

# THE UNIVERCÆLUM

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.

#### SPIRITUAL ADVANCEMENT: THE PRECURSOR OF INSTITUTIONAL REFORM.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCÆLUM,

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The Jews of Christ's day were a blood-thirsty and sensual Race. They were animal men, lust and pride being their predominant passions. Their religion, a blending of the ancient system of Moses with that of Zoroaster, was one of legend and miracle, a sacerdotal despotism. In its ritual the anger of God was averted from Men by the blood of sheep, and the yearly sins of the People were borne away on the back of the scape-goat into the wilderness.

This proud and revengeful people, were chafing under the yoke of a foreign despotism. Their Nationality was perishing. Foreign soldiers held their walled cities, and the Roman banner waved above them. The people glared at the soldiery, with fiery eyes, recalling the ancient glories of David, and the triumphs of the Maccabees; longing for a leader who should concentrate the force and kindle the patriotism of the Nation, and wash out their shame in blood.

Old Prophecies, the fiery words of great souls departed, told them that their Nation should give birth to a Divine Man, who should rule with an undivided and eternal Empire, and when the humble, yet majestic Jesus went abroad, with his deeds of power and words of fire, he was hailed at once as the Messiah—the Deliverer. The pulse of the Land throbbed wild with excitement. They expected that he would light signal fires on every hill-top—and organize the Nation into an invading army—and defeat the Romans in pitched battles—and conquer the world; and make Jerusalem its Capital—and elevate the humblest Israelite, above the greatest of the Barbarian Kings.

Every Age kindles intuitively with the Prophecy of Human Progress, and the character of a people may be learned by its conception of the future. The Jews were sensual—hence they saw before them a Mahomedan Paradise, where the senses should be intoxicated with voluptuousness—under the rule of their Deliverer. They were tyrannical—hence they longed and hoped for dominion. They wished, like their Barbarian fathers, to enjoy the luxury of torturing Kings, and making slaves of Princes. They were superstitious, hence they wished their National Religion to become universal—and the High Priest of Judea, to be the hierarch of the world. Their idea of the kingdom of Heaven was barbarian and sensual; an Empire built up by warfare, sustained by power, enslaving the Nations under the rule of one favored Race.

But Jesus spoke, and their gorgeous day-dreams vanished, fled as the sunset glories when night comes down upon the sea. I beheld him standing there with the great Heavens above him, and the green hills around; I hear his tones of persuasion, and his words of fire. "Gods soldiers," he says, "are not armies of mailed and fierce soldiery, with garments rolled in blood. His hosts are the pure, and the holy, and the benevolent—

they who sow the earth with seeds of virtue and lift the enslaved from their ruin, and bind up the broken heart. The Jew is not his petted favorite. The dark Indian and the polished Greek is his child, and his love, like his dew and sunbeam, descends alike on all. The name of Israelite is no passport to his favor. Out of the dust can He raise up children to Abraham. His presence rests not in that Sanctuary, with his coin-covered tables and bloody altars. His Temple, is the glad Earth and the wide Heavens, and the holies of holies, is the pure heart and the loving soul. Away with your lustful dreams of conquest, your avarice of gold and greatness. Not the peace-breakers, but the peace-makers, shall be called the children of God. When men say Lo here, we will build God's kingdom by magnificent temples, smoking altars, and splendid rituals—heed them not. When men say Lo, there, we will establish God's Empire by pitched battles and physical force—away from them. The kingdom of God is within you, in the life full of faithful duty; in the Mind radiant with moral wisdom; in the heart brimming over with its wealth of Love. Its robe is not of purple, but of purity; its armor is not of gold, but of righteousness; its throne is not of marble, but of heroic virtue, its voice of coronation shall not come from an enslaved multitude but from the Father, as he whispers, "my beloved child." Not by slain victims, but by slain vices, not by blows, but by blessings; not by robberies, but by charities; not by a bloody battle, but a pure life; shall that Empire be established. For God's Kingdom shall come in the loving heart, and by the self-sacrificing and noble life shall his will be done on Earth as it is done in Heaven.

Now the Error of the Jews, is also the Error of our Times. They felt dissatisfied and unsettled, and so do we. Their faces were all written over with the lines of disappointment and suffering, and so are ours. Their hearts throbbed with the restless billows of unsatisfied desire, and so do our hearts. They saw gigantic evils around them, crushing the poor and weak into untimely graves, and so do we see them. The wild and universal wail of agony and despair rolled passed them, and it swells past us. From these forms bent with burdens, and these souls all festering with sin, from these dens of iniquity, and these cells of madness, and these huts of famine, and these homes of desolation—from the friendless, and the homeless, and the lean with famine, and the leprous with crime—from good men who toil, hoping against hope, and bad men who reap a harvest from human sin and trial, from the convulsions of reeling Empires and the crash of falling thrones—gave up the cry. "How long, oh Lord! how long!" But like the Jews, we look for an outward deliverance, and not first for an inward one. We look for our salvation in Revolution, not in Reformation. We imagine that a change in the circumstances that surround men will destroy the evil circumstances within men. And it is time for us to turn from the Lo here! of Physical Revolution; and the Lo there! of Political Change—and remember that God's kingdom must come in the human soul, before his will can be done in human life, and in political and social institutions.

The ultra Religionists tell us that it makes little difference whether we live under a liberal or a despotic government—under a system of slavery, or feudalism, or democracy, or oligarchy.



They take the ground, that circumstances have little or no influence on character, and that it is as easy to be good and just, when assailed by evil, as it is when breathing an atmosphere of good. Their motto is, "the governments that be, are ordained of God," and therefore, we have no right to attempt a change in them. Armies and navies, cruel laws, and sanguinary punishments, kings and hierarchs and despotisms, are all divine, and he who rebels against the lash of the task-master, rebels against the moral government of God.

On the other hand, the ultra Radical will tell you, that circumstances form the character entirely; that a change in evil circumstances, will renovate the man, that if you surround man with all needful things, he will immediately conform to the new order of affairs, and change like the Cameleon, to the color of the appearances around him. The Communist, the Materialist, preaches this continually, and it is ruinous to the moral character of men. By it the fraudulent speculator, the sensualist, the dealer in licentious books, and seductive poisons, justifies himself, and the victim to their allurements pleads his extenuation. "The woman tempted me, and I did eat," is the justification which the sensualist hurls back in the very face of God. And one class of men are even ready to exonerate the adulterer, the murderer, the poisoner, as the victim of circumstances.

Now those who say that circumstances have no influence, and those who assert that they have an omnipotent influence, occupy the opposite poles of the great fact, truth lying equidistant between them. The Institutions of a country partake of the Moral character of its inhabitants. If the Nation increases in knowledge, in goodness, in strict integrity, the institutions improve, become more equal and more just; and if the people sink in the Moral scale, become more sensual, corrupt, avicious, revengeful; the institutions also degenerate and relapse into systems of iniquity and fraud. And hence, before there can be a work of Reform wrought in the laws and system of a land, there must be a work of Reform wrought in the individual Man. Before the Institutions of a country can be changed from evil to good, enough of its inhabitants to conceive and execute the reform, must undergo a change for the better, in force of character, in modes of life. Before a Nation can have just laws, it needs just men to form, just men to execute them. Before the genius of our Institutions can be divine, the genius of our character must be divine also. Raise up a class of God-like Men, with souls of virtue, with deeds of magnanimity, with words of truth, with lives and hearts all of a glow with love; and these men shall make others like themselves, and shall gradually elevate the standard of the Nation's character; and when the Nation's character is God-like, its institutions shall conform to it and be God-like also.

A brief glance at these positions, will satisfy you I think, that the two first opinions stated are untenable, and the last is true. First, the Ultra Religionists. The Bigot takes the ground that circumstances have little influence over us, and that the morality of a people can be as high under an evil system, as under a good. No tear has he, no word of commiseration for the poor victim of evil circumstances, and false education, and delirious passions, who falls when tempted into overt acts of crime. The man of bad organisation, is as morally accountable with him, as the man of balanced system; the poor man who steals bread from hunger, as guilty as the rich Banker, whose fraudulent failure spreads ruin over a community. His creed has no mercy, and his heart no compassion. But his creed is false as his heart is cruel. Circumstances mold character, to a great extent. The child educated in a holy family may be bad, but the child born and bred in a brothel must be. The freeman may grow up ignorant, but the slave must grow up ignorant. The child brought up on a simple diet, may have a diseased organism, and inflamed passions, but the child who is poisoned with stimulants from infancy, must inherit excessive passions and

physical disease. Man like the plant is affected by the soil on which he is placed, the atmosphere he inhales, the light or darkness that obtains around him. Jesus felt this when he prayed, "suffer us not to be led into temptation;" and Burns himself speaking from remorseful experience, has sung:

"What's done we partly may compute  
But know not what's resisted."

But on the other hand, the advocate of the idea that circumstances are all controlling is in error also. I know that circumstances around men are powerful. But I ask, is not man himself a circumstance, the most real and powerful of all. I feel, I know, from my life, that this doctrine is untrue. I am not a drift-wood floating on the ocean of contingencies; at the mercy of every cross current and counter blast. No. No. I feel that I am a reality amid the semblances around me. I cannot change a sentiment because it is unpopular, or conceal a truth because it exposes me to denunciation and scorn. I grant you that a sentence of excommunication is a circumstance, though a very small one, and the loss of friendship and sympathy a circumstance and a painful one. But does the star cease to shine, because the cloud flits past it and the north wind blows? I might yield to circumstances, and be a false-hearted Conservative, with gold in my purse, and flattery in my ear, and a lie on my lips, and death in my soul. It is easier, pleasanter to follow your convictions of duty, when they lead over a flowery meadow, than over a stormy mountain height. Circumstances make it difficult, painful, to do right—but Man is Himself a Circumstance, mightier than all, and next to God, the true Man is the King and Ruler of things. He can create circumstances. "He that overcometh shall inherit all." Circumstances were against Luther, but the brave old Saxon fought them down. He was stronger than all the Leos and Duke Georges, and all the standing army of Popedom. Circumstances were against our Fathers in the Revolution. But the Power within them was mightier than the power against them, and so our Land was made free. Circumstances were against the great Champion of Humanity—there was want, and excommunication and scourgings—at last a Cross—but Jesus was the greatest Circumstance of all. And He who was tempted in all points as ye are yet without sin, has learned us that there is a strength in Humanity, that is adequate to every trial—that hate can be overcome by love, and agony by fortitude, and persecution by endurance, and evil by good.

There are thousands around us who feel and own that their habits and lives, and modes of action and social relations, are wrong and flow out in one black volume of iniquity. And they say change the circumstances around us and we will also change. But there were men who spoke thus of old. But they joined in kindling the fires of Smithfield and in shouting amid the bloody orgies of St. Bartholemew—they were Tories in the Revolution, and slave-traders on the gold coast—they said we know not the Man with Peter, and they flung sharp flints into the wounds of the Martyr Stephen, and they shouted "Crucify him" around the Cross.

We return to our first proposition. The systems and Institutions of a Nation partake of the Moral Character of its inhabitants. As the Spirituality and Godlikeness of a People expands or contracts, does the character of its institutions rise or fall. Let virtuous Intellect hold the balance of power, and the entire system of outward life shall grow divine, with righteousness. Let sensual ignorance preponderate, and law and the execution of law shall be unjust and demoralising. Before God's kingdom can come visibly in a true Political and Social Order; it must come without observation in the individual Soul. The Soul builds its own appropriate body. Bad Men will have a hell around them. We cannot have a heaven, until we have good men to build it and dwell in it. Let the character of men grow Christ-like and God-like, and the world shall bloom with the unfading flowers of Paradise.

When evil preponderates in a state, good laws, just institu-



tions are worthless, because they cannot be carried into force. Laws against duelling exist in the South, but men are shot down in cold blood with impunity. Laws against lottery-gambling exist in our own state, but lottery policies are vended in almost every street of our city, and village of our state.—Laws against rum-selling, were enacted in Massachusetts, but while those laws had a nominal existence, they never had a practical reality—and were broken by the men who created them, and treated with scorn and contempt by the classes they were designed to restrain and influence.

So too on the other hand, evil laws are paralysed and become dead letters, when the People out-grow their institutions. Capital Punishment is legal in Vermont, and other states where the gallows has no actual existence. Negro Slavery is legal in Delaware, but is dying out before the Moral developement of men. At this hour Despotism is legal in Austria, but let an attempt be made to chain the Patriot, and you shall see an earthquake that will swallow up the last vestige of feudalism. Little change has been made in the organic Law of Massachusetts, for half a century, but slaveships sail no more from Salem and Lynn, and half the distilleries have passed away forever.

So too as a Nation grows just and regenerate, its laws as well as its customs, undergo a transformation. Make men feel that War is a crime and they will cease to enlist in armies, and when the Moral sentiment preponderates the standing army shall be disbanded, and they shall learn war no more. Make men feel that Political Slavery is a crime, and let that idea preponderate in a Nation's heart, and the throne and dynasty shall melt away as in a mement. The soldiery shall fraternise with the people, and the Monarch shall reel into oblivion as if smitten by the judgment finger of God. Make men know that it is a damning sin, to keep men and women in bondage, elevate their Moral Natures till they loathe it and hate it, and the chains of oppression shall fall in a day, and a Nation be born in an hour. And make men feel that it is a shame and a disgrace for capital to be protected, when labor has no protection, and for children to toil in coal mines, and women to labor in factories, for a bare pittance, and grow old and die in youth, that a few Princes can live in luxury; and develop the Spiritual Natures of Men till they will not endure it; and then industry shall be organized—the Social Problem solved and the Nations rejoice in unity and righteousness.

Before we can Reform others, we must Reform ourselves. Words without sincerity, speculations without actions are powerless. The Man who violates Nature's Laws,—God's laws, in his own private life, can never redeem the people. God's Kingdom must come in the soul, in the life, before any of us can aid in Christ's work of redeeming the Nations. The Model Priest, with unctuous face, and sing-song oratory, may repeat from year to year, his string of orthodox common-places, but his actions give the lie to his words, and the blind people following the blind guide, sink down at last into the mire of sensuality and selfishness. On the other side, the excommunicated Saint, the foot-sore Apostle, though he be cast out of the synagogues, and have no place to lay his head, speaking his true words, living his true life, shall have God's blessing resting upon his every labor. His words committed to the free winds, shall wake the slumber of the Nations, with the cry "Reform, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." His words sown like seeds in the souls of men, shall bring forth harvests of gladness and righteousness, "some sixty and some an hundred fold;" and he shall feed his brethren with bread from Heaven, and baptise them with the Holy Ghost and with fire.

Understand me in these words. I would not breathe a word against the labors of the material, the institutional Reformer. So that he be a true man, a holy man, I say God speed him, wherever be his sphere of labor. The Pioneer goes forth with his axe to cut down the forests, and the husbandman follows with his golden grain sown broadcast in the furrow, and then

comes the Reaper, with his sickle—and then the children rejoice amid the gathered sheaves of the harvest. So there are many spheres for the true and righteous Laborer and for one, I say God bless them all. But I do say, that no man can be a true Reformer without his heart be pure, his life be holy, his purposes beneficent. The Pot-house radical, who dispenses incendiary words and alcoholic and vitriolic poisons together, infuriating the ignorant with both: the political schemer who would use the holy words of liberty and progress to mask up his nefarious schemes of aggrandisement and conquest; these men are not Reformers, they are destructives, they would not lead men to unity, but to anarchy; they would not build up the Kingdom of Heaven, but the Kingdom of Hell. The true Reformer, is the man whose soul is reformed in God's, mold of love and purity; I can sympathise with his labor, I can fraternise with his spirit, though I may differ in part with his plan, or his idea. But the Ambitious Demagogue, who seeks to gain distinction and wealth, by revolution, as the burglar seeks the plunder of a house, by first setting fire to it; could my words have power; they should smite him as with a thunderbolt. No, I would not smite him. I would fold my arms around him, and arrest him in his career of ruin. And point him to Christ as the Great Exemplar, and when he had drank in that loving spirit, and had been baptised in purity, I would toil with him as a true Brother in the great field of Reform.

The Leader of Humanity on its ascent to the New Jerusalem of Unity and Righteousness, is no Napoleon, with bayonets and banners. No Robespierre, with the rope and guillotine. Christ is the Captain of our Salvation His Kingdom must come in the human Soul, and then his will shall be done in institutions of righteousness.

Beautiful and Heavenly rises before my sight, the New Heaven and the New Earth, beheld by the Seer of Patmos, in his vision; the New Heaven and the New Earth wherein dwelleth Righteousness. There is no sea of separation for the Nations are one. There is no sectarian temple, for there is one Catholic and Universal Church; the Divine Humanity; and Christ is the teacher, and God is the light of all. From its golden palaces and its blossomed slopes, come the song of children, the joy of youth, the ripe blessedness of Manhood, the tranquility of age blended in one hymn of love and peace. The lean and skeleton Famine, the seductive Vice, the iron-handed War, the insidious Disease, have passed away; and Faith and Hope and Love, that trinity of blessed spirits reign jubulant in every heart.

But the Highway that leads to it, is the Highway of Holiness. Angels, with swords of flame repel the adulterous, the sensual, the corrupt, the unclean, the falsehearted. If we would go up to our great inheritance, it must be with God-like affections and Christ-like principles. We must go shod with sandals of purity, and clothed in the panoply of love. Then, not till then shall the flaming swords be withdrawn and the golden portals opened. Then, not till then, shall be fulfilled the saying, that the "kingdom of God is with men, and they shall be his people, and he will be their God, and he will wipe away all tears from off all faces; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor sighing, nor any more pain, for the former things have passed away, and all things become new." Then, not till then, shall ring out the spirit voice of consummation, heard by the Poet in his inspiration.

"When through the silence overhead  
An Angel, with a trumpet, said  
Forevermore, Forevermore,  
The Reign of Violence is o'er.  
And like an instrument, that flings  
Its music on another's strings,  
The trumpet of the Angel cast,  
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast.  
And on from sphere to sphere, the words  
Re-echoed down the burning chords  
Forevermore, Forevermore,  
The Reign of Violence is o'er!



## INTRODUCTION TO PHYSIOGNOMY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,

BY J. W. REDFIELD.

## THE FACE.—NUMBER ONE.

THE *Introduction* to a book is, and is often called the *Preface*. The human FACE is the INTRODUCTION to the "Book of Nature," as the Hand is its Index. By "Physiognomy," in common parlance, is understood the art of reading the character of persons in their faces. There is great significance in this restricted use of the word, for the presentation or introduction of a subject is often put for the subject itself. A science, e. g., is spoken of as if it had not existed until it was brought to light, although it as much existed in nature before it was discovered as afterwards. Thus the *presentation* of a science, or its *introduction* to the world in a book, is called the *science* itself.

The word "PHYSIOGNOMY" is compounded from the Greek language, and literally means, the KNOWLEDGE OF NATURE. It is the universal science, embracing all the departments which are now cultivated as separate sciences. Nature was represented in Egypt under the form of an Isis, beneath which was the inscription, "Nature is one and all things." This included the GREAT FIRST CAUSE, which is "ONE," and from which "all things" are. Of nature in this sense we ourselves often speak. We express both the origin and existence of this universe under the figure which we call "Dame Nature," and familiarly account for things by saying "they are natural," in which idea are included both the cause and the effect. The ancients understood also the grand truth that MAN is a MICROCOSM—AN IMAGE AND LIKENESS OF "ONE AND ALL THINGS." The MIND of man is an "IMAGE" of the CAUSE of all things, it being, like the cause, ONE and INDIVISIBLE, except in relation to its body and the multitude of external objects. The BODY of man in the "likeness," not of the Cause, but of ALL THINGS, it being composed of the elements of nature, and incapable of making one, except in relation to the mind and to the Great First Cause of all. It is thus that man is the image and likeness of God.

With the idea that man is a *microcosm* it may be understood very clearly that the FACE is the Introduction to the Book of nature. It is very common to put the face of a person for the person himself, as when we make a face of Washington, and say, "this is Washington." As man is a "little world" or an image and likeness of "One and all things," the face is very properly called "a physiognomy," the *introduction* to the science of nature being put for the science itself. It has often been said that a beautiful face is an introduction to the person who wears it.—This is true. The face is *always* the introduction where there is any introduction at all. A person is never considered introduced or presented to another until his face is seen, though his name may have been pronounced a score of times. It is a breach of the laws of true politeness (which are laws of nature,) to look at the feet, the dress, or any thing but the *face* of the person who is introduced, and this is because the *face* is the introduction to the *man*. The faces of all men are their representatives. A man's character or good name is what he prizes most highly—it is *himself*—and when he gives the sanction of his name or character to any thing, he is said to "lend it his *countenance*." This is expressed *literally* by the faces stamped upon those medals by means of which the great signify their favor and sanction of noble virtues and services. A "well-favored countenance," and "the favor of one's countenance," are kindred expressions, and applicable to the same character; for a person's character is favored and judged to be good if he favors and approves goodness in others. The face of "Cæsar" upon a piece of gold, says, "This coin is of good character, or Cæsar would not give countenance to it."

There is great propriety in the expression, "the human face

divine." Nature as "One and all things" is DIVINE, and the "human face divine" is the image and likeness of God. It is, of course, only a *perfect* face which can be an introduction to the "Book of Nature," where infinite Perfection is expressed in perfect harmony and beauty. In the face of him who was called "the Christ," we should expect to see the truth of all things, and the love which makes all things one. Who would think of representing Jesus with the face of Judas? or who would think of representing Judas with the face of Christ? There is one "human face divine," that of the GOD-MAN, which can never be conceived of, much less painted, sufficiently beautiful. And whence is our idea of beauty? Do we not feel that in the face of the Divine Master are portrayed *heavenly beneficence*, *sincerity* and *virtue*? and that *treachery*, and *base* and *sordid passions* are betrayed in the face of the betrayer? If then, the face of the one expresses universal benevolence and perfect truth, it expresses the perfection of beauty—the concurrence and harmony of all things in one. And if the face of the other expresses selfishness and falsehood, it expresses subversion and disorder, as far as it is possible for these to exist.

But certainly the ideas of beauty differ exceedingly among different people. The tastes of the Chinese, of the negro, of the redman, of the European, are all very different from each other. It is said very truly that there are no two tastes exactly alike. This arises, of course, from diversity of characters, expressed in diversity of faces. There is in fact, an infinite variety of beauty, and it is right there should be an equal variety of tastes. There are, however, *false* tastes, which look upon ugliness as beauty, and on beauty as ugliness—an effect of the moral perversion which puts "bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter." The introduction to Physiognomy, which reveals a knowledge of character in the face, will correct many false judgments of beauty, and discover spiritual beauty to be that alone which makes the beauty of material things. It is only affection and truth (making unity and harmony,) that is *lovely*, and only that which is lovely, is beautiful.

## SIZE OF THE FACE.

For every faculty of the mind there is in the face a distinct sign. These signs constitute the *features* and *expressions*; the first depending mostly on the contour of the bones, and the latter on the muscles. Before giving the particular signs of character in the face, it is necessary to lay down a rule by which the size of the features as indicating the strength of the faculties is to be judged. The mind is not to be considered *great* in proportion to the *absolute size of the face*. A face in which all the signs of the faculties are small is *frequently* indicative of more strength of the faculties than the one in which all of these signs are large. The general rule for judging of the average size of each particular face, is, that *the face is small in proportion to the sign of the faculty of firmness*—as the *hand* is small in proportion to the sign of *vitality*. The indication of *firmness* is the length of the *spinal column of the neck*—that of "vitality" was seen to be the length of the vertebrae of the loins. All animals manifest a degree of the faculty of "firmness" proportioned to the length of the neck. The camel, the lama, the horse, the ass, and the mule, are subject to fits of halting and refusing to stir from their fixed positions. This is *firmness*. It may be observed that when they take one of these fits into their heads, they erect their long necks and hold them very stiffly, lengthening the back part and giving more posterior extension than usual.—The elephant, the ox, the reindeer, and animals in general which have short necks do not exhibit "firmness." The goose, with her very long neck, shows this trait of character as much as she can, by holding back and refusing to go forward when one attempts to drive her. She favors her disposition by taking a few steps from side to side, as if every inch of ground were precious to her, and every degree of forward motion so much lost—at the same time that she straightens up her neck, saying by the action, "I'll not be driven!" This faculty must exist in



a supereminent degree in the giraffe. We may infer from his immense sign of "firmness" that he has no greater disposition to flee before pursuers than he has ability to do so. Were it otherwise there would be want of adaptation in the arrangements of nature. The desire without the ability to flee would be like the misery which we sometimes experience in *incubus*, and could not be the natural condition of any animal. The giraffe is not driven, though he depends on his heels for safety.—He prefers to use them in kicking, and jerks them forth so swiftly, it is said, that the eye cannot follow their motions. The rabbit "takes to his heels" in a very different way, and we see that he has a very short neck, indicating that he has no disposition to stand still and use his heels in kicking, for which they are very poorly adapted.

It was said that the face is *small* in proportion to the sign of the faculty of "firmness." According to that sign in each particular individual is the *average size* of the face, or that size which indicates a *medium degree* of the mental faculties. If a face be *above* its proper average size, it indicates a *greater strength* of the faculties; if *below*, it indicates *less strength* of the faculties. In the giraffe the smallness and delicate beauty of the face (or head as it is usually called,) is in proportion to the length of the neck. As by the action of "vitality" the hands are diminished in size, and (to speak artistically,) more delicately wrought; so by the action of "firmness," (the master-workman in this case,) the face is diminished, more chiselled, and wrought up to a higher degree of finish. The small, delicate head, and long neck, are seen in the goose, the swan, the ostrich, the peacock—and, in different degrees, in the horse, the deer, the camel, and the lama. The ass has considerable of the sign of "firmness" as well as of the faculty, and also a good large face, which shows a great degree of such faculties as animals possess. The sagacity of the ass is, indeed, remarkable, notwithstanding the insult offered to his understanding by giving his name to stupid people. The large face and short neck, in contradistinction to the small face and long neck, are seen in the parrot, the toucan, the owl, the elephant, the ox, the rhinoceros, the hog, the rabbit, the mouse, and most in fishes. In man too the face may be seen to be small, as a general rule, in proportion to the length of the neck. Women have generally longer necks than men, and their faces are generally smaller and more delicate, as if they (their faces) had been more worked down and finely finished. Persons with short necks, on the contrary, may be seen to have large faces. Exceptions to this rule, i. e., persons with small faces and short necks, have less than the medium degree of the mental faculties. A face much too small for the proportion of the neck always indicates weakness of mind, and is not delicate in its formation. There have been and are many "natural fools," with *excessively short necks*, and therefore rather large faces; and there have been and are many "under-witted" people with faces very small, but not delicate.—These two unfortunate classes seem to have given a false impression of the significance of the large face of the ass, and of the small face of the goose, and made the names of these animals synonymous with folly and simplicity.

The physiognomical distinction alluded to above, belongs, as was intimated, to two distinct classes. We may here make a single remark in reference to the difference between the folly of the one and that of the other. In the class distinguished by large faces accompanied by very short necks or scarcely any necks at all, the intellectual obtuseness is increased, and to a very great degree, caused, by obtuseness of moral sense. There is in them very great deficiency of perception of right and wrong, of propriety and impropriety, and consequently of shame. The idiocy of these persons is allied to brutality. The class with *very small faces* and moderately long necks are generally innocent and simple-hearted, and deficient in moral perception only so far as this is caused by deficiency of intellect. The *first class* are distinguished by *want of moral perception*—the *second*

*cond class* are distinguished by *want of intellectual perception*.—The faculties of the will or of desire, which belong particularly to the moral character, stand in relation to the faculties of the understanding as cause to effect—and hence it is that the first class mentioned are those who are generally called "natural fools," while the second class are those who are generally called "under-witted"—the folly being greater in the former case than in the latter. The *wicked* are called "*fools*" in Scripture, and we believe the reason of this to be the principle just stated.—One who is merely under-witted, wanting the ballast of reason and sober reflection, is called "*raca*" or "*vain fellow*," an imputation of less evil import than the former. From observation taken of these two classes originated the saying

"Little head little wit,  
Great head not a bit."

This observation was not made in reference to the size of the brain, for previous to the discoveries of Gall people did not observe the skull, but looked for expressions of mind in the face, and to the head merely as a whole.

The enquiry very naturally arises, "why should the want of moral perception be connected with the want of a neck or with very great deficiency of the sign of "firmness?" This is to be explained by the connection of the faculty of "firmness" with *uprightness* and *integrity* of character. If a person has a strong moral perception and a conscientious conviction of what is right, he will not, he cannot, be moved from the position in which his conviction and his moral sense have placed him. He will remain unswerved from his uprightness, firm and unshaken. The faculty of "firmness" must be exercised and increased with the exercise and increase of moral sensibility, and must manifest *uprightness* in the physical action as well as in the moral. Without remarking further on this subject at present we will simply say that, as a general rule, those persons who have been most censured for their unyielding adherence to their principles, have had a large sign of "firmness" with a corresponding position of the head, and have manifested most uprightness and purity in their lives.

"Firmness" acts prejudicially to the mind when it is exercised mainly in connection with the understanding, and not with the moral faculties. This is a perversion. To be firm and unyielding in one's moral principles is noble, but to be firm and unyielding in one's *opinions*, and thus unwilling to be convinced of an error or mistake, is low, and tends to darken and degrade the intellect. This manifestation of "firmness" is to be observed in the class of persons called "under-witted," and in rather silly people—such as have long necks and contracted diminutive faces. Persons on the contrary, with moderate "firmness," are not liable to deterioration of mind from unwillingness to change their opinions, and consequently learn more truth from others, store their minds with more knowledge, and have more enlarged capacities than those that exercise "firmness" mainly in connection with the intellectual perceptions and not with the moral.

Much has been said by physiological writers on the dementing effects of intermarriage between near relatives. It is on the principle above stated that this effect takes place. Nature teaches mankind in general by the sense of delicacy and propriety that the relation of husband and wife cannot exist between parents and their children, between brothers and sisters, or between *any* two persons who are related to each other by blood. It is evident that no two persons can bear two natural relations to each other—that e. g. persons cannot be husband and wife, and at the same time any other natural kindred of each other, any more than a person can be a parent and at the same time a sister or brother of the same individual. This law is not felt or regarded by the brute creation, and no person could violate it who was not greatly wanting in moral perception and susceptibility of shame, and who did not possess a degree of brutality. We see very clearly that the intermarriage of near relations would tend more and more to destroy the moral repugnance to the violation of this law of human beings, and that the



cause would manifest itself in concentrated calamity upon the fruit of such unnatural marriages. The result of this want of moral perception in the parent, is a still greater want in the child, and, from this cause, a want of intellectual perception.—The idiots from such marriages may be seen to have large heads or faces, very close upon the shoulders.

As a very great excess of love of life and power of vitality, causes in the Serpent a want of hands and makes him the personification of Evil or Selfishness, so a very great deficiency of the faculty of "firmness" causes the face to be very much too large in proportion to the body—and hence the representations of *Imps*, the emissaries of the personification of Evil, are very naturally made with enormous heads attached to very diminutive bodies, without the intervention of a neck. Such a face looks as if it could itself swallow and devour everything, like the broad bare-facedness of shameless impudence and immorality, and like a Prologue which swallows up the whole subject which it should introduce, and leaves nothing behind.

### Psychological Department.

#### REMARKABLE DREAMS. WARNINGS AND PROVIDENCES.

THE following account will be read with peculiar interest by those who are engaged in psychological investigations. There are thousands of similar cases as yet unrecorded, except by tradition, and in the silent memories, and mystic chronicles of the soul. At some future time we shall attempt a rational solution of the singular problem they involve. [Ed.]

The proof of the truth of the following statement, taken from the *Courrier de l'Europe*, rests not only upon the known veracity of the narrative, but upon the fact that the whole occurrence is registered in the judicial records of the criminal trials of the Province of Languedoc. We give it as we heard it from the lips of the dreamer, as nearly as possible in his own words.

As the junior partner in a commercial house at Lyons, I had been travelling for some time in the month of June, 1761, I arrived at a town in Languedoc, where I had never before been. I put up at a quiet inn in the suburbs, and being very much fatigued, ordered dinner at once, and went to bed almost immediately after, determined to begin very early in the morning my visits to the different merchants.

I was no sooner in bed than I fell into a deep sleep, and had a dream that made the strongest impression upon me.

I thought that I had arrived at the same town, but in the middle of the day instead of the evening, as was really the case—that I had stopped at the very same inn, and gone out immediately as an unoccupied stranger would do, to see whatever was worthy of observation in the place. I walked down the main street into another street, crossing it at right angles, and apparently leading into the country. I had not gone very far when I came to a church, the Gothic portal of which I stopped to examine.—When I had satisfied my curiosity, I advanced to a bye path which branched off from the main street. Obeying an impulse which I could neither account for nor control, I struck into this path, though it was winding, rugged and unfrequented, and presently reached a miserable cottage, in front of which was a garden covered with weeds. I had no difficulty in getting into the garden, for the hedge had several gaps in it wide enough to admit four carts abreast. I approached an old well which stood, solitary and gloomy, in a distant corner, and looking down into it I beheld distinctly, without any possibility of mistake, a corpse which had been stabbed in several places. I counted the deep wounds and the wide gashes whence the blood was flowing.

I would have cried out; but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. At this moment I awoke with my hair on end, trembling in every limb, and cold drops of perspiration bedewing

my forehead,—awoke to find myself comfortably in bed, my trunk standing beside me; birds warbling cheerfully around the window; whilst a young clear voice was singing a provincial air in the next room, and the morning sun was shining brightly through the curtain.

I sprang from my bed, dressed myself, and as it was yet very early I thought I would seek an appetite for my breakfast by a morning walk. I went accordingly into the street and strolled along. The further I went the stronger became the confused recollection of the objects that presented themselves to my view. "It is very strange," I thought, "I have never been here before, and I could swear that I have seen this house and the next, and that other on the left." On I went till I came to the corner of the street crossing the one down which I had come. For the first time I remembered my dream, but put away the thought as too absurd, still at every step I took, some fresh point of resemblance struck me. "Am I still dreaming?" I exclaimed, not without a momentary thrill through my whole frame. "Is the agreement to be perfect to the very end?" Before long I reached the church with the same architectural features that had attracted my notice in the dream, and then the high road, along which I pursued my way, coming at length to the same bye path that had presented itself to my imagination a few hours before—there was no possibility of doubt or mistake. Every tree, every turn, was familiar to me. I was not at all of a superstitious turn; and was wholly engrossed in the practical details of commercial business. My mind had never dwelt upon the hallucinations, the presentiments that science either denies or is unable to explain, but I must confess that I now felt myself spell-bound as by some enchantment—and with Pascal's words on my lips—"A continued dream would be equal to reality," I hurried forward, no longer doubting that the next moment would bring me to the cottage, and this really was the case. In all its outward circumstances it corresponded to what I had seen in my dream. Who then could wonder that I determined to ascertain whether the coincidence would hold good in every other point? I entered the garden and went direct to the spot on which I had seen the well; but here the resemblance failed—well there was none. I looked in every direction, examined the whole garden, went round the cottage, which appeared to be inhabited, although no person was visible, but nowhere could I find any vestige of a well.

I made no attempt to enter the cottage, but hastened back to the hotel in a state of agitation difficult to describe; I could not make up my mind to pass unnoticed such extraordinary coincidences—but how was any clue to be obtained to the terrible mystery?

I went to the landlord, and after chatting with him for some time on different subjects, I came to the point and asked him directly to whom the cottage belonged that was on a bye-road which I described to him.

"I wonder, Sir," said he, "what made you take such particular notice of such a wretched little hovel. It is inhabited by an old man with his wife, who have the character of being very morose and unsociable. They rarely leave the house, see nobody, and nobody goes to see them; but they are quiet enough, and I never heard anything against them beyond this. Of late, their very existence seems to have been forgotten; and, I believe, Sir, that you are the first who, for years, has turned your steps to the deserted spot."

These details, far from satisfying my curiosity, did but provoke it the more. Breakfast was served, but I could not touch it, and I felt that if I presented myself to the merchants in such a state of excitement, they would think me mad; and, indeed, I felt very much excited. I paced up and down the room, looked out at the window, trying to fix my attention on some external object; but in vain. I endeavored to interest myself in a quarrel between two men in the street—but the garden and the



cottage pre-occupied my mind; and at last, snatching my hat, I cried—"I will go, come what may."

I repaired to the nearest magistrate, told him the object of my visit, and related the whole circumstance briefly and clearly. I saw directly that he was much impressed by my statement.

"It is, indeed, very strange," said he, "and after what has happened, I do not think I am at liberty to leave the matter without further inquiry. Important business will prevent my accompanying you in a search, but I will place two of the police at your command. Go once more to the hovel, see its inhabitants, and search every part of it. You may perhaps make some important discovery."

I suffered but a very few moments to elapse before I was on my way, accompanied by the two officers, and we soon reached the cottage. We knocked, and after waiting some time an old man opened the door. He received us somewhat uncivilly, but showed no mark of suspicion, nor, indeed, of any other emotion when we told him we wished to search the house.

"Very well, gentlemen, as fast and as soon as you like," was his reply.

"Have you a well here?" I enquired.

"No, Sir; we are obliged to go for water to a spring at a considerable distance."

We searched the house, which I did, I confess, with a kind of feverish excitement, expecting every moment to bring some fatal secret to light. Meanwhile, the man gazed upon us with an impenetrable vacancy of look, and we at last left the cottage without seeing anything that could confirm my suspicions. I resolved to inspect the garden once more, and a number of idlers having been by this time collected, drawn to the spot by the sight of a stranger with two armed men engaged in searching the premises, I made enquiries of some of them whether they knew anything about a well in that place. I could get no information at first, but at length an old woman came slowly forward, leaning on a crutch.

"A well?" cried she, "is it the well you are looking after? That has been gone these thirty years. I remember it as if it was only yesterday, how many a time, when I was a young girl I used to amuse myself with throwing stones into it, and hearing the splash they used to make in the water."

"And could you tell where that well used to be?" I asked, almost breathless with excitement.

"As near as I can remember; on the very spot on which your honor is standing," said the old woman.

"I could have sworn it," thought I, springing from the place as if I had trod upon a scorpion.

Need I say that we set to work to dig up the ground. At about eighteen inches deep, we came to a layer of bricks, which being broken up, gave to view some boards which were easily removed, after which we beheld the mouth of the well.

"I was quite sure it was here," said the woman. "What a fool the old fellow was to stop it up, and then have to go so far for water!"

A sounding-line furnished with hooks was now let down into the well; the crowd pressing around us, and breathlessly bending over the dark and fetid hole, the secrets of which seemed hidden in impenetrable obscurity. This was repeated several times, without any result. At length penetrating below the mud, the hooks caught in an old chest, upon the top of which had been thrown a great many large stones, and after much time and effort, we succeeded in raising it to daylight. The sides and lid were decayed and rotten; it needed no locksmith to open it, and we found within what I was certain we should find, and which paralyzed with horror all the spectators who had not my pre-conceptions—we found the remains of a human body.

The police-officers who had accompanied me, now rushed into the house, and secured the person of the old man. As to his wife—no one could, at first, tell what had become of her; after

some search, however, she was found hidden behind a bundle of faggots.

By this time, nearly the whole town had gathered around the spot, and now that this horrible fact had come to light, everybody had some crime to tell of, which had been laid to the charge of the old couple. The people who predict after an event are numerous.

The old couple were brought before the proper authorities and privately and separately examined. The old man persisted in his denial most pertinaciously, but his wife at length confessed, that in concert with her husband she had once, a very long time ago, murdered a pedlar whom they had met one night on the high road, and who had been incautious enough to tell them of a considerable sum of money which he had about him, and whom, in consequence, they induced to pass the night at their house. They had taken advantage of the heavy sleep induced by fatigue, to strangle him, his body had been put into the chest, the chest thrown into the well, and the well stopped up.

The pedlar being from another country, his disappearance had occasioned no enquiry; there was no witness of the crime; and as its traces had been carefully concealed from every eye, the two criminals had good reason to believe themselves secure from detection. They had not, however, been able to silence the voice of conscience; they fled from the sight of their fellow men; they thought they beheld wherever they turned, mute accusers; they trembled at the slightest noise, and silence thrilled them with terror. They had often formed a determination to leave the scene of their crime, to fly to some distant land, but still some undefinable fascination kept them near the remains of their victim.

Terrified by the deposition of his wife, and unable to resist the overwhelming proofs against him, the man at length made a similar confession, and six weeks after the unhappy criminals, died on the scaffold, in accordance with the sentence of the Parliament of Toulouse. They died penitent.

The well was once more shut up, and the cottage levelled to the ground; it was not, however, until fifty years had in some measure deadened the memory of the terrible transaction, that the ground was cultivated. It is now a fine field of corn.

Such was the dream and its result.

I never had the courage to re-visit the town where I had been an actor in such a tragedy. The story was told again by me last winter in a company where it gave rise to a long and animated discussion upon the credibility to be attached to dreams. Ancient and modern history was ransacked to find arguments on both sides. Plutarch was quoted in what he says of a certain Lysimachus, grandson to Aristides, who embraced the profession of interpreter of dreams, and realized wealth by the trade.—Cicero states that a dream of Cecilla, daughter of Barbaricus, appeared to be of sufficient importance to be a subject of a decree of the Senate. One of the most indefatigable commentators of the sixteenth century, Coelius Rhodiginus, when laboring to correct the text of Pliny which he has singularly obscured, was stopped by the word *ectrapelis*. In vain did he work at the meaning for a whole week—he ended by falling asleep—and in a dream the solution of the difficulty came into his head. It was during sleep that Henricus ab Heeres, a Dutch writer, very celebrated in his day, but very obscure in ours, composed all his works; once awake, he had but to transcribe from memory.

THERE ARE authors in approaching whom we are conscious of an access of intellectual strength. "A virtue goes out from them." Sometimes a single word spoken by the voice of genius goes far into the heart. A hint, a suggestion, an undefined delicacy of expression, teaches more than we gather from volumes of less gifted men. The works that we should cheerfully study, are not those that contain the greatest fund of knowledge, but which raise us into sympathy with the intellectual energy of the author, and through which a great mind multiplies itself as it were in the nadir.

[CHANNING.]



# THE UNIVERCELUM

AND

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1848.

### THE TIME FOR ACTION.

ALBANY, APRIL 20, 1848.

FRIENDS OF THE UNIVERCELUM:

I write amid familiar scenes, where I once labored, zealously at least, if not wisely. There are thrilling memories that come up as we linger at the fire-sides and altar-places sanctified by the love of cherished friends. Bright images visit us again, and the echo of familiar voices is sounding in our ears. The past is fraught with many interesting associations, though it is pictured over with the records of a time when the light fell but dimly on our pathway. Here, while mourning the wreck of old theories and speculations new hopes were born in the soul, and the fragrance of a diviner joy was exhaled from the flowers that bloom by the fountains of Life.

But the spirit which shone in to dissipate our darkness, has diffused its electric light, and the divine energy has been communicated to other spirits, and these are becoming instinct with the life of great thoughts, and holy resolutions. I discover every where the evidence of the change that has come. Every thing is in a transition state. The revolution in feeling and sentiment is going on, even here. The staid manner and inflexible character which are supposed to distinguish the people, cannot resist the current of human affairs, or roll back the tide of light which is beginning to set through all the avenues that lead to the soul. The old systems of faith and arbitrary forms of thought, so long and ardently defended, must pass away. We live in an age distinguished above all others for the triumph of mind over physical evils, and the invisible forces of the material universe. While the world is profoundly agitated, almost from centre to circumference, with the great questions which most intimately concern the present peace and future destiny of the race, it is no time to dispute about mere opinions. There is something to be *done*, and the time for action has come. We must not stop longer to speculate about what shall be *believed*. The great question of the age is one of a practical character, and bearing—*What shall we do?* And I answer,

FIRST—we must promote in ourselves every moral excellence, and cultivate all the graces of the spirit. Nothing can be more essential to the success of any true reform, than the personal rectitude of those who give the work its direction and character. We must subject our thoughts, desires and purposes, to a severe analysis, and watch over each other with an earnest and friendly care. We must avoid as much as possible the arena of theological strife. I have found it devoid of fruit, and when a blossom has appeared by the wayside, it has suddenly withered. I turn from it as from a barren, howling wilderness, and my soul would seek the "green pastures" and the "still waters," where the germs of imperishable Life are unfolded, and the flowers of the spirit shed immortal fragrance. In this way we may hope to grow up to the standard of men, and enter on a higher plane of thought and a wider field of action—aspiring ever after the Pure, and Beautiful, and True—the world which lies beyond, where the soul, freed from sensuality and baptized in light, dwells beneath the eye of God, and the incense of holiness is around and within like an atmosphere.

Our movement is likely to attract general attention, and our vigilance, industry and prudence, must be equal to the dignity and responsibility of our position. In our words and deeds the world will not only read the biography of the individual soul, but impressions of good or evil will be made on other susceptible

natures—impressions destined to remain and be read hereafter in the presence of angel-teachers. I have thus briefly answered the question so far as it relates to our self-deeds. We must be pure, and carefully cultivate those graces which invested the character of Jesus with its surpassing loveliness. These have been the acknowledged standard of excellence among good men in all ages of the world, and in this manner the soul must be educated for the spheres of angelic life.

The question, what have we to do, in our relation to our neighbor and the world, demands a more elaborate answer than we, at present, propose to give. The condition of our fellow men requires action. We have not a dogma to prove, but an actual work to perform. By this I would not be understood to mean a mechanical labor of the hands, or religious ceremonies and prayers mechanically performed; but a work which should enlist the whole man—in which all the powers and faculties of his being may be divinely exercised.

It is impossible to disguise the fact that the old foundations of government and religion are becoming unsettled. The ancient dynasties of error are penetrated by a light that is beautiful as the sunbeams on the ruins of deserted temples. The superstructure of the outward Church, formed of creeds and constitutions, bricks and mortar, and other combustible or corruptible materials, can not long preserve the present organic form. This Church has been reared and garnished at an expense of millions, while many of its subjects, naked and cold, and hungry, have been left to perish beneath its shadow. While I write, a miserable wretch sits yonder on the steps of a costly church edifice. He has had nothing to eat to-day—perchance he is estimating the probabilities of a death by starvation. The preacher inside is engaged in his favorite mode of illustrating a free Gospel and its blessings, by the figure of a great "feast of fat things and wines on the lees well refined." He urges the propriety of the figures with the authority of one who is acquainted with their substance. The hearers endeavor to form an adequate conception of the subject, by images of banqueting halls, and an association of those objects which are most agreeable to the senses.

The old man outside appeared just now to be dreaming; but it was a momentary hallucination. He is aroused by a gnawing sensation at the stomach; and behold he is hungry still. The eloquent and polished periods of the preacher have not satisfied that hungry man on the steps.

Thus we preach what we call Christianity, while Humanity weeps over the wrongs inflicted at the very altar, and the image of God is left outside enveloped in filth and rags! Oh! how long shall the majesty of Heaven be insulted, and Christians "blaspheme the holy penury of Jesus," and Humanity be despised and neglected, that we may build up a mere external power—an institution which is a nursery of prejudice and pride, and the great object of priestly ambition. The Church must undergo a transition which will divest it of its grossness and materiality—its vain pride and heartless show—that its powers and possessions may be subservient to a thorough practical and spiritual reform.

We should have reason to lament the changes which are going on in the world, if the dissolution of external forms involved the destruction of inward principles. But it is a pleasant reflection that while the one may decay and go back to the mass of disorganized materials, the other—the indwelling divinity which is enshrined in all Nature and individualized in man, will yet live and animate a more beautiful form, through whose delicate nerves of spiritual sensation will be transfused the energy of the all pervading Deity!

It is important to bear in mind that the great question of the age is one of a practical nature—*What shall we do?* And the answer is—*WORK!*

Devotedly Thine,

S. B. B.



## SELF-RELIANCE.

MAN, although a social being, and possessing as he does, a strongly sympathetic heart, was constituted with an individuality—a personality, which no conventional forms, or social influences, can obliterate or destroy. He cannot lose his individuality, either in depth of sympathy or strength of love;—he cannot sink himself *wholly* in the surrounding elements of life if he would. His *individuality* is a condition of his being,—it is fastened to him, and must distinguish him as long as he is a responsible, free, moral man.

Every man has instincts, desires, emotions, that are peculiar to himself, and cannot therefore be fully shared in, by any other man. As no other person can eat for him, drink for him, or sleep for him, so no other person can assume his moral responsibility as a man. He must fall back as it were on himself, and not undertake to rely on the moral convictions, or rules, or authority of any other mere man. A penalty has been annexed by the All-wise, to the violation of this unvarying and eternal law. No man can yield himself *wholly* up, or barter away his mental or moral nature, for a “mess of pottage,” although he may by a temporizing, subservient course, become a mental and moral slave to some spiritual despot or lord. The great mass of mankind at the present day do yield up much of their individuality, and in order to purchase mere animal ease, or indulge moral sloth, hire the spiritual despot or lord to relieve them of the labor of thought. Nine tenths of the civilized world, who are competent to do their *own* thinking, are basely subservient to the authority of a certain few. More self-reliance is needed, that our race may become true to itself, assert the dignity of its nature, and live a conscious existence.

Self-reliance is what we all need to learn; that we are to depend on our own energies and resources for all permanent, substantial good. What my *brother* believes, can no more benefit me than what he eats or drinks. I may follow him and servilely obey his nod; run when he commands, and bow at his word. But in doing this I yield up my dignity as a man. I am no longer true to my nature,—no longer the conscious image of God.

The great problem of life is solved only by such as fall back on themselves—act, so far as their convictions are concerned, as if there were no other man in the Universe of God. All *discories* have displayed that moral courage and force of character, are inseparable from a consciousness of the individuality of man.

If I follow a party in science, or a sect in religion, I must endorse all they endorse, reject all they reject, no matter whether reason responds or not. As Emerson says—“If I know your sect, I anticipate your argument. I hear a preacher announce for his text and topic, the expediency of one of the institutions of his Church. Do I not know beforehand that he cannot say a new or spontaneous word? Do I not know, that, with all this ostentation of examining the grounds of the institution, he will do no such thing? Do I not know that he is pledged to himself not to look but at *one side*, the *permitted* side, not as a *man*, but as a *Parish minister*? He is a retained Attorney, and these airs of the bench are the veriest affectation.”

When will men begin to understand the use of the intellectual powers, and recognize the office of reason? When will they think more of *truth*, than the triumph of a party, or sect?

D. H. P.

HAPPY ILLUSTRATION.—Theodore Parker, in a late speech on the French Revolution said: “Men tell us it is too soon to rejoice. ‘Perhaps the Revolution will not hold—it will not last—the kings of Europe will put it down.’ When a sound, healthy child is born, the friends of the family congratulate the parents *then*, they do not wait till the child is grown up and got a beard. Now this is a live child; it is well born in both senses—come of good parentage, and gives sign of a good constitution. Let us rejoice at its birth, and not wait to see if it will grow up. Let us now baptize it in the crystal fountain of our hope.”

## PUNISHMENT.

Men are more than willing to acknowledge that God rules the world, and lines are drawn and systems invented, to solve the problems of his government. Divine chastisements are ordinarily judged of by Human institutions; therefore men are indisposed to believe that punishment is inflicted until they see it. The method of punishment, like all the plans of Deity, must be uniform, and invariably effect the end proposed. There must be a design in chastisement, as well as in every thing else. So far as we can discover, all results are so many means to other results; one thing empties into another, and that still into another, so that ultimates are not easily discoverable, if at all. The doctrine of progress or development has awakened the attention of men to the means by which the Divine mind works out events or results. Very few can be found, of any considerable degree of intelligence, who do not admit that the purposes of Heaven are wrought out entirely by the operations of law, and allow that the *laws of nature* and *laws of God* are synonymous. These laws are self-executing and perfect, above the need of repealing or amending—they require no revision or modification. Those are God's truest servants, and man's most faithful ministers, who unfold and explain those laws so that man can obey them and be happy.

That has been a most mistaken and mischievous idea, though generally received in the Church, that God's law is above and different from the law of Nature, and that its execution depends upon agents appointed as executors of his will. Heaven and Hell have door keepers, and the bar of God is surrounded with the paraphernalia of a court of justice on earth, and the pastor of a Church here becomes an advocate for his flock hereafter. In order then that God's laws may be perfectly executed, Hell is filled with its prisons and tortures, and Heaven holds out its rich and varied bounties as rewards to the well doer. It may be confidently affirmed that no proof is to be found for the greater part of the notions prevalent on this subject, and that on the other hand it can be substantiated that what is called punishment is the resistance of the law itself to whatever comes in contact with its requirements; and further, this resistance, or this punishment, will continue until the *opposition to law* is at an end.

So much can be safely affirmed of the punishments which God will inflict on men for disobedience, and the manner of this infliction. A law of Nature is a law of God, and is his method of doing whatever is needful to be done. Those theologians who condemn Nature, and fear its carnality, seem hardly to be aware of what they are doing, when they allow revelation to be more reliable than Nature, and the interpreter thereof. The revelations of the past are imperfect—they will be corrected or annulled in the progress of the race. For example, the system of Moses was imperfect compared with that of Christ—the *first* was faulty, and gave room for the *second*. Whatever accords with the established principles of Nature must stand, and all things opposed thereto must fall, as not of God. If such a test of doctrines as this was once established, superstitions would have an end, and men would adore the reality. In Nature there can be no violation of a law without the legitimate consequence following.

Z. B.

## THE JOURNAL OF MAN.

Dr. J. R. Buchanan of Cincinnati, who has investigated the subjects of Psychology and Phrenology, as thoroughly as any man of our age is about to commence the publication of a magazine devoted to the general subject of Arthropological Science. Dr. B. has made many valuable discoveries in this field of research. A most pleasant personal acquaintance, formed during a recent visit to the West, has caused us to esteem him as a wise scholar, and most worthy man. We commend his proposed journal to public patronage and attention.

T. L. H.



## THE STREAM OF LIFE.

At no great distance are two streams. The sluggish waters of the one scarcely exhibit any motion. Being constantly filled with the grossest impurities, many offensive and hurtful vapors are generated along its banks. These are widely diffused, so that the whole atmosphere at times seems to be loaded with minute but poisoned arrows, which penetrate the body and produce disease. If you trace this stream back, you will be led to a marshy glen inhabited by venomous reptiles, where the invisible agents of infection rise up from the lethiferous waters and go forth to the work of death, riding on the wings of the wind. Efforts have been made at different points and periods to purify this stream, but the impurities from above flow on as uninterrupted as the waters, and so this labor, however well intended, has been unsuccessful. Indeed, all the streams issuing from this source are necessarily impure, because the fountain from which they proceed is corrupt.

The other stream glides along like a laughing child at play. The waters are clear as crystal. Like the creatures of a joyous intelligence, they dance to the notes of their own wild song. A thousand little voices speak out from among the white pebbles which pave their pathway, and even the echoes slumbering on the verdant banks, awake and respond to the musical utterance. The flowers that line the margin, on either side, are grateful, and as they kiss the stream, an invisible spirit, breathing the sweetest incense, walks forth on the face of the pellucid waters. Every thing is rendered beautiful by the presence of the stream. The plants and shrubs send out their roots, and a mysterious energising principle goes up from beneath, and they are nourished and expanded. Follow the stream to its source, and far up in the neighboring mountain you will find a little rill, issuing from a fissure in a mass of the purest limestone.

APPLICATION.—Human life has been compared to a stream. If the springs of existence be pure and elevated, the stream will, unless it imbibe impurities by the way, be transparent and beautiful. Hence, nothing can be more essential than a strict obedience, on the part of parents, to the physical and organic laws. Interests of the greatest magnitude, not only to the living, but to those who may live hereafter, are made to depend on his conformity to the institutions of Nature. When these are disregarded, the fountain of existence is poisoned and disease is generated in the very rudiments of the human form. Wherever these are faithfully observed, the pre-existing conditions are rendered favorable; the energy of health and purity is infused into the springs of life, and thence circulates through all the veins and arteries of being.

MORAL.—In beginning to reform the world of mankind, it is important to commence where human life has its origin.

S. B. B.

## THE NEW MOVEMENT.

THE exercises on Sunday afternoon, in the Coliseum, were attended by a large and highly intellectual audience. Among those present we noticed Rev. W. H. Channing of Boston, Horace Greeley, and Freeman Hunt, Esq's., and many other eminent citizens. Br. Harris' discourse was on the Religious Tendencies of the Age, and was listened to throughout with the most profound interest. Arrangements will be made during the week for the obtaining the most commodious hall that can be procured in Broadway, and Br. H. will preach at least once on every Sunday. Appearances indicate that one of the largest and most intellectual congregations in the city, will speedily be gathered.

S. B. B.

POETRY, when made to throw a charm round vice, like wine, poisons the quickest when it sparkles the brightest. E. D. H.

## Original Communications.

## THE OBJECT OF EDUCATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM,  
BY A TEACHER.

How beautiful are children!—beautiful in spotless purity, when first the germ of immortality springs into consciousness—clothed with the white robe of untarnished innocence, unconscious of wrong, and untaught in selfishness. How the fresh and warm affections of infancy flow upwards to meet and mingle with a mother's love—and with what joy and trustfulness do they interweave the tendrils of their spirit's gladness into the very soul of the Parent's inner life.

But how *almost universally* is this holy love bruised and crushed, in the very bud:—crushed but never destroyed. And has it not *almost invariably* been true that ere the unconscious being felt one pulsation of life it was surrounded with evil—enshroued in a diseased, corrupted organization—in the expressive language of a sweet singer—"conceived in sin and born in iniquity." Not that the spirit is impure—the love, the energy, the intelligence is holy and incorruptible. Pure and without blemish it had its origin in the love of our heavenly Father. Through various plains of existence, watched and cared for by *His* eternal thought, *redeemed* from sin and iniquity which has enveloped it, it will wend its way back to the bosom of *His* love, to enjoy the brightness of his glory, and the glory of his works forever.

But the body—the habitation, the medium through which the real immortal acts, has become dark, gloomy, full of transgression and sin, even in its most refined and etherial essences. Hence, now, "we see through a glass darkly." The soul of the body, which links it with the immortal spirit, is full of evil desires, corruption, and putrifying sores, which spread over the whole being, spiritual and temporal, the *appearance* of eternal darkness and deep damnation. Hence a wail of suffering and woe, an agonizing cry of the oppressed and down trodden, and a deep-wailing groan from crushed hearts and rending heart-strings—a prayer from bleeding and bereaved affections, ascend day and night from this world of antagonisms for relief—for more light. And God has heard the prayer, and in his eternal providence has provided the remedy.

The good and benevolent have ever been devising ways and laboring to elevate man, and lighten his afflictions—to unite men in one brotherhood of peace and good will. And they have accomplished much, and prepared the way for still more. The world is now changing from the "blade to the full ear." The destiny of man begins to appear. I see it—I feel it. Let love be manifest—let it have a controlling influence in the education of our children, and the world is redeemed—death has lost its sting, and the grave its victory.

Reader—Parent—I am a Teacher, a Teacher of little children. I know them—for I have been taught by them. Surrounded as they are by evil influences, there is good, intrinsic good in them, which the corruption and imperfect organization of their bodies can *never* destroy—an eternity of good. I propose to discourse with you briefly, concerning the object—the true object of Education, and the means by which this object may be attained.

The true *Reformer*, whether he speaks from the pulpit, or sits in the hall of legislation, will at all times especially consider the wants and interests of the young. Nature has not only made the offspring the hope of the parent, but they are emphatically the hope of the country—the hope of the world. All true Reformers, like the associated editors of the Univercelum, see the necessity of unity of thought, and feeling, and *interest* in man—of a universal Brotherhood, in which each shall in verity "love his neighbor as himself." Here then we have the *great* object of Education. Let the body of the child be so trained that it shall harmonize with the immortal spirit within, and selfishness



is dead. Perfect the body by obedience to those laws which Nature sanctions, and has made inviolable and holy, in reproducing the species—in eating, in drinking, in posture, in sleeping, in amusement, in labor, and the intellectual and moral man, the spiritual essence, can manifest itself in beauty and transcendent loveliness. Then the spiritual can govern the physical. The task and the rod will have ended their mission. The hand of kindness and good will, laid gently on the head, or the eye beaming with love fixed on the countenance, will soothe the turbulent spirit, and draw into submission those who are afflicted with imperfect and unharmonized organizations.

With this thought, that the object of Education should be not simply to prepare the child to struggle through life—without being duped by his fellows, not that he by his superior attainments may obtain an elevation above his brethren, but that he may harmonize with himself and with his whole race, and that the first care of both Parents and Teachers should be not the mind of the child, but the perfection of the body, I leave the subject for the present.

### THE BUD AND FLOWER.

Death of Mrs. W. and Child.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,  
BY REV. NELSON BROWN.

I saw a full blown rose. And sweet as fair,  
A half-open'd bud, meekly on its pale bosom  
Pillowed its tiny cheek. We hoped that there  
Where it thus nestled trustingly, it yet would blossom.  
Oh, sweet as spice bowers in fair, Orient isles,  
Where bright plumed birds, their absent mates are calling,  
The infant bud! On both the gentle smiles  
Of heaven each day, and pearly dew each night, were falling.  
Alas! a hand hath plucked both bud and flower!  
First droops the rose, but soon the tints are shaded  
With deathly hues, in that sweet bud! an hour,  
Alas! a single hour, and both alike have faded!  
Thus drooped a mother, a fond loving wife,—  
And then her cherub child! Like flowers broken  
From off the fair and blooming tree of life,  
The rose and bud, alas! may shadow forth a token.  
HOWLETT PLACE, April, 1848.

### STRICTURES.

WE HAVE received a letter from a devoted friend in Philadelphia, concerning the reply of G. S. to an inquiry made by C. Davis, both of which were published in No. 22 of the *Univercelum*. Our Philadelphia correspondent, whose amiable spirit we greatly admire, complains of the manner and tone of G. S., as being essentially opposed to that spirit which should animate and govern the true Reformer. When the article complained of was received, we were on the point of leaving home to be absent several days, and in the hurry of business only glanced at the note of our friend G. S. We did not see it again until it appeared in our columns. On reading it there, we received the impression that our brother had been unfortunate in the forms of expression which characterize his reply. And yet we have known G. S. too long and too well, to think that he would intentionally wound the feelings of any one, much less a candid inquirer, such as we conceive Mr. Davis to be.

We are pleased with the frankness of our Philadelphia friend, and agree with him that in every thing we should exemplify that love, which is gentle, easy to be entreated, and which is full of mercy and good fruits.

S. E. B.

The darkness of a child's heart is often but the shadow of a star.

BULWER.

### Original Poetry.

#### SONG OF THE EAST WIND.

BY FANNY GREEN.

FROM the border of the Ganges,  
Where the gentle Hindoo laves,  
And the sacred cow is grazing  
By the holy Indian waves,  
We have hastened to enrol us  
In thy royal train, Æolus.\*  
We have stirred the soul of Brahma,  
Bathed the brow of Juggernaut,  
Filled the self-devoted widow  
With a high and holy thought—  
And sweet words of comfort spoken,  
Ever the earth-wrought tie was broken!  
We have nursed a thousand blossoms  
In that land of light and flowers,  
Till we fainted with the perfume,  
That oppressed the slumbering Hours—  
Dallied with the vestal tresses,  
Which no mortal hand caresses.  
We have traced the wall of China  
To the farthest orient sea—  
Blessed the grave of old Confucius  
With our sweetest minstrelsy—  
Swelled the bosom of the Lama,  
To enact his priestly drama.  
We have hurried off the Monsoons  
To far Islands of the deep,  
Where, oppressed with richest spices,  
All the native breezes sleep—  
And in Ophir's desert olden,  
Stirred the sands all bright and golden.  
On the brow of Chumularee,  
Loftiest summit of the world,  
We have set a crown of vapor,  
And the radiant snow-wreath furled  
Bid the gem-lit waters flow  
From the mines of Borneo.  
Sighing through the groves of Banyan  
We have blessed the holy shade,  
Where the sunbeams of the zenith  
To a moon-like luster fade—  
There the fearful anaconda,  
And the dark chimpanzee, wander.  
We have roused the sleeping jackal  
From his stealthy noontide rest,  
Swelled the volume of deep thunder  
In the lion's tawny breast—  
'Till all meaner beasts fled, quaking,  
At the desert-monarch's waking.  
O'er the sacred land of Yemen,†  
Where the first Apostles trod,  
And the patriarch and prophet,  
Stood before the face of God—  
Vital with the deepest thought,  
Holy memories we have brought.

\*The Songs of the Winds are intended to be arranged in a dramatic form, representing Æolus holding his Court, and receiving his ministers from abroad.

†The oriental name of Arabia.



We have bowed the stately cedar  
 On the brow of Lebanon,  
 And on Sinai's hoary forehead  
 Turned the grey moss to the sun---  
 Paused where Horeb's shade reposes---  
 Rifled Sharon's crown of roses.

We have blessed the chosen city  
 From the brow of Olivet,  
 Where the meek and holy Jesus  
 With his tears the cold earth wet---  
 Conquering all the hosts infernal  
 With those blessed drops fraternal.

We have gathered sacred legends  
 From the tide of Galilee---  
 Lingered where the waves of Jordan  
 Meet the dark, unconscious sea---  
 Murmured round the Hæmian mountains---  
 Stirred Bethulia's placid fountains.

On thy sod, Gethsemane,  
 We have nursed the passion-flower,  
 Stained with all the fearful conflict  
 Of that dark and awful hour---  
 But we fled in agony  
 From the shade of Calvary!

We have breathed upon Parnassus,  
 Till his softening lip of snow  
 Bent to kiss the fair Castalia,  
 That lay murmuring below---  
 Sweets from every flower we've drawn  
 In the groves of Helicon.

We have touched the lone acacia  
 With the utterance of a sigh---  
 Tessed the dark, umbrageous palm-crown,  
 Up against the cloudless sky---  
 And along the sunny slope,  
 Chased the bright-eyed antelope.

We have kissed the cheek of Beauty  
 In the Harem's guarded bowers,  
 Where, amid their splendor sighing,  
 Droop the fairest human flowers---  
 And the victim of brute passion  
 Languishes the fair Circassian.

We have summoned from the desert  
 Giant messengers of Death,  
 Treading with a solemn cadence  
 To the purple simoon's breath---  
 Wearing, in their awful ire,  
 Crown of gold, and robe of fire.

We have traversed mighty ruins  
 Where the splendors of the Past,  
 In their solitary grandeur,  
 Shadows o'er the Present cast---  
 Voiceful with the sculptured story  
 Of Egypt's ancient glory.

We have struck the harp of Memnon  
 With melodious unrest,  
 When the tuneful sunbeams glancing,  
 Warmed the statue's marble breast:  
 And Aurora bent with blessing  
 To her sacred son's caressing.

Through the stately halls of Carnac,  
 Where the moldering fragments chime,  
 On the thrilling chords of Ruin,  
 To the silent march of Time,  
 We have swept the dust away  
 From the features of Decay.

We have sighed a mournful requiem  
 Through the cities of the Dead,  
 Where, in all the Theban mountains,  
 Couches of the tomb are spread---  
 Fanned the Nile---and roused the tiger  
 From his lair beyond the Niger.

We have strayed from ancient Memphis,  
 Where the Sphinx, with gentle brow,  
 Seems to bind the Past and Future  
 Into one eternal Now---  
 But we hear a deep voice calling---  
 And the Pyramids are falling.

Even the wondrous pile of Ghirzeh  
 Cannot keep its royal Dead---  
 For the sleep of Ages yieldeth  
 To the busy plunderer's tread;—  
 Atom after atom---all---  
 At the feet of Time must fall.

Prostrate thus we bend before thee,  
 Mighty Sovereign of the Air---  
 While from all the teeming Orient,  
 Stories of the Past we bear---  
 Thou, great Sire, wilt ever cherish  
 Memories which cannot perish.

### HEART-LANGUAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCÆLUM,  
 BY REV. NELSON BROWN.

This heart doth yearn  
 To utter thoughts that burn;  
 Within the wondrous soul!  
 There is a fountain deep  
 Of spirit-life! Its tides will leap  
 Earth-bounds, and onward roll—  
 Who can their power control,  
 Or hush their waves to sleep—  
 Or bid them sink in night?

Whence comes each tide  
 So fathomless and wide,  
 Wider and swifter still?  
 From God? Oh, holy thought!  
 In HIM the mighty source is sought;  
 Hence flows the tides, which thrill  
 The soul—and seem to fill  
 The inner fount, o'er-wrought  
 With spirit-gems of light

Oh, wherefore *tend*  
 These thoughts, that seem to blend  
 With pure and holy things?  
 Now, now they seem to rise,  
 And soar to yonder opening skies  
 As on bright seraph wings!  
 One *grosser* thought still clings  
 To earth—but soon it dies,—  
 Clay-sphered, it cannot soar.

\* \* \*

Within the heart  
 Seeming of God a part,  
 Are spirit-thoughts of light!  
 They soar—they wildly yearn—  
 Like holy altar-fires they burn—  
 Blazing a heavenward height,  
 Kindling a strange delight  
 Within the mortal urn!

\* \* \*



## Choice Selections.

## INSPIRATION UNIVERSAL.

INSPIRATION is limited to no sect, age, or nation. It is wide as the world, and common as God. It is not given to a few men, in the infancy of mankind, to monopolize inspiration and force God out of the soul. You and I are not born in the dotage and decay of the world. The stars are beautiful as in their prime; "the most ancient Heavens are fresh and strong;" the bird merry as ever at its clear heart. God is still everywhere in nature, at the line, at the pole, in a mountain or a moss. Wherever a heart beats with love, there Faith and Reason utter their oracles, there also is God, as formerly in the heart of seers and prophets. Neither Gerizim or Jerusalem, nor the soil that Jesus blessed, so holy as the good man's heart; nothing so full of God. This inspiration is not given to the learned alone, not to the great and wise, but to every faithful child of God. The world is close to the body; God closer to the soul, not only without but within, for the all-pervading current flows into each. The clear sky bends over each man, little or great; let him uncover his head, there is nothing between him and infinite space. So the ocean of God encircles all men; uncover the soul of its sensuality, selfishness, sin, there is nothing between it and God, who flows into the man, as light into the air. Certain as the open eye drinks in the light do the pure in heart see God, and he that lives truly feels him as a presence not to be put by. Has Infinity laid aside its omnipresence, to some little corner of space? No. The birds chirp as gaily; the sun shines as warm; the moon and the stars walk in their pure beauty; morning and evening have lost none of their loveliness; not a jewel has fallen from the diadem of night. God is still there; ever present in Matter, else it were not; else the Serpent of Fate would coil him about the All of Things; would crush it in his remorseless grasp, and the hour of ruin strike creation's knell.

Can it be then, as so many tell us, that God, transcending Time and Space immanent in Matter, has forsaken Man; retreated from the Shekinah in the Holies of Holies, to the court of the Gentiles; that now he will stretch forth no aid, but leave his tottering child to wander on, amid the palpable obscure, eyeless and fatherless, without a path, with no guide but his feeble brother's words and works; groping after God if haply he may find him; and learning, at last, that he is but a God afar off, to be approached only by mediators and attorneys, not face to face as before? Can it be that Thought shall fly through the Heaven, his pinion glittering in the ray of every star, burnished by a million suns, and then come drooping back, with ruffled plume and flagging wing, and eye that once looked undazzled on the sun, now spiritless and cold—come back to tell us God is no Father; that he veils his face and will not look upon his child; his erring child! No more can this be true. Conscience is still God-with-us; a Prayer is deep as ever of old, Reason as true; Religion as blest. Faith still remains the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen. Love is yet mighty to cast out fear. The soul still searches the deeps of God; the pure in heart see him. The substance of the Infinite is not yet exhausted, nor the well of Life drunk dry. The Father is near us as ever, else Reason were a traitor, Morality a hollow form, Religion a mockery, and Love a hideous lie. Now as in the day of Adam, Moses, Jesus, he that is faithful to Reason, Conscience and Religion, will, through them, receive inspiration to guide him through all his pilgrimage.

[THEODORE PARKER.]

How DEEPLY do I commiserate with the minister, who, in the warmth and freshness of youth, is visited with glimpses of higher truth than is embodied in the creed, but who dare not be just to himself, and is made to echo what is not the simple, natural expression of his own mind.

[CHANNING.]

## THE NATURALNESS OF CHRIST.

THE EXTRAORDINARY things attributed to Christ, his miracles, reveal to me his spiritual greatness. They show his spirit in action. And in the fact that they harmonize with his spirit, that, instead of obscuring his character, as they would if they were fables, they throw their light upon it, and disclose it in all the angel beauty of its proportions. I see the evidence of these truths. Extraordinary as were the effects which Christ produced by his word and touch, the most wonderful thing by far is his perfect singleness and majesty of action. The form he possessed, singular as it was, gives proof of being a natural power by its whole method of operation. It is instinct with the genius of nature, the inspiration of God. Where shall I find words to express the sense I have of the profound naturalness of the character of Christ, in the very respect in which it is generally considered supernatural. Through his miracles I look into the very heart of him, and learn how profoundly generous he was and catch an entrancing vision of God and of heaven. When I observe how that great nature surrendered all its greatness to the simple demands of human compassion, how he lived to give and not to receive, how he laid that crown of blinding glory at the feet of our poor, ignorant, despised humanity, he commands my deepest sympathy, and I know that he is my nearest relative under God. Take away from him this part of his history, and you immediately remove him from me and the revelation grows dim. Herein consists the value of his extraordinary works.—They are manifestations of Christ, of the depth and divineness of his sympathy with our flesh. We discover in him, as in no one else, what the nature of man is, what it is capable of. He causes all our human sympathies to thrill and glow with a new life. Once catch sight of Christ as his spirit is visible through his great works, and heaven and earth are unveiled. A new sacredness invests our human relations, and our social relations shine with an unearthly splendor. We can no longer confine religious duty to the Church and the Sabbath. We lose all respect for that religion that dwells among formalities, and occupies itself with words. The world is our temple, not built with hands, eternal and in the heavens. Life is the religious service, the true Miserere, the resounding Te Deum, and the sweat of honest labor is the anointing of the Holy Ghost, and the hand extended to lift up those that are bound down, to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, and liberate the slave—that is the hand which is raised in prayer, and in that hand is placed the omnipotence of God.

[W. H. FURNESS.]

## BEAUTY UNIVERSAL.

UGLINESS is native unto nothing, but possible abstract Evil: In every thing created, lurk the dregs of loveliness. We be fallen into utter depths, yet once we stood sublime, For man was made in perfect praise, his Maker's comely image: And so his new-born ill is spiced with older good, He carryeth with him, yea to crime, the withered limbs of beauty. Passions may be crooked generousities; the robber stealeth for his children; Many virtues, weighed by excess, sink among the vices, Many vices, amicably buoyed, rise among the virtues. For albeit sin is hate, a foul and bitter turpitude, As hurling back against the Giver, all his gifts with insult, Still, when concrete in the sinner, it will seem to partake of his attractions, And in seductive masquerade shall cloak its leprous skin; His broken lights of beauty shall illumine its utter black, And those refracted rays glitter on the hunch of deformity.

Of all kinds of men, God is the least beholden unto kings; for he doeth most for them, and they do, ordinarily, least for him.

BACON.



## Miscellaneous Department.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD CHIMNEY.

## CHAPTER IX.

It should be remembered here, that the sanguinary contest between Holland and Spain, which had been prosecuted for more than thirty years, under the ambitious, crafty, and tyrannical Philip II, had, at this period, just been terminated by a truce of twelve years, which Philip III, who succeeded his father to the throne of Spain, had been obliged to make with the States General. During these dark and troubled times, a very dense population had been concentrating in Holland, by the continued influx of adventurers from all the neighboring countries. The higher degree of religious tolerance at that time existing there, invited persons of every class, and from every quarter. Manufacturers, artisans, and laborers, here found, alike, protection to their spiritual rights, and encouragement to their worldly interests, who, in other countries, would have been exposed to starvation, or to answer for their heresies at the stake. Hence, the Netherlands had become the nursery of men, embodying all the elements most essential for the planting of new colonies. To encourage emigration to the new countries of the West was, then, obviously a great point of state policy, as well as an object of individual interest.

The Dutch East India Company, finding that Hudson's discovery of the Manhattan river and countries, gave them no monopoly of the profitable trade in those regions, since private adventurers entered their precincts, bearing off their rich furs and peltries, applied to the States General for an exclusive privilege, and protection. This was granted them by the edict of 1614, by which all persons discovering new countries, should have the exclusive trade thereto for four successive years. In this Act was contained the first exclusive right vested by the Republic in the citizens of Manhattan, and was the foundation of the Dutch West India Company.

Pursuant to the above edict, two ships were fitted out from Holland during the present year, one commanded by Adrian Blok, the other by Hendrik Christianse. Of these, Schipper Blok arrived first at the Manahattas; and here opens a new era of the colonists.

By some means, the ship under the command of Blok was burnt soon after his arrival in Manhattan bay; and he immediately set himself about repairing his loss, by constructing a small yacht. The progress of this work was a source of great interest to the Indians, who daily thronged the shores, questioning and observing the workmen, or reclining with their pipes, on the rocks of Kapsee, they watched the magic operations of the Charistooni\* with the most intense wonder, admiration, and awe.

Some delays, from want of proper materials, occurred; but perseverance enfolds the germ of success, as the bud the future tree; and there are few circumstances so wholly adverse as not to be penetrated by its vital forces, so that they may prevent its development in some sort or other; and the Schipper Blok was not one who might easily yield to these—substitutes were procured for the articles needed; and a brood of young Inventions clustered round their stern parent, Necessity, much to the joy of the honest Artizans: and once more from chaos came forth proportion, and order, and design. So the yacht was completed; and in compliment to the beautiful young French-woman, it was named "The Morning Star"—for so was Emelie called, in the figurative language of the Indians.

At length the day arrived when the new vessel should be launched. An event so wholly unprecedented, drew together, as might well have been expected, immense crowds. All the banks which commanded a view of the scene were thronged—

\*The Indians called the white people *Charistooni*, or iron-workers.

literally swarming with men, women, and children. It was a lovely summer morning. A soft smoky mist enveloped the bay, and like a curtain of lightest gossamer furled away over the land, wreathing with its soft tresses all these beautiful shores. Through its semi-transparent folds the outlines of Paggank\* and Seawanhacky, were just visible; and the openings of the East and North rivers seemed reaching far away into other worlds. On the brow of Kapsee sat the Commandant and his party, together with a portion of the ship's crew, and other emigrants.

Side by side were Cornelius and Emelie. The girl was much changed since the Spring. Her slight form had become somewhat attenuated. Her cheek was fair even to wanness; and her thin, pale hands, with the curving extremities of the finger nails, told that the monster had taken hold of his prey with an earnest purpose. It could be seen that Van Courtlandt watched her continually with an anxious eye; for his paternal heart had become seriously alarmed for her safety, and he perceived the danger more clearly than the young people themselves could do. He would now wrap her shawl about her, if it fell for an instant, and charge her to guard against the fresh breeze from the water, in a voice whose very tenderness betrayed his trembling solicitude. She was associated with so much that lay deepest in his heart—she was so gentle, so winning, so intelligent, and vivacious—and moreover, she had filled so completely the void which had been left by his own deceased daughter, that his whole heart died within him at the remotest idea of losing her. He, too, had associated with her prospective life beautiful and brilliant hopes. She would soon be legally his daughter, as she was already in affection. He would rear her children upon his knees, and tell them all the wondrous stories of their Father-Land; until, in the freshness of their young life, his age should be invigorated, and his youth renewed. She would be the comfort and blessing of his declining years—and she would lead him with such a tender hand down the declivity of life, that he should forget he was descending to the grave; and when he reached the utmost boundary of his being, she would close his eyes—and he would lie down, leaving her and her children to princely possessions in this great land. It was difficult, indeed, to surrender these hopes; but he had lately come to perceive that they might be wholly unsubstantial and visionary.

He now regarded the youthful pair with a wistful eye; for they seemed as happy as two young, ardent, gifted, and loving natures could be; and yet, on a closer view, he thought he could perceive beneath all this a deep current of sadness, which softened, without destroying, the innocent joy they felt in each other's society. He saw, too, that they took little interest in the scene, which concentrated in a single point the curious and enthralled observation of thousands;—and yet they made an effort to appear interested; for it seems a kind of disloyalty to our own good fortune, not to be pleased with such signal events as interest and engage all others. Yet the very effort is but a sad commentary on the insufficiency of such events to satisfy the loving heart; for in the development of its new passion, it has been brought to have some perception of the infinite, and all the aspects and appearances of nature are invested, somewhat, with this sentiment—so that it becomes quite difficult to recall the interest of the young wanderer, from these sublime flights, to the artificial, and the common-place.

"Methinks you are rather sad, dearest, considering the high honor that has been conferred on you by our noble countryman," whispered Cornelius. "He will at least expect you to grace the *debut* of your name-sake with a smiling face. Here, Chief!" he continued, calling to Mongotucksee, "help me to withdraw the thoughts of my Emelie from Cloud-Land. Come, Faunie! you too will assist us."

As he spoke Faunie and her brother drew near. The first

\*The Indian name for Governor's Island.



threw herself on the ground at the feet of her young friend, and bending forward on her folded arms, leaned upon her lap, and fixed her large, liquid eyes lovingly upon that sweet, pale face; while the latter, reclining against a tree at a little distance, regarded Emelie with emotion which he could not control.

"I believe you are all bent on getting up a pantomime," said Cornelius, "and, in sheer self-defence, I must even take part in it myself. So here is my first appearance on any stage, in the character of a sober, reflecting, and silent mortal"—and he folded his arms, and sat down resolutely, as if he had just then imbibed the spirit of an oyster.

There was perhaps something of this thought in the mind of Scipio, who rolled round his large eyes, and said, "picaninny smile, Massa Con, dat open he clam shell pitty quick!"

"See there!" said the Commandant, willing to divert the attention of those around him, "what would the sportsmen of Europe give for a shot at yon noble game?" and he pointed to a large flock of wild turkies, which just then flew over, the sunlight striking upon their brilliant plumage with a gorgeous effect: and the whole flock settled upon a large tree on the opposite cliff of Ihpetonga.

"These are the most ungallant of all birds," said Cornelius, suddenly forgetting his vow of silence, "do you know that the males and females always travel in separate flocks? These I perceive, by their irised plumage, are the males; so we may look for the other flock presently; for they always take the same direction."

And so it was; the corresponding division, with unerring instinct, seemed to perceive, even when afar off, the position of their friends, and soon rejoined them. This little incident relieved our party of the heaviness which had so oppressed them; and the conversation immediately became lively and general.

An increasing stir below announced the approaching crisis.

"Heave, ho!" cried the foreman in the business, striking at the same time a heavy blow on the stocks—"Heave, ho! Here goes the Morning Star!"

Blow after blow then echoed upon the silence; for in the intensity of interest the multitudes seemed to have quelled their very breath. The heavy frame-work that withheld the young bride of Ocean from the embraces of her destined Lord, soon yielded to the force; and amid cheers which seemed to rend the distant solitudes with their piercing echoes, down she stooped, gracefully as if courtesying, in reply to the burst of salutations; and sliding along the inclined plane, dipped her prow lightly in the flood—then, gliding off like a swan upon the bosom of her native element—the young-Morning Star was welded to the Sea.

"Ah, but that is beautiful!" said Emelie, won even from her pensive thoughtfulness by the inspiring scene—while the cheer of the sailors on board, who gaily waved their caps as the yacht passed off into the current, were answered by a peal of shouts that rolled away over the hills, and along the deep, until the whole concave of Heaven seemed bursting with the sound.

After the ceremony was over, and every thing adjusted to his mind, Blok, perceiving Van Courtlandt, forced his way through the crowd to the summit of Kapsee, in order to pay his respects to that functionary.

"I congratulate you, Mynheer!" said the latter, cordially extending his hand, "on the wonderful success of your enterprise."

"And I congratulate you!" returned the other gaily, "I congratulate Holland and the world!"

"It is even so—I perceive your allusion, Mynheer,"—said Cornelius. "I have been thinking while I sat here, on the headland of this beautiful Island, with its fine bay, affording unrivalled capabilities for a great commercial city, that the event of this day is but the first link in a chain, which shall embrace all nations, and reach through all time."

"Ah right, my boy!" responded Blok, as he gave his hand to

the young speaker. Then, turning to Van Courtlandt, he added; "let us, my friends, in absence of all higher authorities, assume the baptismal responsibilities, and name, and consecrate, this our little settlement, as New Amsterdam."

"New Amsterdam it shall be!" repeated Van Courtlandt; "and it shall one day rival the parent city, in wealth, in splendor, and in power."

"Three cheers for New Amsterdam!" cried Cornelius, standing on the summit of the cliff, and waving his cap in the air; and in the exulting shouts which followed, the poor Indians joined, as earnestly, and as heartily, as if they did not presage their own downfall.

Mongotucksee alone was silent. With a thoughtful and troubled brow he withdrew himself from his companions, and went away alone, to muse in the heart of the forest; for the foreshadowing of the future, hung like a dark, heavy cloud over his spirit.

"Are you not well, my child?" said Van Courtlandt to Emelie, as he took her hand tenderly in his own, and looked upon her glowing cheek, with an expression of deep concern; for there one bright hectic spot, the rose of Death, was blooming in strong relief upon a ground of almost livid whiteness. It could be seen too, that her breathing was difficult and labored, and that she frequently made long and deep inspirations, as if the air had lost its accustomed vitality, and it required effort to bring it to its office of expanding the lungs; yet her whole countenance, and her eyes especially, were glowing with a kind of wild, unearthly animation.

"Ah, my daughter," he continued, for by that filial title he now frequently addressed her, "I fear this scene has been too exciting! we should have known better than to take you here!"

"She is only fatigued a little!" said Cornelius quickly; "and the sun is getting too hot and oppressive—is it not so, my Emelie?" he added, catching, but at the same time rejecting the alarm.

The poor girl looked up, first to one, and then to the other of the speakers, with an expression so mournful, so confiding, yet so touching in its appeal of conscious helplessness—conscious hopelessness—as went to the heart with a stronger power than any words could express, and a single tear rolled slowly down, from either dark and lustrous eye. Then her look fell to the ground; and by some deep internal conflict, she became at once pale as marble, and trembled exceedingly.

The father and son seemed to avoid each other's eyes, and yet they exchanged glances—as if they would not—and yet could not forbear expressing to each other how much they feared.

"Let us return to the house immediately!" urged Cornelius—"You will lie down, and a little sleep will refresh you, my love," he continued in a whisper, as each offered her the assistance of an arm.

The Commandant that day was to give a feast to celebrate the event we have described; and after having retired for a short time, Emelie again appeared; and in her effort to sustain the position of hostess, which necessarily devolved on her—and which she did with great sweetness, dignity, and grace, she appeared so brilliant—and, to a superficial observer, so happy, it was difficult even for those who knew best, to believe that the fangs of the destroyer were, even then, fastened upon her vitals.

From this day the patient declined so gradually, that it was only by comparing periods some time past with the present, that the change could be perceived.

Van Courtlandt, on the first betrothal of Cornelius and Emelie, had commenced building a house, which might be made to contain more of the comforts and attractions of home; and this was the first building, properly so called, erected in the settlement of the Manahattas. Then a huge pile of granite, represented in blocks of nearly every shape and size, rose proudly in the center, enfolding ovens and fire places of such wide expansion, as in the generous days of old might be afforded—when the good



Mynheers, and honest Burghers, had a sufficiency of *terra firma* whereon to plant their ample walls, and needed not to stretch themselves up into mid-air, in the grievous dearth of house-lots. Ah, those were indeed the good old times—when a chimney *was* a chimney—and myself even the mother and progenitor of all such as deserve the name, in this great land of Manhattan. And it has been mine to deplore, for more than a century, the fearful deterioration of posterity, until the good old Dutch mortar, that bound me together, became continually saturated with a moisture, as of tears; and so my strength was destined to bow, rather with a weight of sorrow, than of years.

But I wander. Let us return to the point I was aiming at—my advent in the character—which has been maintained, without spot or blemish, for more than two hundred years—Alas, how many of my descendants may ever truly say the like?—the narrow, dwarfish, pert things, whose consanguinity, here, even in my old age—and the feebleness of my gray hairs, I blush to own.

There is nothing now *like* what I was then—nothing that is worthy to be called my shadow—I *may* say it, without vanity—now that my days are so nearly numbered, and I am already beginning to topple over the dark gulf of Oblivion, to be known no more forever—and, indeed, it is but self-justice to declare—

I was a chimney, taken for all in all,

You ne'er shall look upon its like again.

Meanwhile, I shall employ the small remnant of my days in arranging and embalming these stories of the Past, that *they* may live—invested with a light, and a beauty, over which the corroding breath of Time can have no power.

It may be well here to observe, that the records hitherto given in this history, were collected from narratives I have heard repeated, while successive generations of children gathered together, in the dark winter evenings—or the stormy nights of the Holydays, circling the wide fire-place in the great room, to listen to the talk of the aged. My old heart warms, even now, with the memory of those genial and happy scenes, when all the young and beautiful groups gathered round some kind old Negro, listening to the tales of olden time; and I too stood in the midst, my ample bosom expanding with warmth, and joy; and ruddy cheek, and sparkling eye, grew richer and brighter as they caught the light of my reflected smile. But ah! they are gone, now—all gone!—Generation by generation I saw them rise and fall—and now I stand alone, sole witness of the Ages. My old compeers, one by one, fell away from my side. They too are all departed. There is nothing familiar about me—nothing endeared by early associations. Every thing is changed. My fires are all dead—and their very ashes were scattered by the winds of years long gone by. The hearth-stone is cold and desolate; and Silence and Decay are sitting at my feet, warning me by their mute changes, that my grosser parts will soon be commingled with their native elements.

LECTURES ON ELECTRICITY, GALVANISM, &c.—Rev. Andrew H. Reed of Mendon last week delivered our Community two very instructive Lectures on Electricity, Galvanism, Magnetism, Lightning Rods and the Electro Magnetic Telegraph. He has a complete Apparatus for illustrating the principles and phenomena involved in these departments of science. He makes no attempts at rhetorical flourish, but abounds with solid facts and striking experimental illustrations—the essentials demanded by sensible students of nature. We were much gratified with his services in this field of useful knowledge. Mr. Reed is constitutionally one of those *negatively electrified* persons in whose hands what used to be called the “*Divining Rod*” works to perfection. Hence he is often called on to point out springs and water-courses under ground, especially with a view to obtaining good *wells*. In this he is entirely successful. And he accounts for all scientifically. He is now chiefly engaged in putting up Lightning Rods of an improved order—simple, efficacious and economical.

[PRAC. ENGINEER.]

## BUSINESS ITEMS.

City Subscribers who have changed their residences, will please oblige us by leaving word at this office.

W. T. S. of So. Nankin—The back numbers were sent immediately on reception of your letter.

J. H. of Cleveland—The P. M. at Cleveland notified us that your paper was “*Refused*,” which is the cause of your not receiving it.

Dr. J. M. of Geneva, Wis—The money which was forwarded by you, has not been received.

T. R. of St. Catharines—We should prefer to have you send N. Y. State funds if *possible*. The Canada bill you enclosed, cost us 20 cts.

We owe an apology to L. E. L. The letter received some time since was accidentally mislaid at the time, and has just come to light. The request cannot be granted, for the reason that the individual referred to is absent from the city and is not expected soon to return.

The last two numbers of the Univercœlum contains numerous typographical errors. The paper went to press in both cases while we were necessarily absent on business, and the inexperience of those intrusted with our duties, is the best apology we have to offer. We trust that no unpleasant necessity will compel us to write a similar paragraph hereafter.

S. B. B.

## 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, No. 235, Broadway, New York.