

# THE UNIVERCELOM

AND

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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

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### The Principles of Nature.

#### MAN.

Translated from the German of Keller, for the Univercelum,  
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MAN, in relation to his physical and spiritual nature, stands, among all inhabitants of the earth, upon the highest pinnacle of perfection, and nowhere finds an equal. Upon the interminable scale of living and animated creation, he occupies a central position, and combines or connects the world of spirits with the countless host of animals. He resembles a thrifty and majestic tree, the blossoms of which are represented by his expansive and delicately formed mind. By this he claims affinity with angels, and through the operation of Reason, the dominion of truth is displayed before his eye. Angels are but men of a higher species, clothed in garments of a purer and more ineffable brightness, and residuaries of a far better world. Men are angels, who with painful and uncertain steps, are toiling through the mire of this earthly vale, to gain a brighter home beyond. Except the spirit, there is nothing here that is not a part of the very dust we tread upon. Earth is the common mother of all; that which she bears, or ever has brought forth, is again in due season consigned to her womb. Animals, human beings, and plants alike, from thence spring forth, are nourished and sink at last in dissolution—when their dust becomes the food and composition of other forms, of herbs, and living things. The spirit only is no offspring of Earth; the soul holds no relationship thereto, but proceeds from a more elevated source. On this account it cannot resolve itself among the elements, but seeks the fount whence it emanated, and beaming with brighter radiance, goes forth anew into that more extended circle of operations marked out in the plan of infinite creation, by Him who is the true and only source of all that be.

The animal part of Man preponderates greatly, yet he has certain capacities, which by careful and diligent cultivation, must be developed and sustained. We are in a state of continuous warfare; while life remains to us the body endeavors to rule—to sensualise the spirit—and with leaden poise draws down the aspiring soul incessantly. This is probably the reason that with man, here on the earth, the present is of more importance than the future, and that the visible exercises a greater influence upon him than the invisible; and from these circumstances, it will not be difficult to decide which of the two powers will be most likely to gain the ascendancy over the other.

In this unceasing struggle with sensuality, man is not of his own unassisted strength capable of exhibiting much of true devotion or unalloyed virtue. His most noble connections are sullied by low desires, as his voyage through life is opposed by contrary winds.

In accordance with the wise dispensations of Providence, it is man's lot to learn by falling, to stand, by stumbling, to walk with more steadiness, and by error to become both wiser and better. Thus his moral cultivation depends, in a great degree, upon his own choice—the ripe fruit is the reward of his own exertion, and the victory, to be gained, must be hotly contested. Man's progress in ascending from low to high, from darkness to twi-

light, and lastly to light itself, is necessarily slow. The greatest genius even, is not at once what he may become, but acquires, after repeated endeavors, the power to govern and control the inferior nature, and stamp thereon the seal of distinction.

Two original elements are the moving springs of men's actions—sensuality and soul—the operation of each is according to its nature. Now it is not decreed, that the spirit should utterly destroy the influence of the senses, but should guide and restrain that influence for our happiness. This union of the abject and elevated in man was intended, and not accidental, as they were designed to act as checks upon each other. As several opposing ligaments or fastenings oblige the tender twig to an upright position and growth; thus, also, the rough blasts of adversity are as necessary as the milder gales of prosperity to the healthful existence of the scion of Immortality.

In contests of this nature, man appears to most advantage. Were he at all times under the undisputed control of reason, what sympathy could be felt for one whose pathway was abiding and sure, wherein he could not err if he would? we should then look upon him no longer as man, and our interest in him at once would cease. Again, on the other hand, if reason were eternally banished, and the passions of our grosser nature held undivided empire over him, he would in that case be as far removed from humanity, in an opposite direction, and we should look upon him as a brute—yes, literally a brute. Reason without sensuality seems no longer human, and sensuality without Reason is surely not so.

Like a wedded pair, they have their disagreements, their squabbles, even the best—and these bickerings are never effectually stopped; yet, when death arrives to sever them for ever, they cannot part without pain. Their very discord produces a harmony, from which man's dignity and honor may be traced. Goethe says, "there is nothing more contemptible than a man halting between two opinions." I coincide with him entirely as it regards the ass between two stacks of hay; but with regard to spirituality and sensuality, the case is different—it is necessary to combine the two to form a perfect man. As long as man adheres to his animal condition, he can only be pleased with sensual enjoyments; but we notice a change or difference, when the culture of the intellectual part begins—his sensual desires are at once mixed with spiritualities, and thinking becomes as much a matter of course as eating and drinking. Happiness in its improved state is associated with the cultivation of Reason. The more perfect the latter is, the more simple and godlike are his enjoyments, and the consciousness of a unity of purpose between celestial and terrestrial objects, conduces to form that state of temporal happiness so many desire to possess. It is a correct observation, that a smooth surface of water alone reflects the heavens; and as man approximates to a perfect state, the clearer will be his views of, and the more will he relish, the near approach to heaven and heavenly objects.

The improvement of mankind advances, but by a slow and gradual progress. History, the most ancient or modern, will sustain this position; its chains wind crookedly even among the most refined nations. What man may attain to, in every age, cannot be prejudged because the perfection after which he strives, is idealized in infinity; but yet, the more enlightened he



becomes, the more perfect and distinct must be his observation of men and things, and the more correct the judgment he pronounces upon them. Both history and individual experience maintain this: true happiness never continued long with the ignorant and aboriginal.

There can be no correct idea of national welfare without national improvement. What extravagance can we imagine, which an individual, a nation, or even nations, would not practice, who are destitute of moral culture. Vice will run a headlong course, without restraint, until exhausted, where among men the animal passions feel no governing power to which they must submit.

The elevation of mankind above the animal species, progressed by gradual and nearly unnoticeable gradations. Centuries rolled by, before the most imperfect evidences of improvement could be observed. The seed which should in time produce an abundant harvest, lay obscurely hidden within the soil, and iron adversity and painful reverses were the means of preparing its future triumphs. Man, stout and robust of body, after being tossed about for centuries, helplessly, acquires from accident and necessity those qualities which gradually humanize him. As the violent collision of flint and steel produces a spark of fire, the beginning of a vast conflagration; thus it required hard blows to bring forth the latent idea from the obtuse and slumbering intellect, which was to brighten into an inextinguishable flame.

Tradition and fables are the only sources from which we can draw inferences, with regard to the moral condition of man in the early ages, and yet coupled with present observation on the state of savage and barbarous nations, the former arrives to a very satisfactory degree of probability; for human nature, in all ages, is essentially the same, and the difference between ourselves and them is more attributable to circumstances of an extraneous nature, than to a real superiority in the original composition of our minds.

The different degrees of cultivation appear at the same time and side by side, and like blossom and ripened fruit seen at once upon the same tree, fill the observer with a pleased astonishment. Where man to man must go for enlightenment and advancement in knowledge, it cannot well be otherwise. The sculptors or instructors have not all the same capacity—not the same ability to impart; neither have their pupils the same susceptibility for availing themselves of instruction. The paths of men are like the intricacies of a labyrinth—the few only have the good fortune to find the shortest rout to the sanctuary; while many, very many, are condemned to perpetual wanderings, now nearer, now farther off from the desired point. No wonder then that the moral conditions of men are so divergent from each other.

In some nations reason seems buried beneath an atlas of bestiality. In others again, climate and necessity, or rather expediency imposes a heavy yoke upon them—others still are under the paralyzing influence of tyranny. Even among cultivated nations there is much of the low mixed in with sublimity. It would therefore be expecting impossibilities, were we to imagine all to be in the same state of improvement, and it is neither justice nor charity, to visit with our severest censures those less enlightened, who perhaps, with our advantages, had been our superiors.

Every thing about man is wonderful, exceedingly, and designates his superior destination. His body itself is a most harmonious contradiction; where great and small, solid and fluid parts, conduce to form the whole. The more intricate portion of the machinery; that which changes matter into life, is concealed within the frame. The limbs, the organs of sense, are visible as agents to do the bidding of the superior powers within.

In mere bodily strength, it is true that man is far surpassed by many animals; with regard to the acuteness of some one particular sense, he is also eclipsed by many a member of the inferior grades; but as to a more perfect organization of the whole

as constituting one *chef-d'œuvre*, he stands signally pre-eminent. What an inexpressible majesty exhibits itself in his upright carriage! Were he like a beast to go along, his body extended horizontally with the ground, were his head formed as that of animals, with mouth and nose in the same position, where could the higher mental power be discovered—the image of his God? In the erect position of his limbs, only, could the beautiful head become its dignified position—in this way only could the brain find a location suited to its high distinction, as pervading by its scions and general influence, the complete system.

The vaulted brow, rich in aspiring thought, exalted its dominion and forced those organs more purely animal, to recede on every side. Thus the human figure, by its superior excellence, came to outrank that of every living creature.

The nearer man comes, or approximates to the animal constitution, the more overpowering sensuality is found; and just so on the other hand. Does the mouth protrude extensively, the nose recede to flatness, the brow backward and low, and the face resemble that of an ape—there most positively, the spirit is not in the ascendant; but, if the face be rounded to a handsome oval, the forehead protruded, for giving more scope to the brain, and the less prominent parts are united to an overhanging weight, it is then surely not for lack of mind, if sensuality predominates. Admitting the wonderful, the miraculous construction of his body, man is still more elevated by the sublimity of the soul. That which in man, sees, hears, feels, is not the eye, the ear, the body; but an existence of a vastly superior nature, to which eye, ear, and body are but the instruments. This Being is of a spiritual nature, because it thinks; and is not liable to destruction because immaterial, though acting upon matter, and yet ministers to eternal purposes.

Can we, like the child, who strives to grasp the shadow upon the wall, and because he cannot catch it, doubts its existence, in spite of the evidence of his eyes—can we in the same manner dispute the existence of such a being as Mind? Where there is a result, definite, clearly exposed, unexampled, there must also be a cause far superior to physical power. This cause is what we call the Soul. Within it exists the sublime capacity to meditate upon ourselves and upon every thing around us; to investigate the qualities of many things; to compare and to separate different objects, with regard to their actual extent, value or deficiencies; to choose, after the comparison be completed, the realized Good—or Evil—falsehood or truth, the useful or the dangerous, the better or the worse: in short to choose freely and to act free. This ability is defined by the expression Reason! It is man's true patent of nobility. With Reason's help he is able to imitate the various functions of divers animals. The eagle flies at a prodigious height from the ground—man, by means of artificial aeronautic machines, ascends still higher. The fish darts through rivers, lakes and seas—Man circumnavigates the world. Animals penetrate into the ground but a few fathoms—Man delves to a depth of many hundred fathoms, and from earth's most hidden recesses, grasps, with tenacious hand, the precious stones and metals deposited there—for gain and luxury he even dashes into the foaming brine, in search of the pearl or other valuables. Man by his Reason causes every thing to subserve his purposes—invades the precincts of knowledge—becomes his own Judge and Legislator. Reason in man, is the spirit of God; without it man is only an animal, a beast—unworthy to look up to Heaven—unable to have faith in the Eternal and Holy, unfit for any religion. Deprive man of reason, and you close for him the door of truth; and under these conditions, is is plain, it would be just as well to read the Bible to a horse as to a man. When Reason takes its course heavenward, and is consecrated by Religion, it imparts to man a dignity and grace indescribable; but when it takes an opposite direction and rests simply upon the worldly, desirable or the agreeable, man becomes only the wisest, the most terrible among animals. It is not precisely Reason that makes us perfect, but the observ



ance of its precepts. It is, thus to say, the guide-board upon the path of Virtue; but this director has not the power to force or convey us thither—Reason has the legislative power, but the executive lies in the Will. It is unjust in an equal degree, to elevate Religion at Reason's expense, or Reason at Religion's. In fact a Reasonless Christianity is less to be expected or feared, than a Christian absurdity. Reason and Religion can never separate from each other, unless to the most manifest injury of both. Reason is the Eye, and Revelation the light by which it is illuminated—it is the first of God's blessings revealed to man, and without it, the second would be useless. Certain persons have discovered a new way to use this organ, that is, they remove the eye from its natural position, and fancy they see much better with it in the hand. To such fanatics, the humorous lines of Salis may not be inapplicable:

"Thou light from Heaven! forgive the blind,  
Who blaming, still pursue thee  
With frantic zeal—for thou wilt find,  
Reason! they *never* knew thee—  
But on the proud thy terrors rain,  
Who, bigoted, would quaff  
The tears of thousands shed in vain,  
Before a gilded Calf."

By Reason, an exhaustless fountain of enjoyment and happiness is opened to man, and it is not saying too much when we assert, that every thing on earth is created for the rational man, from the oak to the violet, from the elephant to the worm. Without him, the earth would be, as it were, destitute of life, and all its treasures but little more than a stock of building materials without an architect.

The vine cannot itself eat its grapes; the tulip is unconscious of its own beauties; the pink of its enchanting fragrance; but for man, the precious jewel would remain of no more account than the flint by which it is surrounded. Only in and for man Reason works—it purifies every transport and hightens every joy.

The beast, as well as man, may gaze on Heaven's ethereal blue, but cannot appreciate its splendor. Earth's products are intended for his nourishment and support, but their beauties can be gratifying only to man—man alone gazes with delight from the mountain top, upon the paradise-like valley below, while at his side the pasturing beast seeks around only for grass and herbs. Man only listens with rapture to according tones, and understands the art of refining and elevating this language of the feelings to an astonishing degree; but of this no animal is capable. The arts and sciences which embellish man's existence, have no influence upon the ox, which hurries past, without one feeling of admiration, the magnificent eagle, in search of shelter and food beneath the humbler stable.

Without Reason even the pleasures of social intercourse would be lost; with it, he can feel the joys of friendship, the pleasures of gratitude, the satisfaction of benevolence, and the beauties of charity and sympathy.

To man, Reason opens the arena of perpetual improvement. Animals, at the present day, are just what they were thousands of years ago. Their powers, their instincts, are circumscribed by immovable lines. Without human assistance, no species of either animals or plants can improve. How vastly superior, then, is man by his reason above the brute that perisheth! What a contrast between man as he is now, and what he was in the past darkness of distant centuries! Who has not observed the giant march of improvement in arts and sciences, from period to period? Man measures the stars of heaven, and calculates their courses. The past and the future are contemplated as present before him. The powers of his mind extend far beyond this earth; his prospects, capacities, anticipations and hopes seem unlimited—for the grave itself can present no obstacle to their extension.

However exalted man appears by his reason, he is in a corresponding degree low and insignificant, if his knowledge be not

associated with good-will. In the union of both consists his true dignity. Good-will must be guided by sound principles, which Reason affords; and these must again direct the powers of will by their precepts. Reason and the will are in man, what the legislative and executive powers are in a State. Estrangement of the one from the other always produces mischief. Ability of mind, coupled with evil intentions, produce the wicked, and good intentions without reason, bring forth fanaticism; and either is the scourge of human kind. Independence of will, united with reason, gives a worth and distinction even to the lowest beggar, which no power on earth can deprive him of.

Man is sent into the world, with an equal fitness for the Good and for the Evil—free from every restraint, an unrestricted choice of either is before him. He is subject only to his own determination. The animal is guided by an instinct which he blindly follows; not so man, who, by the strength of his mental faculties, subdues the assumptions of the senses; by this alone, he at once is placed at an immeasurable distance in advance of the animal, and rises to the pinnacle of virtue, which, without moral agency, would be an empty sound.

Without freedom of will, neither merit nor demerit can be; and, consequently, reward would be out of the question. Do we want more than this, to indemnify us for the capacity to sin?

Man is the wonder of earth—not only by his reason and will, but also by the gifts of language, the expression of looks and gestures, of smiles and tears. He is, too, a creator on an inferior scale, and makes that which is passing deep in his soul—what he thinks, wishes and demands—visible and perpetual.

Language is to man the helpmate of his reason, by which it develops itself; by it the ideal image is so embodied, that others also can comprehend it; with it mankind are united—it is Love's fountain. Without it Hermer and Archimedes never would have measured the heavens; neither Violer nor Cooke could have circumnavigated the earth; Homer could not sing the Deity; nor Phidias and Raphael portray upon the canvas the mysteries of Nature; Brutus could not have vindicated Liberty; Demosthenes, by the thunders of his eloquence, could not have roused an ignorant age from the deadly sleep of slavery; Guttenberg and Tauff could not have sent their sublime illuminations by means of types through distant lands.

What a glorious reason why man should never degrade language, that holy gift of Heaven, by absurdity. Desire of mental union is the origin of all languages, exemplified in the arts of speaking and writing. The great man desires to leave behind him memorials of his deeds not only with his own age, but also to coming generations. Time and space, the two precipices which separate man from the infinitely larger part of human kind, were levelled by the invention of characters to supply mutual communication in printing or manuscript—by these means his active mind is knit to the soul of the first, and perhaps to that of the last, of the human race.

By letters, a way of communication is given to men of all ages and lands, and we are instructed in every thing that human capacity can discover; the opinions of the wise of ancient times, the events transpiring in the most remote corner of the Globe. A traveler in Bengal reads on a sheet of paper, painted with black characters, the thoughts and feelings of his friend in London.

I have a book before me; my mind and heart are opened; I am moved, convinced, improved—and the man whose words touch my heart thus forcibly, lived a thousand years ago.

How great appears man, whose mental powers break through all barriers of space and time, and discovers within himself the medium by which he can come in contact not only with the absent of the past and present, but even with those who will enter life in centuries to come.

Man, considered with regard to all his advantages, when his conduct is consistent therewith, stands in so enviable, so dignified a position, that we cannot sufficiently admire him. The elegant



proportion of his body and stature, demonstrate most clearly that he is something more than a superior animal—that he was intended for nobler purposes.

It was not without a special purpose, that God elevated his head heavenward. It was to remind him that his nobler powers belonged there—that though formed out of the dust, he is not entirely earth. His physical structure proves conclusively—his mental superiority, infinite in its development, convinces—that man was not merely intended for time, but for eternity. Man must, by unceasing self-improvement, by ever-progressing mental culture and enlargement of the heart, elevate himself to his proper height. It is a destiny too plain to be concealed, that he is never to remain stationary at one degree of perfection, but to press onward for more wisdom and improvement. Every attainable superiority of the soul is only a pencil shade to the sublime picture which eternity alone can finish. Reason and will alone give man precedence over animals, which, in place of reason, have only a blind instinct; and for will, sensual desire. A proper dignity and just pretensions secure the unqualified esteem of all rational men, and the favor of God he acquires by an upright use of the blessings and advantages around him. To obtain victory over his heart; to give up the most seductive enjoyments, as soon as it is discovered that they are opposite to duty; to follow truth unerringly through any and every obstacle; to bring offerings the most pure and prized as sacrifices at Virtue's shrine—these are noble aims, and by these man exhibits the true greatness of his nature.

In the eyes of God and rational men, each is prized by reference to his intrinsic worth—not his external appearance. The highest in station on earth, without innate worthiness, can be only great for a season, and until perhaps the lowest by true nobility of heart is elevated with permanency far above him.

To embrace that which is true—to love that which is beautiful—to seek and prize that which is good—to do that which is strictly just,—this alone makes man perfect, in so far as perfection can be combined with human nature. Benevolence and love constitute the beautiful figure, and modest humility is the veil which by a partial concealment adds grace to grace. A slakeless thirst for improvement is his destiny, the purpose of his existence, to which all the meaner necessities of time are subdued. His reasoning capacity shall be matured by reason, his polished manners derive additional luster from artificial refinement, and love, one of the highest objects of his existence, still "grow by what it feeds on;" thus his very wants grow out of possession, and the last nourishes the young scions it has produced.

There are necessities which awaken man to activity, to association, to the necessity of obedience to certain laws and regulations. Sexual instinct plants, even in the breast of the barbarian, sociability, matrimonial, parental and filial love; and renders the most severe toils grateful to him, when endured for the benefit of his kindred.

With this destination, God has also conjoined the regulation of his own behavior. Man without the use of reason could hardly live. No sooner does he close this avenue to improvement, than the flood-gates of folly are opened upon him, and a thousand vain efforts suffice not to keep his head above the tide—he calls upon Reason to save him, and now he appreciates what he formerly too lightly esteemed. The sooner he discovers his mistakes, the more earnestly he labors to rectify them; so much the more does he hasten onward in the path of wisdom and happiness. These moral plants he must carefully cultivate if he wishes to escape the weighty consequences of his neglect.

However plain man's duties are laid out, yet it is as strange as true, that among all animated nature, man lags the most behind his goal. Every animal reaches the point, which according to its organization it can attain to; man alone comes short of his mark. With very few is god-like benevolence, in the pure and extended meaning of the word, the early and peculiar study of

life: most men only begin it when their life is approximating rapidly to a close, and before they can give a practical illustration of their progress in the science, in steps Death and sweeps away the good intender and intention together. At the best with the most faithful, a little alloy, a little worldly dross, but too frequently mingled with the pure gold, and passions of a coarser texture are mingled with the finer woof. Instinct, that mother-gift of Nature, to the animal is always a certain guide. Man by painful application and experience must acquire the knowledge necessary to his happiness.

If in spite of his most earnest endeavors that knowledge be still imperfectly obtained, it is because the seeds of reason and virtue are mingled with the tares of prejudice and sensuality, and because in his search for truth and true freedom of soul, he often stumbles entangled in the meshes of error and falsehood. The footprints of the good in the pathway to Heaven, are trampled upon and obscured by the multitude of the bad; and such being the case, it is no wonder that we often see him in the road to Heaven with his face the wrong way. In this way we can sensibly explain how it happens that man, conscious of his lofty powers and faculties, very often sells himself to sin for a trifle and then quarrels with himself for having made a bad bargain. He believes in God, yet loves not the godlike—he honors virtue and is a slave to the passions—he aspires to immortality, yet devotes himself to that which passes away—he longs for happiness, yet hugs his misery—he loves the truth, yet holds firmly on to error—he boasts of his dignity while leveling himself with the brute. When the mists of sensuality so easily obscure the sunlight of reason, and man has by great and continued efforts to raise himself from its mires, such a portrait can not be longer a problem. The whole structure of humanity in the man, is alienated by a mental procreation, (genesis) the education with his parents, teachers, friends, with circumstances in the course of his life, also with his nation and its ancestors, and lastly with the whole human family, render it next to impossible that it should be otherwise. Digression from the path of primary destination is unavoidable while in man reason maintains an unequal conflict with sensuality. Yet the fundamental plan of moral culture produces not seldom the fruit of first impression, which the habitation and the first circle often cause in his mind. These impressions are the oldest and usually the most active through his whole life; they give the first dash upon the new canvas of the mind, which the future can seldom if ever remove. How is it possible for nations and individuals, influenced by such various conditions and circumstances, to make an equal progress in the march of improvement?

Subject to speculation with regard to his visible existence and daily occupation, man appears a composition of the most manifest contradictions—he seems both a giant and a dwarf, as we compare him with things or beings either above or below him. He prides himself in an attire of silk, yet cannot clothe a sheep with wool—he cultivates the ground, yet is uncertain as to the result. Thousands tremble at his aspect of wrath, and himself trembles before death. He directs the lightnings of heaven that they do him no injury—yet cannot prevent storm and hail and flood, from devastating his fields and meadows. By a finger's touch upon a trigger he prostrates hundreds of his own species and the brute creation, yet cannot adjoin said finger when separated from its former place. He governs and controls the mighty ship upon the stormy waters, and yet he cannot face the rage of epidemics and maladies. To blow up rocks, to level the highest trees, to give a new direction to rivers, to dive in security into the abyss of the ocean, to elevate himself without wings above the eagle, to penetrate into the bowels of the earth in search of its hidden treasures, to traverse the summit of mountains covered with snows eternal, to tame the lion and the tiger, to guide the powerful steed according to his pleasure—all this he is familiar with and can do; yet insects that offend him, defy his power. His labors directed by skill and sustained with



diligence untired, are often defeated and made void by a nothing; the most perfect and beautiful watches he makes with ease; and yet when the watch of life is run down, all his skill and science suffice not to wind it up again. He enjoys a noble delight in the planning and executing a praiseworthy action, and yet he is often the slave of passions the most vile, and open enemies to his happiness and peace—nay, they too often degrade him below the brutes themselves. He has the power by a virtuous and true course to elevate himself to the condition of a God, and yet too often he prefers to be a devil. He can, by an enlightened co-operation with divine Wisdom, spread benefit and blessing around him, and yet his satisfaction too often consists in being the curse of his race; he can by an honest industry, acquire wealth and public esteem, and yet he prefers to enrich himself by injustice and deception, or in fine to smuggle himself into a more elevated station, without realizing that the individual who raises two ears of grain from a field which formerly produced but one, is intrinsically better than a king who conquers half a world to rob and plunder.

Who could explain to himself these and like contradictions, or could bring them in harmony with the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, if man's death-bed should be the limit of his perfection? For what purpose is man endowed with infinite capacities, if the duration of his spirit did not reach beyond the barrier of time? Immortality alone explains the difficulty.

But it is different with the life of the spirit: according to its designation it must exist when the frame it once occupied has long crumbled into dust. Why, demands Jean Paul, very justly, why create a being of earth with wings of light, if destined to shrink again into the shell which gave it birth, unable to free itself by its ethereal capacities?

As the plant withers and becomes as dust, scattered by the winds, do we believe that the elements of the plant have gone from the globe entirely? We know that nothing is lost, it is only the connection of particles which change, merely the form that alters. Everything moves on in an endless circle. And shall man alone the master-piece of creation, sink for ever in the waves of an endless change?

Skeptic! lay thy hand upon thine heart, and hark! it speaks to thee in loud and distinct tones:

Within me flame celestial rays,  
Unchecked when even the frame decays.

Ah, yes! the belief of immortality forces itself irresistibly upon every man, who does not wilfully close his eyes to exclude the light of day. For this reason, even in times of yore the creed was universal. The Kamschatdale when he places his dead before animals; the New Hollander when he deposits a corpse within a watery tomb, bears testimony to a belief in futurity. No tribe or nation, but distinguishes unequivocally, between the burial of one of their own species and that of a beast.

The savage at his death, enters at once into the spirit-land of his forefathers. The instinct of an existence which endures for ever, goes still in advance of confirming reason; and this general belief, together with the patient endurance of the evils of this life, are Religious obelisks upon the tombs of nations. This conviction also, so ancient and so common, effectively justifies the ways of God to man. We cannot deny immortality, without refusing to the Eternal the ascription of every design; without enveloping in thick darkness, the history of the world; without depriving man of his high relations to God; without robbing his earthly life of all harmony, hold and hope—and denying to millions of sufferers their only consolation. We must acknowledge a God, who rewards and punishes, or none at all. To ascribe ignorance and weakness to God, would be as absurd as to accuse him of injustice—and without a proper compensation, where would be his justice to suffering virtue—all would be inexplicable.

Should man, as we view him in history, be only the weak,

erring, miserable creature he is there depicted, and no more, he would constitute but the most ridiculous production of Chance, or we should be forced to think the Creator had failed in his purpose.

In history, by comparing the evil with the good, the attentive observer will find out—to a certain extent, the plan of Providence—that man is at present only in the ante-room of a better world. Let none, therefore doubt for a moment, the assumed prospect of a holier, a better, a more spiritual life in a world to come, to which we are already elected citizens.

Man is only created, unbelief to the contrary notwithstanding, for a steady progress toward perfectibility, and that which has not yet been done toward the furtherance of this object, must and will yet be accomplished. The means which God has prepared are imperishable. From this consideration, we shall look upon History as the text-book, the study of which will entwine man's brow with the laurels of humanity and honor. Sufferings and death only exhibit a reasonable appearance, when man's conviction of immortality, written in characters of fire upon every man's heart, is placed between them.

No sooner do we firmly believe that our destination is no other than to be morally good, than we are convinced, also, that our lives extend beyond the limits of time. If reason risk the pretension, that we are to give up our life to the practice of virtue, it must also propose as certain a compensation for this offering.

In the very *Hope* of man, the *promise* of Heaven is contained, and whatever desires earnestly an eternal life, gives at the same time the strongest evidence of its existence. Man's thirst for happiness proves that there is happiness, for nature never strives after a mere nothing. This thirst, yet unsatisfied, then denotes that the desired good is not attainable here, but in a higher sphere.

Strangers wandering among us, far from the mountains of their nativity, experience an incurable longing to revisit their homes. Man's very patrimony, therefore, must be beyond this earth, for a ceaseless desire and longing possesses him. How could the grave be the end of man, when earth cannot satisfy the desires of his nature? No! it must be that a better life lies beyond death's gate; the final cast can not depend upon the first throw altogether. Man's terrestrial existence lies extended between two natal hours; by the first he enters earth, the second heaven; the earthly life is the bud of existence, the dawning twilight of a day, bright, complete and everlasting beyond the grave. The vast powers and faculties in man, particularly point out to immortality, which he, however old he may become, can never develop or employ here on earth. Why is he endowed with talents, for whose use and improvement, man has neither time nor opportunity? Infants die before they have time scarcely to feel their existence; young men and those grown up die, with whom a fulness of power is deposited, the greater part of which, is carried with them to the tomb, unused; whole nations perish, who without special fault of their own, have remained upon the lowest grade of improvement; should we not be puzzled to retain our belief in God's infinite wisdom, which makes nothing without an adequate purpose, if man's life extended no farther than the tomb? And how would it be with the Divine administration of Justice in the moral world, if a turf or a tombstone covered up the entire man?

Why are so many noble and glorious actions left unpaid, and so many black and detestible crimes unpunished? Why is so many a friend of virtue, defeated in his wisest and best designs, while the veriest scoundrel rocks himself comfortably for life in the chair of successful villainy, if no time or means of adjustment is to be expected? Shall man be compelled to sow in bitterness here, without a prospect of a rich harvest hereafter? Awake man! a God, the rewarder of every good action for ever, rules above thee! Let this in cases of difficulty and



trial, console thy sufferings and renerve thy heart, may it render thee invincible in thy struggle after virtue, and illumine thy soul in the shadow of the valley of Death! Here is only the spring of thine existence—not thou, but thy frail tenement is consigned to the elements—thy body alone is buried.

That which the worm devours, that which becomes part and parcel of a new form, is not man; but the worthless remains of a deserted body. Earth only retakes what property is her own, the spirit returns to God who gave it.

What we call death is not the transition of man to eternity, because man's eternity commences already here, but merely a translation to sublimer and happier conditions; it is only a change of habitation in the great fatherland, it is the exchange of a cradle, for life upon the Parent heart.

Man's very vices, his insatiate thirst after luxury, gold and honors, proclaim that he is born to boundless happiness. His violent passions, which like the wings of the eagle, stretch themselves beyond his nest, and which despise the valuables of earth, prognosticate a nobler relation and prove our claim upon Heaven.

As earth is a sphere too circumscribed for them, it is evident that a higher purpose is opened before us, and that human happiness rests on a surer foundation than the gratification of desires we have in common with the animal. And does not Nature herself yield conclusive reasoning in behalf of immortality? Nothing in the material world is ever lost, that which seems destroyed comes forth again in a new shape.

The caterpillar envelopes itself and passes into a state of insensibility, but soon it bursts from its self-constituted tomb, and comes forth a light and elegant butterfly. The seed consigned to the lap of the earth putrifies and dies; but in a few months the waving ear usurps its place. Can it be otherwise with man, creation's crown? Should he alone go down for ever, while from the decay of less noble matter, activity and life are manifest?

This demonstrates that the resurrection from the dead is not so unnatural, as infidelity would have us presume, when it is coupled with the progress to immortality, and understood in relation to man's duration throughout futurity, in an organic but refined nature, compatible with his existence in God's eternal empire. Immortality is a chief feature in man's future, and presupposes recollection after death.

Not to be sensible that one exists, is annihilation; and to be insensible that one has existed, is not duration but a new beginning. Virtue, without memory, would be disconnected with futurity. The Here and the There must form one unbroken whole. It is more especially the remembrance of virtuous actions here—that can procure us happiness there. Man must be aware of the foundation laid upon earth, to build thereon in Heaven; the point where he left off here, he recommences there. What man's precise situation may be beyond this, in what manner his present life will be united with the future, where he shall live, and what the current of his thoughts will be, are questions we shall not undertake to answer.

Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what the Almighty has prepared for those who truly and sincerely love, honor and serve Him. Man, awake to thy dignity, do honor to the superiorities of thy nature by acting justly. In the voyage through life, be Prudence thy anchor, thy compass—Duty! Long may be the passage—deceitful the wave—far distant the longed for shore; yet thou unfalteringly must on. Shame to thee if thou tarry behind when all else in creation advances. Improvement more especially is thy destination. Humanity, said Schiller, must increase and ripen, and from point to point lead all creative time. Thou darest not enclose thee within a limited circle of the truthful and good—nor follow blindly the transmitted customs of old.

Many hold fast the tradition of the ancient philosophers: that man is a creature of habit, let many endorse the opinion; but

thou, show thou that the strength of thy spirit is superior to the force of habit.

Never act from prejudice! it proves merely weakness or want of vision, and in so far is humiliating. The more thy circle of knowledge expands, the more powerfully will the heart attract thee to the good, and the nearer art thou to the course marked out for thee by the Eternal Hand.

Have respect also for the good of others—despise no man. The most insignificant can be useful. Every one, however unimportant in civil life he may appear, can by the favor of circumstances rise up to a high degree of influence and usefulness. Examples to prove this are not few. Servants have become the supporters of their broken-down masters; beggars, with bread, have appeased the hunger of those once wealthy; low-bred knights have saved the lives of kings and princes! Degrade no man to a mere tool! He is unworthy of the name of man, who selfishly prefers to use others, to the desire of being useful himself. Honor the Rights of Man, even in the lowest. He that speaks in favor of the Rights of Man, is on that account no Jacobin or Carbonaeri; otherwise we must call David, Solomon, the Prophets, and even the Saviour by such names, for the latter expressly ordered the Gospel preached to all men—that mankind without distinction of color or station, might become wise to Salvation. Nothing more effectually awakens sympathy for the Rights of Man, than self-endured wrong and injustice and hardship. Too truly it is not an isolated occurrence, that the axe has been laid at the root of the tree of human rights, in defense of which a world, but a short time since, was in arms. For nations, or rather governments, who at one time could not repress their indignation at the inhuman traffic in human beings—at another, did not hesitate to exchange and sell whole nations.

Who could not shed tears of blood over debased, trampled down Humanity?

## Communications.

### MINISTERING ANGELS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,  
BY LIZZIE.

A fair young girl sat by the shrouded form of her departed mother; tears of anguish, unsoftened by one bright hope for the future, clouded a face cast in nature's finest mold. Her only earthly protector had been taken from her, and she in her innocent girlhood must guard and support the young brothers and sisters left, with no hand but hers to guide them in the uncertain future. What wonder that her heart sunk within her, and that hope waned till its last faint shadow disappeared in the thick darkness which to her seemed impenetrable. She was very beautiful, that pale, sad watcher, and the waves of sorrow rolling over her, seemed about to swallow up in their bitter waters the frail form which enshrined a pure and energetic Spirit. Gradually sorrow for the dead gave place to anxiety for the living, and the brow of the mourner became clouded with a worldly care. Suddenly a smile brightened her face as a flood of sunlight irradiates the young morning,—she knew not that she was touched by an angel's passing wing. "Ah! yes," she murmured, "for the sake of the dear ones who are now dependent on me for protection, I will strive to hush this great sorrow and live only for my God and them. Surely my angel mother will watch over me and strengthen this holy resolution." There by the bedside of the departed, that young girl nerved her heart to the performance of duty, and in after years no murmur escaped her lips however severely tried. Cheerfulness sat enthroned within her heart, angels ministered to her wants, and mortals wondered that one burdened with many cares could smile so sweetly.

A child sat playing midst the flowers, his golden curls danced in the sun-light and his blue eyes were merry with the happiness of careless childhood; but suddenly an air of thoughtfulness rested on his childish brow. "Whence came this beautiful



world! yonder brilliant planets! the bright flowers and glittering dew-drops!—his own tiny form with its wonderful machinery, his beating heart and power of vision, oh! who would tell him of these undeveloped mysteries!" A low voice seemed whispering "all things are of God and he is good." Ministering angels were around him throwing a bright halo around a heart that was to be powerful for good or evil. A sublime realization of the beautiful, chastened into purity the days of his boyhood, and strengthening as he was ushered into manhood restrained him from wrong-doing. He knew not, and others thought not, when listening to words of burning eloquence from his lips, that unseen spirits threw around him an irresistible influence, thus guarded by his faithful watches, and through their magic power he assimilated many hearts to his own likeness. Minds there were so wrapped up in materiality that they could not understand and appreciate his more spiritual nature, yet still he toiled on unheeding alike the assaults of ignorance and the cold rebuffs of indifference.

A middle-aged man sat at his desk, his head leaning on his hand, while troubled thoughts swelled his heart almost to bursting. He was on the eve of bankruptcy. Misfortune had followed misfortune, till ruin seemed inevitable. "How could he endure the misery of seeing his family suddenly reduced to poverty? How break to his wife intelligence so distressing? And infinitely more painful than all, how would the dear ones so tenderly nurtured, bear this reverse of fortune?" A happy thought occurred to him and illuminated his face with the cheering beams of hope. "Why should he distrust the affections of those who had ever proved themselves true? Acting upon the impulse of the moment his cares were confided to his family and by their united efforts his falling fortunes were retrieved. He knew not that guardian angels hovered around, beckoning him away from the brink of the pit he had prepared for himself. A poetess sat writing out her pleasant day-dreams on a fair page before her, never thinking that angelic beings inspired in her heart the pure and beautiful thoughts that were charming the poetical world, and rendering her own life a fairy picture; and wondering admirers read on without ever suspecting they were drinking in the inspiration of a higher and better sphere, though their hearts were none the less affected by its deep purity. A young mother sat watching her sleeping babe—it was her first-born, and around it clustered all a mother's fond hopes. Bright anticipations of the future virtue and greatness of her child, swelled her bosom with pleasant emotions. Alas! for her visions of glory! she knew not that fame is purchased only by unceasing toil, and is ever unsatisfactory to the longings of the human heart. As she gazed with increasing fondness on the sleeping babe, its face wreathed into a sunny smile; even then it was touched by an angel's passing wing. But a few days and that sweet child was ripened for the tomb, and the angel that had watched its brief sojourn on earth, bore its freed spirit to the home prepared for the redeemed and purified. For a while the mother mourned as one that would not be comforted, but gradually she came to think of her child not as dead, but living! in the bright but dimly defined future, and with a beautiful resignation, she exclaimed: "Not my will, but thine, O, God, be done!"

## POLITICAL ECONOMY.

BY W. H. CHANNING.

It is the era of *Political Economy*. Thanks, however, to the rapid developments of Civilisation, this era is on the wane. We are in the last phasis of free competition; and joint-stock corporations begin to swallow up with rapacious maw those who have fattened upon respectable swindling, ironically designated commercial speculation. Wonderful age! when puffs and advertising pave the way to public confidence; when, by the jugglery of swift exchange, he who yesterday was penniless is to-morrow a millionaire; when the bankrupt, who meets but a tenth of his obligations, is admired as prudent, while the honest trader, who pays all his debts, is pitied for ruinous improvidence; when the "whole duty of man" resolves itself into the ingenious rule of keeping up appearances. But a truth, never

to be forgotten, has this age of steamboats, railroads, magnetic telegraphs, manufactories, and chemistry applied to agriculture, taught; even this—that the appropriate sphere of the politician is the production, distribution, and expenditure of wealth. The most trusted statesman of to-day is the man of largest, soundest, quickest business judgment. Even now, the legislative orator is chiefly valuable for his skill in explaining to popular apprehension the bearings of reports, in which hard-working committees condense the results of statistical tables and the testimony of practical men. Is the time distant when the dilatory and expensive system of filtering the experience of farmers, mechanics, operatives, through the meshes of legal quibbles will resolve itself into some simpler mode of calling together in council the industrialists of the land? By common consent, all civilized states are coming to acknowledge—the most civilized the first—that the one problem of politics, strictly so called, is, in our day, the *Organization of Industry*. He is a superfluous legislator who cannot throw some light upon that question. And it rapidly becomes more evident, that, if the theorists of the nations cannot answer the Sphinx's riddle, "Why does the poverty of the masses grow with the accumulation of riches by the few?" the People themselves will practically solve it, by a re-distribution of landed property, and a new sliding-scale of wages, graduated according to labor and skill as well as capital, and, above all, a system of equitable commerce, whereby the mere gobetween will not absorb both the worker's gains and the consumer's means, while adulterating the article of transfer. Many most pregnant lessons of wisdom has this era been teaching, to those who will listen, by its failures and frauds, monopolies and repudiations, its men made cheap and bread made dear, its iron-limbed, fire-fed monsters battling with the muscles and nerves of hungry human beings, its laborers underbid by each other in the market for a master, its children privileged to toil for starving parents who seek in vain for honest employment. And among these lessons stands this, as Alpha and Omega of social prudence, that man is more than a money-making machine, and, though bound to nature by his physical frame, he is yet more bound to his race by kindly affections, and to the spiritual world by reason and conscience. Yes! the *final word* of Political Economy is that the law of "Supply and Demand" is a delusive guide, even a devilish incantation, unless fulfilled and interpreted by the two central laws of Humanity and of Heaven, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,"—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and mind, and strength."

Once more I ask, are these facts which we have been considering? Does Liberalism confess its lack of reverence, and Legitimacy long for chiefs in usefulness worthy of honor, and Political Economy with shame acknowledge its tendency to human debasement? It may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that no sign is so evident, in the political world, as the fast-awakening consciousness, that a nation is something far holier than has been vulgarly thought by historians and statesmen, that it is not an accidental aggregation but a corporate whole, that its very essence is moral, that duties yet more than interests belong to it, that, while it has a body, it has also a will, which will must be informed by the Divine Spirit, and guided to Providential ends, or, to sum up all meanings in a single name, that a Nation is a Man. Yet more does the reality begin to appear before the intelligence of the age, in all its awful beauty, that every Nation is but an organ of the Grand Man of Humanity, which is placed upon this earth to become a representative, yes!—with humble, but aspiring, trust be it said—even an incarnation of the Divine Being! Political Economy, Legitimacy, Liberalism, are alike looking upward from mere material relations to those which are human and superhuman. Thoughtful observers are convinced that old controversies need never be renewed, that revolution and destruction have done their work, that construction is the mission of the times. The desires is for something truer to the whole nature of man—to his physical, moral, spiritual affections and relations—than can be obtained by suffrage, however universal, or monarchy however paternal, or trade however protected or free, even a *Reorganization of Society according to the laws of Divine Order*.

[The Gospel of To-day.]



# THE UNIVERCELUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

G. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1848.

## EXISTING EVILS, THEIR CAUSE AND CURE.

THERE has been a world of beauty in Broadway, this morning, and a world of brightness from above shone upon it, with a smile of blessing, and of joy; so I went on, rejoicing in the beauty, and the brightness, forgetting, for the moment, that all could not enjoy them. But I was forcibly reminded of this fact, as I came in contact with a cluster of street-sweepers—young girls, from ten to fourteen years old, who were contending angrily for a certain position, which was supposed to be more productive than could be found elsewhere. Their brooms were converted into weapons of offense and defense; and for a few moments a liberal distribution of mud was allotted to every passer-by; while, at the same time, they reviled each other, in the most vulgar and profane terms, which corresponded well with their outer aspect; for each one of them was literally a mass of filth and rags. I looked at them with the involuntary thought, are these, also, human? Do they embody the ultimate design of an All-Wise Creator? and are they the children of a civilized Christian land, living here, among us, in all the light of the Nineteenth Century?

As these questions were vibrating in my thoughts, a delicate and very beautiful young lady passed along, and the group separated to let her go by. She gathered up the folds of her dress, lest it should be dabbled with the filth; and, at the same time, she seemed to shrink with the loathing of a sensitive and pure mind, at the sight of what is disgusting and obscene. She had evidently been cared for all her life, with the greatest tenderness. The winds were never allowed to visit that fair brow too roughly. Her moral and intellectual powers had been successfully developed. Her wants were anticipated. No language but that of love and kindness had ever been addressed to her—nothing but what is beautiful, and pure, and good, had ever been permitted to approach her. And the result was, that she was gentle and loving, and pure, and beautiful, and true. But the question was forced upon me, what if she had been born in some poor Irish shanty, or had been abandoned in earliest infancy, by an unnatural mother, to the cold hospitality of the world—or had been reared by parents still more monstrous and unnatural, amid drunkenness, filth, and obscenity? Would she have been anywise different from these? And then came back the answer—mortifying as it was, and yet, encouraging—since it shows the absolute unity of the human family, and that the *false* is the unnatural, so it cannot be made a law, and, therefore must be temporary: without a doubt this beautiful and pure young lady, under the same influences, would have been in all respects like as they are. In these, then, by the same analogy must have existed latent elements of all the gentleness, the delicacy, the tenderness, the devotion, and the purity of woman; but either wholly inert, or, worse, wholly misdirected and perverted. I regret now that word *wholly* has escaped me; for it is too much in the spirit of the world's faith—or rather unbelief. We, good reformers, who are mindful of what we seek, find none that are *entirely* bad. There is always to be found, by those who diligently search for good, a ray of moral light, or truth, or beauty, even in the most depraved, revealing that link in the chain of being, which connects the Divine Mind with the lowest, the most unfortunate of His children. And these poor creatures are not to be blamed, because they are vulgar, and licentious, and profane—no more than because they are hungry, and their clothes are ragged, and their skins dirty; for good moral example and teaching could no more be found in their miserable attics and cellars, than wholesome food, and tidy garments, and pure water. And now, as I look at them more closely, I can see an expression of discontent—of strange and vacant wonder, as if at the present distribution of things; and their large wild eyes look out from the tangled meshes of their

shadowing hair, with a longing earnestness, as if, in the face of all experience, they had faith, yet, that some good—a little good—would come—even to them. The expression was infinitely touching; and as I continued gazing on the poor little creatures, my whole soul dissolved within me.

How quickly they were sensible of the interest I felt; for the perceptions of these wretched itinerants are, necessarily, educated; and while they were again clamorous for charity, or their sweeping fees, for they had been, for a moment, hushed—one of them looked up, with the largest, bluest, saddest eyes I ever saw, holding out her little hand with a silent gesture of entreaty. There was something so beautiful in the act, so gentle, so imploring, and at the same time so sweetly confident of help, that my heart was filled with a strange and pleasing wonder, and I forgot to reply to her demand, but stood gazing earnestly into the depths of those uplifted eyes. There was nothing wrong there. They were clear, and deep, as the living wells of Truth—but, oh, how sorrowful! she returned my gaze by a look that seemed struggling to utter, in a single moment, all the brokenness of that little suffering heart; and then the lids fell with a sweet and modest expression, and the long fringes rested upon a cheek, which I could see through the spatters of mud was pale as marble. I whispered to her, as I placed in her hand a shilling, asking: "Where is your home, my little girl?" "Home?" she repeated, in a voice that seemed the concentrated melody of sorrow, "indeed I don't know!" It was the saddest voice of a child I ever heard; and the saddest sight I ever saw, was the poor little desolate creature weeping—the tears carrying the mud in stripes down her pale face—and unfeeling boys, and ladies, too, laughing jocosely at her appearance, as they went by. But I knew there was a story in those beautiful eyes; and I have arranged to hear it—and *then*—but I make no promises.

The condition of these poor children was nowise a matter of choice. Had they been permitted, they would have chosen quite different things. But the unnatural and cruel necessity is forced upon them; and then, in addition to all the necessary evils of their condition, they are to be punished for results, for which they cannot righteously be held accountable. But since they are weaker than necessity, which is made the great law of their being, they must yield to it. They may resist it with what force they will; but there it stands, forever before them, with its wild haggard eyes, and its strong fleshless arms, at once enforcing its laws, and demanding its penalties. Did any one of us who have been reared with the light, and the blessings, of love, and intelligence, and refinement around us, did we ever think what it is to be born, and nurtured, so?—we, who have been so tenderly cared for—we, who have been so carefully trained—we, who have been, as it were, shut out from the very thought and knowledge of wrong? Imagine what it would be to wrangle like famished wolves, for a miserable crust—to breathe the foul atmosphere of a drunkard's den—to be frightened to our sleep by hideous curses—while even our most sacred lullaby was interwrought with oaths! to see nothing that is gentle and kind, to know nothing that is good and pure, until, in our simple misery, we wonder what such a bitter thing as life can possibly be given for!

I was roused from these reflections, by the striking of a neighboring clock; and then I perceived that the shadow of old Trinity was cast, cold and comfortless, over the poor shivering children of poverty and crime. The church, then, was partially depriving them of what it never gave—because it is a free boon of Nature—the light and warmth of Heaven—and giving, instead, a chilling gloom. As I looked, I perceived the true solution of the difficulty; for how should such hopeless suffering—such mental and moral waste, be found within the very shadow of a church—and that, too, one of the most richly endowed in the land, if it is, indeed, as it assumes to be, an embodiment of the divine principle, Religion, which is, in itself, an antidote to all human ills? And how can its far radiations be sanative if its immediate ministry fails to heal? It is time that these questions should be asked. It is time that their answers should be understood and felt. It is quite time the world should see that Church Organization is not Christianity, nor any part of it. Look at the Church, with all its vast resources, and all its



thousand-fold modes of action—its Missionary, Bible, Tract, and numerous benevolent societies; yet, what does it actually do toward making the world happier and better? It does, perhaps, all that it can do, under the circumstances; for it is a cold, inert, dead body, and the vitality—the soul—has long since gone out of it. We will not, then, blame it for its lifelessness—its immobility—since it is already beginning to return to its original elements—but inquire, rather, how it is implicated in the wrongs which we daily see.

The social body, like the natural, has a circulating medium of action and vitality—and this medium is made to consist in money—in wealth—or, in other words, in the means of procuring the necessities of life. Now the laws of health require that there should be an equal distribution of this medium, throughout the whole system; and any interruption of the law produces local irritation, and general derangement. Not only do the parts immediately connected with the difficulty suffer; but, from their sympathetic association with the whole body, each, and every other part, will come to be diseased. Now the Church has done precisely this. It has absorbed a vastly disproportionate amount of money. It holds in its cold iron grasp, an enormous monopoly of wealth and power. It, moreover, encourages and fosters the selfishness of its adherents. It appeals to this, almost wholly, in all that it does. It reasons of its own duty, and that of its favorites, from this point. It *must* cherish selfishness; for it knows that in this, its very foundations are so deeply laid, that it could not exist a single hour, should a uniform principle of Benevolence be brought to bear universal sway. To this end all its doctrines are shaped. To this end all its light-excluding creeds are fashioned. Men are willing enough to hear, and to profit by such doctrines—they are quite willing to come into bondage to such creeds, so long as they set a divine sanction upon all their own unrighteous monopoly of good. The result is, that very large numbers of the human family are left unprovided with any honest means of supporting life—hence, misery, temptation and crime, are multiplied upon the face of the earth, to such a fearful extent, that we have come to think it was ordained to be so; and some of us gravely talk of God, as having ordered it—and of these monstrous evils, as ordinances of Divine Providence. It is a gross slander upon our Heavenly Father, to suppose that he ever intended that such a state of things should be permanently established—or that they should exist at all, otherwise than as marking transitions from one stage of progress to another.

But, to return to the Church. What is the burden of its teachings, as exhibited by our pattern Orthodoxy? Repent—and be saved; get religion—not because religion is, in itself, intrinsically beautiful and good, not because Truth is a natural and necessary aliment of the soul; but because you will be damned if you do not. It is by enforcing this principle it draws the pittance from the hard hand of the laboring man—it wrenches her “two mites” from the poor half-famished widow—and extracts goodly tithes, and fat legacies, from the plethoric millionaire. This is done by the Christian Protestant Church; and precisely its counterpart is found among Roman Catholics and Pagans—all of whom address the principle of fear—making that the medium of impression. Prompted by this, the poor Catholic inflicts upon himself the most cruel penance—seeking to purchase redemption, either with stripes or money. This it is which immolates the Hindoo widow on the funeral-pile of her husband—which gathers prostrate victims in the track of Juggernaut, and which prompts various heathen nations to worship the Devil. It is a conciliation of the Powers of Wrath—not the free homage of Love, spontaneously flowing forth toward what is lovely. And has the principle any greater dignity here than there? Is it any less revolting, because it shows in the strong light of civilization and refinement? One would think it an unjustifiable waste of benevolence, that leads us to cross oceans, with enormous sacrifices of money and of life, in our holy zeal to Christianize the world, when our own strongest and highest orthodoxy can hold out to the proselyte no more exalted motive, than the simplest and most benighted Pagan may find for himself, without any of our help.

By this constant appeal to the selfish propensity in man, the

evil is fostered, and it very naturally radiates from religion to secular matters—hence oppression, covetousness, and extortion, with all their kindred enormities.

The foundation principle of Christianity, “Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you,” has become, to all intents and purposes, a dead letter; and, like the great basis of human rights in our Declaration of Independence, it is practically set down as a rhetorical flourish—as very beautiful in theory—a most lovely poetic conception, but wholly inadequate to bear any practical application whatever. Yet this great body is honorable—all honorable, and so honorable that there is nothing even respectable out of it. And what does it make the measure of its judgment, when it pronounces its wholesale doom on offenders? *OPINIONS.* It asks not what a man *does*, but what he *thinks*. It claims the right to choose for us our opinions, to sway our thoughts, and to mold our belief. It would confine our souls per force within its dark and prison-like creeds, and that too without any regard to primitive size or after growth, or the peculiarities and proper requirements of the individual; and if we should outgrow our narrow limits by ever so little, it frowns upon us—and if we should reject the smallest of its dogmas, it straightway begins to utter its terrible thunders of excommunication; and if we continue obstinate, it will as far as possible stamp us with disgrace and shame. And so it eats, and drinks, and puts on its clothes, day by day, making itself comfortable—and watching always that its own supplies shall be of the richest and the finest, closing, meanwhile, every avenue of light, so that a new thought or a new truth may not enter the world; or if such a celestial wanderer should stray, or be sent here, it must forthwith be extinguished or expelled.

It was no fable that of Prometheus. When man first stretched his hand upward, demanding the light and the fire of Heaven, the Church perceived the act and arrested it, together with its results which would be antagonistic to itself; and in the plenitude of its power it bound the offender, chaining him to the side of the bare perpendicular rock; then sent forth its spiritual vultures: and for ages they have been plucking out the victim's vitals, and gorging themselves upon his fatness. But behold, the herculean Liberator, distributive Justice, draweth nigh. The east is brightening even now, with the promise of that day when the Prometheus shall be unbound—and restored to the full possession of himself—all that he is—and all that he may become.

The day of PASSIVE BELIEF—the day of CREEDS, has gone by, and the time for ACTION—intelligent, direct, and concerted action, has arrived. Not opinions, but deeds shall henceforth be the great test of character—not faith alone, but action shall be the true measure of the man. The vast monopolies of wealth and power now concentrated in the Church must be distributed; and there are tendencies to this even now. The poor man is beginning to feel that his paramount duty is not to cast the pittance he has reserved from his scanty income, into the swollen coffers of the Church, but to ameliorate his own condition, to elevate himself and his family as far as possible in the scale of being—a work in which his ghostly Mother never gave him the least help. He feels too, that he is a MAN, and this thought, alone is omnipotent; and whenever it can be incorporated with the life and character, it is in itself sufficient for all things. Let us then begin to inoculate men with this self-elevating principle, which through all these eighteen centuries has been so shamefully neglected; and in order that the work may have assured success, let us begin to ameliorate the circumstances unfavorable to its introduction. This may look to many of us like a heavy and discouraging—nay, an impossible work; but nevertheless it must be accomplished, for Progress is the great sovereign of life, and her chariot wheels never rotate backwards. By the simplest processes all the vast outlay which now goes to the support of religious organizations, will be diverted into other channels. Our churches will ultimately become halls of science, where the long neglected, the poor, and the miserable, may gather by hundreds, and the true Bread of Life shall be broken in their midst; and the living waters of Truth shall flow freely forth to all. So shall the world be redeemed from its gross bondage. Ignorance and wrong will finally disappear, for nothing can successfully be the antagonist of God.



## CHILDISH THINGS.

WE have been solicited to consult "Horne," "Butler," and other "Authorities," that we may be reconverted to supernaturalism. Do our brethren know that *authority* belongs to childhood, and that when we become men we should "put away childish things?" In this, however, we are to discriminate between mere method and the truth itself. The utterance for the infant may be superseded by the experience and ratiocination of the man; but it does not follow that he necessarily "throws away" any truth. If his nature is at all manly, he will seek other confirmation, than mere parental or pedagogical authority; he will ask some better foundation for his religious faith, than the word of a Bishop, that certain inexplicable wonders were sometime wrought; especially if he has discernment enough to discover that the very highest authorities are at variance upon the point at issue.

Since the appearance of an article in several of the religious periodicals on Miracles, (which, by the way, is a mere epitome of Horne's argument,) we have referred to those earlier studies, and see now their inadequacy to meet the wants of a well developed mind. As in all questions, where authority is made paramount to the invariable teachings of Nature, there are numerous contradictory speculations, claiming equal veneration, upon the subject of which that article treats. While the writer, as well as the authority he so obsequiously copies, asserts that "Miracles are effects contrary to the established constitution of things," others, as learned and pious as they, take a very different view. Indeed, Horne himself makes admissions inconsistent with such an idea; for he says, "we call the uncommon event a miracle, *merely* because it is uncommon. We acknowledge, however, that both, (the common and uncommon,) are produced by God." Another author equally orthodox, remarks, that, "if the course of nature implies the whole order of events which God has ordained for the government of the world, it includes both his ordinary and extraordinary dispensations, and among them miracles may have their place, as an inseparable part of the universal plan. This is equally consistent with sound philosophy and pure religion." [Ency. Relig. Knowl., Art. Mir.]

No less a man than Bp. Butler, who wrote a book, a century since, to prove Christianity consistent with Nature, takes the rational ground, that men's "notions of what is *natural* will be enlarged in proportion to their greater knowledge of the works of God, and the dispensations of his providence. Nor is there any absurdity," he continues, "in supposing, that there may be beings in the universe whose capacities and knowledge and views may be so extensive, as that *the whole Christian dispensation may appear to them to be NATURAL*, i. e. analogous or conformable to God's dealings with other parts of creation; *as natural as the known visible course of things appears to us.*"

We quote these sayings, not because the truths they contain are any better for having been penned by learned men; but to show what dependence may be placed on human authority. It is time we had done with these childish things. If there is any thing good in Christianity, it may be found by all. It will be as readily seen by the lover of Nature as by the votary of superstition; and much more sincere and cheerful will be the *practical* devotion of the former. You believe in all the supernatural, the "Authorities" have claimed for your religion! Very well. Does this make you more charitable to the faults and errors of your fellow men; and cause you to labor with a purer zeal for the instruction, reconciliation and permanent well-being of mankind? Brethren, there is a world of disunity, injustice and disconsolation, which requires the manful work of the Reformer; do not let us entertain ourselves longer with the childish toys of creeds and rudimental forms. "Let us go on to perfection," and whether the child, a dozen, or "a hundred years old," will still prate of supernatural conversions to a supernatural religion, or, inconsistently, cleave to the one while he denies the other; be ours the task to develop the Love and the Wisdom of the race; and, leaving smaller matters to those qualified for their care, let us strive to realize that growth and excellence of knowledge and of grace, which have constituted the true ideal of all systems.

J. K. I.

## THE MODE OF THE DIVINE EXISTENCE.

MUCH abhorrence, real or assumed, has lately been expressed at the idea presented by Mr. Davis, that the Deity, as an all-pervading, Intelligent Essence, inheres in the material Universe, as the human soul inheres in its body—and that the laws of Nature are expressive of the Thoughts or Will of the Divine Mind, in like manner as the motions and configurations of the human body are expressive of the thoughts or will of its inherent soul. This idea has not escaped the charge of "Pantheism," or even of "Atheism"—preferred, it is true, for the most part by those whose prejudices disqualify them for a calm and rational consideration of the subject. The same idea essentially, however, is presented in the following extract from a lecture on Astronomy recently delivered in this city by Prof. Nichol, and reported in the Tribune. We call special attention to the last paragraph. The italicising is our own:

"I shall venture no farther amid these immensities. I shall not mock your imaginations by proposing to conduct them to still higher regions, away from the contemplation of the separate clusters up to the Universe as an aggregate, in which each stupendous group is only an individual. I shall not speak of these as related even like the single stars, or of the awful motions and careers which must spring out of such relationship; but retiring at once from grandeurs it is not yet given to the human eye to contemplate, and from heights too dizzy for the firmest reason, let me conclude with one remark on a question that profoundly interests us all. Looking at these mighty motions occupying the infinitudes of space and apparently carrying on the great Universe through a course of majestic and ever varying developments, one cannot resist the inquiry, what are the forces that shape and sustain them? I do not mean the more technical definition of these forces, but what is their relation to the Divine Mind? What true notion indeed have we of force in itself? When we speak of the power or force of gravitation, for instance, what is it that we really mean? Has the word a distinct idea attached to it, or do we merely deceive and confuse ourselves by a phrase? We use the word power to express something that upholds an order, but on a close analysis of the material Universe we do not find aught existing there beyond simple sequence. Events follow each other in a regular order, and beyond this the Universe itself informs us of nothing. We cannot, however, get rid of the feeling that this order must be supported by something corresponding to an action of power or force, and therefore we feel impelled to inquire still more closely, whence we obtain our idea of power? Now it appears that this conception is obtained wholly from our experience of our mental actions. It is in fact synonymous with our conception of a free spiritual act, and therefore it seems necessary in order that the Universe be comprehensible, that we recognize Deity not merely as the Creator but as the ever present Preserver, Sustainer and efficient Cause of all phenomena.

"This then, awful though it is, is the true, ultimate, scientific idea of the Divine Omnipresence. *Law* is not even the Almighty's minister; the order of the material world however close and firm is not merely the Almighty's ordinance. *The forces if so we name them, which express that order, are not powers which he has evoked from the silences, and to whose guardianship he has entrusted all things that so he himself might repose.* No! above, below and around them is God, there his universal presence speaking to finite creations through finite forms a language which only the living heart can understand. *In the rain and sunshine, in the soft zephyr, in the cloud, the torrent, and the thunder, in the bursting blossoms and the fading branch, in the revolving season, and the rolling star, there is the Infinite Essence and the mystic development of his Will.* [Great and continued applause.]"

It is some consolation that this most sublime, exalted, and rational of all conceptions of the Deity, which sectarians, offended at the disparaging contrast which it presents to their own contracted creeds, have denounced and called by all manner of hard names—is received by an intelligent and scientific audience with "great and continued applause." If the same thing in substance, however, had been presented in a more clear and philosophic light, by the Poughkeepsie seer, it might have been differently



received: for to many in these days, the truth is of but little consequence unless it comes through a *medium* which suits their fancies on prejudices.

W. F.

### A REPLY.

If our friend of the "HARBINGER" will but be patient, he will in due time discover our "thought," in relation to a re-organization of society, in the general course which the Univercoelum will pursue. We must, however, be permitted to be our own judges as to what it is best for us to do at present. If we should feel disposed to make some little effort toward removing the fetid and festering carcass of a false theology, which the "HARBINGER" knows, as well as we, is the most formidable of all obstructions lying in the path of human progress, why should the editors of that paper object? We believe that the ultimate objects had in view by the two papers, do not essentially differ; but if in our efforts to accomplish those objects, we moved in precisely the same sphere with the "HARBINGER," one of the two papers would obviously be useless. We are willing that the "HARBINGER" shall pursue its own course; and convinced as we are that that course is in the main a *true* one, and that in its peculiar sphere the paper is *much needed*, we are even glad that its course differs somewhat from our own. We will say once for all, that although we shall endeavor to regard all true teachers with a respect corresponding to their actual merits, it forms no part of our object to establish a *man*, but a *principle*. We hope that such is the case with the "HARBINGER," notwithstanding the apparent spirit of a remark in the last week's number, in relation to the fact that we happened to place the names of two *mere men* in juxtaposition. We bid the "HARBINGER" God speed in its labors for Reform: we expect the same encouraging word from it—and however widely our respective spheres of action may now appear to be separated, we believe that as they both expand, they will mutually approximate, and finally commingle and form a oneness. So far as the positions occupied by the two papers are true ones, such *must* be the ultimate result.

W. F.

### A CHARGE REFUTED.

MR. DAVIS has frequently been charged with compiling, and even plagiarizing, the third part of his work, the "Voice to Mankind," from the writings of Charles Fourier. To these and other like charges we have not replied, considering that if Mr. D.'s book possesses not inherent vitality sufficient to *sustain itself* against the misrepresentations of its adversaries, it can be of no great use to the world, and may as well be suffered to go down. In respect to the alleged plagiarism or compilation from Fourier, however, we deem it not improper here to introduce the following from the "Harbinger" of the 5th inst., written in reply to the inquiries of a correspondent. The editors of the "Harbinger," be it remembered, are devoted disciples of Fourier, and are thoroughly acquainted with his writings. They say:

"We cheerfully reply to our unknown correspondent, that no portion of Mr. DAVIS's work is a compilation from Fourier. The 'Voice to Mankind' undoubtedly contains thoughts and expressions which remind the reader of some of Fourier's statements; but it is no more a compilation from any of his writings, than the 'Paradise Lost' is a compilation from the Old Testament."

W. F.

### PRINCIPLES OF NATURE.

Under this head the reader will find a translation from "Keller's Catholicon," a rare and philosophical work of a Swiss divine, who suffered great persecution from the Jesuits, at Fryburg, in Switzerland.

We might interpose an objection to some of the details of its philosophy, but this we will not do. As we have no arbitrary system to defend, we deem it unnecessary to accompany it with any further qualification. The article is written in a pleasing and forcible style, and notwithstanding its length, will be read with interest by all.

S. B. B.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received a kind letter from a venerable Friend who resides in Philadelphia. The society of which our brother is a member, has ever been distinguished for an amiable and catholic spirit, for freedom of thought, and a disposition to permit and exercise great liberty in matters of faith and opinion. No sect has a more peaceable and rational religion than the Friends. We extract the following from the letter:

"ESTEEMED FRIEND:—I should be sorry to burthen thee, supposing that the communications addressed to thee are many. Notwithstanding this may be the case, I possess a desire to inform thee how highly I prize our Bro. DAVIS's Book of Revelations. *I esteem it above all price.* I do believe that those Revelations will ultimately prove to be one of the greatest blessings ever conferred on the human race—a glorious development of many mysteries that have been hidden from the formation of the earth. A light has arisen that never can be extinguished by all the arts and the utmost power of its opposers. "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good-will to men." I have no doubt that Jesus which was and is called Christ, was a medium whereby the Divine Mind was communicated to the Jews in that day. Nevertheless, they as a nation rejected him, and most ignobly treated him even unto death. And I believe that our Bro. DAVIS is also a medium through which communications from the Spirit-World are made unto the inhabitants of the earth, whereby the souls of thousands will exceedingly rejoice. And I fear that he, too, will be ignobly treated and persecuted by his opposers; yet I hope that he will be divinely supported, that he may maintain his ground against all gainsayers, for his Revelations have no parallel on this earth.

"As respects the Univercoelum, I rejoice that it has been commenced by a band of brothers fully qualified to accomplish their praise-worthy undertaking. Brethren, faint not, go on your way, for your reward is with you.

"The Society of Friends, termed Hicksites, I believe have, as a body, entirely rejected the doctrine of the atonement and vicarious sacrifice as derogatory to the attributes of the Deity, and wholly irrational.

"I am in the seventy-sixth year of my age. Thou art at liberty to make any use of this communication thou mayest think proper.

With due respect,

J. C."

AN esteemed clergyman in Zanesville, Ohio, is becoming interested in the new philosophy. He is not afraid of the "Councils," as will appear from the following extract from a letter recently received:

"The community here is awake on this great, this mighty subject. I look for its ultimate triumph. For myself, I feel every day more and more engaged; and I hesitate not to make known the source of my gratification, nor do I shrink from its defense. I have not as yet seen *one decent* review of the Revelations. I have read more than a dozen abusive criticisms, and piecemeal misrepresentations; but a candid, honest review, I have yet to see. Do the Universalist editors expect to gain any thing by the spirit of religious intolerance and denunciation? They are sadly mistaken if they do; and they may not learn their mistake until it is too late!

Sincerely yours,

G. T. F."

Will Dr. Lee, of Hartford, Conn. discourse somewhat to our readers? We have also an intelligent medical friend at Castleton, New York, from whom we expect some token of remembrance.

REV. P. PHILLES will please act as Agent for the Univercoelum. We comply with the request to forward the paper. Will our brother report progress?

LIZZIE, thine are pleasant thoughts. Thou art numbered with those whose ministry is one of gentleness and love.

"THE TEST OF TRUTH," by J. B. W. is received and shall have a place soon.



MARMADUKE, in the expression of his thoughts, employs rhyme at the expense of reason. The "Hymn of Life" was well intended, but it is not poetry. We give the first stanza:

"Thou kindler of the flame of life  
Who made the mind to soar,  
Wing'd with these fleet and mighty thoughts  
That time and space explore;  
To Thee this buoyant thrilling soul,  
Eternal Sire, we owe,  
With all of excellence or joy  
The Soul can feel or know."

S. B. B.

### THE CEDAR AND THE ROSE.

A tall Cedar stood in a high place. His roots had penetrated deep into the mountain, while the morning cloud rested among his branches. He lifted his proud head far above the neighboring trees and was filled with conscious pride, as he measured his own greatness by the dwarfed shrubs at his feet.

A wild Rose grew near the cedar—and the pale flower besought the tree, saying: "Shelter me, I pray thee from the Tempest when his dark wing is spread upon the mountain, for I am frail and weak."

"And who art thou," replied the Cedar "that I should heed thy prayer? Thou hast truly said, I am frail and weak, for thou art too small and worthless to merit my regard. I have a loftier mission than to watch over a thing so mean and contemptible as thou art. Thou shalt perish, and none will miss thee."

As he spake, the mountain trembled beneath the footsteps of the Tempest. The Cedar spread his arms for a moment in defiance—there was a fearful shock—and then—a sudden crash! as the glory of Lebanon bowed his head to the earth. And the winds as they went on their way sighed mournfully through his branches, as if breathing a low requiem for the fallen.

The Rose meekly bowed as the rude winds went by, and when all was silent it lifted its head unharmed, and spread its leaves to the morning light. The gentle breezes murmured in low spiritual cadences, and as they passed along, a sweet spirit went out from the flower and was borne away on the wings of the zephyrs. At evening the grateful rose offered incense to the winds, because it was spared. As the traveler went that way he blessed the modest flower, and turning away from the prostrate Cedar, a still, small voice broke on the silence of the night air, saying "Every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." S. B. B.

### MENDELSSOHN SOLEMNITY.

On Saturday evening, the untimely and lamented death of this distinguished composer was solemnized by a grand musical entertainment, given by the entire profession of this city.

The occasion of his demise has caused a gloom to pervade the community of music, which will not soon be forgotten.

At the appointed hour Castle Garden was filled with a dense congregation, numbering between nine and ten thousand: the hum of many whisperings gradually subsided into a dread silence, and our reflections at the time were most impressive; ten thousand human beings congregated in one apartment, in breathless anticipation; at this moment, the delicate mingling of sweet sounds were perceptible: one melancholy strain succeeded another, gradually increasing in strength, and finally swelling into a deep, profound, and overpowering harmony. It was the "Marcia Funebre" of Beethoven. The spirits of both composers seemed to preside, while inspiration touched the instruments of music.

The selections for the evening were in every way appropriate to the occasion, and all engaged appeared to have but one feeling in this offering to the memory of Mendelssohn.

The "Closing Chorale" was given with an effect approaching to sublimity, and the united voices of some hundred singers, with the wild music of the stringed and wind instruments, impressed us with feelings which cannot be described.

Mr. George Loder directed the performance, and among the female talent, were Mrs. E. Loder, Mad. Otto, Miss Northall, Mrs. Horn, and Miss De Luce. We cannot conceive of a more just tribute to real greatness, than this united and harmonious demonstration of respect by the musical fraternity. H. J. H.

### Poetry.

(Written for the Univercælum and Spiritual Philosopher.)

### THE CHICKADEE'S SONG.

BY JENNY LEE.

ON its downy wing, the snow,  
Hovering, flyeth to and fro—  
And the merry school boy's shout,  
Rich with joy, is ringing out—  
So we gather, in our glee,  
To the snow-drifts—Chickadee!

Poets sing, in measures bold,  
Of the glorious gods of old,  
And the nectar that they quaffed,  
When their jeweled goblets laughed!  
But the snow-cups best love we,  
Gemmed with sunbeams—Chickadee!

They who choose, abroad may go,  
Where the Southern waters flow,  
And the flowers are never sere  
In the garland of the year;  
But we love the breezes free  
Of our North-Land—Chickadee!

To the cottage yard we fly,  
With its old trees waving high;  
And the little ones peep out,  
Just to know what we're about;  
For they dearly love to see  
Birds in winter—Chickadee!

Every little feathered form  
Has a nest of mosses warm;  
There our Heavenly Father's eye  
Looketh on us from the sky;  
And He knoweth where we be—  
And He heareth—Chickadee!

There we sit the whole night long,  
Dreaming that a spirit-song  
Whispereth in the silent snow;  
For it has a voice we know;  
And it weaves our drapery,  
Soft as ermine—Chickadee!

All the strong winds, as they fly,  
Rock us with their lullaby—  
Rock us till the shadowy night  
Spreads her downy wings in flight—  
Then we hasten, fresh and free,  
To the snow-fields—Chickadee!

Where our harvest sparkles bright  
In the pleasant morning light:  
Every little feathery flake  
Will a choice confection make—  
Each globule a nectary be,  
Filled with honey—Chickadee!

So we never know a fear  
In this season cold and drear;  
For to us a share will fall  
Of the love that blesseth all—  
And our Father's smile we see,  
On the snow-crust—Chickadee!

To S. W. T.

Why do we listen thus in vain,  
To hear thy well remembered voice?  
Speak, but a word from thy "Domain,"  
And bid our waiting hearts rejoice.  
The memory of thee and Thine—  
Of sunny skies and fragrant flowers—  
Thoughts and deeds of the SUMMER TIME,  
Are cherished in these wintry hours.

S. B. B.

One small spot  
Where the tired mind may rest—and call it Home—  
There is a magic in that little word—  
It is a mystic circle, that surrounds,  
Comforts and blessings, never known beyond  
The hallowed limit.



(Written for the Univercelum and Spiritual Philosopher.)

## WINTER.

SAY not that the earth is dreary,  
When have flown the summer hours;  
Or that the bright and beautiful  
Have faded with the flowers.

Say not that sighing Autumn winds,  
Breathe but of death and doom;  
Or that the tones of wintry blast,  
Are requiems of the tomb.

'Tis true we love the Spring-time,  
And the zephyr's sweet, low sigh,  
We love the garland's summer wreaths,  
And a sunny, laughing sky.

We love the dark boughs waving,  
By a silvery, murmuring stream,  
Where the bright-winged birds are singing,  
And the sunlight's flashes gleam.

But why complain of dreariness?  
Still earth is bright and gay—  
Though the gentle, beauteous flower-queen  
Has wandered far away.

What though the woodland's music,  
For awhile is hushed and still,  
Or in icy chains is sleeping now,  
The rippling, gliding rill?

Hath not the robe of Winter,  
Hues as bright, and glad, and warm,  
As the rainbow hues that Summer flings  
Around her graceful form?

When the snow-king's shroud is resting  
Over hill and silent glen;  
Why should it in its cold embrace,  
Enwrap the souls of men?

The human heart should rest not,  
As the wings of time sweep by;  
But glow beneath the sunbeams smile,  
Or the clouds of Winter's sky.

Go thou, who mourn'st for loveliness,  
Fled far away to roam,  
Till welcomed by the Spring-time's call,  
Back to its sunny home.

Go forth, on wings of mercy,  
Where the wintry winds sweep chill;  
To the poor man's lowly cottage,  
And his heart with gladness fill.

Reclaim the erring wanderer,  
From paths of vice and sin;  
Bring peace to still the passions dark,  
That rage and burn within.

Go comfort thou the spirit,  
Shadowed o'er by griefs and fears,  
And cause to weep for happiness,  
Eyes long unused to tears.

Then, shall the heavens smile gladly,  
And look with pleasure down,  
And light with beams of cheerfulness,  
The coldest wintry frown.

Thou'lt mourn not then the Spring-time,  
Or the Summer sun and flowers,  
But hail with joy and thankfulness,  
The Winter's darkest hours.

New York, Jan. 1848.

G. L.

## THE LAUGH OF A CHILD.

BY JANE.

On! Music's sweet magic may charm the sad heart,  
Soothe the captive of care, and bid sorrow depart!  
But my heart throbs an echo to accents more mild,  
As I listen with joy to the laugh of a child.

Though I oft visit Nature, her scenes to admire,  
And my breast her sweet songsters with gratitude fire,  
Not the vale of their home, with its harmony wild,  
Can with praise fill my heart like the laugh of a child.

## Miscellaneous Department.

FROM THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

## JESUS AND THE POOR.\*

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

BUT let us pass to another scene, which may have some pleasing contrasts between the Guilty Power that robs, and robs by law, and the Poverty and Toil that must be robbed and bear it. Away from the dark alley, and behold a scene whose luxury mocks the Leper's rags to scorn.—There was a night—a dark, cold, winter night—when a round-faced, good-humored Bank Director sate in his comfortable parlor, counting the gains he has won by the failure of his Bank.

Observe the bland smile that undulates over the corpulent gentleman's face, as he sits in his luxuriously furnished parlor, with his oysters and his coffee, and his wines and his terrapin soup, spread out before him. The delicious influence of the terrapin and champagne pervades his rotund visage and imparts its soul to his eyes.

Tell me; can you believe, that this man retired on a handsome fortune last week in consequence of the failure of a Bank? Is this a mystery to you?

He is the President of the Broken Bank. That sentence makes plain many remarkable things.

While he is sitting there—smiling as the President of a Broken Bank only can smile—lo! there is a faint knock at the door.

"Come in!"

And yon half-clad man, with hollow eyes and sunken cheeks, enters. He enters, a picture of heart-broken famine and despair that has lost its last clutch on Hope. He stands trembling by the Rich Bank President's table. In a faint voice, he asks, whether there is a chance of the Broken Bank paying its debts; "for," he exclaims in that hollow voice—made husky by famine—"for you see, sir, last summer I deposited all the money I had in the world in that Bank—Six hundred dollars, sir—I worked for that money in summer's heat and winter's cold—and now, sir, oh now"—he pauses for a moment as if to gather his feelings under his control, while the amiable Bank President is finishing his terrapin soup—"and now, sir—oh now—my wife has died of want more than disease—my daughter lies on her death-bed, and I have not a crust of bread to give her—not a drop of medicine to still a single death-pain!"

The Bank President looks up from his comfortable supper:

"My dear fellow, what's all this about? Your wife dead—your daughter sick—can I help it? You deposited your little trifle of six hundred dollars in our Bank—that was bad—decidedly! For the Bank is broke! You'll never get one cent of your money!"

The Mechanic stands there, with downcast eyes—thinking of his dead wife—his dying child.

"O sir, I have no bread—no wood"—he begins, raising his hands, tremulously—

"Well?"

—These Broken Bank Directors are so terse.—

"Won't you—won't you—lend me one dollar?"

"Sorry my dear fellow—very sorry! But I can't do it! I must buy a piano for my dear little daughter—and my wife has been teasing me for a seventy-five dollar shawl!"

He might have said that it was necessary to subscribe some hundred dollars to the Missionary Society, and some hundreds more to put down the Pope of Rome.

With these calm words, the Bank President rises; stands with his hands in his pockets in front of that fire; stands there jingling the gold in his pockets. Fine music for the Mechanic's ears!

At this moment, look there, and your heart will freeze with awe, as you behold the awful change passing over the Mechanic's face. His eye glares, the veins writhe on his face—his lip quivers with a horrible smile; he is no longer a plead-

\* Continued from page 176.



ing Beggar, but a Madman, boiling over with a sense of his wrongs.

The want of bread, the thought of his dead wife, his daughter dying yonder in that lonely room, without a drop of medicine, or crust of bread—these are not pleasant thoughts. Do you wonder that they have driven him mad?

He approaches the Bank President: that good-humored man starts back with some horror painted on his glowing face.

There is danger in the Madman's eye. You hear that husky voice:

"You rob me of the sweat of my brow—the blood of my soul! But look you, proud Pharisee, I will carry my cause to a higher court—yes, yes, I will carry my cause up THERE! And there—my dead wife on one hand—my starved daughter on the other—I will meet you and plead my cause, with a judge that cannot be bribed with all your gold! I—I—the robbed, the wronged, the starving, as I am, summons you to meet me yonder at the bar of God, at daybreak to-morrow!"

When the Bank President awoke from his fright, the Maniac was gone.

The sequel of this story is not without interest.

The next morning, just before the break of day, that jovial Bank Director, while returning from a merry Christmas party, even as he lolled on the soft cushions of his carriage, was stricken with an apoplectic fit; crushed into a dumb mass, that had neither voice nor ear. He was carried by his liveried footman toward yonder small frame house; up the dark stairs, into a miserable room, lighted by the lamp held in the watchman's hands. An hour or more elapsed while he lay in a state between life and death—but at last, tearing his broadcloth coat with his gouty hands—foaming at the mouth, he tottered on his feet, and gazed around.

Can you guess the nature of the sight that then burst upon his eyes?

There—in the full light of the watchman's lamp—lay a man of some forty-five years, his head resting against a chair—his arms flung stiffly by his side. It was the Mechanic, the red light pouring over his livid face, over his bleeding throat, severed from ear to ear in one red gash.

There—far back in the room, stretched on a tattered bed, lay the form of the dead girl.

Gaze upon that young face—so beautiful even in death, and remember—she died of starvation.

For a moment—a single moment only—the Bank President gazed upon this scene, and then fell—like a mass of lead—down on that uncarpeted floor.

Had he heard and obeyed the Summons? Had he gone yonder to meet his victim?

The Good and Merciful God has flung between our eyes and the Shadow of Eternity an awful veil.—Did we believe in the Heathen Creed which preaches an endless Hell, and has a Gibbet for its Gospel, we might follow up to Judgment the Soul of the Bank President.

We might behold the long train of orphans who follow his soul, with curses, to the Bar of Almighty Justice.—There, while the pale Suicide stalks before him, blasting his sight with a spectacle of speechless woe, we might see the guilty wretch crouch and tremble in the presence of his God.

We might see that long train of Widows and Orphans, women and little children, pour burning lead on his soul with their story of wrong, starvation, and death.

But we are not called to follow him beyond the grave. The sight before us preaches a lesson worth all the terrors of a creed-begotten Hell. This room, with miserable furniture and naked walls. The single light upon the chair, trembling as it contends with the light of the day, breaking through the narrow window. The Mechanic with the red gash across his throat; the dead girl, and, in presence of these victims, the Bank Director, rotund and sleek in form, with his red face deepening into purple, as the first sunbeam streams upon his cold eyeballs.

You may say that this picture is overdrawn. Did you ever, on a dreary winter's day, toward sunset, when the sky was leaden and the air bitter as Iceland, stroll through the crowd

who gathered in front of the Broken Bank? Did you note that widow in faded black—a little child clutching her right hand—who turned to the closed doors, and besought from goodly men that pittance which was wood—bread—life to her? The rude Laborer by her side, in his working-dress, silently clutching his fists, as he wondered to himself whether that Bank—meaning the building, not the Thieves within it—*would burn*? Did you ever go through a crowd like this, see the vacant apathy of crushing desolation on their faces, hear their various ejaculations—their murmurs to each other—and then, after your heart was chilled by their overwhelming misery, did you ever see, from yonder side-door, the Bank Directors, so sleek, rotund, and cosy, come smiling forth, like men who had been praying with their God, and knew no sin?

Have you witnessed scenes like these, and yet hug to your heart one doubt that the Justice of God—that awful Justice, governed by the eternal law of Cause and Effect—sometimes overtakes the Robber of the Poor? That the voice of these wronged Masses of the Large City, sometimes calls a sudden Vengeance down upon the head of Crowned Wealth? Who shall estimate the wrongs of the Poor in the Large City—who refuse to acknowledge and reverence the Bolt that comes suddenly upon the Wronger's Head?

Oh, many times have I imagined that FACE gazing upon the City, at dead of night, surveying at once its luxury and starvation, its gilded crime and naked wretchedness!—The voice of the Widow, starving in her desolate home—the voice of the Orphan, crouching in the cold, clutching for bread—the voice of Starvation and Nakedness and Disease, goes up, even now, to God!

Do you not hear those voices—speaking even now from Fairmount—from Moyamensing—from Kensington—from the heart of the City, from dark courts where disease rankles and festers and kills? Do you not hear those awful voices, asking not for wealth—not even for comfort—but—O, God of Mercy! can this be true, in enlightened, Protestant Philadelphia?—asking for a rag to cover their nakedness—asking for bread?

Would you believe, my friends, that even now—while I write these words, in the silence of my room—yonder in a dark hut—yonder, a mother and her three children lie down in misery too horrible to tell, prostrate with a rankling disease. Neglected, forgotten, there alone they crouch at this hour, and no hand brings the cup of water, or the crust of bread to their lips.

Would you believe that there are hundreds starving around you—starving to-night—breasting, in sullen agony, the Fate which every winter brings to the Poor of this Large City—would you believe that a picture as horrible as the one I am about to print upon your hearts, can have its origin in sober, serious matter-of-fact Truth?

Look yonder! Is it not a magnificent festival that flashes along the wide hall, with its pillars, its draperies, its columns? Ah! it is a gay scene! Elegantly dressed men and beautiful women swaying gently along the bounding floor, while the music of a full band bursts upon your ears. Ah! it is a beautiful scene; and this world is not so bad, after all. Who talks of misery and rags in Philadelphia, while these rich wines flow like water, these satins glisten, and these jewels flash from panting bosoms?

But hold; let me tell you a Romance connected with this ball-room: yes, a Romance of a Shirt: and, mark ye, those who may laugh at the title of this Romance may pray God to forgive them for it, ere I have done.

Let me tell you, then, the Romance of a Shirt. Yes, that elegant shirt, clothing the bosom of yonder gay, good humored man—his pleasant face grows pleasanter with genial champagne—in the ball-room: let me tell you the Romance of this Shirt. You smile: it is indeed a laughable thing—to look upon that Shirt; and remember that every stitch has been drenched with a widow's tears—every thread along its carefully wrought surface has been baptized with the sighs of a breaking heart: that Candle, held in the Skeleton Hand of Poverty, has lighted the White Slave and shone on her hot eyeballs, as she listened to the moans of a child for bread, and worked on, at the Shirt, sixteen



weary hours; and all for—just enough to “keep body and soul together.”

Come with me now through this spacious street, flashing with a thousand lights; the Theater glaring here, and the Rum Palace there: let us at once dive into the recesses of yonder darkened court.

Into this old house, with rags and straw stuffed in the window panes—up the dark stairs, that creak beneath our tread—into this lonely room.

Ah! there is not much of Romance in this scene.

A lonely woman, clad in faded attire, sitting there by a flaring light, working away, with hot eyeballs and feverish hands, at the very Shirt which you have seen in yonder ball-room!

Thus she has toiled for twelve long hours: and now, while her orphan children are lying there, moaning in their hungry sleep, there sits the Mother, without bread or fire, toiling on with hot eyeballs and trembling fingers—toiling on all day and all the night for this tremendous sum—a single ELEVEN-PENNY BIT! Twelve and a half cents for one long winter's day of hunger, toil, and cold—laughable, is it not?

And that flaring light glares in her face—shows the shrunken outlines—the eyes unnaturally large and dark—the under lip quivering, and quivering, as the poor Widow tries to choke down the deep agony mounting to her throat.

This faded woman once dwelt amid scenes of comfort—luxury. She never dreamed that the lot of the poor Child of Toil would be hers; never for a moment thought that the splendid mansion would dwindle into a dark, cold room; the dazzling chandelier into this flickering candle; the light of a husband's smile into this gloom of hopeless Toil; the warm, happy forms of Childhood into those starved and ragged things in yonder corner!—The husband died suddenly; his estate was insolvent: and now the story is clear. What claim has the Widow upon the tenderness of Society? Poor—she must toil, and toil for the task-master, who chooses to reap his profit—that is the word—from the loss of her health, the nakedness of her children.

An isolated case? Cherish the idea, if it saves you the expense of a blush. But still the Fact festers on the forehead of your barbarous City Civilization. *There are at least Ten Thousand poor and virtuous women in Philadelphia, who, suddenly impoverished by the death of a husband, a father, or a brother, are forced to toil at various occupations for just such a pittance as “WILL KEEP BODY AND SOUL TOGETHER!”*

Who cares for their wrongs? Who demands from stony-faced Society their Rights? There are Missionary Societies for the Heathen of Hindoostan; Anti-Slavery Societies for the Slave of the South; Political Societies for the Manufacture of Presidents: Societies for every thing under the heavens, from the Police of a Market-House up to the Putting Down of a Romish Pope: but, as for the White Slaves of Philadelphia, these virtuous women, who work their nails from their finger's ends—for just enough “to keep body and soul together”—where, oh Philadelphia Philanthropy, is your Society for them? In what vein of your Great Heart beats a throb for them?

There was a stout-souled Man, one MATHEW CAREY—God's blessing bloom upon his grave!—who made a noble effort for these deeply-wronged Daughters of the People: but he is dead, and Philadelphia is too much occupied with the Greeks a thousand miles off to attend to the Greeks dying at its door.

May the FACE shine into my heart, and give me grace to speak plainly of this great wrong. The Capitalists of this Large City, who employ the Labor of Poor Women in their various occupations, in five cases out of ten extort that Labor—that is, so much health, so many tears, so much life—for a sum per day that would not keep a rich man's lap-dog from starving to death. Deny this, prove your denial, and I will love you. But, as the proof now stands before me, these Poor Women of Philadelphia, laboring at various occupations that demand tact and skill, toiling for mere bread, and holding on to the most hopeless form of Toil, rather than accept Shame with Luxury, suffer every moment of their lives a Martyrdom—compared to

which the stake and chain of the Early Christian martyrs are Paradise.

Beautiful Lady, darling of Chestnut street, now floating in the dance in yonder ball-room, can you tell me how much agony was woven up with the threads of that splendid robe which envelops your voluptuous form?

Wear it; and while your bosom pants beneath it, forget if you can your Slave Sister, who toiled sixteen hours a day on this very dress, and now, while you bound in the dance, clutches the pittance in her consumptive hand, and goes to her crust—to her sick Mother—to her desolate home.

Laugh, my gay beauty: it will show the ivory whiteness of your teeth: but remember—a whisper in your ear—to-night your Father is stricken with an apoplectic fit—his wealth wrecked in hopeless Insolvency—and to-morrow you must become the White Slave, make shirts for twelve and a half cents, vests for a quarter of a dollar, dresses like the one you now wear for just enough to buy your bread, or—

Shall I picture the alternative? There is a great deal of Luxury to be had in this Large City for the mere sacrifice of a Woman's virtue.

Could the Dens of Infamy yield up their infernal secrets, it would be discovered that among the miserable throng of Lost and Polluted women may be found one who has sacrificed virtue from depraved inclination; and by the side of that solitary painted thing, one hundred who have bartered Chastity for bread, taken Shame to their burning hearts—rather than live the White Slave, toiling for a crust, and swelling the Capitalist's wealth with their heart-withering Toil.

Where does the Libertine seek his prey? Look through the windows of this store, and see its prim-faced, pious owner gazing calmly on, while the Poor Girl behind the counter—whom he has hired because her mild blue eye and velvet cheek attracts “customers”—while that Poor Girl, as yet stainless, and with her Mother's blessing on her brow, is forced to endure the gloating gaze of the elegantly dressed gentleman, who buys a glove as he seeks to purchase that Innocence and Chastity which a Devil would not dare assail. For enduring the gaze of the well-dressed sensualist—that thing of flushed cheeks and gloating eyes—the Poor Girl receives one dollar and a quarter per week: or, in case her face is very beautiful, her attractions remarkably winning, her Employer adds one, or not more than three dollars to her hire.

This Employer very often calls himself a pious man, and goes regularly to the Communion Table; or if he chances to wear a broad-brim, and disgrace the coat of William Penn by wearing it upon his traffic-eaten heart, he goes to Quaker Meeting, and prates of Morality!—Ah! what does the Wolf of Traffic under the coat of William Penn?

Were I not a believer in the Faith of Peace, I—so the natural impulse burns, and it is hard to keep the blood from tingling in a case like this—I would like to see a hundred such Employers carted through the streets, and labeled on the brow—“*This is the Goodly Man, who hires Virtue and Beauty to attract custom to his Store, and forces Poor Women in the way of Temptation, so that he may make one penny more on the price of a neckerchief or a glove!*”

In the olden time, there were beautiful women, daughters of the Poor, who sat at the feet of the Lord Jesus, and washed the dust away with the baptism of their tears, looking all the while into that FACE which shone its Blessedness and Love into their upraised eyes.

Even now, I see the same serene Face, which smiled upon the Daughters of Palestine—smiled even in the hut of poverty, and smiled forgiveness, even upon the erring Sister, whom Godly men accused. Yes, I behold that Divine Face glide through the Homes of the Large City, and shine upon the Toiling Daughters of the Poor, as in the dead of night they work for the bitter crust, while the flushed cheek and the gasping cough tell that the repose of a quiet grave is very, very near.

How much Genius, how much Beauty, how much Stainless Innocence, is around you—White Slaves of the Great City, toiling on, though the night is cold, the table without bread, the hearth without a coal!—



Pity, my good Aristocratic, Pious People, pity the Poor Girl, who falls! Do not be harsh with her: spare your epithets of scorn! You remember there was a day, when Almighty God demanded the blood of Abel at the hands of Cain. Did you ever read it, in your golden-clasped Bibles?

It was a hideous deed, for Cain to dip his hands in his brother's blood in that young dawn of the world, but—

What manner of deed is it, in this day of Christian light, which you commit, my good Aristocratic, Pious People, when, by your shameless neglect and direct wrong, you force the Poor Girl to sell that which is worth all life—for Bread?

I have not the very largest hope that you will ever read these words, for your time is so much taken up between the Fashionable Church and the Opera, that you have not leisure to read any thing, save a Fashion-plate Magazine, or the Report of the last Ecclesiastical Convention, giving a full account of the newest fashion in Pews and Creeds. But should these words reach one heart, only one—draw one tear for the Wrongs of the White Slaves of Philadelphia—give impulse to one generous deed in their behalf—I will believe in verity that you have seen the Face, and loved its divine eyes.

I have said, that I dared not follow the Divine Face into the Fashionable Church; but, gathering courage as we go on in our task, let us venture there—even there, “where a convenient pew, commanding a full view of the organ, and within hearing of the Rev. Dr. Five-thousand-a-year's most eloquent appeals, is for sale—terms, \$200 cash, or \$1000 in copper stock, at par.”

Warm and golden, the sunlight streamed in through the stained windows of the Fashionable Church. Magnificent columns supported the galleries; a soft rich light prevailed; holy texts were emblazoned, in letters of gold, high over the elegant Pulpit and white marble Communion Table. It was crowded, that Fashionable Church; the same sun which shone on the Jail and the Gibbet, stole softly through the pictured windows, and lighted up that sea of faces, warmed into strong emotion, as the echoes of the Preacher's voice rolled back from the ceiling.

The Preacher—ah me, he was a fine and pleasant-looking man of God, clad in coat of glossy black, with the white cravat encircling his neck, relieving a face, full, round, and plump in outline, enlivened by the glance of two eyes, that now fired with the warmth of devotional feeling, and now glared with just indignation as the terrors of the law were heaped upon the head of the guilty sinner.

There sat, listening to the words of the Preacher, in cushioned pew near the altar, a worthy citizen who exhibited a striking and picturesque appearance. With a form, round and extensive in proportion, clad in glossy broadcloth, the worthy brother Zebulon Branwell presented to the full glare of the afternoon sun, a face round as the full moon, red and florid as the essence of the best brandy could color it, while his large eyes, vacant as Bank promises, rolled wearily to and fro, as with his huge, sensual lips dropped apart, he listened to the words of the Priest.

Every ear drank in the impassioned words of the Preacher; the mass of faces extending along the galleries were all interest and attention, while the crowd, seated in the lordly pews beneath, brilliant with gay costumes and glittering with fashionable attire, seemed to have but one soul, and that was enchained by the eloquence of the man of God.

He spoke of the life of Jesus. He raised his hands with an impassioned gesture, and pointed to the motto glittering above the pulpit—

“HE WAS A MAN OF SORROWS AND ACQUAINTED WITH GRIEF.”

He painted the destitution of the man of Calvary, his poverty, his heritage of scorn. And as the Preacher poured forth the words of his enthusiasm to the air, he glanced over his rich and lordly congregation, the Fashionable Church, and exclaimed with a burst of feeling—

“Who—who was the Man-God, Jesus? Was he rich, was he proud, was he mighty? No—no—no! He dwelt not in the halls of the proud, but shared the crust of bread with the poor man in his hut. He was found in the dens of misery, the tenements of

vice, the habitations of crime, ever intent, day and night, upon the great object of his mission, never swerving from the purpose of his Divine Soul. Pined the sick within the lonely chamber—Jesus was there! Did the felon gnash his teeth within the doomed cell, shaking his chains in impotent rage as he beheld the light of his last day streaming through the grated casement—Jesus was there! Methinks I see him, see him now! Yes—yes, my brethren, his unsullied feet, torn by the roughest flint, his dress, all tattered and faded, covered with the dust of rich men's chariots, his matted beard mingling with his waving hair, his God-like face wearing for ever the Majesty of Heaven upon the brow—I see him—I see Jesus speeding along the high ways of Judea, traversing the sands of the desert, passing through the wilds of Samaria, speaking comfort to the poor, health to the sick, hope to the desolate—life to the dead.”

A tear stood in the eye of Brother Zebulon—a murmur ran through the congregation.

To be concluded in our next.

Love—South, in one of his sermons, says love is the great instrument of nature—the bond and cement of society—the spirit and spring of the universe. Love is such an affection as cannot properly be said to be in the soul, as the soul to be in that, it is the whole man wrapt in one desire.

The firm without pliancy, and the pliant without firmness are vessels without water, and water without vessels.—[Lavater]

There are flowers along the path of the wayward, but there is also a secret thorn that wounds the hand that plucks them. [Brittan]

ARISTOTLE, on being censured for bestowing alms on a bad man, made the following noble reply: “I did not give it to the man; I gave it to humanity.”

An ounce of mirth, with the same degree of grace, will serve God farther than a pound of sadness.

A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify man for usefulness.

Hearts are not steel—and steel is bent—  
Hearts are not flint—and flint is rent.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion. SHAKESPEARE.

How strikingly the course of nature tells,  
By its light heed of human suffering,  
That it was fashioned for a perfect world. WILLIS.

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