

# THE UNIVERCELUM

## SPIRITUAL AND PHILOSOPHER.

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

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1843.

NO. 11.

### The Principles of Nature.

#### CATHOLICITY OR RATIONALISM. NO MIDDLE GROUND.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,  
BY W. M. FERNALD.

It is well known by the Churches of the present day, that a spirit of rationalism with regard to Christianity is rapidly extending itself. It is, even now, much more widely disseminated than is thought or suspected by the people at large. What is here meant by rationalism, is simply a reception of the great truths of Christianity on natural principles. It abates none from the force and fullness of its fundamental truths, but simply rejects the supernatural channel through which they are said to come, interpreting the whole as a development of natural truth. To be sure, it rejects some of its records of miraculous transactions, as that which cannot, by any process, be reconciled with nature or truth. But it by no means repudiates all that has been held as supernatural; on the contrary, it cleaves more closely to many of these wonderful records, as they are explained to be, not in violation of, but in conformity with, nature's immutable operations. Such is its recognition of inspiration by interior light, and by spiritual influx from beings not of earth; its theory of prophecy; its explanation of Christ's power over the physical and spiritual forces of the human body, &c., &c. While, then, it retains much that to the common mind is specially and wonderfully miraculous, it retains it with a stronger hold, as it sees, in the whole operation, the unfolding of the more interior sources of everlasting Nature. To us, therefore, the whole is natural. And, if we can retain Christianity on this ground, by according to Jesus the highest wisdom and the noblest religion—the purest teaching of the great principles of humanity, of justice and goodness, of love to God and love to man—principles indeed, which, as he taught and exemplified them, have not yet been comprehended, though 1800 years have rolled into eternity since they first fell from his lips as unheeded of wisdom, and which bid fair to remain in advance of the world at large for at least 1800 years to come—if this is elevating Jesus to a height where those who look to him and strive to follow him, may yet have accorded to them the name of their great Leader; and further yet, if he taught the doctrine of human immortality, and spiritual progress through the whole career of this immortal existence, then, even though we may be obliged to release our hold of faith in the miracles recorded of him, and in supernatural inspiration, and in all unnatural things, still, however, accounting for many of his wonderful works on the principles of nature not fully understood, then, I say, we may retain Christianity. We may glory in all its truths. We may rejoice in that omnipotence of truth which rides it safely through all the storms of persecution and of trial, and which will eventually elevate it high above all error and all darkness—a burning and a shining and immortal Light!

But, on the other hand, if this be not Christianity—if we must make a supernatural religion of it, and admit its claim to miracles or deviations from the unvarying laws of nature, and to infallible, supernatural inspiration, then I say—there is no mid-

dle ground, for a consistent theory among Christians, between pure Catholicity and pure Rationalism. And this is the proposition I propose to establish. We must go back to the old, unaltered—what is called the "One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church," or else go forward to the purest Rationalism, which is the most spiritual Naturalism. There is no middle ground. But mark—I say, for a consistent theory. I make no question that many of the principles and the doctrines of the Protestant Churches, are better and purer than the abominations of the Catholic Church; but I am compelled to say, they are not so consistent with their professed foundations; and on the ground of Protestant first principles, they cannot be sustained as flowing legitimately from them. All that is good—that is better than Roman Catholicity, may come out of pure Rationalism. And it flows from it legitimately. But it does not flow legitimately from Protestant supernaturalism, as I shall now proceed to show.

We will take the first principle, or what may be called the foundation principle, of this sort of Protestantism, and reason from that. It is *Infallible Authority*. We must have, it is said, some infallible means whereby we may be certain of the truth. If there is no supernatural inspiration—if men in wisdom only differ in degree, and not in nature—and if there are, or were, no miracles wrought in attestation of the truth, then, it is said, we are launched on the broad ocean of uncertainty, every man's whim or judgment being his only guide in matters of infinite importance. Now, in the first place I should say that this is a misrepresentation of Rationalism. It does not make every man's judgment his only guide. When will men learn to speak the truth? This is the authority of Rationalism. It recognizes the highest and best minds as helps to every individual mind. It looks at once to Jesus as the highest authority in matters of absolute morality and religion, as connected with the individual reason. Why overlook this connection? Let me illustrate. Sir Isaac Newton has been our highest authority in astronomy. Where has the man been found, or rather the boy, who has been so headstrong and irrational as not to respect the authority of Newton on a point where he himself was ignorant? This scholar may be one of many acquisitions. Still, he feels that Newton towers almost infinitely above him. He knows many things by his own reason, and here he needs the authority of no one. But now there is a point on which he needs information. He consults Newton, not as a supernatural guide, to ascertain what he has said upon it. There he finds much light—he is satisfied. He believes, then, not from the authority of his own whim or judgment, but on the authority of Sir Isaac Newton in connection with his own reason. But now there may be points or principles laid down by Newton which this scholar does not fully comprehend. Shall he believe these too? In answer, I say, if the thing in question is *contradictory* to his reason, he cannot believe: if it is only *above* reason, and he cannot demonstrate it an absolute absurdity, he may respect it, and even believe it, with a degree of faith, (faith goes by degrees,) or an authority like this—that Newton is so *evidently* luminous, and high above all others, that doubtless he is right even here where his own comprehension fails. But mind you, not if he seems to *contradict* reason; in this case he cannot believe. He may believe that he believes, but he cannot be said to have faith.

Now, this is a fair instance of the whole authority of Christianity. I say, the Rationalists are misrepresented when they are charged with making every man's individual judgment his own highest authority. They would not belie their name so much as this. There is a connection—a relation in every thing. And in matters of Christian truth, the same relation and the same authority are preserved.

True! most true! every man must be his own authority as to finding out *who* is authority. And are not supernaturalists as much? Do not they, even by the miracles, but mind you, by their own reason, judge that Christ is the only true authority? They have no miracles to prove what *are* miracles! Here, then, in the last analysis, even the supernaturalists judge by their own natural reason *who* is authority and what *are* miracles, and this brings us upon common ground! We claim the same right to judge who or what is authority, and we decide in favor of the individual reason in connection with the highest and best minds it can find. And if there is no *universal certainty* in this, then we must make the best of it, and use our utmost exertions that we do not run into error. But that is the point we propose to discuss with reference to the supernaturalists. We say, they are in the same predicament. They start, however, with the idea of *infallible authority*. They want, they say, some means whereby they may be certain they are in the truth. My purpose is to show that they do not have them, and that if they persist in recognizing this principle, they must be reduced to this dilemma. They must either go back to the "One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church," or they must go forward to the purest and most spiritual Rationalism. For a consistent theory, there is no middle ground.

For, in the first place, consider our own natures! If there is a supernatural religion, then I say, on the broad and palpable ground we are only natural creatures, we need a supernatural class of men to interpret it for us. *Supernatural and natural! law and miracle! nature and not nature!* Why, my brethren, how can these things be brought together? You all know what nature is. You understand by it the system of the universe operating according to eternal, unchanging laws. Now, man is a part of that nature. In all his bodily and mental qualities, he is nature, and nothing but nature. His mind never reasons miraculously, but according to the eternal, unchanging laws of reason, justice, goodness and truth. Now, suppose a supernatural religion presented to him. That is, a set of truths that are not natural—not according to the laws which only reign throughout his mental constitution. Could he comprehend them? could he know any thing about them? No more than a horse can comprehend morals, or a dog poetry, or an ape metaphysics. The *natures*, you see, are opposed; and a horse can only comprehend a horse, and a dog a dog, &c. This is a fair illustration. Now I say, on the same principle, that a natural man, or a natural creature of any kind, cannot comprehend a supernatural religion. That is, two contradictory things cannot meet and coalesce.

But you may say that the *truths revealed* are not supernatural, but only the *means by which* they were revealed—that miracles were only resorted to, to make known truths which are perfectly natural, but which are so high and beyond our reasoning powers, that our reason never could have discovered them. But this, I say, is impossible. If, after all, only truths in nature are revealed in Christianity, then I say, had there never been a miracle, man would have ultimately found them out. For, human nature is always progressive. And this being the case, the time must have come, in the opening of the human mind, when Christianity *in toto* would have been developed as an out-birth of nature. Indeed, I believe it has only so been developed, and that the miraculous, which we associate with Christianity, forms no part or lot of the matter. But I will speak to the supernaturalist's argument. He takes the ground, then, that the truths revealed are only natural, and the means of revealing only mira-

culous. Now, what a position is this! Is it likely that the Lord of Heaven—the Almighty—the All-wise, would have put in requisition a course of high-wrought miraculous means, just to reveal to men's minds natural truths? Impossible. Christians have prided themselves on the proposition that "where a miracle is not needed, none is ever wrought." Now, here is a case—a case for the application of that principle. There are higher truths in Astronomy, in Geology, in practical and highly useful philosophy, than have ever been found out. But God never descends to miraculous means to reveal them. Nor can we suppose him to in morals and religion. Unless morals and religion are unnatural—then we might suppose him to make them manifest by miraculous means.

But how is it? Do Christians always contend that the truths in Christianity are only natural, and only miraculously revealed? Far from it. They are always boasting, even the liberal sects, that we never could have found them out by the aid of our feeble reason—by "unassisted nature;" that the true character of God, for instance, and the doctrine of immortality, could have never been conceived of by the unaided powers of humanity, and that a miraculous revelation could have only divulged them. Then I say, they become unnatural, or supernatural truths, and our mere natures could never be expected to comprehend or understand them. So also, with many other doctrines among the more dominant sects, where this argument most forcibly applies.

Now, we are driven to one horn or the other, of this dilemma. Either the truths of Christianity are natural or supernatural. If they are natural, then we require not miracles to reveal them; if they are supernatural, then we require a supernatural set of men to expound them to us. (Even here, however, you will perceive that none but supernatural men could understand them.) Now, which horn of the dilemma will you choose? If you choose the former, you must be numbered with the Rationalists; if you choose the latter, you must pass back to the "One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church," for there the Popes and Bishops claim supernatural authority—a regular succession from Peter, the first—the church claims infallibility, and the only true power to interpret the Scriptures and to guide in matters of faith.

I am speaking of a consistent *theory* of Christianity. I am not advocating the Romish Church, but only showing the necessity of Protestants to move forward or backward, in order that we may be delivered from the jargon of sectarian and uncharitable bitterness, which has ever abounded in the Christian Church since it departed from the simplicity that there is in Jesus.

You see, then, that by the very necessity of our natures, we cannot receive a supernatural religion; and if the ground is taken that the *truths* are natural, only supernaturally revealed, this cannot be holden, for, in addition to the foregoing reasoning, that "where a miracle is not needed, none is ever wrought," we may now consider the only remaining reason which can possibly be offered for the introduction of supernatural means.

It may be said, then, that although human nature might have arrived, in process of time, to the knowledge of those high truths in nature which Christianity miraculously reveals, yet God saw 1800 years ago, that men needed light faster than they would have discovered it by their own unaided reason, and so condescended to impart it to them by miraculous means. But this, you will be reminded, is not an argument which Christians are wont to use. They will not admit so much. I never heard one offer it. It is a supposition of my own, to help them on to the very extent of all possible argument for the introduction of miraculous means to make known truth. Now, how shall it be met? In two ways. First, admit the miracles to have been wrought for this purpose; then, I say, what judges of them? Evidently, men's natural reason. Then again, every man becomes his own authority for judging who or what is authority, and here I say, we are placed on common ground, as aforesaid.

Every man, in the last analysis, is his own highest authority for truth, in connection with the best and highest helps he can find.

Second, we meet this last hypothesis by denying altogether its basis. God did not see, 1800 years ago, that men needed truth faster than their own natures could develop it, and so put in requisition miraculous means to reveal it. For, in the first place, Christ taught no moral principle but what had been conceived and taught by heathen philosophers before him; and even the doctrine of immortality had been taught by Plato and others. To be sure, not so clearly, but it was taught, even in the days of Moses. Christ showed his wisdom by selecting the wheat from the chaff—by gleaning the good of all the corrupted systems of the heathen, and rejecting the evil—and, not as a compiler, but by intuition, embodying in a few plain precepts the principles of all that is high and noble; majestic in their simplicity, and life and light to the world! He was the noblest development of nature. He stood alone amid wickedness and error and darkness almost palpable, and towered far up in the light of heavenly wisdom, a mystery and a miracle to man then existing. No wonder that they made a God of him, and worshiped him. But in nature alone lay all his excellence, and in nature alone will he continue to be venerated after all the mist and the miracle that have been thrown around him, shall have passed away and have been forgotten.

Thus much for the nature of a supernatural religion, pardon the discrepancy, for *infallible authority*. We cannot have it out of the Roman Church, and there we may at least find a more consistent claim to it, though, I apprehend, rather the sound than the substance.

Let us consider, in the next place, the Protestant principle of *private interpretation*, or that every person is himself judge, or may be, of the sense of the inspired writings. Here again I might ask—how can uninspired men judge correctly of inspired writings! But I pass this question as already answered in the preceding remarks. I observe, then, that if Christ had intended that all mankind should have learned his religion from an infallible Book, he himself would have written that book, or caused it to be written, and impressed upon all men the obligation to read it. Whereas, it does not appear that he ever wrote any thing at all, except what he wrote with his finger in the dust on the ground, nor does it appear that he even commanded the apostles to write the gospels, though he repeatedly commanded them to preach it, and that to all nations. Even what they did write was called out by particular occasions, and addressed to particular persons. "The ancient fathers tell us (says Milner,) that Matthew wrote his gospel at the particular request of the Christians of Palestine, and that St. Mark composed his at the desire of those at Rome. St. Luke addressed his gospel to an individual named Theophilus, having written it, says the Evangelist, *because it seemed good to him to do so*. John wrote the last of the gospels in compliance with the petition of the clergy and people of lesser Asia. The epistles in the New Testament show the particular occasions on which they were written, and prove, as the Bishop of Lincoln observes, that 'they are not to be considered as regular treatises on the Christian religion.' Now, does this look like the Scriptures being an infallible rule of faith? Protestants must give up this idea, or I repeat, they must join the Catholic Church, or move on to Rationalism.

Again, if Jesus, or any of his Apostles, had intended the written word of the Bible to be the rule of our faith, interpreted by each individual for himself, they certainly have not shown that wisdom which even our Political Government show, in appointing judges and magistrates to decide the meaning of their codes of laws. "Where do we read of a legislator," says Milner, "who, after dictating a code of laws, neglected to appoint judges and magistrates to decide their meaning, and to enforce obedience to such decisions?" You certainly have the means of knowing what would be the consequence of leaving any act of

parliament (or Congress) concerning taxes, or inclosures, to the interpretation of the individual whom it regards. Alluding to the Protestant rule, the illustrious Fenelon has said, 'it is better to live without any law, than to have laws which all men are left to interpret according to their several interests and opinions.'

Such, then, is the dilemma. You must either give up the idea of infallible authority altogether, or else, if you will hold to it, enter the Catholic Church, which most consistently claims it. There is no other alternative, except to pass on to Rationalism.

Again, suppose we should grant the miracles to be infallible authority for believing any religion; how absurd is it to bring in, in connection with such a pretension, the principle of private interpretation! For, how can two be expected to think alike? and where is the end of controversy? Though all time, if this principle is to be admitted, even if we are confined to a Book, must endless differences and jangling arise, for human nature will see differently, so long as words bear a different sense. It is instructive to see how this principle operated as soon as it was proposed. I quote from the same Catholic writer: "No sooner had Martin Luther set up the tribunal of his private judgment on the sense of Scripture, in opposition to the authority of the Church, than his disciples, proceeding on this principle, undertook to prove from plain texts of the Bible, that his own doctrine was erroneous, and that the Reformation itself wanted reforming. A hundred of his fellows wrote and preached against him, and against each other, with the utmost virulence, still each of them professing to ground his doctrine and conduct on the written word of God alone. In vain did Luther claim a superiority over them; in vain did he denounce hell-fire against them; in vain did he threaten to turn back to the Catholic Religion: he had put the Bible into each man's hands to explain it for himself; this his followers continued to do in open defiance of him; till their mutual contradictions and discords became so numerous and scandalous, as to overwhelm the thinking part of them with grief and confusion!"

Now, as it was at the commencement of the operation of this principle, so has it been in every subsequent age, and so must it be through all time, unless we return to the Catholic Church, where things in the main are truly united, systematic and fixed. You see the folly of pretending to supernatural authority for any infallible certainty, so long as we adopt Protestant principles in interpretation. The Rationalists, you say, have no foundation of certainty. Have the Supernaturalists? The Rationalists, you say, trust to their own private judgments. And do not the Protestant Supernaturalists? This is their most inconsistent position. They *profess*, in the first place, infallible authority for the *foundations* of their faith, which they find in the miracles. But they *judge* of this authority—of these miracles, it seems, by their own natural reason; then, after having settled the authority in this way, as *infallible!* they open the door of private interpretation upon the whole teaching, thus confounding the whole of it to the end of time. But they do not stop here: They ridicule the Catholics for inconsistency, even with regard to their theory of infallibility, which can be the only true theory, if any; and then they ridicule the Rationalists as having no higher standard of truth than their own private judgments! Oh! folly of deceived men, when will Reason ascend to her proper throne? May I not ask, if there is not need of Rationalism in the midst of all this irrational confusion? At least, is there not need of a spirit of charity to preserve us from the bitter outbreaks of sectarian tumult, when some of our brethren, more searching than the rest, are disposed to inquire at the foundations of faith, for that resting-place which their souls crave?

I will present the position of the Protestant Churches, with regard to the whole inspiration of the Bible: I say, they have no sufficient authority for that dogmatism and denunciation which they manifest towards the Rationalistic party, when they

accuse them of departing from the faith, not to mention the harsher names which some of them are wont to heap upon their brethren. I will take the whole question of inspiration, collectively, as it relates to the collection of manuscripts which formed our Bible, or what is theologically termed the "canon" of the Scriptures. It is well known that there were scores of manuscripts which presented their claims to be the "genuine word of God," besides those which were adopted as such by the various councils which were called for that purpose. Now, this is the question, and I think it is one which has never been satisfactorily answered. Mind you, I speak to Protestant supernaturalists. And I ask them—what authority had these Catholic Bishops, and others who may have engaged in that work, for deciding the manuscripts of our present Bible to be the genuine word of God, and no others, or, if there were others which we have lost from their decision, for this subject is all involved in obscurity—what authority had they for deciding *any* to be the word God, in distinction from scores of others? All Protestant sects acknowledge that they were uninspired men—had no supernatural authority, but only the exercise of their own natural judgments. Now, whether this was done, first and last, at the Councils of Nice and Toledo, or by forty other councils; and whether it was done by vote of the hand, by ballot, or by yeas and nays, for there must have been some such performance and whether the collection of our present Scriptures was the result of a short debate, or a long one; whether by formal councils in any number, or by no councils at all, but by general consent through an indefinite period of time, or by a mixture of these ways; *nothing is certain*: Those who have found our present collection called the Bible, and rejected scores of other manuscripts which came up for decision in the time of this formation, must have been guided by their own natural judgments. And indeed, all Protestants admit that they had not inspired, supernatural judgement to guide them. Now if they rejected any quantity of manuscripts by *their* judgments, why may not we take the same liberty with those which are left? Or if uninspired authority is sufficient to decide what is inspiration, then I say, uninspired authority is sufficient to decide what is *not*! And so, all Rationalists claim to treat the Scriptures! This is a question, I say, that never has been satisfactorily answered, and *never can be*. A child can appreciate it, and only a theologian will dispute it!

Now, this being the state of the case with regard to the whole matter of inspiration, why will Protestant supernaturalists persist in talking of infallible authority? Their *entire foundation* is wanting. The Catholics have a much more consistent way of treating this matter. They claim that the Canon of the Scripture, or the question regarding which manuscripts were the word of God, and which were not, was settled, "*by the tradition and authority of the Church*," which is *infallible*! and which has supernatural authority at its head to guide it! Behold again, then, the dilemma. For a consistent theory, I say then, to all Protestant supernaturalists, they must move back to the "One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church," or else move forward to the purest and most spiritual Rationalism. There is no middle ground! We cannot, as Christians, abide where we are, admitting infallible inspiration, and then opening the door of private interpretation to a whole host of conflicting commentators. Neither, in fact, can we lay the foundation of supernatural inspiration for the Scriptures at all, seeing how the Bible was formed, and what authority decided it. The Catholic Church can only claim this, and while we must admit that they claim it most consistently, we cannot, of course, admit, that they claim it truly, and are compelled to the conclusion, that while Christianity is a high thing—the highest form of moral and religious truth that can be found on earth—its author, a perfect man—a model for us all, yet it has been obscured by a thousand errors, both in its early history and through all its subsequent existence. It is just now emerging into light. In Germany, where

theology and its philosophy are most cultivated—the most enlightened portion of the earth, if we speak not of numbers, but of brightness, there does a form of rational Christianity abound, and it is sending its rays out to other countries, even to our own distant shores. There is a great movement now at hand. An under-current of lurking and increasing skepticism with regard to miracles in nature is through all our ranks, and the sooner we look the question in the face, the better. We cannot, evidently, preserve our present position; we must either move backwards or forwards; and though we be covered with harsh epithets, and accused of departing from the faith, I find that there is an abundant sustenance for the soul's good, in the high truths of our spiritual being—in God, in duty, and in immortality.

We need this jangling of the sects destroyed. It may be a long day ere we shall see much unity of the faith, and much of the spirit of harmony and peace; but if anything is adapted to promote it, and to hasten it, I cannot help thinking it is such a searching at the foundations of things, and such an exposure of all fallacy and error. I seem to see the age of sects passing away. I see, in the distance, a holy form of light and beauty, of reason and truth, of charity and goodness, rising up from the abyss of bigotry and folly, and it seems to betoken a blessed morning of light and of glory. I hear holy voices, proclaiming the day of thralldom at an end. I see that the spirit of freedom—of unrestricted inquiry, is out upon the broad field of Christian labor, and I see the pulpits of the land open as day for the most unfettered speech. Not much longer shall it be said—at least, among the most advanced sects, that the Church shall tremble when a strong man treads its aisles, but thought shall be free as the mountain air, and the ministers of truth shall be as flaming fire, and faith shall rest, as beauty and as truth, on the deep foundations of Nature and of God. The spirit of inspiration shall be given to every man, and the angels of the free shall make their abode with us.

FROM THE HERALD OF TRUTH.

## THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

BY JOSEPH H. MOORE.

A GENERATION of men will yet walk this earth, to whom the history of their ancestors would seem wholly incredible, without the aid of an expansive philosophy to explain the marvel. We of this day are apt, and we think with abundant reason, to survey our elevated position in the social scale, with no small measure of self-gratulation and conceited amazement. Most of us would boldly track the line of our descent, if we could, back to the footsteps of our progenitors a few centuries gone by. We would, indeed, deem it descending quite minutely enough to particulars, to state in general terms that our pedigree might halt before reaching a very remote antiquity, among beings most uncouth, and, as a consequence, unlike their polished sons. If it must be said, our filial reverence to the memory of our earlier sires is due to painted savages, fierce as the beast in whose skin they were clad. Their employment was the bloody riot of battle by day; their sport at night the horrid orgies of the war dance, as they yelled around the reeking pile of human limbs, and gloried in their prowess and their victories, not as we, their baptized children, by illuminations, resolutions and Te Deums, but by drinking from the skulls of their foes. Our pride of progress and really happier state reconcile us somewhat to the acknowledgment of so base an extraction. With our descendants, I verily believe it will need a thorough work of grace in the heart, and bliss and wisdom in proportion, to enable them to read our history without contempt for the race that had crawled so long and so low in its way from Adam. I am not forgetful of those ancient empires whose stupendous vestiges are with some almost the only clue to their having been; with their Catacombs and Pyramids, their Sphinxes and sculptured ruins of unknown

date, and perhaps of unknown arts. They are but the splendid monuments of refined savagism. They are but the brilliant mockery of man's spiritual nature. They prove the people, as a body, to have been converted into beasts of burden, to serve the vanity of self-deified princes, and the gross superstitions of subservient priests. Polynesian cannibalism is more creditable to human nature. It exhibits man less bowed down and imbruted. A nation's glory is not, that even the perfection of material art and science be hers, if the prerogative of the few, but that the whole people, as one man, rise in the strength and beauty of mental attainment and moral excellence. In past days, the people have had no property in themselves. They have been impotent, the prince and priest omnipotent. Men in power have virtually imitated that Roman despot, whose favorite sport it was, when cloyed with gladiatorial shows, to dress a party of his poorer subjects as giants, arm them with straws and sponges, and then himself, personating Hercules at his labors, rush mail-clad furiously in among them, and slay them in mock-fight with his club. The ruler's conception of "the chief end of man" in the mass, was fitly outspoken by Napoleon's atrocious military sarcasm, "food for powder." The scornful poet said of his own countrymen, "the Cretans are always liars;" so have princes and their cabinets been used to say in deeds, "the people are brute beasts." And while, by the statutes of the State, they have been made "hewers of wood and drawers of water," they have full often been little better dealt with by the Church. Wearied and worn with the task of life, they have cast themselves trustingly on the bosom of the Church, and craved her consolations, and she has welcomed them by an iron embrace. She has winked at the iniquity of the State. The State has returned the compliment by lauding the glory and fattening the benefices of the Church. Christ was crucified between two thieves, and between two thieves those of his lowly life have not ceased to pine. How emblematical that last touching scene! What a silent prophecy. No written one has been more literally fulfilled than that mute symbol. I am not insensible to what the masses have gained, and are still gaining, of later years. As the remaining ills of human society are not too trivial to need repair, neither are they too desperate to admit of cure. Man demands what he will yet enjoy. He demands a bond of fellowship cemented by the religious sentiment, which yet shall not fetter nor chafe the largest freedom. He would establish enmities, which shall reconcile and blend the interests of religion and human rights—shall unitize love to God and love to man. Combine a body of men realizing that one idea in practical form, and the whole world would soon witness to its divineness as a church in very deed visible, and triumphant, too, almost without the need of being militant. Such—if a millennial state be not a fiction of false prophecy, false philosophy, and deceptive facts—will be the church of the future. Such, only, is a true church. I would not disparage that of the present, of Christian name.

A Congress of one representative to each sect would make an imposing array in point of numbers, to say nothing of sanctity. And truly I concede it gladly, good men are to be found in every one of them—men who fill up their lives with the sincerest charity, flowing spontaneously from the heart; whose deeds honor and illustrate the best article of their creed; whose practice would be none the worse were their confession shorter by half; who would triumph in martyrdom, and scorn life as the condition of hypocrisy and apostacy. Still, many a one in the same communion luxuriates, unrebuked by conscience or the church, in unearned opulence. Many more strive patiently, in vain heroism, to breast the current of cruel competition, by ill-paid industry. Some fill their spacious coffers by means that require, if not the sacrifice of principle, yet not the practice of a virtue, while fellow-communicants languish unpitied in the hospital, or mope vacantly in the poor house, unstained by a crime. One minces his way from his mansion, whose stone and mortar is the price or extortion, to a sanctuary dunned for debt,

his vacuity of devotion filled by vanity of dress, in elegant attire, despising vulgar labor; another stays at home, lest his browned skin, his hard hands, and homely garb, expose him to the derision of his fellow-Christians. While the studious and sedentary expounder of truth discourses from the sacred velvet and gilt edged manuscript to ears polite to flattery, though dull to exhortation, with gestures practiced and tones forethought, in graceful phrase and harmonious periods, some parishioner, perhaps, upon whom the doom of reverse has come, gasps unvisited of mercy in the ward of an infirmary.\* Oh! but none of his brethren know of his misfortune. True enough, no one knows it. And that is the apology! Each and all as eagerly hoard as if stunned to all else from a dreadful sound ringing ever in their ears, "Except ye get rich, ye shall all likewise perish." What more withering irony could a sentence condense, than the one, "See how they love one another?" Do they bear one another's burdens? They hardly strike hands, but to close a bargain, till one runs for a bond or a witness. Poor victims of pelf that beggars the soul! Slaves to a system that subjects the spiritual to the grossly material! Bound in chains of their own forging, commanding resources enough to bless ten worlds, yet unable to enjoy the tithe of what belongs to one. Killing body and soul to get a living, and dodge misfortune. This is society improved and enlightened, in church and out of church! And there is no denying it, fraternities disconnected with religious aims afford better provisions against the vicissitudes of life, against want and sickness, than do communities styling themselves Christ's body, and who array all the motives of an eternity to be blessed or damned, in persuading to charity and piety. We read of an early Christian church, of which Decius, a Roman persecutor, demanded the surrender of their treasures. They collected the blind, the deaf, and the infirm of the flock, saying, "Here are the treasures of the church, here our riches and our revenues." In that church, the sick idolater was pitied and nursed as if a Christian. Among us, a Christian will sometimes die like a pagan pauper, in the city of his birth and baptism, within hearing of the bell of that church whose worship he had helped maintain. For such a church, faith is a farce, prayer abomination, praise blasphemy, and alms fraud. This is not the life of man's choice. He looks piteously for deliverance. He feels a vacuity in faculties shrunken and palsied. He experiences misery, from deformed development, in unnatural cravings. The intellectual, the moral, the social, and the religious in man, are without symmetry of proportions. They are dwarfed or overtaxed, lethargic or inflamed. So it is the church finds the individual, and for the most part so keeps him. Enrolling his name, she sanctifies by adopting the most odious of his prejudices and distinctions. Hence it is but the consummation of her policy to build houses where the poor may worship, where they and the rich will not be disturbed by the mutual mortification of contrasted features, dress and manners. Such houses for such people are probably in course of erection, if interest enough has yet been excited for those despised men and women who are guilty of having to earn their bread by hard work in smut or suds, or other menial offices. Some of the editorial corps, pragmatical and profane interlopers, who ought to have been at their devotions rather, having no fear of the church before their eyes, facetiously term them "steerage passengers to eternity." But such a voyage! Many is the squall to be weathered, many the breach of brine to deluge cabin and deck, much of surf and shoal, and little sea-room ahead, for the unseaworthy bark between prow and port, should she keep her tack as now. When adverse Boreas rends her shrouds, when the winding sheet of spray enwraps her hold, and her straining timbers groan, they may well imagine the demon of the storm is chanting their dirge.

The rich and the poor of the nominal church, as in the non-professing world, are as aliens to each other. Without a rapid

\* Rev. Horace Bushnell's Report, 1846.

change for the better, a wider chasm would evermore divide and alienate them. The church would exist and act, only to perpetuate inequalities. Embracing an immense theater, her arena already presents a singular and stirring scene. By way of eminence, the church is a term here applied to Christendom, as religiously organized. Under one name and banner, we see a vast, ancient, flexible, yet consolidated hierarchy, sending forth her heralds of universal dominion to compass sea and land, sworn and swift to duty. Under divers standards rally opposing camps, deprecating her spread, and zealous for their own. In the midst of the deepening conflict is a strange mingling of emotions. Here we listen to the voice of sacred mirth, and the rising of victorious peans; there trembles the cadence of pious grief, "men's hearts failing them for fear," and yonder earth and air seem convulsed by the powerful wrestlings and work of faith. Anthems and lamentations, benisons and anathemas, praise and blasphemy, break with harsh dissonance on the ear of Deity. In the several divisions, according as the tide of victory may seem to turn, we hear the note of warning, "up and doing, or we're lost," or the exulting cry, "be firm, and the victory is ours." The church has not lacked zeal nor valor of their kind. But in the midst of bugle-blasts and the roll-beat, the roar of ordnance and the shock of battle, with mutual damage, each sect is scourged by plague and famine upon true spiritual life. Happily, in the face of this grievous curse to man, of sectarian feud, so intimately associated with international and intestine wars, as if to assure man of a better destiny on earth, the brightness of coming events casts its light before. It is revealing the rubbish piled high around the simplicity of truth; the gospel of mercy, too often buried under tomes of misty theology and lying lore; broad phylacteries of cant, and the long creed of profitless dogmas, substituted for the law of love and the life of charity. Success or defeat, except it be but partial or of transient duration, will hinge upon no minor question. The people begin to have a conscious being, and will not be longer bought or bartered, given or taken, on limited or perpetual lease. They will be the state and the church of the future. They will not, distracted by conflicting creeds, cast themselves in desperation upon a raging sea, to be swallowed like Jonah by the whale, in one monstrous uniformity of faith without reason. It is too late for a crisis of delirium like that. Human progress at this stage is of a kind, and of modes, of which many take but little note. Wherein the signs of the better day do attract attention, some discern merely the token of triumph to some particular interest not allied to popular liberty, and others, equally mistaken, despairingly await the impending blow that shall send the race reeling, by a back stroke, into the night of the middle ages. But the masses feel the impulse, and understand it. Their hope is prophecy, their courage strength; a heavier burden presses less, for they seem to know the bond is rotten, and will sooner break. To this pass has civilized society now plainly come, by its arts and sciences, its wondrous appliances of mechanical forces to every branch of industry, and a speedy access to all parts of the earth. It will agglomerate all wealth, all power, and consequently all intelligence, and make it unconditionally the possession of an oligarchy, for whom to take is to abuse it; or, by a rapid transition from present social relations, it will diffuse its wealth, power and knowledge to the race at large, as an impartial heritage. The masses thirst for liberty, the more intensely that a living example stimulates them, and that it seems within their grasp. The rulers know this, with fear or with favor.

America, with all her lust of power and conquest, with her slave soil, and her aggressive war, will yet learn wisdom—by bitter experience, it may be, as it has already been. She will teach it, too, to nations watching her experiment, with blessings, as a model or as a warning. The wheel of events turns fast. Art and Science, harnessed to the car of human industry, diminish the need of toil, danger and haste. Machinery, vastly stronger, safer, swifter than bone and sinew, multiplies man's

power, and facilitates his presence, over land and water; and now, by cords of steel and bars of iron, draws our antipodes more than half-way to meet us. Living an intenser life than ever, the more civilized and free send the thrill of their quickened pulsation into the vital current of their less favored brothers abroad, whose natural throbbings for light and liberty had been chilled and checked by the breath of tyranny and the night of ignorance. On both hemispheres, they are pressing at the very citadels of despotism and barbarism, to pour in upon their yielding gates the tide of superior knowledge, arts and institutions. The Prussian monarch spoke laconically of the growing convictions of enlightened sovereigns of our day, when applied to for a gag to silence Czerski and Ronge—"Progress is stronger than I." Words once proscribed to men's secret thoughts, have become the enthusiastic salutation of the peasant on the highway, and are repeated with mimic boldness by the prattler at the fireside. Where inequalities are greatest, the dwellers upon the mountain look with more terror than contempt upon the receding masses below. At every murmur from the valley, the ground seems to tremble under their feet. Artificial elevations are felt to be unsafe, no less than the gulfs that sink below the atmosphere of health. Noble hearts in high places beat strongest for the general good of their humbler brothers. Stranger than all, infant enterprizes for popular advancement are born in the palaces of autocrats—yea, even in the vatican of a pontiff. The world looks on amazed at a Nicholas and a Pius IX. braving foreign invasion and domestic conspiracy, for the freedom of the serf and the independence of the subject. Who thinks the church so infatuated as to fail to derive a useful lesson from such indications? She is not. Who thinks the people will much longer be blinded as to the evidences of a true church? They will not. "Leagues of Universal Brotherhood," knitting states and nations in catholic amity, will be greeted as the genuine "Evangelical Alliance." Enterprizes proving the practicability of infusing into society the simplicity of primitive charity, by living out (admitting the plan imperfect) the beautiful idea of such men as Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, for "The Christian Society of Brotherly Love;" of Rev. William H. Channing, for "The Church of Humanity;" and of Dr. J. R. Buchanan, for bestowing God's earth upon his children; such enterprizes, I say, will cast into the shade the widest influence of sectarian synods, and the proudest success of political schemes. Brotherhoods will extend the right hand of fellowship, and with it the means of harmonious cultivation, to every son and daughter of our common Parent within its embrace, banishing the rivalry and trickery of the conflicting trades and callings of a now precarious industry. The social feeling, which, in greater or less degree, misdirected in chaotic disunion with other instincts, has displayed itself in sects and clans, and even in the terrible energy of war, will flow on in its natural, blissful channel. Responses of mutual good-will are already exchanged between high places and low. Toward a common focus converge the efforts of Nicholas the Czar and Burritt the Republican, of Pope Pius and Michelet, of Father Matthew and Channing. Each, according to his light, does more or less perfectly his goodly work. A gathering host are working for the spiritual church to be. Many have spoken, and more are panting for fit time and place to utter thoughts and further plans long cherished in secret. Among them are men destined to be heroes in the coming time. Though not all prepared to see eye to eye, nor directly to co-operate upon one platform of action, their vows are plighted in the same cause, each, in proportion to his wisdom, doing well. These men God will speed. Their race will call them blessed. Hence the Pope and Italy have but one heart. The simple paternity of the reigning pontiff, and the gentle heroism of Father Ventura, have formed a coalition not to be dissolved by the College of the Propaganda, through force or artifice. They two have done what at this day no earthly prince could entirely undo. They have made the prince tremble, and the people hope. They have

imbued more nations than one with doctrines of human rights. They have helped establish the fundamental principle of reformed society, which is to be the Church of the Future—"all men are brethren." It is as self-evident a proposition as that grand one of our "Declaration," "all men are created equal," in their right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." All bodies of men united for good ends—yea, all good men, though not formally connected with any organization—may take courage from the fact, that one true sentiment, at least, is daily striking deeper root in the popular mind—even this, that prayer is pitiful palaver, and piety at best the devotion of bigotry or discontented mental action, unless productive of active philanthropy. It is not, indeed, necessary that the same name, or system of belief, or exact aim, should designate every fraternity of the true-hearted. But did all adopt a like policy of mutual forbearance and love, like results of peace, virtue, wisdom, and charity, would mold each division into the same image, until, were mountains of difference at first between them, a growing affinity of nature would draw them ever nearer and more near, until each would catch the echo of one inspired anthem, poured forth in universal chorus from all other bands, and rushing together with grateful greetings, they would unitedly confess one Father and one faith. But this result dwells in we know not how distant a future. Old prejudices are not as a weed of shallow root, but as the thorn tree, with roots tough and deep; not as a scratch on the skin, but like disease in the bones. Dust on the surface of gold may be scattered by a breath, but in man are prejudices and imperfections of condition that are ingrained with his nature, like the alloy that lies atom by atom with the substance of the precious metal. But love—that pure flame from the bosom of Deity, melting the gold without consuming it—will expel the dross, which may be various, and fashion the gold, whose nature is one. To this end tends every plan of the wise and good advocated among men: every enterprize to reclaim the outcast, to confirm the weak, to free the slave, to lift the vile, to kill war, to diminish poverty, ignorance, disease and crime. All are not equally wise, nor all feasible; but the looked-for path will at last brighten upon the sight. Each will be tried, with its merits and defects; each partial, yet of use. In due time the spiritual, the divine in man, will get the upper hand. The whole man will be understood, developed, reformed. The Christian will grow up into the stature of a man—the church rise to the majesty of a redeemed humanity. The walls of partition, once broad and high, shall crumble down into mold, and become the genial soil in which the olive shall sink its roots, and above which it shall spread its boughs and open its blossoms in an atmosphere of peace. Where once was the line of separation, furrowed deep by the plowshare of contention, trees of wisdom shall grow, whose leaves shall load the air with the fragrance of holiness, and whose branches shall ripen rich clusters of the golden fruits of joy. "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree." Man, having mastered his own spirit, will drive out thence every gross and unclean thing. He will seek to gain, in charity and purity, the highest pinnacle of human attainment in the good. Humanity's pulse shall beat in unison with that of the spheres of mind above. Brute and matter, subdued into his service, will be no more his terror. He will rule and dwell safely in his own habitation. Holding already in his hand the key to Nature's arcana, he will enter her hidden labyrinth, lighted by the sun of Science, and possess himself of her treasures of knowledge and power. He will detect the stealthy entrance of the virus of disease, before it gains time to fasten upon the living tissues of his frame. He will convert the floating malaria of death into the pure atmosphere of health. He will smother the plague in its dark hiding place. He will scatter the storm and the tornado, as they conspire in their secret chamber to desolate his fields and burst upon his cities, and make them to distil in refreshing showers and dews, and to

fan him with aromatic zephyrs. He will lead off the pent-up forces that gather in elemental strife to form the earthquake beneath, as he has disarmed the lightning above, and bids it not violate the peace of his abode. He will reconcile the realms of heat and cold, and the kindly offspring of such parent union shall confirm the reign of perennial spring enthroned upon earth's emerald verdure, and with a fadeless coronation wreath of dewy foliage waving from pole to pole. In the sphere of happy mind will be no divided empire. Church and State, prince, priest, and people, will be one. Brute force will give place to the omnipotence of love. Earth will be Eden visited by cherubim, but guarded by no "flaming sword"—will be a sanctuary filled by the Shekinah, the "holy of holies" veiled from the sight of none, but "holiness to the Lord," inscribed on all men and all things, will consecrate a universal temple for worship, and priesthood for service. The heir will possess his heritage: with nothing to "hurt or destroy," for "the earth hath He given to the children of men."

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM.

## MOURNING.

"I have that within which passeth show,  
These but the trappings and the suits of woe."

THE custom of wearing mourning apparel has existed among every people, and is of great antiquity. An external demonstration of inward grief, at the parting of friends by death, seems to have been as natural as a corresponding show of joy and rejoicing at the most happy event. Its origin is apparent when we scan the sympathetic nature of man; which irresistibly impels him to communicate and to share his joys with others, and likewise his sorrows; hence the custom of an outward expression of grief.

No usage scarcely has been less uniform except in its particular aspect, or fashion; thus, while the Turks mourn in blue or in violet, and the Chinese in white, the Egyptians grieve in yellow, and the Ethiopians in gray. In Eastern countries, cutting the hair was significant of an intense affection, while in Rome the contrary habit was observed. Thus the peculiar manner of mourning has been variable in different countries, and the custom, although natural, was founded upon a misconception of the metamorphose of death. At the first use of these symbols, the nature of the separation, and the condition of the departed, was enshrouded in mystery and gloom; there was, in truth, an occasion for deep and solemn regret; but as material and spiritual philosophy unfold the beautiful operation of death, and reveal the situation of the spiritual body, our conception of that phenomenon becomes just and rational; and then lamentation and grief give place to serene and tranquil joy. With these proper feelings we conceive a continuance of the fashion of outward mourning as inconsistent and vain, and we desire that it will in future be

"A custom, more honored in the breach than in the observance."

Independent of its inconsistency, there is another weighty reason for its abolition: the larger class in community can ill afford to substitute the costly weeds of mourning for the ordinary habiliments of life. Cases are of frequent occurrence where widows and orphans have sacrificed their little legacy; yea, and assumed obligations to the tradesman, in order to conform to the requirements of a tyrant custom.

Those who are in a condition to make a show and parade of grief, should exercise charity toward others, by refraining from a custom so utterly useless.

Was ever a tear shed, or a holy feeling excited, by contemplating a black plume, a flowing crape, or an "inky cloak?" The affections lie within, and deep—not on the outside; in short, we think, these *advertisements* (for such they are) would be more serviceable and economical, too, in the public prints; and he who wears them is an emblem of pitiable servitude to an unmeaning form.

H. J. H.

CENSURES is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.—[Swift.]

## Psychological Phenomena.

## SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

## FROM THE INTERIOR.

HON. — — —, MEMBER U. S. SENATE.

FIRMNESS increased by resistance—a gentleman.—

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly  
From its firm base, as soon as I."

These lines express his feelings when excited by opposition; he has not much patience, feels contempt, has a high opinion of himself.—*I* is an important consideration with him. He loves power and is excited by opposition—a political man, one of great ambition, much energy: at times, bland in his manners—could stoop to little things to gain his object—can have elegance in his address—would be popular when he chose to be—would be friendly when not against his interest. I should not wish to be under his power. He enjoys opposition—is not a thoroughly *bad*, and by no means a thoroughly *good* man.—Wants the highest office—the Presidency—or even to be a *King*—a tyrant to those who oppose.—Calm when addressing a multitude, but excited all the time within.—Would tell about the rights of the people—would say what would be for the interest of the Nation, where his own interest is not concerned.—A mature man, selfish, ambitious, wordly, would write with overwhelming persuasiveness. His name will be a watchword. He would never appear to intrude, but would desire office. He has been in office—has a very great influence, but has not gained the height of his wishes.—Is an American.—I wonder if he knows aught of the *spiritual*. He would not commit sins against public opinion. That is his standard of morality. He has great powers. If he had devoted himself to Man, rather than *the* man, would have done great good—a good statesman. A deep, powerful eye. What a happiness it would be for him, if he could lose his popularity and devote himself to the Good and True. He is affectionate in his family, but his ambition is his highest love.

## BISHOP DOANE.

A GREAT deal of calm earnestness and dignity.—One who does not make up his decisions hastily. Firm, gentle, thoughtful, has not this person a good deal of sauvity of manner? The calmness is not altogether natural—the result of restraint. By nature is fond of fun. It's pleasant to me to think of him with children. I think he had his company manners on when he wrote this letter. Not that he is deceitful, but he can unbend himself. Good deal of mirth—very composed.—Mirth never rude or boisterous—a sort of genial person.—Cares and griefs never excite him as the other person.\*—Great faith—I like the person—his influence is gentle and pleasing.

"How is the intellect?"

Something in him higher than mere intellect—that is very good—if a preacher—would love the study more than the pulpit.—Does not strike me as naturally an active person. His faith gives him his beauty of character—his calmness.—Is active, not from love of activity, but from love of others. His tastes incline him to seek for home pleasures and quiet meditation: think he loves Nature—is distinguished for great patience—very beautiful under trials—a loving Christian spirit. This verse came into my mind soon after taking the letter: "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Acts not from a sense of duty, but from love. I suppose some might call him self-sacrificing, but he is higher than that. No sacrifice for him to do what might involve a great sacrifice to many.—I love him.—

"Is he living?"

His spirit seems very near me—nearer than those about me.—A peaceful spirit has a harmonizing influence upon others.

\* Bishop Chase.

TRAVELING AGENTS.—Several persons are wanted to act in this capacity, for whose services a liberal compensation will be given. Apply to S.B. BRITTAN, Univercælum Office.

THE UNIVERCÆLUM  
AND  
SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1848.

NATURE, *versus* PREVAILING THEOLOGY.

WHAT are the practical teachings of Nature? What are those of prevailing theologies? What have been the relative effects of the two? And to which must the world look for reform? These are questions of the utmost moment as to their practical bearings, and may properly receive a very brief consideration in this place.

The teachings of nature are infinitely varied: and they range through all possible subjects, from the most simple to the most complex and profound, and are applicable to every possible condition of individual and social life. Man, as he progresses from childhood toward maturity, gradually becomes conscious of the possession of certain powers and susceptibilities, physical, mental and social, and finds that the appropriate action and enjoyment of each is suspended upon definite conditions. He finds that too near an approximation to fire, produces pain and disorganization; and that an exposure to a cold, piercing atmosphere, produces pain and inconvenience of an opposite character. He thus learns the law which prescribes the proper temperature of his body, an obedience to which secures him against the evils arising both from excessive heat and cold, and establishes a comfortable and healthful physical condition. This is among his first lessons.

His experience next teaches him, that gross, indigestible food, produces derangement in the vital economy, and consequent disease; while the temperate use of wholesome and nutritious food produces health, strength, and vivacity, both of body and of mind. He thus learns the law of *dietetics*, an observance of which secures him against all derangements arising from improper alimentation. In the progressive unfolding of his faculties, his attention is next directed to the *sources* of his food, raiment, and various other physical comforts, and to the conditions on which a constant supply of the same depends. He thus discovers the law governing physical resources, by a strict and judicious obedience to which he is secured against physical want.

He now becomes sensible of the fact that all the natural and ultimate resources for the supply of his individual wants, are held by himself in common with *all* men; that he cannot exist in health and enjoyment, in entire independence of his fellow beings—that *society* is necessary to the full enjoyment of his faculties, and that combinations and different spheres, in labor, are requisite to the full supply of his varied physical wants. He thus learns his true relations to his fellow beings, and by this means perceives the reciprocal relations which subsist between all. He thus *may* be, if he is not, made acquainted with the natural law of *distributive justice*—by a *general* knowledge and conformity to which in the community, each man would be placed in his true and natural position, would have associates congenial with his affections, natural resources adequate to his physical wants, a sphere of action suited to his powers, and would be rewarded according to his merits: for no one can deny that all these are most *absolutely* and *imperatively* prescribed by the law of natural and distributive justice, arising out of men's *natural* and *reciprocal* relations.

A knowledge of the law of *hereditary descent* will come in as collateral—by a strict observance of which he may avoid entailing unhealthy constitutions upon his offspring, and thus burdening himself or the community with their support. As knowledge increases, the forces of nature are summoned to perform the drudgery of human labor. By industrial combinations, and the application of machinery, the amount of human toil is diminished, and the amount of its produce is greatly enhanced; and by the application of steam and electricity, the distance which separates men, and communities, and nations, is virtually almost annihilated.

By an unfolding of his perceptions relative to the natural constitution and relation of things, man is next brought to acknowledge the whole race as a Oneness—a Body—a complete Organism, to which all parts are necessary, and which, as a whole, determines the conditions of the individual parts. Then the natural law which prescribes an arrangement that would make the interest of each one the interest of the whole, and the interest of the whole, the interest of each one, becomes still more conspicuous, and a harmonious association of individuals and groups, according to mutual attractions and individual capacities, and combinations to facilitate labor, to promote economy, and to secure mutual protection and improvement, are clearly indicated as the true form of the social compact.

These, in brief, are some of the general teachings of Nature. In their main principles they are plain, absolute and authoritative, and not susceptible of misinterpretation by minds so far unfolded, as to be able to appreciate and follow them; and they are susceptible of ramifications applicable to all exigencies that may occur in each stage of mental unfolding. It might even be shown that a higher development of knowledge, in reference to Nature and her laws, would unfold the doctrines of the divine existence and paternity, and of the immortality and endless progress of the soul, as an absolutely necessary part of the same grand system of things; but our questions at present relate exclusively to direct practical teachings; and our conclusions thus far, will admit of the general summary, that Nature recognizes nothing as evil which does not tend to suffering: nothing as good which does not tend to happiness.

We will now pass to the inquiry,—What are the practical teachings of the prevailing theologies of the day? This question is answered in few words.—They mainly enjoin certain ceremonies and observances, which, as to the actual physical, moral and social relations of mankind, are either absolutely indifferent, or have an influence entirely restrictive and injurious. The theology of the day (I am not now speaking of the true theology,) acknowledges no necessary connection with, or dependence upon, Nature, but professes to be established upon a basis entirely supernatural. In its peculiar sphere of teaching, therefore, it takes no necessary cognizance of the social conditions and natural wants of mankind while in this world, but mainly enjoins faith in certain abstract dogmas, which if true, can not be rendered more so by the belief, and which if false, are entirely unworthy of confidence; a certain process of "conversion" demanded not by the reason, but by the fears; the rites of baptism and the eucharist, which, however they may be revered and loved, never improved the condition of the masses, nor placed one soul in harmony with Nature or his God; and the observance of certain verbal prayers and praises to a Being, who, if He is perfect, needs them not, and who if imperfect does not deserve them, and which in no case can justly be considered more than a privilege.

Such are the main practical teachings of the prevailing theologies. I repeat they have no necessary connection with man's present affairs and relations. Professing to be elevated above Nature, the sectarian religion disdains the fellowship of natural things. Many theologians even contend that Nature is wholly degenerate and corrupt, and thus discourage a study of her teachings, and promote a general indifference to her requirements; and their grand effort is to change man's heart from a state of Nature to something else. Man's main duty, they say, is to prepare while here, for the next world; and the concerns of this state of being are regarded as of comparatively little consequence. The ceremonies, observances and mummery of prevailing theologies, then, being destitute of all utility so far as this life is concerned, may be considered as mere incantations—a mere form of spiritual hocus-pocus to unbar the gates of heaven, and close up the avenues which lead to a supposed world of woe; and if a man under the dominion of this system, can persuade himself that his salvation is secure, he feels that the great end of his being in this life has been accomplished, and whatever zeal he may have for the interests of man will be manifested in efforts to bring persons into the church, and not in laboring to improve the physical and social condition of the world. The frigid and arbitrary injunctions to personal charity which occasionally come in as a part of their teaching, may be considered

as entirely extraordinary—as mere expletives and episodes to relieve the general moral barrenness of their systems: for personal charity is certainly not essential to a system which teaches that salvation in the future world, its grand object and aim, can be secured by the most obdurate tyrant in being, by an earnest repentance on the death-bed.

A partial exception from the above remarks should be made in favor of two or three small sects which do not regard salvation in the future world as the main object to be attained by man's labors in this.

Concerning herself almost entirely with the future world, prevailing theology has not only been indifferent to the physical and social conditions of mankind in this, but has considered the various evils that afflict society, and the temptations that beset individuals, as necessary, in order to discipline the soul, and prepare it for a favorable entrance into a higher world. Hence the church has ever, more or less, connived at existing political and social corruptions, and when her interest dictates, she does not scruple to become their tool and foster-mother. Professing to follow him who enjoined love to all men, she smiles upon institutions which enslave and oppress; and turning from the perusal of the sermon upon the mount, she proceeds, with the injunction, "Love your enemies," still trembling upon her tongue, to pray that the armies and fleets of the nation may be strengthened in their work of butchery and death. She is the sworn enemy of all such reforms as have any theological bearing; and her most devoted disciples, considering their salvation secure, and viewing the evils of this world as nought in comparison to the fires of hell, deem it scarcely worth while to lift the burdens which crush humanity to the earth, and so go on their way unheeding the cries of suffering millions!

What, then, have thus far been the relative effects upon the world, of the teachings of Nature, and those of prevailing theologies? I answer, the latter have divided the world into petty sects, and fomented hostility and discord throughout the land. Trembling for the safety of doctrines based upon a supposed supernatural foundation, theologians have discouraged the investigation of Nature and her laws. They have frowned upon all important discoveries in science, from those of Roger Bacon and Galileo, to those of the geological, phrenological and psychological inquirers of the present day. From the lofty eminence of supernaturalism, the church has vociferated the cries of heresy and infidelity against all discoverers and promulgators of new truths, until the world has laughed at her imbecility, and compelled her to change her position for fear of being totally deserted. She is even now doing battle with facts and common sense, fulminating her anathemas against those who dare to follow the promptings of Nature and reason rather than the dicta of her creeds; and all facts and indications justify the belief, that were it not that she is weakened by her own divisions, and restrained by the more authoritative voice of NATURE speaking through the laws of the land, the prison, and in obstinate cases perhaps even the rack, would still be numbered among her instruments of conversion. But she must have credit for one thing: for the suffering and degraded millions, she has—hear, O heaven! give ear, O earth!—she has prayed! But she has left the hungry to be fed, and the naked to be clothed, by some good Samaritan who might chance to pass by; and she now stands as the great bulwark of all the unnatural divisions, antipathies and antagonisms which distract the great human brotherhood.

Say not, reader, that these sayings are severe. Ask rather if they are not TRUE. And if they are true, (and who in Heaven's name will deny them,) we ask ought they to be suppressed through a misapplied delicacy to those who stand in high places, fattening upon the spoils of their mentally enslaved and oppressed brethren? No; if these things are true, they must be exposed; yea, and their direful influence must be generally perceived, before a better state of things can be expected.

But what have been the effects of the teachings of Nature, upon the world? I answer, by their promptings and directions, forests have been converted into fruitful fields; cities have been built; vessels have been constructed; countries have been discovered; the true relations of mankind have been made conspic-

mons; the human faculties have been analyzed, and the laws which govern them have been unfolded; and now, through the developments of psychology, the very avenues are being opened which lead to communion with the spiritual world. By the discoveries of chemists, astronomers and geologists, the human mind has within a single century, been infinitely more expanded than it has been by the preaching of theologians for a thousand years; and by the inventions of Arkwright, and Fulton, and Morse, more actual, practical good has been accomplished for the race, than by all the sermons that have ever emanated from sectarian pulpits. But we can not now enlarge upon this branch of our subject as we desire.

It can not be denied that such have been the relative effects of *theological* and *natural* teachings, upon the condition of mankind in *this* world; and how unnatural it is to suppose, that what tends really to improve man's condition in this life, can in any case be derogatory to his condition in the future state!

In view of the foregoing, we ask, and leave the reader to answer the question, to which of these two sources of teaching, the world must look for a reform of existing evils, and the elevation of the masses? The tendencies of the age plainly indicate what will be the ultimate response to this momentous question; and the general trembling which has already seized upon the limbs of heavy-headed bigotry, is not without its obvious reason.

Let not any thing which we have said above, be interpreted as opposed to *all* theology, but only to that theology which is *unnatural* and *enfeebling*. A *true* theology we regard as the highest source of all teaching; but such must be built, as its *ultimate* foundation, upon the manifestations of God in Nature and her laws. Such a theology will not fear the influence of new discoveries—will not seek to restrict the thoughts of the human mind, but its scope of investigation will be as wide as the Universe, and all new truths will be welcomed to its sacred repositories. Hitherto, theology and science have been most unrighteously divorced, and held in antagonism to each other. It is time now that they should make such mutual concessions as truth requires, and come together. Let science be spiritualized, and theology naturalized; and then they may form a harmonious union, prolific of all good and truth, and lead the world into the kingdom of blessedness and peace.

W. F.

### THE MINISTRY OF TREES.

As the proper season for the transplanting of trees is now fast drawing near, it may be important that the public attention should be directed to the subject. Every one knows that there is nothing more refreshing than shadow in a hot and burning day; but all are not so deeply acquainted with the philosophy of vegetable life and growth—and, thereby, with the sensitive power of green foliage. Carbon is the basis of the vegetable body. This substance, which exists in our atmosphere in the gaseous form, is absorbed by the leaves, and, after certain changes, is converted into material for the nutriment and growth of the plant. In cities, and large towns, carbonic acid gas is given off abundantly, from the various decomposing vegetable and animal substances, with which all such places abound. This gas, it is well known, is most deadly in all its nature, and, in its concentrated form, destroys life instantly. Now green and growing leaves, under the action of light, absorb large quantities of this gas, and at the same time evolve oxygen, which is an invigorating and life-giving principle; and as trees contain a very large amount of foliage, they must contribute in an equally high degree to purify the corrupt air of cities. Boards of health should take this into consideration; and as a matter of economy—of absolute physical interest and comfort—they should enjoin their cultivation; for healthful is their presence, not merely to the physical but to the inner man.

But there are other points of view in which the philosopher looks at trees, concerning ideas far more important, as they relate to far higher faculties in man. In every beautiful object there is found, lying beneath its mere external qualities, a principle by which it connects itself with the soul. Thus, in a flower, the fringed hues of the petals, the delicate structure and tender green of the leaves, the beauty of form and coloring, the more spirit-

ual perfume, all address themselves to the senses; yet there is a something more than these, even for the common mind—a shadowing forth of the Divine Power—the mysterious Life—connecting it, as it were by fraternal ties, with all other life—and this is the great end and use of beauty—it is a revelation of the Unseen, the Spiritual, the Infinite.

Every humblest flower that lifts its modest head along the beaten way-side, is invested with a mission to the soul, is planted and reared *there*, to speak of purity, of beauty, and sweetness, of which itself is but a type and emblem. Clouds are ministers of love; waters are truthful prophets, unfolding sweet philosophies of life—calling to us ever to return, to restore the harmony we have violated; and the sea-shell is not merely the habitation of a stupid fish, but its roseate lips are bright with the smile of angels—angels that are forever whispering to us the divine mysteries of Nature,—“unwritten poetry,” which is but another name for the fulness of indwelling life. In rocks, and caverns, and mountain-peaks, we find sculpture and architecture in their grandest forms; and glowing in sunset skies, or the dimmer cheek of beauty, is the original type of the painter's eye. The great ocean itself is a poem, written in language that is intelligible only to the soul. It embodies episodes of awful power—tragedies of terrible effect and interest—yet all giving utterance to the one great thought of a present Divinity, that speaks in every voice of Nature, whether it be in the whispering sephyr that kisses the drooping cheek of the love-sick floweret, or the deep-heaving thunder of the surges, that make holiday in the destruction of life. In all these are the primitive ideas of beauty and sublimity, pre-existing in the mind of God; and when their true spirit and relationship is perceived, they may be appropriated, and developed by the kindred human mind, which is *Genius*. But of all sensible objects, there is nothing fuller of this thought than a living tree. There it stands, in its fullness of leaves, in its beauty of outline, in its majestic proportions; and if we would behold it, we must look up. So is the thought drawn upward. We are lifted out of our senses, and all the wants which they impose. We forget that we are machines, created with express relations to the fact of being fed and clothed, or of ministering to the food and clothing of others—a philosophy which our daily life, with all its multifarious and growing necessities, but too truly teaches. Even the selfishness, which is fostered by every process of education, by every onward step in life, which is made the bottom line of our religion, and the sum total of our morality, until the heart becomes the most wonderful of petrifications—even this is softened; and, like the rock of old, acknowledges the presence of the Divine Power.

In the country, where the works of God are bountifully spread abroad, in all the fulness of their variety, their beauty, and sublimity, the presence of these voiceful ministers of good is not so deeply felt, nor so sorely needed. There, too, the very occupations have a tendency to preserve inviolate the original bond between sense and soul. But in cities, where the main business of life is to drive a bargain, to overreach, to plot, to advance the deified sun to the highest possible niche in the temple of wealth and honor, without regard to the prostrate human necks, that may lie athwart the passage of the monster's car, much need is there of something to lift the heart out of its unnatural lideness, to pluck the soul from beneath its insulating selfishness, that it may be relieved from the cramp of its growing deformity, and expand itself, though but for a moment. And what can do this like trees? He who comes within the circling gloom of their cooling shadow; whether he bear with him the small heart, and the narrow mind, of a penny-bailee in tapes and shoe-ties, or the harder heart, and narrower mind of a millionaire, cannot get away, without being made something better for having been there. He may struggle against the influence, if he will. But the soul is true to its birthright, and how deep soever it may be embedded, it will struggle upward, it will dilate and expand itself, until it attains to something more nearly approaching the true proportions of the *HOMER*. At the very worst the shrinking process is for a moment suspended; and he goes away a larger hearted, and better man than he came.

How much of the world's history might be told by a single

Tree. There it stands, an untiring witness of the Ages, with its roots driven deep into the soil of the Past, and its towering head looking over the dim horizon of the distant Future. Physically we are but ephemera in the comparison. Races of men successively come forward on the stage of Being—they play their parts in the great Life-Drama, and retire—to be seen no more; yet there stand the Trees, sentinels of Eternity on the out-posts of Time, watching the flight of centuries, as they come and go: and their life is measured by cycles, and not by years. Yet from studying this life, our thought gathers stronger wings; we sweep through the immensity of uncounted ages, we penetrate the depths of Being, where neither time, nor space, is known—where the Past and the Future, are lost in the fulness of one immeasurable Present, which we call eternity—and we find it all within the soul, the true life of man, before which all other periods of duration vanish as the fleetest shadows.

There are nations who worship trees, and not wholly heathen, not wholly void of life, can he be, whose God is so enshrined. We will not, then, sneer at the simple African, who bows down and worships beneath the bending arch of his beautiful Mazamba tree, which is both temple and divinity. Better thus than to bend with prostrate brow into the very earth, delving forever, searching ever for a yellow dust, which we consecrate, and enshrine, and worship—with all strange rites, and fearful sacrifices, even of human life, under the name of GOLD. If it be, then, but to teach us looking upward, to give to the human brow its erect position, which is the true external God-image, there should be trees. It has been said by one of old, as an incitement to hospitality, that he who gives cordial reception to strangers, may, unaware, entertain angels. Let us, then bring hither to grace our burning side-walks, these beautiful strangers of the neighboring forests—doubting not but we shall find, and our children after us, to remotest generations, that we have won to ourselves the ministry of angels.

G.

### A NEW SECT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE UNIVERGELUM:

I HAVE read the "PRINCIPLES OF NATURE" through twice, and also each number of the Univercelum as it appeared, and I am constrained by my desire to see the truths of that book fairly presented to the consideration of the public, to address you a few words in regard to the direction which your enterprise has taken. I allude to those movements which have had a tendency to identify in the public mind the new doctrines with the old Universalist organization. The language of the "Lectures" is decided. They are thoroughly *anti-clerical*, and opposed to all *religious ceremonies* whatever. They oppose an inner spiritual religion to the outer formal religion of the present church organizations; and their language is, "do away with the idle priesthood, and enormously expensive church edifices, which are impoverishing the people, and let the efforts and the wealth of the good be devoted to the amelioration of the sufferings of the lower classes." They do not seek the approbation of any but the truth-loving portion of the community; if they did, they would not denounce, as they do, the enormous errors which now enchain the minds of thousands. Their aim is to teach that the Bible is not true in the sense in which it is generally believed, and that the extraordinary sacrifices and exertions that are made for a future *salvation* are altogether a work of supererogation, because man's very growth in this life is naturally toward a better future.

Among the young men who are now members of the so-called orthodox churches, there are thousands who love truth better than life or the favors of life; and these, like myself, disgusted at the cowardly silence of the religious press and pulpit, in regard to some explanation which might be reasonably expected from them, of the late clairvoyant phenomena—phenomena which call in question the fundamental doctrines they have embraced—I say, these young men of the orthodox churches will be ready and willing to profess their convictions of the truth of the late disclosures, but will be very sorry to have their friends imagine they had merely turned Universalists. It is therefore respectfully suggested, in lieu of the religious meetings in a Universalist

Church, whether it would not be better to institute a course of lectures on Astronomy and the Principles of Nature, treated in a scientific manner, and in accordance with the doctrines of Mr. Davis's book—the lectures being given in some popular place. This I have no doubt would suit the views of all who have any desire to see the recent disclosures fairly presented to the consideration of the public, and would stop all cavil of the enemies of the cause as to the formation of a "new religious sect."

New York, Feb. 2, 1848.

H.

REMARKS.—Our friend has evidently studied the "Principles of Nature," and to his views of the subject, so far as they are expressed, we make no objection. But we are not conscious that our "enterprise has taken," or is likely to take, the direction indicated by our correspondent, though circumstances may seem to favor such a conclusion. We have no sympathy with ultra Universalism. Our principles and objects find no favor in that quarter. Indeed, the Universalist pulpit and press were the first to denounce us and our views. We have met with some honorable exceptions—those who are willing to *practice* the charity and toleration which with others is only something to *preach* about.

If the Church will open its doors, we may enter and speak against the gigantic abominations which flourish in its shadow, and are fostered and cherished at the very altar; nor do we, in this case, endorse the Church ritual or identify ourselves with the old organism, any more than Jesus of Nazareth was identified with the Scribes and Pharisees, because he went into the Temple to refute the Jewish doctors, and to expose the spiritual wickedness which was enthroned in high places.

Our correspondent may be assured that we have no disposition to identify this movement with any form or modification of Sectarism. Nor is it the object of those most deeply interested in the Spiritual Philosophy to establish a *new* sect. The world has been long enough engaged in making creeds, and in wielding the weapons of a dogmatic warfare. Humanity has been rent in pieces, and the fragments are scattered and quivering in the pangs of expiring life. It is our mission to aid in gathering them together, that these many members may be one body, harmoniously constituted, and animated by the same life.

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight."

Our religion should consist in living right and acting well. To avoid the tendency to sectarism, we erect no standard of faith; we prescribe no limits to the development and the researches of the human mind. In the annunciation of our views we appeal to Nature and Reason, instead of authority and tradition. It shall be our object to illustrate, as far as we are able, the natural laws in their application to Society; to devise "ways and means" to instruct, refine and save the dangerous and perishing classes. Thus we hope to promote, in some humble manner, a comprehensive Reform, in which the *causes* of existing social evils may be removed, and the interest and duty of man, so long divorced, may become one and indivisible.

We are pleased to learn that there are thousands of young men in the Churches who are ready to adopt a more rational, spiritual and practical religion. Let them stand up in their manhood and

— "Act

As conscience orders"—

And though the palsied body of the outward Church may writhe in its great anguish, Humanity will be comforted, and the fallen and enslaved millions will rejoice in "the Gospel of To-day."

Let these friends of Truth and Humanity move in this matter—obtain a suitable place, and we will endeavor to find persons to illustrate the Principles of Nature and their application.

S. B. B.

CIRCUMSTANCES have rendered it impossible for us to favor our readers, this week, with the Second Chapter of the "Autobiography of an Old Chimney." We trust that it will not be necessary to suspend the publication beyond our next number.

Rev. G. T. FLANDERS, Zanesville, Ohio, is informed that one of the letters referred to was answered some time since, and we are authorized to say that the other will receive attention.

## Poetry.

(Written for the Univercœlum and Spiritual Philosopher.)

## LUNÆ.

BY JENNY LEE.

BEAUTIFUL Crescent, afar on high,  
Sailing away on the clear blue sky!  
O, linger awhile with thy gentle light,  
And I'll make thee my friend, dear Moon, to-night,  
No envious Star is hovering near—  
No Wind hath closed his wing, to hear—  
Thy light like visible kindness seems,  
Or a tissue of happy spirits' dreams—  
Then veil thyself, bright Moon, awhile—  
My cousin—Ay! that sarcastic smile  
Sits oddly upon thy placid face,  
And will not blend with thy gentle grace—  
But the lingering of yon gossamer cloud  
That quizzing lip and eye will shroud—  
My cousin, Miss Luna!—He's gone afar  
Where the classic hills and waters are.  
Think not, proud Dian! that I am in love,  
Or pine like a desolate mourning dove;  
But is it not *natural* one should sigh  
When one's dear cousin no longer is nigh?  
And is it strange that I murmur o'er  
The name that is dear—*was dear of yore*?—  
Or *very* strange that his image is wrought  
In the deepest cell of my secret Thought;  
For there's none like him—and I do not fear  
That my *cousin* will ever be *too dear*—  
And yet;

But, Moon, thou'lt see him to-night—  
Then wear thy garments of fairest light;  
For he is a wanderer, lone—and far  
From the home where his dearest treasures are;  
But wheresoever his path may be  
To-night his dark eye will be bent on thee—  
I know that his glance is on thee, now,  
By the tinge that lights thy conscious brow—  
I would that mine might meet it there,  
Till our spirits blend in the upper air—  
For he said that on every starry night  
We should soar above on the wings of light,  
And embrace each other, mid those bright spheres,  
Whose heavenly breath would dry our tears:  
And I know, good Moon! thou would'st not *tell*,  
When Spirits meet who love thee so well,  
Should they linger until the dawn of day,  
In some star-gemmed grot on thy heavenly way.  
Thou would'st think of thy own stealthy visits, upon  
Those cloudless nights, to Endymion—  
When to look on the slumberer was such bliss,  
Thou stolest—even from Heaven—to kiss.

Look into his window, kind Moon! and see  
How fares my cousin to-night, for me.  
Is he sad?—O, touch his drooping brow  
With a smile like that thou wearest now;  
And look at him through the depths of night  
With eyes of the sweetest, holiest light—  
Is he gay?—Then wear thy robe of mist,  
Soft as a cherub with sorrow kissed,  
And distil the gentlest thought of wo,  
That bosom friends should be parted so;  
I'm jealous of happiness where I am not—  
I remember—and would not be forgot—  
Is he lonely?—Just whisper—"The blue-eyed girl,  
Of the sunny brow, and the sunny curl;"  
Then should he take from his bosom a tress—  
An' thou art a Yankee, Luna, *guess*  
From whence that amber lock may be—  
One thing I've told not—but I'll tell thee,  
Dear Moon! *There is a dark-eyed girl*—  
And I know that he treasures *one jetty curl*—  
And sometimes—Luna, never tell—  
O, can it be that I love too well?—  
I've thought of that sweet girl with pain—  
And feared—can it be I shall love in vain?—

O, no;—for he'll come again—and be  
The same dear cousin, as aye, to me.

Now a word of caution to thee, sweet one!  
For I see thy journey is almost done;  
O, do not win my cousin's eye,  
For aye, to thy witcheries in the sky—  
If he loves thee *too well*, I'll coquet awhile  
With Herschel, and him of the ring-girt Isle—  
With sceptred Jupiter—crested Mars—  
Yes! I'll fall in love with A THOUSAND STARS!

(For the Univercœlum and Spiritual Philosopher.)

## SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

TO ELIZABETH.

WRITTEN DURING THE NIGHT-WATCH ON LONG ISLAND SOUND,

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

It is midnight! the wild winds sleep,  
On the face of the swelling deep—  
The moon-beams dance far o'er the sea,  
To notes of zephyrs light and free.

I feel a sacred Presence now—  
An unseen hand is on my brow,  
And lov'd forms to memory dear,  
On wings of light are hovering near.

Sounds float by on the silent air,  
Soft and low as the words of pray'r—  
Still small voices I love to hear,  
Are murmuring in the Spirit's ear.

I know that Spirits of the blest,  
Come to us in the hours of rest,  
And guardian Angels while we sleep,  
O'er land and sea their vigils keep.

My lov'd One, thou shalt dream of me,  
Ere the day dawn I'll visit thee,  
And thy vision all clear and bright,  
Shall cheer thy heart at morning light.

## THE DYING CHILD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

MOTHER, I'm tired, and I would fain be sleeping!  
Let me repose upon thy bosom seek:  
But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping,  
Because thy tears fall hot upon my cheek.  
Here it is cold: the tempest raveth madly:  
But in my dreams all is so wondrous bright:  
I see the angel-children smiling gladly,  
When from my weary eyes I shut out light.

Mother, one stands beside me now! and listen!  
Dost thou not hear the music's sweet accord?  
See how his white wings beautifully glisten!  
Surely those wings were given him by our Lord!  
Green, gold, and red are floating all around me:  
They are the flowers the angel scattereth.  
Shall I have also wings while life has bound me?  
Or, mother, are they given me alone in death?

Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going?  
Why dost thou press thy cheek thus unto mine?  
Thy cheek is hot, and yet thy tears are flowing:  
I will, dear mother, will be always thine!  
Do not sigh thus—it marreth my reposing;  
And, if thou weep, then I must weep with thee!  
Oh, I am tired—my weary eyes are closing:  
—Look, mother, look! the angel kisseth me!

Love, like a wild flower, springs where least expected,  
Existing whether cherished or neglected—  
Firmest in danger—strongest in its fears—  
Living in memory—nourished even by tears—  
Enduring all things, so that it may be—  
In the fond faith of its fidelity.

— The noble wear  
Disaster, as an angel wears his wings,  
To elevate and glorify." MILMAN.

## Miscellaneous Department.

FROM THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

## JESUS AND THE POOR.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

I KNOW that Face. Oftentime, in the silence of night, it has come to me, in my room, shone into my soul with its deep eyes, and baptized me with the blessings of its pale white forehead.

I love that Face. For in the hair, that, mingling black and purple in its hues, falls wavingly aside from the brow, in the serene arch of the eyebrow, the eternal starlight of the eyes, in the lip moving at first in a smile of unfathomable sadness, and melting away into a Love, beautiful as the daybreak of a summer morn, there is something that stills the heart, and murmurs "Peace" for evermore.

Many—many years ago that Face appeared above the hill-top of a far distant land; and while the sky was purple and gold, in the serenity of the evening hour—as the palm quivered its broad leaves high in the flushed azure, and the blessings of sunset lay upon the waves of Galilee—beautiful women came forth from the huts of the poor, to look upon those eyes; and rude men, blasted in the hands and in the brow by hopeless Toil, knelt like little children in their divine light.

How that Face was loved by the Poor in the olden time—how it came, day after day, to the dark home of Poverty, and lighted it up with a Blessing that never grew dim!

How it shone into the Convict's cell, and baptized his chains with a warm, golden light, fresh from the Heaven of God!

How I love to follow that Face: even along the hot and dusty road, when the fiery tropical sun streams down upon the white brow—even yonder, on the mountain-top, at dead of night, when the stars behold stars as beautiful in the lake which ripples beneath their smile, and those lips move in prayer, and, "OUR FATHER," breaks on the serene midnight air. Nor do I turn my gaze away when the Face weeps its bloody tears in Gethsemane, and the agony of a soul writhes in every feature—for those tears fall for Man, the victim of unutterable wrongs, and they will fall for thousands of years, the holiest baptism of the Poor. They will fall until the Face has done its mission, and the baptism hallowed the heart of Man, wherever he grovels or writhes, whether in the chained workshop of a barbarous civilization, or in the hot fields of a slavery that has no hope.

On that day when the Universe was hung in black—hung with the terrible drapery of God's anguish for his people, the Poor—for the wrongs which Priest and King had heaped upon the necks of the Millions, through the long black night of ages—I love to go up to Calvary, thread the pathway that winds among ten thousand prostrate forms, and look upon the Face, as the last pang trembles there, and the agony of a Soul breaks forth in that sublime death-song:

"Eloi! Eloi! Lama sabachthani!"

For amid the pangs that rend the Face, I see a smile of Hope that is eternal, bloom into light, even amid the convulsive throes of that Divine Despair—"My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"—I hear the deep chant of a Deathless Faith, saying for ever, to you, to me, to us all—"THE SPIRIT OF JEHOVAH IS UPON ME, TO PREACH GOOD TIDINGS TO THE POOR!"

The Face lives now, and goes beaming among dark huts, as it beamed in days of old. It comes at dead of night, and looks upon the slumbering City; and, believe me, its tears fall afresh—tears for that vast Brotherhood of Toil, who, for six thousand years, have had one horrible liturgy chanted to them by priests and burned into their hearts by the fiery sword of kings—"Toil and Die—Toil and Die—Toil and Die!"

And in answer to this horrible liturgy, the Face murmurs, as it shines in the loathsome huts of the city; it murmurs but four words, that shriek like a knell to priests and kings, like a still small voice from the lips of God to the miserable Brotherhood of Toil—"JESUS AND THE POOR!"

Those words pierce the pestilential alleys of the Large City—that Leviathan of mad luxury and writhing wretchedness; they

are heard in the loathsome kennels where starvation, leprosy, and rags swelter in one infernal embrace; they go down to the lowest ditch of misery, to the meanest outcast of barbarous civilization, and say: Brother, arise, for the cup of my People, the Poor, is filled to overflowing. Its bitterness, deepened by tears and blood, will soon be poured forth upon the oppressor who filled it. The night of ages is passing, Brother, and the Day of God is near!

THAT FACE glides up the dismal gibbet-steps, and palsies the Guilty Preacher, even as he stands blessing the Hangman's Rope, and says to him, "JESUS AND THE POOR!" It is one of my People whom you are about to choke to death in my name. Stand aside, Pharisee, and let me, as the rope falls from this poor outcast's neck, let me forbid the banners of this unholy marriage which you have proclaimed; this marriage of God Almighty's Gospel with the Devil's Gibbet!

Sometimes this Face glides into those gorgeous churches which start up at every corner of the Great City, mocking the daylight with their proud columns, their cold marble faces, while side by side, with them, looms the black Jail and grins the Leper's Almshouse.

I dare not follow that Face when it glides into the Fashionable Church. I have not the courage. The fashionable church, where pews are bought and sold, like dry goods and copper stock, where the gold Communion Cup seems filled to the brim with the tears of the wretches whose chilled lips it can never touch; where the white marble altar for the rich man only brings to mind the Black Gibbet erected in yonder jail-yard for his starved victim; where the silks and satins, velvet cushions, gold-clasped Bibles, and preacher dressed in soft apparel, only forces before my eyes those ten thousand Heathens of a Large City, who have no Preacher, no Church, no Bible, no Bread—no God! Nothing but rags and misery, the jail and the gibbet, here; and nothing hereafter but the flames of a never-dying Hell.

No—no—I have not courage to follow the Face into the Fashionable Church, and see the scorn which would be flung into its divine eyes, were the lips to murmur—only once—"JESUS AND THE POOR!"

Is there no music in that phrase?

Can it be that there is in this Large City one heart so withered by luxury, so rotten with the canker of the Pharisee, as not to throb and swell at the deep music of those words? Then why these splendid churches and dismal jails, these marble altars and leper's kennels, crowded together in one infernal contrast?

What soul so base as to separate these words, joined together by Almighty God?

Why need I speak to you from the silence of my room?—I that am no Preacher, and have my forehead free from anointing oil and apostolic hands—when these four words are in themselves a Poem, a Sermon, a Prayer, a Revelation shining down from God into the soul?

JESUS AND THE POOR!

Let us go through the Large City, and behold those scenes which would meet the eye of the Lord Jesus were he to come back to earth again in bodily form, and walk our streets as once he walked the dusty roads of Palestine.

Come with me—from your comfortable chamber, where the smile of Home glows in your face; come, rich man, from your bed of down, for I have scenes to show you that may wake your heart to thought. Come, my good friend, the Preacher; let me lead you from your study, where you sit enshrined among Dead Creeds, yourself but an embodied creed, choked up among rotten Sophistries and Theologies, that are only venerable because their hideous mummy-features are covered with the dust of a thousand years.

Come!

Come: leave off quarreling for a little while about the shapes of gowns and the fashions of altars, and go out with me into that dark world which lies writhing in wickedness and wrong, among those millions who go down to death, while you sit in your chair, calmly splitting Theological hairs into nine parts, nine times told.

Come: I have scenes to show you, and dreams to dream with you, that may bring home to your soul that still small voice, which saith—JESUS AND THE POOR!

Now, my friend, let me ask you to go with me, on a short and solemn journey.

Come with me, out yonder, to the North-west.

Lo! A magnificent temple—a mountain of carved and pillared snow—towers up into the sky.

It is beautiful, this immense Form of Marble, and the serene air of ancient Greece invests its white pillars, and freshens in every sculptured capital.

We enter that temple; ah! how dark, how cold, how gloomy these arching chambers. Chambers? No, they are vaults—grave vaults; and this is a Tomb, a magnificent place of coffins and skulls. The Mausoleum of some dead warrior, a marble shrine for some poor Mummy of Glory.

We roam through these dark vaults, we ascend the stairs of this Mammoth Sepulchre, we go softly along these dark rooms—hark! our footsteps echo like thunder-claps around us! Through the rough boards, nailed along yonder window, faint glimpses of moonlight break into the thick darkness of this vault.

And there, in this darkness, walking along this floor of stone—gliding to and fro—we behold a dim ghostly figure. It comes into the moonlight! It is the figure of an old man, an old man whose face is seamed with wrinkles, whose solitary eye glares with a pale dead light as he walks to and fro, uttering a low, deep monotonous moan, wringing his hands and beating them against his breast.

This is a strange sight—an old man, plainly dressed, his face wrinkled, his solitary eye glaring glassy light, as he walks in this Mammoth Sepulcher, wringing his hands, beating his breast, uttering that low deep moan that makes your blood run cold.

We approach the old man. While his anguish chills us, and his solitary eye gleams its fire—so glassy—into our hearts, we gather courage and speak to him.

"Old man, tell us, why do you wander here, so lonely at dead of night, wringing your hands and beating your breast——"

He is silent. The moonlight through the crevice plays over his features, writhing in silent anguish. Again he glides on his solitary watch, and suddenly turning, whispers with his white lips:

"I toiled—I toiled for a long life, to gather gold—my name was known, wherever there was the face of civilized man—my ships whitened every sea.—Through the long years of half a century I toiled—and toiled to gather gold. Did I gather the wealth for myself? or for those relations, who had seen me, in hunger, darkness, cold, when but an Orphan Boy—and seen without one drop of pity? Or, was it but to swell a guilty wealth into a proud eminence of Power and Wrong?"

"No! No! But for those children of Toil, who might be left, as I had been, to the cold mercies of a heartless world! I felt the wrongs of the Poor—I felt that the Declaration of Independence had only begun its work—I felt that that work would not even be commenced until a New Generation should arise who, thoroughly educated in their great destiny, should go forth the Apostles of the Republic! I had been an Orphan—I knew the horrid injuries, the accumulated wrongs, the hard crust and the merciless blow, which form the Orphan's heritage. Therefore I gathered gold, to build a Plain structure, where—not the purse-proud darlings of wealth; nor the pampered children of Aristocratic Pride—but the Orphans—these Wards of Almighty God—should be reared to manhood and virtue, in that solemn Cathedral of the Poor—the Common School-house!"

"With this wish, this resolve on my lips, I died—for you see, I am this night come from the grave—the grave dust is on my brow—these threads, fluttering from my limbs, are but the fragments of a shroud—I am come from my grave to look upon the Orphan's school-house. Here I am, in search of my Orphans—here, oh my God, pity me! here where I expected to find that New Generation, I find only this Mammoth Tomb! My orphans—my orphans—O God—where are they!"

And as we look in mute wonder, the old man beats his

breast again, again wrings his hands; again that low, deep, freezing moan.

The moonlight falls in dismal radiance through the crevices of yonder window: the silence, the gloom of this marble vault, strikes you with a chilling awe. You essay to comfort the Miserable Ghost, with words like these:

"But, old man, is not this a pretty college—an ornament to the city—look! What splendid chambers are these! look! Through that crevice in the boards which enclose that window, look and behold the towering lines of pillars! it is altogether Grecian, I assure you, old man, this Temple: something between a Temple erected to Jupiter, and a Mausoleum built over the carcass of a Persian satrap——"

"—My orphans—my orphans—Where are they?"

"But, old man, let us reason this matter together! You remember by your Will you forbid the entrance of Priests and Preachers into your college walls; you even forbid the Bible entering here. Now you know our city councils are pious men—you shock their deep religious sensibility—they were afraid the Morals of the poor orphans might be corrupted.—So you see, they resolved to balk your unholy purpose; they determined that not one beggarly Orphan should ever even have the chance of being corrupted here—they built a Tomb instead of a School-House!"

"Did I forbid the entrance of Priest, Preachers, and the Bible? It was not because I did not believe that the Ministry of the Gospel is the holiest office on earth, not because I did not believe that the Bible is the best of all Books! But because I knew that there are bad men—legions of atrocious hypocrites—who only assume the name of Preacher, who only profess to love the Bible, in order to creep into fat stations in Pulpits and in Colleges, and turn those holy words, 'Jesus and the Poor,' into 'Religion our stock in trade.' Therefore, I thought it best to leave these orphans to what church or doctrine they pleased, out of the College; free to read what they liked, believe what they liked, go to what church they liked; but in my college, I vowed a solemn oath—should never flap its wings that Vampire of the Heart—Religious Dissension!"

The old man raises his hands in the moonlight, and a world of earnestness shines from his glassy eyeballs.

"—Oh! old man, it is such a pity you did not explain yourself fully to our Councils, for they are pious men. You shocked their Moral consciousness, their love of order; upon my word you did! They did not want to build a school-house, where ragged, beggarly little orphans might be corrupted into a Legion of Infidels, who would not believe in wholesale Robbery, though it was done by chartered Banks—nor in burning Churches, though it were accomplished by holy Protestant hands. They did not want to waste your money—they had no desire to feed their favorites on your hoarded wealth—or spend it in dark corners, doing deeds that they would be ashamed to look in the face in broad day—oh, no! oh, no! They spent your money in such a way that the whole world might look at it: they built a Tomb, a splendid Sepulchre, full of chambers and stairways and pillars—pillars within and pillars without! For you see they are considerate men—are our Councils!"

Even while we are speaking to the old man, his head droops—something like a tear glitters on his glassy eyeball. He is counting the years that have elapsed since his death——

"They might have finished my school-house in two years—and now, I have been dead—one—two—there—oh so many years—so many, that I cannot count them! and my orphans, my orphans—oh good God, where are they!"

"Come, old man, come up this dark stairway; up this frame staircase, hung on the north end of the building: come out hither on the roof of the college.

"Look, what a splendid sight!

"Philadelphia, the Leviathan of luxury and crime, slumbers at your feet. It is beautiful by day, old man; but now, by night, when the moon is sailing in the sky, to behold Philadelphia stretching away at your feet: the broad Delaware flowing there, until his waves mingle with the Schuylkill, yonder: to see the distant hills, far, far, yonder, melting into the blue of the sky

—Oh, it is a beautiful sight!"

But not upon the wide waste of roofs, nor the massive mound of Fairmount, the sheeted Schuylkill, rising and gleaming to the right. But not upon that great Forest of land, with the Shot-tower, the State-House steeple, and some dozens of churches, towering over all: nor upon the bosom of the glittering Delaware, or even the far, far off hills of Brandywine, seen there in the dim blue distance: not upon these sights of beauty turns the old man's eye!

No! He stands there, on the roof of the college. Oh, that blood-freezing moan again!

"My orphans! My orphans! Oh, God! where are they?"

And, as if in answer to his call, look here, a fearful, ghastly band—they come.

Look!—rushing forward in the moonlight air—they come, in all the terrible drapery of rags and crime!

They burst from the walls of the Penitentiary yonder: yes, from the Almshouse; up the broad Delaware, from the isles of the sea—they come, oh God! in misery, and rags, and lameness—in chains they come.

And this pale, ghastly band, now thronging over the roof of Girard College—these, these are thy Orphans, Stephen Girard!

"Look here—this Pirate clutching thy feet, old man: this dark-browed ruffian, with chains on his wrists: this is an Orphan, Stephen Girard!

"Or, turn your gaze—this Murderer, with the gibbet's rope dangling from his neck—this Murderer, who to-night has come down from that Gibbet to answer thy call: this Murderer, with the tint of death upon him, the ghastly light of death in his eye—this horrid shape clutching thee by the hand—this is thy Orphan, Stephen Girard!

"Look again—to the right! This mass of rags and disease, and leprosy and starvation, scattered here over the roof of Girard College: this band of robbers and pirates, and beggars and murderers, pressing around you, looking at you—at you, old man—with their speechless eyes: these are thy Orphans, Stephen Girard!

"These might have been virtuous, and honorable, and educated men—ornaments to their Country and the name of Man: these were robbed of that education, scattered to the isles of the sea—to the almshouse, the jail, the gibbet—because a CORPORATION, corrupt and rotten to the heart, and supported in their Guilt by the Public Opinion of a Coward Press and Pharisaical Pulpit, wished to build a Tomb instead of a SCHOOL-HOUSE—an immense Marble Pile, which shall glare for ever, over the City a carved Monument of that City's degradation and shame!"

The old man, with the cerements of death flapping about his form, does not answer us, but, walking among the dismal band of summoned orphans, he examines this Pirate's chain, feels yon Murderer's disfigured neck:

"While the Corporation built this Tomb, you came to this"—rattling the chain—"and you to this"—placing his finger on the disfigured throat.

Then, rising in the moonlight, on the roof of this Marble Sepulcher, he spreads his hands over the Great City, in its slumber.

"I can see"—you hear his sad voice—"some ten or more churches, that were mainly built with my money. I can see long piles of splendid edifices, that were bequeathed by me to yonder city, and which bring to its Treasury, year after year, an accumulating store of Gold. Have I not done some little Good to Philadelphia? Was it a crime in me to devote part of my wealth to those outcasts of Philadelphian civilization, the Orphan Poor? Why should the Reverend Clergy oppose me, and heap such bitterness upon my grave, and write volumes against my INFIDEL COLLEGE? Infidel—to feed the Orphan? Infidel—to teach the ignorant? Infidel—to rescue, from the dens and ditches of Philadelphia, those outcasts, who must be fed, clothed, educated, or they will feed and clothe themselves with Murder, and become thoroughly educated at—THE GIBBET'S FOOT!"

He paused a moment: again those wringing hands:

"If this be INFIDEL, then was the LORD JESUS, whom they preach, an INFIDEL."

Along the marble roof he slowly walks, muttering strange

words, as he fixes his cold, dead eyeball on the far-extending roofs of Philadelphia.

"They have all the Colleges in the Union, these Reverend Men, where boys grow up in Creeds; and every Creed hates fervently its Brother Creed, and every Sect looks with envy on its Fellow Sect. I wished to rear a College where Toil should be made holy by education, and only one Religion be taught—LOVE TO MAN IS LOVE TO GOD. But these Reverend Men, if they speak to the Mass at all, only speak through the fiery throats of their different creeds. Behold some of the fruits of these beautiful Creeds!"

As he spoke, he waved his hands; and at once, from Kensington and the City, arose the smoke and flame of a Burning Church. Those separate columns of smoke floating over the City's roof are mingled in one awful cloud, which is pierced by separate pyramids of flame—the Cross of Jesus glittering high over all, ere it sinks in darkness!

The sad words of that Ghost are in our ears, when the College, the Orphans, the City, wrapt in cloud and flame, melts from our view.

On whom does the FACE beam with its most divine smile?

On that one-eyed old man, who devoted the immense hoards of his wealth to the education and nourishment of the Outcast Orphan Poor—that great class of wretches, who are flung upon the horrible mercies of the Great City, with no eye to watch over them but God?

Or, upon that Corporation which delayed the building of the college for sixteen years after his death, thus leaving one generation of outcasts to ripen as they might, into virtue if so it chanced, but more certainly into robbers and murderers, candidates for the Jail and the Gibbet? The Corporation, which expended nearly Two millions of dollars in building a marble tomb, which never can be applied to the purpose of a school-house; two million dollars for carved pillars and grave vaults, all finished in pure Grecian style, while a Generation were left to starve and steal and die! That Corporation, which having grown old in outrages upon the will of the dead man—squandered his immense wealth in miserable investments and direct fraud—is now hesitating ere it takes the last plunge of infamy, and introduces sectarian Priests and sectarian Creeds into the walls of the Orphan's college!

Just look at the case, my friends, and ask with me, whether this City has not been terribly paid for its outrages upon the dead—its cowardly fraud upon the Orphan Poor—by some dozen bloody riots, in which homes and hall and churches were laid in ashes, and the gutters flooded with human blood?

You must take care of the Outcasts of the Great City, or they will take care of you. You must do something for them, or they will do something for your city, your homes, your throats. You must either build school-houses, declare the rights of the laborer sacred from the lash of the monopolist, or you will have to swell your Jails, and cover your streets with a rich harvest of black gibbets.

Here we have this Stephen Girard—a plain man, with a brown wrinkled face, lighted by one eye, an unpretending manner, a French accent—going along the streets of the Great City, looking upon its luxury and its starvation, its fine apparel and its rags, its horrible contrasts of enormous wealth and starving wretchedness.

The Face shines into that unpolished Frenchman's heart. He is not learned in creeds—does not care much about Geneva or Rome or Westminster—but cares for something higher—Man. This rude man—lighted by the Face, which murmurs for ever "Good tidings to the Poor," resolves to devote his enormous wealth, acquired by the toil of half a century, to those Children of Jesus, the outcast orphan poor, who, in the Large City, have but one path before them, a dreary blasted way of nakedness, starvation, hunger, and cold, and crime, with a black Future in the distance—a Gibbet looming over a Felon's grave.

This resolve is not made a matter of ostentation by Stephen Girard. It is in his heart. It is soul of his life. It brings tears to his eyes, when, secluded with some chosen friend—like the

virtuous William J. Duane—he speaks of the Orphans, of his plans for their redemption. He dies, leaving his Will, in which his plans are so plainly marked out, that none but a Scoundrel or a Fool could mistake them; those plans ending in one great idea—A SCHOOL-HOUSE, large and comfortable, for the orphan poor; and two million dollars, and more, to build the school-house, and feed and clothe and educate the Orphans of all time.

Would it be believed, that in a Christian City, where Churches and Preachers are as plentiful as Creeds in a Theological Convention, this man's will was trampled upon, its plainest provisions violated, nearly Two millions squandered in building a Sepulchre, which bids fair to stand for a thousand years, at once a Monument over the Orphans who have died in the street and rotted in the jail, and an eternal Marble Image of the Large City's shame.

Can this be? O, Serenely Awful Face, that wept such bitter tears for the Poor, in Gethsemane, in the ages long ago, now gaze upon their wrongs in this age, in this city, and weep again! So thoroughly corrupt, O Blessed Redeemer, is the Christianity of the age, that the old man's wish to follow your example—"Preach good tidings to the Poor"—has been made a crime.

Yes, a renowned Senator, before a solemn Court of Justice, declares with piteous utterance, and tears that were recompensed with fees as unctuous,\* that the Idea of Stephen Girard—to feed, clothe, educate the Orphan Poor, without sectarian bigotry—was opposed to the very spirit of Christianity! And the Ministers of Jesus applauded the Senator, who of course must have been a sober, moral man, living in temperance, faith, and love; and beg him to print his words in a book, so that it may be known that the Infidel Stephen Girard was rebuked by the Christian Daniel Webster!

—Let us now leave the College, and follow the Flock into other scenes of the Great City.

One night, I stood in a crowded church, and saw three missionaries, consecrated for a great work. They were about to cross the globe and preach the gospel to the poor of Hindoostan. To aid them in this work, some thousands of dollars were showered upon the altar; nay, beautiful women tore the bracelets from their wrists, the jewels from their bosoms, and said, "Take these and carry the Gospel to the Perishing Heathen."

Within a stone's throw of that church, at the same hour, occurred a scene of somewhat different kind. Behold it.

Leaving the church, we will enter the narrow alley which branches from the main street. In this gloomy avenue, the only light that shines is from the dingy windows of the Rum-Shop. In this lane of desolation, at least one hundred houses or huts are huddled together, some frame, some brick, all with their windows stuffed with rags. These houses yield a handsome rent to their owners. You imagine that a family or three or four persons occupies each house?

You don't know Philadelphia. That is evident.

Let me show you how a single room in one of these huts—that one next the Tenth Rum-Shop—is occupied.

Through the narrow door into this room with low ceiling, black walls, and floor some ten feet square. What have we here? By a light—not half so beautiful as the chandelier in the church, believe me—the light of a flaring candle, stuck in a porter bottle, you may behold the scene. Close to the wall, side by side, their knees drawn up to their chins, are crouched at least twenty human beings, from the half-naked girl of fifteen to the old man of eighty; here, the Mother with a baby at her breast; there, the Negro with his rum bottle; and along the square formed by their huddled forms, you may see every thing that is miserable in nakedness, disease, and rags.

These are the Rum-Shop keeper's lodgers—but not all. All day long they prowl the streets, picking rags from the gutters, begging cold victuals, or stealing a morsel where they can, and at night they repose here, as you see them, for one cent a head.

The porter bottle which illuminates the room is held by a huge negro, who, with rags upon his burly chest, is playing

cards with a white woman, also crouching on the filthy floor. As the greasy pack passes from the white hand to the black hand, you see a woman—only a miserable rag upon her form—stretched stiffly out in the center of the floor, her bosom and limbs disclosed by the light. That bosom is wasted, those arms shrunk to the bone. As for the face, you cannot see it, for her black hair, streaked with gray, falls over it. Does she sleep?

Lift the hair from her face and behold those stony eyeballs. She sleeps. And sleeps all the better that she has had no bread for three days.

And while the dead woman lies there, and the wretches crouch against the wall, a hideous group are seen near the fire-place, engaged in those horrid debaucheries which have no name.

—My good Missionary, permit me to take you by the bow of your white cravat, and lead you gently from the crowded church into this room—and don't think me impertinent when I tell you that the Lord Jesus will smile in richer blessing on you, if you but sell one or more of your handsomely bound Bibles, to buy a little bread, a little shelter, for these Heathens of Philadelphia. Excuse my freedom, friend; I've an odd way of saying things; but as there is a God, you need not go all the way to Hindoostan to find Perishing Heathen.—

Every room in this Rum-Shop keeper's house is tenanted in this way. We dare not go into the cellar; the sight is too horrible! A charnel crowded with living corpses, and steaming with leprosy and pollution! Every house in this narrow alley has occupants like these; in the afternoon, when the sun comes warmly on one side of the pavement, you may see the bricks, the gutters, the cellar doors, swarm and blacken with the thousand shapes of nakedness and rags.—This is not a solitary thing in the Great City, believe me, but only one among a hundred—this horrible Lane of Desolation, shooting away from the main street, not five hundred yards from a Church of God.

Two Millions of Dollars for marble pillars and pure Grecian architecture, in a city which boasts scenes like these!

Sometimes the filth and pollution of this den gives birth to a horrible pestilence, the Leprosy or Fever, and then you may see the kind of Harvest, reaped by Death, in the cellars and the rooms, the gutters and the garrets, where the dead rot for days, naked and unburied, while the leper is dying, and the drunkard drinking, and the maniac cursing, within the confines of the same walls.—Oh, for eloquent Webster's presence here, with one of his sound lectures against Infidelity, and in favor of pure Christianity!—

You may not like these scenes. I confess I do not, and would rather they had no existence. But as they exist, a painful necessity is upon me to show them to the world, in order that everybody may curse the memory of the "INFIDEL" Girard, and love the Marble Pillars, that were purchased with Two Millions of Dollars.

TO BE RESUMED IN OUR NEXT.

BEFORE you consent to that which is wrong—prostitute the noblest powers God has given you to base and unholy purposes, will you pause and reflect a moment upon the dignity of your own nature? You are but a little lower than the angels. From your rank in the scale of being, you are allied to the whole spiritual world—to angels and archangels. You may even claim kindred with God Himself, for His awful image is impressed upon you! Then be not irreverent, profane or thoughtless. Walk according to the spirit. Live for truth and virtue—for humanity and Heaven.—[Brittan's Lectures.

## THE UNIVERCELUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

A Weekly Journal devoted to General Inquiry, Philosophical Theology, and an Exposition and Inculcation of the Principles of Nature in their Application to Individual and Social Life. Published every SATURDAY, for an Association, by S. B. BRITTAN, at No. 235 Broadway, N. Y. Edited by S. B. BRITTAN, assisted by Twelve Associates.

Terms \$2 a year, payable in all cases in advance. For a remittance of \$3 00 6 Copies will be sent. All letters and remittances to be directed, *post paid*, to S. B. BRITTAN, 235 Broadway N. Y.

\* The Case of the Relatives of Girard, v. The Corporation of Philadelphia before the Supreme Court of Washington.