

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.

JESUS AND THE CHURCH.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM,
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WE are the creatures of taste, comparison, and perception of beauty. We appreciate proportions, and sketch outlines. We draw pictures, both from the spiritual and the material world, and strive to give expression to our thoughts in sculpture, in painting, and on the printed page of practical and ideal truth.

Perhaps no finer occasion offers itself to the man of taste, for this sort of mental expression, than the existence of Jesus and the Church. We love to dwell on the excellencies of character and doings which marked the illustrious personage we here contemplate, for there is a moral in it which partakes at once of the poetic and sublime. Jesus may be contemplated, for the sake of distinction, in two aspects of existence—his character and doings. First, his character. He was the noblest specimen of a man. Possessed as he must have been by nature, with a nicely proportioned, and finely attuned organization, he exhibited none of the eccentricities which mark the character of other great men and heroes, but kept the balance of his mind complete. That is, comparatively speaking, for we will not say that never will a human being arise more perfect, or that no angel excels him. He was a man of Nature's divinest stamp. And yet, if he had possessed the intellectual greatness—the gifts that figure in some other departments of genius and art, in addition to his moral superiority, he would have been a still greater—more comprehensive wonder. Jesus was a moral genius. And considering the age in which he lived, and the circumstances with which he was surrounded, he was a man whom men might deify, with a better cause than ever yet existed in the whole history of mythological superstition.

Considering him as a man, how amiable and pure—how benevolent and godlike his character! Not pride—not ambition—not strivings for self-aggrandizement; but meekness, humility, religious trust, were ever the attendant disposition of all his greatness, which greatness was moral, humane, sympathetic—a heroism of the heart and soul, for the deliverance of world-wide humanity from its wrongs and sufferings. What a splendid meteor of light and fire in that dense darkness of error, selfishness and sin! What a sun, rather, whose rising in the horizon of a human world, will know no setting, but course the higher, and shine the brighter, as this vast world turns up its hemisphere of moral guilt and darkness, to behold its beamings and be enlightened with its truth.

And yet, with all this brightness like a crown of glory on his head, it is an amazing prodigy to selfish and aspiring man, that no trace of pride or haughtiness—no climbing ambition, seems to mingle in his character. True, he claimed to be the commissioned of God to teach as no other taught—he manifested a consciousness of his own superiority—he denounced the scribes and pharisees in no measured terms—and suffered not himself, on any occasion, to become the cringing subject of priestly or king-

ly usurpation. He submitted when compelled, but never yielded in spirit. And what of all this? Was it any thing more than his own conviction—his absolute knowledge of his truthful possessions would justify in his times? He may be accused of uncourteous language, but I doubt if the most keen casuist can successfully assail the motive for such speech, or detect through it the unkindness of his heart.

Such, then, was Jesus of Nazareth. His doings correspond throughout with his character. He seeks not high places, but denounces those who do. He mingles not with the great ones of his time—great in power and state, but finds his society with the humble and unlearned. He never disparaged true wisdom, but only shallow philosophy and learned errors. He confined himself not to the virtuous and respected only, but "received sinners, and ate with them." He found his most congenial spirits among the common people who "heard him gladly," for the "wise and noble" were only so in their own estimation. He preferred, in hope and promise, "the publicans and harlots," before the "chief priests" and the pharisees. Hypocrisy, especially in high places, seemed to be, in his estimation, almost the crowning vice of society. Ostentation in charity—long and formal prayers—great pretensions for religion—great reverence for the priests—a nice attention to forms, tithes, and outward matters—met from him, the most withering and annihilating rebukes. He praised the widow who threw "two mites" into the treasury, more than the rich who threw in large sums of their abundance. He rebuked the disciples who seemed to be thinking of some future greatness in the kingdom of heaven, setting a little child before them as a condition of simplicity without which they could not enter at all. He sought out, not honors and emoluments, but the sick and suffering and mourning, and ministered to their necessities. In short, he insisted on the great doctrines of the paternity of God and the brotherhood of man. He instituted no priesthood—gave to no man, or set of men, exclusive authority to teach and command in matters of religion—established no outward institution—recognized no special, holy time—all time was equally sacred to him—he went about doing good—delivering his extempore remarks—chiefly on matters of morality and humanity—comforting the poor, looking especially after the lowly and afflicted, leading a life of usefulness, and avoiding all notoriety; and truly is it said of him in the book of Hebrews, in more senses than one, that "if he were on earth, he would not be a priest."

Such was Jesus of Nazareth. There is an institution in Society which men call "his Church." It extends over both Continents, and embraces (how many?) millions in its jurisdiction and power. Like the existence of Jesus, it may best be considered in two of its phases—its character and doings. They are both very distinctive. Its character may be seen in its doctrines and its style. First, its doctrines. And here the work of exaggeration and enormity begins. Not content with the divine in their own souls, by which alone they could to any degree appreciate the divinity of Jesus, his admirers have first sought to cut him off from the human race—to make a god of him. He must have a miraculous origin—a miraculous character—a miraculous death—and a miraculous resurrection. He must come into the world, not to point men to the secret sources and

unfailing fountains of inspiration and truth in their own souls and in all Nature around them, but to save them from the wrath and curse of God. He must come, not as a brother man, to establish brotherly affection, and to awaken humanity, and to proclaim the all-pervading presence of the Supreme Spirit, and to show how truly at one is the soul of man with the Soul of All; but to reveal an awful Being of frowns and vengeance, whose implacable wrath could not be satisfied without the sacrifice of a god-companion who had dwelt at one with him from eternity. And so this noble pattern of a man must be stretched upon a cross—must be lifted up, as it were, to the center of all earthly and heavenly interest—to the gaze of a universe; and there the concentrated thunders and lightnings of Jehovah must be made to play around his mortal body (for the divine could not suffer) that Infinite Justice might be satisfied, and man be furnished with a *chance* of escaping endless torment and securing endless bliss. This, one should think, was abomination enough—was abuse enough. But when we add to this crowning enormity, the confusion of the Trinity—the idea of total depravity—of miraculous new birth—the whole train of Catholic abuses—we have a machinery of theological ingenuity, one would think, if it were not for the inward light and inspiration remaining, quite enough to sink a world.

Such is an imperfect summary of the *doctrines* of the church. Now for its style. And it beggars all description. One knows not how to portray it. Behold it, in its vast extent—in its base and high—one stupendous institution—I had almost said, of mental and bodily oppression. Of course, we look upon it as the growth of nature, and we are called to consider its world-wide munificence. But it is as streaks of morning light amid one general darkness. No one can consider the Catholic Church, in its grandeur, in its audacity, in its costliness, in its oppression, in its imposition, without shuddering for the Justice yet to be revealed. If we look at its daughter, the Episcopal Church, what do we behold? Its origin, a love affair between Henry the VIII and Anna Boleyn, who, it is said, “read the gospel in that lady’s eyes”—its existence, a towering hierarchy, imitating its grander mother, but not so consistent in its claims,—its charities and humanities, very respectable they may be, but not quite answering to “the church” of the humble Nazarine; for, a bare glance at some of the enormous livings of its clergy, will more than hint to us that, possibly, it has “erred and strayed from its way.” For instance,—according to “Gilbert’s Clergyman’s Almanac for 1848,” the annual salary of the Archbishop of Canterbury is £17,000; the salary of the Bishop of London, £11,000; and that of the Bishop of Durham £8,000. And the salary of other Bishops ranging at five thousand pounds, or about \$25,000 *per annum*. Let us consider this a moment. Here are *three* of the clergy of the Church of England,—three mortal men, organized like ourselves, having the same wants, bodily and mental, receiving for their income, besides other privileges which are vast, an annual salary of £36,000,—about \$175,000 a year!!! Imagine this immense outlay to support three men of the Church! What a satire is this on the religion of him who “had not where to lay his head?” And all this extravagance lavished on the clergy of a kingdom—of a Church whose members are starving by hundreds and thousands for want of bread! And all for teaching a religion so monstrously engrafted on the humane and natural teachings of Jesus of Nazareth—an humble brother man, who lost his life for his purity of character and opposition to the chief priests and rulers!

Such is the Episcopal Church. To be sure, it has its truth and goodness, but its costly and magnificent hierarchy, and its sharing in common the exaggerations in doctrine, and the presumptive claims of the Church in general, show how nearly allied it is to the pure ideal of the inspired soul of Jesus.

If we now look at the other branches of the church universal, we shall find the same enormities, the same spiritual hierarchy, the same oppression. They have all departed from the true

Church of Humanity, or have never conceived of it, and they have all sought to drown the clamors of the human reason to be free—to hush that voice of Jesus himself, “Why not even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?”—to quench the true light, the living and immortal inspirations of the individual soul—and to discourage and disparage the labors of reformers in all ages, who have seen this oppression and sought to remove it. They have preferred faith, and disparaged practice. They have loved theology better than religion. They have striven to establish a Procrustes bed, to stretch every man upon who sought ease and rest in his own soul, and they have well nigh banished all rest from Christendom. It is a sight which is getting to be encouraging. The tide of human affairs will flow to a certain high, and then it will rush back again. We may be said to live at about ebb tide. And soon, very soon, will there be such an effort of these waters to flow back to their original source, as shall sweep many systems and many oppressions to the engulfing ocean of a swelling and glorious freedom.

Consider even our modern *refinements* of a Church. Liberal in profession—liberal in principle—boasting of many true and noble men, yet, by a mistaken idea of superiority and the teachings of Jesus, putting a moneyed aristocracy before equality of rights, and pride and fashion before humility of spirit. Immense structures of costly granite and marble, or, even though it be of Gothic order and a “veneered” Church, yet so costly as to shut out all the poor from its magnificent enclosure, and to incite philanthropy to build them places for themselves apart! The rich and the poor used to meet together, for the Lord was the maker of them all; but now, they must be separated, for man in Christ’s name decrees their separation. A single pew in one of these churches cannot be purchased for less than 500 or a 1000 dollars. Think you, if Christ were on earth now, he would enter such a place? or for any other purpose than to drive out the money changers? Or might we not rather imagine his withering rebuke—“Wo unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!” Or, “behold, your house is left unto you desolate.” We might accommodate this prophecy to many of our modern Churches, who, for their pride and extravagance, have involved themselves in enormous debt, and obliged themselves to “sell out”—perhaps to a more Christian people—perhaps to a more wealthy one.

Thus we see the character of the Church universal, in its doctrines and style. Its *doings* are of course a necessary consequence. It has done almost every thing that human power and oppression could do. Thousands and tens of thousands has it persecuted and slain for an honest difference of opinion—millions has it made miserable with fear and terror through this life, in anticipation of a wrathful Deity in the life to come—its order of Priesthood, clothed with “infallible authority,” or assuming it for an ancient and heterogeneous book, have crushed in a great measure, all free inquiry, and hung a chain of more than Egyptian servitude on the human mind—it has *loved* darkness rather than light, for the most evident reasons—it has engendered, by this very idea of infallible authority for a book which no two can interpret alike, strifes, divisions, discord, bitterness, through all society—it has separated husband and wife, parents and children, and caused the most painful conflict in the family circle—it has appealed to the Bible for the justification of negro slavery, for capital punishment, for disgusting formalism in religion, for almost any opinion and any practice, and it has been largely and consistently successful therein—it has substituted the base doctrine of the majority of voices, for the true doctrine of the inspiration of the soul—it has turned itself in most determined opposition to every large attempt to reform its abuses and promote humanity and justice instead of selfishness and wrong—it has discouraged science and art, as the handmaids of infidelity, and the instigations of the Devil, and thrown the darkest and most blackening pall over the fair and beautiful of all Nature.

Such is the Church. I say, such are the character and doings of the Church. I stop not now to descant upon its beauties, or to extoll its good. I say simply with *any* amount of good, here are its evils, and such is the Church. We need not now raise the question—*est bono*? Such is the evil. We might almost ask—can any amount of good save it? Is it worth repairing? Is there not rather needed a total demolition, saving only its good foundation, some of its timbers, and a few of its precious stones? So it seems to me. These sound and pure original materials may be wrought into *any* fabric. The old superstructure is certainly dilapidated and gone to decay. Upon a true foundation, men have built “wood, hay, stubble.” “The day shall declare it, for it shall be revealed by fire.”

Such, then, is the Church. Compare it with the character and doings of Jesus! Consider, on the one hand, that pure and noble soul, struggling against the storm of an unprincipled opposition, for the establishment of a few simple principles of human love and human brotherhood, passing his days in poverty, and his whole life in humility and meekness; and on the other hand, this vast and towering structure of costly magnificence, splendid in its sins, and ruinous in its usurpations. Consider its train of sanctified priests—the assumed mediators between God and man—holy men, men of mysteries—and their tremendous tyranny over the souls and bodies of all. Not a single reformation but they have opposed—scarcely a single great discovery in science, as in astronomy, navigation, general physics, geology, and the science of mind, but they have been the first to oppose and the last to denounce it. This is true. Now consider again this humble and pure Nazarene. Look at Jesus, and then look at what men call “his Church.” Or, to summon to our aid the altered words of the immortal Shakspeare—

“Look here, upon this picture, and on this.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow:

A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.”

This was your *Saviour*.—Look you now, what follows:

“Here is your Church,—and, like a ravenous monster,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you, on this fair Nature, leave to feed
And fatten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it truth?”

And what judgment

Would step from this to this?

What devil was’t

That thus hath cozened you at hoodman blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Sense without reason, reason thrall’d to sense,
Or but a sickly part of one true man
Could not so mope.

Oh! shame, where is thy blush?”

We suppose the critics will complain, especially the sectarian critics, at this use of Shakspeare, but in our opinion, this forcible passage was never put to better application. The difference is world-wide. And in our opinion too, this Hamlet’s address to his frail mother, would furnish a most befitting text to some popular clergyman, to discourse on Jesus and the Church; for it absolutely requires some vigorous and poetic contrast

“To serve in such a difference.”

Such, then, is the Church. And such, alas! is Jesus, who is so dishonored by the ascription of this monstrous and oppressive institution to his dear and heavenly influence. And this Jesus is said to be married to this Church—this Church is called his *bride*. Monstrous blasphemy! Oh, might not one say again, in words of unmatched fitness, as this same Hamlet said again of his foul mother’s marriage, that this is

“—such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;

Oh, such a deed,

As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion wakes
A rhapsody of words: heaven’s face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought—sick at the act.”

But we will have done. We have said, for the present, enough:—“nothing extenuated, nor ought set down in malice.” We have expressed it as our opinion, that this Church is hardly worth repairing. It should be taken down, saving only its good foundation and a few of its materials, and a new building erected on the spot. We would not recommend the demolition of the wooden buildings, nor the wooden preachers, but only of the anti-natural, anti-spiritual structure which misguided men have erected and consecrated. In short, we look for that true Church of the Divine Humanity. We look for that reformation to which the Lutheran Reformation bears no comparison. We must “reform it altogether.” We must cleave to that pure personage whose name is so dishonored, and yet see in him the “chief corner stone.” We must not forget the Prophets. True heralds of the morning light—they always have been and are yet in our midst—the world knows them not, nor is aware of them. We can dispense with the “priesthood”—we want Priests of Nature—true exponents of the Divine Mind.

“Nature’s priest, how pure and fervent,
Was thy worship at her shrine?”

Finally, if there be any truth in “the signs of the times,” we are on the eve of a social and religious revolution such as was not from the beginning of the world to this time; and we know not but we might add—“no, nor ever shall be.” We would not conceal our faith in the possibility of a divinely organized society on earth—a true Church of the brotherhood—a holy temple of humanity—built upon the foundation of the prophets and apostles, every where scattered, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone. All hail! this coming revolution! Welcome! this glorious light! Like the bright corruscations of the *Aurora Borealis*, they shall stream up from all sides of the mental horizon—shall illuminate the whole hemisphere—shall enlighten the whole world!

INSPIRATION.

A just appreciation of what may be conveyed by this term, is of essential service to the cause of truth. What is Inspiration? whence does it proceed? what is its authority?

The highest kind of inspiration with which the world has ever been favored—highest both in nature and degree, is supposed by Christians to be given in the Bible. “Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,” and “all Scripture is given by inspiration of God.” We shall not here stop to criticise on the phrase “Holy Ghost,” nor to amplify on what is deemed an error in translation. The true reading may indeed be: “all Scripture given by inspiration of God, is profitable,” etc. It matters little to us *what* reading be fixed upon it. We take a higher ground than the questionable authority of a doubtful and antiquated piece of writing, and appeal directly to men’s reason and perception of fact. If the Christian Bible contains inspiration higher in nature and degree than can be found at any other source, it is a very easy matter for common people to discover it. Our own perceptions are not much at loss in the prospect. When we turn over the leaves of the Old Testament, we confess, at the first impression, we are not much elated with the sphere of influence which seems to emanate from its pages. We readily sympathize with the touching devotion of David, with the hallowed strains of Isaiah, with the beauties of several of the Prophets, and with the fine practical wisdom of

Solomon. For the *Song of Solomon* we have not much taste, even as an *amatory* poem; and whether this required the miraculous "inspiration of God," we leave for those to decide who are most anxious to preserve the "canon." For the record of bloody and inhuman wars, for feats of physical strength, for stories of lust and crime, and for marvelous narratives of Quixotic adventures and improbable performances, we confess, we are not prepared for the admission that it required much more than *human* inspiration to indite them. We do not think it demanded a very high inspiration to say that in six days God created the heavens and the earth, "and on the seventh day he rested and was refreshed;" (Ex. 31: 17;) or that woman was created from the rib of a man; or that the "Lord met Moses by the way in an *Inn*, and sought to kill him;" (Ex. 4: 24;) or to record the wars of the Israelites, or the generally acknowledged contradictions of the New Testament.

We may be told here that no inspiration is claimed or pretended. And this is very safely said. There are, however, the advocates of "*plenary*" inspiration—who go for every word and letter of the record. Of course, we must drop *such* believers by the way. He who will advocate the *complete* inspiration of all the mixed matter of the Bible, must be very closely joined to his idols. Let him alone.

But it is said by the more liberal party, that no inspiration is pretended or claimed for much of the matter of the Bible—that the historical part, for instance, where the facts recorded were such as that the writers could state them exactly from memory, and that other matters of like nature, and some of practical wisdom—for all this, it is said, that no inspiration is pretended or claimed. Some, however, will say, that in these matters, God only interfered so far as to preserve the writers from error. This, however, he has not done, as is acknowledged by large numbers of those who reject the idea of plenary inspiration altogether.

At this stage of affairs, something very definite is necessary to be said on one point. Look at it. If no miraculous inspiration is claimed or pretended for much of the matter of the Bible, who or what is to decide when the writers speak of themselves, and when they speak by inspiration from the Lord? Paul himself seems to doubt about this. In his instructions concerning marriage, he says—1 Cor. vii: "*I suppose, therefore, that this is good. * * * She is happier if she so abide, after my judgment: and I think also, that I have the spirit of God.*" A grave question, truly! If the divinely inspired writers themselves know not when they are under this influence, who *shall* know? For one, I beg the privilege of my own private judgment, in this, as in all other cases. And this is a point of great definiteness.

Acknowledged as it is, that there is no inspiration, and no claim for it, in a large part of the Bible, who is to decide what is, and what is not inspired? Let us say that the essentials of Christianity, in distinction from the unessentials, are alone the matter of inspiration. Who shall decide what these essentials are? In short, with the acknowledgment that *must* be made by every reasonable person, what possible line can be drawn for any two men to abide by, in their separation of inspired from uninspired matter? Are we not compelled here to rationalistic ground? A large portion of the Bible, it is acknowledged, is only the product of men's natural faculties: nobody can tell *how* large, or *what* part, definitely—not even the sacred writers themselves; of course, then, with the *whole* of it, if we act as consistent Christians, we can only exercise our own natural faculties in receiving or rejecting it.

But we are to speak of the *nature* of inspiration. What is it? and from whence does it proceed? Undoubtedly, there are different degrees and kinds of inspiration, and the highest is that which comes through the highest human channels. Every truth is affected by the medium through which it comes. The God who works by law, and not by miracle, cannot pour out his truth so fully through the low and imperfect mediums of poorly

constituted men. He cannot inspire a savage to discourse superior intelligence, or a Nero to proclaim the delightful lessons of humanity and mercy. He cannot inspire a clown with philosophic wisdom, or of the rude barbarian, make the instrument through which to dispense the refinement of sentiment, and the grace of life. All truth is divine, whether it come through one channel or another. But the degrees of it infinitely vary. The mathematician is as much inspired as the moralist. He demonstrates the truth of God. And when the Divine Mind of the universe would make known the beautiful relations, and stupendous truths, of the vast system of our Astronomy, he uses the mind of a Newton, or La Place. It is the appropriate channel of such truth. It is doubtful if Jesus Christ *could* have been inspired to this extent, in this way. Behold in Shakspeare, the inspired poet. Consider, in our own day and time, the boy Safford. With the facility of nature will he work out problems in the space of one minute, before which the professors of mathematics would sit down in perfect despair. Or as Horace Mann says, while common folks have a multiplication table with twelve figures to the side, he has a multiplication table a yard square! A perfect prodigy—a wonder; and not any less so than the moral capacity of the man Christ Jesus. *He was a moral genius.* Through his superiorly developed constitution, in accordance with the laws of the everlasting Nature, flowed the superior moral truth which he has delivered to the world. Accordingly, at the age of twelve, we find him very naturally disputing with the doctors and philosophers of his time, precisely as we find Newton, when a boy, amusing himself with the principles of Nature in miniature works of art. The mind of one was a proper channel through which to dispense a knowledge of the moral universe, as the mind of the other was a medium for the revelation of the physical. The truth is, God's inspiration is not limited to a few favored ones. It is not confined to any age or nation. All men are more or less inspired. The error of our reasoning lies with our puerile and imperfect conceptions of God. Once admit in theory, what is everywhere admitted in words, that God is omnipresent and omniactive, and we cannot, in our ideas, shut out his inspiration from any man. Is not God in all spirit, as in all matter? And *how* can God be in my spirit, and yet his inspiration *not* be there? Groveling and blundering attempts at theory! What is inspiration but the possession of the spirit of God? And is God's spirit sometimes inspiration and sometimes not? Who cannot see here that the only possible difference in this matter can be only in degree, not in nature? And inspiration in the spiritual world is as natural as the Divine Energy in the world of matter. Nothing supernatural—nothing at variance with the everlasting laws and processes of Nature, can we ever admit, as consistent Theists, into our conceptions of the operations of God. We can only do this by severing God from the creation he has formed. Make God a being separate from Nature—not united to it substantially and eternally, and then we can imagine him interfering with its laws, as a child would with a machine from which he stood without. Conceive of God truly—as the Soul of Nature—the great interior, actuating power, of which the soul and body of man, in their united capacity, are the best analogy, and supernaturalism is lost sight of at once. We then have spiritualism, but we have not supernaturalism. We have truth, power, beauty, *God*; but we have *not* contradictions, violations, discords, at variation with the Infinite Harmony.

We may now notice what perhaps is the very highest character of that influx of divine truth which may be termed inspiration. We allude to communion with spirits not of earth. We have not the least doubt of this form of spiritual communion—many passages in the Bible, as well as many facts in spiritual philosophy, confirm us in the faith of it. I speak as a free man—let it have no weight with thee but the confirmations of thy own spirit. I cannot read the pages of Swedenborg without fully believing that he many times enjoyed this spiritual

communion. This I call his highest inspiration. I cannot know of the many psychological facts which I do know of, without believing in the possibility and actuality of spiritual communion. And to me, it is the most natural thing in the world. It may well be doubted whether the Divine Mind of the universe ever makes a direct communication to the mind of man, by his immediate influence. It may be doubted whether this can be done. Many times, in the Old Testament, we are told that the angel of the Lord appeared to different persons; sometimes it is said, God spake. But when we reflect that it was a common impression of the men of those times, whenever they felt moved by a divine impulse, that it was God who moved them, we are not at loss in accounting for such expression as, "the Lord spake unto Moses," etc. But when we reflect again, upon the weakness and imperfection of the most high among men, and the magnitude of the Infinite Perfection, we may well doubt whether from the inaccessible and infinite glory of the Divine Mind itself, any direct communication can be conveyed to lowly man, born in sin, and cradled and nurtured amid the imperfections of this planet. And can even the highest angel thus approach God? Are there not ministering spirits who do his will and who mediate—not between God and man, in the sense of, the New Testament Mediator—but between one another, rising through successive hosts of spiritual beings, to the Infinite Center of all Being, and descending through all their ranks, even to the influence of lowly man? To me this is a truthful and delightful contemplation. It may be "heresy"—it may be "infidelity." What care I for these reproachful names? To me it is the sublimest form of spiritual Theism. And it is beautiful Nature with me. I see no more supernaturalism in holding converse with spirits and angels—in being lead and influenced by them, even when we know it not, than I see in the social converse and connection with this world. It is by the law of the mind that this takes place. And this I conceive to be man's highest source of heavenly inspiration.

Jesus Christ, to my estimation, was such a man. His high native development at once gave him the power of the largest moral intuition, and put him in connection with a correspondingly high spiritual association. But I claim by nature no more for him in this way, than for other men. It is by degree that his excellence is measured. I make no doubt that many of the sayings of the ancient prophets had this characteristic in their inspirations, joined with their own natural perceptions. So of the apostles—so of all men. Inspiration is natural, be it ever so spiritual—come it even from the spiritual world.

Having thus spoken of its nature—its different degrees—and its various sources, we will now speak of its authority. Is it infallible? Can we ever rely on it as such? Most emphatically not! Infallibility is a quality which dwells only with the Divine Mind. No mortal ever had, or ever can have it. Many true and faithful sayings may be uttered by man, in different degrees of inspiration, and such may be infallibly true. But to speak of the whole of any one mind, or any one production, as infallible—a reliable source of unquestionable authority—it is vain and hopeless. Human imperfections must mar the beautiful image of truth, be it sculptured from the finest and purest marble of man's mental nature. * * * *

Infallible authority, then, is out of the question. It is a perfection joined only to the Divine Mind of all. And inasmuch as the truth of God will be affected by the medium through which it passes, and inasmuch as all men are imperfect at some points, we cannot expect to be relieved from the effort of our own individual judgment in passing upon all truth which is presented to our consideration. Even that inspiration which may come from the spirits of another world, inasmuch as they are in all degrees of perfection, and inasmuch as they can only associate where a kindred mind is open to their influx, cannot be relied on as infallible truth. It would undoubtedly, be a great relief to man, could he find such resting place on which to plant himself; and

it is unquestionable, that the pretensions of the Catholic Church have allured many a mind—rocked and wrecked on the troubled ocean of human opinion—for that rest which independent thinking seemed hopelessly to promise. But on the other hand, when we see the timid servility exercised by the members of this church, and the pitiful surrender of their minds to poor and fallible men, professing themselves to be grounded on the infallibility of a book, and of tradition, which we know to be strikingly imperfect, we can but infer that it is not intended by Providence that men should be saved the exercise of their own intellects, and thus to relapse into that sluggishness which, under such a state of things, would be, and is, the unavoidable consequence. No; in the words of Jesus himself, we have to put the question—"Why not even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" and in the progress of human opinion, we can but look hopefully to that triumphant time when every vestige of what we are obliged to regard as superstition shall be removed from the fair fields of truth—when men shall leave their idols, whether of a book, or of a church, and bow only to the living God—when the divine light of Reason shall illuminate every mind, and the inspirations of the free shall rejoice and elevate the world.—[Christian Rationalist.]

CHRISTIANITY AND THE SECTS.

THERE is no portion of human history more humbling than that of Sects. When I meditate on the grand moral and spiritual purpose of Christianity, in which all its glory consists; when I consider how plainly Christianity attaches importance to nothing but to the moral excellence, the disinterested, divine virtue, which was embodied in the life of its founder; and when, from this position, I look down on the Sects which have figured, and now figure in the Church, when I see them making such a stir about matters generally so unessential; when I see them seizing on a disputed and disputable doctrine, making it a watchword, a test of God's favor, a bond of communion, a ground of self-complacency, a badge of peculiar holiness, a warrant for condemning its rejectors, however imbued with the spirit of Christ; when I see them overlooking the weightier matters of law, and laying infinite stress here on a bishop and prayer-book, there on the quantity of water applied in baptism, and there in some dark solution of an incomprehensible article of faith; when I see the mock dignity of their exclusive claims to truth, to Churchship, to the promises of God's word; when I hear the mimic thunderbolts of denunciation and excommunication, which they delight to hurl; when I consider how their deep theology in proportion as it is examined evaporates into words, how many opposite and extravagant notions are covered by the same broad shield of mystery and tradition, and how commonly the persuasion of infallibility is proportioned to the absurdity of the creed; when I consider these things, and other matters of like import, I am lost in amazement at the amount of arrogant folly, of self-complacent intolerance, of almost incredible blindness to the end and essence of Christianity which the history of Sects reveals.—[Wm. Ellery Channing.]

STRANGE METEOR.—A remarkable phenomenon was witnessed on the 21st of last month, in some of the counties of Missouri. A correspondent of the Montgomery Journal, Butler county, says:

"I have lived to see over forty years and have never witnessed so remarkable a phenomenon as took place in this neighborhood to day. (Friday, 21st ult.) At half past ten o'clock in the morning, a ball of fire about five or six inches in diameter, passed swiftly through the air at a considerable height from the ground, from east to west, with a tremendous crashing noise, sounding as though a great horse had been passing over a bridge, and as it retired still farther westward, it kept up a dull rumbling noise."

The universal desire of man, that hope which springs immortal in the human breast, we must regard as presumptive evidence of the life to come.

Original Communications.

RANDOM THOUGHTS ON PROGRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,
BY F. GALE.

LET us suppose all the objects of sense to be endowed, in some degree, with intelligence. The principle in disorganized matter would be one thing—in vegetables, quite another and a higher—in animals still higher—and in man this principle would transcend all that is discernible in inferior creatures, by a degree corresponding to the superiority of his nature. And in the same manner, the different species of vegetables and animals, and the various races of mankind, would be found to differ. Not only is this true of classes, but of individuals also.

The youth forsakes the toys and sports of his childhood, because a new world has opened to his view. The man abandons the occupations and amusements of the youth, because he has entered upon a new, and to him, a loftier sphere. Such appears to be the course of things. Growth—continual growth! The old giveth place to the new.

I take my stand-point to day. It is a higher one than I occupied yesterday. The experience I have gained is my own—my individual property which cannot be wrested from me. I have brought the child and the youth, along with me. Here in the man both are united. By virtue of this, though standing on the verge of old age, I can make myself intelligible to children and youth. So while I attempt to soar higher, I must preserve what I have already gained. I can reach the high only by means of the low. In becoming an angel, I remain a man; or rather, to the man, I superadd the angel.

We cannot fix limits to the attainments of mankind, either as a whole, or as individuals. In my youth, I had, if any, a very confused conception of what I am at the present time. True, the pictures of future greatness and happiness have not been realized in the way my fancy painted them. But I have attained a depth of knowledge and experience—a glow and strength of feeling and affection—in fine I have explored a world of great and glorious things, of which my young imagination had scarcely a glimpse. Is it any disappointment then, that I am not surrounded with the honors, the wealth, and the luxury which, in the eyes of youth, are so precious? To regret these would be to wish myself a child again.

But to what can I attain; or in other words, to what am I destined to grow? I know not. One thing I know—that I can attain to higher things, and that I shall continue to grow. That thought is delightful—invigorating—glorious. I rejoice in my destiny, and hasten to fulfil it.

I have a vast domain—an indefinite range—over which I can exercise unlimited sway. I can fix no period to my existence, nor bounds to my power and attainments. And herein lies my great happiness. If I could limit myself, I should feel a sense of inferiority in this. I should feel that I might one day reach the *ne plus ultra* of my being, and thus a stop be put to all further progress and conquest.

* * * * *

I am not seeking to encroach upon the spheres of others, or to circumscribe their acquisitions, but to enlarge my own. I make war upon no man, but seek to attract, penetrate, and become incorporated with all things, and make all things my possession.

Here is the secret of power. Love all things; fear nothing, for real love is incompatible with fear. Be goodness itself, so that men in loving goodness, will love you. You will thus acquire a dominion over them unknown to themselves, and so you can go on from conquest to conquest.

Men may speak great swelling words against you. But cowards pretend to despise that which they feel is controlling them. Weak people affect to ridicule what they cannot comprehend.

Therefore, you have felt humble, and have taken a low place among your fellows. Rejoice that your heart has not become inflated with pride. The previous discipline has been good. You have not been carried away in a foolish chase after wealth

or earthly glory. It is a higher destiny—a richer patrimony is yours—enter and take possession!

Work out your destiny where you are. You may think the soil dry and sterile, but it is yours to make that place beautiful and fruitful, which is to you the center of the universe.

Tell me no more what I cannot do, but let me feel and do what I am able to accomplish. By expending strength I acquire more. Do not always ring in my ears that I am poor, miserable, mortal and corrupt. Let me know that I may be heir of all things, and am growing richer day by day—am becoming happier and still more joyous, and ever growing up into immortality, love, and purity.

Look abroad upon Nature after the King of day has just risen from his glorious pavilion. Who does not feel that the world is, as it was in the beginning, all very good? Ah, says one whose life business it is to murmur, there is a spoiler here—Death. And who, pray, and what is death, but the night of earthly being, or the angel that watches our calmest slumber? Why frighten children with distorted images of the lovely Night, when Nature, like a coy bride, as St. Pierre beautifully remarks, unveils her charms to the admiring gaze of her lover.

Sleep, which is said to be the image of death, is but the renewal of strength and beauty. Thus, in the language of one of old, we die daily, that we may live again. Death, then, is merely a rest, a change of state, a transition from a lower to a higher sphere.

But it is said, the elements in nature conspire against us. Not so—the elements are our friends. They incite us to thought—to action; and by action we become strong—god-like.

Again, we are subject to pain and sickness. These teach us patience and resignation, and prepare us for the enjoyment of pleasure and health. And trials and temptations give us a depth of knowledge and experience—a discipline which we would not exchange for the state of an Archangel without it.

Let us look ever on the good, the beautiful, the true, till we become molded into it—till we are *one* with it. Whatever we love and delight in becomes a part of us. If we keep ever contemplating in ourselves or others the miserable, the morbid, and the corruptible, we insensibly form ourselves into the image of our thoughts. Let us flee these things; not with childish fear or terror, but turn away, with holy love and reverence to the pure, the happy, the immortal.

Are you a searcher after truth? Do not be the slave of *names*. When an idea is suggested to the mind, and is likely to force an assent, do not determine its importance by some arbitrary standard, for fear it may lead you to discard the tenets of some particular school. You are above all schools—all systems, political, philosophical, or religious. If not then throw to the winds all pretensions to manhood.

GROWTH is the great law. Let the work of development go on. Do not be displeased because you are growing, and must reject your old forms of thought, but rejoice rather. Would you, being a man, weep because you cannot wear the habiliments of youth? Old systems, like old garments, must be cast aside. Will the wise man spend his time in writing eulogies on his old coat, when he has furnished himself with a new one? Will you put on sable and array your family in mourning, because your son will not always remain a little child—because it is his destiny to grow up to man's estate?

But you are in doubt—everything is yielding beneath your feet. You are like the nervous old lady, who seeing a fire in a wood, on an insignificant hill in her neighborhood, cried out in despair that the great day had come, and that the world was going to be burnt up. Your favorite system, or some old and cherished opinion of yours is going, and you may think that the Universe will go with it, but in this you are mistaken. Be not disturbed; the starry heavens are above, and the solid earth is here. Look up, and with an unfaltering step go on thy way rejoicing.

Men are recompensed in the earth. The intimate connection between every action and its appropriate consequences is plainly discernible, so that the authority of Revelation is sanctioned by experience and an enlightened philosophy.

THE FALSE THEOLOGY.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—It is clearly evident to me that you have not mistaken your course in reference to the false theology of the day, as opposing the most formidable obstacle to the advancement of the reform contemplated by the new philosophy. Indeed, so apparent to me are the wisdom and expediency of your course in this respect, that I am greatly surprised to see its propriety, even by one enlightened mind, called in question. It seems to me to be as plain as it is lamentable, that to the evil influences of the popular theology are due the most grievous ills by which society is afflicted;—that, unless there be something like unity of feeling and sentiment among men, they cannot be brought to act in unison, under any system of "organized industry;" and it seems to me an assumption beyond dispute, that the prevalent disunity in the theological beliefs of men, can never be displaced for harmony, until that light necessary to expose the hideous features of that incarnation of error,—the reigning theology,—shall be widely and vividly diffused. To this end, you are judiciously, and, I believe, effectively laboring,—prompted by Truth and influenced by Love. "The harvest is truly plentiful," and as yet, "the laborers are few;" but you have the assurance to cheer and stimulate you, that in all her enterprises, Truth ever commands at her behest a force sufficient for her support, her steady progress, and her final triumph.

Here in Massachusetts, even the most sacred and dearly cherished of our civil institutions,—the system of public instruction by free schools,—does not find exemption from the blighting and defiling influence of the foul spirit engendered by the false theology. Sectarian bigotry has attempted,—yea, is still striving, in various ways, some open and some concealed—to introduce itself into the system of educating the young. It is not content with the terms of the law which tolerates the reading of portions of the Bible daily in the schools, it wishes the Bible not only read, but interpreted, as it dictates, to the pupils. True to its nature, it seeks, with a spirit selfish as sinful; the inculcation in the schools of what it calls "evangelical religion," among whose constituents are the repulsive and God-defaming doctrines of "total depravity," and the mythological "hell" hereafter for the torment of the unconverted to its tenets, united with other accursed dogmas and fallacies, born in the midnight of the mind, and retaining in this the day of their decrepitude, the favor of the slaves of prejudice, the serfs of ignorance, and the dupes of the designing. But, thanks to the increased light and liberalism which bless this era of the comparatively glorious nineteenth century, this evil spirit has little prospect of success in its scheme for strengthening its waning power by engrafting on the minds of the hopeful young,—the especial wards of benignant Truth,—its poisonous scions, plethoric with corrupting canker, and which, like the fell tree of Java, blight while they bloom.

Science, too, the meek and faithful oracle of beneficent Nature, has to encounter in its ever-progressive march, annoyances from the false theology—that is, from its blind-led followers, who have managed so to discipline their reasoning faculties as to bring themselves to believe that one book contains all truth, and that all the developments of science and the intuitions of Nature must, if they are truths, coincide with the teachings of this book, or, otherwise, be piously discarded as heretical. As illustrations in point, I append a couple of clippings from a public journal, and I think the reader will agree with me that they are worthy of being yoked together, and that if they do not gain, they suffer no great disadvantage, by being placed in juxtaposition!

"THE LATEST ABSURDITY.—Of all the difficulties and annoyances that men of genius have to encounter and overcome, that engendered by religious bigotry and superstition is the most vexatious. This reflection has been suggested by the most intolerant officiousness of certain ministers in Edinburgh, who have taken it into their heads to object to the use of chloroform by medical men in obstetric cases. Our readers may laugh, but the fact is certain, that the mitigation of pain during the time of child-birth, is objected to by these men, on the ground that God, in consequence of the fall, ordained man to be brought

forth in sorrow, &c. Dr. Simpson, the successful discoverer of the inestimable qualities of chloroform in deadening the nervous system, and rendering the body incapable of feeling during surgical operations, has been at pains to combat this clerical anathema; and well has he done it. He has quoted from the original text the account of the first surgical operation recorded in holy writ—we say it with all reverence—that performed by God himself: 'The Lord caused a deep sleep,' &c. As no one will call in question the object to be gained by the deep sleep, we are satisfied we shall have no more appeals to Scripture or clerical anathemas against the use of chloroform—in surgical cases, at any rate."

"A NEW LIGHT IN ASTRONOMY.—In Huddersfield, during the last, and a part of the present week, a 'gentleman' who assumes the euphonious name of Tryon, has been reaping a rich harvest from lecturing on astronomy, at 2d. per head. Among other extraordinary things, not having the fear of Sir Isaac Newton before his eyes, he asserts that this earth is not a planet or a globe, and that it does not revolve either on an axis or in an orbit, but that it is an extended plain, remaining at rest, and quotes Moses and Joshua in support of his theory!—that the sun is only fifty miles distant, and that neither it nor the moon and stars are bodies, but lights only; like Shelley's rustic Newton:

"Those mighty spheres that gem infinity,
Were only specks of tinsel; fixed in heaven,
To light the midnights of his native town."

And yet he manages to invest these absurdities with a great deal of pomp and piety, and it is amusing to observe the effect he produces upon his stultified audience."

True indeed is it, in more than one sense, that "we live in a remarkable age!"

We can but see, close our senses or not, that there are now in the world two prominent classes—the Progressives and the Retrogressives, or Standstills—for the terms, in the present case, are synonymous. The movements of these are destined to be of absorbing interest to all who note them, inasmuch as they are engaged in a spirited struggle—the one to keep and the other to gain—of which the whole enlightened world is soon to be the theater. To the duly expanded mind, the issue is scarcely less doubtful than if it were already decided—and such a mind has thus expressed its intuitions:

"Progress is the beneficent law of the race. We cannot be circumscribed within the range of our fathers' ideas, any more than we can use their old implements. The manhood of the race cannot be confined within the swaddling-bands of its infancy. In the end, too, we may add, the party of Progress is sure to triumph. More or less rapidly, the new opinion supplants the old. Conservative age dies; hopeful youth succeeds to its powers. Not only so, but youth always out-numbers age; for the ranks of life become thinner at every stage of its march. The law of advancement is just as certain as that men wish to better their condition. The highest interests of individuals and of communities can consist in nothing but in their embracing more and more truth in their belief, and more and more wisdom in their practice. Hence whenever sufficiently enlightened on any subject to see their own deficiencies, and to devise means for supplying them, the intelligence of men will adopt what ignorance and prejudice had before discarded."—[Hon. Horace Mann, Sec'y Mass. Board of Education.

Boston, March, 1848.

J. H. D.

"I am sure truth never lost any thing by being spoken in love. I am of opinion that a principal reason why we are not more of one mind, is that we are not more of one heart. How soon they who feel heart to heart, begin to see eye to eye! The way to think alike is first to feel alike; and if the feeling be love, the thought will be truth. I wish, therefore, for the sake of sound doctrine, that the brethren would love one another."—[Dr. Nevins.

The above embodies a text and a sermon; a proposition and a demonstration. Oh! how effectually would it rob Bigotry of its baneful virus and Theological controversy of its food, if the benignant spirit above wished for could be made the ruling spirit among men!

THE UNIVERCÆLUM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1848.

THE NEW SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY; ITS RELATIONS TO A RADICAL REFORM.

JUSTICE to the subject proposed for consideration in this article, would necessarily require an extended disquisition. Time and limits, however, at present demand brevity; and we hope that the hints which we may now offer, may, if deemed truthful, be expanded by such of our correspondents as may feel qualified for the task.

It will be admitted that the human affections are the grand source of all volition, and consequently of all individual and social action. Indeed we cannot conceive of a voluntary act which is not prompted by an impulse originating in some one or more of the affections, either in their aspirations after positive gratification, or in their efforts to remove external annoyances. This being the case, it follows as equally certain that in proportion as the affections are exalted and purified, will be the dignity, beneficence and propriety of human actions.

But of all the affections of the human soul, those which relate to the Deity, to the great Brotherhood of mankind, and to the endless perpetuity of a happy existence, are the *central* and *predominant*. Of these three affections, perhaps the latter is the deepest and most absorbing; and taken together they naturally exercise an authoritative influence over all the other feelings and desires of man, modifying and directing their action accordingly. The omnipotent influence which theological, spiritual and social systems, even when false, have exercised over human actions and conditions in all ages of the world, affords sufficient demonstration of this proposition. Instances have not been wanting in which the spiritual affection, acted upon by a false view relative to the conditions of procuring a happy immortality, has triumphed over all other affections, causing tender mothers to sacrifice their first born babes, and wives to immolate themselves upon the funeral pyre of their husbands! Innumerable facts even now existing, in our own and other countries, show that the sentiments of the human soul which take cognizance of God and immortality, exert an influence predominating over, and greatly modifying all other influences. It is greatly to be regretted, however, that these affections are, at present, generally so perverted, that they not only do not act with reference to the reform and progress of the race, but seek mainly to sustain the existence of doctrines and social conditions which custom and antiquity have rendered sacred; and thus misdirected in their action, they constitute the most formidable bulwark of all the corruptions and evils that exist in the world.

If the social divisions and antipathies, and the sectarian bigotry and intolerance, at present so extensively prevailing, ought not to exist, then it is certain that men's views of the true objects of the higher affections should be greatly changed and elevated. The direction of the affections themselves would then be equally changed; and their aspirations would be proportionally pure, lofty and catholic: and then instead of inciting partial, unholy and oppressive actions, and promoting social and sectarian discord, as is now the case, their influence would be omnipotent in the promotion of unity, fraternity and universal justice. For these affections, constituting as we have seen they do, the ultimate source of all human volition and action, must be pure and elevated before the actions of men and the condition of society can be such as will only tend to peace, elevation and happiness. To suppose the contrary, would be like expecting sweet waters to flow from bitter fountains.

Hitherto men have known but little concerning the spirit world, or even concerning the existence and laws of the human spirit in this world. The great majority of mankind have contented themselves with a vague, indistinct, and often very

dubious belief in a conscious existence of *some* kind or other, beyond the dissolution of the body; but concerning the *specific conditions* which that existence will involve, all kinds of confused ideas have prevailed, none of which have been very decidedly established. The *positive* views which men have entertained on this subject, have tended for the most part to unfraternize large portions of mankind, and, by the spirit which they have infused, to promote in *this* world those personal divisions and exclusive privileges which they contemplate as eternal in the future: while on the other hand, the *vagueness* of conception which has so generally prevailed on the same subject, has left men's affections to be absorbed in the mere sensible objects by which they have been surrounded, not being able duly to conceive of *higher* objects of aspiration. It is for this reason that avarice, selfishness and supreme worldliness so generally prevail.

To remedy these evils, a system of spiritual philosophy such as that recently established, is of the utmost importance. By proving the whole Universe to be a Unity—the great Body of which the Deity is the Soul—it at the same time incontestibly establishes the natural unity of mankind arranged in connected spheres of association according to their relative degrees of progression; for mankind, under the operation of divine law, are mere *outbirths* of the Universe, and are therefore but ascended and necessary parts of the great Oneness. Thus all exclusiveness of feeling between man and man is rendered totally inconsistent, and the lower and higher stages of human progression are connected by cords of reciprocal influence. By proving the immortality of the soul on philosophical principles, and indicating the means by which each man may establish for himself the reality of a hereafter, it elevates the aspirations of man beyond the mere evanescent gratification of the outer senses; and by bringing to view the stupendous and magnificent spheres of future existence, with their inexpressible purity, harmony and happiness, it causes man to turn with loathing and disgust from the selfishness and corruption of the world; elevates him to a position in which persecution and worldly trial can not disturb him, and invites him to put forth his whole efforts to establish on earth, the harmony and righteousness of heaven.

Nothing can be purer and loftier in its practical tendencies than this system of spiritual teaching; and we think we may without presumption say that *something* of this kind must be established as the basis of all individual and social action, before the world can be radically and permanently reformed. Any effort at reform commencing at the mere *surface* of things as they now exist, must necessarily be very limited in its results, if indeed it does not prove an entire failure. In order that a reform may be real and universal, its germ must be a lofty spirituality; and as this germ expands, an organism will *naturally* be ultimated, in series and degrees of progression, corresponding to the order and process of universal creation.

W. F.

VISION OF THE PURE.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.—JESUS.

WE become acquainted with external objects only as they are presented to us and become the subject of sensuous observation. We may adopt opinions and arrive at conclusions from the representations of others, but we can possess no certain knowledge of things we have not seen. The man who has never opened his eyes upon this lower world can form no adequate conception of its extent, diversity and magnificence. You may talk of its hills and valleys, of its flowers and living greens; you may tell him of the sparkling beauty of its crystal waters—or direct his thoughts to the heavens—to the infinitude of revolving spheres, and all the glittering garniture of that upper world, where the glory of the Infinite Mind is unveiled! But what are these to him? He sees them not. The sun may shine brightly; the silver moon and the far distant stars may shed down their mild radiance upon the earth, but for *him* they shine in vain. The medium through which the mind receives impressions of external objects is for ever *closed*; and it is of no avail to him

that the earth, the waters, and the heavens are bright and beautiful.

But the spiritual world may surpass in grandeur and excellence all that our eyes behold. Its embellishments may be more beautiful than the things of earth. Compared with these, the sweet flowers and the sparkling gems, the flowing waters and the green isles of the sea, may grow dim and fade away. The nature of God may be infinitely glorious and supremely attractive; the light of his love may outshine the Sun; yet if the moral vision be obscured by the mists of ignorance and depravity; if we are wanting in the ability to perceive these things—the things that are spiritual; the soul will remain in a state of darkness and insensibility, unmoved by all that is excellent in the Divine nature, and lovely in the veiled glories of the interior world.

The word *see* when used as a transitive verb signifies to perceive; to notice, to discover, to learn, to know, to comprehend. It is not restricted in its application to the sense of vision through which the mind receives impressions of external objects; but it is applied to *intellectual perception*—to the power by which we discover certain things which are invisible and intangible to the outward sense—objects that pertain to the spiritual world—the faculty by means of which we are enabled to distinguish the good and true, from the false and pernicious.

This being the true meaning of the word, what are we to understand by *seeing God*? The answer is plain. To see him, is to *know him*—to become acquainted with his nature and the laws of his government. To see God, we must receive knowledge of him, not through the instrumentality of the senses, but we must behold him through the medium of that *inward perception* with which his rational offspring are endowed.

It is worthy of remark, that all things appear dark, and even the Divine nature is invested with unreal terrors by the ignorant and depraved mind. The very moment that an individual becomes sensible of his guilt, he loses his confidence in himself, his neighbor and his Creator, and begins to expect evil or sudden destruction to overtake him. Indeed, we can have no distinct perception of the Divine presence and of spiritual things, while we are impure or destitute of personal holiness. This is the real and painful experience of the unfortunate transgressor. Cast your eye over the wide world, and wherever you find the moral nature prostrate—man depraved and sinful—the powers of the soul shackled and bending low beneath the weight of his guilt—there you will find him poor and blind, without a rational idea of God, or any just conception of invisible and spiritual things. Go to the pagan world enshrouded in the deep darkness of ignorance and moral night. There behold the miserable victim of superstitious fear. You will find him torturing his body to save his soul. Trembling with awful apprehension, he bows low at the altar of the implacable gods! It is true, he worships; but it is not God he worships. The being *he sees* is not glorious in holiness and plenteous in mercy. Nay; but the object of his adoration is the hideous offspring of the benighted soul. The attributes of *his God*, are the passions of his own breast.

Every man has some idea of a Supreme Being. That idea will be low and groveling, or elevated and comprehensive, in proportion to the spiritual light and moral purity of the creature. It is impossible for an impure man to have correct views of the Divine Nature, because his spiritual and moral vision is imperfect. He cannot see distinctly on account of the veil which ignorance and sensuality interpose. He looks up to the Deity through the medium of his own powers of perception; and since God is a being of immaculate holiness, man must be pure in heart to see him as he is. We will endeavor to elucidate this point.

If you look through a glass that is imperfect, things presented to the view will put on appearances very different from the reality. If the medium through which we direct the vision is in itself defective, the objects seen will assume unreal forms and fantastic shapes. On the contrary, if the medium through which we look upon surrounding objects be true, everything will appear in its proper form, and occupy its relative position. The outline of every object will be clearly seen, and the mind

will receive correct impressions. So if a man look through the medium of a diseased imagination, or of his own evil passions and corrupt desires, he will see nothing aright. Things beautiful in themselves will be shorn of their grace and comeliness, and will appear to the vision distorted and unsymmetrical. The mind will receive false impressions, and he will readily ascribe to the subject of his observations the very defects which really exist in himself, or in the medium through which the object is seen.

Thus have men in their darkness and ignorance, ascribed to the Universal Father, the weakness and mutability, the unhallowed passions, and the evil designs which have this existence in human ignorance, misdirection and depravity. Those who have no fixed purpose—no established principles of action—the irresolute and capricious, suppose that God is like themselves, unstable and vacillating in all his ways. Those who are swayed by anger, revenge and cruelty, generally ascribe these attributes to the Deity; while those who are disposed to blast their enemies with curses, are not slow in adopting similar views of the disposition and purposes of Jehovah.

The individual who is acquainted with the science of light and the phenomena of vision, knows very well that a clouded glass, or a semi-transparent lens, will cast a shade even over the radiance of the sun. It is equally true that to men whose spiritual vision is obscured by the mists of ignorance and moral darkness, the Divine character appears dark and terrible.

Thus do men fail to see God as he is. They look through the polluted medium of sinful affections, and the brightness of the Father's glory shines not into the benighted soul. To discern the Divine Nature, we must partake of that nature. Our minds and affections must be molded into his spirit and image. The more we resemble the standard of all perfection, the more clearly we shall *see him*—the more we shall know of his nature and character—the higher will be our spiritual attainments, and the more perfect our unity and happiness. S.B.E.

THE INFINITE AND ITS TEACHINGS.

THE most terribly overwhelming idea of eternity ever represented to our mind, was given somewhat as follows: Suppose a hollow tube whose diameter would be equal to that of the orbit of Herschel. Suppose this tube to extend from the Solar System to the star Sirius, which can not be less than twenty billions of miles. This tube is completely filled with the finest sand. It is closely wound around from base to top, with a fine spiral thread. A little ant, starting at the base and following the course of the spiral thread, slowly winds its way round and round until it arrives at the top. It takes out one grain of sand. It descends through the same path by which it ascended, and deposits the sand at its base. It again ascends for another grain, and descends in the same manner; and so continues its movements until the last sand shall have been removed from the tube. After the unnumbered billions of centuries shall have passed away in the achievement of this mighty and inconceivable work, the explorer in the profundities of the eternal ages, inquires: What progress towards the end? He looks up at the great dial of eternity, and finds that the index has traversed BUT ONE SECOND!

Yet mighty and inconceivable as is the lapse of time here represented, it is mathematically certain, that innumerable millions of such periods have already elapsed, and it is equally certain that an infinite number more will still elapse, and all within the eternal life-time of the Deity!

Corresponding contemplations may be had with reference to the extent of space. Suppose that from every square inch of the surface of the sun, a million of rays are emitted at every instant of time. These rays travel off in all directions into space, at the rate of twelve millions of miles every second. At the end of a thousand million of years, the combined distances traveled by all the rays that have proceeded from the sun during that period of time, would be but as *one inch* in the boundless abysses of space!

What does this infinitude of time and space include? Suppose a line attached to the earth, and extending to the star

Sirius, is swept around in space so as to mark out, by its extreme point, the circumference of a globe. Suppose that this globe is composed of an aggregation of the finest sand; and suppose each grain of sand to represent a world: yet but a small portion of the worlds, teeming with life and activity, and silently revolving in the infinitude of space, would be represented!

Commencing in the infinite depths of past eternity, the lines of progressive development, scintillating from the Mind of the Deity, finally converge to a luminous Focus including the refined essences and properties of all things beneath it, with their animating spirit. It is a miniature Universe of itself—the perfected germ upon the matured branches of the great Tree of Causation. Being an ultimate elaboration—a perfectly organized sublimation of *all things*—it can never lose its identical existence, from the fact that there are no foreign substances to absorb it—no substances possessing stronger affinities for its elements than those elements possess for each other. Yet including within itself a refinement of all substances, forms, principles, and forces existing in the whole Universe, it has that affinity for all things in subordinate states of development, which renders it susceptible of unlimited comprehension of the creations of space as these come within the reach of its action; and from the impulse of forces originating with the Deity, it tends to rise with accelerated steps, through the successive stages of an endless progression. Such is the HUMAN SPIRIT.

The lessons deducible from these reflections are profound and important. Standing as the perfection of divine creation, with the Universe before him as the scene of his explorations, and the eternal ages of the future as the duration of his being, it is not consistent that man should confine his affections to a mere speck—a mere isolated portion of creation, with which he may be in immediate contact; nor is it proper that he should be disheartened at any temporary evils which may afflict him in the present. But as a mere *particle* in the great universal Organism, and recognizing others as equally necessary with himself to the perfection of the Whole, he should strive to maintain his just and natural relations to all men and things. While he considers himself an inhabitant of his own material body, or his own house, he should ever feel that he is equally an inhabitant of the town, the state, the nation, the world, the Universe, and that strict justice is as absolutely demanded in one portion of the great unitary creation of God, as in another—by his neighbor, the world—all mankind—as by himself. Commencing with himself as the center, and recognizing the natural equality of others, his affections should radiate without limitation; and his aspirations should be toward the great infinitude of worlds through which his spirit is designed eternally to soar. Thus he will stand in all the dignity and sublimity of perfect Manhood—a child and antetype of the Deity! To repair the isolated evils surrounding him, he in contemplation borrows from the harmonious operations and perfections of universal Nature, and considering that the aggregate misery which could in any case of derangement be endured even in a thousand years is *nothing* in comparison to a WHOLE ETERNITY of bliss which he feels is in reserve, he is under all circumstances contented and happy.

W. F.

BOTANY.

As the time is now fast approaching which offers the most favorable circumstances for commencing the study of this charming science, it may be well for one who occupies the advanced position of experience, to call the attention of others to the subject. Spring offers to the student flowers of the simplest structure, and is, therefore, the very alphabet season of Botany. And knowing, as I do, the unimagined happiness which is held in reserve for all who have not explored its beautiful paths, I shall endeavor, at the present time, to unfold some of the advantages which may be derived from an acquaintance with this delightful study.

There is a strong tendency in this age toward what is superficial—to skimming over much surface and penetrating to small

depth; or, if I may use a mercantile phrase, to getting up a great flourish with small capital; and the tendency is certainly assisted and heightened by the fact, that there are so many aids and abettors to learning—everything is made so easy, that a very respectable show of acquisition may be established with very small action in the mind of the scholar. Now that we have these helps is a circumstance certainly not to be quarrelled with, but we should never be satisfied with the amount which prior students have thought and known; and we should remember that all truth is not yet discovered, and all that has been representing as truth, may not be true; therefore we should continue the searches of our predecessors, rather than be satisfied with them. We should scan, and weigh, and analyze everything for ourselves; and if in the delving we bring out no time-hidden gem—if we arrive at nothing absolutely new in the external sense, we shall yet, by the very action of the mind in these processes, have acquired a strength and discipline which we can never reach through the thoughts of others.

In speaking of the benefits to be derived from this study, I shall commence with those of a purely economical nature, or which are calculated to produce mere physical comfort. Though the superficial observer might, at a single glance, say that there can be few of these; yet the thinking mind in considering one broad fact, would decide to the contrary. There is no art known among us, which does not depend on the vegetable kingdom for its materials in some form or other. It must be obvious then—a self-evident truth—that our luxury—our ease—our daily comfort, are conjoined with a knowledge of those materials; and hence, by studying the vegetable world, with all its great resources, we may produce new combinations, elicit new principles, and finally make all those vast magazines of wealth, known and available. Already much has been done; yet we may rest assured that all is not yet accomplished. By study and scientific observation, many important improvements have been made, and are daily making in floriculture, horticulture, and agriculture. Had we never looked at the inner laws of vegetable growth and structure, we should never have had the arts of grafting and budding, which are so important in the amelioration of fruits. We could, indeed, hardly appreciate this single advantage, unless we could see a basket of our luscious and glowing apples, placed side by side with the product of their parent tree, which fully justifies its prefix of crab; and so of most other cultivated fruits.

An important principle, by the knowledge of which the flowering of fruit-trees, and consequently their period of fruitage, may be controlled, was discovered by Mr. Knight, an eminent English Botanist, who directed his attention chiefly to the philosophy of the sap; and by observations of the bark and its functions, Mr. Forsyth found out a mode of treating hollow trees, so that the cavity may be filled up with new wood, and covered with new bark; and old worn-out trees may be restored to the strength and vigor of maturity. These experiments passed under the observation of Sir James E. Smith, another distinguished English Botanist, who tells us that he “saw some pear trees that were planted in the time of King William, and had become so decayed and knotty as to have no fruit worth gathering, that were by gradually peeling away the old wood and bark, and the application of a composition, judiciously contrived to stick close, and keep out the air and wet, restored to such health and strength as to cover the garden walls with new branches, bearing a profusion of fine fruit.”

Again, Linnaeus, by his unwearied observations, taught his countrymen to destroy an insect (the *cantharis navalis*) which cost the Swedish government many thousand pounds a year by its depredations on the timber of only one dock-yard. The poor Swedes might have gone on, sawing and hewing to this day, in order to supply the vacancy occasioned by this little ravenous plunderer, had not science brought Linnaeus to observe the time of its metamorphoses, and the season in which the fly lays its

eggs. As soon as these were known, the product of the fly was destroyed by immersing the timber in hot water.

And such results may be of frequent occurrence. It has been said, "make men intelligent, and you make them inventive;" and there may be found philosophers among all classes of men, who can rise from particular facts, to great laws, or universal principles—who are not content with the bare facts themselves, but perceive in them higher, and more important truths: and this brings us to another advantage of the study—namely, **MENTAL DISCIPLINE**. It is true of our spiritual, as well as our corporeal structure, that exercise gives activity and strength. The intellect, like the muscles and sinews, must grapple, habitually, with all that it can master, or it will never attain to its full strength. There may be quickness of perception—there may be genius—but, I apprehend, there was never a profound scholar, without **LABOR**—and that long-continued and severe. To talk of making our studies a mere matter of amusement, or recreation, is sheer nonsense. Teach the mind to concentrate all its energies on a given point—to penetrate the obscure—to overcome repulsion—to disarm—to subjugate and carry home its spoils; and, in doing this, you will call out the latent Hercules from his lair—and his Labors will then be a pleasure, indeed—you will rouse an ambition that does not ask to be entertained with what is merely agreeable; but the mental Gladiator will call for greater difficulties—for a stronger concentration of opposing force, when it learns the noble pleasure of triumph, and of victory.

Now, to those who cannot study the Greek and Latin classics, which are the best discipline, there can be no better equivalent than Botany. Its numerous technicalities—its great and beautiful system—all the processes of analysis, and anatomy, will be found to task the powers of the student, however great they may be. The love of order is imparted by a knowledge of its harmonious laws, and there can be no better discipline to the judgment, than the habit of discriminating between different species. It enlarges the sphere of thought. It liberalizes the understanding. It combines with our instinctive love of Nature's great principles of truth. It raises us above the narrow—the selfish—to the universal—the infinite.

Again; the study of Botany informs the moral and religious faculties and affections. It is an interpretation of Spiritual Truth. It is a free translation of the great Volume of Beauty, which our Heavenly Father has laid open before us. Thus shall we be taught that,

"There lives, and works,
A Soul in all things—and that Soul is God."

Thus shall we learn,

"There's not a flower
But shows some touch in freckle, speck, or stain,
Of his unrivaled pencil! He inspires
Their balmy odors, and imparts their hues!
He bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which he sprinkles o'er the earth—
Happy who walks with him—whom what he finds
Of flavor, or of scent, in fruit, or flower,
Prompts to remembrance of a present God!
His presence who made all so fair, perceived,
Makes all still fairer."

We shall resume this subject at another time. c.

INFIDELITY.

"THE present crisis is one of intense interest to the true follower of Christ. A new race of Infidels has arisen, not profane, unchaste, immoral, as were their predecessors, but EVINCING A REGARD FOR GOD, FOR TRUTH, FOR HUMANITY, FOR MORALS, and whose complaint is, that the churches are arrayed against God, against Truth, against Humanity, against sound Morals. It is an evil hour when INFIDELITY can marshal its forces, with Humanity for its watchword, with the conscience of the world on its side, while CHRISTIANITY, in the hands of those who betray it, leads

its hosts to battle for oppression. In such a conflict, Infidelity must triumph—the Bible must fall. Then will be true of the church, what was anciently said of Jerusalem: All that pass by, clap their hands at thee; they hiss and wag their heads at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying, is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty, and the joy of the whole earth? *PLATE*"

The above from the "Voice of Industry," is said to be an extract from a Sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Patten, a Presbyterian Clergyman of this city. It involves a concession not in the least expected from such a source, and which must have a tendency to startle and arouse the "sleepers in Zion." We cannot endorse all that is implied by this paragraph. It appears to us that a cause which has 'a proper regard for God, for Truth and Morality,' whose watchword is Humanity, and which is admitted to have the conscience of the world on its side, is not Infidelity in any proper sense of the term. It may be opposed to the arrogant assumptions of a merely sectarian institution—an establishment reared upon the prostrate body and the crushed hopes and affections of Humanity; it may, indeed, be *Infidel* to that "spiritual wickedness" which has enthroned itself "in high places." CHRISTIANITY, however, is invested with so much truth; it is so naturally and intimately associated with God and Humanity, that a cause which regards these as first in importance, cannot be infidel, either to Christ or his religion. S. B. B.

THE HUTCHINSONS.

We were agreeably entertained one evening last week, in listening to these "sweet singers." The power of music over the human spirit, has ever been felt and acknowledged. But few vocalists have attained that ascendancy over the moral and spiritual impulses of our nature, which this family has assumed. It is not alone that the harmony is complete, that the words are distinctly enunciated; there is an indescribable pathos and atmosphere of love, and purity, and freedom, attending them, which thrills the depths of the spirit's ear, more than the mere vibrations of exquisite music upon the external sense.

The Hutchinsons are performing an important mission for Humanity; for, while they amuse and delight with their simple melodies, they also instruct and elevate. To no unholy passion, no grasping ambition do they minister. Never has their song been prostituted to laud the glory of an oppressor, or swell the exultant notes of brute victory over our fallen brother. On the other hand, Peace, Temperance, Freedom, and the charities of the universal Brotherhood, are warbled forth from tongues unused to sycophancy, moved by hearts of truthfulness.

Those who would have their moral impulses quickened, as well as their ears charmed, should embrace the first opportunity to hear these minstrels.

"THE NEW CHURCH REPOSITORY, and Monthly Review. Devoted to the exposition of the Philosophy and Theology taught in the writing of Emanuel Swedenborg: conducted by George Bush, A. M." Published by John Allen, 139 Nassau street, New York.

The second number of this new monthly has been placed upon our table. It is a neat pamphlet, consisting of sixty-four octavo pages; and the name of Prof. Bush as the editor is a sufficient guaranty for the ability with which it will be conducted. The present number contains articles with the following titles: "The Druidism of Ancient Britain;" "A Plea in Behalf of Swedenborg's Claim to Intercourse with the Spiritual World;" "The Sacred Scripture;" "Letters to a Trinitarian;" "Poetry and Analogy;" and "Extracts from Swedenborg's Spiritual Diary," besides a number of literary notices. Those who will subscribe for this periodical, will find it an able exponent of the teachings of the Swedish seer, and will find much important truth in its pages, with, perhaps, some things which will always be deemed chimerical.

TRAVELING AGENTS.

We desire to employ in this capacity, the services of several efficient men. We shall not hesitate to offer the most liberal terms to such as possess the requisite qualifications. Application should be made immediately, to S. B. BRITTON, Univercolum Office, 235 Broadway, N. Y.

Poetry.

(Written for the Univercelum and Spiritual Philosopher.)

GUARDIAN SPIRIT'S WARNING.

BY ANNA MARY FREEMAN.

A SILVER voice floats on the air—
 But its music fills me with despair,
 For it lureth thee from Purity,
 And drowns my low and earnest prayer
 With its wild and siren melody!

'Tis sweet as the song of a summer bird!
 But that voice hath never an angel heard
 In a single prayer for thy welfare—
 Oh never *thus* have its rich tones stirred
 The starry folds of the midnight air!

Trust not that bright and winning smile—
 It charms thee only to beguile—
 Those glances fall alike on all—
 Do they ever rest on thee, the while
 Love's holy tears from her eyelids fall?

Does thy proud soul yield to the fatal charms
 Of that heaving breast and those snowy arms?
 Wilt *thou* be the *first* they'll have fondly nurst?
 Ah! a holier glow thy temple warms!
 Now, now, ere it pales, from thy bondage burst!

(Written for the Univercelum and Spiritual Philosopher.)

SHED NOT THE TEAR OF SORROW.

BY OLIVER P. HATFIELD.

SHED not the tear of sorrow
 Upon the heedless grave,
 Nor trust some future morrow
 Those poor remains to save.
 Dust unto dust returneth,
 Souls to their Home repair;
 If for thy friend thou yearneth,
 Look for him there.

Let not a thought of sadness
 Cast o'er thy life its gloom,
 Nor heed the current madness
 That guilt hath sealed his doom.
 Here where few lights are gleaming,
 Oft was he led astray;
 There all around is beaming
 Eternal day.

List to the zephyr blowing
 In the soothing twilight hour,
 When the spirit world is throwing
 O'er thee its hidden power.
 A thought of the departed
 Hushes all worldly strife;
 It comes from the pure hearted—
 The inner life.

We cheerfully comply with the request of a distinguished friend,
 to republish the following Poem. It speaks a great truth to our
 mind, on which we rest our hopes.—[Ed.]

ETERNAL JUSTICE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

THE man is thought a knave or fool,
 Or bigot, plotting crime,
 Who for the advancement of his kind,
 Is wiser than his time.
 For him the hemlock shall distil!
 For him the axe be bared;
 For him the gibbet shall be built;
 For him the stake prepared:
 Him shall the scorn and laugh of men
 Pursue with deadly aim;
 And malice, envy, spite, and lies,
 Shall desecrate his name.

But truth shall conquer at the last,
 For round and round we run,
 And ever the right comes uppermost,
 And ever is justice done.

Peace to thy soul old Socrates,
 Cheerily to and fro,
 Trust to the impulse of thy soul
 And let the poison flow.
 They may shatter to earth the lamp of clay
 That holds a light divine,
 But they cannot quench the fire of thought
 By any such deadly wine;
 They cannot blot thy spoken words
 From the memory of man,
 By all the poison ever was brewed
 Since time its course began.
 To-day abhorred; to-morrow adored,
 So round and round we run,
 And ever the truth comes uppermost,
 And ever is justice done.

Plod in thy cave, gray Anchorite;
 Be wiser than thy peers;
 Augment the range of human power
 And trust the coming years.
 They call thee wizard, and monk accursed,
 And load thee with dispraise:
 Thou wert born five hundred years too soon
 For the comfort of thy days;
 But not too soon for human kind;
 Time hath reward in store;
 And the demons of our sires become
 The saints that we adore.
 The blind can see, the slave is lord;
 So round and round we run;
 And ever the wrong is proved to be wrong,
 And ever is justice done.

Keep, Galileo, to thy thought,
 And nerve thy soul to bear;
 They may gloat o'er the senseless words they wring
 From the pangs of thy despair;
 They may veil their eyes but they cannot hide,
 The sun's meridian glow;
 And the heel of a priest may tread thee down,
 And a tyrant work thee wo;
 But never a truth has been destroyed;
 They may curse it and call it crime;
 Pervert and betray, or slander and slay
 Its teachers for a time.
 But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,
 As round and round we run;
 And the truth shall ever come uppermost,
 And justice shall be done.

And live *there now* such men as these—
 With thoughts like the great of old?
 Many have died in their misery,
 And left their thought untold;
 And many live, and are ranked as mad,
 And are placed in the cold world's ban,
 For sending their bright far-seeing souls
 Three centuries in the van.
 They toil in penury and grief,
 Unknown, if not maligned;
 Forlorn, forlorn, bearing the scorn
 Of the meanest of mankind.
 But yet the world goes round and round,
 And the genial seasons run,
 And ever the truth comes uppermost,
 And ever is justice done.

CONSCIENCE.

"Thou tremendous power!
 Who dost inhabit us without our leave;
 And art within ourselves another self,
 A master self, that loves to domineer,
 And treat the monarch frankly as the slave!
 How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds?
 Make the past, present, and the future frown?
 How even and anon, awake the soul,
 As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors?"

Miscellaneous Department.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD CHIMNEY.

CHAPTER V.

WE now pass over a gap of something more than three years, in which none but common and natural changes had occurred. The little settlement of the Dutch had gradually unfolded in itself somewhat more of the aspect of civilization and actual habitation. The commandant, Van Courtlandt, had continued to maintain as kind and peaceable relations with the old chief, Warpomo, as interests inclining to be antagonistic, would permit; while the friendship of their two sons had ripened into a truly fraternal union.

Mongotucksee had grown much in stature, both of mind and body. The first was strong, vigorous, and of a highly imaginative order; while the latter was of gigantic proportions, yet of the most graceful, majestic and perfect mold; while the young Cornelius had expanded into the noble outlines of manhood, at once softened and exalted by the finer lineaments and expression of genius.

The new settlers had plied their trade with no inconsiderable profit; and the young botanist had made large and valuable herbal collections, which had been duly transmitted, much to the delight of his uncle in the Father-Land.

Some time in the course of the summer, news had reached the Manhattas, of an irruption of Samuel Argall, one of the leading colonists of Virginia, upon an infant French colony at Mount Desert, a lofty and beautiful island on the coast of Maine. Argall had arrived in Virginia in the year 1612. In the spring of 1613 he was employed in exploring the waters of Chesapeake Bay in a small shallop; and on May 12th, he sailed on a fishing voyage northward. He was overtaken by a storm, and driven ashore near Penobscot, where he learned that a French ship was at the island of Mount Desert, well laden with provisions, and many things useful to new colonists. This was a stronger temptation than the morals of the adventurer might withstand; and under the cover of a plea that the French had alienated themselves, and their possessions, by presuming to occupy English territory, Argall proceeded directly to the place, took possession of the ship, with all its stores, and dispersed the colony. He carried with him to Virginia three Jesuits, and fifteen other prisoners, among whom were Charles Henri, D'Abbeville, and M. La Motte.

The little French colony had left France with the intention of establishing themselves under the auspices of Madame Guercheville, a French lady of great wealth and piety, who was actuated by a zealous desire to convert and christianize the savages. They had arrived only a few weeks before, settling themselves on the eastern side of the island, where they set up a cross, and celebrated mass, calling the place St. Saveur.

It was further reported that the success of Argall in this expedition, and the timely relief he had brought to his almost-naked and starving colony, had stimulated him to undertake a second; and that he had accordingly fitted out three vessels, and had already sailed a second time toward Acadia.

This spirit of irruption and monopoly, as manifested by the English, had exceedingly disturbed the repose of the Dutch, who could not but foresee that they were obnoxious to the same specious points of attack and destruction; and it must be confessed that they smoked their evening pipes with somewhat less equanimity, and good faith in the circumstances that surrounded them, emitting more frequently, and more emphatically, the interjectional "Dunder!" and "Tuyvel!" between their long and solemn puffs. And so matters went on until December; when, hearing nothing further of the anticipated danger, they had gradually lulled into their wonted habits of quietude; and their meditative temperaments were settling themselves down for the winter.

The day on which we return to our immediate narrative had been altogether a dark and lowering one. The Powers of Evil seemed to have taken possession of the atmosphere; and their dark plottings were partially foreshadowed in the black and

heavy masses of cloud, which were seen rolling and tumbling over each other, as if drawn toward some deep and central vortex by the influence of a strong and irresistible power. The wind was blowing freshly from the south-west; and a few flakes of snow were seen flying. The sun, after an ineffectual struggle to look out, through the piles of cloud that hung around him, dropped down into the black abyss, like a brave and true soul, yielding itself for a time, to the evil destiny it can neither overcome nor escape; and then darkness, like a heavy and palpable vesture, was spread over the face of the earth.

After this the storm gathered itself up anew, and burst forth, at once, in sudden and uncontrollable fury. The wind had shifted to the north-east, and it came raging, and roaring, over the Sound, bringing with it such a heavy swell, it seemed as if all the waters of the Atlantic were coming on a visitation of wrath, to the astonished and quaking shores; while the snow and hail drove so madly, in their nearly horizontal current, it would require almost superhuman strength to breast the storm; and it must be to the peril of breath and sight, if one ventured out. The oldest traditions, so said Warpomo, gave no account of any thing approaching it, in terror and power.

But retire we now to the cabin of the Commandant, Van Courtlandt, which, though intrinsically as much the center of majesty and law as any palace whatsoever, had small outward claim to notice, or distinction. This edifice occupied the middle ground of the first or bullock-hide purchase, and differed no-wise from the four others which branched off at right angles with its four corners, than in its superior size.

It may be a matter of curiosity to many of the present time, to compare the palace-like structures our city boasts in these days, with the magisterial halls of 1613, which embodied the germ and rudiments of all their greatness: and in tenderness to this spirit—seeing that curiosity—the desire to know—is at the basis of all wisdom, we yield ourselves the more willingly to its gratification.

The outer walls were composed of logs, squared off, not very smoothly or evenly, and piled together, one upon another—a mortice being cut at the end of each, by which they were secured at the corners, and kept from falling. Then through these walls of solid wood were cut three small apertures for the windows—the front looking down toward Kapsee from the gable end, with its narrow door, while one of the other windows commanded a view of the Great River, and the remaining one of the Salt, or East River. The back side had no window, and was nearly taken up by the chimney. The roof was made in like manner as the sides, the logs being secured in an inclined position by a rude frame united at the roof-tree, to which they were attached; and, as a finish, strips of birch bark were used instead of Dutch tiles. The outer door opened directly into the principal apartment, which was furnished after the sylvan fashion of the times, as developed in the Manhattas.

And here have I been tempted by some fiction-loving sylph, to call upon Fancy, that most ready and exhaustless of all furnishers, to come, with her magic lamp, and gather from all the ends of the earth, conveniences and adornings, wherewith to set forth these goodly halls, in befitting splendor and magnificence, that the rude ancestor may, in no-wise, shame the lofty and luxurious posterity. It was a temptation, I assure thee, gentle reader; but the nib of this gray goose quill is made of sturdier stuff, and can no-wise permit the subtle falsehood to distil from its well-defined point; so I have bidden the foul fiend at my elbow avaunt; for I suffer no such interference with this truest of histories—otherwise the gray goose, herself, might arise from the capacious stomach of the primal Alderman where she was buried; and, in the angry voice of her own insulted majesty, cry out against me. And so I return to the simple garniture of this most veracious narrative.

The furniture, properly so denominated, was all of indigenuous growth and structure; and was the joint workmanship of Scip and Massa Con; the first having given the rough hewing; and the second the joints, mortices, and the finer touches—finish, or polish, we cannot say, because neither of the terms could rightfully be applied to any manifestation of art, as seen in the Manhattas; unless, indeed, we except the Negro's cornstalk fiddle,

elder-stalk flute and chestnut whistle, each of which was a model of its kind.

To enumerate: there was a large table in the center of the room, which made, at once, the board and bureau of state. It was composed of a cross frame of hewn timbers, with small flattened logs laid across for the bed; and these were so well joined, that no space much exceeding a half-inch, intervened between them. This, from its weight was, necessarily, a complete fixture. There were benches, made of imported plank, square and round—of various sizes and lengths, with three legs or four, planted in them so perpendicularly, they seemed really a wilful violation of Hogarth's immortal "line of grace and beauty." I say seemed—for there really was no *malice prepense*, whatever, embodied in their abrupt and sharp angles. There was a series of hewn logs running round the outside of the room adjacent to the walls which contained within themselves the elements of ottoman, divan, lounge, couch, *fauteuille* and *tete-a-tete*.

The fire-place occupied nearly one entire side of the room, and was a bare exhibition of large and ill-fitting stones, the crevices between being filled with clay, which had, in many places, shrunk with the heat, so as to leave large cavities; and through these the wind now roared exultingly, on all sides, saluting the inmates with confident self-assurance, as if it were conscious of possessing the privileges of a familiar acquaintance; and at this particular time, it brought with it numerous colleagues, in the shape of snow currents, introducing them with little ceremony to its human friends—who could not, as in these modern times, lean gracefully over the balustrade and whisper the smooth lie in a servant's ear; but they were literally taken by storm, and compelled to be "at home," whether the guest were agreeable, or not.

A large high-backed screen, or settle, made also of the good old Holland plank, was ranged at right angles with the fire-place, extending from the corner next the door, outward. This was hung and covered with a thick matting of furs; and on it, at the present time, reclined Mynheer Vanderbeeken, smoking his pipe, in such "pleasant fantasy of clouded bliss," he did not know that a snow wreath was curling gracefully around his head; though, occasionally, when a flake drove directly into his eye; he would lift his hand, with a vague expression of wonder, to brush the intruder away.

Opposite to the last mentioned was the gubernatorial chair, which was, in itself, a very respectable pile of logs and plank, of great internal capacity, since it was made, after the law of "correspondences," to fit the parts it accommodated. It was stuffed with pease straw, and draped with furs, which might have vied in richness with the ermine of any monarch, east, or west. This fixture combined an air of great state, and stateliness, with a soft luxurious expression of napping and comfort. It was now occupied by its owner, who sat with his side inclined to the table, on which lay some broken pieces of thick yellowish-looking paper, and a bunch of wild goose quills, one of which, in the form of a pen, was thrust into a rough ink-horn on the right.

Mats, composed of braided husks, or fibres of wood, and sometimes of fur, were scattered about the room, for the accommodation of Indian guests; and on one of these sat Mongotucksee, reading Spencer's *Fairy Queen*, in which he appeared wholly absorbed; while by his side sat Cornelius, with his herbal collections of the past summer, which he was busily arranging, spread open on sheets of loose paper that lay around him. There were mats also hung round the sides of the room, with a view to the farther exclusion of the elements; and they now swayed impatiently to and fro, as if shrinking from the weird fingers of the wind, that, like a persevering lover, continued to trifle with their coyness.

The rafters and sides of the room were stuck pretty liberally with long wooden pegs; and these were plentifully garnished with various appropriate decorations, such as squashes and pumpkins suspended by their stems, large bunches of corn, with the husks turned back from the bright golden ears, and so knotted together; and graceful festoons of dried plums; with now and then a haunch of venison, or a bacon, which, by its hopefully dark color, attested that there was every accommodation for

smoking, in that most accommodating region. There were several heavy old Holland match guns, arranged horizontally upon hooks, which looked, altogether, as if their cognomen of blunderbusses were a very well-adapted and truthful one; and above these hung a trim and graceful bow with a small quiver of arrows, which were already familiar with the cunning, in the dexterous hand of Cornelius.

In the corner opposite the door was the royal couch, draped with the undressed skins of bison and of roe-buck; and in the opposite one was arranged a beaufet, or cup-board, which was a reservoir of various unique culinary and banqueting utensils. There were wooden trenchers, and spoons made of clam and quahaug shells, furnished with handles of whatever substance might be obtained; and a large periwinkle, with a sapling stick bound to its projecting horn, was made to fill the office of a ladle. There were cups, bottles, and soup-plates, from the shells of squash and gourd; and a knife-basket, and salt cellar, of birchen bark. But the crown and glory of this region was a large Delph mug, with the broad and burly features, and rotund form, of good St. Nicholas himself, portrayed in flaming colors—maintaining, as would seem from his apparent weight, a somewhat equivocal position in the atmosphere, as he looked smilingly down upon a group of creatures with four legs, but whether standing or reclining, there were few data from which to draw conclusions, or solutions, of the mystery of their intended being; and whether they were meant for dogs, sheep, or wolves, must be gathered from analogy, or from facts exterior to themselves. And to the charge of a biped these quadrupeds seemed especially commended; but this figure, also, presents itself in "such a questionable shape," nothing certain could be predicated of its character, except through the wand of office it held, and this seemed to be the foreshadowing of a shepherd's crook. This masterpiece of art was appropriately named the *Goede Vroew*—and occupied, as it wholly deserved, the place of honor—the central point of the central shelf, which was duly rounded out, as if it had expanded itself, in the consciousness of its high importance and dignity.

In a nook close beside the banquet was a bench, with a water vessel of such primitive character, I shall give myself a license for a description of this, also. It was composed of the rind of a very large and very hard shelled squash, shaped like an old fashioned iron dinner pot, barring the ears; and the natural cover had been neatly sawn around, and, garnished with a wooden knob at the top, was reserved for use. It was made portable by a handle, consisting of a thong of leather, drawn through holes on opposite sides, and secured by knots. Over this was suspended a gourd-shell for a dipper, or drinking cup, of so light and graceful a form, it would not have shamed the fair head of Hebe, or that of the youthful Ganymede; and by the side of the bench aforesaid was a large log of the same height, sawn off and disposed vertically, the upper part being hollowed out into a substantial and capacious wash-basin. And this, as it embodied a convenience which was some centuries in advance of the age, is worthy of further notice: and, in proclaiming Scip as the inventor, I shall invest him with the primitive idea of the self-disgorging basins of our modern steamboats, and bathing rooms—the claims of later artists to the contrary, notwithstanding. A large auger hole was bored through its center, extending from the cavity above, to a drain leading under the foundations of the house, toward a convenient slope outside. This tube was stopped by a cob whenever the proper functions of the vessel were required; and on the stopple being removed, the foul water was discharged at pleasure.

I forgot to mention the skins of muskrat, otter, mink, and beaver, which were stretched over bent withes, with the fur turned inside, and hung up to dry wherever a peg could be had for the purpose, and the huge pair of antlers beside the door, which were appropriated to the service of various garments, of such quaint and curious fashions, as would make their uses somewhat enigmatical at the present day.

The fire was in itself one vast heap of blazing logs, which not only imparted warmth, but a rich, rose-colored light, and before it our modern gasses would have paled in their impalpable brightness, much in the same spirit as a delicate Broadway dandy;

would shrink from the presence of the true old Indian Brave, whose every physical development was an utterance of the mighty energies of man.

On the side of the room opposite to this, was hung a small circular mirror; and around it were festoned strings of bird's eggs of various colors, which were brought together at the top, and crowned by a bunch of brilliant feathers. This was the only attempt at decoration which the apartment afforded; and for it the occupants were indebted to the taste of Scipio, the Black who, uncomely as he might appear to some eyes, had yet within him all the elements which superinduce a love of the beautiful—both in sound and color, and which, under other circumstances, might have been developed with quite other results.

The apartment, which was devoted to the especial accommodation of our young hero, differed not essentially from that we have described in its general characteristics, though, in the details; there were essential points of unlikeness. The hooped skins in the one, were supplied by sketches of forest scenes, drawings of flowers, and lineaments of quadrupeds and birds in the other, which sufficiently indicated his love of nature, and his scientific habits and studies. There were also many specimens of rare and curious forms, both animal and vegetable—tortoise shells, sea shells, bunches of pine cones, the seed vessels of various plants, stuffed birds and quadrupeds, stones and earths, and all such matters. Under his little mirror was a pencil sketch of Mongotucksee, and several drawings of young and pretty squaws were disposed in conspicuous positions, the originals of which had, doubtless, rewarded his gallantry and skill by presenting him with those many delicate little baskets, those 'broidered belts and mocassins, and the various toys of birchen bark, you may see collected there. The window of this apartment commanded a view of the East River, and had precisely four panes of six by eight glass, of a most dolorous greenness, in which respects it was a counterpart of its two brother windows in that august mansion.

"And it is not a thousand pities," my fair readers will, doubtless, here exclaim, "that so rare a specimen of youth, grace, genius, and beauty, should be hidden in this grim wilderness—a flower preeminently 'born to blush unseen'—afar from all admiring eyes of the young and fair!" Yet, have patience, gentle ones; and we will, presently, smite with our magic wand, some old hollow tree, or the rocks themselves, or, mayhap, the stormy and turbulent waters, evoking thence a pair of large loving eyes—and a deep, eloquent, voiceful heart—wherein to mirror the shrined image of our graceful and gallant hero. Our hand upon it, now; and, if we redeem not the pledge, you may stamp, with what lettering you will, the falsehood upon our fair good name.

And here, hoping that our readers will remember that we were getting up a raging storm for their especial divertisement—which we shall be under the necessity of continuing to the next chapter—notwithstanding we involve, by doing so, a great expenditure, and waste, of material, and of power.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION.

An interesting and hopeful feature in the signs of the times, is presented in the extensive combination which has grown up within the past two or three years, mainly in the New England States, under the title of "The Working Men's Protective Union." The object of it is to purchase groceries and other common articles of consumption, at the wholesale prices, and furnish them to members as nearly as possible at the same rate, after deducting the necessary expenses of stores in which to deposit their goods, the salaries of storekeepers to sell them, &c. By pursuing this plan, families of ordinary size sometimes save from thirty to fifty dollars a year, simply upon groceries. We learn that there are already about fifty of these societies in operation in the New England States; and movements of the kind have lately been made in this City, Williamsburg, Albany and other places. This may be considered as among the first natural outbirths of the growing tendency of the public mind to universal association. The principle crudely manifested in the "Protective Union" is destined, when duly developed and modified ac-

cording to the directions of an enlightened Wisdom, to be applied to all departments of the social structure, and will be the grand instrument of promoting a universal harmony of human interests now so conflicting and discordant.

The following communication, which we copy from "The Voice of Industry," gives a clear and succinct account of the structure and practical operations of a Division of the Protective Union in Worcester, Mass. We hope that the important hints which it furnishes, will be duly improved, and that all such movements will be properly encouraged as among the most important outward means to be employed in elevating the condition of the masses.

W. F.

MESSRS. EDITORS: In accordance with a suggestion in your paper of Feb. 18, 1848, we proceed to give you some account of the formation, advancement, practical working and success of our Division; and we do this with a great deal of pleasure, inasmuch as what was conceived in weakness and with many fears regarding its final success, has nevertheless brought forth in strength, to the great satisfaction of ourselves, and the great discomfiture of those who prophesied our *inability to take care of ourselves*.

Our division was instituted December 12, 1846, and on the first of January, 1847, with 25 or 30 members, went into operation. We concluded, after a good deal of debate, to fix the percentage at 4 per cent. to members, and 10 per cent. to all others who might wish to avail themselves of this mode of trade. This we were of opinion would cover the expenses of the Division. How shrewd we were in our Yankee guessing, will appear as we advance.

We now proceeded to procure a place of business, and as many at that particular time were anxious to "sell out," we availed ourselves of the best chance—bought out the stock of goods of a small trader, in order to obtain his store, which was the best locality we could then obtain, and commenced trading.

During the past year, the receipts were as follows:

1847.	Members.	Transient.
January.....	\$374 71.....	\$454 23
February.....	305 33.....	708 90
March.....	363 83.....	839 44

About the first of April, finding ourselves in want of elbow-room, and having become satisfied that in order to "protect" ourselves, and at the same time do the public the greatest amount of good, we must occupy a prominent place *with* our competitors, we removed to Main-street, hired a commodious store, fitted it up in an inviting style, and commenced with new zeal and confidence; and now for the result:

1847.	Members.	Transient.
April.....	\$544 73.....	\$916 91
May.....	459 86.....	961 60
June.....	364 66.....	994 63
July.....	516 63.....	1060 12
August.....	354 20.....	915 58
September.....	427 04.....	1080 87
October.....	603 97.....	1192 58
November.....	415 42.....	914 58
December.....	500 59.....	951 94
Total.....	\$5,230 97.....	\$10,991 48

Now this shows that every man does not believe the grocer, who says he does not make 10 per cent. on his articles, else how comes it about that more than half of the trade of our store has been from men who prefer to pay an actual 10 per cent. profit, and cash too, than to trade with other stores on credit?

It will be seen by those at all acquainted with the grocery business, that the fluctuation of in the amount of trade was the same in our store as in other groceries. There are particular times when the receipts are greater than at others. On the 1st day of January, 1848, we find the amount of trade at our store for the past year to have been \$5,230 97, with 67 actual members and 12 propositions for membership; and after paying all expenses, we have in our treasury \$11 93. We have given, during the past year, 34 free cards of trade to widows, &c., too poor to become members.

The sum saved to the members by this mode of doing business, we may safely state at rising of \$500.

We have had a remarkable degree of unity in the Division; no outbursts of passion—no overreaching in trade—no debts contracted by any of the members, and of course (and here lies one of the great beauties of the system) no bad debts for a part to pay. We attribute a large part of our success to the judicious management of our head clerk, Brother KEYES. He is unwearied in his attention to the care of the business—kind and conciliating in his intercourse with *all*, whether in or out of the Division, with whom he comes in contact. And in view of the essential service he has rendered the Division, we tendered him a full, hearty, and AFFECTIONATE vote of thanks.

And here we would most earnestly recommend that Divisions use great discretion in the choice of their clerks. We confidently expect that for the time to come we shall witness still more pleasing results from the working of the Unitary System; we shall have fewer expenses, more experience, more confidence in each other, and in the practicability of the system; and we hope an increasing desire to benefit each other and the world.

J. CHAPIN, *Chairman of Com. on Finance.*

PLEASANT THOUGHTS.

CHILDHOOD.

It is a beautiful and wondrous subject, altogether worthy of a deeper investigation than any with which it has yet been honored by philosophy, the awakening of a young Spirit from its slumbers in the arms of Eternity, amid the dreamy music which drops from the golden fingers of Nature, in the dim, religious temple of Time! This Spirit, also incarnate in a new form, through which, as an instrument, it is one day to preach there—in that solemn temple—is, indeed, matter enough for thought. To my mind, Childhood is a condition of happy obedience and abandonment. It implies, and dimly shadows forth, the last light of the soul. It is a miniature picture of the innocence of man; a type, also, of that possible perfection predicted by the Prophets and Poets of the elder world. How great and noble a Being might be made out of the materials of Childhood! How gentle and confiding it is! How joyous and rapturous—how exultant in the happy life which the good God has given it! It lives with the Angels all day long, and closes its sweet eyes at night to their soft singing, meeting them again in visions of the peaceful heaven! As yet it belongs to Nature, and feels safe and happy in her loving arms. Its companions are the flowers and the trees—the birds and the books—and the green grass of the sunny meadows: and its little fluttering spirit is so bathed in the element of love, that all creatures and things partake of its beauty, and the child and them become one and the same being. It is this mystic union with Nature—which we all feel to have been ours in Childhood—that makes us cling so fondly to the associations of that happy state. It is because we have experienced the deep unutterable joy of communion with surrounding intelligences, without let or hindrance from sin, that *we all desire in some moment of our lives to be once more a child!*

Ah! happy Childhood! sweet spring-time oft to a dreary summer, and an unblest winter. Knowledge is the Bible of the soul, intended to comfort man in all his ways, and conduct him to immortality. Insensibly does an unseen hand trace ciphers on the mystic leaves. There they lie in beautiful illumination even now, for childhood itself to read. Not for ever in sunny dreams must the young Spirit be wasted! It must try its wings—and soar—and burn—and fall—and rise again. Cast, by-and-by, into the depths of Thought—it must struggle there for life—it must solve the enigma of its own existence.—[Aristocratic Monitor.

ORIENTAL LEGEND.—“Every man,” an Eastern legend says, “has two angels, one upon his right shoulder and one upon his left. When he does anything good the angel on the right shoulder writes it down and seals it; because what is once well done, is done for ever. When he does evil, the angel upon his left shoulder writes it down, but does not seal it. He waits until midnight. If before that time, the man bows down his head, and exclaims, ‘Gracious Allah!—I have sinned!—forgive me!’ the angel rubs it out; but if not, at midnight he seals it, and the angel upon the right shoulder weeps.”

THE BLUE BIRD'S RESPONSE TO JENNY LEE.

SWEET “JENNIE”—thy fanciful muse—
The sweetest that ever I heard—
Imagines me troubled with *blues*
Because I'm an “Indigo Bird.”
To me it is nothing but fun,
Sweet singer, to carol thy song,
And it seems as I'd never have done—
I twitter and warble so long.
It makes such a din of a noise,
When warbled so sprightly and gay,
That children at play with their toys
Would think it as merry as they.
I stop not a moment to think,
And never look gloomy and sad;
My motions are quick as a wink,
For always my spirit is glad.
No sorrow or misery comes
To one who has something to do,
But he who sits sucking his thumbs
Has reason enough to be *blue*.
’Tis idle and foolish, you think,
’T’hip an’ t’hop in a cage,
One’s feathers to dress, and to prink
Like one to appear on a stage.
But, “Jennie,” I’m idle like *you*,
And many a melody sing,
And now I am chattering too—
A gay little fool of a thing.
With catches and quavers and trills
My noddle is filled to the brim,
And oft the philosopher thrills
With songs that I carol to him.
Each morning he hears in his dreams
A music like that of the spheres,
Till he listens to angels—and deems
’Tis the sound of their harps that he hears.
His burdens I lighten to motes,
And bear up his soul from the earth,
By the power of my rapturous notes,
My light-hearted spirits, and mirth.
And is it, dear “Jennie,” a grief
(No doubt you will say that it is,)
To be both the captive and thief
Of such a tried spirit as his?
In your wildness you once were afraid
Of being imprisoned, like me,
But when you a captive was made
You dreaded as much to be free.
The spirit of mercy and love
Still visits the prisoner’s cell,
And round him, below and above,
Doth weave a melodious spell.
And captives—sweet “Jennie”—like we—
To such the love-messenger comes
With music as happy and free
As that which the “Honey Bee” hums.
Then if thou wilt weave me a lay,
A sprightly and musical thing,
I’ll give thee, to make thee *au fait*,
A quill from my heavenly wing.
And warble in numbers as sweet—
Nay, *sweeter* than ever were sung,
To match with the light-wing-ed feet
That trip from thy eloquent tongue.

J. W. R.

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AND

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