, of the existence of which we are wholly ignorant. We are not to make the limit of human knowledge the boundary of nature. Because an effect cannot be traced to some law that is clearly defined and understood, it does not thence follow that it is the result of supernatural agency. Nature and her laws are illimitable as the works of God. We may not solve her profoundest problems. While we are qualified to observe effects as exhibited in the external world, we cannot always discover the interior causes. It is not the privilege of man, in his undeveloped state, to enter those silent chambers where the slumbering echos awake, only at the voice of God! We may not follow Nature to her secret places. There is much that lies beyond the contracted sphere of human observation and comprehension. Many laws remain to be discovered. Indeed, I apprehend we have hardly finished the introduction to the great statute book of Nature. What some persons are pleased to represent as *supernatural*, we therefore regard as only a *higher manifestation of Nature*. In this light we view the miracles of Christ.

What if the laws with which we are most familiar do not en-

able us to account satisfactorily for all the wonders he performed? There are other laws which govern nature in her superior departments. These are mainly beyond the circumscribed sphere of human acquirements, and it is for this reason that their effects are viewed with astonishment. Many things which we readily account for on natural principles, the uninformed attribute to a Superior Power. The various phenomena of Nature are to the ignorant enveloped in mystery. Some persons imagine that they discern the direct interposition of God in many of the occurrences of life. If one man is extremely ill, or particularly unfortunate, his case is regarded as an instance of a special visitation of Providence. If a ship is wrecked and all are lost, or if a cloud gathers and a neighbor's barn is fired by the electric fluid, it is significantly implied that these are the immediate judgments of God. If the season is remarkably dry, instead of going forth with a strong hand and a thankful heart to employ the means of irrigation, they gravely estimate the damages and implead Heaven for redress!

These ideas originate in ignorance, and even those who are more enlightened, fall into a similar error. Whatever is beyond their comprehension, they are inclined to refer to some higher energy. Instead of studying Nature and her interior laws and principles, they are content to wonder at the ways of God, which are past finding out. The results ascribed to supernatural agency appear strange and incredible only because our knowledge is limited. Show us the way and the cause, and they are no longer miracles to us. We cease to wonder when we have the ability to understand.

There is one sense in which the New Testament miracles may be regarded as supernatural. Intelligence was necessary to combine and direct the existing forces of Nature so as to render them subservient to a particular purpose. But the reader will perceive that in this limited sense the various mechanical operations and the efforts in which almost every man is engaged, are supernaturally performed. In other words, the same results could not be secured by the *ordinary* processes of Nature.

But in what way, or by what means were the miracles of Christ performed? If they were produced by the superior laws and agencies of Nature, in what sense are they to be ascribed to the Messiah? We have no doubt that Christ in every case employed the appropriate means to accomplish his purpose. There was no potency in the mere word. "Words are wind," and the summons, "Lazarus, come forth!" could no more affect the unconscious sleeper than the word of an ordinary man. There must have been some unseen power employed at that moment to produce the alledged result.

It will be seen in what sense we attribute the miracles to the operation of Nature's laws, and how far in our judgment the agency of Christ was essential to their production. We believe the principles exist; that there are abundant means and instruments in Nature which, if rightly combined and employed, would develop intrinsic forces sufficient to produce any result which man has ever witnessed. Jesus was qualified to adapt the existing means to the end proposed.

His superior knowledge of the invisible agents of nature, and his consequent ability to concentrate their power and direct their operations, enabled him to perform his pleasure. His wisdom was the immediate source of his power. The accomplishment of any purpose must depend upon the ability to adapt the means to the end. As we advance in knowledge, we increase also in power. Christ was endowed with superior wisdom, and he performed works which no other man did. We have witnessed results which our fathers would have placed beyond the powers of Nature and the agency of man. The present mode of telegraphic communication may be mentioned as an example. We utter our thoughts at home, and they are borne by an invisible messenger to some distant friend—we speak, and afar off our words are written down by an unseen hand. It is all the

work of a moment. A few years since it was deemed impossible, because we had not learned to adapt the means to the end. It is now seen to be compatible with the laws of nature, and easy in its accomplishment. Thus the degree of power is determined by the measure of knowledge. From this view of the subject we infer that, in proportion as our interior faculties are unfolded, and we acquire the wisdom that was in Christ, we shall become qualified to exercise his powers. If no earthly being has ever possessed the same Spiritual gifts, it is because no one has been able to attain a like perfection in Wisdom. We may be assured that the germ of that power has its existence in every human soul. The reason why we cannot perform the same works is manifest—the Spirit is not sufficiently matured—we have not arrived at the standard of the perfect man. If it be said that these views are essentially opposed to the common idea of the Christian world, I can only say that, the received opinion is not the rule of my faith, nor should it be the criterion of the reader's judgment. We ask the decision of Nature, Reason and Revelation. If Christ was the model man, may not others be like him? If he was a living example of what the race is designed to be, surely humanity, when perfected, must possess and exercise his powers.

But as some minds attach a higher importance to truth when it is written in a sacred book, this argument may be regarded as inconclusive, unless we appeal to the Christian Scriptures. It is our desire to satisfy all minds, and we trust that those who summon the faithful and True Witness, will not be the first to reject his testimony.

When Christ was about to close his ministry, he met with his disciples at the passover. They had witnessed his wonderful works, and he exhorted them to believe him if for no other reason, at least, "for the very work's sake." To nourish their faith he gave them this remarkable promise; "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater than these shall he do, because I go to my Father!"* This language is so plain that no intelligent mind can be at a loss to apprehend its import. By believing in Christ, in this case, we understand not the mere assent of the mind to his existence, his appropriate work, or the principles of his religion; but that living faith which is the natural emanation from a corresponding interior or Spiritual development.

This subject is appropriately introduced by Paul. "Now, concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant." To enlighten their minds he speaks of the powers of the Spirit in its diversified operations—in "the gifts of healing," the working of "miracles," the "discerning of spirits," and all its external manifestations. And lest any should attempt to resist the force of his language, by restricting its application, he affirms that "the manifestation of the Spirit is given to EVERY MAN to profit with all."† Now when we read, in substance, that every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus is Lord to the glory of God, it is confidently assumed that the language will admit of no limitation.

Those who prize consistency, should preserve their own rule of interpretation, and when Paul declares that *the Spirit is given to every man*, they should give to the language its proper significance. Thus we have Christ and the Apostle as witnesses, that the Spirit or power through which miracles were wrought, is given to every man; or in other words, it belongs to man in his developed state. What if all do not now profit by the exercise of this power? this fact cannot invalidate the testimony. It is still true that the Spirit of God is in the world, "dividing to every man severally as he will."

Paul would have his brethren go on from the first "principles of the doctrine of Christ" to "perfection." He desired to present every man perfect in Christ. To this end it would seem that a few have been raised up from time to time, whose office has been to instruct the many. Apostles and Prophets,

Evangelists, Pastors and Teachers, have been employed for the perfecting of humanity, "for the edifying of the body of Christ," that we "may grow up into him in all things," "unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."* This language doubtless has an important meaning. What do we understand by the word stature in this connection? The term is ordinarily used in speaking of the height of the human organization. As applied to Christ, it must indicate the degree of Spiritual development and elevation—the perfection of his powers. If, therefore, we are to come up to the measure of his stature—to "the fulness of Christ," we must possess the same gifts, and we may exercise the same powers which distinguished him while in the earthly tabernacle.

Let it not be said that these views tend to infidelity. The foundation of all the skepticism in the world is the supposition that the Christianity of Christ cannot be reconciled with Nature and Reason. If we can show that the miracles of Christ—that his religion can be so explained as to sanction the results of enlightened reason, and a true inductive philosophy, the very ground on which the unbeliever stands, is removed in a moment, and he has no place. If we have been in any degree successful in this attempt to illustrate the essential harmony, our labor will not have been in vain.

We shall not dispute our brother's title to the Christian name, because he may not respond to the views we have expressed. If he is led to sacrifice his own claim to discipleship, by an unamiable and unholy opposition to us, we will still endeavor to exercise great forbearance, and strive to bring back the misdirected mind, till we all come in the unity of the Spirit, and in the knowledge of the truth, to the measure of the perfect man and the fulness of Christ.

* Eph. iv.

Voices from the Mountain.

MY PREACHER AND HIS CHURCH.

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

THE multifariousness of individuals and opinions in society, and the limited intercourse circumstances permit me to hold with them, daguerrotype upon the tablet of my ever-susceptible memory, a multitude of dissimilar impressions. And although there exists but little attraction, no department of human thought and inquiry do I enter with greater frequency, than the theological; and inasmuch as, by a concatenation of causes and events, it is my destiny and mission in this life to labor therein, I will be in the constant endeavor to fulfil it well, and thus answer to one of the many uses and ends of my creation.

Into the religious, the theological circle of contest and investigation, therefore, I am involuntarily drawn and deeply immersed; where every paroxysm of local thought, and convulsion of popular opinion, find their way, produce their effect, and deposit themselves within me for reflection or comment.

There are many opinions which, imbibed from birth and books, so arrest the growth of some sentiments, and impetuously accelerate the extreme development of others, that men seem armed with spear-pointed prejudices, and sword-edged ideas, ignobly used to pierce and wound the unprepared or unsuspecting; or to disappoint the hope, and obstruct the even way of more harmonious minds. A consequent and corresponding effect, on one class of individuals, is the violent denunciation of all religion, or the sometimes undeserved accusation of clerical and sectarian disingenuousness. Another effect, is the rapid generation of a cold hostility and misanthropy, which, for fear of persecution, is concealed till every sympathetic stream is chilled, every love perverted, every life-spring weakened—indeed, till the mind is seemingly barren of compassion, reason and happiness. And another effect, is resigning reason and freedom to sectarian conventional requirements; and yielding a blind consent to think, act and live in an exclusive circle, till the mind is blackened

* John xiv: 12.

† I Cor. xii.

with prejudice, and each thought is fevered with anxiety and serious enthusiasm. Such are the conflicts presented, and the misdirection of religious sentiments, together with their causes and consequences, have recorded, and are recording, themselves, upon the journal of my mental experience. And numerous questions are also propounded and submitted for solution. Some of them are manifestly incongruous, and even unrighteous; others impress me with their true character and importance; the former I purposely avoid; the latter I will answer, so far as I am capable. It appears clear that, those opinions and prejudices which disturb the harmony of my mind, and injure most in community, are the partial, incorrect or angular development of pure and native sentiments residing in the soul; and that the present form of Sectarianism is not the highest expression of internal piety and worship. Hence, I conclude that something more is needed to modify and urge on the development of that central desire for every heart—the desire of unity and happiness. As an auxiliary, I feel moved to unfold and submit my interior impressions to the analysis and verdict of enlightened men. That they will respond to many cherished convictions, and tend to elucidate those momentous, and vastly interesting, questions agitating the religious world, I am confidently assured.

Prompted by the *desire* to reflect a pure light, I will be ever watchful that no thought gains an utterance through me, but what contributes to its purest gratification. My intention thus stated, I will proceed to answer the oft-repeated question—“What church do you attend; who do you hear preach?”

The Sanctuary, where is heard the most eloquent and profound discourses, and in which I commune with worshiping brethren, is of modest structure and wise dimensions. It was erected by a Master-builder, and stands upon a foundation which can never change. Its external form indicates but imperfectly the pleasing beauty, magnificence and Real-reality of its interior. Within, all is beautiful. The impress of Wisdom is on every thing. The adaptation—the perfect fitness—the unity of one part with another, extracts the deepest admiration and gratitude. No language is adequate to breathe forth the thanks, and utter the praise, I would confer upon the Founder and Builder of the church I am permitted to enter and call my own. Although there are millions of similar churches resting on the same foundation, constructed upon the same principles, and erected by the same hand, I am more familiar with the one I attend. And, as a knowledge of the one will lead to a general understanding of all others, I will give a description of its origin, situation and possessions.

It stands upon a spiral-like eminence, commanding an unlimited view of all surrounding scenes. In truth, it stands above, and overlooks the grand living panorama of the boundless Creation. The basis is a material combination of infinite varieties, and holds within its granite embrace the ten thousand parts which are indispensable to the formation of the three terraces, which complete and decorate the gentle eminence.

A vast collection of substances, having an original affinity for, and, consequently, resting upon the compound-base; and which are the capacious laboratory of terrestrial electricity; are so wisely arranged, that they form the first terrace, which is termed the Mineral Kingdom.

An association of superior particles, representing themselves in appropriate forms, and breathing fragrance and nourishment to all around, immediately succeeds the first, and forms the second terrace, termed the Vegetable Kingdom.

And by virtue of original design, new parts converge and congregate with philosophic precision, and ultimate themselves in the production of the third terrace, termed the Animal Kingdom.

The preparation and concentration of materials thus complete, according to the principles of holy architecture, the great Architect moved His mighty Will, and erected the living temple consecrated to my use!

With speechless veneration I tread the path of progression, leading to this mental edifice. But adoring as I advance, the Maker will be pleased, and I am rendered capable of appreciating its interior grandeur.

Over the arched entrance, in well known characters, is engraved “PERCEPTION:” and within the spacious vestibule, sus-

pended from above, is a highly burnished mirror—the calendar of the temple, upon which is stamped “MEMORY.” On this is recorded the age and character of every person (or thought) that enters from without; and, also, the image and principles of many minds, who, because of their naturalness and love of truth, are admitted, although to them unknown.

Passing memory, I contemplate the numerous living pictures which people, or ornament the vast interior. These are Arche-types, [ideas] or representatives of what is manifested but imperfectly upon, and through the external form. Prepared and placed, also, with surpassing order, are a set of suitable windows, (Senses,) designed for the admission of light, and to inform me of outward creations, and the condition of human society. But a more mellow, resplendent, and cheering light, descends through the wreathed dome, (the faculty of Wisdom). By the Supreme Architect's design, this dome was calculated as a medium for the influx of light, [Truth] from the interior or Spirit-world, that my Sanctuary might be illuminated, and each member gladdened with joy. Underneath the dome, and in the center, is an altar [Justice] which sparkles with divine beauty; and by that altar, in native dignity and composure, stands my Preacher, [Reason,] a Divinely-commissioned advocate of good and right! Before him, open, and resting on the altar, is a precious, sacred volume—a universal compend of Art, Science, Philosophy, Theology, and of the architectural principles upon which my church was built. It embraces the history of causes and Creation, the genealogy and experience of Nations, and contains a likeness of its Wise and Eternal Author. Its language is composed of the forms and symbols of original thoughts; its sentences admit of no transposition; and its amazing consecutiveness prohibits the possibility of human interpolation or change. To an anxious and attentive congregation composed of twelve Spirits, (Desires) my preacher delights to expound in philosophic detail, the teachings of the “Holy Book,” (Nature,) which he adores and advocates, because its Author built his church, and inspires him with a growing happiness and lovely veneration.

The central, and most prominent member, is a *desire for unity*—a great and good *layman*; as the preacher catches inspiration from the effulgent firmament of interior truth, and unfolds the sublime principles of that stupendous volume, this disciple bows in prayful silence, and eagerly receives any suggestion or sentiment that breathes of Harmony! And the statement of the principle—“Justice and Truth generate happiness, the native religion of the Soul”—my Preacher considers a sufficient text, from which to preach the perpetual sermon of a righteous life, in unity with the Neighbor, the Universe, and the Father.

But the universal relation, and sympathetic chain bounding and connecting all things, subjects me to the disquieting sound of religious strife without me in society. Although peace reigns triumphant, and a holy quietness pervades the spiritual atmosphere of my Sanctuary, the contention of sects, and the prejudices of men, come in and disturb me. The windows permit not only the entrance of discordant sounds; but also the conflicting scenes of theological discussion every where presented. What a contrast! In the outer world on every side I behold noble, good and learned men, but *not wise ones*; engaged in erecting and supporting churches, which, though *lifeless* representatives of the *living* church within, are pre-eminently calculated to localize each religious sentiment, and circumscribe the sphere of thought and investigation. The various sects, arrogating to themselves the possession of “true faith,” presumptuously “lift a standard,” according to which they exercise their judgment, and calmly pronounce a verdict of condemnation upon all dissenting minds.

From the windows of my Temple I perceive a number of highly esteemed men in the distance; though well versed in ecclesiastical history, and much nearer my church and theology than others, they are seemingly anxious to have my “religious faith” considered “unsound or deficient;” and are assiduously laboring to give the impression that “a grand demonstration” of long prepared and closely combined evils, and “pernicious delusions,” are about to “break forth from the world of spirits upon the world of men.” Not anticipating an invasion from

without, I was for a moment surprised, and even unkindly moved; but on turning and observing my Preacher's composure, and the calm smile that played upon his countenance, I bowed and quietly listened to his brief discourse.

Arrogance would as palpably show her haggard form, and the charitable injunction, "judge not," would be as unqualifiedly violated, were you to pronounce judgment upon the "moral habitudes" of any mind, because not believing as *we* believe, and not worshiping in *our* Sanctuary. And the wise admonition, "think no evil," which is the proverbial index of the "pure in heart," would be as unheeded, were you to blacken the already clouded intellects of men, by indulging in the melancholy speculation, and chimerical belief, of greater evils to befall the human race.

"There is greater cause for composure and gentle speech; for the difference between you and your church, convictions and utterances, and their church convictions and utterances; is measured and comprehended by the fact, that they look from their position, without themselves, at you; and you look from *this* position without yourself at them. This causes misapprehension and censure."

Another sound proceeds from a multitude, in an oblique direction, who, for the want of liberty, capacity or inclination, do little of their own thinking, are exceedingly clamorous in shouting, "He is the victim of delusion, or the vile instrument of imposture!" When called to the contemplation of this class of minds, in numbers by far the greatest, I am surprised that they do not see, as I see, how inconsistent and ineffectual their labors are. Though in *sound* united, I perceive that their heterogeneous and contradictory utterances, being intended to concentrate at *one point*, and perform their destructive mission, converge on their eccentric route, and equally neutralize and dissipate each other.

And I heard a voice—"Fear not! Error is mortal and cannot live; Truth is immortal and cannot die," replies my preacher, not to the vociferous multitude whose passion and high-mindedness lift them above the Voice of Reason, but to those timid intellects, who dare not think without the sphere of popular opinion.

A congregation of the weak and trembling class, far, far behind all others—and infants in theology—are represented in the act of cautiously whispering: "Beware! leave not the old paths; we know not, nor do we wish to *learn*, the way to his church; it may lead to ruin."

"The old paths in commerce between men and cities," replies my preacher, "were traversed by the caravan, or by hugely-built and incommensurable vessels, depending for movement and success upon the capricious winds; but *now*, the palatial steamer, the 'iron steed,' and 'the lightning track,' are paths and 'mediums of communication.'"

And the old paths in Theology began in *Egypt*, and led, not to the "promised land" of peace and happiness, but through divided elements, over idolatrous plains, and into a wilderness of anarchy, superstition and want. But *now* they begin in the first sphere, and, illuminated by interior Wisdom and pure Philosophy, lead the intelligent traveler through a galaxy of peopled stars, to a higher sphere—into the Spiritual World.

So am I instructed, and the contentions of the outer world disturb me not. And in the purity of my Preacher, and in the holiness and wisdom of the Builder of his Sanctuary, I have a strong and undiminished confidence.

But, reader, thou hast, also, an internal preacher and a church. The latter may be closed and encompassed about by one that is external and material; and thy preacher may be silenced, and held in subordination by an outward and superficial preacher; but the "Kingdom of Heaven," the good and the true, are "*within thee!*" To know this let thy Wisdom be unfolded, and from its depths will spring the holy and beautiful truths of intuition—the light of the inner world. Unmask thyself, and wear no garb but what Nature gave. Appear as thou art—the Eternal Child of an Eternal FATHER!

Be pure—be natural. To entomb thy living mind in the grave-like superficiality of sect or party, is not only arresting thy spiritual growth, but is doing positive violence to the sacred

principles of thy being. For countless reasons, I would persuade thee to seek and know 'the truth, that thou mayest be free indeed.'

Sectarianism is not in man, except the central tendency to associate, and form groups or bodies, as the planets were made, by the spontaneous gravitation of congenial parts—the Sectarism of the Universe! As this is the true form of association, religious and social, he should form no other.

In truth, I attend no church, but my Mind; I listen to no preacher, but Reason; I read no book so studiously as Nature; I love no sermon so well as a "well-ordered life;" and believe and dream of no higher, or more glorious Heaven, in this or any other sphere, than the harmonious adaptation of one Spirit to another, and *all* to the Great Spirit Father!

In order to understand each other well, I have, so far as the subject justifies it, unfolded myself to the candid consideration and just decisions of the reader, and whatever be his church opinions and creed, I can truthfully say, that the above are the purest and surest means to find, and become reasonably acquainted with, 'My Preacher and his Church.'

THE UNIVERCELUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1847.

A RELIGION OF PROGRESS.

"Reform, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand."—JESUS.

LIKE all earthly forms, establishments of religion are subject to constant change; and their number and variances should be accounted for, upon the ground of a gradual development of the same Spirit of Truth, rather than by referring some to a good, and others to an evil source. Thus Judaism is undeveloped Christianity; Calvinism and Arminianism, rudiments from which ultra Universalism is formed. No system, hence, while moved by a living soul, is to be regarded evil; until that is absorbed by a more suitable form, the old body is a veritable reality. The error consists in the endeavor to preserve the body embalmed in the affections, after the spirit has fled; for despite our partiality we shall be compelled to entomb it: to exclude heaven's light and heat, for they possess wondrous powers of decomposition. This is shown, by the fear of investigation manifested by the elder forms toward the more recent, as well as by the invention of opprobrious epithets, and frightful anathemas, to deter the truth-loving from drawing aside the veil and exposing the deformity.

When Jesus absorbs into his own system, the principles on which "hang all the Law and the Prophets," Judaism becomes a "dead letter;" and those who had been true to its light, followed where it led; while those who were attached merely to its outward semblance, only became more zealous and intolerant, as they became sensible that its life had departed. This illustration must suffice to give the reader an index to our ideas. We do not mean that this spirit fails to enlarge and expand the bodies while dwelling in them. On the contrary, they owe their existence to its presence; and in accordance as they are moved by its life-giving force, they have an enthusiastic youth, a strong and prudent manhood and a garrulous and enfeebled old age. The Theology of all time has conformed to these analogies; not excepting Christianity itself, which was not, in the intention of its Founder, a formal, but a spiritual system. The race, however, were not sufficiently advanced to retain its spirituality, and hence arose its forms. Nor should we war against these with too fiery a zeal; they are but stages of the Spirit's progress; and rather than quarrel with those who worship where she *has been*, let us give thanks that she is with us in the present, and prefer following where she leads, to amusing ourselves with her cast-off garments, or clasping her outward and shadowy semblance.

Religion is two-fold; the outward appearance, and the inward

reality. Many aim to enjoy the latter, yet most reach only an appreciation of the former. The one is everliving and progressive; keeping pace with, and leading the way for, mental development and spiritual growth. The first, like all external forms, is subject to continued mutations, and yet upon this the worldly religious place their hopes; when all experience should have taught them, that no reliance could be placed in a form constantly varying. For it is admitted in the abstract that true Religion is a religion of Reform; that it embraces the doctrines of immutable truth, undying love, and universal harmony and peace; and that its object is to secure good-will among men, to unite and reconcile the jarring and conflicting interests of the race, and to make all pure and happy. The narrowest sectarian admits as much, and thus condemns his own adherence to a system, whose influences, at this present, are calculated to sever the bonds of brotherhood, draw lines of distinction, erect walls of partition, and produce directly opposite results to those acknowledged to be just. Enough has been experienced to teach us that sectarianism can do nothing to promote those objects. It cannot even harmonize and purify its own members; much less society. Indeed, there is no vice, oppression, corruption or wickedness complained of in the world, but what is duly represented in every sectarian establishment. The outward Church not only manifest all the indications of inherent animosity, strife and envy, but as a whole stands in the way of Reform, and is even arrayed against it; for while she talks loudly of the necessity of "doing penance," and the "new birth," she decides that a pledge, to reform from bestial drunkenness, is of no religious obligation; and through a New England Bishop commands her children to abstain from "voluntary associations;" as it would cast obloquy upon her, for her members thus to imply that all needed reform was not embraced within her pale; and by no means to sanction the gross assumption of the world which had attempted to reform itself, without coming to her for permission and direction.

These also stand up the unblushing advocates for Slavery, War, and giant Monopoly, and for every political and social wrong that afflicts and divides our race. They exact an outward morality and piety, as requisites to admission, but from that point are most strictly conservative; while, for a disagreement from their formulas, they would excommunicate one as pure as the Nazarene himself. And this is true of all, however the standard may vary with different sects, and with the different localities of the same sect. They are also powerless for any general work. How often has the true reformer found that their pride and jealousy of each other was the only important obstacle to his success! How often felt his words fall ineffectually, when he finds that instead of considering the important question which engrosses his whole soul, he finds that worshipers of names are debating what sectarian or party object will be subserved! Missionaries are sent to convert the heathen, while they do not embrace in all their ranks a moiety of the inhabitants of a country claiming to have been christianized for centuries. Even here, they cannot agree, for one wishes the word "baptizo" translated in the ethnic versions of the Gospels, while others wish it to stand untranslated as in ours. Many of their aims are discordant in themselves, as well as hostile to those humanizing influences that are breathed into all recent movements for uniting and elevating humanity.

Has nominal Catholicism or dismembered Protestantism, in its most advanced forms, any where realized the sublime and humane ideal of Jesus? or even fulfilled those prophecies, which foreshadow the unity of the Spirit, the end of transgression, the destruction of sin, and the introduction of everlasting righteousness? If to these alone we are to look for indications of promise, the hope of man is gloomy indeed: nothing but disunity, persecution, superstition and vicious ignorance are ever to be anticipated. But, oh! there is something better than all this. While here, we see nothing of the philanthropic, catholic spirit of the great Reformer; none of his devotion to, and confidence in truth, or of his comprehensive interest in all that concerns the well-being and unity of the race. We may discover, among those of every name, and no name, individuals who manifest the true principles of the Gospel, and wield those influences which reform, purify and save men. While every establishment is using

its force, in a greater or less degree, to prevent the enfranchisement of the bodies and souls of men, from error and oppression, Reforms are springing up, independent of them, and realizing in a measure their professed objects, but which they have nearly overlooked in their discussions about *means* and formulas.

Whatever then may be the creed; be it narrow or most liberal; if your *form* be Christianity, Christianity is defective, and covers not the whole ground; and is not this conceded when you say that a man may have your formal faith, and yet not be interested and engaged in the benevolent movements of the age; or that one may be a "good man" and "true reformer" and not be a Christian? It is most certainly spurious; for a religion, emanating from a universal and unchanging Father, must embrace all spiritual and moral teachings, examples and influences, and shed light on all human conditions. You admit the defects of your system, by the very arguments adopted to prove its exclusive claims. Christianity must be thus catholic to you, to me, to all, or it is nothing. Take from it its spiritual essence, its all-embracing charity, its adaptation to all times and people, and you have nothing but its dead body left. But most cheering are the testimonies that it still *lives*. I mean not in creeds, or its mutations had long since proved fatal. I mean not in the visible Church, or it had died of dismemberment. I mean in the heart of humanity, on the sacred scroll where free thoughts and humane deeds inscribe immortal characters and undying memories. The true man can no longer stand up to do battle for a creed and name. He sees that the spirit, which in their turn gave life to these old forms, has gone out to pervade the more suitable organizations of the age; to promote human interests and the general weal. He finds not the religion of Jesus in one; for however they profess to worship him as God, or honor him as super-angelic, they have forgotten to imitate his Life. He finds the "universal brotherhood" nowhere recognized in any; nor a life in the service of mankind any where required; or God worshiped as "the Father of all." For however he may find it, professedly, he finds it nowhere practically. Among the most liberal sects, as among the most bigoted, he discovers the same barbarian distinctions of master and slave, rich and poor, oppressors and oppressed, employer and employed; lords who live in luxury and dissipation on the products of others toil, and laborers who have plowed and sowed and reaped down harvests for naught. And this is the ultimate of Christianity, of God's paternal relation to his children, and of their duties to each other as brethren of one common family!

Thank Heaven, a purer and spiritual religion is breathing around us creations of diviner forms, and that we can perceive in the movements for man's amelioration, instruction and spiritual elevation, more of His spirit, who "went about doing good;" alleviating human suffering, imparting heavenly consolation, and directing man to his Father, and to the ever-living testimonies of Nature, as fraught with lessons of highest confidence and hope. Even amid those dead forms the devotion of the Master to truth and freedom, is exemplified. There is the Pope, (the very Anti-Christ, if we have been taught aright,) lifting up a standard against oppression, and pursuing a course of toleration and forbearance, which should put to blush the Protestant bigot, who permits himself to be outdone by one he has depicted as the very personification of all unrighteousness. From every name and tribe and tongue, from liberal and orthodox, believer and unbeliever, from Mohammedan and Pagan, from Jew and Christian, Catholic and Protestant, from every land under heaven's wide canopy, there comes a voice of the Spirit, which asks a purer light that shall define all our positions, and harmonize our discordant action; so that we may put forth our united energies to secure a catholic result, the cessation of War, Oppression, Intemperance, Intolerance, party strife and the pursuit of hostile interests.

Whether you are willing to call this spirit Christianity, is a matter of perfect indifference. It is the Religion of Progress; it has been the religion of all true men, whether wedded to sect, or, like the great Reformer, joined only to the common family, of which God is the common parent. It is also the religion of Nature and the Universe, whose very constitution requires, in all things, an elevating tendency toward purity and harmony.

The number of minds which are losing confidence in sect and party to work any truthful and comprehensive reform, are constantly increasing; and though they do not leave the "communion," as, indeed, they should not, yet they hesitate not to join "voluntary associations," where all meet on common ground, to promote the principles of temperance, liberty and distributive justice; to feed the hungry, visit the sick, comfort the widow and educate the orphan; and to aid and encourage each other in all works of love, and in the vindication of their mutual rights. Nor will it be long ere they will discover more of the spirit of the Nazarene, in all this, than in their partial and sectional efforts, to effect as partial and diverse objects, and the upbuilding of separate and discordant interests.

If a *creed* be needed, then it will exact unbounded confidence in the power of truth and right; so as to secure to all that liberty of thought and speech, which each claims for himself, that the injunction may be universally obeyed: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." If a *form* be required, it will then be comprehensive as the race, and the "church of the first-born" will become the "church of humanity."

Look up, then, humble heart, yearning for a higher life, and know that light, the object of thy devotion, is bursting forth from every corner of the earth, from the fathomless depths of the Universe and of thy own being. Labor to understand your relation to the creations around you, and live no longer isolated in hostile, envious mood. A spiritual birth will then be yours, from which you shall continue to "grow in grace and knowledge of the truth." The earth, from her deep foundations, from her varied scenery, her forms of life and beauty; old ocean, from her ever heaving bosom; the heavens, from their vaulted dome and thousand-voiced stars; and man, in his majesty and strength, presenting off a life of truth and love; these, all confirm the yearnings of thy soul for progressive existence and social harmony. Press onward and upward, then, and as the dawning of a better day rejoices thine eyes, let thy own light shine, and join thy voice in that anthem of associated melody which peals through distant spheres; and put forth thy hand to aid the work of Reform, and to extend the Religion of Progress.

J. K. I.

LETTER TO PROFESSOR BUSH.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—We both stand before the public, at the present time, as advocates of the doctrine which teaches, that there exists an intimate relation between the visible and the spiritual world; and that revelations can be, *have been*, and *are now*, made from spirits out of the body to those in the form.

We both believe that Swedenborg and Davis have held communion with spirits out of the form, and received ideas from them, which they have communicated to the world. We have also seen an apparent variance between them on several important questions, and one of the most important of them has been concerning the Spiritual Character of the Dwellers in the Inner Life. Our efforts, though in different spheres, have apparently tended to one object; namely, to prove to the world the Reality of the Spiritual Existence and its relation to our present state, and to make mankind conversant with the character of the laws which govern, and the beings who people, that higher Universe.

The great question before us now—the question which we desire the world to understand correctly, is this: Are the disclosures made through Mr. Davis correct or incorrect? are they trustworthy or unreliable? Is he correct in the great doctrine of his Book—the doctrine that the Law of Progressive Spiritual Development operates on all men and through all times, and will bring on a period when every spirit shall be a perfect type and representative of God: Divine in Love, Will and Wisdom: in feeling, and effort, and desire.

The settlement of the question of reliability between Davis and Swedenborg is, as I understand, the object of your recent book. The public, in order to come to a correct conclusion in this matter, should be made acquainted with all those facts which bear upon it.

One important branch of evidence relating to this subject must be found in the testimony of Living Witnesses, who have their spiritual faculties unfolded, and are able, in consequence, to

have communion with spirits out of the form. The World ought to know this thing, namely:—these persons confirm Mr. Davis in those points in which he seems to differ from Swedenborg, or do they not?

I have been most happy to learn that you have, to some extent, investigated this branch of evidence. I regret to learn that you have not chosen to submit the result of these investigations. In order to bring this testimony before the world, I beg leave to propound the following queries; which, from their bearing upon the subject, seem to require an explicit and public answer.

Have you consulted various spiritually-enlightened persons upon the points at issue between yourself, as an interpreter of Swedenborg, and A. J. Davis? If so, are you at liberty to say whom?

Have you not received from persons, thus consulted, positive assertions to the effect that the Revelations, given to the world through Mr. Davis, were, in idea and principle, true?

Have you not consulted persons, in the condition alluded to as above, and made inquiries for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not Swedenborg had now descended to this earth, and had any agency in these Psychological disclosures? And have you been told that Swedenborg *does* walk among men, and is endeavoring to correct false ideas concerning the Spiritual Universe, promulgated by those who are styled his followers? And have not persons, in that state of spiritual enlightenment, offered to become the medium by which you might communicate with Swedenborg and he with you?

The answers which you have received to questions like these, we think, should not be suppressed. Undertaking, as you have done, to discuss this subject in all of its bearings, I feel, and the public feel, that facts which have so obvious a relation to the true settlement of the great question, should be brought out, let the burden of testimony fall against any hypothesis. If we undertake to enlighten the world on this solemn and important matter, shall we not speak freely the whole truth? Prompted by the importance of the subject, I would respectfully urge the necessity of giving publicity to all facts which bear upon the point at issue. Hoping speedily to see an answer to this epistle, giving all the facts alluded to which you possess,

I remain yours, in Christian Love,

T. L. HARRIS.

SPIRIT OF THE UNIVERSALIST PRESS.

SEVERAL of the leading denominational Journals have assailed us with great asperity, because we quietly cherish and honestly express *our own* views. The "Christian Messenger," "Trumpet," "Gospel Banner," "Magazine," and "Star in the West," have manifested a spirit which we cannot but regard as wholly incompatible with the religion of Jesus. Several articles have been published which, for their intolerant and proscriptive spirit, their power of appeal to popular prejudice, and the offensive character of the language employed, are hardly surpassed by any recent exhibition of religious infatuation.

It is the privilege of every man to occupy his appropriate sphere, and to use the implements which nature, education or custom qualify him to wield with success. Every one will select a congenial employment. These brethren have marked out their field of operation, and whatever be the nature of the harvest, whether the fruits be bitter or sweet, the world will bear witness to their industry.

We are wholly undisturbed by this excess of passion. Since we took the liberty to step beyond the lines and barriers of the sect we feel, and it is our chief desire to practice, what we have so long preached. We can now afford to be generous even to those who are not just to us. This notice is not intended as a reply. We have before intimated that we cannot engage in this mode of warfare. If these misdirected brethren can fight when there is no enemy and gain a victory, we shall not dispute the validity of their right to all the laurels. We think they will succeed, since they have the entire field to themselves. We love them too well, and we have too much self-respect to engage in a quarrel; and besides, we would not outrage the refined sensibilities of our numerous readers, for whom we have a profound regard.

S.B.B.

"WHERE WILL THEY LEAD ME?"

THE following article is from a much esteemed clergyman of this city, whose initials are a sufficient index to his name, and whose honest speech clearly indicates a spirit that is free. It will be seen that our friend is not afraid to be led by Truth. Our word for it, he will follow this Divine guide, though she lead amid cloud and flame, or through the solid earth. Thy hand, brother: we will go with thee.

S. B. E.

There are many obstacles to the progress of the race. Humanity must move on as a whole; each individual illumination must be distributed or dispersed to all, else there would be no room, no occasion, for a new degree of light and intelligence. Reformers, like lighthouses, only appear at convenient distances and on dangerous coasts. One man gives out light which an age can but perceive and apply, though to him it is the easy effort of a moment. This is true in science, morals and religion. Galileo saw the earth in motion when his judges stood in darkness, and would not hear him. New movements and old principles characterize the two prominent aspects in which men place themselves; while one portion would advance, the other fosters its life upon the old as sufficient. Nothing can be more detrimental to a man or to society, than to be satisfied with present attainments. If the child has no desire to go beyond the A B C of knowledge, it will be a task to carry him onward. So with moral character—once let a man esteem himself *good enough*, and it will be hard to make him do more or better. These remarks may be easily applied by the reader to all questions of progress.

We wish particularly to make the application to that obstinate conservatism in theology and religion, which fears advancement as if it must necessarily compel a relinquishment of truth and virtue already possessed. This is a wrong impression altogether. It does not follow that I, possessing six truths, must cast one away before the seventh can be received. The more one has, the more he is capable of receiving. It is not a wonder that from him that hath not, shall be taken away that which he seemeth to have.

It betrays weakness to inquire *where* we shall be led by any truth. If the conservative spirit shall say we do not know as yet whether the new theory is true or not. Ah, indeed! inquiring where you are to be led, and still have not ascertained whether it be light or darkness, a god or a demon, that is to conduct you! Ask not this question till you have ascertained whether truth or error shall be your guide. If you mean to be guided by the truth, then instead of inquiring in the language we have taken as a title of this article, ask is it *truth*? and, unlike Pilate of old, wait for an answer. Examine thoroughly and impartially; satisfy yourself upon the question of truth or error; and follow the truth when found; it never leads wrong or astray.

The present movement is characterized by such peculiar, and in many respects, astounding developments, that it will not be strange if men act strangely, both as regards their manner of treating it when they will not examine, and the mode of investigation with many who will examine it for themselves. There is yet a pitiable timidity with many otherwise properly organized minds. "How shall I know," says one of this sort, "whether it is true or not?" Precisely in the same way as you know that anything you have received is true. If we have come to a state of things that recognizes a thing only as true because coming from this source, and false because from that, without investigation, it is time some disturbing influence should come in to bring us to our senses, and to our proper position in the intellectual and moral world.

Z. B.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—It must be evident that public opinion, with reference to this subject, is undergoing a conspicuous change. As mankind advance and just views of the nature and laws of the human soul are entertained, criminal codes are gradually adapted to *reformation* rather than destruction. Though the bill for the abolition of the Death Penalty was recently lost in the Assembly of this State, this should not for a moment discourage the efforts of those who are laboring in this cause. The tendency of public sentiment at present infallibly prophesies the abrogation of all penalties not calculated to reform.

ARE WE CHRISTIANS?

THE light of the present is every day revealing the errors of the past, and hence it becomes necessary to change our theories and opinions, from time to time, in order to adapt them to the progressive development of truth, and the improved condition of the human mind. We hold it to be absolutely impossible for an inquiring and candid man to cherish and defend the same ideas for years, without the slightest change or modification. It is now very generally understood, that *our* opinions are not precisely what they were some years since. The extent of the change no one has taken the trouble to ascertain. But a solemn "PROTEST" has gone forth to the whole Christian world, Catholic and Protestant, denying our claims to the Christian name and character. Up to this time, there has been no general response from the people, and we believe it is not yet determined whether it be lawful to regard us as "Christians in any sense whatever." We hope this question will be settled soon; this suspense is terrible! Those who assume and exercise the executive power in this case, should be required to exhibit their credentials, showing that they are regularly appointed, and that it is their high prerogative to decide who are, and who are not, Christians. Our most grave and reverend judges should consider all the material facts in the case, and allow us to plead our own cause. May it please the court, we are ready for trial.

S. B. E.

* T. J. Sawyer, in the "New York Christian Messenger."

LETTER FROM A FRIEND.

WE have before us an interesting letter from a friend at Brownville, Jefferson County, who kindly offers his services as an Agent, for which we would acknowledge our obligations and signify our acceptance. We find the sphere of our friend exceedingly attractive, and we cannot resist the inclination to present our readers with an extract from his letter. His suggestions are highly important and will receive due consideration. The following, from his communication, contains an idea which we hope to see improved in our columns:

MR. BRITTAN—*Dear Sir*:—I rejoice that the friends of true Natural Science have been so far united as to commence a Weekly in the City of New York. May they be abundantly sustained. I, with others, have, for some time past, been expecting that developments will be made, so as to aid all who are truly desirous of mental elevation—or rather Spirituality of Mind—to become naturally the subjects of spiritual influx. I see, in the last paragraph of Mr. DAVIS' article, a confirmation of a previously conceived opinion—that "the three mental conditions are attainable by all men," and "that if we will but turn from the external world of effects, to ourselves and the internal world of causes, our knowledge of spiritual truths will be much higher and greater." I expect soon, to see a system laid down adapted to the various temperaments to so discipline them as to produce the desired results. If remedial agents are necessary, and can be successfully applied to the relief of bodily disease and infirmity, I infer that remedial agents will be discovered, (if they are not already) to effect the same on the temperaments, and, through them, on the Mind. I hope to see this field of inquiry occupied by some of our friends who are capable of entering into the Spiritual State, I mention, not to gratify curiosity, but for practical application. Progression is my watch-word, and any information that will assist me, and others, in our onward progress to a higher Spirituality, will be gladly received.

I highly admire the spirit of your notice of the attack of the Rev. T. J. S. O! that all would learn to treat erring brethren in the same spirit of peaceful reproof. May the Great Spirit of *all* truth ever guide you and your associates in the paths of purity and Peace; and, however you may be attacked, remember the injunction to revile not again. LOVE will yet reign supreme over the children of men. That you may all be instrumental in hastening its triumph, is the sincere desire of, Dear Sir,

Yours, in the cause of Human Progress,

J. S.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.—The Editor of the UNIVERCÆLUM is expected to preach in the Universalist Church, Fourth st., next Sunday, at 3 o'clock P.M.

T. L. HARRIS.

BRO. HARRIS, one of the associate Editors of this paper, is now absent on a tour to the West. Our readers and his numerous friends will be pleased to learn that at the date of his last communication, he was in good health and spirits. He encountered a violent storm on the Lake, but found the winds and waves gentle and merciful compared with the dark and ever-troubled elements of popular prejudice and sectarian bitterness, which in all ages have been arrayed against the reformer.

Bro. Harris is now in Ohio, lecturing on the great subjects which concern the true interest and elevation of man. He is eminently qualified for his mission. A spirit of genuine philanthropy moves him to utterance, and he speaks with great energy and freedom. Those who know Bro. Harris as we know him, must love him for his self-sacrificing devotion to truth and humanity. It has been said that he speaks and acts too much from impulse, and is liable to transcend the bounds of moderation in the presentation of his subject. We know it is not constitutional with him to measure out truth to suit the capacity of the dwarfed intellect, and besides, he is not influenced by that cold, calculating, earthly policy, which would graduate with mathematical precision the generous promptings of his nature. If he is impulsive, it should be understood that his impulses spring from a heart that desires above all things, the supremacy of right, and the unity and happiness of the race.

We ask for Bro. Harris what we are sure he will receive from many noble Spirits in the West—a kind reception. S.B.B.

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.—The expounders and promulgators of theological, medical and legal knowledge, are too much inclined to withhold from the world the result of their deliberations and experience. The schools have ever held an omnipotent sway, and emitted merely a sufficiency of light to make their own darkness visible. Error has been nursed as a fond infant; it has changed places with truth; it has been an altar, receiving the incense of man's deepest affections—a most deplorable reflection. Can it be that the cherished systems are so weak and inefficient as to require defenses; and a compromise of man's very nature, to obtain for them the respect and confidence of society? If truth be the basis of their theories, its presentation in natural simplicity will meet with a natural response and a hearty co-operation from all who are devoted to its principles

REV. MR. THOMPSON announced the repetition of his sermon against the Drama on Sunday evening last. Of the attendance, and character of his audience we cannot speak. Without discussing the propriety of dramatic entertainments, we are satisfied the means employed by Mr. T. will not have the effect which he wishes. There is a strong natural desire for amusement; preaching will never destroy that which is implanted by nature. It would be more gratifying to see our pulpits occupied in presenting a rational system of education, teaching youth to distinguish between good and evil, with the immediate and immutable consequences of each; and wisdom to appreciate that which is pure and natural, wherever it may be found.

THE PAST AND PRESENT.—To answer the demands of the present age, it is not so necessary to venerate and expound the records of the olden time, as to investigate and understand the condition of things present. Those who will, may explore the dim labyrinths and incarcerate the soul in the dungeons of the past. In the great light of the present, we live, and move, and have our being.

CONSERVATISM.—The real conservative, is the man who prefers a little light because he has tried a better one, and found it to answer his limited purpose. If we were surrounded by midnight darkness, we should be obliged to him for his taper, but it is of no use to us since the sun has risen.

We have been indirectly requested to withdraw in a formal manner from the Christian Sect, with which we have been so long identified. This we cannot conscientiously do, and will endeavor to assign our reasons in the next number of the UNIVERCELOM.

The Fine Arts.

THE GREEK SLAVE.

THE Fine Arts have in all ages been a characteristic feature, indicating the degree of refinement to which each nation had attained. As civilization dawns, rude attempts at Art are apparent, in after times an approximation to nature is manifest, and ascending to a period of Science and Philosophy, we find the very perfection of Art—a combination of forms and colors breathing forth the Spiritual.

Without, at this time, entering into an account of the different epochs, we may simply observe that Art has been progressive in its general aspect. And although apparently otherwise, an extended view will clearly show the temporary declines to have resulted from incidental conditions of society, rather than any retrograde tendency. The various demonstrations, favorable to the production of works of design in our day, at least induce the hope, if they do not foreshadow the fact, that artists will, ere long, soar high in search after the beautiful and sublime.

The flourishing state of the several artistic institutions, betoken a diversion of our love for the external, and a growing desire to cultivate the ideal.

A passing and brief notice of works before the public, and others in progress, may not be out of place in this journal.

The "Greek Slave," by Powers, has been on exhibition for a number of weeks in this city. The statue, it is said, has passed the ordeal of foreign criticism, and we believe has been very generally admitted the perfection of modern Art. While it has been applauded by the virtuous and refined, it has been condemned by those who profess to be pious, and who seem to forget that,

"To the pure all things are pure."

On beholding the Slave, we were forcibly impressed with the exquisite symmetry of the form, and charmed with the grace, simplicity, and naturalness of the attitude. The action of the figure, and expression of countenance beautifully portray the workings of a pure spirit subjected to the sensual gaze of a corrupt populace. The scene and circumstance selected by the artist, are peculiarly affecting. A union of all that is pure, noble and lovely, is to be sacrificed at an altar of base sensuality. At this trying moment, her humanity seems transformed into divinity—the mind no longer dwells upon the external beauty of form, but glides into, as it were, and assimilates to the purity of the indwelling spirit. Such is the prevailing sentiment of the subject. To those who have not been permitted to see it, a comparison with works of the Antique may give a general idea of its artistic merits. It appears to us particularly fleshy, having the insertion of muscles, delicately though well defined, and the forms at the extremities of the bones perfectly expressed. It contains a good share of detail, which, to the mass, renders it apparently more natural, than the finest specimens of the Antique. The last named statues are more *generalized*, representing men as species rather than as individuals. General truth is a higher conception than particular truth—nature possesses both, but Art has never attained that perfect union, and we think never will.

The Greek Slave does not appear so poetic in conception, as many other statues; its striking beauty consists in its near approach to familiar nature—it is more real than imaginative; hence it will be more universally admired and appreciated.

The exhibition is yielding the artist a splendid remuneration for his time and labor. We advise all who have any perception of beauty and harmony, to visit the Greek Girl, at the Society Library Rooms, Broadway.

AMERICAN ART-UNION.

THIS Institution, for the advancement of the Arts of Design, has recently opened its gallery in Broadway. It occupies the ground floor, is commodious, well lighted, and in every respect, perfectly adapted to the purpose for which it was erected.

The Association having been in operation several years, its system and management are known to the public generally. Its

means are rapidly increasing, and judging from the past, we anticipate it will be the leading Artistic Institution in the country. We are informed that since its opening, it has been thronged daily with visitors, while members are continually being added to its list.

The last engraving distributed, "Sir Walter Raleigh parting with his Wife," by Leutze, is a beautiful composition, very truthful, impressive, and affecting; it is well engraved, and by its distribution will create emotions of a refined character in the bosoms of thousands.

The engravings for this season will be the "Jolly Flat-Boatmen," after Bingham, engraved by Doney, and a "Sybil," after Huntington, by Casilear. The latter painting is an earlier production of this artist, yet one of his most elegant conceptions; it represents a Prophetess about receiving an impression. Her expression is sincere and intense; the coloring of the flesh is sweet and natural, while the air of the head is characteristic and agreeable. The general effect indicating in the artist a fine feeling for the ideal.

Among the paintings now on the walls to be distributed this December, we will notice such as our space will permit:

No. 6. "The Indian's Vespers," by A. B. DURAND.

"Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind,
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind."

It is highly gratifying to contemplate the selection of this artist. What subject could be more appropriate for the painter's pencil, what more attractive, for the lover of natural things to dwell upon? The execution produces an effect of atmosphere seldom attained by other artists. The time is sunset, and every accessory tends to fill the mind with the touching sentiment contained in the title. M. Durand seems peculiarly happy in grasping the leading characteristics of nature, in all cases, making studies direct therefrom.

No. 161. "Fruit and Flowers," by J. W. WRIGHT. We have seldom, if ever, seen a composition of this class, more truthfully executed; nothing can be more real than the pitcher, while the flowers appear to emit a fragrant odor. We hope Mr. Wright will continue to paint such gems of beauty, for there is a purity of thought associated with them, lovely in the extreme.

No. 101. "Meeting of the Departed," by W. H. BEARD.

"Father Cardinal, I have heard you say that we shall see and know our friends in Heaven—
If that be, I shall see my boy again."

A lofty subject, and one which we would be glad to see, often expressed upon canvass. The meeting of spirits in a higher sphere is a truth of so grand and consoling a nature, that we would fain dwell upon that which tends to illustrate and impress it. The thought portrayed by the meeting of spiritual forms, can better be realized by a view of the painting, than by our description. As art is the most expressive medium to communicate thought, language cannot convey so perfect an idea of the subject.

No. 147. "The Seamstress," by J. T. PEELE.

"Band and gusset, and seam,
Seam and gusset and band;
Work, work, work,
From weary chime to chime,
Work, work, work,
As prisoners work for crime."

This painting is a repetition of the subject, and has had a popularity which it richly merits. The scene and circumstance is one out of thousands which may be seen in actual life. The face of the Seamstress is thoughtful, pure and amiable; with an expression of care and resignation. Mr. Peele is a young artist of fine talent, and a lover of nature in her garments of simplicity. We consider this a moral picture, and believe its distribution in form of an engraving would not only be desirable to the members, but a truthful sermon, speaking volumes.

FREEDOM OF INQUIRY.—Let not the freedom of inquiry be shackled. If it multiplies contentions amongst the wise and virtuous, it exercises the charity of those who contend. If it shakes, for a time, the belief that is rested only upon prejudice, it finally settles it on the broader and more solid basis of conviction.—[Anonymous.]

The Physician.

CONSUMPTION—ITS CAUSES AND CURE.

BY A. J. DAVIS.

IN the vital economy, and present structural afflictions of human society, no organ is more required to perform its appropriate functions, than the good physician. His acquaintance with the principles of Anatomy and Physiology, and his knowledge of human weakness, enlarges his understanding, expands his sympathies, defines his position, and the character of that influence he is called upon to exert, as a member of the universal organization.

His profession is an important one, and his mission is to do good. Moved by this conviction, and feeling impressed with the necessity of bestowing especial and continual attention upon the cause, diagnosis and cure, or mitigation of disease, I will strive to contribute a healthful suggestion to suffering ones, each week, that more good may be accomplished. But, owing to the limited space allotted to this department, my specifications and remedies will be incapable of any but general application.

I. THE THEORY OF DISEASE.—To understand the cause and nature of disease, some universal and unequivocal standard must be ascertained, whereby to measure and represent that just condition of mind and body termed *health*.

It will be universally conceded, I think, that the true standard and representative of health is *harmony*; that *all else* is disease and discord. That health is the positive and right, and disease the negative and wrong state. Health, therefore, is the easy, perpetual and harmonious movement of every organ, fluid or particle; and disease, acute or chronic, though modified into the presentation of indefinite varieties, is the irregular, accelerated and arrested action of constitutional constituents, and vital forces.

II. THE CAUSE OF DISEASE.—To detail the various and innumerable causes of pain and discord in the human organization, is unnecessary; for they are capable of a clear and systematic simplification. And technical terms will be dispensed with, because they conceal, rather than elucidate, the cause and cure of disease; and because they have no use, except in the medical dictionary, to assist the discerning physician to detect symptoms, and ascertain the immediate locality from which they emanate.

And here it may be well to remark that, in proportion to the modifications, and particular aspects and phenomena, of disease manifested externally, are nosological distinctions multiplied. Hence, in order to communicate information, I will studiously endeavor to use plainness of speech, and not disguise thought with a mask of unfamiliar terms, which are sometimes profusely employed as an ornamental substitute for ideas.

There are three general causes of disease.

1. The primary cause of local weakness or local disease, is hereditary constitutional pre-disposition.
2. Accidents of life, or repeated changes in the organic and mental temperature.
3. Voluntary, or unexpected exposure, to social circumstances and atmospherical vicissitudes. These comprehensive causes are individually, or in a state of combination, engaged in the local development of every disease known to afflict man.

I come now to trace organic disturbances to the development of that prevalent disease, termed Consumption.

In the first statement, the lungs are but imperfectly developed; their structure is defective. The subject has a flat chest, high shoulders, and a long neck. The whole breast-work is incomplete, and, of necessity, inadequate to the discharge of its constant and essential duty—the generation of animal heat, and the equal distribution of a healthy temperature. And shortness of breath, pain, irritation and cough, gradual loss of flesh, are indications and concomitants of this malformation and arrest of organic development.

The individual is very susceptible to outer influences—especially to exercise, food, the temperature of rooms, and changes of atmosphere; and readily acquires a cold, fever or scrofula, which, if not arrested and treated properly in their incipient

stages, invariably tuberculate the lungs, and terminate in suppuration.

In the second statement, circumstances of life are unfavorable to the preservation of that equilibrium of bodily motion and temperature so indispensable to the continued enjoyment of health. As heat in the organism is diminished or increased, fever and inflammations are developed; and if the lungs be pre-inclined to disease, and incapable of resisting the chemical action of the atmosphere, the above symptoms will appear and terminate in structural change.

In the third statement, besides the injurious effects of atmospheric and bodily changes, the constant eating of impure food tends to clog and fatigue the stomach, and to deposit in the lungs unassimilative matter which must be expectorated. The continued effort to do this frequently produces irritation of the bronchia, mucus membrane, and, as in previous disturbances, ends in glandular tuberculation.

III. TO CURE THIS DISEASE.—Well ascertain the producing causes, and gradually remove from them, or supply their position with such as act favorably upon the temperament and inclinations of the individual. But if it be inconvenient or impossible to change every personal habit and situation, then supply the system with proper nourishment and sleep, proportioned in quantity to the amount of digestive power possessed, the extent of daily exercise, and pursue the following directions:

In the first stage—when a patient is troubled with a slight cough, enlarged glands, occasional pain, and some soreness—bathe the chest and neck every morning with cold water; and after drying the parts with a coarse napkin, re-produce the natural heat and glow by friction. Then lay upon the chest a cotton or flannel cloth, and leave the neck uncovered. With the above regimen make a syrup of sarsaparilla, prickly-ash bark, roots of comfrey, colombo, and elecampane, of each four ounces; pulverize these ingredients, and to the whole add eight quarts of water and two of molasses; boil away two-thirds of the quantity and strain the mixture directly—when cold, bottle it, and take a wine-glass full every morning and evening.

In the second stage—when disease is exacerbated and the symptoms are night sweats, hectic flushes, and loss of appetite, continue the previous treatment, with the important addition of fumigations made to mingle with and modify the air in the apartment. For this purpose use one gill of hard-wood tar. Put it in an uncovered vessel, and subject it to the heat, until its fumes are diffused through the room. This will soothe and heal the diseased organ.

In the third stage—when fatigue and emaciation succeeds every physical effort, and general symptoms indicate duplicity, and are capricious, dispense with the syrup, and substitute, for a constant beverage, acid and mucilaginous preparations, and wear very warm clothing.

If a severe cough exhaust the system, take oil of amber, olives, and Tolu syrup, each half an ounce; add solution of morphine, twenty drops, and one ounce of alcohol. Of this preparation take from twenty to sixty drops every half hour, until relief is experienced.

I would have the patient impressed with the conviction, that personal watchfulness, and the constant exercise of wisdom in all habits and movements of life, is the certain precaution and surest cure of disease. And that the treatment is adapted to those, alone, who exert their powers to live in accordance with natural law, and strive to secure a healthy action of body and mind.

TO OUR READERS.—We open a new department this week and present the first of a series of papers on the theory, cause, and cure of disease. This will give an additional importance to the UNIVERCELMUM, at least in the estimation of the thousands who have witnessed the powers of Mr. DAVIS. The Seer will introduce the reader into the interior of his Temple, which will be greatly admired for its architectural beauty, and for the atmosphere of purity which pervades the Sanctuary. We also present our readers with the first of the Sketches of the Earth-Land. They are from the pen of a Lady, whose delineations of character entitle her to rank with the first female writers of the age. The Honey-Bee's Song is from one of Earth's most gifted and beautiful Spirits. Jenny Lee will become a universal favorite.

S. B. S.

Poetry.

(Written for the Univercelum and Spiritual Philosopher.)

A PSALM OF THE UNIVERSE.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

God's thoughts in worlds of light outflow;
His pulses through them throb and glow;
In constellated hosts they go.

Like globes of blood from one vast heart
They circulate from part to part,
But from His Being ne'er depart;
For the great Universe, whose might
And glory whelms all thought, all sight,
Lives, moves within the Infinite.

Our World, a globe of quickening flame,
Bathed in auroral splendor, came
From out that everlasting Main.
Its atmosphere of cloud and sun,
Its founts in silver veins that run,
Its rocks of crystal fused in one,
In triune sacredness combine;
Like flesh and blood and odor, twine
Around that inmost Orb sublime.

The End is like its Cause Eterne:
The ripened fruit is like its germ:
So Matter doth to Spirit turn.
God's pulses through Creation play;
Impregnated with Life, the clay
Refines, perfects from day to day.
The Life that first in God began,
And through each form of beauty ran,
All ultimates in Soul, in Man.

The Body is the Spirit's shrine,
Of substance pure and crystalline,
And doth with each pure thought refine,
Till all its grossness from it dies,
And in the shroud and coffin lies,
While, rising through Eternity's
Vast spiral of ascending Spheres
The Spirit, with its crowned Peers,
God-like in God's own form appears.

All worlds, all suns, from one Vast Heart,
Through Nature's arteries depart,
Of One Existence yet a part:
But, to that Heart all veins must go,
So the swift tide all Spirits know
Through Nature unto God doth flow.
All Life grows like the Life within.
From the abyss of worlds shall spring
A Universe of Seraphim!

(Written for the Univercelum and Spiritual Philosopher.)

THE HONEY-BEE'S SONG.

BY JENNY LEE.

AWAKE! and up! our own bright star
In the golden east is fading,
And the brimming honey-cups, near and far,
Their sweets are fast unlading!
Softly, pleasantly, murmur our song,
With joyful hearts, as we speed along!

Off to the bank where the wild thyme blows,
And the fragrant basil is growing;
We'll drink from the heart of the virgin rose,
The nectar that now is flowing;—
Sing! for the joy of the early dawn!
Murmur in praise of the beautiful morn!

Away, over orchard and garden fair,
With the choicest sweets all laden,
Away! or before us she will be there,
Our favorite blue-eyed maiden,
Winning with Beauty's magic power,
Rich guerdon from the morning hour.
Her cheek will catch the rose's blush,
Her eye the sunbeam's brightness;
Her voice the music of the thrush,

Her heart the vapor's lightness;
And the pure fresh spirit of the whole
Shall fill her quick, expanding soul.

Joy! for our Queen is forth to-day!
Brave hearts rally* about her!
Guard her well on her flowery way,
For we could not *live*† without her!
Now, drink to the health of our Lady true,
In a crystal beaker of morning dew!

She will sit near by in the bending brake,
So pleasant, and tall, and shady;
And the sweetest honey for her we'll make—
Our own right-royal Lady!
We'll gather rich stores from the flowering vine,
And the golden horns of the columbine.

We heed not the Nettle-King's bristling spear,
Though we linger not there the longest—
We extract his honey without a fear;
For LOVE can disarm the strongest;
In the rank Cicuta's poison-cell
We know where the drops of nectar dwell!

OUR FATHER has planted nought in vain—
Though in some the honey is weaker;
Yet a *drop* in the WORST may still be found
To comfort the earnest seeker.
Praise HIM who giveth our daily food—
And the Love that findeth ALL THINGS GOOD!

* The queen-bee seldom goes abroad except at the time of swarming. Whenever that rare occurrence happens, she is always attended by a very strong guard.

† If a swarm of bees lose their queen, and neither recover her nor obtain another, for the space of forty-eight hours, they become frantic, and, finally, neglect all labor, settling down into a torpid state; and the whole swarm perishes.

Miscellaneous Department.

(Written for the Univercœlum and Spiritual Philosopher.)

SKETCHES OF THE EARTH-LAND.

From the Diary of a Claire-voyante.

THE CHEAP DRESS MAKER.

WITH a feeling of deep love to my fellow beings, who yet occupy false positions in life, these sketches are submitted to the public; and if the attention and interest of even a few of such as fill the more fortunate places in society, may be arrested, I shall not have labored in vain. To the hearts of such as are happy in all the social and domestic relations—who, blest with competence, or the power of pursuing some well-paid avocation, are placed above the temptations of want; I commend these stories of the forlorn outcast, the childless, the fatherless, the brotherless, the poor, and the sinning—who have either borne up against the storms of Fate, until everything lovely and beautiful in life is frittered away; or, else, finding themselves unequal to the conflict, have sunk altogether—until, perhaps, urged by want, or seduced by temptation, they have turned aside from the Right; and so have lost all *acknowledged* claim to the favor of the good. To the virtuous I appeal in behalf of these last, also. It is now beginning to be felt, that even the worst specimens of humanity are not wholly bad; and the Virtue that once gathered up her spotless robes, and shrunk from all intercourse with the vicious—and even from all knowledge of that most unfortunate class, is now learning the better lesson of inquiry, whether, in a like position, with like temptations, she also might not have fallen, might not have gone even farther astray. Such inquiries are necessary and wholesome; and they almost always show that society has somewhat to answer for in these transgressions—consequently, that every member of society is bound by a solemn duty to inquire into the causes, and do as much as in him lies, for the discovery and application of the true remedy. Nor are these investigations always entirely without pleasure, as well as profit; since it often happens that shining examples of Truth and Virtue are found adorning the waste places of human life—flowers of the desert,

that flourish under the most adverse circumstances, putting forth their wondrous beauty to adorn the arid bosom that so scantily nurtures them.

I give these stories as FACTS; and if the skeptic should feel disposed to scoff at the means by which they became known to me, let him go into the crowded lanes, and wretched alleys, of any of our large cities—let him look into the heart of the inebriate's wife—of the widowed mother—of the desolate orphan—of the poor sick father, when he divides the last crust among the famished group of his motherless children;—and, without the aid of the mesmerizer, he may find their parallels.

I give the sketches entire, with no important alterations from the original papers, that were always penned immediately after the Claire-voyance, before any important fact had escaped the memory, or the first vivid impressions had faded from the mind.

It may be well here to state the reasons which first induced me to yield myself a subject to the magnetic influence. I had been for months afflicted with a grievous malady, which, with very slight intermissions of repose, rendered life so miserable, that my daily and hourly prayer was for immediate death. In this way I continued to drag along the weary load of life, until Dr. C—, a distinguished magnetizer, came to the little village where I resided. I had heard something of the effects of this Panacea, which is put into the hands of men for the great purpose of healing; but I had no faith that means so simple could reach a case so desperate as mine; and therefore took no pains to see a mesmerizer, though it often happened that one came to our neighborhood. But my brother had more knowledge, and more intelligence on the subject, than I; and hearing that Dr. C— was at the village, he invited him to visit me.

There are periods in the life of every human being, if they were only treated with the attention which they deserve, when the Spiritual overpowers the Sensual, or the Ideal passes into the Actual, and we feel that the interposing veil between Soul and Sense is drawn aside by some invisible hand, while glimpses of truth are let in upon the mind; with an intensity and power to which a palpable testimony could add nothing. And yet this light reaches not the bodily eye. It was, perhaps, but a momentary flash; and, before we could say it was there, it had gone; yet we feel its monition with a degree of certainty, which acknowledges no error—which admits of no deception. So it was when I first beheld my deliverer, looking upon me with his large hazel eyes, so bright, so gentle, and so true, that, as I gazed into them, I felt that they had, indeed, opened to me living wells of hope. He was standing by my bed; and, though but a moment before I had cried out in my anguish, praying that the paroxysm, with which I was then struggling, would prove itself effectual and final, I stretched out my hand to him in the fullest confidence of relief. I think he perceived my faith; for he sat down at once, and, taking my hands, began to mesmerize me. In a few moments I was perfectly calm and tranquil.

It would be vain to attempt even a shadow of my delight, when the almost unmitigated anguish of months, first subsided into one delicious moment of pure and perfect ease. Easy! Who can measure the deep and joyful meaning of that little word, but the sufferer who has been stretched upon the rack of pain, until torture had become a daily habit of life? Poets have sung of Elysium, and the Inspired have chaunted divine songs of Heaven; but if their strains could give expression to the first intense consciousness of relief from long-protracted and bitter suffering, they would have a deeper melody than human tongue ever yet hath uttered—a deeper joy than human art ever portrayed. In that moment the single idea of rest, contains within itself the very essence and concentration of all felicity. And then, in the reaction, when the blessing has proved itself a substantial reality, the whole heart is penetrated to its inmost, by one all-pervading, grateful thought—and every fibre, every nerve, which had almost become torpid in the unequal struggle, suddenly recovers more than its wonted vigor and sensibility; and the soul is elevated to a pitch of joy, of wonder, and of love; which only the suffering human being can feel, and which must far transcend the calm pleasures of unsuffering angels.

But, not to dwell on these points, in less than one month I was cured of my disease, while, at the sametime, a habit magnetic sleep, and *clairvoyance*, was induced the results of which will be seen in the following papers.

In one of those miserable attics that overlook crowded courts, where the poor swarm by hundreds, sat a fair young girl, busily plying her needle. Her face was much swollen, as if from the effect of long and violent weeping, which had now subsided into an expression of sorrow, so calm, so silent, and so deep, it was even more distressing to look upon, than the most violent paroxysms of grief; for it was unnatural in one so young, and was, of itself, evidence of a discipline that might have broken meaner hearts, and had *only not* broken hers.

The angels of love and mercy sometimes walk about in disguises, wearing the garb of sorrow; and in the spirit of the beautiful scripture, "God tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb," the trial is always measured by the strength, so that the highest amount of good may be wrought out of the conflict. Only through suffering may the human soul reach its sublimest, its divinest power; and yet it knows not its angel, nor perceives the strength it is acquiring—nor catches a glimpse of that day afar off, when the softening thorns shall be annealed into buds of fairest promise, and the unfolding darkness glow with the inbeaming light it had long embosomed. Meanwhile the eyes may be red with weeping, and the heart, wrung with the bitterest anguish, may measure all the the Future by the Past; yet none the less surely cometh its redemption.

I saw that the eyes were frequently turned towards a darkened corner of the room; and looking there, I beheld the cause of the poor girl's distress. A dead body decently prepared for the grave was lying there, on a low cot sleeping the last sleep, in the serene quietude of long-denied repose. Looking through the shade that covered the face, I perceived it was the body of a female; and, from the apparent age, and strong resemblance to the girl before me, I knew it was her mother. Here, then, in these two facts, was a whole history of suffering, such as is seldom inwrought with human destiny. Strangers, and friendless they were; or those kind attentions that come to the homes of the poorest, had not been wanting on this mournful occasion. Poor they were; or the desolate mourner would not now be pressing down the heart-heaviness that almost choked her, and caring for her work, when she should have been watching beside the dear Form, so soon to be lost to her on earth forever. She had expended all her small earnings in procuring comforts for her sick parent, and in paying the last rites of love and duty. Indeed it had been, many weeks since she had earned all their mutual support; and for months her mother could do little to eke out their small pittance of the coarser fare. For some time the duties of a nurse had been superadded to her other labors. Her work, however, had been hardly suspended during the night; and often, in her sweet spirit, she blessed God that she had something to care for; for when she thought of her mother, the stealthy sleep, that *would* sometime steal upon her heavy lids, was frightened away—her weary eyes looked clearly out from the gathering film, and she would lift the work that had fallen from her overwrought hands, and go on again briskly; for how, else, could they have lived?—It is wonderful to think of, what human strength can endure, when nerved by the affections!—Now she must finish the piece of work she held before she could even have bread; for I knew by the faint and sick look towards an empty cupboard, that she was, even then hungry. There she sat, alone, in the chamber of death—scene of all the bitter struggles and the final change—and all so fresh upon her memory, struggling against the bitterness of her great sorrow—with no single word of consolation—no look of sympathy, or love, from any dear familiar face—until the silence smote upon her heart; and the nervous snap of the quickly drawn thread, and the light chink of the meeting thimble and needle, coming out in relief, as it were, against the deep stillness, had a frightful sound—as is the unnatural Necessity were conscience-stricken, and crying out against itself.

I watched her with intense interest as she still wrought on. The sleeves were stitched and inserted; but the hooks and eyes, that most trying part of the dress to one nervously agitated,

frequently got entangled with each other, or fell from her trembling hand, that almost refused to do its office—ere they were completely sewed on; and the gathering thread of the over-full skirt—for ladies must have full skirts though the poor maker die, of starvation before the far round is circumnavigated,—broke several times, occasioning her much temporary distress.

What a lesson is here, I said within myself, for the gay, the thoughtless, the rich, the extravagant, the penurious. The bereaved Fashionables, have all their dear five hundred friends to make arrangements—to order mourning of the latest and most becoming styles—and, even while they are trying on their new sables, to whisper softly in their ears, that no loss had ever been like theirs—no human family was ever so tried before. And then they criticise the garments, and pronounce upon the fits; and calculate upon the general effect of the whole scene. Almost all have some comfort at such times. Few there are so desolate that no human being comes to share and alleviate their sorrow. This young girl is one; and get her rare beauty, her gentleness, her sweetness, should have won many hearts to share the great load that was pressing so heavily upon hers; and such would have been the case any where but in a large and selfish city, where suspicion is cherished as a virtue, and a poor stranger is treated as an enemy. She is bereaved of her only friend; and yet she has no time to think of it. She must sit here, alone, and think only of her work, if that were possible; for she is so poor that the very tears which nature craves are not permitted; and the indulgence of her sorrow is among the luxuries she cannot afford. She may not have one day—no, not one hour of undisturbed regret; but the terrible necessity obtrudes itself, even into the hallowed chamber of death. She must work even there, with her weary eyes almost blinded by protracted watchings, and burning for the tears that might not flow to cool them—faint from long fasting—in the first heart-sickness of her bereavement—with the last low gurgling words of the departed yet ringing in her ears—with the last cold kiss yet moist upon her cheek—and the last awful struggle belonging, as it were, to the present—still she must work!—But an hour ago and that voice, which had been the very music of her life, had spoken to her sweet words of comfort, of blessing, and of hope; now, she might not pause to think it was hushed forever; for the work might be ill done, and then she might lose even her poor employment—she might starve, or be thrust of her dire necessity into the arms of the spoiler. And those dear eyes that had shone upon her short life, familiar stars of love, from whose sweet heart-beams she had never wandered for a single day—still sustaining, still cheering her—shining still through the blackest depths of want and misery had looked upon her but a moment since, with all their fulness of unutterable love. Now, she could not pause to think they would look upon her no more forever, in all this weary earth-pilgrimage; for the thread might be drawn away, or be insecure in the fastening; or the finishing would be imperfect; so she would lose the opportunity of making dresses at twenty five cents a price, for which her *charitable* employer received one dollar. I had seen much of human suffering. I had often been present in the chamber of death; but I never saw aught like this.

At length the work was finished, and nicely folded. The fragments were gathered together, and the shreds carefully picked from the faded rag carpet, that no want of neatness might dishonor the memory of one, who I knew by every token in that humble room, had been an example of order, and had educated her child in that same beautiful principle of the Divine Mind.

She put on her bonnet, and took up the bundle. She was going to carry the dress home; but no; not yet; poor as she is, she must have one moment for her tears; or her heart-strings will really burst with their great tension. The bundle was laid hesitatingly down, and the bonnet thrown aside. She approached the bed and paused, as if longing, yet almost fearing, to uncover that placid face, whose calmness mocked her own distracted thoughts; for she durst not trust herself with the full indulgence of her sorrow, lest some duty should be neglected. She looked round the room—adjusted more neatly the faded curtain, and arranged in their several places the neatly-kept but defaced wooden chairs. Then there was nothing more to be done. She went to the bed with a firmer step than before; and, drawing

the lawn away from the still face, she brought a chair opposite, and sat down. No tear fell. No muscle stirred. There was something terrible in that deep, voiceless, motionless expression of grief, that moved me as no other form of sorrow ever did.

The girl could not have been more than seventeen; and her appearance was even more childlike than usually prevails at that age; but she had a strange beauty that is peculiar to the gifted children of the poor where suffering has developed a prematurity of character, and a wild spiritual light is diffused over the whole being, reflected from scenes without, and beyond the Present—showing the strong tendency of the cramped and trampled human soul to transcend its unnatural position.

The small thin hands were clasped together; the silken-fringed eyelids rested on the transparent cheek; the delicate but rounded outline of the form was bowed down; and the sun-tinged rings of her luxuriant flaxen hair, fell over a neck and shoulders of faultless beauty.

Presently she drew close to the bed. She knelt beside it hiding her face in the thin drapery. Then the unnatural tension gave way, and she sobbed—O, how fearfully! and the slight bed shook with her convulsive throes.

“O, mother!” she cried, “is it, indeed, true, that you are dead? Will they take you away; and will you never come back to me again?—never, mother! never! I have thought much of this, even long ago; but I never dreamed before how cruel it would be! Have you left me—have you, mother, left me forever, in this great world, alone?”

A shiver passed over her slight form as she uttered this; and for a moment articulation was lost in low broken sobs.

Again her voice broke forth—“Who shall I have to care for, and love, now? Who will nurse me when I am sick? Who will comfort me? And when every body else frowns upon me, who will smile, as you always did? O, mother! You are dead; and I am living—living, mother, when there is nothing to live for; and it would be such a joy to die!”

After a short pause, she added, with a shudder—“Who will now protect me from the wicked? Can I, indeed, live without you? O, that I might lie down, this moment, and sleep beside you!”

“A pleasant bed-fellow you propose to yourself, truly, fair Ellen Everett!” was spoken in tones half-jocular, half-pitiful, by a young man who had entered the room. The intruder was tall and singularly elegant, in appearance, combining a high intellectual character, with the air of a man of rank and fashion. Before Ellen was fully aware of his presence, he drew near the bed, and gently raised the fair mourner. He had not the air of a practiced libertine, but rather of one who, by some strong temptation, or untoward circumstance—or, it might be, from mere idleness and the necessity of some excitement, had fallen into habits that wroged not only his better nature, but his previous life. Even in his familiarity there was an involuntary expression of respect, as if he had not yet lost the perception of purity in character, or the veneration which it always inspires when recognised. He might have feared that the touching tenderness of the scene would move him from his purpose; and therefore assumed an air of levity he did not feel. He certainly had no appearance of the heartlessness which his words might imply.

Poor Ellen was in a position truly fearful; and well might her guardian Angel have trembled for her fate. Yet she did not shriek; she did not fall into hysterics; but her whole form seemed to dilate and expand with the most beautiful pride, as she broke from his paralyzed arms; and, planting herself at a little distance, she turned her indignant eyes full upon him.

“Why are you here?” she asked, while a consciousness of the reason sent the rich blood mantling over neck and brow, like sunset falling suddenly on a statue of Parian marble.

“Upon my soul, sweet Ellen, this is but a cold welcome for one who has left the gayest haunts of Pleasure to mourn with you—to comfort and bless you.” He drew nearer and whispered, as if he durst not utter the words aloud—“Again to offer you that protection, which you cannot now refuse;” and once more he attempted to embrace her.

“Was not my sorrow great enough before, that you have

come to insult me—even—before—she—is—buried?” The last words had been uttered with painful struggles, as if each syllable had nearly choked her; and again she spoke: “Look at her. Would she be smiling there so pleasantly, if she knew what you have been saying? No, Mr. Weldon! she would rise, even from the dead, to rebuke you. She could not hear you, and be still!”

“You talk very charmingly, my sweet Ellen; but every word you speak becomes you so well, it only seals you more surely mine. Come, come! I will have no child’s play! I love you, as I have often told you before; and, now that you are destitute of other protection, I have come, for the last time, to offer you mine. I give you the strongest evidence of love in this. I come to save you from the public streets—from brothels, and hospitals, that you will too surely find; friendless, hopeless, young, and beautiful, as you are!”

“Love!” she repeated, with a look of scorn, that thrilled out from the indignant heart of virtue. “Would love destroy? Would love disgrace? Have you a sister, Mr. Weldon? and would you be willing to hear such language addressed to her? I had a brother once. He is now dead. All that I love are dead!” she added; as with a voice and expression of the most touching simplicity, she yielded for a moment to the thought of her utter desolation, clasping her arms around her own delicate form, as if that were all she now had to cling to; and she must shield it as best she might. But the thought of her danger again roused her; as taking advantage of her abstraction, Mr. Weldon approached.

“Come not one step nearer, sir! not one step nearer! If my brother were living, you would not dare! But I am *not* friendless, as you said! It is true my mother lies there, dead; but her spirit is still with me! It is embodied in me! It is stronger than you are; and defies your power! There is a God in Heaven, nay, there is a God here present with us! I am *not* without protection; for He will stretch forth his arm to save!”

“Upon my faith, sweet Ellen, your anger is so beautiful, that I could almost wish you would be always angry. But I am not to be baffled in this way;” and throwing off the wooer, and assuming the confident air of the conqueror, he approached, and again clasped the struggling girl in his arms. “Why, what a little vixen you are, Ellen! I came here thinking to find you all dissolved, perfect softness; and with the very reasonable hope of kissing away your tears!”

“Kissing! O, mercy!” was uttered in a kind of shriek, that had within itself the elements of all evil expression of sound. “Kissing!—in this very room where her mother died; and, as one may say, right before her corpse!” and to the utter horror of Ellen, a person advanced into the room, and confronted the trembling girl; fixing upon her a pair of large wall-eyes, whose only expression was of deep and malignant cruelty, which now lighted up their dulness with an unnatural glare, like a thin sulphuric flame playing over the dead surface of molten lead. The intruder was a woman of at least the middle age, yet with an exceeding affectation of juvenility in her dress and manner; while a thin veil of simpering softness, was thrown over features so sharp, that they pricked through the slight covering.

“Yes, this is the reward of all my kindness—of all my sacrifices—of all that I have ventured in coming to this house—where fevers are nothing to the foul moral atmosphere, so to speak,” continued the lady, warmed into unwonted eloquence by the thought of her own heroism; “this is what I get for being charitable—for picking up the very filth out of the mud-gutter, as ’twere! and giving work to them, that should have been given to their betters! Making assignations, indeed! you good-for-nothing dirty huzzy! I’ll teach what it is to impose upon virtuous ladies in this way!” and, suiting the action to the word, she approached the agitated girl, who stood at a little distance leaning against the wall, wholly unable to support herself, and presenting a picture of the most pitiable distress! and seizing her by the arm, shook her rudely, saying at the same time, “You needn’t stand there shaking from head to foot, and turning all colors—trying to act out innocence! I know you! I’ll tell your minister! I’ll complain to your church! I’ll have

you turned out, you whited sepulchre! How did you dare to enter our holy church, and come to the holy communion table; and kneel, even beside *me*, to partake of the sacred emblems of the body and blood of the blessed Saviour! I wonder the holy bread didn't choke you! I wonder the sacred wine didn't strangle you!" Here the lady was so wholly overcome with the fervor of the religious sentiment, that she sank into a chair; and, taking out her salts, prepared for a regular campaign of hysterics, to which her extreme sensibility made her quite subject. She put the corner of her handkerchief to her eyes, and having ascertained that it was really wet—that she had actually made the experiment successful—she contrived to keep up the flow of tears, for some time.

"Who are you, madam?" asked the gentleman, approaching her, and fixing upon her eyes so penetrating that she felt they read her secret, "and by what right do you intrude yourself into this chamber of mourning, and presume to lay rude hands on this suffering young lady!"

"I am the person, sir, who gives the dirty little jade employment! But for me, sir, she would have starved. She came to me a stranger, sir, and asked for work—I have such a trusting disposition—I never *can* suspect anybody! They told me I should ruin myself yet, by taking in everything out of the street, without credentials! But I can't be suspicious; and I don't suppose I ever shall be, if I'm deceived every hour in the day!" and here she fell weeping more violently than before, at the idea of her own confidingness—it was so touching!—saying at intervals, as she found voice. "She has been back and forth to my house—to *MY HOUSE*, sir! And my mother, knowing my inexperience, and ardent nature, warned me, sir! yes, my dear kind mother warned me to beware!—and told me she was an arch-deceiver—and that my own reputation would suffer—and she feared I was opening my doors to a—a—my delicacy shrinks from the expression. You must know, sir, what I would say!" and at the thought of all these affecting circumstances, she burst out again into renewed sobs.

"I am too practiced an observer," he replied, "to be imposed upon by all this sham. Your acting may be very fine; but it won't go for fact. Now, madam, let me ask you one question. If there is guilt here, I, at least, must be equally guilty. Why, then, does your indignation fall wholly upon her? Society must answer for you. Society that tolerates, nay, cherishes the most open and shameless profligacy in man, while it makes a capital offense, and punishes with an unrelenting heart, the barest suspicion of it in woman! And woman tolerates this! Oh, bitterly, deeply, as I feel my own unworthiness, I could preach upon this subject! I could hold up enormities to your view, that would make your soul quake in your body—I could show you how the envy, the malignity, the cold uncharitableness of woman, come in to aid the selfishness, and the sensuality of man, until our streets throng with neglected, despised victims—and our drawing-rooms with cherished and caressed libertines. Look at me, madam. By your own showing you must have believed *me guilty*; and, yet, should you happen to wander into the society where I am known, you would *smile* upon me; and the knowledge of my guilt would be no barrier to your civility!"

"I did not come here to be insulted, sir! I'd have you to know I'm none of that kind of character you take me for! But it is well I *did* come, though it has been almost too much for my sensibilities!" She again inhaled salts; and feeling herself sufficiently strong, she rose from her chair, as if about to leave the room, saying at the same time; "She shall be exposed! I'll have a church meeting this very night!"

Ellen sprang to her side, and strove to detain her. "Stay, Miss Linsey!" she cried; "stay, I beseech you, and hear me!"

"Don't touch me, you dirty thing!" returned the lady, drawing up the folds of her mantilla, and adjusting it over her prominent shoulders with truly professional tact. "And here let me tell you, miss, never to enter my doors again; for I'll never give you another stitch of work the longest day I live! I'd have you understand, miss, I keep no house of assignation!"

"Oh, Miss Linsey, do not cast me off!" said the afflicted girl, clinging to her arm with a force that could not be repelled. "Do let me go to your house! Let me be your servant—your

slave—till I can find some other home! Indeed, I am too young to be all alone!"

"Well, if this audacity don't beat all! The creature must be drunk," coolly returned Miss Linsey; for her hysteric affections were producing their reaction, and she looked at the girl, who, from extreme faintness, weakness, and agitation, had fallen at her feet, bowing her beautiful head quite to the ground, and sobbing fearfully.

"Oh, tell her, Mr. Weldon!" she cried, looking up imploringly in his face, "tell her the truth. She will believe you; for you are rich!"

There was a keen sarcasm in the simplicity of her remark that did not escape even the obtuse perceptions of Miss Linsey; and she was about to reply, but was interrupted by the gentleman's asking; "You are pious, madam?"

"I humbly hope so," replied the lady, dropping her eyes with a look of practiced humility.

"You profess to be a follower of Jesus of Nazareth?"

"Of the Blessed Saviour who died on Calvary for the salvation of such as have made their calling and election sure—being chosen from the foundation of the world, to be the recipients of grace," replied Miss Linsey, her humility continuing to deepen as she spoke. "I have been snatched as a brand from the burning, by the precious gift of his atoning blood, and, now"—she laid a hand, whose leanness was not wholly lost in the profusion of its rings, upon her heart, while the large whites of her distended eyes took an expressive roll Heavenward—"and, now, if I know myself, I think I may say that I am so far resigned to the will of God, and the guidance of his Holy Spirit, that I feel it would be perfectly right, if he should see fit to punish me for ever, in all the torture of Hell-fire. I am a poor miserable sinner, and don't deserve anything else!"

"You have a very just appreciation of your own merits, I perceive, madam," he rejoined, bowing with a slight smile. "But this is not to the present point. Suppose your Divine Master were here, madam, at this moment; what would he say to this young lady? We will suppose she is guilty, as you seem to think. But she is so young. She is poor. She is friendless. There is everything to discourage any effort at respectability, and nothing to encourage. She has a thousand excuses. Would *HE* spurn her from his threshold? Would *HE* drive her by starvation into deeper crime? Answer me, madam."

Several times she attempted to speak; but, really, she had never before taken this view of the subject; and so she was wholly unprepared; and he went on.

"No; *you* would hear the withering rebuke, like those of old, and *she* would hear the welcome words of blessing; 'Daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee; go and sin no more;' and he would take her by the hand, and lead her to a place of safety.

"Now for the facts. She is not only innocent of all gross misdemeanor, but she has a delicacy, a purity, of which you, madam, and thousands of others who would conspire to drag her down to ruin, never dreamed. There are many who cling to correctness in the overt action—propriety in the tangible fact—who are, yet, corrupt, impure, in heart and mind; while I believe there are many among the utterly ruined, who yet have delicacy and feeling, that revolt at the life they are compelled to lead. It would be well if society should come to appreciate these things more justly; and it would, doubtless, be shown, that Moral Reformers may find subjects of conversion where they are least expected. I think it holds good, as a general law, that the really pure are most lenient to the faults of others. Certainly, if I find a woman in haste to condemn the peccadilloes of her sex—who is too pure to render necessary help, even to the vicious—or who, in a doubtful case, adopts the worst construction, I always suspect her. That is my rule; and I have ever found it a good one. And to speak yet more plainly, madam, I believe that the idea of this young lady's impurity, is not one-half so offensive to you, as the sight of her extreme youth and beauty."

Hereupon the lady became so indignant that she made a violent rush at the door, tearing herself away from the clinging arms of the still prostrate girl; who, yielding to the forced expulsion, fell heavily upon the floor. They then saw that she

was not only quite senseless, but rigid as if the final rest she coveted had really come.

"Poor Ellen! dear Ellen!" exclaimed Mr. Weldon, lifting her respectfully, and chafing her temples; at the same time snatching her salts from the hand of Miss Linsey, he held it to her nose, when she inhaled a long breath; and soon after opened her eyes, but quickly reclosed them. He laid her down on the carpet, and, placing a cushion under her head, he knelt beside her, and continued rubbing her hands.

"Here is, indeed, virtue," he said, as if communing with himself rather than addressing another, "virtue triumphant in the sorest trials. And you, Miss Linsey, boast yourself pious! You call yourself charitable! Yours is such charity as will keep any number of poor wretches from starving, so long as it can make a handsome daily speculation out of their miserable labors! Yours is such piety as deals in cant phrases, set forms of speech, and shuts your doors, and your cold ears, and your stony heart, against the stranger and the helpless! Upon quite insufficient evidence you would destroy the character of a poor young creature, whose character is all she has, and plunge her, headlong, down to ruin! Common murder is white compared with such a crime! You are deaf to cries that might move flint to feeling! Ah, it is just such charity—just such piety as yours, that fills up brothels, and makes our streets swarm with prostitutes!"

He paused a moment; and then added, "I, too, have been guilty—fearfully, shamefully guilty in this matter; but through your fault I have seen my own. I thank you for the view. I am now arrested in my vicious course—and it shall be the business of my life—yes, my whole life, madam, to make atonement! I entered this room with the vile intentions of a seducer of the innocent. I trust I shall leave it a humbled—a penitent—a regenerated man!"

"Dear, dear Ellen!" he said, while his tears fell like rain upon her pale face, "I have learned a lesson this hour that I shall never forget. Peerless gem of beauty and of virtue! I will not ask your love until I am worthy of you. Look upon me, sweet Ellen! and bless me once more with the light of your soft eyes." He raised her up, and folded her reverently to his heart. "Pardon me, my precious one!" he added, "and shrink not; for your chaste form is sacred here, as if it rested in a brother's arms."

"O, God!" he exclaimed, as her frightful paleness seemed to deepen, "let me not feel myself a murderer!" He threw his purse to Miss Linsey; "for heaven's sake," he said, "step out, or send for a little wine! She is fainting away, perhaps for want of food!" Mechanically the lady obeyed. Another attendant was summoned from below, and a slight draught was administered, which soon had the desired effect; yet more than all, perhaps, his passionate exclamations roused her. She looked wistfully round; and, with the first consciousness of returning life, she strove to leave his arms. He then delicately resigned her to the care of the landlady, who had just appeared, by his request, to protect her, and supply her wants for a short time.

Then bending over her, he said, "Ellen, be of good cheer. I have a truly Christian mother, who is not too pious to succor the friendless. You shall be placed under her protection this very hour. You shall be to me as my dearest, my tenderest, my most sacred sister; and, if the devotion of a whole life may win love, I will win yours. Are you afraid yet to trust me, sweet Ellen? You will not fear to trust my mother; for she will be most truly a mother to you; and you shall rest in her kind bosom, even as you have slept in the bosom of her you have lost."

He drew her to the bed-side; and, kneeling with her beside that pale form, he said: "Here I invoke the just-parted spirit to witness the sincerity of my vows. Here I solemnly dedicate to you the heart you have redeemed; and, as I prove true to you, Ellen, so may God, in the hour of my extremest need, be to me." He bowed his head a moment upon her clasped hands; and then rising, left the room. But there was a beautiful joy in heaven, over the return of that wandering soul; and a spirit hovered round him evermore, to strengthen him in temptation, to confirm all his better promptings, and to cheer him by sweet whispers of confidence and hope. It was the spirit of that

mother, guarding, through him, the safety and happiness of her child.

* * * * *
Years had gone by; when, once more passing through the city, I saw a numerous company assembled in one of the princely mansions that may be found there. Curiosity drew me in, and there I beheld a bridal scene. A young man of noble bearing, had just received his fair young bride from the hands of a fine matronly woman, I instantly knew to be his mother. She drew the bright young creature to her arms, ere she relinquished her hand; and as she parted away the rich sunny curls to kiss her white brow, I saw it was Ellen—the poor, despised, and forsaken orphan.

Her beauty and her fine intellect, had been cherished, and expanded into maturity under the most favorable circumstances. The Profligate had become true to his better nature; and, as he took her from his mother's hand, he whispered in her ear, "All that I am, dear mother, we owe to her. She arrested me in my headlong career. She saved me from utter ruin! When I give to your arms a daughter, bless her, O, bless her; dear mother! for she has restored to you a lost son!"

Loveliest among the lovely—eminent among the gifted—cherished by the mother—almost adored by the son—Ellen has become the center of a large circle of admiring and loving friends; of grateful and affectionate dependants; to whom she is a minister of all good things. She is continually seeking out the unfortunate of her own sex; and she leads the erring back to virtue with the sweetest words of encouragement—even to the vilest; succoring the unprotected; and, with angel charity, lifting up the fallen. Such is the type of her life. Her virtue is too intrinsically pure for contamination. Her robes are of such texture as receives no spot from contact with the polluted; and the fulness of blessing from many a redeemed soul, is her reward. When this spirit becomes universal among her sex, the great day of the World's Redemption will have dawned.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.—The subscribers take this method of rendering their acknowledgements to the Ladies' Universalist Sewing Society of this place, for the reception of a most splendid Album Quilt, beautifully and tastefully decorated; as well as for other favors from the same individuals, and from the friends generally composing the congregation here. Wherever our lot may hereafter be cast, or whatever our earthly fate, remembrances of this character will be cherished for their donors' sake, and oft shall we be reminded of the pleasures once enjoyed among warm and confiding friends.

SOUTHOLD, Dec. 1, 1847.

J. K. INGALLS.
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