

# 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.

#### NATURE A REVELATION OF GOD, AND THE TEST OF ALL OTHER REVELATIONS.

BY REV. J. RICHARDSON, JR., HAVERHILL, MASS.

"God that made the World, and all things therein."

*Acts or Doings of the Apostles, XVII, 24.*

We always judge of people by their works; by what they do; what they bring to pass. We judge of a farmer by the appearance of his fields, and the produce of his lands; of the mechanic and artisan by the excellency and finish of their handicraft; we gather information concerning the wisdom, power and skill of an artist, his peculiar characteristics, his disposition and taste, from a contemplation and study of his works. And so of the God that made the world, and all things therein. His character is revealed in the things that he has made—in the works of creation around us; and the contemplation and study of these works is the truest and best way of learning his character. If we regard the words of the Apostle as true, "that God has made the world and all things therein," then the world and all things in it, both nature and man, are revelations of God.

Though I do not know as there are any who profess to do up this declaration of Paul itself, yet there are some religionists who are fond of declaiming against nature, of vilifying it, of speaking contemptuously of the world, and of many if not all the things therein, which God has made. Do they not know that to speak evil of outward nature, or of human nature, is to speak evil of the God that made them. "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit," says Jesus; if the work of any being is evil and corrupt, then, the being himself must be evil and corrupt too. If this earth is a dark and gloomy i. e. evil place—a vale of tears; if nature is out of harmony, discordant, and all wrong, as many pretend; if man is made depraved, corrupt, and sinful, then the being who made them so must be himself an evil being. Men who say these things, talk as though the devil "made the world, and all things therein," instead of God. And this, either because they do not think of what they are saying, and thus charge God foolishly, or because they are still in the depths of ignorance, and know so little about the works of God, that they are not able to appreciate their excellency. I consider it a very poor mark of respect to one whom we profess to reverence, to speak slightly and contemptuously of his works and actions, no matter how many outward signs of reverence we may employ, or how much formal respect we may pretend to pay him. To speak ill of a man's works and deeds, is the most injurious slander you can be guilty of; and those religionists who are employed in speaking ill of God's works, of decrying outward nature, and vilifying the nature of man, which God has created, would be much better employed in contemplating and studying the works of God, and gaining a better knowledge of his creations. In this way they would come at length to find that their contempt of nature, arose from their narrow views, and their profound ignorance of the very things they have the impious arrogance thus to condemn. Taking it for granted that God, and not the devil,

made the world and all things therein, and that the works of any being manifest the disposition, mind and character, the whole nature of that being, let us ask what the world, and the study of nature, reveal to us first, as to the substance of the Creator, and his mode of existence. Every where we behold creative power and energy displayed, a living, life-giving force, manifesting itself; but this does not seem to proceed from any special center, any one particular body, but to be equally diffused, as far as we can discover, throughout the universe, in the growth of the minute and insignificant mosses, in the tribes of invisible animalculæ as well as in the mighty sun; in blooming trees, in flowing streams, in the vast ocean, in the countless worlds that crowd the regions of boundless space. In all these, a living force is present, but nowhere do we trace any material body or form, whence this force especially emanates. Now the invisible power or force in anything is its spirit, and the invisible force or creating energy in nature we call God. God is then, as we see, not a body or form—a being with head, eyes, fingers, hands and senses, as some seem to imagine, but a spirit, a mighty power, a creating, life-giving force. The fact that man, in earlier and more barbarous times, has always represented God as a being having a bodily form, arises from a difficulty of conceiving of existence without form, a tendency to regard the intelligent Creator of all things, as performing his works as mankind perform theirs, by means of hands, and fingers, and senses. Thus we read in ancient writings of the eye, the ear, the arm, the hand of God, as though the Creator of all things really was some great giant, or powerful man. The young, and the unreflecting, prior to examination, thought and study upon the subject, have the same false notions of the Divine Spirit. This view and worship of God as a man, is called anthropomorphism, and it is not confined to those only who regard God as having the form of a man, but is also the religion of those who regard God as a being of human passions, as being jealous of other gods, and not willing to have them esteemed before him; as angry with the frail and wicked of his children; as delighting in vengeance; as not being satisfied without some bloody atonement for sin. This was the character of the Jehovah of the Jews; and of all the Gods invented by blood-thirsty, revengeful, and war-like tribes like the Hebrew; invented, I say, for as I have often remarked before, the principal Divinity, or Divinities, of any age, or race, is but a personification of their own characters, of what they think the most of. Thus the Jews were characterized by self-glorification, by a narrowness, jealousy and hatred of all other nations. They thought most of themselves, and so their God was narrow and jealous of the Gods of other nations, and thought more of the Jews than any other people. The Jews, like other barbarous nations, were fond of a formal, showy, pompous worship. So they invent a God who is very particular about rites and ceremonies, and who is supposed to frame the Jewish ritual, and give minute directions for building splendid temples, making tabernacles, and chests, and golden candlesticks, and fringes, and perfumed incense. Again: the Jews believed in the morality of an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, and so their God is not one who forgives his enemies, and does good to those that hate him, but is, on the contrary, a being who is not satisfied but with full vengeance, "blood for blood



is his cry." We might cite examples of the Gods of other nations. When the Greeks arrived at their highest condition of cultivation and refinement, when their minstrels chanted their verses to the sound of the lyre, their sculptors made the dead marble start into life and beauty, their painters filled the canvas with forms of breathing loveliness, and the land was filled with the works of literature and art; then they made Phebus Apollo their principal Divinity, the God of Light—intelligence of poetry, art and song. This was among men in earlier ages; and still, among the ignorant and unreflecting, God is always but a personification of themselves, of the chief characteristics of the times, instead of the God of Jesus—that God who is a Spirit, and must be worshiped in spirit and in truth.

This universal Spirit, which is the creating energy, the living force of all things, of course is Omnipresent, equally manifest in all the various works of creation; in the blossoming flower, in the soaring bird, in the distant sun, and the far off worlds; in the loving heart, and the thinking soul. None of these created themselves, or are preserved by their own power in existence. The invisible energy that first ushered them into existence, still sustains, and moves, and directs them. They are filled and inspired by the Omnipresent Spirit. But this Omnipresent Spirit is wise, or intelligent. This is seen in the traces of design every where manifested, in the adaptation of means to ends. The swimming birds have webbed feet; those that get their living in the shallows are waders, and have a great length of limb; the birds, however, which obtain their food from the bark of trees, are climbers, and indued with instruments to pierce the bark. To enumerate even the most common and striking instances of this adaptation and wise design would fill volumes. The intelligence which fills all things with its presence, as a necessary consequence must know all things, or have the attribute of Omniscience. He who is the cause of all things that exist, of all events that take place, must be conscious of all things. For even a human intelligence, or the intelligence of a man, is conscious of his own operations. By intelligence in the abstract, we mean the perception of the best—the perfect; by intelligent action, we mean the doing every thing according to the best principles, in the best or most perfect way. To a man who does not do his work in the best way known, we give no credit for wisdom and intelligence; he is foolish, shiftless. Now God a being of such perfect intelligence and wisdom as we see him to be, must do every thing in the best way. Those then, that pray to him to alter the designs of his Providence; who think their petitions will have an effect on rain and sunshine, and the general order of nature; who, as they impiously term it, wrestle with God in prayer, seem to lose sight of this attribute of the all wise and unchanging God, forgetting that if he should change at their instance, it would be confessing a want of wisdom, and declaring that his former course was not the best. The idea is impious, because it supposes man, the creature, more than the Creator. We call God intelligent and wise, because it is our name for these characteristics, i. e. he possesses what we call wisdom and intelligence. Some men talk as though God's intelligence was something altogether different in its nature from human intelligence. But the very reason we call it intelligence is because it is what we understand by the word, what we recognize as intelligence in men. It is the same intelligence; and what is unwise, absurd and foolish to one intelligence, must be so to what we see to be the same attribute in God, such as creating men to damn them, or letting the innocent suffer for the guilty. And here I cannot but remark, that nothing appears more unnecessary and absurd to my mind, and more inconsistent with the God who is revealed by the world and all things therein, as what is called the doctrine of foreordination. If God, as all things tend to prove, is the Omnipresent Spirit, that constitutes the creative, ever-living, and ever-acting force of this whole creation of nature and of man, then he ordains now, and brings to pass now whatever is done in the world. The old doc-

trine of fore-ordination, is a relic of that anthropomorphism or idolatry which gave to the Deity a shape and body, that placed him on a distant throne, where, after creating the universe, he allowed it to go on of itself, fore-ordaining that every thing should happen according to a certain pre-arranged order or plan. Such a religion, that makes the God of the Universe a far off, distant, unapproachable being, chills the very soul. It excludes his living, life-giving presence not only from nature around us, but also from the human soul, and thus takes away that sense of God's inexpressible nearness that fills the heart with such heavenly trust and confidence, with such a continual sense of true delight and blessedness. Without an Omnipresent God this great Universe would be but a dead machine, or a piece of well regulated clock work. Away then with that cold, dead system, that places the great life and soul of the Universe afar off—remote and separate from his children, fore-ordaining all that shall take place, instead of bringing every thing to pass by his living Omnipresence and ever active agency. What need of fore-ordaining the events which flow forth from his ever present, ever moving energy. As necessary is it for me to fore-ordain every thought I think, every breath I draw, every beating of my heart, as for the Omnipresent God, who is not far from every one of us, who fills the Universe with his power, whose creative energy never rests, and to whom the phenomena and events of nature are but the thoughts of his mind, to fore-ordain all such events. So necessary a consequence is it of God's omnipresence, that it seems hardly necessary to speak of the doctrine of God's omnipotence. The power that fills all things, that is the creative and moving force of all things, must be the Almighty Power; nay, the power that possesses, moves and governs all things is the only Power. Nothing can overcome it; nothing can prevail against it. The more you try it, the more you will test the absolute supremacy of this Power. For instance, it preserves all things in their place, by a principle called gravity. In vain will you try to overcome that force; you can rise no higher in the air; you can sink no deeper in the sea. You can only obey the law, you cannot bend it to your will. By conforming to its requisitions, and adding to your weight, you may go further down into the ocean's depths; by connecting yourself with some substance lighter than the atmosphere, you may support yourself in the air. But this is only done by adapting yourself to the law, not by contravening it. Stand on the edge of the precipice, and attempt to resist its operation, by walking off ever so little, and you are dashed to pieces. Thank God, my friends, this great universal force of nature, the Almighty Spirit, is intelligent, (is what we call intelligent) and that we can, therefore, study and understand its operations. Were it not so, we might be crushed to atoms, we might be speedily annihilated. The sufferings we do endure, though small, are necessary to give us token of the dominion of this Eternal Force, this Almighty Ruler of the Universe, and to lead us to conform in all things to his wise and useful requirements. If this wise and intelligent force is thus Almighty, and no other power can withstand it, then is the old pagan doctrine of the devil utterly false and irrational, and those who believe in the power of evil, the eternal duration of sin and misery, can not believe in the Almighty God. For if evil is a positive existence, a power in itself, different from and opposite to God, and if this power thus standing in opposition to God, continues eternally to exist and oppose God's influence, forever remaining unsubdued, then is God not the All-powerful and Almighty—then does he share his throne with another power, the Prince of Evil.

Jesus in his conversation with Pilate uses these very remarkable words, "Thou couldst have no power against me, except it was given thee from above." The power in us is from God, "in him we live and move," says Paul, "it is God that worketh in us." Evil and sin is but imperfect goodness, a negation of goodness; it is not a positive power, it is a want of power. Man comes to goodness, to perfection, through imperfection, through the unfin-



ished experience of life. The progress of some is slow, of others more rapid, yet all are more or less sinful and imperfect, because all fall short of the perfect good. That evil is imperfect good, good not yet completed and consummated, is the only doctrine consistent with the existence of an Almighty God; and the notion of the positive nature and eternal existence of sin and misery, of evil in any form, is a species of infidelity.

Vain is it then, my friends, for the false, the malicious, and the evil, to think they can hope to oppose successfully the Almighty God, the Almighty power of wisdom and goodness in the world. Opposition to the eternal principles of the Deity, whether in the natural or the moral world, is vain, powerless, and in the end only brings destruction on the foolish and mistaken creature.—Conform thyself, then, oh man, to the eternal laws of that spirit that rules the Universe, both of matter and of mind, and thus, and thus alone, shalt thou be successful and happy. Vain is thy resistance to these. Thy opposition, thy sinful defiance, thy, evil doings, are all powerless, and by the force of an Almighty Providence shall be overruled for good. Again, we learn from the world, and all things, that this intelligent Almighty power is a being of love and goodness. He has made every thing good then. He has not only provided for the sustenance, and support, but also for the enjoyment and delight of every animal that he has created, especially for man, his rational and intelligent offspring. Nature (his work) is one great store-house of comforts for man; and beauty to ravish his senses, and charm his soul, is scattered with lavish hand over the whole earth.—No one can study nature, without being more and more persuaded of the infinite love and goodness of the great Father.—Those who can blaspheme this boundless love and goodness, and call the great Father at all, a being of wrath and vengeance, can have but a slight, a very slight acquaintance with the good God of love. His power is every where influenced by love. It is the power of love itself; and there are no phenomena of his creations—or the various operations of nature, or events of his Providence, but which when we come to understand their meaning, and purpose, afford us striking evidences of his kindness, goodness and love. Even the severest suffering that evil and sin induce, has the merciful purpose of leading us away from the evil, that would injure and destroy us, to that best, that perfect good, which alone can produce our highest happiness.

God is kind to all. Never do we observe any traces of anger, or passion, in him. Power, we do see, Almighty power, but power which, the more we contemplate, and study, the more we are convinced of its kind and merciful character, especially toward the frail, and the erring. A power that would bring us into conformity, by its blessed influences, not because it is despotic, arbitrary, and tyrannical, but because in such conformity is our highest good, our most perfect enjoyment. Seeing then, that the universe, the world, and all things therein thus manifest God, as a being of perfect love, we reject all doctrines, that come into the least conflict with this teaching of nature, all notion of divine indignation, wrath, and vengeance. All dogmas that assert that God created a part of his children for destruction; that declare the endless punishment, of these most frail, most sinful, of his frail, and sinful creatures; that affirm that at death he cuts off all farther hope of improvement in such, withholds his eternal mercy, and ceases in another world, to be to them the kind Father he is in this. We might go on and take up other teachings of nature, in the same way, the teachings of human nature, and human reason of God, as manifested in his noblest work, the human mind, and soul. But these we defer, for another occasion, when we shall take up the truths of God, and of religion, revealed by the nature, and reason of man, to which this is but an introduction. In conclusion, we have a few words to say, concerning the nature, and character of the truths, revealed through the world, and all the things therein, which the apostle declares was made by God, in relation to other real, or pretended revelations of God.

We have shown that as Nature, this great Universe, is the work of God, therefore it is a revelation of God: the truths, and realities of nature, are the truths of God, as every work manifests or reveals the character of its Creator. The revelations which Nature makes of God, are eternal truths, which cannot be gainsayed. All the books now written, can have no effect in shaking our faith in any single truth God has revealed in Nature. For we know that nature is the creation of God; the book is the work of man; it may be of a man actuated by the spirit of God, i. e. the spirit of Truth; it may be the work of one influenced by a spirit of error; or in other words, it may be true, it may be false. The prophet, and the book, even when inspired by truth, are but the imperfect medium, of such inspiration; and the clearness, and completeness, of any truth is more, or less affected by the imperfect nature of the medium, through which it reaches us. So far as any book, or writing, or speech, is consistent with truth, and nature, so far is it to be received, as a revelation of God, the creator of nature. This is the only test of its being a revelation of God. No book, no prophet, no power in existence, can make that, which is false to nature, and false itself, truth; can make that which is not, a reality. And the book, or the prophet, that attempts it, is of no authority, is deserving of no regard, merits only contempt. A prophet may declare himself to be the messenger of God, sent to reveal the character, and purposes, of the most High; but if these revelations, are opposite to those of nature, nay, if they are not in perfect harmony with the truths nature teaches, and do not coincide with them, in every particular, we say to the prophet, you are mistaken, you are but a lying prophet, an imposter. In vain he may use the authoritative phraseology "God seeth," "God commands." The only God, whom we acknowledge, is the God that made the earth, and all things therein, the God of nature. If his God seeth as true, what nature's God declares to be false; if his God commands as right, what nature shows to be wrong; we deem his God but an idol, a false idea of his own brain; and we scorn the lying prophet, and laugh at his sayings. The true God never commands men to hate, to injure, to kill; and the true prophet, never utters such commands; the true book never records them. In vain the book declares, that the God of love commands men to slay their brethren, to put to a cruel death helpless mothers, and innocent children; the character of the God is questioned; the authority of the book is denied; it is not the God of nature, the God that we worship; he is to us a heathen God, a pagan idol. If a king, who is a tyrant, adulterer and murderer, is declared a man, after his God's own heart, all pure, just, and good men feel that it is a false declaration, and that the God it names is but a false God. The truths of Nature and of Nature's God, are clear, and plain, and consistent with themselves; on them we can depend. They are living truths; the revelation, the work of the omnipresent God. All tales and narrations, records of whatever title, call them miraculous and wonderful, if you choose, if they are unnatural opposed to nature, they are but fables, and fictions. They may be above our knowledge of nature, and yet be true, that is another thing; but if they are inconsistent with nature, they are false, and not to be received for a moment. They are not revelations of God that made the world, and all that is therein, because they are inconsistent with his revelations in nature, and he never acts in opposition to himself; he always acts intelligently, and wisely in nature, that is to say, does every thing, in the best way; for this is to be wise. Any action opposite to this, which he has established as the best way, would not be the best way—the way of a wise, intelligent being,—and therefore would not be God's way, nor God's act. But the revelation of the book, and the prophet, that are in harmony with nature, are revelations of God, and we believe, and receive them principally, if not wholly, on this very account, because they are true to nature—nature around us, nature within us, God's nature. The book, or the prophet, that declares God is a Father, that God is love, that he is kind to the



unthankful, and evil, we believe, because nature reveals this great truth, as we do the declaration of his Omnipotence, that he is a spirit, that he is not far from any one of us, that he is Omniscient, that not a sparrow falls to the ground, without his notice, and he that believes this revelation, and the Scripture and the doctrine, that confirms it, cannot believe a prophet who declares a different doctrine, or an opposite Scripture, which says, God is a being of wrath and vengeance, a God of armies, his arms red with blood, mighty in battle, commanding men to slay their enemies. He that believes in one of these professed revelations of truth and God, must reject the other, and if he accepts both, as a divine revelation, and he professes to believe both, it is a sure evidence that he has not thought about them, has no clear notions about them, that he really believes in neither, believes in nothing at all. For to believe one thing, and its exact opposite, is an utter impossibility; to believe a thing is black, and at the same time white, that it is right to kill, and wrong to kill, that you must hate, and kill your enemies, and love your enemies. What confusion of ideas; what absurdity is here. All the revelations of God must harmonize, if they are truly revelations of God. He does not blow hot, and cold, with the same breath; he is never inconsistent with himself. The Gospel of Jesus, could not be a true revelation of the mind, and character of God, if it was opposed to nature. Its great excellency consists, in its perfect harmony with nature, in its perfect adaptation to the natural wants and necessities of man, i. e. human nature. Jesus says, I and my Father are one. I am in perfect harmony, and unity, with the great Father of Nature. As my Father hath taught me, he says, I speak these things. The Father, who made the world, and all things therein. Let us then my friends, not go to any human authority for truths, or be swayed by the assumption of pretended prophets, or inspired books, but comparing all things with nature, and the truths, and principles which God reveals through nature, bring our minds, spirits, and lives, into conformity with, and thus into harmony with the Universal Spirit.

### HEROISM OF A PEASANT.

THE FOLLOWING generous action has always struck me extremely; there is somewhat even of sublime in it:—A great inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the river Adige carried off a bridge near Verona, except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer, or porter, I forget which; and who, with his family, thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction. They were discovered from the banks, stretching forth their hands, screaming and imploring succor, while fragments of this remaining arch were continually dropping into the water. In this extreme danger, a nobleman, who was present, a Count of Pulverini, held out a purse of one hundred sequins, as a reward to any adventurer who would take a boat and deliver this unhappy family. But the risk was so great of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, or of being crushed by the falling stones, that not one, in the vast number of spectators, had courage enough to attempt such an exploit. A peasant passing along, was informed of the proposed reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he by strength of oars gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the pile, and the whole family safely descended by means of a rope. "Courage!" cried he, "now you are safe." By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat and family to shore.—"Brave fellow," exclaimed the Count, handing the purse to him. "here is the promised recompense." "I shall never expose my life for money," answered the peasant. "My labor is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife, and children. Give the purse to this poor family, who have lost all.

### THE INDEX TO PHYSIOGNOMY.

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

#### NUMBER I.

THERE is an Index to the "Book of Nature," as well as to nearly every book of human composition. This Index, strange as the assertion may appear, is the HAND. Suppress, kind reader, your expressions of surprise or incredulity at this singular idea, until you have examined further. There is something far more significant in the hand, "than your philosophy has yet dreamed of." Why else is it that mankind have had such a disposition to consult the hand for the mysteries of the human soul and of its destiny? Why should the Sibyl ever have thought of such mysterious secrets in the hand, and why should mankind always have believed in her prophecies? The relation between the talents and dispositions of the mind, and its destiny through life, is such that there is a tendency in human nature to deduce the latter from the former; and hence, to one who is capable of reading character by the hands or face, or other external signs, is ascribed a weird power, or the talent of fortune-telling. This talent would require indeed the highest knowledge of the science of Physiognomy, which embraces not only a knowledge of the mind, but of the universal laws of order and relationship, but there are few men who do not consider themselves capable, with their little knowledge of mystic signs, of prophesying a high destiny to one who has certain marks or indications about him; and an ill-fortune, or perchance a sad reverse to another. These signs, when distinctly seen and understood, are no longer mystic characters, but simply the external signs of internal faculties and qualities of the mind. They are no more mysterious than are the Egyptian hieroglyphics, when resolved by the talents of a Champollion into a simple alphabet like our own. We may imagine that those who very anciently possessed a knowledge of Physiognomy, or of the signs of man's character and destiny in his hands, face, etc., and who kept it secret from those upon whom they practised it, were easily regarded with superstitious reverence by the latter, and that they extended their art to such mystic signs and ceremonies, as were only intended to delude the simple and inquisitive. It must be confessed that there is a disposition in human nature to conceal this science, and to mislead those who would pry into it from curiosity and not from the love of Truth, and who could not therefore appreciate it. Some allowance, therefore, should undoubtedly be made for those ancient priests and magii who are accused of concealing all knowledge from the people, and of dealing only in mysteries and enchantments. Besides, there is a stronger disposition in mankind to have this art practised upon themselves, and less desire to know the truth, than there is in those who possess the science to conceal it, and to use it for selfish purposes. The dawn of science is a twilight as was its evening—Truth must be restored to the world in mystery and shadow as it departed, but with this difference, that in the latter case objects become more and more obscure, and finally lost in the gloom of night; while in the former, objects that looked mysterious and like shadows in the twilight, become clear and distinct in the light of day. To speak without metaphor, men must now seek Truth for themselves, seek to know themselves and their true destiny, and not have itching ears to hear what another will say of them, or to find out the secrets of fortune. We know little of the ancient magii, and nothing of the old science of *Chiromancy*, but it is possible that we shall unwittingly revive it, for "there is nothing new under the sun"—there would be nothing to be found, if there had been nothing lost. Our business must not be to read men's characters in their hands or their heads, and to flatter or censure them according to the characters inscribed there, but to teach every man to read this mysterious language, first in his own hands, and afterwards



in his body, face, and head, and in the whole book of nature, and thus to fulfil the injunction, "know thyself."

All language consists in external signs of internal qualities. Letters are signs of sounds, and sounds are signs of feelings and perceptions, and words or articulate sounds are signs of memories and ideas. There is a distinct language of the mind in the face, another in the skull, another in the voice, another in the body, another in the eye, another in colors and the arts, another in beasts and birds, another in trees and flowers, and so on. The Index of this whole Book of Nature, of the inscriptions of God on all external things, is the Hand. When the tongue is dumb its articulate language is uttered by the hand—the hand *speaks* when it beckons or calls, and when it waves dismissal—it conveys the language of thought where sounds cannot reach, even to the whole world, because it is the *index* of the whole world, or of the universal science of Nature. For this grand reason, too, it utters the thoughts and aspirations of the soul in all the countless works of art, human industry, and benevolence, by which man proclaims himself the image of God, the Creator. This Index, the hand, is at the beginning, not only of Nature, with which it brings man in relation, but of his whole life, and thus of his mind. It inscribes its mystic language upon every work, it leaves its marks on every object with which it comes in contact; and in a sense commensurate with the idea that the hand is the Index of the Book of Nature, should man first of all learn to read his talents, his character, and his destiny, in his own hands. The importance of the hand in the expressions of man's superior inclinations and talents, has caused Physiologists to consider the hand as most significant of man's superiority to the brute creation, not excepting even the favorite "seat of the soul," the brain; and had they asserted this as a conclusion from the simple facts, the Index of the science of Nature would long ago have been discovered.

But it is time to commence giving some of the particulars from which these general remarks will be seen to be true. It is necessary, however, before giving the particular indications in the hand, to lay down and define a very important position. It is that *there is a standard of average size (length, breadth, and thickness) for every hand, according to which its indications of character are to be judged.* This rule is determined by the natural degree of vitality which the person possesses, a greater degree of vitality causing the hand to be smaller, and a less degree causing it to be larger. Of two persons, for example, whose hands should indicate an equal strength and degree of the mental faculties, one of whom had greater vitality and the other less, the size of the hand would be smaller in the former and larger in the latter. In order, therefore, to determine the standard of *average size* according to which the indications of each individual hand are to be judged, it is necessary to know the physiognomical sign of vitality. Love of life is attachment to life, and is synonymous with vitality or the vital function. The physiognomical sign of love of life is the length of the vertebra, of that part of the spinal column which belongs to the loins. All animals have vitality in proportion to the length of the body exclusive of the chest, neck and tail. Limbs and fruits proceed from the body, not only in the vegetable kingdom but in the animal, and are produced by the expenditure of vitality. The extremities are in a certain degree the offspring of the body, as the shoots of the cactus are its young, but they are not therefore to be regarded as the enemies of life any more than are those offspring whose life becomes separate from that of their parents. They belong, like the latter, to the *uses* of life, and life is "of no use," of course, if it performs no uses. More than use, however, is excess, and hence long hands and arms, and extravagant legs and feet, with a body of disproportioned shortness, are signs of a deficient power of life, or waste of vitality, such as we have seen in the "Kentucky Giant," and as we see exemplified in different degrees in consumptive, pale, and

sickly people. Less than use, on the other hand, is deficiency, and when the limbs are not sufficiently developed, as in some very long-bodied people, vitality is of less use for the real purposes of life, and serves to attach a man too much to the earth, and to make him "eat dust" instead of "angel's food." Vitality absorbs the growth of the limbs, so to speak, and causes the spine to be increased in length in proportion as the growth of the extremities is diminished, so that there is less development of the hands and other extremities when vitality is greater than when it is less. The healthy and long-lived rule the weak, and hence those who are called "noble blood," the "king of beasts," and the "king of birds," and the kings of man, have small hands in proportion to their bodies, hands more short than narrow, and long enough to grasp the sword and sceptre, but too short to serve themselves or any body else. Small hands are said to be aristocratic, and they are so because old, aristocratic families are long lived, and do not run out in a few generations, as many families do. The carnivora are the aristocrats of the animal kingdom—but even the vegetable eaters may become aristocratic by increase of vitality or improvement of blood. (Blood belongs to the vital or circulating system) as in the celebrated English cattle, these being esteemed of noble blood in proportion to their long bodies, and short, small legs and feet. It is evident that these diminish in length and size in proportion as the body increases, and the same increase of vitality which acts against the growth of extremities, acts against their fruitfulness. The giraffe is tender and short lived, a large share of vitality being expended in his limbs, as indicated by his short body and long legs, and hence it is so difficult to preserve him alive for exhibition, while the long-bodied, short-legged carnivora, and other animals, live in spite of the most unnatural confinement and hard usage. It is unnecessary to multiply examples, except clearly to impress the important principle which we laid down and defined, viz: that there is an *average size* belonging to every hand, distinct from that of another—a standard according to which the indications of character either above or below the average are to be determined, and which depends upon the degree of vitality indicated by the length of the spine. The goose and the swan e. g. have remarkable vitality, indicated by very long bodies, compared with the bodies of most other birds, and hence the average size or standard of comparison of the wing or foot in them is much less than that of the hen, crane, &c. So the person who has a long body, indicating strong vitality, must be expected to have a smaller hand in proportion to his body, other things being equal, than one who has a short body, and should he have fully as large a hand, it would show that the traits of character indicated by the hand, are stronger in him than in the other. The increase of vitality, or its appropriation to the individual, indicated by length of spine, greatly limits the development of extremities in the alligator, in the turtle, in the seal, in the fish, etc., and in the eel and serpent prevents their development altogether. Thus the Serpent is the personification of Evil, for his life is concentrated in himself—he has no hands impressed with the mystic language of the soul—there are no works of his hands—the tree of life is far above him, and he cannot pluck and eat of its fruit, but is doomed to go upon his belly, and eat dust all the days of his life.

EVERY man carries about him a touchstone, if he will make use of it, to distinguish substantial gold from superficial glitterings, truth from appearances. And indeed the use and benefit of this touchstone, which is natural reason, is spoiled and lost only by assuming prejudices, over-weening presumption, and narrowing our minds. The want of exercising it in its full extent of things intelligible, is that which weakens this noble faculty within us.

LOCKE.

THE heart must rest that the mind may be active. As the ballast to the ship, so to the spirit are faith and love. ZANONI.



## Original Communications.

## GLEANINGS AND REFLECTIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM,  
BY B. H. CLARK.

A recent writer says, when the English introduced Education into the island of Madagascar, the natives regarded the movement with the greatest suspicion and alarm. They imagined that its design and tendency was to enslave them. I was struck by this passage, and the exhibition of human nature which it gives. Just such has been the general reception of efforts at Reform throughout the world.

Ignorance, and the prejudice it generates, have distorted them into attempts at Oppression; and thus arrayed, the multitude against their benefactors. Just such, when analyzed, is the Opposition against Reform of the present day—as absurd and unjust as that of the Madagascarees against Education. It is one and the same Movement, here and there—opposition to Progress! and on the ground that it is injurious! When will men learn that nothing which enlarges Man's capacity, or the sphere of his operations, can injure him? When will they see that every change which develops the Soul's Energies, and increases its independence, must benefit Man; for Knowledge and Liberty are the indispensable conditions of his welfare!

No period of English history is more marked by the union of great learning and political sagacity among the higher ranks, with extreme Moral profligacy, than the reign of Anne and the two first Georges. Political revolutions, such as that which immediately preceded this period, seem necessarily destructive to religious and moral principle. In the period I speak of, Drunkenness, Debauchery, Adultery and other Vices, were not only Common but even Applauded, among the higher ranks in England! Still the profession and ceremonies of Religion, were faithfully retained! Christianity became identified with Tyranny, Profligacy, and Hypocrisy! Naturally enough, Freedom and Love of Virtue, rejected it, and fled to infidelity. In this way, have the Sceptics of all ages been produced.

Such are the convulsive transitions through which Nations pass. These things "are written for our learning." They teach us that great intellectual power or political sagacity, are no guarantees for Virtue; and therefore insufficient qualifications for rulers. They show us that Religion is *divine* to man, only so long as she keeps herself "separate from Sinners;" and that if we would have good men respect her, we must make her the patron of Justice and Purity.

The reign of Louis the XVth, was the counterpart to that mentioned above. It is the most corrupt period in French history. Yet, as in the former, the Ritual and Profession of Religion, were most scrupulously observed. The abandoned Court had its Chaplain, and its regular Confessions, Absolutions and Sacraments! It was at once, the most *pious* and the most *profligate* of Courts.

Such a union seems an impossibility. But it is perfectly *natural*, with a merely *Ceremonial* religion. It finds no inconvenience in alliance with Licentiousness, Fraud, and Profanity, as the history of all times will testify! Nay, it becomes an *Apology* for these things, in consideration of the *Piety* of their Authors! a cloak for all Manner of iniquity to cover its Nakedness with! So long as its Externals are acknowledged, it is satisfied—it has no farther demand to make.

And yet those who wish to separate Christianity from this Outward Formula, are "the *Enemies of religion!*" "*Infidels in disguise!*" This hiding-place for every unclean thing, must not be touched—that is profane! How long could the present claimants of the piety of the land—Slaveholders, Warriors, Monopolists, and their abettors, usurp that claim, if it were not for their Sunday dress of Forms? Away then, I say, with their

"refuges of lies"—their "Holy Cloaks of Treves or of Boston beneath which they hide their leprosy and transact their frauds! Away with them, and give us the simple, unmistakable religion of a good heart, shining through a benevolent and upright Life."

Mahomedans will not permit the Koran to be PRINTED, lest the *unclean types* should defile it! They use only written copies therefore. This is infinitely amusing to our Christian Critics. But their own conduct is precisely similar. They deny their dedicated Temples to *unordained* Men, and for "Secular" purposes! No matter how humane or excellent the object to be promoted—the Church is *too good* to be employed in it! The motive is, lest their "Holy Places" be *profaned*. Pens and Reverends are *divine*—they cannot defile either Korans or Pulpits. But Types and Laymen are *common* things; they must not come nigh the awful Sanctities of Pulpits and Sacred Books! They must be "stoned or thrust through with a dart," if they dare "so much as to touch them!" Such "irreverend familiarities" must be rebuked! It would seem God cannot make a man good enough to stand in a Pulpit, or dispense a Sacrament; he must first pass under *priests' hands!* And if he should venture without this qualification, he is an impious intruder, a Sacrilegious Violator of holy things!

We may save the laugh against the Mahomedan. To be consistent, we should imitate him, or renounce all *our* Superstitions.

The same remarks will apply to the contempt with which Protestants regard Catholic Superstitions. For instance, the employment of copying the Bible, was deemed, in the Middle Ages, a meritorious work, entitling its author to a reward from God. It was held that a sin was remitted for every sacred letter that was copied! We lift our hands in horror at such gross ignorance. But are not *reading* the Bible, and *performing* Devotions, regarded much in the same way now among Protestants as meritorious? Are not our slavish reverence for the Book, and blind faith in it, parts of the same thing? The Catholic *carried out* his fundamental superstitions farther than we do that is all. We have not changed in principle, but only *degenerated* in its application.

From her first struggle and triumph, Protestantism has been as to her territory, stationary. Why? We have divorced Secular Literature, refused the aids of Philosophy, Science and free reason. She assumed that with the Bible she was complete, and needed no such help. Mark the result. After the first struggle for existence, she ceased to advance, and immediately commenced *dividing*. Her history, from that time, has been one of *internal strife*, instead of growth and conquest. She said, "I discard the tests of Rome;" but presently erected another in their place. She broke beyond the old barrier; but stopped at a short distance outside it and built another. She *sought* Truth, and *admitted* Light, at first; and then she *grew*. Whenever she said "I have it *all*," and ceased inquiry, her power to spread departed.

Germany has been partially an exception to this of late, as well as France; and in these countries Protestantism has gradually spread; Germany, especially, opened her ear somewhat to the Voice of Truth, from *any* quarter: advanced with the advance of Light; discarded worn-out ideas, and superannuated Customs; and adopted new contributions to Truth and Moral Science. In Germany, therefore, Protestantism is *extending*. She has produced, in these days, Rougeism, and a much modified Popery. Germany is advancing. But look to Scotland, England, and America. Protestantism does not spread in any of these countries; nay, Popery is on the increase in them all. The Church has *refused* Light; has proudly asserted the perfection of her standards, and mocked at Progress. She therefore, stands paralyzed and helpless, unable to move; torn with disputes about the *meaning* of her *perfect* standards! and is now at length in the course of rapid decay and dissolution.

In all this there is a lesson. Protestantism can never revive



but by opening its veins to the youthful blood of New Truth. It can only recover its expansive power, by reuniting itself where it first drew its vital breath; at the fountains of Science and Philosophy, and free Reason. It must enter into alliance with all that is Liberal and Enlightened and Reformatory, before it can spread. While it is only the conservator of Ancient Authorities and Prejudices and Abuses, it does not deserve to prosper. It should not be the Echo of the Past; but the Leader of the Present, and the Herald of the Future. That any of its present forms will fulfil this Mission, there is no hope. They must, through much flurry and social agitation, die out, and give the field to something better. What will that be? Time alone can answer, and he is yet silent on the question. This it *will not* be, a System, with prescribed Creeds, and infallible Standards. The genius of Truth dwells not in walled Cities; but in *Tents*. Her disciples are *not residents*; they are *travellers*. Her Career, is a *March*; and they who would accompany her, must be prepared to leave behind them Prejudice, Applause, and Interest!

## A CHAPTER FOR THE MONTH.

### MAY.

SPIRIT of poesy, of love, and beauty, ever welcome art thou; and we hail the period of thy coming, as one of the brightest spots in the calendar of Time. Thy mantle is wrought with all the hues of unnumbered blossoms; and its floating folds are gathered in a zone of richest emeralds.\* Dew-drops brighter and purer than orient pearls, begem thy footsteps; and the conscious earth, when it feels the pressure of thy gliding foot, wakes in the renewed beauty of leaf, and bud, and flower. The showers of April foretold thy coming; and the gentle southern breezes, as they went over the sunny slopes, whispered thy name to the violets; and as the tall Maple bent to catch the syllables, he donned his own tiara, and his imperial mantle bordered with crimson fringes, and made himself ready for the fairest holyday of the year. The Pyrus has sent forth her profusion of snowy blossoms, each like a starry eye looking quietly through the shadowy aisles of the dim old wood; and the golden cups of the cowslip have already enameled the meadows. There are sounds of joy abroad. The busy feet of gay children, and happy youth are out among the wood paths; and chaplets are weaving, beautiful and shadowless as their own prospective glimpses of the future. Not all in vain are these bright hopes cherished—not *all* in vain—though the future may give but meagre redemption of the present promise; for scenes like this will be but as a link, by which the young mind may connect the external, transient beauty of the hour, with the deeper, the hidden and mysterious beauty of the Spiritual; and this shall never fade—for it is wrought by the hand of Truth, and penciled from the changeless hues of Eternity.

The sower has gone forth; and the whistle of the jocund ploughman comes over the fields with an exhilarating consciousness of liberty and of happiness; and the listener feels within himself the assurance that a FREE LABORER is not only a useful, but an exalted being. Yet to the condition of Freedom, there are other requisites than the mere negative one implied in the absence of external restraint. To be *truly free*, a man must not only be unsubjected to any foreign influence; but all that he is and all that he is capable of being, must have full scope, and be developed without restraint. To this end he must first know the soul within himself or rather which is himself—its tendencies—its capabilities—its destiny. He must ascertain the relation between this and the external world—and with its Divine Source. He will then see that all outward things are but an interpretation of the language within himself; or, in other words, that the elements of all he beholds are in himself. The Beautiful

\*The tutelary gem of May, is the emerald. Sentiment successful Love. *Gems of Life*.

will then respond intelligibly to his own innate love of beauty; the Sublime will but shadow forth his own lofty Ideal; and every exercise of the domestic and social affections, or of the moral sentiments—every expression of love, forbearance, forgiveness, or devotion, which he witnesses, will claim a pre-existence in his own soul. Thus shall his whole nature be as a lyre, with all its chords in unison, among which the fingers of the Divinity are ever moving, with a power to awaken different strains, indeed; but all truthful—all harmonious. That this is not the general condition of man at the present time, we have daily most melancholy evidence. How then did man lose this condition, but by first losing the consciousness that he is MAN. By this I do not mean the no-wise exalting consciousness of mere animal force, though it may be invested with a somewhat higher power than *other* animal force. But I do mean the conscious possession of intellect, which could, by no possibility, be degraded by any external circumstance—of a nature allied to that of God—of a soul to whose interminable period of being, myriads of ages would be but as the measure of a moment. Who could reflect upon these high attributes, and feel the possession of them—or even the right to possess them—without perceiving that to be a TRUE MAN is to be inferior only to God. This self-knowledge is the true philosopher's stone, which transmutes all things to gold—it is, in fact, the title-deed to the wealth of the Universe: and when this title is universally recognized, the Millennium will have come. Then will Nature be no longer a sealed book, written in unknown characters; but it will be an open volume infinite in extent—infinite in beauty—yet all plain and clear to every man, as if its teachings were in his own native tongue.

The following beautiful stanzas were furnished us as a further illustration of this subject, by our new Correspondent, Dr. J. W. REDFIELD.

### MAY.

COME forth, my Child, to the greenwood glen,  
Where the birds are blithe and gay,  
Where the cuckoo sings, and the tiny wren,  
And the chipmuck chirps from his little den—  
We cannot tell what they say.

Their cheerful voices, my own dear boy,  
Must not tempt you to do them harm,  
For they sing like yourself for life and joy,  
Not dreaming of aught that may annoy,  
Or give them the least alarm.

Come, let us hie to the shady dell,  
Where the turf is soft and green,  
Where the violet blooms, and the light hairbell,  
And the snail creeps forth from his hermit cell,  
To enjoy the pleasant scene.

The woodpecker there, with bonnet red,  
Raps on the hollow tree,  
And the squirrel plays in its boughs o'erhead,  
Till down in its heart he goes to bed—  
A merry young chap is he.

We'll see where the woodchucks make their homes,  
And the moles their little caves;  
Where the ants uprear their stately domes,  
Not fearing the dark, nor the frightful gnomes—  
For the pigmies are little braves.

Come, haste with me to the grove, my child,  
For Nature's children are there,  
The modest young flowrets, free and wild,  
With forms so slender, and looks so mild,  
And colors so rich and fair.

Some flowery bank, or mossy bed,  
That the clustering vines enclose—



While the softened light of the sun is shed  
Through the leafy branches overhead—  
May invite us to repose.

Come, let us haste to the still retreat;  
Where the air, with its gentle wing,  
May fan our brows from the noon-day heat,  
And the water will taste so cool and sweet,  
As it runs from the shaded spring.

And fairy flowers will guard the place  
Where the tiny fishes play,  
And will scatter their leaves on its liquid face,  
Its course to mark with eddying grace,  
As the waters glide away.

Come, let us hie to the woodland dell,  
Where the valiant bee is bringing  
The gifts of the flow'rets to his cell,  
And there like a hero guards them well,  
The song of his labors singing.

This heedless hum may betray the tree  
Where he stores his luscious food—  
A guest of the fairy flowers is he,  
And as brave a knight as you'll ever see  
In all the gay green wood.

And we, my child, will a neighbor greet  
In the smallest and humblest thing,  
And feel our pulses with Nature beat,  
While we dance with our lightly tripping feet  
In unison with the Spring.

C.

## THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1848.

### TO OUR READERS.

Without being at all sectarian in its character, our enterprise is, pre-eminently, a RELIGIOUS one; and, as such, is entitled to the candid and serious attention of all who feel any interest in the present and eternal welfare of the Human Race. And who is there so completely divorced from this great principle, as not to perceive that it wholly outweighs and absorbs every other?—it is true, that in the hurry of business—in the excitement of pleasure—in the palsy of ease—this paramount interest may be stifled, and overcome for a season; but there are periods when it will utter itself, to every human being—when the Soul must turn back upon itself, and look into its own nature, with eyes that can no longer be wholly blinded, either by selfishness, or excitement, or indolence. And then the question will be brought home, with a deep earnestness, and a power which cannot be resisted: "What am I, and wherefore was I created? How shall I be saved from the temptations—the external evils that beset me—how escape the false positions into which I am continually thrown? How shall I reach the full measure of myself—by clearly developing the Right—by subduing and rising triumphant over the Wrong?"

Again, to minds of wider scope, and hearts of deeper and more generous feeling, will come questions of yet higher moment, though in fact, but a more mature result, embodying the ultimate of the first. "What is Man, and what are the conditions most favorable to his physical comfort—to his spiritual development—his progress—and, consequently, his happiness?"

These questions satisfactorily answered by any form or

system, of our religious institutions—by any single one of our Reform Periodicals? I scarcely need say, they are not; for the painful fact has settled, like a night-mare burden, upon the human heart and mind, until they absolutely *cannot* longer support the unnatural and oppressive load. The Church puts forth her vague, perplexing and restrictive dogmas of Supernaturalism. She thunders from the pulpit her abstract idea of devotion and love to a God, whose character is represented as such, that the demand upon our veneration and our love, becomes an absurdity! Meanwhile the prostrate, naked breast of Humanity, pierced as it is, with the rankling and barbed points of a thousand wrongs, bleeds on, as it has done through the heavy lapse of countless ages; and Religion, (so called,) which should not only have been a restorative, but invested with a power to prevent disease, tears open the yawning wounds afresh, and distils its blinding mists upon the spiritual eyes;—and, subverting the natural laws of Order, and of Right, weaves her subtle chains round about the impassive mind. The poor victim, not even daring to ask the reason why, since that is heresy, finds itself robbed of all the joys, which its very instincts say that it should have—finds itself bound hand and foot—bound heart and soul—pierced to its most vital nerve—forlorn, distracted—cast out into utter darkness—with no palliative to stay its bleeding—no balm to heal its putrid sores—no light breaking through the darkness of the Present—no hope, to gild the horizon of the Future. Is this an ideal picture? Is this a fiction? Then is Human Life, itself, an illusion—an unreality. Then is the very concentrated soul of Humanity a falsehood—a lie!

Look at men. We perceive first, they have senses, which demand gratification, that so the being may be sustained and perpetuated. Again, we perceive that they have souls, which require spiritual nutriment. These two natures conjoined, require, first, physical comfort and security, then light, liberty, growth, progress. Now to how many are all these circumstances, which are obviously necessary for all, absolutely secured, so that they may attain to the full proportions of their primeval design? The fractional number of the fortunate is lost—absolutely dwindles into nothing—in view of the overwhelming myriads of the unfortunate, the suffering, the abject, the benighted and the wronged!!

But happily the middle of the Nineteenth Century, has brought large masses of men to perceive the false positions, which they, and their fellow men, have so long been constrained to occupy; and they are crying out in their great anguish, for light—for hope—for help! It was in response to these deeply stirring questions—these heart-rending cries—which are now convulsing all social organism to its centre—with the hope of answering the hitherto unanswerable—that our periodical came into being.

As yet, we can have made but little progress, in a labor which is infinite. But with the few enlightened and earnest souls around, to sustain and cheer—with the great Brotherhood of humanity sitting at our feet, and urging us onward—by its mute appeal of helplessness, transcending all the studied eloquence of words—with a plane of action, illimitable as the Universe of Universes, stretching before—and a scope boundless as the Love of God, opening above; we shall press forward in the same path which the Philosophers and the Prophets trod—in the path which Jesus made ever more clear and beautiful—in the path which has been lighted by the fires of martyrdom—until the seeds of Death sprang up into the fullness and beauty of the fruits of Life. And we, too, are girded to sacrifice—to suffer reproach and scorn, and want—and wrong—if need be; but our step is forward; our eyes are fixed on what we believe to be the irrevocable purposes of Jehovah; and conceiving that the true vocation of men, is to act as his instruments and ministers in the destruction of evil—in the diffusion of good—we cannot turn back; for that would be a violation of all the laws of



the Universe, since it would involve retrogression into night and slavery, which is in opposition to the eternal Will of God.

Now, in such a work as this—making way, as it does, against the Canonized Absurdities, which have so long held possession of the human heart—against the deified Superstition, that has usurped the throne of the World—against the vicegerent Selfishness that sitteth ever at the monster's right hand—against the blinding Errors which have been cherished so long, that few men dare even to question them—against the unnatural Wrongs, which have been baptised in the heart's blood of Humanity; against the oppressive chains, which have been forged by the arch-demon, Supernaturalism, and consecrated with all unholy rites, and set up for worship in high places; until all but a fraction of the civilized world have bowed themselves down, in abject homage before the "Unknown God," that seemed ever striving to pluck a heart of Love out of the quaking bosom of Lear! In such a work as this, we need encouragement, we need help, good and strong help; and we know that we shall have it; because men are fast coming into the light, and then they *must* see. But this is comparatively a slow process; hence we look for aid from the Watchmen of the Age, from such as have already gone up to the eastern hill-tops, and perceive that the clouds and vapors of the Past are reddening with the light of a new day.

In a true spirit of love then, not of any sect, part or portion of men; but of the whole race, we proceed to lay before our readers and friends, an epitome of our designs, and our consequent claims upon the public attention, interest and patronage.

In the first place, the character of our periodical, is wholly free from Sectarism. While we recognise and respect, every man's right to form, and to express his opinions, with perfect freedom; according to the dictates of his own conscience; we shall set forth our own peculiar views and opinions, urging them upon no man—demanding and expecting for them no favor—unless they are first accepted by the Reason and sanctioned by the Conscience.

In our first department, under caption of "The Principles of Nature," we shall seek to unfold whatever relates to the laws of the Universe, as developed in the visible and invisible worlds—the origin, progress, and ultimate tendencies of Matter and of Mind, in all their conditions, and in all their forms, from the nebulae, which contain the germs of rudimental spheres, up to the Seraph that is approximating to the central perfection of God. But especial attention will be given to whatever relates to the human being—to the phenomena of both his present and future state—to his physical constitution, desires, and necessities, his spiritual aspirations, hopes and tendencies; and all the infinite of which he is a portion, and an element. In all these we shall attempt to show, that whatever is right and true, is founded in Nature, and so must be ever manifest to the free and unprejudiced mind; and hence, that all Supernaturalism was founded in Error—established in Wrong, and has been sustained, up to this time, mainly by selfishness, acting upon the prejudices and passions of men.

As a Race, we have wandered far from the pleasant paths, and the fertile and sunny fields of Nature—through whose widely stretching horizon, comes ever beaming the blissful light of love-lie, and more exalted spheres—and the soul never forgets its heirship to the Divine—its filial affinity with the Great Father of All. We have strayed far away into a region of deserts—into a sterile waste, which affords neither nutriment for soul or body—into a frightful wilderness, where howling demons, and all horrible and monstrous forms are continually filling us with wild and distracting fears. And many of us, presuming upon our strength, and the favorable positions we occupy, have turned robbers of our kind; until the fruits of Wrong, transmitted from generation to generation, have come to be invested with a divine right. We have oppressed and despoiled the weak and famished brother, we should have cherished in our bosom; and sown dissensions, and prosecuted wars, staining our beautiful hab-

itation with kindred blood, when we should have sat down; one great, fraternal, Earth-family—forging no chains, but those of Kindness—creating no laws, but those of concord and universal amity, while a spirit of Love should have presided over all, boundless and perfect as the roofing Heavens that arched our abode. We shall attempt to show how mankind may be brought back, and established in this blissful state, of which the Elysium of the poets, and the Eden of the Scriptures, were but types and shadows. We believe that the primitive innocence and happiness of Man, was a living germ, which, enfolding within itself a principle of eternity, could not die; though it has been so long overshadowed, and crushed, by all malign powers, that many have come to question of its existence; and now it only waits for more favorable circumstances, to be expanded into the full beauty and richness of its flower, and its fruition. We shall ever labor to develope more successfully these circumstances; and to secure and hasten, this sublime result.

Our Editorials will embrace such points of interest as may be unfolded by the passing times, but especially, such subjects as have a definite bearing on the ground of our labor. We intend that they shall be ever marked by a spirit of candor, kindness, and love to all.

Our Miscellaneous department, we shall continue to make, as we flatter ourselves it has hitherto been, a Cabinet of literary gems, many of them opalescent with the inbeaming light of our beautiful and elevating Philosophy; while, at the same time, they exhibit a variety which must commend them to every reader of taste and sentiment.

The fineness of its mechanical execution is visible upon every page of our Journal; and in its whole form, spirit and character, it has been said to "rival the best of the Quarterlies;" a commendation, let me observe in passing, we shall ever hold ourselves worthy to accept.

Now, in order to maintain this high character, we must have a support commensurate with the expenses we incur in the publication, which, from the fineness of execution in all its features, are necessarily, very great. As yet no direct effort has been made to secure the public favor. Almost all of our subscribers have come to us voluntarily—or through the influence of private friends. But considering how little our objects, or principles, can yet be understood by the masses, accumulation by this process, would necessarily, be rather tardy; and the almost utter impossibility of finding professional agents, who are experienced in the business, and, at the same time, capable of understanding and setting forth our philosophy in the true light, enhances the difficulty. But every one of our Readers is, or should be, capable of appreciating both our merits and our claims, and of representing them to others. Every one of them holds some definite and certain relations with his fellow men, and has the power of exerting a comparative degree of influence upon the minds with which his own may come in contact. Will it be thought asking too much, to request that each one of them should urge our claims upon those with whom he may be habitually or casually associated—or under whatsoever favorable circumstances may occur? There is not one of them can be so wholly dis severed from the hearts of his neighbors, but he may obtain at least, ONE NAME; and if every one should do this, our subscription list would be immediately doubled; and our hearts, at the same time, relieved of a heavy weight of perplexity and care. Not that we have any thought of relaxing from our own duties, however negligent other people may be in the performance of theirs; not that we have the least idea of failure, or even of discouragement; for the unparalleled approbation, we have hitherto met—the cordial welcome with which our Journal has been received, as well as the absolute NECESSITY OF LIFE, which we believe is involved in the very laws of its being, wholly precludes that. But we feel that our way of probation may be immensely shortened—our hearts comforted—and our spirits cheered, by a little timely exertion on the part of our friends; so we



merely open for them, what all good men must rejoice in—AN OPPORTUNITY TO DO GOOD. And in behalf of a prostrate, bleeding, chained, benighted, Humanity, have we not a right—nay is it not our duty, to ask this?

We shall confidently look for a response to our call, in a perfect overflow of kind remembrance, from our Readers, Patrons and Friends.—G.

### WHO IS TO DECIDE?

That efforts like those used in olden time are being used, and every day called into requisition by the so called Church, to put down the progress movement, is too apparent to require proof. And there are charges of infidelity, and the impugning of the motives of those engaged in leading men up to the noble destiny for which they were created; namely, free utterance of thought, and the honest out-living or acting in harmony with the convictions within. Men are untrue when they cannot or will not live as conscience dictates; the word live, in this case, includes the thought and deed.

If we should take the word of those judging us of the *progress movement*, we deny every thing that has heretofore been held sacred, true, or good. God's word or law is set at nought, and entire recklessness alone is to govern us, if such a course can be set down as any sort of Government. At this rate, our race must be short indeed. It will be of no use to waste effort to hasten the downfall. It is more than suspected, that we are not deemed exactly the vampire as decried: for some have penetration enough to discover that this infidelity "has God and humanity on its side." Powerful indeed then must be the influences that will stop or crush it. It is seen by some, that the *new* is to destroy the *old*; that is, this movement is not one to build up but demolish, and every sect of religion trembles with the usual spasmodic throes before the pebble is placed in the sling of this junior David. Men fear when poorly defended or protected, or when the enemy arrayed against them is strong. Certainly, in a case like the present, one of two things is true if not both, they are wanting in confidence in such principles as are professed by themselves, or else the new infidelity, as it is gratuitously termed, is considered an overmatch for the old credulity. So the public will judge; and nothing has been plainer in history than that truth with time decides all things. It must have time to canvass, cancel and divide inheritance. It might be well for those who feel that this is a new movement, as it is called, in morals and religion, should give it a fair trial. It is not known to them but that it is of God, if so heaven will prosper it do what we may against it. And it is for God to determine the motives of men; true men and good have died by the hands of those professedly serving God, as infidels are afterwards made patron saints; guardian spirits to the sons of their murderers. The heresy of one age is the orthodoxy of the next, and *vice versa*.

Who then is to decide whether we are infidels or not? This is the fair question. It must not be done by any clique of bigots who are wanting the moral courage to examine far enough to qualify for the task. It must be done by that public that is free from sinister motives and biases of mind that disqualify for such a verdict as is called for in this case. Unto that public we commit our cause, exhibiting our words and deeds to its free investigation. Judge ye of us, brothers and sisters, by what *we* say and do, not what others say of us, unless they say of us what we say of ourselves, or our actions impart. May be, after all, we are only placing a higher and truer construction upon past records of Divine Providence, instead of casting all away, as is pretended to be feared.

These lovers of the old ways, and old interpretations of the Bible, may not all of them have read its translators address to the reader, as old copies are not liked as well as new even by them. Hear them; "Whosoever attempteth any thing for the public, (especially if it pertain to religion, and the opening and

closing of the word of God) the same setteth himself upon a stage, to be gloated upon by an evil eye; yea, he casteth himself headlong upon pikes, to be gored by every sharp tongue. For he that meddleth with men's religion in any part meddleth with their custom, nay, with their freehold; and though they find no content in that which they have, yet they cannot abide to bear fettering." I have only to add as a conclusion to this article, if this is a true picture of those times, we cannot now boast of so much that is *new* in the character and conduct of men as is charged upon us. Are there not many dissatisfied ones in all of the circumscribed sects? Would that they had the heroism of Jesus, or Paul, or Luther.

Z. B.

### TESTS OF CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

A disposition has of late, been manifested, by the leaders of the pseudo-liberal sects, to exclude from their communion all who do not believe with them in Miracles as contrary to the Divine Order, which obtains in Nature. For ourselves, we rejoice that the Church to which we belong—the Church of Humanity—knows nothing of creeds, or sects, or the various test-questions of fellowship, which they advocate. But as many of our Readers are deeply interested, in the discussion of the various matters which pertain to tests of Christian Fellowship, and Miracles, we copy for their benefit the following remarks of Rev. J. Pierpont, delivered at the ordination of Rev. Mr. Sargent as minister of the Congregational Society at Somerville, Mass. The power of Mr. P.'s argument, no less than its beauty of diction, and calm and loving spirit, must commend it to all.

"It appears to me that, in these our days, and among the brethren of our denomination, that there has been introduced a new test of discipleship; a new criterion, by which to decide the question whether, or not, a man is a Christian; and, if he be a minister, whether he be entitled to the fellowship and countenance of Christian ministers. This is—not that he love the brethren; not that the spirit of Christ be in him; not that he receive the words of Jesus, as the truth; not that he order his life according to the spirit and the life of Jesus; but that he believe all that those, who have taken in hand to set forth a "declaration" of the *wonderful works* of Jesus, have said or written in regard to *them*. In other words, that though I admit all that Jesus taught, I cannot be a Christian, unless, at the same time, I believe that it was *proved* to be true, by miraculous evidence.

With great respect, yet with equal earnestness, I would ask our brethren who assume this as the test of discipleship, and brand their fellows, and their equals in knowledge and Christian graces, as deists and infidels, if they do not sustain this test,—on *what ground*, or by *what authority* they assume it? Do they assume it on the ground of *necessity*,—a necessity resulting from the nature of things? A miracle is usually, defined to be, "a violation, counteraction, or suspension of a law of nature."—The laws, usually, if not uniformly, thus suspended or violated by miraculous agency, are those of physical nature; and the end which it is the object of the miracle to subserve, is to bring man to a nearer conformity to the laws of his *moral* nature.—Are we to be told, then, that there is such an essential antagonism between the physical and the moral laws of God, that it is *necessary* to violate the former, that the latter may be the better kept? That men will the more faithfully observe the moral laws of God, the more clearly they have seen, or the more firmly they believe, that his physical laws have been suspended or broken? Must we, on the ground of *necessity*, believe this, before we can be Christians? Or if this test, faith in the miraculous accounts of the New Testament—is assumed, not on the ground of necessity, but on that of *authority*, then I ask, by *what authority* it is assumed? By the authority of Christ himself? Certainly not. According to "the disciple whom Jesus loved,"\* the Great Teacher wrought his wonderful works to overcome that unbelief, which his true words were not mighty enough to overcome; not to convince those whose minds were so open to



the truth, and had so strong an affinity for it, as readily to receive it without them. Does any apostle of Jesus, anywhere say, that, "unless ye believe the narratives of the miraculous works of Jesus, ye cannot be his disciples?" Far from it. Not one of the apostles refers to any one of those narratives, for during the greater part of their preaching, not one of them was written. It's a belief of the miraculous accounts of the Evangelists, any where, in the sacred volume, recognized and proposed as a test of any man's discipleship, or of his right to the Christian name, or to Christian fellowship? We all know that it is not. By what authority, then, I again demand, do I, or does any one, assume this, as a test of Christian faith or Christian character? The question in the present case, is not whether or not the miraculous parts of the New Testament narratives are true;—but whether the belief that they are true is essential to the Christian character and name. It is not, whether you, my Brother, or whether I believe these narratives; for I believe in the miraculous works of Jesus, as do you also; but whether or not we *must* believe them or not be Christians. I had supposed that so far as belief constitutes a Christian, the Christian believer is "the believer in Jesus;" not necessarily the believer in either or in all the Evangelists. Was Matthew crucified for us? or were we baptized into the name of Mark? Do I necessarily believe the Gospel because I believe the miracles? or the miracles because I believe the Gospel? Is Christianity itself a *miracle*? Is the Gospel of Jesus Christ,—a counteraction, suspension, or violation of a law of nature, either in physics or morals? We had thought that it was eternal truth, and in eternal *harmony* with all these laws.

But, even if we *must* believe a miracle, as a test of our Christian faith, and as a condition of our being received into Christian fellowship, is it not enough that we believe in the miraculous *virtue* of Jesus? And was not his virtue, his *goodness*,—his holiness and his love,—as miraculous—as truly divine, as was his *power*; receiving as literally true, all that his biographers have told us of that? Is not the *goodness* of God, even more nearly allied to his *truth*, than is his *power*? And if it be the object of a miracle, to bring us to a belief of divine *truth*, does not my faith in the divine *benevolence* of Jesus, bring me nearer to that truth, than does my faith in his divine *power*? Was there not seen more of the God and Father, in the miraculous *love* of Jesus, which all his possessed disciples admit, than there was in his miraculous *power*, which some are constrained to doubt? Did not the life and death of Jesus "show us the Father," more than did his touch, when he healed the sick, or his voice, when he raised the dead? If, then, like the wicked and adulterous generation, whom Jesus addressed, *we* "seek after a sign," a sign that the Great Teacher was "in the bosom of the Father,"—had the knowledge of his counsels, and was a partaker of his spirit,—we find that sign, not so much in the miraculous *power* of Jesus, that appealed to the outward senses, as in the equally miraculous *virtue*, that addressed itself to the highest faculties of the soul, and witnessed to them, that God was indeed with him; and that, as his life was so uniformly true, so also must be his words.

I earnestly charge you, then, my Friend and Brother, not to exclude from your fellowship any one who professes his faith in the *words* of Jesus, even though he cannot believe all the *words* of other men concerning his wonderful works. Those works are not the Gospel, even granting that the story of them is all literally true. Still less is the *story* of those works the Gospel; else did not Jesus preach his own Gospel, but left it for others to publish to the world, long after He had finished his work, and had a name given him therefor, "that is above every name."

Let those of us whose faith, in the doctrines of Jesus, is so weak that it needs a miracle to hold it up, take the miracle, and let their faith lean, and their Christian hopes depend upon it.—But let us not deny the Christian name, and Christian fellowship to a brother, who tells us that *his* faith needs no such aid; and who shows the world that it is strong enough to stand, and to "work by love" without it."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

WE PRESENT this week a few more selections from our correspondence, which are of a deeply interesting character. Our Brother who writes from Nature's Temple, draws a beautiful moral from the love and harmony of Creation. We commend his remarks on the Marriage question, to all our readers old and young. The true marriage is that of the soul, and is eternal.—The very word, which means the blending of nature, signifies it. God grant that the time may speedily come when all the relations which obtain between members of the Human family, shall be in harmony with Nature, and thus blessed of God.—The second paragraph is from an eminent physician at the South. We assure our friend that our course shall be a free one. We aim at the elucidation and promulgation of principles, not the deification of events or men. The concluding extract is from a clergyman of one of the present liberal denominations, and shows the means by which a System of Creed and Authority, is supported in our day.

## NATURE'S TEMPLE.

BRO. BRITTAN:—I am once more seated in my House of Worship. I do not wish to be understood, that this little place is the extent of my house; for it is as extensive as all creation, the universe. And my preachers are as numerous as all created things, both animate and inanimate. The principal ones I shall listen to this lovely morning, are two little sparrows. They seem to be a pair, united as man and wife. A short distance from me they are building a nest, the outside of the nest, is constructed of small twigs and pine leaves, closely packed and woven together. The inside they are now finishing with fine substances as moss, hair, cotton, and wool. They both seem very industriously engaged in the finishing—gathering here and there a bit of cotton, wool, &c., and working it into their little nest, in the neatest and most artistic manner. Indeed it is a beautiful little tenement, for the purpose it is designed. But there is a far greater beauty in the *union* of these little artists. The lively and cheerful way they labor—the joyful and loving way they approach each other—show they are one in spirit—one in all their plans and designs—and that they love each other with a pure and holy love. There is true marriage—no discordant sounds between them—no jealous or angry looks about them—all is peace, love and happiness.

A little farther on, are two blue-birds in the same happy state. In another direction, there two robins, enjoying the same blessed happiness. Is there not a great lesson to be learned from these feathered songsters? Are they not in advance of man, in this matter of union and happiness? Alas, for man—the best and noblest work of creation!

Here I will leave the birds, and for the present look at the marriage system among mankind. And the first thing that I wish to call the reader's attention to, is a short account of the marriage of my only sister. It chills my heart to think of it.—But it illustrates the system, as it is practised in the world, generally, so well, I cannot refrain from relating it. I loved my sister very much, she being my only one, and of similar temperament and tastes in almost everything, except in selecting her associates. She loved the plain and simple honest-hearted, whether rich or poor. She made no distinction between the rich and poor. The cultivated mind—the honest and truthful heart—was what she worshipped. I on the contrary, was proud, and worldly minded, I loved the rich,—those who could make a great display in the world.

When my sister was 18 years of age, she became acquainted with a young man, who worked on a farm for a livelihood. His parents being aged and poor, he worked very hard and *unceasingly*, to support them and himself. He was a true hearted, yea, a *great* and *noble* hearted man, as you may judge from his devotion to his needy parents. Well, after a short time, my sis-



ter became very strongly attached to him, and vice versa. They seemed to be one in spirit, and talked of marriage; and in a short time it was made known to me. I was surprised at my sister's conduct! I talked with her against it. I told her we were well off in the world—that we went with the rich, the best circle in society—and if we wished and expected to continue in that circle, we must not think of connecting ourselves with the poor, in any way whatever. But, instead of that, she must marry a rich man's son, or a professional man, so that she would be popular, and have a fine carriage to ride in, and a fine house to live in. She replied:

"I care not for the fine carriage, nor the fine house, nor the rich man, nor the professional man. But give me the man I love, rich or poor. The heart that beats in unison with mine—the soul whom God hath joined with mine, is what I want, all I want. It is that alone that will make me happy, and nothing short of that." I listened to the words, but did not know their meaning. I thought my sister crazy.

Time passed on. I talked a great deal with my sister, I loved her, and felt anxious for her to do well in the world. And finally selected a young merchant, for her bridegroom. He had a rich father, and made a great display in the world. I urged a union between them. All of my rich friends did the same. We accomplished it, notwithstanding my poor sister's pleadings against it. I felt happy, thinking we had done a good work. I say happy, but it was marred somewhat by my sister's unhappiness.

Soon her health began to give away. She failed very fast.—A few short years (though they were long ones to her,) closed her earthly existence. My pride was lowered as she failed.—And when on her death bed, I told her I was her murderer, I was then aroused to see what I had been doing. I had thought that *riches* and *titles* were the highest qualifications for a man, and that nothing else was required to make a happy marriage. When too late, I saw my mistake, I saw my ignorance and stupidity. Oh, I would have died for my sister—or with her!—My heart was ready to sink in me, when I looked upon her on her dying bed. But she consoled me, by saying in a calm and happy tone, "I die to all earthly things with pleasure, now, that you have come out of darkness. "May you find the true light, and live the true life, and lead others into the way to happiness, is the prayer of your sister." She closed her eyes, and her spirit fled to its place—leaving me alone to reflect on my past life, and think of the future. I have done so for many years. And in looking about in the world, I find the above sketch of made up marriage by foreign parties, is a fair specimen of a large portion that are contracted and encouraged by parents, or brothers and sisters, or some friends, and consummated by law. A large portion of them are begun by parents, and carried on by them, and this, too, in many cases, when neither of the parties that ought to be concerned, care anything about it. They manifest as little interest about it, as though it was some trifling affair, and are carried on in the current till the law of the land makes them *one*—not one in spirit, but one in point of law!

There are other cases, and they are numerous too, where *one* of the parties is favorable, and the other opposed. Parents or brothers, or sisters, or some interested match-makers, step in, urge on the matter by praises, flattering, and sometimes by threats, till they, too, are one by law!

There are many other ways of match-making. But I need not point them out. The system is the same as any trading business. The amount of wealth is talked of, and the standing of the parties in church and society, (fashionable) and the house to live in, are all taken into consideration, and if they meet the taste and pride of the parties, the bargain is closed, and then the law is applied and they become *one*! What a monstrous absurdity!—monster lie! It makes no difference whether they love each other, or not. That is another matter—is left out of the question.

This is the general practice; but there are some noble exceptions. I wish there were more—were *all* exceptions:—That all who united in marriage would make *mutual love* the test, instead of *money*, &c. If there is not mutual love between the parties, there is no marriage about it. It is nought but a human license of man, for them to live together. Thousands and thousands are bought and brought together, by the outside show of wealth, fine dress, presents of jewelry, and the like. They have got into the habit of marrying *these*, instead of the *person*. They seek for *these* instead of the *heart*, and consequently they are united instead of two loving hearts, which constitute the only true union.

I will leave the subject, hoping I shall profit by the example the sparrows have set me, I hope all who may read this, will learn a lesson of them. I see the interior man is being developed very rapidly. A brighter and better day is dawning. Man begins to see that there is something deeper and more holy in marriage, than the union of material things. He begins to see that nothing short of the union of two kindred souls in marriage will produce happiness. He begins to see that if mutual love is not the highest motive, misery in some form or other will follow.—I believe the day will come, when all will see this, and will consider marriage nought else but the union of souls.

THY BROTHER,

R.

SUMERVILLE, TENN. April 6, 1848.

Dear Sir:—A few days ago, vol. 2, 3 and 1, of your paper, the Univercœlum, fell into my hands. I was much pleased with it, and came at once to the conclusion to take it. It is the very thing I have wished to see started, for the last twenty-five years. Its course appears to be independent, and it takes a deeper and broader view of Theology, than all others I have seen. It is the harbinger of a new and better strain of thought—a cog in the wheel-work of religious literature absolutely denounced by the progress of the Age.

I should as soon expect to see the knowledge of Chemistry, Geology, or Electricity, remain imperfect as it now is, as I should that Religion should remain in its present position, harnessed to Calvinism, Armenianism, as any other doctrine questioning the Benevolence or All Sufficiency of Deity.

Years ago I broke away from the shackles of human authority and left the Methodist ministry, in which I had been employed. When I subsequently engaged in the Universalist ministry, it was under the impression, received from their declarations, that there I should be free to accept and obey the light of truth. I have lately learned that this was a fraud, and that if I continued among them, it must be under protest, and in a state of rebellion. . . . The liberal societies in this section of the country, are in a transition state. Many of them cannot endure strong meat. Their ministers are tolerated, rather than loved—approved by a part, endured by others. I know this is the case. This makes it unpleasant for us. There are many of our preachers, who would take the same position we do, but for this state of things. For once, a part of the Ministry are ahead of the people in their sentiments. We suffer from this. We have the sympathies of these men, but they are obliged to cut us. It is very generous. . . . I like the Univercœlum. It is the only paper I take, whose spirit I think entirely commendable. It may not be correct in all its opinions, but its spirit of freedom and tolerance, is to me very beautiful—the more so as it is rarely met with, in a moral or religious paper. I trust that it may retain its spirit of entire freedom, and of fair and manly inquiry, as well as its purity from abusiveness.

DIFFICULTIES are to the persevering like the mists which envelope mountain tops; they appear in the distance like a thick impenetrable wall; but as we approach them they recede; and when we stand before them face to face, they wholly disappear.

GREEN.



## Psychological Department.

We extract the following from the "Christian Freeman" of April 28th. It is from the pen of its editor, Rev. Sylvanus Cobb. We have no personal knowledge of Mrs. F. the Clairvoyant to whom he alludes, but Mr. C. would seem to speak from personal knowledge, and he is a gentleman of intelligence and veracity

## THE MESMERIC WONDER.

THE REMAINS OF JOHN S. BRUCE—MRS. FREEMAN—THE EDITORS OF THE "BOSTON COURIER" AND "OLIVE BRANCH."

We published on our news page, two weeks ago, from the *Boston Journal*, the narrative of the late search for, and recovery of the body of John S. Bruce, by direction of Mrs. Freeman, of this city, an extensively known clairvoyant. Now this matter has very much disturbed the superstition of two very liberal and talented editors in this goodly city, those of the *Courier* and *Olive Branch*, and they go for having Mrs. Freeman hanged.—We believe however, that the *Olive Branch* is willing the sentence should be commuted to imprisonment for life. They are sure that Mrs. F. is either an accomplice in the murder of Bruce, and in the disposal of his body, or else that she is a witch. Accordingly, if she is hanged as an accomplice in the murder, and yet is innocent of that crime, the hanging will nevertheless be just, on the ground of witchcraft.

Now we propose to the corps editorial, that the gentlemen of the *Courier* and *Olive Branch* be appointed—we do not mean to have them appointed judges in the case,—for if they are, then Mrs. Freeman is a "gone goose," as surely as those persons, were of old, who were thrown into deep water to test the charge of witchcraft. If they were innocent they sank and were drowned; and if guilty they swam, and were taken out and hanged. But we move that these gentlemen be appointed a committee of investigation, to call upon Mrs. Freeman, and demand of her what they say should be demanded, that she shall "state in what manner she procured the information, which led to the discovery of the body of the young man."

And now, as the appointing power is competent to give instructions to a committee, we propose that they be instructed to investigate the scores of other cases, in which utter strangers, from different sections of country, have called upon Mrs. Freeman, and she has minutely and accurately described to them events, and chains of events and circumstances, which they had supposed none knew but themselves and private friends; and let her be commanded, in the name of the Boston editorial corps to "state in what manner she procured the information" of those private and family matters. Hereby they may prove her guilty of being accessory to many other plots and contrivances, of all sorts and descriptions, and thus multiply the chances for her conviction and execution. Let them also require her to "state in what manner she procured information" of those particulars, which the father of young Bruce so perfectly recollected on her naming them, of incidents which occurred to the young man and his team on the way from home, such as getting stuck fast in a snow drift two or three miles out, and his father and uncle meeting him from an opposite direction, and helping him out.

By the way, of the many persons, of different ages, whom we have seen put into what is called the Mesmeric state, on being restored to their waking condition, they have all professed, and most honestly appeared, to have no knowledge or recollection of anything that had transpired with them in that state. And it is the testimony of all whom we have heard or read on the subject some of whom are men of the highest moral and scientific reputation, that the same fact holds generally good with subjects of induced somnambulism. Such being the case, it will be difficult for Mrs. F. to "state in what manner she procured the

information" aforesaid. But never mind; we have a sterling committee, and, in true Calvinian faith, they will hold the right to command, whether the poor woman has the power to obey or not. And they will exercise their prerogative, and these simple women will be admonished, if they even slip their necks out of the halter, to desist from humbugging the people with their clairvoyant discoveries.

## THE IMPORTANCE OF PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

EVERY TRUE Science is the result of deductions from visible phenomena of Nature; the last analysis and classification of recorded facts. Slowly, by observation and deduction, have Astronomy, Chemistry, Geology, arisen from speculation and hypothesis to the rank of Positive Sciences, systems of known and demonstrable Truths.

Psychology, the science of the Soul, is yet in its infancy. It hardly is a science as yet. The basis of observation is hardly broad enough. We have not classified and arrayed the facts, on which it must be founded. Speculations there are which claim to be systems, but who as yet can prove what is reality, and what conjecture. All over the broad earth, from the earliest ages there have been manifestations of the spiritual nature and faculties of man. From the earliest times, to our own day, they have been accumulating and increasing. Systems of Theology, age-enduring, and almost world-wide, have been based on some partial view, or isolated case of these wondrous facts of spiritual Nature. Mormonism has its miracles, produced by magnetic sympathy. Swedenborgianism has its stupendous revelations, based on the mystic illumination of Swedenborg. Jesuitism took its rise out of the partial Clairvoyant power of Loyola. Sometimes whole communities run wild with excitement, from this cause, as in the case of the witch mania, at Salem. Then again the ignorant become seemingly inspired, as in the case of Davis, and untaught lips flow with wonderful utterances. In almost every city in our Union, we have Clairvoyants acting as physicians, and cases of Somnambulism, and Trance are of daily occurrence.

Then too the good and holy tell us, as they leave the form, that they see heaven opened, and behold its divine indwellers. Volumes, gray with age, yet rich with knowledge, remain to us as the productions of men who claimed to receive influxes of wisdom from the spiritual world. And we have historical statements, which seem irrefutable of those out of the body manifesting themselves to those in the form; and of the Crucified one appearing to his friends, and associates, to five hundred at a time, after his physical decease.

Now here is field of most important inquiry. A spiritual Universe is opening before us. By neglecting to investigate this subject, we are exposing ourselves to the ever recurring liability of delusion. System, after system, based on some exaggerated phenomenon, arises and perishes, after deluding, and ruining its adherents. We shall never be safe till Psychology is a Positive Science, till the various facts relating to mental phenomena are gathered up, and classified, and a system deduced from them that shall solve the three-fold mystery of life.

We are wedded to no system. We have our opinions, but they do not cover the whole field, because our knowledge of facts is limited, and every real manifestation of mind enlarges the sphere of scientific knowledge. One of our objects is, to gather up the authenticated instances of Prophecy, Second Sight, Clairvoyance, and Somnambulism which occur, that Psychology may rise at last to the highest of the Sciences, the accurate interpretation of the highest facts of Nature. With this design this department of our paper is open to authenticated statements, of Physiological and Spiritual phenomena, from all sources, and we hope that thus, a great want of the Age, may be supplied.



## NEW VOLUME OF THE HARBINGER.

A new volume of the Harbinger, the excellent organ of the American Union of Associationists, commences this week, and we advert to it because the commencement of the volume is a fitting time for us to say a word respecting its merits, and to commend it to the patronage of our friends. We do not commend the Harbinger by way of mere compliment. Earnestly we say it, the time has come when the great question of the Organization of Industry must be studied and understood. The Harbinger is devoted to the exposition of the divine law of Social Order, and as each lover of his race among us should make those laws a subject of study, so all whose means will afford it, should become readers of the Journal devoted especially to their elucidation. Its terms are \$2 per annum, and its publication office No. 9 Spruce street, New York.

T. L. H.

THE Messrs. Appleton have just published Mrs. Markham's HISTORY OF ENGLAND from the INVASION OF JULIUS CÆSAR, to the Reign of Victoria. This is the best School History of England ever published. And Eliza Robbins, editing and adopting it to the schools of our country, is an evidence of what we say. The American Popular lessons is proof of her capacity also. Say what men may or will, about women writing school books, they are the best *teachers* of children, in so far as the adaptation of the matters taught to the capacity of children is concerned.—Mrs. Markham's books are written in a style well adapted to youth and in the main truthful. The books of this authoress are becoming popular on the other side of the Atlantic. We hope the publishers will take up her France and Germany, in due course. These works show the progress of their notions, and of man in a more favorable light than any preceding works of this kind. Of course they do not vie with McFarlane & Michelet.

Z. B.

PHYSIOGNOMY,  
AND ITS NEW TEACHER.

We take great pleasure in announcing that Dr. J. W. Redfield, whose novel and interesting theories of Nature, and her Correspondences, are beginning to excite much attention in the scientific world, has become a regular contributor to the Univercælum. The admirable paper entitled, "Index to Physiognomy," which will be found on our fourth page, is the beginning of a series, in which will be regularly unfolded the peculiar views and discoveries of the writer. We are confident that in these papers alone, which embrace the results of nine consecutive years of intense and careful study, we present an attraction worth the whole subscription price of our Journal. Dr. Redfield is not only a profound and earnest student of Nature, but a clear, precise, discriminating, and original thinker. The age in which he lives will yet be proud to reflect the lustre of his genius; and, in the fulness of time, his name will ascend to its true position in the same constellation with those of Gallileo, and Bacon, and Copernicus, and Newton.

## SAMPLE NUMBERS.

WE SHALL be happy at all times, to furnish any of the numbers of our paper (except the 1st.,) for the inspection of all such as are desirous of examining the position we occupy. This we do gratuitously, provided applications by mail are post-paid. The paper carries with it, its own recommendations. Subscriptions are coming daily from those who have seen accidentally, or by loan of a friend, copies of the paper. Our friends in different parts of the country can extend the circulation of the paper very much by this course. We will send sample copies by mail, if name and Post Office address are furnished. All who feel that we are doing a good work, are desired to aid us in the circulation of the paper.

## Poetry.

## THE SCHOOL MISTRESS.

BY FANNY GREEN.

In a lone spot—ah, few there be to tell  
Where Poverty's poor orphan child may dwell—  
And yet that spot, whoe'er the passer by,  
Might win and fix awhile the wandering eye,  
Like some sweet picture of Arcadian dream,  
Outliving still the wreck of Quietness—  
Or the fair landscape of a Poet's theme,  
When Eden-views his longing vision bless,  
And he forgets the waste that sprang from Selfishness!

Nestling amid a grove of locust-trees,  
Whose fragrant blossoms woo the summer breeze,  
With lowly roof, and very humble door,  
The village school-house stands—it stood of yore,  
Below, the borders of a fairy lake  
Are fringed with verdant shrub, and clinging vine—  
Beyond—above—sublimar vistas break,  
Of hanging rocks, where nods the lofty pine;  
And oak and sycamore their gnarled branches twine.

'Tis here, amid the fragrance and the flowers,  
A gentle maiden spends her summer hours;  
Her daily task, to lead the village youth  
In the fair paths of Knowledge and of Truth;  
Religiously that sacred task is wrought,  
While Conscience bendeth not to blame or praise;  
For well she knows the springs of infant thought,  
And proves, indeed, Wisdom's are pleasant ways.

'Tis sweet to view her, mid the cherub ones  
That gather round, so loving, and beloved,  
Winning her smile, catching her mellow tones,  
As if that smile, and voice, had, then, removed  
The toil from study;—yet that gentle girl  
Might twine a laurel with each sunny curl;  
But her best treasures all unknown, must be,  
Like unwrought diamonds, in obscurity;  
Unvalued all her richest gifts must pine,  
Like gems corroding in their native mine;  
For, oh, the curse of poverty hath wrought  
A blighting malison with every burning thought!

And as a wounded eagle views the sun;  
Or his own native hills, the stricken deer;  
Or far-off home, the lonely, fainting one;  
Or Heaven, the exile from a higher sphere;  
So doth the eye of yearning Genius turn  
To the fair form of Knowledge, yet afar;  
So doth her struggling spirit leap, and yearn,  
To soar away where the still waters are,  
And catch the light of life from every beaming star.

But the cold, clanking chain of Poverty  
May bind the proudest spirit down to earth;  
Fettering the Soul, until it comes to be  
A captive, half forgetful of its birth;  
Or, worse—corroding in the bosom's core,  
It poisons every spring of joy and life;  
Revealing not its work till hope is o'er,  
And the long-hidden gangrene with disease is rife.

Though young Lowena has a beaming eye,  
And a few chosen friends have learned to love her,  
Catching sweet solace from its azure sky,  
Blue as the one that bends so calm above her;  
Yet there are sorrows in that gentle heart,  
Such as may come to Penury's children only—



And woes, and sufferings, where no friend has part;  
 Ah, why should sacred Genius be thus lonely;  
 Breathing, unheard, the deep, heart-rending sigh,  
 Which no heart echoes back—for none but God is nigh!

Full often busy Memory will come,  
 And hold the mirror of the Past before her;  
 The picture of a hospitable home,  
 And olden trees that waved in childhood o'er her;  
 But, now, the wide world has no home for her;  
 No cherished spot; no refuge dear and blest  
 To which in sorrow all her thoughts recur;  
 In weariness her spirit flies for rest.  
 But *one*—and she has almost learned to sigh  
 For the last hope of home to which the wretched fly!

'Tis hard in pain to miss a mother's hand,  
 And know that hand within the grave is hidden;  
 To miss her tender eye, her accents bland,  
 Her bosom, where our woes might gush unbidden;  
 And feel that they no more may breathe or wake—  
 Our griefs no more may find a refuge there:  
 This—this it is, the struggling heart will break,  
 And for its narrow home the willing mind prepare!

But peace! I must not rend the veil away  
 From sorrows all too sacred to be known;  
 Believe, dear Orphan! yet some happier day  
 Shall dawn above, and claim thee for its own—  
 Thy lyre to gladness shall be re-attuned;  
 The olive-buds of Peace again shall live;  
 Young joys shall circle every healing wound,  
 When Love his balsam to thy heart shall give;  
 From dying Sorrows living Hopes shall spring,  
 Whose amaranthine flowers shall know no withering.

### ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA PUBLISHED IN OUR LAST.

The *first* is MENTOR, known lang syne,  
 By Wisdom's attributes divine,  
 And all the love, and guardian care,  
 Ulysses' sacred son might share,  
 When he went forth, mid dangers dire,  
 To seek in foreign lands his sire.  
 The *second* is TIVOLI—where  
 The ancient Romans found pure air—  
 Near by the Sybil's grot of oak,  
 From whence her oracles she spoke.  
 The *third* is RUMOR—whose rare soul  
 Of social life pervades the whole,  
 And from her many tongues proclaims  
 The story that exalts or shames.  
 The *fourth*—ta: ring one letter *minus*—  
 For which I trust you will not fine us—  
 Is HERETIC—a name of terror  
 Devised to hold weak minds in error.  
 The *fifth* is REVERENCE—make your bow—  
 And quickly—for 'tis passing now.  
 The *sixth* in TEVIOT's flood, inurns  
 The glorious land, and name of Burns.  
 The *seventh* for beauty far is known—  
 The matchless river of the RHONE.  
 The *eighth* is HOME—the *ninth* how queer,  
 A sovereign called the MULETEER.  
 The *tenth* is CHLOE—and the *next*  
 Is HONE—whereby the dull are vexed—  
 The *twelfth* I rather think is THOR—  
 The *thirteenth* CLUE—and what 'tis for,  
 You doubtless gather from the scroll  
 Of one complete, unfolding WHOLE.

Where, brightening in its own young fame,  
 Stands our fair Journal's peerless name;  
 And if you take it to your breast,  
 You'll cherish there an angel guest.

G.

### ENDURANCE.

They whose great souls were great beyond compare;  
 They whose high Prophet-brows did ever shine;  
 They who made Earth most beautiful and fair;  
 Drank not while here of Pleasure's purple wine;  
 But were content the cross and scorn to bear,  
 Enduring all things in a calm sublime;  
 And he who did the weightiest sorrow wear,  
 With noblest heart bloomed into the Divine.  
 Then let us never murmur or complain  
 When the night darkens, and the icy rain  
 Of wrong and hatred beats around our way,  
 But joy that we are *counted worthy* so  
 With blessed Martyrs' toil to undergo;—  
 The HERO LABORS—while the children play. T. L. H.

### Miscellaneous Department.

#### HYMNS TO NIGHT.\*

From the German of Novalis.

THESE HYMNS were composed by the pure and spiritual Novalis, shortly after the death of his betrothed, and but a brief period before his own departure from the visible form. At this period his immortal nature was almost freed from its vail of flesh, and he lived in continued consciousness, of the spiritual world. By the term Day he signifies this visible existence; the word, Night is symbolic of the invisible but eternal life, and sleep is expressive with him of the state wherein the sensual faculties are closed, and the psychical faculties are quickened. It is believed that his spiritual faculties were so opened before his departure from the form, that he caught glimpses of Heaven and its divine realities. Who shall say that his vision alluded to in the third hymn was not real, and that he saw not his loved, departed one, in her sphere of immortality? Heaven always has its revelations for the true heart and loving soul. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

#### HYMN I.

WHO THAT has life, and is endowed with intelligence, loves not, before all the miracles of extended space around him, the all-friendly light, with its tints, its waves, its mild omnipresence? Who loves it not as the waking day? As the inmost soul of life, it is inhaled by the giant-universe of restless stars, that dance and swim in its blue flood; it is inhaled by the shining, eternally motionless stone; by the living, imbibing plant, and the wild impetuous, many-formed beast; but above all, by the glorious stranger, with his intellectual eyes, light step, and lips melodious and gently closed. As the king of earthly nature, it calls every power to countless changes, binds and loosens unnumbered bonds, and hangs around every earthly being its heavenly likeness. Its presence alone declares the wonderful glory of the kingdom of the world.

I turn aside to the holy, inexpressible, mysterious night. Far away lieth the world buried in a deep tomb—desolate and lonely in its place. In the cords of the breast deep sorrow sighs.—In the dew-drops will I sink down, and with ashes I will be commingled. The distant lines of memory, the wishes of youth, the dreams of childhood, the short joys of a whole long life and its vain hopes, come before me, clothed in grey, like evening mists after sun-set. In other places, the light hath broken upon cheerful habitations. Will it never return to its children, who, with the faith of innocence, await its coming?

What is this that springs from the heart, once so full of foreboding, that destroys the soft breath of sorrow? Dost thou al-



so love, us gloomy Night? What holdest thou under thy mantle which invisibly and powerfully draws my soul to thee? Thy hand poureth out costly balsam; from thy horn cometh manna. The heavy wings of the spirit thou liftest up. Darkly and inexpressibly we feel ourselves moved: a solemn countenance I behold with glad alarm, that softly and reverently bends toward me, and displays lovely youth, under the endless allurements of the mother. How poor and childish does the light now seem to me! How joyful and blessed is the day's departure! Wherefore, because night makes thy vassals faithless to thee, hast thou sown in the extent of space those shining balls, to declare thine almighty power, thy return in the season of absence? More heavenly than those shining stars, seem to us the unnumbered eyes which Night hath opened within us. Farther do they see than the palest of that countless host; without light they pierce through the depths of a loving spirit, that fills a higher space, with joy unutterable. Glory be to the world's Queen—the noble declarer of hallowed worlds—the nurse of holy Love! Thee she sends unto me, thou tenderly beloved one, the lovely Sun of Night!

Now I awaken; for I am thine, and thou mine: the night thou hast given me for life, and made me a man. Consume with spiritual fire my body, that I, spiritual, may be more inwardly united with thee; then may the bridal night endure for ever lasting.

## HYMN II.

Must the morn ever return? Will the sovereignty of the earth never end? Unhallowed occupation destroys the heavenly influence of night. Will not the secret offering of love burn for ever? For the light, its time is measured; but eternal and boundless is the empire of the night. Everlasting is the duration of sleep. Holy sleep! bless not too seldom the consecrated night in this earth's daily work. Fools alone recognize thee not, and know of no other sleep than the shadow which, in compassion, thou throwest over us, in the twilight of the actual night. They feel thee not in the golden flood of the vine, in the wondrous oil of the almond tree, and in the brown juice of the poppy. They know not that it is thou, who hoverest round the tender maiden's breast, and makest a heaven of her bosom; they perceive not, that out of histories of old thou steppest forth to open heaven, and bearest the key to the habitations of the blessed, the silent messenger of endless mysteries.

## HYMN III.

Once, when I was shedding bitter tears, when dissolved in pain, my hope had faded away, and I stood solitary on the grave, that, in its narrow, dark room, concealed the form of my life—solitary as no other had been—driven on by unutterable grief—powerless—but with one thought of misery; as I looked around for help, and forward could not go, nor backward, clinging to a flitting extinguished life,—behold! from the blue distance—from the heights of my old blessedness, came a chill breath of evening, and suddenly the band of birth, the fetter of light, broke asunder! Then flew away earthly glory, and with it, my grief—my sadness rushed into a new, unfathomable world. Thou, night inspiration—slumber of heaven—camest over me; the scene rose gently up, and over it hovered my unbound, new-born spirit. To a cloud of dust the grave was changed; through the cloud, I beheld the transformed features of my beloved. In her eyes lay eternity; I clasped my hands, and my tears became a shining, indissoluble chain. Thousands of years hastened away into the distance, like tempest. On her neck I wept enrapturing tears, for this new life. It was my first, my only vision; and ever since, I feel an everlasting, changeless faith in the heaven of night and its beloved sun!

\* By the word "Night," Novalis evidently means much more than the opposite of day commonly does. "Light" seems, in these Hymns, to shadow forth our terrestrial life; Night, the primeval and celestial one.

## SPECIAL.

This number is issued upon entirely new type, bought expressly for the UNIVERCÆLUM. We have now an office of our own for printing the paper. Our enterprise has been met with a hearty response from all parts of the United States, Canada, West Indies, and foreign parts. Many of the first scientific, literary, and theological men of our day not only commend the paper, but "put shoulder to the wheel" to carry it on. We assure our numerous friends that this is no sixth month or year affair. The paper will be entirely successful.

With the 27th number we commence a new volume. We shall be able to furnish the First Volume to subscribers, for the present, at ONE DOLLAR the volume. Those who now subscribe, and wish the paper from the commencement, will please state their wishes distinctly in the orders sent us.

We sometimes send single, or sample numbers of the paper to our friends, for the purpose of introducing it. When these are received by those friends, they will oblige us, and materially aid the cause, by making a judicious use of them.

All business letters should be directed simply "Univercælum," and all communications, or editorials, to "Editor of Univercælum, 235 Broadway, New York."

## RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

REV. T. L. HARRIS, will preach in the COLISEUM, No. 450 Broadway, between Grand and Canal streets, on Sunday afternoon at 3 1-2 o'clock. SEATS FREE.

THE UNIVERCÆLUM  
AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

THIS Weekly Journal differs in character, in some important respects, from any periodical published in the United States, or even in the world. An interior or spiritual philosophy, comprehensively explaining the character and operations of natural laws, accounting for their exterior phenomena and results, and showing the tendencies of all things to higher spheres of existence, is the basis on which it rests. It is a bold inquirer into all truths pertaining to the relations of mankind to each other, to the external world, and to the Deity; a fearless advocate of the theology of Nature, irrespective of the sectarian dogmas of men; and its Editors design that it shall, in a charitable and philosophic, yet firm and unflinching spirit, expose and denounce wrong and oppression wherever found, and inculcate a thorough Reform and reorganization of society on the basis of NATURAL LAW.

In its PHILOSOPHICAL departments, among many other themes which are treated, particular attention will be bestowed upon the general subject of PSYCHOLOGY, or the science of the human Soul; and interesting phenomena that may come under the heads of dreaming, somnambulism, trances, prophesy, clairvoyance, &c., will from time to time be detailed, and their relations and bearings exhibited.

In the MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT, an original and highly interesting HISTORICAL ROMANCE of the city of New York, is now being published, written by a lady.

In the EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, a wide range of subjects will be discussed, the establishment of a universal System of Truth, tending to the Reform and reorganization of society, being the grand object contemplated.

THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER is edited by S. B. BRITTAN, assisted by several associates; and is published every Saturday at 235 Broadway, New York; being neatly printed on a super-royal sheet folded into sixteen pages. Price of subscription \$2, payable in all cases in advance. For a remittance of \$10, six copies will be forwarded. Address, post paid, S. B. BRITTAN, 235, Broadway, New York.