

THE UNIVERCELM

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.

THE TEST OF TRUTH.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM,
BY J. B. W.

We are wellnigh bewildered and lost in the mazes of conflicting sectarian opinions. The world is agitated by innumerable, diverse and antagonistic views, respecting those things which are deemed essential to the welfare of man. This is manifestly wrong and unnatural. Unity of purpose and a harmonious action are indispensable in the prosecution of any great and excellent work. Were an association of agriculturists, intending to improve a certain tract of land, it would first be necessary that they entertain correct and similar views, of the means to be employed in order to fertilize the soil. This statement will apply with equal truth to the improvement of the social world, and the culture of the human mind and heart. When the complicated, contradictory and fanatical theories and opinions, concerning the philosophy of human happiness, are exchanged for more correct, rational and universal views, so that mankind may go forward in one harmonious movement to the glorious task of improving their social and moral nature and condition—then, and not till then, will vicious degradation give place to virtuous elevation.

At present, the human family is divided and distracted, and rendered hostile by embracing doctrines which are false in their nature and unholy in their tendency. What one person deems right and conscientiously practices as such, another denounces as wrong. The Catholic regards as duty what the Protestant rejects as improper and irreligious. The Hindoo with an approving conscience bows before the crushing car of Juggernaut, or throws himself upon the flaming pile. The Mussulman clings with tenacity to the precepts of the Koran, and reposes an implicit trust in his illustrious Prophet and teacher. The Chinese venerate the doctrines of Confucius, the Persians those of Zoroaster, while the Christian denies all these as barbarous and uninspired, denounces their originators as merely pagan philosophers, their followers as deluded heathens, and claims a purer light and more rational faith. Each believes himself pursuing the only proper course, points to the superior merits of his own creed, rails at the inconsistency of his neighbor's and asserts the all-powerful argument in his favor, that "reason dictates and conscience concurs."

Nearly every nation has conceived of the existence of a Creator—a great First Cause—but of the mode of this existence, and the nature of his attributes, there are innumerable opinions of the most inconsistent and opposite nature. By the uncivilized world, he is in general, regarded as the god of war, mustering the mighty hosts to action, and with omnipotent hand rolling back the tide of battle. The untutored savage hears his voice in the mysterious moanings of the tempest, and traces the indications of his wrath and displeasure in the famine, the pestilence, the devastating earthquake, and the blasting lightning. By others he is contemplated as a kind and affectionate Parent, "whose tender mercies are over all the works of his hands"—and who is pleased to bestow precious gifts upon his children. With some

the Creator is abstracted from the Universe, and raised to an eminence whence no ray of light divine can shine to enlighten the understandings of men in their humble search for truth. With others he exists as an all-prevailing Intelligent Essence and Positive Power, whose body is Nature and whose will is her immutable laws.

An inward consciousness of the existence of the soul of man, after death, has in all ages been the subject of much speculation. Some state has been conceived of, but as to its nature there is no unity of opinion. By many it is regarded as prolific of the brightest joy or the blackest woe. It is believed that pain and pleasure are held in reserve by the Creator, to be dealt out as eternal rewards and punishments. In order to shun this eternity of wretchedness, and become heirs of immortal glory, the Christian informs you that it is essential for you to believe just as he does. The Mohammedan starts back with abhorrence in view of a faith so inconsistent and dangerous, and would fain snatch you from it as a "brand from the burning."

Thus the destiny of man, and the simple philosophy of human happiness, have been overlooked, and the mind has clothed itself with arbitrary forms of thought, which have checked its growth and rendered its development unnatural. The world, instead of becoming the great field where men have harmoniously labored for the improvement of their spiritual natures, has been the battle-ground where the votaries of doctrines and creeds have met in confused and direct opposition.

And so long as men are rendered enemies, by acknowledging allegiance to the demon of sectarianism, and embracing doctrines diametrically opposite—and all in opposition to the true interests of the world, so long the dire battle of theological warfare will continue, and man be lost to the hopes of a better destiny and the teachings of a higher Wisdom. That precious germ, the human spirit, can never unfold its latent beauties and energies, and rise in lofty and luxuriant growth, so long as it is deposited in a soil unprepared for its reception, and surrounded with influences unfavorable to its development. But how are these obstacles to be overcome? How are the dissimilar views and opinions respecting things essential to the world's peace, to be reconciled? Who is there in possession of sufficient skill to search out a panacea for the moral world? The grand object sought for is Truth. But where is the criterion of judgment? By what process shall we be enabled to determine when the object of our search is attained? That Mohammed was a prophet, and in the immediate favor of Allah, is truth to the Mussulman. That Jesus was the only-begotten son of God and the Saviour of the world, is truth to the Christian. By what authority shall we say which of these is the truthful opinion? Shall we appeal to the Koran, the Bible or the Zend Avesta, as the infallible ordeal by which the intrinsic worth and truthfulness of all creeds and opinions, shall be tried and determined? Alas! these are employed as mere weapons, wielded by the congregated multitudes that have affixed their names to their precepts as believers. These are the very agents of that disunity which we are endeavoring to remedy. Each, by its respective defenders, is made the measure of its own merits. Consequently, these have retarded the progress of truth, disturbed the universal brotherhood, and enlisted man in an eternal warfare with hi

fellow man. The present lamentable condition of society requires a more powerful restorative than it has yet received. It imperatively demands a *universal test of truth*, by which the warring and discordant opinions of sect and party can be tried—their error detected and expunged, and their truth preserved. When this is accomplished, the human race can harmoniously combine in cultivating and improving the extensive fields of the social world.

It was not so much our intention, in the present article, to point out *what* this test of truth may be, or the manner in which it may be discovered, as to exhibit its importance in the work of social and moral reform. We are diffident of our ability to treat of so all-important a subject, but we have a few ideas which we wish to submit to the consideration of the reader.

What, we inquire, is Nature, but that circle of mysterious changes successively transpiring throughout the regions of infinite space, which, as far as philosophical investigation has determined, are governed by unvarying laws? Throughout the infinite variety of forms which matter passes through, it is unexceptionably true that *original types of being produce their own likeness*. In other words, like causes under like circumstances always produce like effects. We cannot too highly appreciate the value of this truth; for this is the basis and sum of all our knowledge. This alone can give clearness and certainty to our investigations. Should the chemist at one time, obtain water from the union of oxygen and hydrogen, at another ammonia, and at another sulphuric acid; or should the botanist, in one case observe the acorn bring forth the oak, in another instance the birch, and in the third the hemlock; then would the influence of this law no longer be recognized, and Nature would present itself to the beholder, as a confused and incomprehensible mass, subject to no uniform principle of motion, and tending to uncertain results. From these considerations it follows that an acquaintance with the cause, and the circumstances under which it acts, will lead us to a knowledge of the effect; and a knowledge of the effect will guide us to an understanding of the cause. The Universe is an effect, or rather the varied forms which matter is continually assuming, are effects of its interior moving Essence. These external forms display perfect wisdom in their order, harmony and adaptation. The Human Spirit is an ultimate. It is possessed of powers capable of infinite expansion. It is an infinity—an internal universe in perfect analogy and correspondence with the external universe. The contemplation of both leads to the conclusion, that an infinitely Intelligent Essence exists and is the Cause of all material and spiritual developments, governing both the universe of Matter and of Mind.

The internal likeness is represented by the external form, and is an index or representation of its Cause—the intelligent moving Principle. The human Spirit, then, is the image of its original type—the ultimate production of an Infinite Cause; and is in all its parts or principles, in perfect correspondence with the material Universe. In order, therefore, to determine “what most we need to know”—what is right and what is wrong—we have but to notice the principles of the mind as manifested through the world of matter. For the sake of perspicuity we will arrange our conceptions of the subject in the following order:

1. Determine the innate desires or principles of the mind.
2. Ascertain the manifestations of these principles, through the material or external Universe.
3. Imitate these manifestations.

This, in our opinion, constitutes the great formula, from which can be deduced all truth of practical importance to the human family.

Let this be the criterion of judgment—the crucible, in which the discordant theories, hypotheses and opinions, which now place man at variance with his neighbor, shall be tested and reduced to their proper estimate.

An example will, perhaps, more forcibly illustrate our mean-

ing. Man possesses the adoring principle, or a desire to worship. How should this be gratified? We will direct our attention to the manifestations of this principle, in the operations of Nature.

From the dew that collects in transparent globules, to the mighty orb that rushes on in its course at the inconceivable rate of sixty eight thousand miles per hour, there is evidenced a perfect order and harmony. All collections of matter, whatever may be their form, manifest, in their perfect obedience to the causes which control them, the most profound adoration and respect. Here then, in the perfect obedience of effect to cause, is exhibited the adoring principle in the world of matter. This mode of worshiping it remains for man to imitate. These unnumbered worlds, that roll on in the most beautiful order and harmony, through the regions of unbounded space, offer up a tribute of prayer and praise to their great and good Director, which should forever be imitated by every member of the human family. It is the true worshiper, who discarding the rude conceptions and arbitrary forms of uncultivated minds, reads in the scroll of the Heavens the purest precepts of theology, and in the operations of Nature, learns lessons of duty toward God and his fellow beings. It is the true Christian who worships his Creator not merely in speech but in *action*; not in arbitrary forms and ceremonials, but in “spirit and truth,” and in obedience to the laws of his being. He who embraces a doctrine which tends to break the golden chain of Universal Brotherhood, or adopts a form of worship contrary to that manifested in the operations of Nature, is certainly not a true Christian.

To these conclusions, our test has led us, respecting the proper form of religious worship. We think it equally applicable in determining the proper method of gratifying every innate desire of the mind. Its language is ever—Imitate Nature! On these grounds only every individual of the human family, can, and will eventually meet. When sectarians become philosophers, the chains of the destroying demon will be dissolved, and the social world will smile in all the resplendent beauty of Eden.

The Philosophy of all things is required.

DEATH AND SLEEP.

TRANSLATED FROM VON KRUMMACHER.

THE Angel of Death and the Angel of Sleep walked over the whole earth, linked in a fraternal embrace. It was evening, and they laid themselves down on a hill overlooking the dwellings of man. A holy quiet prevailed around, and the evening bell had ceased in the neighboring village. Still and silent as is their wont, sat both the beneficent Spirits in a friendly embrace, and the beautiful night drew on. Then the Angel of Sleep raised himself from his mossy couch, and scattered with light hand the invisible grains of slumber; the evening breeze wafted them to the still abodes of the weary husbandmen. Sweet sleep steals over the inhabitants of the village cot, over the old man who leans upon his staff, and over the young child in its cradle. The sick forget their pain, the mourning their sorrows, the poor their cares. All eyes are closed. But now, his employment ended, the benevolent Angel of Sleep turned toward his more serious brother.

“When the morning light appears,” exclaimed he with innocent joy, “men will give thanks to me as a friend and benefactor. Oh, what joy to bestow good in secret and unseen! How happy are we, the invisible messengers of the Good Spirit!”

So spake the friendly Angel of Sleep. The Angel of Death answered with quiet sadness, while tears such as the immortals weep stood in his large dark eyes—“Ah,” said he, “would that I, too, like thee, might receive those joyful thanks! The world calls me its enemy and the destroyer of its gladness.”

“Oh, my brother!” replied the Angel of Sleep, will not the good at their awakening acknowledge thee their friend and benefactor, and gratefully bless thee? are we not brothers, and the messengers of one Father?”

Thus he spake, and the eyes of the Angel of Death gleamed more brightly as he tenderly embraced his brother Spirit.

A Sermon for the Times.

FROM THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

JESUS AND THE POOR.*

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

THE door of the Church turned on its polished hinges, and the sound ran through the Church with a subdued echo. Every face was turned to discover the cause of the sound, and every eye beheld a stranger walking slowly along the richly carpeted aisle.

Tall and majestic in stature, the stranger seemed bending with the touch of premature age, deep wrinkles seamed his countenance, and his hair, all tangled and matted, fell waving to his shoulders, mingling with the curling locks of his dark brown beard. He was clad in coarse apparel, and the dust of the highway whitened the folds of his dingy brown cloak. Coarse shoes, all worn and torn by weary travel, but half-defended his feet, and his extended hand, so fair, so delicate, so woman-like in its outline, grasped a pike-staff, which guided his steps along the aisle.

Poor was the stranger, soiled by the dust of travel, clad in coarse attire, his hair and beard all tangled and matted, his face seamed by premature wrinkles, yet there was a strange expression in his eye, and a calm sublimity of resolution on his broad forehead.

Poor, weary, and neglected, he approached Brother Zebulon. The well-fed and complacent Christian beheld the stranger stride slowly along the aisle.

Was there a pew-door opened at his coming? Did fair forms arise, did kind hands woo the stranger to the cushioned seat? Did smiling faces greet him with looks of sympathy and compassion?

I trow not.

He cast his deep unfathomable eye from side to side, he looked upon the soft face of yonder beauty with a glance of silent entreaty, but the fair one turned away, and the travel-worn stranger strode steadily toward the Altar.

Slim-waisted Exquisite, long-faced Bank Director, the Saint with his smiling visage and the Sinner with his self-satisfied look, all turned away, and still the stranger toiled wearily on. He neared the Altar, he reached the pew-door of Brother Zebulon.

Zebulon turned and gazed upon the stranger, and then turned hastily away. He was so poor, his cloak was so ragged, his entire appearance so destitute, that Zebulon would not think of asking him to the repose of a cushioned seat, and yet there was something in the eye of that strange man that sent a thrill of unknown feeling to the heart of Zebulon, the man of God.

The stranger spoke not, asked not, did not even beckon for the repose of a seat. But his toil-worn face, his dust-covered garments, his look of fatigue and suffering, all spoke for him, in silent voices, more impressive than the thunder shout of the million.

The stranger strode wearily toward the Altar.

A round-paunched Bank Director, who had driven a thousand orphans to suicide and murdered his ten thousands by the paltry subterfuges of reckless speculation, beheld the stranger approach, and refused him a seat in his lordly pew.

"Poor devil! How weary he looks!" hissed a fair-faced Exquisite, whose victim lay in Ronaldson's graveyard, or in the dissecting room—"sorry for him, but I can't give him a seat!"

"Let him go to the poor-bench!" muttered a puffy-faced Editor, whose History was written in the secret records of a

Court for Felons—"I really wonder how such creatures have the assurance to stride into such a Church without leave or license?"

Still the stranger moved slowly on toward the Altar.

"How affecting the Preacher grows!" whispered a calm-visaged man of God—"Indeed, the life of our Saviour must have been very sad, extremely sad—I can hardly keep my eyes clear—indeed?"

Still the stranger strode wearily on. He reached the Altar, he passed within the gate, he flung his toil-worn form upon the pulpit steps.

Another creak of the door, and again every face was turned and every eye beheld the new comer.

"Ah, me, what a handsome man!" whispered a fair damsel, "such fine boots, such superb style, such a coat, such whiskers, and such hair! And what a grace too—what an air—God bless me, pa—do open the pew-door!"

And as the handsome MAN OF THE WORLD came striding along the aisle, with an even and measured gait, every pew-door flew open, old men arose, fair hands beckoned the Dandy to a seat, and mild voices greeted him with the courtesy and complaisance of the Fashionable Church.

He passed along with the easy assurance of a man of the World, he neglected all the offers of politeness, and at last stood before the pew-door of brother Zebulon Branwell.

"Oh—my dear sir—excuse me—pray—ah, indeed—do me the honor to take a seat!"

"Do me the honor!" cried the Editor raising hastily in his pew, with a last letter from his victim protruding from his pocket—"Oh! sir, please be seated!"

"A seat, sir?" cried the calm-faced man of God—"Please be seated!"

"Oh—ah—you do me honor—p-o-s-itive-ly—" hissed the Dandy, twirling his eye-glass and arranging his mustache—"I rather think I'll sit down with the worthy old fellow here!"

Rather shocked at the gentleman's familiar style of address, our friend Zebulon beheld him seated at his side, and was gazing over the flashing array that garnished his well-formed person, when a new burst of eloquence from the Preacher arrested his attention—

"Oh sight most lovely, oh spectacle most sublime!" cried the florid-faced Minister, raising his hands on high—"The friend of the poor, the comforter of the distressed, the hope of the desolate, the life of the dead, by what name shall we style him, by what name shall we know this mighty being, the Saviour of men? Look upon him as he rises before your mental eye, look upon him standing calm and erect amid the filth and squallor of some poor man's hut, look upon him in his tattered robes, his soiled apparel, yet with the might of God-head on his brow, look upon him and view his outstretched hand scattering blessings on the poor, and then think of his name—Jesus the friend of the People—

JESUS THE FRIEND OF THE POOR!"

Stirred by the enthusiasm of the Preacher, Zebulon turned partly aside to note its effect upon his companion, when lo! a strange spectacle meets his vision. The smiling man of the World is gazing upon the Preacher, his arms are folded, and his entire appearance denoting the finished Gentleman. Yet Zebulon shuddered as he beheld him. For notwithstanding the imperturbable smile on his face, there was a strange light in his eye—a sort of wild scorn, flushing over his strongly marked forehead.

Zebulon gazed sidelong; he dared not face the eye of that finished man of the world, for a pale, bluish light—could it have been the reflection of the stained window?—began to play around his forehead, and encircle his dark hair, as with the fangs of fiery snakes.

Zebulon felt his corpulent form grow icy. Look! The stranger's eye is fixed upon the Preacher; it seems to emit livid

jets of unearthly flame; his lip writhes with an infernal scorn. Slowly, like a mist, his gay apparel melts away: the transparent flame whirls round and encircles him—Zebulon started to his feet.

"SATAN!"

How the flaming eyes glared into his face! Zebulon rose, shrieked to the congregation, but they heard him not, and still that horrible presence was there—in his cushioned pew—enveloped in that misty flame—his eyes centred upon the pulpit. Zebulon felt his red visage grow pale.

"Such being the view of his blessed mission on earth—" rung out the loud voice of the Preacher—"who is there in all this crowded, this Christian Church, that would fail to greet the BLESSED ONE with praises and hosannas, should he appear on earth?—nay, is there one in all this throng, that would fail to welcome the Saviour?—should he appear walking along yonder aisle, poor, weary, and forsaken, dust on his garments, care on his brow, is there one but would fall prostrate before him, kissing his feet, and bathing his pathway with tears?"

A hushed murmur ran through the church, and every heart was impressed with the words of the Preacher.

The poor wayfarer, thrown prostrate along the steps of the lordly pulpit, seemed to share in the general impulse of feeling, for his head drooped low, and he veiled his face in his hands.

In an instant Brother Zebulon beheld the stranger rise, he beheld him gliding up the pulpit steps, he saw him confront the sleek Preacher, whose oily face turned pale with sudden fear, he beheld him take the Bible from his grasp, and then a wild murmur spread like lightning through the Church.

The face of the stranger was changing to a face of beaming light, a calm smile stole over his lip, the wrinkles vanished from his cheek and brow, and the might of Godhead looked forth from the desecrated pulpit. Down fell the tattered robe, down fell the torn apparel! The stranger was clad in garments of light!

How that immense congregation rocked to and fro, while the murmur deepened, and eyes dilating with fear were turned toward the Pulpit! A Panic, such as smote the ten thousand faces of Old Sodom on its Last Day, throbbed like a pulse of Death in every heart.

Still the Stranger, veiled in garments of transparent light, stood there—so ineffably calm and beautiful—a Glory playing about his forehead, a God-like Love lighting up his large full eyes!

"COME!" He said in a whisper, and yet it reached every heart as he waved his hands in blessings over their heads. "COME!"

But they came not, these silken People of the Bank and Counter, these darlings of Aristocratic wealth, these images of God so shamefully hidden away in fine apparel, drowned in broadcloth, satins, and gold! That Divine FACE smote their hearts with fear. A cry of horror, one tremulous yell of anguish, rose to the ceiling.

And all the while, in the center of the church, even in Brother Zebulon's pew, stood the Man of the World, that pale bluish light playing about his forehead, upon whose broad surface the veins now stood out like blackened cords, while a lurid fire shot an infernal magnetism from his eyes! He towered aloft, erect—almost sublime in his scorn—surveyed the faces of the Fashionable Church, now filled with fear, and a voice came from his lips:

"A cheerful good-day to ye, my friends—my Christian Friends! I have come from Rome—from Westminster—from Geneva! Believe me—by the Gibbet which so many of our Reverend friends have taken for their Gospel—I never found myself so much at home in my life as *here*! Welcome, good Christian People, followers as ye are of Jesus; faithful Nazarenes of the Nineteenth Century! Your LORD, whom ye profess to love, whom ye do love so well, came faint and travel-worn

along yonder aisle. You knew him not. There was no Pew for him, not even a seat, in all this elegant church! I came; you *knew me*—ha, ha!"

He towered aloft, this Fallen Angel, looking like the Embodied Shape of the Genevan creed, and—they saw it with a shudder—right above them, like a horrible mockery of some night-mare dream, a Phantom Gallows began to blacken into shape.

Still serene, above the Pulpit, stood that Transfigured Form—the FACE shrined in a halo of light—a Love fathomless as Eternity wreathing its lips and shining from its eyes.

"COME!" said the voice, beckoning like a Father to his wayward children, or like a Brother to his brethren and sisters, whose souls were clouded in the mists of merciless Wealth.

"COME!"

Not a footstep stirred; not a form advanced! Nay, the Preacher, with the white cravat and round unctuous face, was seen retreating down the pulpit steps, his appalled eyes centered in that FACE which he had not recognized when it came companioned by a dusty and poverty-stricken form, which now he knew, but knew in trembling fear!

"COME!"

They came—yes, gliding up the aisle and up the pulpit steps; yes, the ragged and hungry Poor, who had been hidden away in the dark corners, or left neglected without the door. They came, here a Widow with wan features and faded apparel; there, an Orphan, imbruted by neglect into a hideous image of precocious crime; and treading at the Orphan's heels, a half-naked Leper, whose fluttering rags could not hide the miserable form, thinned by disease and blotched with his Leprosy!

They came; the Poor, in manifold shames of Want, and the FACE smiled on them and whispered, "COME!"

At last, crouching as he came, a Black Man skulked along the aisle, his rude features glowing as the DIVINE FACE smiled him on! Then, covered with a convict's garb—a rope dangling from his neck—the neglected Felon came, halting every moment as if afraid, and trembling, nearer every moment to the Pulpit where the FACE shone like a Sun.

The congregation murmured with surprise—disgust. That strange group in the Pulpit! That FORM encircled by the haggard forms of Want; rags and leprosy, poverty and despair spreading around it as it shone above the marble pulpit! The contrast was wonderful!

And yet, even as the Rich Congregation looked and hushed their breath, a change as wonderful came over the scene. The FACE shone down upon the poverty and rags, and shone it all away! Shone the suffering from the Widow's face, the crime from the Orphan's eyes; shone into nothingness the rags and wo, and baptized every forehead with its unbounded rays! The rude Black Man's face grew fair and beautiful; even the Felon, consigned by Godly men to the Gibbet, felt the rope drop from his neck and his convict rags fade away. For there was POWER in the FACE.

—And all the while, far back in yonder corner, behold the Preacher, frightened at the Love of that FACE, and trying to defend his eyes from its light, by surrounding himself with a barricade of sound Theological Works. He builds the walls with frantic haste. How the musty old volumes come from their hiding places, and help to raise that barrier between the Preacher and the light of the divine FACE. Rare books these: every form of creed, from Calvin's Institutes down to Dr. Cheever's last letter in favor of the Gallows; rare books, and in the Preacher's hands they raise a formidable wall, an iron barrier, against the light of those Divine Eyes.

Look, my friends: the Man of the World, even that blasted form, veiled in bluish flame, beholds the PREACHER's nervous haste, and comes gliding over the People's heads to aid him in his frantic work. They build the wall together—the FACE frightens them—high and higher, piling Theology and Metaphysics

on each other, and filling the small apertures with Tracts in favor of the Gallows.

The work is done. The Preacher, built up among creeds, had shut himself out from the light of the Face. But look—did you see that ray gleaming from the Divine Eye, gleaming even through the barrier, and shooting its sudden fire into the Preacher's heart?

"Lord, Lord!" he shrieks with a frantic joy, as he tramples the musty volumes under foot, and feels the tears rain from his eyes: "Lord, at last I know thee, and do not fear!"

Then, rising above the Pulpit, his form floating on waves of golden air, appears THE STRANGER, his brow bathed in light, his eyes of deep unfathomable beauty shining Love in every heart, while the voice from his lips breaks like music from the Throne of Eternity—

"THE SPIRIT OF JEHOVAH IS UPON ME, TO PREACH GOOD TIDINGS TO THE POOR!"

How like a mist before the morning breeze the whole scene rushes from our view!

Brother Zebulon passed his hands over his eyes; he looked around! There was the gorgeous church, glittering with fashion and beauty; there the crowded pews, packed with the forms of wealth; and in the Pulpit, calm and erect, no fear on his brow, stood the Preacher, the sunset ray upon his brow, all godliness centered in his round unctuous visage.

"Brother Branwell," whispered a Bank Director, who occupied the next pew, "you missed the best part of the sermon; you've been sleeping; a sad fault in church, Brother Branwell!"

The apathetic wonder impressed on Brother Branwell's face was too ridiculous to be witnessed without laughter.

"What! what!" he gasped. "Hasn't there been no poor Pilgrims here? Didn't our Preacher build a wall of books in yonder corner? Wasn't the Dev—that is, a singular Satanic personage—here in my pew? Hey? You don't mean to say, Brother—"

The Bank Director laughed all over his face.

"You've been dreaming! Bad in the afternoon, after a heavy dinner. And you missed the best part of the sermon; such a cut as our Preacher gave these anti-Gallows men. You should a' heard him speak o' Stephen Girard, and—but I see they are going to sing the last hymn—the Infidels."

"Let us unite in praise!" exclaimed the Preacher, standing erect in the light of the setting sun. "Let us sing to the praise of God in the following beautiful and appropriate hymn:

'Ashamed of Jesus! can it be!

Ashamed, dear Lord, of thee!"—

They sang the hymn, and, mellow and heavenly, that burst from a full choir filled the Fashionable Temple. But Brother Branwell could not sing; his red round face was very pale; wherever he turned, he saw—not the complacent congregation, singing the hymn, but the forms of his dream, the Face, and it rung for ever in his ears that divine chant—

"The Spirit of Jehovah is upon me, to preach good tidings to the Poor."

The hymn died away. The revery into which Brother Branwell had fallen was suddenly broken by the voice of the Preacher.

"It is our purpose to hold a series of Religious Meetings in this church during the ensuing week, with lectures from our pious Brethren of the Orthodox clergy. To-morrow night I will lecture on the Divine authority for Punishment by Death, with an examination of the sublime structure of that part of the Mosaic Dispensation which says, 'An Eye for an Eye, a Tooth for a Tooth.' Tuesday night, the Rev. Dr. Bomb will lecture; subject: 'The Reforms of the present day only a cloak for Infidelity.' Wednesday, Rev. Dr. McTwist will entertain you with one of his sound discourses; subject: 'The Poor, and how to

put him down! Thursday, our esteemed and Rev. Dr. Blowhard will deliver an Essay on 'THE CAUSE OF MISSIONS; with suggestions in favor of the appropriation of \$100,000 for the Conversion of the present Anti-Christ, the Pope of Rome! Friday, our venerable Brother, Dr. Greek Particle, from the Theological Institute at —, will lecture; subject: 'THE ORTHODOX IDEA OF HELL MAINTAINED, with copious references to the original Greek and Hebrew! I, myself, my brethren, will close the series with a lecture on Saturday night; subject: 'GIRARD AND HIS INFIDEL COLLEGE.'"

Brother Branwell heard it all; and even as the Preacher spoke, saw, or fancied he saw, written above the Pulpit in characters of light, those words of deathless music:

"The Spirit of Jehovah is upon me, to Preach good tidings to the Poor."

Turn where he might, even as the the Church poured its Fashion and Beauty along the aisles, and its Wealth flared out into the street, he saw those burning Words; and a Voice whispered that all this Wealth was Crime; this Fashion and Beauty a mockery in the sight of God, combined as it was in a Theology that remembered every thing, held every thing sacred, save—

JESUS AND THE POOR!

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WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,
BY NELSON BROWN.

THE elements of a true faith, and of a true philosophy of ethics, may be found in every human heart, especially in its normal and uncorrupted state. Perhaps I should say the perceptions and responses of truth, the beautiful and the good may be found there. Error and superstition, and a *religio, pseudo* philosophy may, and often do, seize upon these innate elements and ignite them with strange fires, and enlist them in unholy causes and strifes. These elements may be crushed down by a hardening course of wickedness, or be perverted to the most selfish ends, and the veriest creed-worship.

Did man thoughtfully and calmly look into his own soul more, and into creed-books less; did he look out upon the broad world of humanity more frequently, and with a more candid, lenient spirit, and deplore less the ruin of souls; but on the contrary, endeavor to seek out and remedy the great evils of society, he would be better prepared for the practical duties of life, and would better deserve the name of philanthropist or heavenly messenger.

But alas! the common theology of the age suggests and urges a very different course. It cries in thunder tones, and with burning words of horror, that the world with all its yearning souls, lies under the anathema and the curse of Heaven! It says that human nature in its normal state is utterly worthless and depraved, bearing the black seal and mark of a destroying demon. Hence, it is said—the cause of so much moral evil in the world, Of course, then, the heart is unfeeling, the soul is in ruins, and destitute of sympathy for man. But do we find it thus? Nay, this utterance of creed philosophy is a libel upon man, and dishonors the author of the Soul. Go to the climes of the fiercest barbarism—to the very heart of savage life; go to the lands of everlasting snows—to the burning desert—the Edens of perpetual bloom; go mingle with Greenlanders, and Hindoos and Ethiopians, and you need not watch long to discover that even among these are moral feelings, immortal yearnings, heart affections, and perceptions of the good, the beautiful and the true, however their souls may be darkened by superstition, or corroded by evil.

For one, I account not for the moral darkness, the evils and the miseries of the world as many wise theologians and cynical philosophers do. The world is bad enough—evil and wretched enough. That is, the world of human bodies, hearts and souls—

The greater wonder to me is, however, that it should be no worse, when I consider the iron reign of false philosophy and false theology, and the crushing, hardening influence of the gigantic social evils, which fester and sear the very heart of society. But enough of this at present. After all, the inner soul has in some degree escaped a total thralldom and a complete depravity.

The Apostle Paul seemed to recognize a great truth when he says that, when the "Gentiles which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these having not the law, are a law unto themselves; which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their consciences bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another." Jesus Christ emphatically declared that there is a "light"—a peculiar spiritual light, we may suppose—that "lighteneth every man that cometh into the world." Now how are we to understand these declarations, unless there are, innately in the human soul, elements of good—of sympathy and truth—perceptions of moral light from a higher and a heavenly sphere.

I cannot help believing, that there is an *inner vision* which can perceive an inner light. The law of God—or call it what we may—this law, written by the finger of Deity upon the heathen as well as upon the Christian heart, has been of incalculable good to the world, as little as it has been heeded. Had man never been endowed with a religious or moral nature, the world then might have been peopled with tribes of demons—and then, of course, the dogma of total depravity of soul would be a lamentable truth!

As before remarked, we can discover many redeeming principles in the hearts of those of the most barbarous nations. We find even there, master spirits, sages and moral philosophers. That light which lighteth every man in some degree, has in a great number of instances of a marked character, so softened down the asperities of the heart—so controlled the mad workings of self and sense—so aroused and trained the conscience—so awakened the spiritual nature—that great and good men, or comparatively so, have risen up in all ages of the world, and even under the most adverse circumstances. Astonishing phenomena and developments of mind have been witnessed from time to time among all nations, and in all ages. Thus was it in reference to Confucius of China, Plato and Socrates of Greece, the Magi of Persia, Seneca and the Plinys of Rome; and if we endorse Thomas Carlyle's views in his "Heroes and hero worship," even Mahomet himself was, in some degree, guided, in the first stage of his career, by an interior light. And while I mention Carlyle, I would recommend his works to all who admire bold thoughts and vigorous style. Antique to some extent he is, but no matter.

These lights of the Ages taught many noble truths—beautiful though not perfect principles of ethics; their theories of God, of human nature, of moral duty and of immortality, were elevated and sublime; their philosophy of human happiness rational, and in the main correct. It may not be generally known that in one of the "Kings," or sacred books of Confucius, we find the Golden Rule of the Gospel itself—even expressed in almost the same language as in the Evangelists. I stop not here to speculate about this. Let wiser heads account for it.

But here I must close—the subject at some future time may be resumed.

THE MIND.—Exercise is necessary to the proper development of the mind. All the faculties become strong and vigorous by being suitably employed. This is an organic law of the mind, and it operates as invariably as those that relate to the body. As exercise is necessary to the perfection of our powers, whether of body or mind, so it is likewise the secret of success in every enterprise. Obedience to this law is ever rewarded with physical strength and intellectual energy, and every violation is punished with bodily weakness and mental imbecility.

[Brittan's Discourses.]

There is not so much glory in never falling, as in rising every time we fall.—[Goldsmith.]

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,

THE ENTERPRISES OF THE AGE.

AMONG the peculiarities which tend to signalize the favored age in which we live, its philanthropic enterprises constitute one of the most prominent as they do one of the most pleasing features. Each of these is grand and gratifying; and the whole combined are, to the mind which relies upon the advent of a bright day of relief to the oppressed, a most cheering augury of the better state of things which the future holds in reserve. Each of these benevolent movements is grand—but there is one which is to me pre-eminently grand, and transcendently sublime! It is that which aims to substitute universal harmony, (where now almost universally prevails discord,) in the feelings, the interests, and the labors of men; to crush the baleful spirit of bigotry and sectarianism, which for centuries upon centuries, has contributed so powerfully to thwart the beneficent efforts of a kindly Nature to produce a happy family of our race; which aims to effect the universal adoption, *in practice*, of the divine attribute of reciprocal and distributive JUSTICE; to bring about that change in the state of society, which will make it the happiness of every man to feel that he has an interest in every other man; to substitute for the prevalent gross and depressing materialism, a truthful and mind-elevating spiritualism, and thus open to man on earth the true kingdom of heaven; which aims at the emancipation of mind and the emancipation of labor; in a word, which seeks the complete emancipation of the whole MAN, from the misery and the injustice which he has been doomed to suffer, not through the workings of *Nature's* laws, but through the atrocious inventions of unrighteous and unscrupulous Art. This, this is in my esteem, the grandest, because the most comprehensive, of the philanthropic enterprises of the age, and the one which most excites my admiration and attracts my love. And, as its basis is ever-holy and ever-mighty TRUTH—its spirit and guide the immutable principles of always harmonious Nature—and, as the noble minds engaged in its promotion, are by influences far elevated above all sordid considerations and ambitious aspirations, and are not to be reached by the missiles of misguided or malevolent assailants—having these propitious circumstances in its favor, I feel assured that this, the noblest of Philanthropy's enterprises, must ADVANCE—slowly, it may be, but not the less surely, ADVANCE—till its heaven-born principles shall pervade and govern the whole wide world.

Then, checked the brutal passions' sway,
No more would War's dread note appall,
For Love and Charity would make
The aim of each THE GOOD OF ALL.

Then, hushed would be foul Slander's tongue—
Revenge, reviling, discord, cease—
And, link'd by firm, paternal ties,
Earth's children hail the reign of PEACE.

Then, banish'd all intolerant creeds,
The Christian and the Turk would meet
At the same shrine, and prove how good
That man should man as BROTHER greet.

Then, burst the bonds that now enthrall,
Then, felled the barriers rear'd by pride,
Nor slave would pine, nor poor be shunn'd,
Nor Power oppress, nor Rank divide.

Freed from its fetters then, the Mind
Would own this truth the earth abroad—
That man should judge man's deeds alone,
And leave his conscience to his God.

Earth, long defiled and marr'd by sin,
Would glow with primal beauty then;
And Heaven, in rapture, would behold
A KINDLY BROTHERHOOD OF MEN.

Boston, Feb. 1843.

J. H. D.

WORDS must be fitted to a man's mouth; it was well said of the fellow who was to make a speech for my lord mayor, when he desired to take measure of his lordship's mouth.—[Selden.]

PRUDENT men lock up their motives, letting familiars have a key to their hearts, as to their gardens.—[Shenstone.]

Poetry.

(Written for the Universalist and Spiritual Philosopher.)

A SONG OF WINTER.

BY JENNY LEE.

His gathering mantle of fleecy snow
The Winter-King wrapped around him;
And flashing with ice-wrought gems, below,
Was the regal zone that bound him—
He went abroad in his kingly state,
By the poor man's door—by the palace gate.

Then his minstrel Winds, on either hand,
The music of Frost-days humming,
Flew fast before him, through all the land,
Crying, "Winter—Winter is coming!"
And they sang a song in their deep loud voice,
That made the heart of their king rejoice;

For its spake of strength, and it told of power,
And the mighty will that moved him—
Of all the joys of the fireside hour,
And the gentle hearts that loved him—
Of affections sweetly interwrought
With the play of wit, and the flow of thought.

He has left his home in the starry North,
On a mission high and holy;
And now in his pride he is going forth,
To strengthen the weak and lowly—
While his vigorous breath is on the breeze,
And he lifts up Health from wan Disease.

We bow to his scepter's supreme behest;
He is rough, but never unfeeling;
And a voice comes up from his icy breast,
To our kindness ever appealing—
By the comfortless hut—on the desolate moor—
He is pleading earnestly for the poor,

While deep in his bosom the heart lies warm,
And there the future life he cherisheth—
Ner clinging root, nor seedling form,
Its genial depths embracing, perisheth—
But safely, and tenderly, he will keep
The delicate flower-gems, while they sleep.

The Mountain heard the sounding blast
Of the winds from their wild horn blowing;
And his rough cheek paled as on they passed,
And the river checked his flowing;
Then, with ringing laugh, and echoing shout,
The merry school-boys all came out.

And see them now, as away they go,
With the long bright plane before them,
In its sparkling girdle of silvery snow,
And the blue arch bending o'er them;
While every bright cheek brighter grows—
Blooming with health—our winter rose.

The shrub looked up; and the tree looked down;
For with ice-gems each was crested;
And flashing diamonds lit the crown
That on the old oak rested;
And the forest shone in gorgeous array,
For the Spirits of Winter kept holiday.

So on the joyous skaters fly,
With no thought of a coming sorrow;
For never a brightly beaming eye
Has dreamed of the tears of to-morrow;
Be free, and be happy, then, while ye may—
And rejoice in the blessing of to-day.

M. A. N.

"The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is Spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave; a worm, a god!"

(Written for the Universalist and Spiritual Philosopher.)

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

BY THEODORE H. PRICE.

A tear glistened in his azure eye as he continued—"I wish it was not all a dream. I wish the Angel would come and take me to that beautiful garden."
[Christian Messenger.

By the bedside sat the mother watching while her fair boy slept,
As the balmy breath of evening through the casement softly crept,
On his lips a sweet smile resting, and his hands clasped on his breast,
Calm and beautiful he lay in his soft and dreamless rest.
Sad was that young mother's spirit as she saw the smile of love,
For she knew her boy was dreaming of the better world above;
She knew the Angels hovered o'er him all clothed in radiant light,
Softly whispering to his spirit, of their home so fair and bright.
He awoke, while o'er his features, and upon his fair young brow,
Came a mild and heavenly radiance, as he spoke in accents low,
"Mother, I have seen the Angels! Oh how sweet upon my ear,
Stole the music of their voices, as the shining band drew near.
And One—it was the fairest—came and stood beside my bed—
O I cannot tell, dear Mother, half the pleasant things he said—
Of his blissful home he told me, far beyond the starry sky,
Where the sunlight ever lingers, and the blossoms never die.
'Twas, he said, a beautiful garden filled with fair and blushing
flowers,

Clear and placid little streamlets, and bright amaranthine bowers,
And he told me in that garden dwelt a bright and happy band,
Singing all the day long, Mother, like the birds of our Earth-land.
Making, oh such hallow'd music!—Hark! methinks I hear it now,
Stealing softly on the night air, as it breathes upon my brow.
Many other things he told me, Mother, promising ere long,
He would come and take me with him to that land of light and song—
Then, dear Mother, bending o'er me, while his eye with luster shone,
On my young brow he imprinted one sweet kiss, and then was gone.
How I long to see that garden with its clear and living stream,
Will he come again, dear Mother? oh I wish 'twas not a dream."

Weeks had vanished. That young Mother stood beside the couch
where now

Lay the pale and gentle sufferer, with the death-damp on his brow.
Day by day she watched him fading with a sad and sorrowing heart,
For she knew too soon the blossom, from the parent stem must part.
"Mourn not, O dearest Mother," gently spoke the dying boy—
"Though no more thy breast may pillow me—yet weep the tears of
For in that land of beauty, I will wait thy coming long. [Joy,
And will sing to thee, dear Mother—sing to thee the Angel's song."
A sweet smile illum'd his features; all the ties of earth were riven,
Boy and Angel passed together to their brighter home in Heaven
New York, February, 1848.

THE INWARD POWER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MAHLMANN.

When the gloom is deepest round thee,
When the bonds of grief have bound thee,
And in loneliness and sorrow

By the poisoned springs of life
Thou sittest, yearning for a morrow
That will free thee from the strife,
Look not upward, for above thee
Neither sun nor star is gleaming;
Look not round, for some to love thee;
Put not faith in mortal seeming;
Lightly would they hold and leave thee,
E'en thy friends may all neglect thee;
But in the depths of thine own soul
Descend, and mightier powers unroll—
Energies that long have slumbered
In its trackless depths unnumbered,
Speak the word! the power divinest
Will awake if thou inclinest.

Thou art loved in thine own kingdom;
Rule thyself—thou rulest all!
Smile, when fortune's proud dominion
Roughly touched shall rudely fall.
Be true unto thyself and hear not
Evil thoughts that would enslave thee,
God is in thee! Mortal, fear not;
Trust in Him and he will save thee!

THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1848.

SOCIAL GUARANTY.

THE present unequal arrangements of society, infuse into every department a sense of insecurity and distrust, alike detrimental to individual happiness and public prosperity; to the growth of the social virtues, and even the existence of political and commercial honesty. The evils of trade, the venality of public men and the base impositions everywhere practiced on the uninitiated, are but the natural results of social disorganization. And labor as we may to inculcate principles of morality, and to secure an outward compliance with arbitrary forms of religion, we cannot reach those evils but by removing their *causes*. These lie not in man's "native depravity," nor in a want of formal religion and morality, but in the defects of our social constitution. Neither penal legislation nor patent divinity can effect a cure. Only when society is organized on just and equitable principles, will all, or indeed any of its members, experience perfect security and safety.

However we may attempt to elude an acknowledgment of these organic defects, there will stand up the crying evils to which we have referred; the inequality of condition, which inflicts insufferable misery upon thousands who bear the heaviest burdens of society, as well as the numerous beneficial associations and insurance companies, which have arisen as mere palliatives, suggested by a temporizing policy that dared not to strike at the root of the evil. The existence of these latter prove, that something is needed to obviate the working of that practical falsehood underlying the whole superstructure of our Social System, which denies the unity of the race, and teaches that individual interest may be promoted by injury to the masses. This impression has caused men in different ages to grasp at earthly dominion, and to rear princely palaces, by extorting the last farthing from starving labor, in the form of tithes, taxes, or profits. Yet, in all this greatness, they have felt their insecurity and dependence. Ill paid and despised as the laborer may be, the noble finds him necessary to his existence, and in all his fancied power, is compelled at length to acknowledge the brotherhood. It is indeed more common for the wealthy and great to rely on the security given by insurance, and by voluntary and secret associations, than for the poor—they have not the means to *purchase* any such security.

The misfortunes by flood and fire, and uncontrollable accidents, are of no small moment, and they should be borne by the whole, not by a single individual. The rich under existing institutions, *peril nothing*. Their profits enable them to buy insurance for the property they risk; while the poor sailor, who perils all his capital, his health, his life, and all the hopes of his family, is not enabled to procure the least security. The anxiety of the favored few to protect themselves, shows how much some catholic system of guaranty is needed. In ordinary circumstances the necessity is still more apparent, and more imperative still as we descend to the more destitute, who are less and less likely to receive any other guaranty, than the privilege of an application to *state charity*. The man, who by toil and prudence has accumulated the means of rearing a comfortable shelter for his family, feels how he is exposed to ruin from the destroying element, which in an hour of fancied security may level with the dust. What has cost years of toil and care and sweat to rear, and leave his happy home a mass of smoldering ruins. All are liable to accidents, to sickness, and death. And how lonely and perilous will the voyage of life prove, if we are compelled to go by our-

selves, and feel, that surrounded as we are by living human beings, there are none who are interested in our progress, none who would extend a hand if we were sinking beneath the troubled waves! Should we not be taught, even by a calculating selfishness, if we possessed no higher conception, that the interests of mankind are one and inseparable, and that whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; and whether one member be honored, all are honored? Independent as we may feel in moments of worldly success, the time will come, sooner or later, to us all, when we shall feel it is good to have a more intimate and spiritual union with our fellows, and means of protection against outward evils which society, as now constituted, cannot afford.

Such is the very constitution of our being, that we are compelled to seek happiness and safety in association. It is, hence, of the highest importance that the basis of such association be founded in principles of equity and universal good-will. And yet, pitifully true it is, that all the dangers of flood and fire, and ordinary accident; all the pain and wretchedness attendant on the common occurrences of life and death, are but as a drop in the ocean, to that world of human suffering which springs from unequal legislation. A few hundreds, perhaps thousands, die suddenly, by accidents which are attributable to the elements, in all the civilized world; while sixty thousand on one Green Isle of the ocean, have suffered the unspeakable agonies of a lingering death by *starvation*; that the bread, their sweat had caused the earth to bring forth, might be locked up in the store-house of the Speculator; that the extravagance of some foreign Landlord might not be curtailed, and that the salaries of a State Priesthood might not suffer diminution!

There exists among all classes of men, a feverish anxiety to protect self, not so much from the evils naturally attendant on life, as from the grasping spirit of each other. Looking for safety, not in union, but in hostility, we become isolated, friendless in the midst of our own brethren. Some amass fortunes, yet feel no true security for themselves or children, from the chances of those unprincipled gambling operations known as business speculations and financiering. Others are robbed of all but the privilege of incessant toil to produce property for another, and cultivate another's soil for daily bread; and when sickness or misfortune, or commercial revulsion comes, starvation or legal charity is all that is left them.

In this unholy union we involve more than our individual selves. Our wives and children must be more or less deeply affected by our success or failure. How must the thought thrill that husband's, father's breast, who can but just sustain himself, by the most unwearied efforts, when he reflects that at any moment he may be overtaken by sickness or death, and must leave his family only an inheritance of poverty, ignominy and cold neglect amid a distracted world? How many, even from affluence are hurled to destitution and wretchedness! The evils which men experience in life, are visited with ten-fold force upon their families, if left ere they are prepared to take care of themselves. The widow with her needle may labor incessantly, and yet be unable to furnish for herself and little ones, the common necessities of life; while there will be found those wearing human apparel, made what they are by the workings of a misconceived social state, who will not scruple to take advantage of her very sufferings to exact more work for less pay, because there are other creatures still more destitute; who would gladly receive the employment on any terms. Oh! if there is one sight that can wholly subdue us, and bid tears of sympathy to start, it is that of helpless children, starving for food! while the mother, with the deepest maternal anguish, is striving, vainly striving, to satisfy their cravings; and longs, and prays, and labors, but unsuccessfully, to obtain the "grains of corn" for which they cry.

You may not describe the suffering experienced even in this favored land. In all the larger cities, in almost every manufacturing district, there may be found widows and orphans who

are struggling, not simply with the ills and trials and wants of life, but with the cool calculations of business men, with the shrewdness and management of the Speculator, who dams up the comforts of life that they may not flow to their legitimate destination; the interest of the usurer, who must pocket his "cent per cent" on all they produce, on all they consume; the rent dues of the landlord, whom they must pay for the privilege of *life and labor* on this mundane sphere; while they are surrounded by others who are ever ready to take advantage of their inexperience or necessities to benefit themselves. Numberless little ones are growing up uneducated, unprepared by moral, intellectual or religious culture, to pursue the way of virtue and of happiness; made greedy, selfish and designing, by the very circumstances of their condition, and destined to inflict on society a just retribution, for its wrongs to such as themselves.

Not without design have we thus spoken of the insecurities of the existing social condition. Was there no remedy, common humanity would require that we should be silent, seeking to cover up, rather than expose the deformities, and abstain from lacerating the sensitive bosom, by recitals of sufferings which could not be alleviated. But there is a remedy, unless human governments have attained that station, from which only decay and death are to be apprehended. It may not be found, however, in the nostrums, dealt out by interested politicians, which only affect the *symptoms* of the disease. It must reach the *cause*, and then the effects will cease. Very little will "Bank" or "No Bank," "Protection" or "Free Trade" quackery accomplished toward this great curative reform. Man's rights must be defined and established, his brotherhood recognised and acted from, and then the whole body will be secure. Other means may palliate, may assist so far as they have a bearing upon these fundamental measures; but no partial association, no individual insurance, no secret bond of brotherhood, will remove these acknowledged ills, or answer the demands of that spirit of humanity, that deep desire after universal harmony, which gave birth to those organizations, but of which they are only partial embodiments.

In the anxiety for a guaranty which shall render secure the enterprizes of life, the prosperity of our children, and the protection of law, it should be borne in mind, that this is best effected by distributive Justice. When all are secured in the enjoyment of their rights, and feel that there is an abundance of the necessities and even luxuries of life for every one, men will cease this unnatural warfare; and in the room of preying upon each other's misfortunes, the strong will unite to bear the burdens of the weak, and to shield the unfortunate from suffering. We shall then, at least, be prepared for a systematic organization of labor, and of all efforts for the education and permanent well-being of future generations.

In a subsequent number we shall present the claims of a comprehensive reform, involving questions of abstract rights, a disregard of which, has led to more social disorganization, suffering and depravity, than all other causes of a political nature combined. Meanwhile, let us reflect that a general diffusion of knowledge, of the means of happiness, and of opportunities to pursue agreeable employments, and to form congenial associations are not only the surest, but the only means of giving practical security to the many or the few.

J. K. I.

TRUTH.—The weak and faithless imagine that Truth will languish and expire without the sun-shine of popular favor. But they reason from the frail nature of other plants with which they are better acquainted. They have yet to learn that this contains the elements of its own expansion, and that even the blighting atmosphere of cold indifference and neglect, cannot check its growth. It is not the tender plant that must be kept alive by artificial heat. It is more like the sweet flower that lifts its head and sheds its pure fragrance above the Alpine snows.

S. E. B.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

THE advent of this publication—of a Quarterly devoted to the great interests of Humanity—will make an era in the annals of American Literature; for after all our talk, our stump speeches and Fourth of July orations, for more than half a century about freedom and equality, and the inalienable rights of man, we yet as a people have very loose and vague notions as to what those inalienable rights are. It cannot be denied however, that all this vapid, false as it has for the most part been, is productive of some—nay, of much good, since it has served to keep alive the idea that there *are* such things as liberty and human rights, however much they may have been abused, how far-soever short they may have fallen of their true practical application and end: and along with this has been kept alive, and evermore distinctly developed, a yearning after something not here—a state or condition instinctively felt to be necessary, yet with its outlines so dimly shadowed forth to the masses of men, that they have but an indistinct idea of what they crave. This great want of the age is finely expressed in the motto from Goethe, as well as the design which adorns the title page: "Light! more light!" and a youth, excelsior-like, climbing the steep height with the darkness below, and the clouds above unfolding with ever more beautiful and purer light. This then is the great motto—not of this quarterly, nor indeed of any book of printed pages and paper or leathern cover, whatever may be its cost or name; but of the age itself—"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!" and it shall be carried from mouth to mouth, and from heart to heart, over land, and over sea, until its responding echoes utter themselves in every human soul.

In the spirit of the beautiful and encouraging scripture, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you"—we find that the great volume of darkness which hung with its impenetrable shadows over the deep-vaulted horizon of the past, is furling away, far away, and settling with its dense gloom over the still waters of oblivion, where it shall curtain for ever things doomed to be forgotten. And now the windows of Heaven are as it were, opened to our view, and all the clouds are opalescent with their in-beaming light of truth. The very fact that this is perceived by the projector of such a work, demonstrates not only a fitness for the enterprise, but an absolute call from the embodied Spirit of Humanity, to be its champion and its advocate.

Mr. Burr comes forward with a deep earnestness of purpose—with a great manliness and integrity, which none may question. His step is direct and straightforward, turning not aside for fear or favor; and if some things which have been called sacred, or are still considered as such, be in his path, it is not *his* fault if he tramples them down—it is rather theirs, that they should be there obstructing the progress of Humanity in the person of their champion; and if they will not heed his warning, which utters only the great decree of Humanity itself, that its conditions must be changed—and take themselves out of the way, they must share the fate of all cumberers of the ground. It is not strange that old Conservatism, that has long, by threats of disgrace and starvation, led even Genius in its toils, making the public press a pander of sensuality, should wince and writhe as the echo of his manly tread is sounding through the land—it is not strange that its minions should make ugly faces, and hurl the small weapons of ridicule at one whose proportions must seem monstrous inasmuch as they have no ideal of truth in their own minds, by which to measure him: and so they perceive not the MAN, but with a common fault of more vulgar minds, fall to criticising his garments, because they are not of the true dandy cut and style, usually worn by gentlemen of his position. But let him wear what garments he will, so long as the HEART BENEATH has a great and glorious achievement in view, and a great determination to carry it forward in the face of all hazard, and in defiance of all opposition, shall we be diverted from THAT, to be thinking of the vesture in which he has chosen to appear? The editor is himself a true poet; and however erratic he may be in his humor, in his sincerity he is one, and ever the same; and with such contributors as Lippard, and Greeley, and Stuart, and Mrs. Sigourney, and many

* The Nineteenth Century: a Quarterly Miscellany. Philadelphia: Published by G. B. Zieber & Co.

others who have come, and who will come up to help him, how should he—how should any one doubt of his success?

We should say one word here of George Lippard, author of "Jesus and the Poor," a gem which we have transferred to our own cabinet. Whether he or the world know it or not, he is a true apostle—not made such, indeed, by the laying on of any fleshly hand, whether of Priest, or Bishop, with its solemn mockery of divine right and power, but called and consecrated by the spirit of God within himself, commanding him to lift up his voice, and plead the cause of those who have no utterance for the wrongs that are crushing them—to follow directly in the footsteps of his Divine Master, however widely it may diverge from the beaten track of such as rejoice in the wearing, or in the shadow, of cassock and of band, to impersonate the good Samaritan, though Priest and Levite pass coldly and scornfully on the "other side."

The Editor's Department occupies about fifty pages, mostly reviews. It is sparkling, racy, and agreeable; and what is more, and better, charged to overflowing with love that is yearning with a deep, almost unutterable tenderness, over the mistakes, the sufferings, and the wrongs of his brother man. He has, evidently, brought a true heart, and a strong hand, to the work; and though he appears more frequently *en deshabille* than severe criticism, or perhaps good taste may approve, yet let those who can look no deeper, content themselves with picking flaws in his garments, and turning up their nose at sight of his morning gown, and slippers—content shall we be, if he will but work, where work is so sorely needed, to let him wear his own clothes, in his own way—for we know, by every token, that they are his and no other man's. Let such as use telescopes, only to study the dark spots on the sun's disk, content themselves if they may, with the discovery of small defects—sufficient shall it be for us to see the great glory—the true brother-soul shining through. There is much more might be said of the spirit and character of the work, and its contributors; yet these observations are better made by one's self, by one's own fire-side, where this work will most assuredly find its way. It is a gross libel upon the age, and its whole spirit, to suppose, for one moment, that a sound, healthy publication like this, vital with the great heart-throbs of Nature and Humanity, will not meet with a wide, an unprecedented patronage—all the vapid stale stuff that is called literature to the contrary notwithstanding. We close by transcribing the last paragraph of one of the editorials, "Pulpit politics against America."

"I wish our pulpits could understand this. I wish they would become American in their tone and politics; and see that the great inalienable Rights of Man sit there, somewhat behind all magistrates, and all human laws, and all churches, the eternal gifts of God. Then they will see that power is not right; that it is any man's right to denounce and resist oppression, however firmly established: that any one man has all his rights from God, which no society can touch, or destroy. I remember that the French poet-historian, Lamartine, tells us that 'society is the great truth; and whatever is against society must be false.' Not so, good Lamartine. Rather let us say that MAN IS THE GREAT TRUTH; AND WHATEVER IS AGAINST MAN, WHETHER IT BE SOCIETY, OR SOME OTHER THING, MUST BE FALSE."

There is a text, now, for a thousand sermons; and may the cloven tongues of fire fall upon many, who shall be called to expound its divine truths.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.—It is not amid the scenes of wild excitement, that God is pleased to speak to his children. The Prophet stood upon the trembling Mount until the tempest, the earthquake and the fire had past. He only heard the noise and din of the elements. But when all was still he received the Divine communication. It is when the storm of passion has spent its fury—when the powers from beneath no longer move the soul by an impulse that threatens its destruction. When the destroying flame that has filled the mind with terror and dismay is extinguished, and the elements are all hushed to rest—then, the serene and tranquil Spirit holds communion with God, and there comes "a still small voice" in answer to its silent prayer.

S.B.B.

PRIESTCRAFT IN ROME.

THE Tribune of the 19th inst. contains a long and interesting letter from a lady now sojourning in Rome. The following extract presents a deplorable picture of the superstition of the Italian people, and of the rapacious and supercilious tyranny of the priests. Notwithstanding the beneficent and successful efforts of Pope Pius IX. to improve the political and social condition of his subjects, it would appear from outward indications, such as the extract affords, that a long time must elapse before they can arise from the depressing *mental* servitude to which they have been subjected by priestly rule. The writer speaks of a young man whom she met in a diligence on his way to Rome in obedience to the call of his uncle in that city, who intended to provide him with employment. After speaking of the virtues of this young man as evinced in his sacrifices in behalf of an orphan and destitute boy, she proceeds to relate what occurred on his arrival at Rome as follows:

W.F.

"But the good do not inherit the earth, and, less fortunate than his protegee, Germano on his arrival found his uncle ill of the Roman fever. He came to see me much agitated. 'Can it be, Signorina,' says he, 'that God, who has taken my father and mother, will also take from me the only protector I had left, and just as I arrive in this strange place, too?' After a few days he seemed more tranquil, and told me that, though he had felt as if it would console him and divert his mind to go to some places of entertainment, he had forborne and applied the money to have masses said for his uncle. 'I feel,' he said, 'as if God would help me.' Alas! at that moment the uncle was dying. Poor Germano came next day with a receipt for masses said for the soul of the departed, (his simple faith in these being apparently indestructible,) and amid his tears he said, 'The Fathers were so unkind they were hardly willing to hear me speak a word; they were so afraid I should be a burden to them, I shall never go there again. But the most cruel thing was I offered them a scudo (dollar) to say six masses for the soul of my poor uncle; they would only say five and must have seven baiocchi (cents) more for that.'

"A few days after I happened to go into their church and found it thronged, while a preacher, panting, sweating, leaning half out of the pulpit was exhorting his hearers to 'imitate Christ.' With unspeakable disgust I gazed on this false shepherd of those who had just so failed in their duty to a poor stray lamb. Their church is so rich in ornaments, the seven baiocchi were hardly needed to burnish it."

THE CHRISTIANITY OF THE CHURCH.

SINCE the beginning of the twelfth Century, vast numbers have suffered death at the stake or upon the rack. The quivering flesh has been torn from the bones of the living man! Numerous modes of torture have been invented and put in operation, by those who have claimed to be the ministers of God, and the heartless inquisitor has kept his jubilee amid the dying groans of thousands. Darkness has covered the earth, and gross darkness the people, and corruption with all its withering power has fastened upon the very vitals of the Church. Christianity, downtrodden and despised, has bled at every pore. Her legitimate children have been wandering outcasts upon the shores of time, and the ashes of her martyrs have been scattered to the winds of heaven!

When I pause to consider the iniquity that has been practiced in the name of Jesus; when I look over the history of the Church, and think of the gross abominations committed by the pretended servants of God, I am painfully reminded that the Christian religion has been most deeply wounded in the habitation of its professed friends. This bitter, intolerant and persecuting spirit—the spirit manifested by the corrupt dignitaries of the Church, appears in bold and striking contrast with the mild temper and disposition of Jesus. It is strangely at variance with the holy precepts of that meek and loving Reformer. Indeed, the light and glory of Heaven, and the deep darkness of Pagan Idolatry, are not more widely different than the divine influences of his mission, and the foul sectarian spirit that in his name has labored to desolate the earth.

S.B.B.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

The following paragraph appeared in the last number of the Harbinger:

"ERROR CORRECTED.—We are requested to state that the publication of 'Sketches of Character' in the Univercelum, to which allusion was made in a recent number of the Harbinger, (No. 14, p. 106,) has been *wholly without the knowledge or consent* of the person who was the medium of these spiritual revelations. These sketches, which were intended to be strictly private, have not only been thus unwarrantably presented to the public; but they have been marred by defects in copying or printing, which have seriously impaired their original value."

The Sketches of Character were placed in our hands for publication, by a highly respectable Gentleman who resides in the neighboring city of Brooklyn. We had no previous knowledge of their existence, and the Lady who was the medium of these spiritual impressions, was wholly unknown to us. Our friend had received intelligence of her death, and assured us that we were at liberty to use her name. We had, therefore, no reason to anticipate an objection to the publication of these interesting delineations. As soon as we were made acquainted with the real facts in the case—that Miss P.—was still living in the form, and that the publication of the Sketches was unpleasant to her—the series was at once suspended.

The facts, we doubt not, will be deemed a sufficient apology. The desire of the Lady shall be our law. We can appreciate the delicate motives, which incline this gentle spirit to retire from outward and sensuous observation, to the bright interior world which is her appropriate dwelling place. We would not by any act of ours, disturb her peace; but rather would we desire to temper the sphere of external circumstances and earthly conditions, that no passing wind of life might roughly cross her path, or a shade of sorrow darken her illuminated spirit. S.B.B.

MAN.

It is important to remember, that the *present condition* of things may be very different from the *ultimate design*. I have seen the rose, when only the thorn appeared. The careless traveler was wounded as he passed that way. When I saw it again, there was a sweet flower, that loaded the passing breeze with its precious odors. I love to think it is so with man—that what is most beautiful in his nature is not, at present, discernible. It is not yet unfolded to the view; or, to use the language of an Apostle, "it doth not yet appear what we shall be." Man may now appear to be a *thorn* in the moral vineyard; yet there is, in his nature, a germ that is destined to unfold itself in a more genial clime. As the plant must necessarily pass through the successive stages of previous development, before it blossoms in the sun-light; so the interior faculties of the spirit must be progressively unfolded, until the soul blooms in the garden of God, filling the atmosphere with immortal fragrance! S.B.B.

THOMAS COLE.

We are called upon to announce the death of this gifted artist; his spirit left the form on Saturday evening last, and is now a dweller of the invisible world. Our emotions on hearing the intelligence, were of deep regret at the loss of one whose grand conceptions had afforded us unmingled pleasure, but we experience a subdued joy in view of his present exalted condition. Although his material body has been consigned to the bosom of the earth, to enter into new combinations and to be seen no more, yet his spiritual form still preserves its identity, and may perchance be the attending Angel of some dear and loved friend on earth.

As a man, he was universally beloved; an amiability and natural simplicity were characteristics of his life, and he was held strong in the affections of all who knew him. In Art, he was esteemed most highly; and the productions of his pencil are an evidence of the leading position which he occupied. His health was probably enfeebled by excessive application in perfecting his natural endowments, and perhaps from exposure in his early struggles against the stern necessities of life. H.J.H.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

The obelisks and pyramids of Egypt are the most remote evidences of the custom of commemorating with monuments, what was held superior or sacred. The financial management of these extensive tombs, was in the hands of the clergy, and the revenue accruing from them was immense. Thus it was the interest of the proprietors to use every effort to render this system of extortion holy and religious. Hence was excited an undue reverence for kings and priests, exalting them into gods and vicegerents; but as the dark night of superstition was gradually dissipated by the feeble rays of the morning light, edifices, statuary and cenotaphs became simply memorials to perpetuate the remembrance of great men and noble actions.

The characters of these tombs has corresponded to the advancement of the nations which reared them. Thus among the least civilized, the most simple design with a vast expenditure of labor filled their desires, while more enlightened nations have exhausted the talents of the profoundest genius in commemorating men and events.

The design which has been selected for the Washington Monument is in our opinion, unsuitable to the purpose and unworthy our age. Instead of carrying us onward, it seems but a revival of, and retirement to, a less perfect state of civilization. In this way it is proposed that a vast amount of material and labor be misdirected into an unmeaning form, with little beauty and less utility; the chief end of which will be to advance the interest of an individual architect, with whom originated and by whom was organized the association which has made such a flourish of PATRIOTISM. We trust that the people who have already subscribed some thousands of dollars, will consider before they raise the whole amount proposed, and if the memory of Washington be not sufficiently inwrought with their affections, let us have something which would be more in keeping with his feelings were he living: let us have a Washington College, where may be exemplified the LIBERTY which was dear to his heart—the liberty resulting in free thought and untrammelled investigation, and where may be devised plans having a direct bearing upon the elevation and *true* happiness of the people at large. Such an effort would correspond to his character, and such would be indeed a Monument worthy its originators and its name.

H. J. H.

JOHN WESLEY JARVIS.

This artist was a native of England, and until five years of age resided with his uncle, the renowned John Wesley. Being brought to this country while a child, he became in feeling, entirely an American. His early propensities for the calling which he afterwards pursued with such success; was displayed in his frequent visits to a noted sign painter's shop in Philadelphia. Here he resorted during school recesses and gave vent to his genius by dabbling in colors. He commenced his profession in the city of New York in 1806, and has left some productions of the pencil which have given him a high rank as an artist. His works were confined almost exclusively to portraiture, but among those are compositions embracing the elements of historical design. Jarvis was an impulsive genius, truly an eccentric character; his life is replete with comical effusions. As a portrait painter, he stood second only to Stewart; his paintings are forcible, well-colored and generally present an agreeable effect. Those in the City Hall, of military and naval heroes, are admirable specimens, and do honor to the country. In his day there were but few excellent painters, consequently, the demands upon his pencil were great; at one time his "sitters" were six daily, and by the aid of an assistant he accomplished six portraits a week.

His peculiar organization caused him to think only of the present, and the close of his merry life was embittered with the miseries of want. As a man, possessing the noble qualities of generosity and benevolence, he is entitled to our strongest sympathy, and as an artist, his memory will be fresh in the bosom of his countrymen while his productions last. H.J.H.

FRIENDSHIP, like gold, though not sonorous, is indestructible.

Miscellaneous Department.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD CHIMNEY.

CHAPTER II.

WE now enter upon the pleasing duty of bringing forward the papers announced two weeks since; which will, doubtless, be received by our enlightened and discriminating public, with the cordial favor they so richly deserve. It may be that the humble compiler of these ancient records, will be considered as little better than an enthusiast, in his admiration of their variety and richness; but once more I point to the immortal Boswell, as my high exemplar—between whose feelings and my own I can discover a striking analogy; and this, doubtless, will silence the most cynical, if there be any, who cannot enter into the sentiment, which I conceive it is honorable to cherish, and equally honorable to express.

The first chapters are, evidently, the work of another hand than that which produced the great body of the history; but I have preserved them for the very obvious reason, that the "beginning" is, at the least, equally necessary with the "middle," and the "end;" and this, too, is not only a very important and interesting one, but it has been preserved by a mind that was deeply impressed, both with the interest and importance of his work. I have searched records and consulted traditions, with a view of eliciting something concerning the author; but all to no purpose. He might have been some young poet who had learned the facts from the original actors, for it is evidently in the poetic light that he regards and delineates them. He might have been one of Hudson's own men; for he certainly seems to have looked upon the scenes which he describes, with the graphic eye of an actual observer. He might have been the young chief himself, for aught we may know to the contrary. But, whatever it may have been, his name has gone down into the silent waters of oblivion; and when we ask it, the mute depths of that still flood give back no answer. Let it rest, then, in the blissful repose its owner may have sadly wanted here—doubting not that when we rise through the spiral gradations of happier spheres, and our feet are quickened to compete with angels in the race of immortality, we shall there find, and recognize, a spirit so gentle, and so truthful, pressing for ever onward to the crown of its eternal life.

It may be well here to give some account of the manner in which I obtained copies of the record on the illuminated stone, since it could be only read in the dark, and, moreover, since the locality was such as may be presumed to be, in itself, somewhat unfavorable to the pursuit of literary avocations. And especially will the ladies, those dear, delicate souls, feel a sensation of uncomfortableness, at the idea of writing in an old chimney, with nothing but masses of ancient soot for drapery, and bats, cockroaches, and rats for companions. But I assure them that I established myself quite commodiously; and in order to their full belief and recognition of the fact, I will give them a complete detail of my *modus operandi*.

As a first step, then, I sought the proprietor of the ruin, and laid the whole matter before him. Being himself an antiquarian, and no mean scholar, he entered into my views with an enthusiasm, which was alike honorable to himself and encouraging to me. Having, in company with myself, visited the spot, we sat together sometime; but, to my utter chagrin, no lettering, nor indeed illumination, would appear to him, although it was perfectly clear to me. Upon this I anticipated a prompt dismissal from the premises; but I did great injustice to my noble friend; for with honest pride I can now claim him as such.

"Doubtless," said he, "this revelation is intended for some special purpose, to be addressed to you alone. Though I have no ocular demonstration of the fact, I cannot doubt that what you have told me is strictly true. I will, therefore, aid you all in my power." He then proposed, as a preparatory measure, that the whole place should be swept and garnished. The first I dissented from, on the ground that the revelation itself was held by so delicate a tenure, and the laws by which it was regulated were so deeply hidden, that it might be hazardous to

change any of the existing circumstances, farther than absolute necessity might require. He perceived the force of my reasoning; and immediately listened to my further suggestions—that I should have some light portable cushions placed in the recess, with a small platform in front for sustaining my paper and light, which last should be so screened, that no ray from it could fall on the lettered tablet; since the latter could be read only by its own illumination. These things were accordingly done; and I trust that my fair friends and readers will be satisfied with my accommodations; inasmuch as, to myself, they were abundantly satisfactory.

And as for the companions of my solitude—though they at first evidently considered me an interloper—and some of them were disposed to give me the cut direct; yet by steady perseverance in kind measures toward them, I soon won their confidence. They adopted me as an honorary member of their social community: and you can hardly believe what pleasant acquaintances they afterwards became. In a snug little corner of my domicile, I for several months, entertained, and, in some degree, educated a thriving colony of mice. The mouse is a beautiful little creature, perfectly innocent in its character and habits, and I know not why it should be considered either as an object of enmity or disgust. Mine certainly were quite the reverse; and it was very pleasant to have them come out every evening, to share the little supper I always took when my labor was over; after which they would amuse me for some time by their innocent and exhilarating pranks and gambols. At first they would sometimes come out, and caper round me while I was busy; but I soon learned them better than this; and upon a certain signal, they were taught instantly to retire.

The record appeared to exist in layers, which rose successively to the surface of the stone, each change in the succession occupying about an equal portion of time, so that it was necessary there should be no interruption of the work; for I have a distinct impression that a neglect to transcribe any portion would not have been justified by its delay or re-appearance; for sometimes when I had been rather dilatory, I was obliged to seize the dissolving characters by the memory, and afterwards transcribe them in their proper place. I found, also, that the record is divided into fixed portions, containing generally about an equal number of layers; but as the lettering was sometimes coarser than at others, the chapters are of unequal length. I can think of no further necessary explanation; and so I open, at once, upon the

RECORD FROM THE CHIMNEY.

On the 12th of September, 1609, the good ship *Half-Moon*, commanded by Hendrick Hudson of immortal memory, who was seeking a western passage to the East Indies, entered Amboy bay. Having spent some little time in exploring those waters, he passed by the mouth of Raritan river, into the channel west of Monockong, since better known as Staten Island; and continuing his course in a northeastern direction he passed through the Narrows, and entered a harbor which appeared to him, as it really was, one of the finest in the world. All the sea-worn and weather-beaten sailors, with their commander, beheld in the fair scene a shadow of the promise which has since been so gloriously redeemed.

On the right lay a beautiful shore reposing quietly in the arms of its embracing waters. Old forests, wearing yet the primal majesty of nature, stretched away over the graceful swells crowning the greater heights with a pride of beauty they had never known before; while the outline of the coast was indented with the loveliest little coves and nooks, where numerous vines had sprung in their wanton luxuriance, twining with loving tendrils round cliff and tree-top, and creeping with their delicate tracery down to the very water's edge. As the sun shone in upon the depths of massy verdure, the rich clusters already purpling in the golden light, seemed beckoning winningly and meltingly to the parched lips of the sturdy Dutchmen, promising that a rich feast of delicate fruits should amply repay them for their long abstinence. Birds of the most beautiful and majestic forms and gorgeous colors, were winging their way over the woods, or hovering listlessly above the waters; while here and there an old tree—a blighted pine, or gigantic sycamore,

stood out against the greenness with its bare white arms and its massive trunk splintered into all picturesque forms, a representative of ages, into whose remote depths no measure of time could reach. In every opening of the woods as they neared the shore, asters were seen purpling upon the hills, while the gentian clustered its purple fringes or lifted up its blue waxen urns, by marsh and brook-side; and the solidago, with its delicate wands of glistening gold, skirted every thicket and swamp. Nothing could be lovelier. It was a natural paradise—a type of the poet's divinest dream, when visions of Arcadian peace and beauty are unfolded to his believing eye. Even the lymphatic Dutchmen could not but perceive something of this; for they too had affections and tastes, and a perception of the beautiful, lying deep, very deep, under their accustomed immobility. With unwonted feeling they carefully knocked the ashes from their exhausted pipes, and looking through the great cloud of smoke that ever hovered round them, they closed their eyes in blissful revery, forgetting for the moment, the economical possibilities—probabilities—nay, realities, that lay enfolded in the scene, in a thought of wonder, that a spot so fair should so long have remained undiscovered and unknown. They made their way quietly round the winding shore, devoutly believing that their spirit-patron, the good Saint Nicholas himself, had by a special providence, breathed upon the winds, and directed the sails of the staunch Half-Moon, to this very spot. Meanwhile we leave them for another and far different scene.

On the cliffs of Ithpetonga, now Brooklyn Heights, sat a young Indian, son of the principal chief of the Montauk tribe. He was reclining in thoughtful mood, looking out upon the bay, with all its beautiful islands that reflected back the smile of the unclouded heavens; while the fair image of their virgin beauty was mirrored in the clear breast of the loving waters. There had been noisy flocks of birds around him, holding their councils preparatory to flight; but they had withdrawn themselves, and now only an occasional note from some solitary warbler reached his ear, or the soft murmur of insects was heard as they darted through the serene air, or expanded their wings in the grateful warmth, fearing nothing, knowing nothing of the death-cold that should so soon come upon them. He beheld all the beauty of the land, with the quick and tender eye of love; for it was the land of his fathers—and they were chiefs—and he too, should one day be a chief, swaying the councils of a great and free people.

There must ever be something of melancholy in the brightest dream that hovers before the charmed vision of young, and all-believing genius; and now, though he knew not why, there was a deep shadow upon the rosy wing of hope, and the Spirit of the Future seemed looking through the clear sunlight, with a boding frown.

But suddenly a strong wing pass by him, in its eager flight almost touching his brow; and the next moment he saw a large hawk darting into the deep hollow just below him, and bearing thence a young turkey. He watched the intruder earnestly, for it was the embodiment of his own tutelary spirit, and a type of his own destiny. He saw him rise and soar away proudly towards the inland forest. On the summit of a tall hickory sat an eagle; and stooping from her eyrie, she darted suddenly on the successful forager, and instantly robbed him of his prey. But the wing of ohokt was strong. His eye was an eye of fire. He owned no sovereign; he bowed to no usurper. He darted forward. He gained upon the robber. He grappled with her strong talons. They fought; the bold heart of the weaker quailed not; and bravely did he struggle for his right. He struggled until he

*“A parent who wishes to obtain a guardian spirit for his child, first blackens his face, and then causes him to fast for several days. During this time it is expected the spirit will reveal himself in a dream. Whatever the child happens to dream of becomes the symbol, or figure, under which the Okki, or Manitto, reveals himself.

[Buchannan.

“One has in his dream received the sun as his tutelary spirit, another the moon; a third an owl; a fourth a buffalo. An Indian is dispirited, and considers himself forsaken of God, 'till he has received a tutilar spirit in a dream; but those who are thus favored are full of courage, and proud of their powerful ally.”—[Luskial.

† Ohok, the Indian name for hawk.

met his death wound; and, even then, he bore up against his cruel fate, until he could sustain himself no longer; and then in a succession of spiral lines, he rapidly descended, falling directly at the feet of the young chief. He looked up with a pleading expression, which seemed to say, “avenge me,” and then the cold lid fell over his burning eye, the glossy wing closed sorrowfully—the whole form collapsed with a momentary struggle, and he was dead; while far away soared the eagle to rejoice in her ignoble triumph.

“And is this fate?” cried the young Mongotucksee, in the strong excitement of the scene. “Does the Manit of the Future speak so?” And then he recurred to strange and vague impressions of coming wrong, that had, of late, frequently oppressed him, as if the dark wing of some hovering spirit of evil, had passed between him and the clear sunshine: and these fearful images now came nearer than before; and their baleful shadow rested with its oppressive coldness upon his sinking heart.

Again he reclined himself, oppressed with unwonted heaviness. Then the Manitto of dreams came, and touched him; and his interior vision was expanded, to receive images of the future. Strange and terrible beings passed in dread review before him. Then came scenes of dire confusion and terror, in all of which these strangers, with brows of gleaming white, pale as the snow-spirit, were conspicuous actors; and changes the most strange and wonderful, passed in rapid succession before his eye.

How long he had been thus, he knew not, when a discordant cry from the opposite shore awoke him. He quickly sprang to his feet, and looking forth over the channel, perceived a great gathering of people on the rocks of Kapsee* point, who appeared wonderfully moved by some unknown circumstance, exhibiting by their wild cries and gestures, both surprise and alarm. He immediately descended to the water's edge, and unfastening his canoe, he shot off into the water with a bold stroke, and soon joined his people. During his passage across the stream he saw nothing to explain the tumult; but no sooner had he ascended the opposite rocks, than he beheld a sight that filled his soul with a strange and awful terror. A dark form, like some huge monster of the deep, with its great wings spread to the wind—a horrible amphibion, fitted both for flying and swimming, was seen emerging from the shadow of a projecting point, which had, for a few moments, wholly obscured it from the view. As the great marine monster steadily approached the shore, the panic increased; and the poor Indians were gathering by hundreds, for several villages were already alarmed. They beheld, as it were in the monster's arms, strange forms of men; and one of them appeared a manitoo, arrayed in flaming red garments, and with a countenance, as they imagined, exceedingly terrible to look upon. Every heart was appalled with terror. The young chief bowed himself to the ground, for he seemed to have a spiritual perception of some connection between the fated emblem of his life, together with his late disturbed visions, and the present appearance; but his father being absent, it became his duty to direct the confused councils of his people. He arose at this conviction, and with great effort bent his thoughts to the emergency of the moment—for his wisdom, as well as his courage, had matured faster than his years. After a brief consultation he ordered messengers to be dispatched in various directions, to gather together offerings which might appease the approaching Powers of Evil. Then he declared it his intention to board the stranger, calling upon the boldest to accompany him. At first the cheek of the bravest paled at the thought; but shame, at the idea of being outdone by a beardless boy, overcame their fears, and twelve of the strongest rowers, with the same number of the keenest-eyed bowmen, volunteered to attend him. They then quickly released the sachem's canoe from her moorings, and struck out boldly for the ship; for the reader must be aware that the sea monster was nothing else than the good Half-Moon, and the red manitoo, Hendrick Hudson.

As soon as they were perceived they were hailed by those on board, in a language that seemed to their excited imaginations,

*The point of land now occupied by the Battery, was originally named Kapses, from whence it derived the name it long went by—or Copsie Point.

rather as the utterance of fiends, than any mode of speech which the Great Spirit had ever taught to his children; but, at the same time, the flaming manittoo held out his hand to them, with a gesture that appeared to be a tender of his protecting grace. Then he lifted a strange, uncouth covering from his head, and waved it in the air, giving a succession of loud shouts; and all his followers did the same. The spirit of all this could not be mistaken; and the Indians plied their paddles with a firmer stroke, until they came within a few boat's lengths of the ocean manittoo. But suddenly every man sat with his arms bent to the oar, stiff, and palsied, and wholly disobedient to the will; for a sound came forth, as if from the very bowels of the monster, rolling over the waters like a volley of thunder, waking all those silent shores with its unheard voice of terror—reverberating from hill to hill, and from rock to rock, until it passed far away, finally losing itself in the depths of those ancient solitudes; and the strong sunlight paled in the fire that blazed forth at the shock, as if abashed at the presence of a mightier power. Again another, and another came, and the people on shore sent out an answering yell of terror and dismay, that seemed the embodied consciousness of all that was to be, a prescient conception of their own final overthrow; and the hideous echoes went howling and wailing through the untrodden forest aisles, a premonitory utterance of anguish and despair. Were these people indeed manittoos? Did they carry lightning in their quiver, and hold the bolts of heaven in their hands, bending them at will like a sturdy bow?

The companions of Mongotucksee urged immediate flight; but the young prince had gathered a corresponding boldness from the very magnitude of the apparent danger—though the cold, pale hand of the Snow-spirit had rested for a moment on his brow, yet his true bosom expanded with the strong heart-beats of the future king. Grasping an oar somewhat sternly, he stood up in the canoe, commanding them to proceed. At his voice the meanest was roused to new courage, and they listened with involuntary admiration as he spoke. "The course of Ohok* is forward—and never back. If there is danger, let us meet it like men; or shall we return,"—his voice fell to a tone of the most cutting irony, "shall we go back, and send our old men, our women, and our children, to inquire if there is any danger threatens us. No, my brothers, we are free. These waters are our own, as they were the possessions of our fathers; and if we cannot go where we will, in the perfect freedom we have always known, it is time to die."

His followers yielded involuntary compliance; yet one could see that their human fears were stronger than their pride of character as braves; and every pull they took at the oars, went heavily against both heart and will. The intrepid spirit of the young chief was noticed on board the Half-Moon; and three cheers rang out a cordial tribute to his bravery; whereupon the Indians again gathered courage, while Mongotucksee himself stood on the prow of his little barque, graceful and majestic as the Belviderean Apollo.

They soon reached the ship; and having exchanged mutual expressions of peace and good faith, by that natural language which is intelligible to all, they went on board. Numerous little trinkets, such as beads, knives, and toys of various kinds, which appeared to the simple Indians as miracles of art, were distributed freely among them; and these being held out in view of their friends on shore, a large number of Indians, intent upon sharing the bounty of the strange Manitto, swam out to the ship—the more ingenious and curious making several circuits round the object of their wonder and alarm, before they went on board.

In return for these hospitalities, Mongotucksee invited the Red Manito, with his followers, to go on shore, which they immediately assented to; and preparations were made for the visit: and when Hendrick Hudson first set foot on Kapsee rocks, then and there was laid the foundation of our since great city—the metropolis of this western republic.

Presents were quite generously distributed among the natives;

* The Indians frequently designated themselves by the name of their tutelary spirit, a form of speech into which their highly figurative language naturally passed.

and it was a goodly sight to see the heaps of yellow corn, crowned by purple clusters of the vine, setting off its deep bright gold with a gorgeous effect. The Indians brought also clams, and fish, and dried fruits; and the capacious bosoms of the honest Dutchmen dilated with the pleasant thought of future gain, as they saw not only these signs of natural wealth, but the rich furs and plumage that decked these untutored children of the wild. Soon after this, at the instigation of the young chief, the whole party moved, in Indian file, to their principal village. A narrow path led from Kapsee Point, in a northeasterly direction. The path forked at a spot which now marks the junction of Chatham-street and Broadway at the foot of the Park; and leaving a small lake called the Kolck, at the left, they proceeded along the thoroughfare, now known as Chatham-street, to the height of an eminence, at, or near Chatham Square, which was crowned by the village of Warpoes. The town itself was a large and flourishing one. It had been founded by the father of our young chief, and bore his name.

Here the strangers were feasted in the most hospitable manner. Mats of fine fur were spread for their repose; and all the wigwams contributed to their entertainment. One brought oysters, another dried fruits, another the delicate nokehich*—while large earthen pots were filled with the finest ears of the sweet and savory uppasquunch,† which was prepared both by roasting and boiling. In short, the Indians made every effort to entertain their illustrious guests in a manner worthy of their supposed dignity; while complete confidence appeared to be established between the parties.

After these ceremonies were over, Hudson took a large vessel which his men had brought from the ship; and, pouring out a whitish-looking liquid, drank, himself, as well as all his men. He then offered it to an Indian, who refused. It was then passed from one to another, who all refused, until it came to the last man. He, fearing to offend the red Manitto by slighting his favors, touched the cup to his lips, and with natural disgust, immediately withdrew it; but still, deprecating the wrath of the strangers' God, who, he imagined, would be angry at their refusal, he drank a small portion. Encouraged by the approving smiles of his new friends, he again drank more deeply. Being wholly unused to stimulating drinks, the effects of the liquor soon came to be perceived. At first he was merry. He sang, he danced, he shouted, he leaped, with the strangest and wildest words and gestures. Then he became frantic; but fortunately he soon exhausted himself, and fell to the earth, completely senseless. His friends surrounded him with expressions of great anxiety and distress, supposing him to be dead, or dying; but Hudson made signs to them that he would soon recover, which took place after a few hours' sleep, when he described his transports in such glowing and eloquent terms, that all present surrounded Hudson, begging that they, too, might taste of the drink of the strange god, and be happy. There were, in all, about twenty Indians present; for as the night was wearing late, most of the people had retired to their own wigwams. The liquor was then freely handed round—when all drank, excepting Mongotucksee, who seemed to be impressed with a premonition of the curse it would bring upon his people; for no entreaties could induce him to so much as touch the cup to his lips. And this was the first introduction of the deadly FIRE-WATER, as the Indians have appropriately named it, among the northern tribes—a brave and free people, who were indebted as much, perhaps, to its influence, as to any other cause, for their final overthrow.

The effects were generally the same as had been observed in the first experiment—being somewhat modified by individual temperament and character. Soon after the Dutch returned to their ship, the Indians began to drop away; until, at last, all save the young chief, sank into complete insensibility. It seemed as if all the shame and horror which they should have felt, was concentrated in him; and he went from one to another, of the

* The nokehich was a preparation of parched corn ground fine, and with the addition of sugar, salt and milk, our white children make, to this day, a favorite dish—its well-known name of nokeake being but little changed from the original.

† The species of maize known among us as sweet-corn, was called by the Indians Uppasquunch, or soft honey corn.

brave spirits, now so powerless, and absolutely wept over them; for their ultimate downfall was prefigured; and his heart fell within him, like a stone. His anguish at length became so intolerable, that he could not endure to witness longer, what seemed to him the fall of his people; so he went out into the still night: and the gentle ministry of Nature soothed him.

The moon was nearly at the full, and the atmosphere perfectly unclouded. The stars looked down upon him through the blue serene, bending upon him their deep eyes, as if at once questioning and suggesting questions to his soul. Gradually he lost the painful consciousness of the Present—the dire forebodings of the Future—and soared away into the measureless beatitude of his native element, for which his spirit was even then making itself wings: and kindred spirits who had already put on the robes of eternal life, were ministering around him although he knew it not, whispering to him sweet words of comfort and of strength.

Calmer in thought and feeling he sat down, fixing his wistful eyes on the delicate tracery of light and shadow, that cast the lineaments of tree and vine upon the path before him. There is a mysterious, a spiritual beauty in shadows which we find in nought that is called substantial; and in the poetic mind they always awake and stir a yearning after the Unseen—a consciousness of the Infinite—thus filling a great want of the soul, as no other earthly ministration can. I know not how it is, but there is nothing touches me with such an exquisite sensibility to all that is lovely, and truthful and divine, as the shadows of trees seen by moonlight. It seems to me that they are the connecting link between matter and mind—between sense and soul; and though unsubstantial and fleeting of themselves, yet they lie upon the very borders of Eternity, reflecting upon this sensual being, delicate images of the only great and REAL realities—the Spiritual and the Infinite.

But Mongotucksee at length grew weary of inaction. Taking another look at his degraded followers, he darted along the narrow path with the grace and freedom of a young roebuck; and on arriving at the shore he sprang into his canoe, and struck out upon the calm still bay. There was hardly a breath stirring to curl the tresses of the billowy deep, and all the beautiful shores, and the placid moon, and the eternal stars, were pictured with a softer beauty in the transparent mirror. But there too lay the Half-Moon, casting its deep black shadow on the clear water, fitting emblem of the death-dome which it prefigured. The young chief dropped the paddle, suffering his canoe to take the motion of the tide which was making in toward the shore. He was inexpressibly melancholy; and as he drew near the land the plaintive note of a wish-ton-wish,* that saddest minstrel of the night, arose from a neighboring coppice, gathering a deeper expression of sadness as it came sighing over the waters, until it seemed the last wail of a spirit that was dissolving in the infinite depth of its own tenderness.

To me the song of this bird, pouring its solution of melancholy sweetness on the profound stillness of night, is always deeply affecting. It touches the same class of sentiments that are stirred by the sight of moonlight shadows. It is as it were, a conducting essence by which the soul is led through the finer gradations of being, toward the ultimate of its destiny, which lies embosomed in Eternity. Nor was Mongotucksee wholly insensible of this power. Unconsciously he had risen, and with the most natural and simple act, he stretched forth his arms toward the far south-west, in whose bending blue his own beautiful tradition told him, lay enfolded the Spirit-Home of his fathers—the pleasant Land of Souls. But we must leave him for the present, and return to the less pleasing facts, which as an authentic narrator, we are bound to give.

It has been said by some historians, that the Indians in commemoration of their first intoxication, named the island Manahatta, or the place of drunkenness; but other and perhaps better authorities, affirm that the original and true name was Monaton—the particles ah-tun, being the generic name for channel or stream of water. They also called themselves Monatuns, or people of the whirlpool; and these names were in common use before the arrival of the whites, and consequently could not have been derived from any circumstances connected with them.

* The Indians call the whip-poor-will wishtonwish.

In a few days after his arrival, the gallant Hudson, still bent upon discovering the western passage to the east, left the island and explored the beautiful river which now bears his name, but which was then known by several names, among which the Mohogan seems to have been the favorite, though it was frequently called Chatemuc and Cahotatea. Carefully feeling his way with lead and line, the great Navigator ascended the stream as high as Albany.

How our staid and sober progenitors were affected by the magnificent piles and palisades of the Highlands, tradition saith not, but it may be supposed their feelings on the occasion were modified by their own peculiar character and habits. This present paragraph, with the reflection it embodies, the reader will please set down to the credit of the compiler, for which his venerated author should in no wise be held accountable.

Having discovered no outlet leading to the great object of his mission, and moreover verging nearer and nearer to a point whence all outlet to his ship would seem quite an impossible thing, he turned upon his course, and once more descended to Monaton, where he arrived on the fourth of October. By this time the representatives of many neighboring tribes had assembled to witness the return of the Red Man, and his big canoe; for Reason had corrected Imagination, and they saw nothing monstrous in the ship but its size, and nothing wholly new but its wings; and of these they soon caught the philosophy. Again they entertained their white brethren in quite princely style, until he weighed anchor for his return. It may be remembered that about this time, the celebrated Captain Smith sailed from Jamestown, Virginia, and Champlain had descended from Canada and was making an invasion of the Iroquois, by the way of the lake which bears his name.

Though his countrymen generally seemed to have acquired implicit confidence in their new friends, and even his father who had now returned, was well affected towards them, yet Mongotucksee had painful doubts concerning the ultimate effect of this irruption upon his fatherland, and his spirit never rested till the retreating image of the Half-Moon faded from his vision.

THE INDIAN JUGGLER.

“The occupant of this little stage, renowned Ballojee Ram, was going through, with the assistance of one or two attendants, the ordinary tricks of swallowing swords, blowing his intestines out of his mouth, and putting them back again *ad libitum* with other common-place devices that amuse and mystify the vulgar. Seeing the regal party advance, however, he felt it incumbent on him to produce some of his most elaborate deceptions for their entertainment, and made his preparations accordingly.

“To those who have never witnessed the extraordinary feats of this singular class of beings, what we are going to relate will doubtless appear too marvelous even for the pages of romance; but experience has sufficiently demonstrated the practicability of legerdemain trick, which by the uninitiated can only be referred to magic. Indeed so preternatural have some of these performances appeared, that even the mighty Baber, the conqueror of Hindoostan, has dedicated a portion of his interesting memoirs to a description of them, without, however, attempting their elucidation.

“The juggler who had the honor of entertaining the Maha Rajah and party, was evidently a complete master of his art, and proceeded at once, as soon as his distinguished auditors were seated, to astonish them with his dexterity.

“He first handed an egg round the circle, to prove its reality, and then placed it in his bosom to hatch. He requested the Rance to signify the bird she wished to see produced; and the unhappy Meena having named a dove, the symbol of her own innocent heart, it accordingly flew forth from the broken shell, and fluttering around for an instant, soared into the sky with rapid pinion. This trick was frequently repeated; a different bird appearing at every successive trial, by desire of one or other of the spectators; and a shower of rupees, by order of the Rance, repaid the ingenuity of the juggler, who, thus encouraged, prepared for fresh efforts.

“Having desired one of his attendants to bring him a branch

from a noble mango-tree which grew at a short distance, Ballojee took it in his hand and held it forth, all green and blossomless as it was; uttering certain incantations, and making a variety of grimaces, indicative of the internal workings of a powerfully agitated spirit. Gradually, to the astonished eyes of the spectators, one blossom appeared sprouting forth; then another, and another, till the amputated branch was nearly covered.

"Wonderful, however, as this feat appeared, it was totally eclipsed by that which followed; for, as the juggler still held the branch extended in his hand, and continued his incantations, the blossoms fell off, one by one, and in the place of each appeared an incipient mango, which gradually swelled out to the largest size of that delicious fruit. These having been gathered by the juggler's attendants, were presented in a golden salver to the Ranee and her party; but none could be prevailed on to taste a fruit which they verily believed to be the production of magic alone.

Tremendous applause and a royal largess followed this extraordinary feat, and Ballojee once more addressed himself to his singular exhibition. Taking in his hand a coil of rope which lay on the stage, he flung it up with considerable force in the air; when, strange to say, one end remained fixed above, the other falling down upon the stage of the mountebank.

"Seizing hold of this he kept it firmly extended in a sloping direction from the summit; when, wonder upon wonders, a tiger appeared at the top, in the act of descending the rope, which he actually did with great caution and precision, while many of the spectators fled screaming from the claws of the monster. Their panic, however, was very much increased when they beheld a lion following the tiger down the rope; and then a buffalo, an elephant, and sundry other animals, which were fortunately taken possession of by the attendants of the juggler and conveyed behind the scenes, without causing any other mischief than the needless fright their first appearance had occasioned.

"These extraordinary performances prepared the spectators to witness other wonders; for only one opinion seemed now to prevail throughout the assembly, that the powers of the exhibitor were more than human, and that he could be nothing more or less than an incarnation of one of the deities; perhaps the awful Mahadeo himself come down upon earth to grace the birth day festival of the Maha Rajah. It therefore excited but little astonishment when the juggler now declared his ability to decipher the most hidden and secret thoughts of any or of all the spectators present.

"This was a disclosure, however, which few were desirous of subjecting themselves to, for all had thoughts more or less unsuited to the public ear."—[Savindroog, a work recently published in London.

REMARKABLE VERIFICATION OF DREAMS.—A lady, not long since, related to me the following circumstance:—Her mother, who was at the time residing in Edinburgh, in a house, one side of which looked into a wynd, whilst the door was in the High-street, dreamt that, it being Sunday morning, she had heard a sound which had attracted her to the window; and whilst looking out, had dropt a ring from her finger into the wynd below. That she had thereupon gone down in her night-clothes to seek it; but when she reached the spot it was not to be found. Returning, extremely vexed at her loss, as she re-entered her own door she met a respectable-looking young man, carrying some loaves of bread. On expressing her astonishment at finding a stranger there at so unseasonable an hour, he answered by expressing his at seeing her in such a situation. She said she had dropt her ring, and had been round the corner to seek it; whereupon, to her delightful surprise, he presented her with her lost treasure. Some months afterwards, being at a party, she recognized the young man seen in her dream, and learnt that he was a baker. He took no particular notice of her on that occasion; and, I think, two years elapsed before she met him again. This second meeting, however, led to an acquaintance, which terminated in marriage.—On the night of the 21st of June, in the year 1813, a lady, residing in the north of England, dreamt that her brother, who was then with his regiment in Spain, appeared to her saying, "Mary, I die this day at Vittoria." Vittoria was

a town which, previous to the famous battle, was not generally known even by name in this country, and this dreamer, amongst others, had never heard of it; but, on rising, she eagerly resorted to a Gazetteer for the purpose of ascertaining if such a place existed. On finding that it was so, she immediately ordered her horses, and drove to the house of a sister, who resided some eight or nine miles off, and her first words on entering the room were, "Have you heard anything of John?"—"No," replied the second sister, "but I know that he is dead! He appeared to me last night in a dream, and told me that he was killed at Vittoria. I have been looking into the Gazetteer and Atlas, and I find that there is such a place, and I am sure that he is dead!" And so it proved; the young man died that day at Vittoria, and I believe, on the field of battle.—[The Right Side of Nature, a new work by Mrs. Crowes, issued in London.

SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.—This is not the offspring of a diseased mental and moral action. It is not the strange fire that is kindled from the bottomless pit, and kept alive by excited passions. It is not the feverish excitement or the fitful wanderings of the distracted brain. Neither the fear of punishment or the desire for denominational supremacy, can be among the elements of true devotion. The true worshiper is moved by an inward principle. He is drawn upward by the attractive power of the Positive Mind. By a divine yet natural impulse the spirit is quickened into newness of life and is made to manifest its powers in beautiful and harmonious action. Thus the poor and lowly may render appropriate homage. It requires no costly sacrifices—no difficult and painful service. It is the offering of the heart—the incense of pure thoughts and devout emotions, and its highest manifestation is the obedience of the worshiper to the Divine Institutions. It is the deep yearning of the Spirit after light, and sympathy and liberty. S.B.B.

INACTION.—If we estimate a shilling a day which is lost by inaction, and consumed in the support of each man chained down to involuntary idleness by imprisonment, the public loss will rise in one year to three hundred thousand pounds; in ten years to more than a sixth part of our circulating coin.—[Johnson.

A MAN must first govern himself, ere he be fit to govern a family: and his family, ere he be fit to bear the government in the commonwealth.—[Sir W. Raleigh.

THINKERS are scarce as gold; but he whose thoughts embrace his subject, pursue it uninterruptedly, and fearless of consequences, is a diamond of enormous size.—[Lavater.

An error occurred in the last of the published "Sketches of Character," (No. 11, of the Univercælum) the person whose character is thus delineated is Bishop Boone, a Missionary, instead of Bishop Doane of New Jersey.

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