

# THE UNIVERCŒLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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

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## The Principles of Nature.

### MAN CONSTITUTIONALLY CONSIDERED.

BEING A DEMONSTRATION OF THE INJUSTICE OF EXISTING POLITICAL  
AND ECCLESIASTICAL INSTITUTIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM,  
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SUCH are the natural and constitutional differences among men that, in the wide circle of human society, it would be quite impossible to find two persons in all respects alike. This is equally true in its application to the physical, the intellectual and moral nature. One is strong and another weak; one has a healthy and vigorous constitution, another is diseased and feeble from the very dawn of his being. In intellectual energy and capacity, one man is but a single remove from the brutes, while another has a mind that

"Stoops to touch the loftiest thought."

The same is true in its application to the moral nature. One is strong in virtue, while in another there appears to be a constitutional inclination to evil. In all these cases the intermedium between the two extremes is filled up with every possible intervening gradation, so that we find among men every conceivable degree of physical power and of intellectual and moral excellence, from the lowest to the highest capacity of earth.

We submit the following proposition as expressive of the general idea we propose to illustrate in this article:

*The almost endless diversity of capacity and character among men, is in a great and important degree the result of causes which are above and beyond their control.*

It is true that our conduct and manner of life may exert an important influence upon the present and future condition of others. Our own constitution and the circumstances of life, are not altogether a matter of choice or the result of our own actions. They are determined, in part, by causes which existed, and were in full operation before we had a being. For example; the body may be complete or imperfect in its organization. One individual is, from his birth, free from all constitutional weakness and infirmity that may predispose him to sickness and death; while, in another case, the fountain of life and the very elements of being are poisoned by disease. To find the cause of this diversity, it would be necessary to go back to a period beyond the beginning of individual consciousness. This difference in the physical condition of different individuals; this contrast of pleasure and pain, may be traced, in thousands, to the ignorance and misconduct of parents—to their repeated violations of the natural and organic laws. So far as the life and conduct of the parent has an influence on the condition and interests of the child; in short, so far as the child inherits the qualities of the parent by hereditary transmission, so far is our present physical condition the result of causes which had their origin without our knowledge, and still exert an influence that is beyond our control.

This reasoning is not less consistent and proper in its application to the mind and moral sentiments. The child as naturally inherits, not only the bodily infirmities, but the intellectual and

moral characteristics of the parents, as it resembles them in its features and complexion. The operation of this law may be traced in the whole animal and vegetable creation. If a man sow good seed in his field, other things being favorable, he is sure to reap in time of harvest. But on the contrary, if the grain be imperfect; if the germ be defective, the plant will be sickly, and perhaps wither and die before the season of maturity. By the same law, the general organization and constitution of the parent, physical, intellectual and moral, is transmitted to the child. It would be unreasonable and unphilosophical to suppose that the children of diseased and weakly parents, would be constitutionally sound and vigorous. No more can we expect that the offspring of ignorance, indolence and vice, will be distinguished for intellectual energy and virtuous activity. The various constitutional imperfections transmitted from one generation to another, are not confined to the body. They extend to the organs of the mind and moral sentiments, and mainly determine the intellectual capacity and moral character of the man.

From these considerations, we are justified in the conclusion that there is much in the physical, the intellectual, the social, moral and religious condition of man, resulting from antecedent causes, over which, from the nature of the case, he can exert no authority or influence. In one case we find that the human frame is imperfect in its general structure. The space occupied by the vital organs may be insufficient to admit of their perfect development and appropriate action. The consequences in this case will be ill health and a premature death. It is equally true that in another case the cerebral development may be imperfect, and, consequently, unfavorable to the practice of virtue. If in the other case, there was a natural predisposition to disease, there is in this, a constitutional tendency to what theologians term moral evil. One individual is sickly in consequence of natural infirmities which he had not the power to remove; the other is depraved and vicious from the same cause. In our judgment the latter is as much entitled to our sympathy and compassion as the former, and yet, these organic defects, so far as they are confined to the body and the mind, are regarded as *misfortunes*, while, in every instance where they are connected with the moral nature, they are viewed as *criminal*, and the subject is tortured in various ways to answer the unequal ends of human justice.

But in the illustration of my subject, I shall find it necessary, to notice these constitutional imperfections in a more particular manner, and to speak of the light in which they are severally regarded by the Church and the State. And first, we will present the argument in its application to the *body*. There can only be a natural and healthy action of the physical powers when the human organism is perfect. Where one organ is defective, there will be as a necessary consequence an irregular and improper action of the system. A man may constantly observe the physical and organic laws; he may be strictly temperate in his habits, and use every means that may tend to prolong his health and life; but if the physical economy is imperfect, these will be insufficient to secure the blessings of permanent health and protracted existence. Not that improvement in such cases is altogether impossible. A faithful observance of

the laws of our being cannot fail to answer an important end—to unfold the undeveloped powers of the body, and to strengthen and improve what was before weak and imperfect. By these means we may escape many of the evils to which others are subject. We may fortify ourselves in such a manner as to guard against outward foes, by which, I mean the maladies *not* connected with our organization, and to which we have no constitutional predisposition. But when the foe is already in possession of the citadel; when *disease* is implanted in the nature, and its deadly virus is transfused through every vein and artery of the system; we may strive in vain to dislodge the enemy or to resist his power. He will remain till the walls that surround him are demolished, and the whole system is reduced to its original elements.

There are many families in which consumption is a congenital disease. Wherever it exists it will sooner or later manifest itself. The pale countenance and the frail attenuated frame, often indicate to us the presence and the progress of this insidious destroyer. Not only consumption, but scrofula and several other diseases, are found to prevail in families, and are transmitted from one generation to another. We often meet with persons of a scrofulous habit, and with thousands in whom there is a hereditary predisposition to consumption. Such cases, frequent as they are, excite our sympathies. We are ready to explore all the kingdoms of Nature for palliatives. The best medical skill is employed; all the resources which science and art afford, are put in requisition, and we are willing to use every means that may bring even temporary relief to the sufferer.

Those also who are deaf and dumb, or blind from their birth, are regarded as among the most unfortunate of our race. We are accordingly disposed to treat such persons with the utmost humanity and kindness. We cheerfully minister to their wants, and it is worthy of remark that the benevolent spirit of the age is employed in building asylums for their convenience, and in perfecting a system of instruction which will render such persons at once a blessing to themselves and the world. Indeed, any organic derangement of the mind, is very properly regarded as a calamity resulting from some cause, known or unknown, which had its origin and performed its destructive work before the birth of the individual. Hence idiocy is always viewed as a misfortune and never punished as a crime. The insane and all persons of disordered intellect, are treated with the same kindness and forbearance. They are provided for at the public expense if not by their friends. It is true they sometimes destroy property and life, but instead of punishing them as criminals, the humane and charitable palliate their offenses, and weep over their misfortunes. All this is not only right and proper, but highly commendable and praiseworthy.

Now the idea which I wish to enforce, and which in my judgment is pregnant with the most important consequences to the race, is this: The child as naturally resembles the parent, in its mental and moral constitution, as in the form, features, complexion or other distinctive qualities. Hence the family character is often quite as perceptible, through several generations, as the family face. If it is objected that there are individuals who are morally altogether different from their progenitors, my reply is, that the child does not always resemble the parents in its *features*, and in the other particulars mentioned. These apparent exceptions to the law of hereditary transmission of qualities must result from causes which are not clearly defined and understood. It is sufficient, however, for our present purpose that such a *law exists*—that it is not restricted in its operation to the body, but extends to the *whole man*. It follows, therefore, that this same law by which the organic structure of the body is rendered incomplete, and diseases transmitted from one generation to another, may exert the same all controlling influence upon the mind and moral sentiments. In other words, the mental and moral organism of the man may be unfavorable to virtue, just as the physical is sometimes unfavorable to health.

One man is sickly in consequence of natural defects; another may be depraved and vicious from the same cause. Take as an example the case of the thief. There is in him a great preponderance of the selfish propensities over the moral sentiments; hence he eagerly grasps whatever is within his reach, irrespective of the rights and interests of others.

Let us seek an illustration. Suppose a watch to be perfect in all its parts except one wheel. Let that be constructed without any regard to its relative proportion and legitimate office. This would either interrupt the motion altogether or render it irregular and uncertain. Indeed, there can only be precision in the movement when there is perfection in the mechanism.

Now, so far as it is necessary to carry the illustration, this clumsy wheel may represent the selfish propensities of the thief. As the wheel, from its mechanical imperfection, produces an irregular and uncertain, instead of a uniform motion, so this preponderance of the propensities must, in the nature of the case, prevent that beautiful and harmonious action which is produced when all our powers are properly balanced. This great wheel in the mental and moral mechanism of the thief—his selfish propensities, determine his action, and the course he pursues. Or, to drop the figure, this excessive development of the propensities, at once destroys the moral equilibrium of his nature, and determines his downward career.

But it may be objected that, if a man is inclined to evil from some natural defect in his mental and moral constitution, then his conduct must be altogether the result of *necessity*, and hence he is no way accountable for his actions, and we can do nothing to reform him. This objection is rather specious than sound. A man may be of a consumptive habit, but it does not thence follow that he has nothing to do to preserve his health. On the contrary, it is the more necessary that he should be careful. A well man may breathe the night air; he may brave the storm and the flood, and perhaps suffer no injury; but for a sick man to expose himself in a similar manner, would be imprudent, if not inexcusable. Apply this to the moral man. If the natural inclination is to evil, it is the more necessary that the individual should be strictly guarded against every influence that may favor this downward determination. It is the more important that all good influences should be brought to bear upon him, for in this way we may counteract the downward tendency of his nature, and give him a moral momentum from which he will move onward and upward.

I am not reasoning against reason. I am not laboring to fortify a position that is indefensible. On the contrary, there is evidently a philosophic propriety in thus reasoning from the physical to the intellectual and moral nature of man. If it be true that organic diseases and bodily infirmities are transmitted from one generation to another, it is perfectly reasonable to suppose that the mental and moral constitution may be affected in a similar manner, by the operation of the same law. A man may become vicious in consequence of certain constituents or qualities inherent in his nature. He may be a thief as the result of this original preponderance of the selfish propensities. He may fall because unable to preserve his moral equilibrium—to stand erect in virtue. Now so far as his conduct in life is properly referable to this primary constitution of his nature, just so far is he entitled to all the kindness and charity which we manifest toward the sick and unfortunate. But if we are not deceived the treatment in all such cases—the one supposed, is not only at variance with the course of analogical reasoning we have adopted, but is opposed to the essential principles of our philosophy, and the spirit of true Christianity. We watch over the sick man with the most anxious solicitude, and employ every means for his recovery. The deaf and dumb, and the blind, as well as idiots and insane persons, are all treated with the same kindness and affection. But here we have an individual who is *morally diseased*, and although his malady has its origin in the very rudiments of his being, yet for him the world has no sympathy—no mercy; and

even when men talk of *justice* for *this man*, they but use a softer name for cruelty and revenge. A severe and vindictive punishment in such a case may answer the unequal ends of human justice, but it is at war with the religion of Him who will have mercy and not sacrifice. And yet the miserable offender is hurried away to the dungeon or the scaffold according to the supposed nature and magnitude of his offense. Christians in their loving kindness, employ some hardened sinner to scar and disfigure his body with the lash, or to break his neck on the scaffold! Or he is confined for long years in a narrow cell, deprived of the pure air, and shut out from that light which God in his wisdom made to shine on the evil and the good. The place assigned to this man is a fit sepulchre for dead men's bones! And this is *justice*, according to the fashion of this world! But the justice of the Church stops not here. What! is it not enough that the man has thus been murdered by inches? If he seek rest from his great sorrow, in the grave, will you summon his soul from *Hades* to immortalize its pangs? The spirit that sanctions all this is ungodly and unjust; and I must express my solemn conviction that our whole system of criminal jurisprudence and ecclesiastical domination is opposed to the genius of Christianity, and the principles of Nature.

You may read the world's definition of justice upon the whipping-post and the gallows; or you may learn the lesson from the prisoner in his damp dungeon home, a place that is only fit for lizards and the meanest reptiles that creep in the dust of the earth. The ideas of the church upon this subject, are expressed in language stronger than words can speak. In the bitter anathemas of graceless bigots, in its modes of restraint and torture, and as imaged in gloomy caverns to which it consigns the living millions for ever. According to the Church, there is more justice in hell, than in all heaven and earth combined!

This species of wickedness may be sanctioned by the law; it may be baptised in the name of Christ; but all this does not change its intrinsic character. I trace in the whole system the spirit of cruelty and revenge. I know that this unholy presence may surround the altar or preside upon the bench. Its possessor may occupy the high places of authority and responsibility—sway an iron scepter over Church and State, and those who will may do him reverence; but when we bow, a divinity more divine must prompt our worship. What if the criminal is an enemy to society, he is after all a worse enemy to himself. Besides we are required to love our enemies, and to do good as we have opportunity to all men; and surely the criminal is a man. We should therefore treat him with humanity and kindness, for it is only in this way that we can reasonably hope to do him good. But criminals are not punished with this object in view. The good of the sufferer is the last, and I may say the *least* among the motives by which nations are governed in the punishment of criminals. The reformation of the offender is quite forgotten, and he is made to suffer for no higher purpose than to satisfy the retaliatory spirit of the people and their laws. I would not in any way deprive society of the proper means of protection. I have no desire to have the dangerous man go free; but I would have him sent to prison for the same purpose that the sick man is sent to the hospital, and the lunatic to the asylum,—that he may be *restored*. To this end, a proper system of mental and moral instruction and discipline should be adopted, that the punishment may be corrective in its influence.

But it may be said that much of the wickedness among men is not to be traced to any natural predisposition to evil. This is doubtless true. Many persons become depraved and vicious from the influence of corrupt examples, and a variety of other causes.

But when, and where have the ministers of justice attempted an intelligent discrimination in the infliction of punishment? Surely, not at any time or place within the sphere of our knowledge. The criminal is tried on a charge that involves his liberty or life; and yet, neither his natural constitution and tempera-

ment, or his education and early associations affect the decision of the court. If found guilty he is condemned, and the penalty is the same in all cases. But circumstances cannot change the nature of principles. In the execution of the laws, and in the infliction of punishment, we should keep in view the legitimate objects of government and the true dignity of man. If one constitutionally sound and vigorous should lose his health in consequence of his own imprudence, it would still be our duty to watch over him in sickness, and to minister to his wants. Or if he should pluck out his own eyes, he would certainly deserve as much sympathy as an ordinary blind man. Equally true is the remark in its application to the morally blind. What if thy brother be willing to exchange an Eden of light and joy, for a wilderness of darkness and despair. To be thus morally insensible, is of all others, the greatest misfortune. The world and the church may leave such an one to perish; but the great Father will remember his child. Have compassion on that man, and the mission of an angel shall be thine.

Punishment to be just and salutary, must be benevolent in its design and reformatory in its influence. It must be of such a nature as to increase the moral strength of the individual. There is but one way in which the reformation of the offender can be secured. We must lift him up from his fallen condition. Suppose that among the trees of the nursery you should find one inclined to take an oblique direction; you would never tread it down to the ground if you designed to have it stand upright. On the contrary you would lift it up, and secure it in its proper place. Thus its original downward tendency would be overcome, and it would ultimately stand erect in its own strength. Learn from this not to trample thy fellow in the dust, because he is bowed down; *you must lift him up again*; and in this way, you will make him strong in virtue, and enable him to stand upright in all the dignity of his nature.

But it may be objected that the philosophy of this article is opposed to the Divine justice and benevolence, inasmuch as it makes the innocent suffer for the guilty. But we read that the 'iniquity of the fathers is, or may be, visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation;' and we find that this language is a plain expression of the important truth we have endeavored to illustrate. The influence of our actions is not, and *cannot* be restricted to ourselves. From our intimate connection with the race it will extend to those around us, and those who come after us. And yet, this is no objection to the Divine justice or benevolence. The world is governed by general, not by partial laws. The institutions of Nature are not adapted to the peculiar circumstances and relations of individuals. They are established by the Wisdom that comprehends all things, and whose purposes are impartial and universal. This law by which the distinctive qualities and tendencies of one individual are transmitted to another, is founded in wisdom and benevolence. True, if we disregard its requirements our children may be more frail and imperfect than ourselves. But without this law the race would for ever occupy the same position. Hence of necessity there could be no improvement in the natural constitution of men from one generation to another. But man is subject to the laws of progressive existence and refinement, and it is only necessary for all men to observe the Divine institutions, and the whole race will advance in intellectual and moral excellence, till man shall rival the angels in their glory, and be in the highest and holiest sense, the child of God.

If we view this subject in its proper light; if we consider how much the life, character and condition of the individual, is made to depend upon pre-existing causes, over which he can exercise no control, I trust we shall be kind and charitable, even to the evil and unthankful. This is an important lesson, though imperfectly presented in the present instance.

Reader, perchance thou art strong in the integrity of thy heart. Let not that superior strength lead thee to despise thy brother of low degree. He may have some constitutional weak-

ness; some unfortunate tendency of mind, against which he is struggling almost in vain, yet with a noble resolution. There may be a 'law in his members warring against the law of the mind, and bringing him into captivity.' On the other hand, the constitution of thy nature may be more fortunate. Moral powers and intellectual capacities are thine which he has not. But "who maketh thee to differ from another, and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?" Be not high minded. Let not the thought that thou art superior to another lead thee to disregard his interest and happiness. Let it not minister to thy pride, but cause thee to be humble and grateful.

## Voices from the Mountain.

### INTERIOR MEDITATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCÆLUM,  
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It is wise and just and elevating, to entertain the belief that all things were created according to an eternal code of immutable laws; that these laws operate upon a Divine and universal system of end, cause and effect, and that all individuals, as well as birds, animals, flowers, minerals, worlds and universes, have a message to deliver from on high, a mission to fulfil, and an end to accomplish. Every thing is created to subserve an end, a purpose in the vast and boundless laboratory of the All-wise, Divine Mind. By effects we learn of ends and causes; but the end always prompts the cause to the production of effects which embody, correspond to, and represent the use, the end, for which they were made, and also the nature and specific magnitude of their producing causes.

The end of creation—the object of human existence—the destiny of the race—are subjects of the profoundest importance. They have engaged the attention, and formed the chief study, of the philosopher. Poets have endeavored to probe their depths, and theologians have descanted upon them for many thousand years: and still they are questions unanswered and unsolved. Astronomers have interrogated the broad expanse—the concave of worlds above, beneath, and around—for instruction concerning their cause and end; but the responses were too profound to be comprehended.

Poets have invoked the heavens and the forms of earth; they have penetrated the many recesses of passion, impulse and desire in the human soul; have made man their principal study, the mysterious inigma of their contemplations, and at last concluded that "Mortal man was made to mourn," and that the "Proper study of Mankind is Man." Thus poets, the expounders and admirers of the beautiful—who prophesy of, and adore the flower while the germ enshrined, have discovered much good in, but not the destiny of, Man.

And theologians have stated their peculiar hypothetical convictions; but with them the existence of Man upon the earth is wrapt around with the mythological garments and mysticisms of the past, and thus they give forth impressions quite erroneous and unsatisfactory. The general opinion is, that this life is a probationary one, given to Man that his happiness or misery may be determined for eternity—that he may choose between the good and evil, and manufacture his own character according to which he shall be judged and eternally recompensed.

But this statement, notwithstanding it contains some truth, has an erroneous influence upon the mind. The simple and beautiful truth, which possesses the attractive qualities and consequently holds the statement together, is this—that we are made for something, and are immortal; but the errors, which produce dissensions, discussions and skepticism among inquiring minds, are these—that although the Deity gave Man an existence, endowed him with social, moral and intellectual faculties, and concentrated qualities in him which render him infe-

rior to nothing but angels and Himself, a misuse of these heavenly qualifications will result in his eternal separation from good, heaven, and the Father, and in his endless condemnation to suffering and woe.

This implicates both the goodness and the wisdom of God; it would prove that creation is imperfect, is mutable, and that it has failed! The Creator either had a knowledge of the end from the beginning, or he had not. If He had, then is it consistent with even human conceptions of goodness for him to give a being an existence which will result in his endless wretchedness? But if He had not this knowledge, then is He no God.

Thus the influence of this doctrine is evil. It makes the Ruler of the Universe either a cruel despot, or no God, because unwise, and incompetent to rule in the "armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth."

Furthermore, has man no higher mission, no more glorious end to serve, than that of "glorifying God and enjoying His presence for ever?" Was man made to be an idolator? The opinion, then, that God created the Universe and Man to display His immense love; and that Man is required, but possesses the power, the free-will, to love, or not to love, the Creator, which ultimates in Man's attraction to, or repulsion from His presence, are both equally erroneous, and are accompanied with a corresponding influence.

The prevailing theological theories concerning Man are exceedingly defective. They mystify and confound, and tend to beget views of God and His works far, far below what the expanded soul naturally conceives. Surely an Infinite Intelligence, dwelling in the chambers of the Eternal Mansion, in the Halls of Heavenly Legislation, designed the elaboration of harmonious systems of planets, suns and universes, and the creation of the human mind, for glorious and Infinite ends. It is wise to cherish this thought, for it is true.

Man has been, and ever will be a leading theme of Man's contemplations. He is mysterious, changeable and not understood—he is the Unity, the perfected flower, the Spiritual Ultimate, of the Material Creation! Has he been crowned Lord of Creation; and does he sustain so high a position in the scale of being for no high purpose? Certainly he was not designed to demonstrate creation a failure—was not forced into existence, in the possession of God-like attributes, to make a dreary, tempestuous voyage through time, to be wrecked upon the rocks and shoals, and desolate isles of eternity? No, not for this was Man made; his mission and destiny correspond to his exalted position; he is the child, the dearly beloved child of God, the Father of all.

But what have we to do? In the conjugal relations of mankind there exists great discord. The husband and wife, the parent and child, are frequently arrayed against each other. The sacred ties of friendship which bind them to each other and to a multitude of friends, near each in their sympathies, are severed. The drawing room and secret chamber are desecrated, and are made the field where is fought the battle of domestic misunderstanding! Is this their mission? Some are compelled to toil almost constantly for a subsistence—are buried beneath the cares, misfortunes, and painful vicissitudes of life—are arrested in their spiritual development, by perpetual perplexities and discords about them—are victims of circumstances, of disease, of disasters, of licentiousness; and, at last, suffer and die martyrs to the wrongs and selfishness of society! Is this their mission? Some are engaged in commercial war—the antagonistic speculations in which one triumphs over the downfall of another. These minds prostitute their divine nature and dignity by becoming involved in business, and next by adopting unrighteous means whereby to escape. Thus drawn into the whirlpool, they are lost to the best interests of the world, and die perhaps respected—perhaps despised: is this their mission? Some are engaged in national war—are destroying the property, the homes, the interests, and the lives of thousands—are pollu-

ting, savagizing, degrading themselves, their friends, their nation, and are sowing the seeds of poverty, desolation and ruin: is this their mission? Some are implicated from youth to old age, in professional wars—wars of a political, legal, medical and clerical character, growing out of a manifest antagonism between interest and duty. The desire to provide for natural wants, or to acquire riches, fame or glory, engenders professional divisions, dissensions, and animosities, and men devote their time, talents, and influence, to subtilize and establish doctrines which the rising generation must devote its time and talents to unsay and unlearn: is this their mission?

Look out upon society, and see the duplicity, the seeming turpitude, the conflicts and discord, manifested by its individual members, one toward another, and say is all this right? Are men what they should be, and what they are capable of being? Have we not some higher message to deliver than a declaration of domestic, commercial, national, medical, or clerical war with our neighbors? Verily we are not automatons, created by fortuitous circumstances, and compelled to obey their influence, but we are embodiments of Divine Love, Divine Will, and Divine Wisdom—Images of God, designed for the accomplishment of high and spiritual purposes—of ends inconceivable. We are constituted for an immortal existence; let us, then, entertain just conceptions of this truth. Life is eternal; the period of our residence upon the earth is but a drop in the bottomless and boundless ocean of time; it is but a breath, a bubble upon the surface of the spring of everlasting life. Yet though such is the nothingness of time compared with eternity, we must remember that eternity is composed of time, and that the present existence is given us to learn the way to a higher country—to a world within.

But more fully to perceive the truth of this hypothesis, let us consider more particularly the end for which we were made. We have said that all things were created upon the system of end, cause and effect. Let us illustrate: A mechanic contemplates the invention of a machine; he has an end to accomplish; it may be to supply his wants, to acquire riches, to establish a reputation, or to serve the interests of universal humanity. But the end, whatever it may be, is his ruling affection or desire, which determines the directions of his thoughts; he accordingly employs his intellectual faculties to form the machine, and the latter is completed. The desire is the end, the cause is his faculties, and the effect is the machine. The latter is the representative of his thought, and indicates the object of its creation in the performance of its legitimate work—its mission.

The spiritually discerning mind can understand the truth of this. Let any one think of the motive, desire, or aim, which he has in mind when moved to accomplish any work, and he will perceive that the end prompts him to the task. Now to well comprehend the purpose for which a machine is made, we must examine it, analyze its structure, and ascertain the use for which it was originally intended. Its construction testifies of its producing cause. The mechanic is consequently suggested to the mind, whose wisdom we admire in proportion to the symmetry and perfection of his invention. Should some ignorant man misconceive its use, and endeavor to elicit labor from it to perform which it was not intended, a perpetual discord and confusion would be the inevitable consequence. If it was designed for the manufacturing of wearing apparel, it will not produce a pin; and it would be an absolute perversion of its use or design to thus apply it, or to expect labor from it not in its power to perform.

Let us now strive to abstract the mind from time and space, and think of the Infinite Divine Being. He had a desire to beget His kind; to create Man in His image and likeness. This was the grand design for the perfect accomplishment of which the first series of creation was instituted—that is, God the cause, Nature the effect, and Man the human spirit, the end or ultimate. For the purpose of creating Man, and individualizing his spirit, the

Father was moved to give the universe its present structure. It is distinctly manifest, therefore, that man is the choicest production of the Divine Mind. God is the Holy Artisan, the Divine Mechanic; Man is His sublimest invention—the most perfect embodiment and representative of His Affection, and Thought, and Design. Since, therefore, man is the living machine, the well-adapted instrument for the fulfilment of some use or mission, we are privileged to examine his structure, attributes, capabilities, attractions and qualifications, and we are compelled to do so, that his true use may be duly understood, and that he may be accordingly appropriately placed. I think upon investigation, it will be discovered and perhaps acknowledged, that men are constrained to do many things for which they were not made; that they occupy situations, and engage in occupations, which generate as much discord and confusion as the wrongly-employed machine. The apparent and negative evil manifested in both cases, would proceed from the perversion and inversion of their use, from their spasmodic and deranged exertions to do what they should not and cannot do.

Now, as ignorance has placed man in improper and unnatural situations, the fertile cause of domestic, commercial, political, national and professional wars and tumults, and which develop the monstrous evils so profitable to theological speculators; [as] ignorance, I repeat, has done this, knowledge will undo it, and produce harmony, by placing every individual in a position and situation where he can, and will inevitably discharge his duty, perform his mission, and be happy in the fulfilment thereof. In order to acquire the requisite knowledge of the human character, that we may know what to expect from, and how to properly place man, we must take the mind apart, and analyze it thoroughly, feeling, meanwhile, that we are treating upon ourselves—upon the monstrous and complicated spirit which is dear and beautiful in the sight of God.

Man has twelve loves, attractions, affections, or desires. Immortal springs of, or incentives to, eternal action, however, are the most proper terms. He has two central, five converging, radiating and harmonizing, and five corporeal desires. Seven are internal and spiritual, and five are external and natural. The material desires are—first, to gratify the eye; secondly, to gratify the ear; thirdly, to gratify the taste; fourthly, to gratify the touch; and fifthly, to gratify the smell. These are corporeal, because connecting us with the outer world, enabling us to distinguish the various forms, odors, colors, and sensations which are adapted to administer to these desires their appropriate gratifications.

The spiritual desires are—first, the desire for congenial association and companionship, as growing out of the conjugal affection; secondly, the desire to possess objects, as the Deity himself desired, without ourselves, capable of receiving and reflecting our love, as growing out of the filial affection; thirdly, the desire to converge and unite into one brotherhood, as arising from the fraternal affection; fourthly, the desire to duly respect and venerate superiors, and to love our Heavenly Father, as arising from the paternal affection; fifthly, a desire to gratify the universal affection, or to harmonize the subordinate desires, and consequently the interests of all men, and to move in concert with all movement, “to do the will” of the Universal Father; sixthly, the desire for immortality; and seventhly, a desire for happiness; the latter being the central desire of the human mind.

Such is the human soul; we find in it no desire for evil, for wickedness; no innate affections for sin, no “total depravity,” such as theologians imagine they discover, and discourse upon so frequently, to the terror and consternation of their congregations. No; but we find in it the holiest elements of which it is possible to conceive—every thing that is calculated to make us love man, and adore his manifestly wise Creator.

The twelve desires proceed from the essence of the soul's constitution; and, although homogeneous, and equally interested

and demanding equal gratification, they have distinct missions, or spheres of action, which must be fulfilled. In present society these desires are misdirected, or their appropriate gratifications are denied them altogether, and discord (evil) and discontentment are the consequent results. We must learn to understand what evil is, and how it can be subdued and vanquished; but we must abandon all theological definitions and interpretations before we proceed, or we will fail in the attempt. We must learn to cease struggling, and warring, and triumphing over effects, and learn to commence our work among their causes. We must commence at the fountain, the foundation of evil, and then we may arrest its rising tide and overthrow the trembling superstructure.

Now what is evil?—the human soul is wholly pure—and from what, then, does it emanate?—what is its origin! We need not go to the garden of Eden, to the mythological serpent, to the majestic Persian *diabolos*: but examine the structure and condition of society, and the origin and nature of evil, or sin, will be sufficiently apparent. Domestic war is caused by the wrong application, or an inversion of the conjugal affection; a cold, barren selfishness, is an inversion of the filial affection; commercial and national wars are an inversion of the fraternal affection; a disregard for the superior and supreme, is an inversion of the parental affection; and professional wars, (especially theological,) are owing to an inversion of the universal affection. They are owing to partial and exclusive doctrines, instead of general and inclusive principles which lead to corresponding love, benevolence and harmony. The desires of the external senses are frequently inverted, and many evils ensue; but is not this owing to the situation or ignorance of the individual?

It will one day be gladly acknowledged that Man's mission is a glorious one, and that the wrong use of his powers alone has generated those evils and caused the commitment of those atrocious crimes for which we have unjustly condemned the human soul. Now since wrong situations of men will produce discord, and right situations harmony; and since it is seen that man is innately pure, and is the concentration of Divine Love, Divine Will, and Divine Wisdom, we should learn henceforth to set a high estimate upon, and love our kind.

From the foregoing investigation the conclusion is legitimate that every individual has an important end to subserve, which he is but partially enabled to do in present society. It is our duty, then, to enquire what our true mission is, and proceed to discharge it immediately. Experience has taught us to believe, and our knowledge of the Creator's Wisdom and goodness enables to know, that every human desire is provided with its appropriate means of gratification. We are internally assured that the desires are given for wise ends; the strongest, deepest, and most interior desires are those for *immortality* and eternal happiness. These are implanted in the soul for no inferior purpose; they are the true prophets of the mind—they proclaim the truth that we are immortal, and are approaching a period of Unity, which will satisfy our highest conceptions of Happiness. Therefore, as we are good when well-circumstanced, and have no desires but what should be gratified, we may proceed to ascertain what we were sent to do, and to accomplish it.

According to the interior life and the material constitution of Man, there is a general mission for each individual, viz: first, to properly beget and perpetuate his kind; secondly, to justly respect, and wisely cultivate and direct the heavenly germ, the spiritual principle deposited in the soul; and thirdly, to live here in reference to another and a higher life. This is Man's mission, while in this state of being, I mean his general mission, to which there are particular exceptions. But mankind are only happy when consciously discharging their duty; and true happiness is not possessed where this consciousness is not fully experienced. The human mind, when ushered into being, is dependent upon the influence, the direction, and the wisdom of the parent, and Society. For this reason we should be enlight-

ened concerning ourselves, the powers and sphere of the mind, that we may give Society a healthy constitution and thus gratify the desire for Social peace and unity. This enlightenment does not exist; men are profoundly ignorant of themselves; therefore, the world must be educated; and the question is, how shall this be done? When the world is ready for the answer, it shall be given; not till then will it be useful.

It must be evident to every mind that society must be reorganized before all the affections, desires, and faculties can have an equal action, and be properly developed. Then, again, every individual must be taught to engage in no occupation which is not beneficial to others as well as himself, and in keeping with the dignity and well being of children of immortality. We should not forget that we live now to live again; nor must we neglect the youthful season or the germinal stage, which is this life; for the correct cultivation and spiritual direction which our faculties receive while in the twig state, will be conspicuously represented in their manifestations here, and in the position we occupy when introduced into the Spiritual World. Inasmuch as we are preparing for, and are destined to enter, the Spiritual Country, where the inhabitants speak a different language, have different customs, are more enlightened in respect to interior realities, have a more republican and righteous government, are wholly engaged in intellectual pursuits—inasmuch, I say, as we are soon to embark for this new land, let us strive to get all ready—to learn their language, their principles, their mode of life, else we will feel strange; and will be obliged to stay in the first Society until we unlearn our present erroneous ideas of the Father, and of His relation to the material, moral and Spiritual Universe.

We have a higher mission, I repeat, than that of prostituting our native faculties in war and unrighteous emulation. We need to be so situated that our every feeling may grow in an atmosphere of refinement, and our every desire be gratified according to the prescriptions of that Wisdom which in ourselves needs a more, a far more complete development. If our affections were properly directed, we should see the battle-field forsaken of men, except to sow the grain and reap the harvest, and we should see the happy mechanics "beating swords into plow-shares, and spears into pruning-hooks;" and men would have grown into favor with themselves.

I would have clergymen proclaim this truth from their hearts; Men will be better when better loved, taught and directed. To improve the world, love it, not condemn nor despise any person or thing. God made it—made every thing—and gave every little atom, as well as every diamond-like orb that sparkles on the bosom of the firmament, a holy message to deliver, which it is good to receive, to learn, and to proclaim to all men. O let us strive to entertain more expansive views of God, of Man, of ourselves, and we will march forth from the wilderness of doctrine, and the concealments of iniquity, as *Men*, full grown men, prepared for sublimer ends and destinies.

The destiny of all men is Immortality and Happiness. Their mission will be shown them as they are prepared to receive and comprehend it. It is our duty to search it out, and change every circumstance that tends to prevent its prompt fulfillment. Surely, each bird has its song to sing, each flower its gentle mission, each poet his lesson of the good and beautiful, each philosopher his contribution of discoveries, and every true preacher his sublime instructions. Each is the Messiah of some great Thought, and will breathe it forth ere he leaves the form. Let us, O let us, unfold the beauties of the spirit, study its immense possessions, and improve ourselves; and then we will know, and feel, and form just conceptions of our mission and our destiny. Both are decreed by God, and are the glorious end for which we were made.

EVERY thing which can be measured is too much within bounds, for our souls aspire after the Infinite.

## HAPPINESS.

BUT one object should engross the attention of the philanthropist—the production of universal human happiness. To rescue mankind from the depths of vice and degradation; to guide into their proper channels the misdirected faculties of the mind; to disseminate those pure and holy principles which elevate and refine the spiritual nature of man: this should become the delightful task of every lover of his species. To the accomplishment of this end, every lofty and generous spirit, longing for the emancipation of his fellow beings from the thralldom of ignorance and superstition, should direct all his energies with an unwavering zeal, and untiring patience. The first step to be taken for the improvement of the social world, is to secure a clear and correct understanding of the cause and nature of those evils, which render it a scene of desolation. In order to eradicate a disease, it is indispensable that the physician understand its cause and nature. A correct comprehension of the evils prevailing in the social world, will suggest their proper remedies. What then, let us inquire, are the laws which govern the human mind in respect to happiness? I answer, they may be resolved into one universal immutable law, the principle of Association. For a readier conception of this position, we will briefly consider the operations of this law as manifested throughout the whole fabric of Nature.

Chemistry teaches that there is a certain relationship existing between different substances, which under proper circumstances causes them to meet and unite; such substances are said to have an affinity or affection for each other. Thus oxygen and silicon when left free, will harmoniously combine, and form that substance which enters largely in the composition of the earth's crust. Substances whose inherent dispositions and interior natures are similar, when brought in contact, will harmoniously associate, and as it were combine in a quiet and friendly manner. Thus throughout the realms of infinitude there is no particle so refined, but what it somewhere meets, as it were, with companions whose congeniality of nature provides it with a friendly and harmonious association; and none so gross as to prohibit a similar reception. Consequently by knowing the inherent qualities or inclinations of a particle of matter, the nature of others which is indispensable for there chemical union, is manifest. The human kind is endowed with the same immutable principle that governs the material universe. Therefore, by knowing the inherent affections or affinities of the mind, the external circumstances and influences congenial to its own nature, satisfactory to its aspirations, and consequently with which it can harmoniously associate, are evident. From the secret depths and inmost recesses of the Human Soul are continually springing up the living waters of its unchanging affections, which, if allowed to pursue their natural channel, present a scene of indescribable beauty and harmony; but, on the contrary, if obstructed by adverse influences, the living landscape of the mind is converted into a loathsome wilderness. It will be found to be unexceptionably true that as man is surrounded by circumstances and influences congenial with the innate affections of his mind, with which he can harmoniously associate—just in that proportion happiness will be its result. Happiness is harmony; and misery is the effect of unnatural and uncongenial influences operating upon the mind. Surround a mineral with substances for which it has no affinity, and disunity will be manifest. Surround man with influences for which he has no affection, and misery, contention and misdirection will ensue. Here lie the causes of the evils which afflict the human family; and it is here that the benevolent Reformer should direct all his energies. If you would abolish the evil and wretchedness which pervade the community, if you would make man better and happier—remove the obstructing and adverse influences that prohibit his spiritual growth; teach him that those affections which an all-wise Creator has implanted in his breast are in themselves good, and when unvitiated by improper teaching, and guided into proper channels, are productive of righteousness and happiness.

The human mind has an affection for Liberty. It requires an atmosphere of freedom in which it can give vent to its interior

meditations. It is capable of infinite expansion, and anything tending to limit its powers, or quench the out-gushing of its natural aspirations, is manifestly wrong and injurious. A violation of this requirement of the mind, has become the source of much of the misery that has rolled in upon the human race like an inundation; for man, instead of enjoying the privileges of harmonious association, with circumstances congenial to the purest and deepest affections of his nature, has become the wretched subject of mental servitude, and unfeeling tyranny. Oppression has prevailed instead of freedom. The iron heel of tyranny in its blood-marked course has trampled upon the necks of millions of human beings, and crushed to earth all pure and holy aspirations, till man has not even dared to express a wish for a better destiny.

Thus the innate aspirations of man's spiritual nature, have been checked and circumscribed, but not destroyed. Deathless as their immortal fountain, the smothered and obstructed waters have from time to time overleaped their opposing barriers, and in one mighty flood swept away all that dared to withstand their progress. You may see the vestiges of these inundations on the green plains of a thousand fields where Liberty and Truth have striven with Tyranny and Error. For ever onward is the march of this sweeping inundation, and accumulating power by progress, the disturbed waters will ultimately dash away all obstructions and flow on peacefully and harmoniously in their native beds.

The mind has an affection for Truth. As the magnetic needle follows undeviatingly the movements of the magnet, so is the mind constantly influenced by the irresistible and congenial attractions of Truth. This is the grand object sought for, through the innumerable theories, discussions, and isms that pervade the world. But the mind has not been left free for the investigation. Different nations have reared an "Infallible Standard" of Truth; thereby marking out the boundaries of thought, restricting the privileges of free inquiry, and vainly endeavoring to compel man to believe that which appeared to his reason uncongenial and absurd. They have engraved upon their columns, *you must search no further*; and, under the penalty of torture and death for disobedience the voice of reason has been unheard, and the silent aspirations of the spirit suppressed. Here, even at the present enlightened day, is the source of much of the disunion and uncharitableness that taints the religious world; and the unfriendly and unrighteous epithets of "Infidel," "Unbeliever," "Heretic," etc. are applied to those who cannot receive the doctrines believed by a few to be infallible. If then, the beings of celestial mold—beings who watch with guardian gaze the wandering steps of man; who rejoice when he is content to steadily and progressively journey on to the Temple of Truth; who weep when he becomes the wretched subject of his own misdirection and folly—bitter must have been the tears they shed over such a standard and test, reared by the dominant, ignorance and bigotry of a misguided race. Thus the affections of the mind have not been gratified, and as an unavoidable consequence the social world has been a scene inharmonious and devoid of beauty. Besides this, improper and unnatural desires have been generated. By committing substances to the stomach which at first are disagreeable, an unhealthy appetite is gradually produced. The same is true with the mind; surrounded with corrupting influences, oppressed and degraded, the mind has inordinate desires—Man in his affections is not man.

The first step to be taken in order to ameliorate the present moral and social condition of man, is to surround him with those influences which are congenial with the undying aspiration of the spiritual nature. Among these are freedom of thought, speech and investigation, and the pursuit of Truth. Nothing should be considered as infallible, unless sanctioned as truth by an enlightened Wisdom.

When man can search for immortal Truth unawed by power, and unswayed by prejudice, then the first step in his progress to a better and happier social condition, will be taken. When this movement is accomplished, the sun of the millennial era will arise on the Human Race, and all other movements requisite for social and spiritual improvement, will naturally and inevitably follow.

# THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1848.

## THE PRACTICABILITY OF TRUTH.

It is a charge urged upon all speculative writers, that they are not practical men. To some extent this charge may be true. Still, with a majority, perhaps, of their number, it is a disparaging representation of their true character and influence. The fact is, every truth in Nature is of a practical character. This is evident from the *relations* of Nature. Every thing is related to every other thing, by some connection, visible or invisible, as from the great center of the "Univercœlum" flows out all the being and all the influence in Nature. From this central point of view, we are at once enabled to pronounce the practicability of all truth. To be sure, a mere intellectual philosopher may stop with his conclusions before he applies them to any practical or humane end. But all truth *may* be thus profitably applied; and certainly all truth *should* be.

The very deepest truths in all metaphysical research are, in this way, invested with a practical importance. Take, for instance, that hitherto considered most unprofitable of all subjects, "the *mode* of God's existence." This is considered by the masses both vain and useless speculation. It is furthermore deemed unapproachable, unfathomable, past finding out. But I have learned an entirely opposite conclusion. I have come to consider it the first and plainest of truths—so plain, indeed, that its very simplicity, in contrast with the jargon of church theology, is the main cause of its obscurity to the minds of men. Men see not, for the reason of straining the vision at objects too near for any such effort. And as to its unprofitableness, no charge could be more erroneous. It is, perhaps, to many minds, the most profitable of all subjects. It is so for this reason. It is the only cure for Skepticism and Unbelief. Men must believe in God. That is, they must believe that the Universe is governed by the eternal principles of Justice, Goodness, Wisdom and Truth. This is the very food of their Spiritual Nature. They can no more live without this faith, and still be in harmony, than they can live without bread for their physical support. And whence arises the Skepticism on this subject? Simply, from this fact: that the mind is continually laboring for a conception of the *mode* of that existence, which is everlasting and infinite. Drive the mind from this point—discourage it with vain appeals to the fears—hold it continually as sacrilege to meddle with a point so high, and you offer an offense to reason, you admit the grounds of Skepticism, for this is, conspicuously, its last and final source. Satisfy men *how* God exists—convince them that in their efforts to conceive of a Being separate from Nature, they are only perplexing the mind to no profit—convince them that in Nature itself are the eternal principles of the Divine Mind, and all that can answer to the fullest conception of the attributes of a separate Deity, and you thus establish them in faith. It is only in this way that faith in a reasoning mind can exist. Without this—the idea of the *mode* of God's existence, all is dark, or the faint and partial gleams of faith are habitually obscured by the protruding clouds of skepticism and unbelief.

Thus, even *this* truth becomes of the utmost practical importance. It is relieved from the charge of "vain speculation," and is seen to be at the very foundations of faith.

So men wish to know *how* it is with the structure of the immortal, spiritual body. And unless they do know, as they can know, they cannot have that faith which might otherwise exist.

So also, with regard to the whole arcana of visible and invisible things. Tell me not that it is simply speculative. It is highly practical. A man cannot be a man in truth, without an understanding of the high truths of Nature. If any understanding of any truth, in nature or in science, is an expansion and

improvement of the mind, then to have it freed from all theological rubbish—to clear it from all obstructions—to make it the free thing of Nature itself, is the highest possible attainment of mortals. And how much bigotry, uncharitableness, indolence, foolish restraint, and unnatural denial of the most innocent enjoyments and recreations of life, is occasioned by this load of theological, unscientific, and artificial rubbish! Heaven be praised that the process of freedom and purification is going on. Let truth be told—let no stone be left unturned—let the creation, from center to circumference, spiritual and material, moral intellectual, social, *all* be unfolded; and he who probes the deepest into the sources and foundations of things, will be hailed as the highest benefactor to his race. *All* truth is practical. And to the elevation of humanity—its deliverance from a myriad of follies, superstitions, oppressions, frauds, let it all be consecrated for ever and ever.

W. M. F.

## AN ALLEGORY.

In the airy realms of Fancy, abounding with forms, and customs and conditions exactly corresponding to those in the actual world, I once saw a noble and god-like being. He sat enthroned upon an eminence overlooking human conditions in all times and all nations. His hoary locks betokened the experience of ages. The mild radiance of wisdom encircled his brow, while upon his countenance dwelt a smile of mingled gentleness and benignity. I approached and learned that he was the genius of universal philanthropy—the guardian of the poor and destitute of every nation, kindred and clime.

As I was gazing in mute admiration upon this noble being, I saw passing by, a poor, abject starvling, whose soiled and tattered garments betokened extreme destitution. The genius called aloud saying:

"Come hither, friend, I have gold for thee."

As the poor man somewhat reluctantly approached, the genius opened a spacious coffer filled with the purest gold, an incalculable amount. It consisted of the coinage of all ages and nations, and of pieces of all shapes and sizes, and bearing all kinds of devices. The poor man gazed into the coffer. On beholding the imposing spectacle, a trembling came over his limbs, and an expression of mingling sadness and horror became seated upon his countenance. After some moments of silent and glomy contemplation, he raised his voice, and addressing the genius, exclaimed:

"Thou art a specious and dangerous seducer. Thine unholy proffers will serve as a snare to the feet of the unwary. The glittering treasure which thou displayest, I fear will lure thousands of the visionary and unstable to their ruin. Thy coins are not of the right stamp: they bear not the right devices and superscriptions. They came from outlandish and barbarous sources. Wo be to him who receives and places his trust in such treasures! perpetual poverty will in the end be his certain doom!"

"What meanest thou?" said the genius; "is not what I offer thee all gold, pure gold?"

"Gold it may be," replied the man, "but what is the value of gold unless it be of a coinage which the great authorities whom we serve will recognize? That which is of a different coinage is uncurrent, and can bring no good to its possessor. Besides if spurious coins are found in one's possession, they will excite suspicion and bring him to the prison."

"Friend," rejoined the genius, "thou wrongest the authorities whom thou professest to serve: gold always passes for what it is intrinsically worth among all who know its value, without regard to the forms in which it may occur, the inscriptions it may bear, or even the mines in which it may have been digged."

"Thou singest well the siren song of the seducer," replied the man, "but the unwise and unsatiable alone will heed its allurements. It shall not cause my feet to stray; for full well do I know from the teachings of my sires of many generations, that the great King whom I serve will execute vengeance upon all who place any essential value upon coins not bearing his own image and superscription."

"Friend, thou art unwise," replied the genius. "Thou know-

In trying to be heard above the din—  
Two centuries ago was one great wild,  
Where the fierce wolf, the panther, and the snake,  
A forest Aristocracy—scarce feared  
The monarch—Man—and shared his common lot—  
To hunger—plunder from the weak—and slay—  
To wake a sudden terror—then, lie down—  
And be unnamed—unknown—for evermore.

A foot-fall broke the silence, as along  
Pawtucket's bank an Indian warrior passed.  
Awe'd by the solemn stillness, he had paused,  
In calm reflecting mood. A nobler brow  
Ne'er won allegiance from Roman hosts,  
Than his black plume half shaded, nor a form  
Of kinglier bearing—molded perfectly—  
E'er flashed on day-dreams of Praxitiles,  
The mantle that o'er one broad shoulder hung  
Was brodered with such trophies as are worn  
By sachems only. Ghastly rows of teeth  
Glistened amid the wampum. On the edge  
A lace of woven scalp-locks was inwrought,  
Where the soft glossy brown of white man's hair  
Mingled with Indian tresses, dark and harsh.  
The wampum belt, met by a flashing star  
Graced well his manly bosom strong and free.  
He was a sachem—ay, he was a king—  
Such as in days of chivalry, had made  
His name sound through the nations, with a spell  
To wake spontaneous homage—His whole mein,  
Gave forth an utterance of conscious power;  
And, like unsheathing swords, his glances woke.  
Proud, fiercely vengeful, his keen flash of ire  
Might curb the haughtiest spirit; yet, at times,  
That eye would melt in liquid tenderness—  
Soft as the glances of the young gazelle.

He passed the cataract; and, turning off,  
Sought fitting place of rest. Embosomed deep  
In dreamy depths of forest solitude  
A lovely bower invited. High above,  
Round elm, and oak, and mighty sycamore,  
O'er whose green heads the wing of centuries  
Had flown, and left their freshness, the wild grape  
Hung her luxuriant tresses, like a tie  
Of purest friendship twining noble hearts.  
The haughtiest bowed their foreheads to her thrall—  
The strongest sported with the silken mesh—  
And tossed the clinging tendrils playfully—  
Like proud men yielding to the power of Love—  
Nor thought of breaking, e'er, so sweet a bond.

High, over head, the arch of living green  
Scarce gave a passage to the potent beams  
Of sunlight from the zenith. But there came  
A few intruding rays of purest light,  
All softened to such dreamy lucidness  
Among the infinite shades of loveliest green,  
As hushed the senses like an anodyne.

### Miscellaneous Department.

(WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCEUM.)

#### Sketches of the Earth-Land--No. 2.

FROM THE DIARY OF A CLAIRE-VOYANTE.

CLAUS OF NORLAND.

#### CHAPTER I.

In the suburbs of Oviedo, a beautiful town of Asturia, in the northern part of Spain, some centuries ago, dwelt Don Lopez de Morello, a descendant of one of the noblest houses of Andalusia. He was proud, energetic, and severe; and, in his office of Alcalde, he had dealt so effectually with the neighboring hordes of banditti, that, for the first time in ages, they began to feel, and to fear, the strong arm of the law. One chief, however, remained invincible, the terrible Balziero, whose daring was even quickened by the stringent action of the Alcalde into a corresponding power and greatness. He had planted himself in a declivity of Mount Morein, which opened into a cave, or deep subterranean glen, where he made his chief rendezvous;

while the castellated halls of his rival and enemy, occupied the front of the opposite hight, the vine-covered Naranco. Nothing could be more picturesque than the position of the town between these two mountains—the first rugged and almost perpendicular, and stretching to a hight where the snow lies unsullied by a vapor, during most of the year; and the latter wreathed with the luxuriant vines of Asturia, which rejoice in an almost perennial freshness. It was a favorite scheme with the robber chief to obtain possession of the Alcalde; and three times he had very nearly attained the summit of his wishes, when his prisoner was rescued, either by a great stroke of policy, or by events upon which no human foresight could have calculated; and, indeed, so signal were these several deliverances, that the people, and the Governor, himself, came to believe that he bore a charm-ed life. The rival chief, however, never accepted this opinion; and, stimulated rather than dismayed by the obstacles he met, his daring took a wilder and a deeper power; and he ever sought for a distinction which would have given brilliancy to his reputation, and crowned his life with glory; for in those days a Spanish bandit *had* reputation, to which the people universally paid homage: and even now those days have not entirely gone by. Balziero was so bold as to offer immense premiums for the capture of his enemy; and, not unfrequently, notices to that effect had been publicly posted in the streets of Oviedo.

Donna Ellena, the wife of the Alcalde, was a woman of rare beauty, and great intellectual power. She was of a noble German family, and she possessed in a high degree the enthusiasm, the imagination, and the truthfulness that characterize her people. But from her position for the last fifteen years, that of wife to one of the most dominating and tyrannical spirits that ever wielded the domestic scepter, her actually superior mental power had become subdued into a tacit consent to wrong which she could not correct; and her gentle spirit, beautiful even in its submission, was bowed down in meek awe before the brute force which she could not resist.

They had two children; Jose, at this time about twelve years old, and Marie, ten. Jose united in his character the prominent traits of both parents. He inherited the fire, the energy, the indomitable will of his father, united to the higher mental expansion, the deep-loving heart, and sincerity of his mother; but as he was left, for the most part, to the gentle influences of that devoted parent, the harsher features—the angles of his nature—were softened down, and all the tenderer and purer affections developed; while, at the same time, were implanted principles of the highest moral integrity. He had the dark proud eye, black hair, and warm complexion of Andalusia; yet beautiful as he was, and chief-like, even in his infancy, he was never a favorite with his father, from whom he seldom received a word, or a look of kindness; but for this very reason, perhaps, he was the idol of his mother, who strove to atone for this injustice by every mitigation of the wrong which her love could suggest; and well was she repaid, in the deep and earnest affection of a young heart, that, through its own wrongs, early came to understand, and feel, those of his beloved mother.

But Marie needed nothing of restraint. She was one of those rare specimens of the perfect human being that are sometimes sent into this world, on a mission of love and joy—bright, unconscious revelations of the Beautiful, the Pure, and the Good—never fully understood or appreciated; and yet the divine ministration of their being is taken to the heart, and incorporated with the life, where the direct lessons of the Sage may never reach. Such was Marie. Wonderfully endowed in mind, heart, and person, she exhibited, even in childhood, the latent elements of all the gentleness, the tenderness, the devotion, that ever were shrined in the form of woman. All were affected by her presence. All had an instinctive apprehension that her race would be short; and even the rudest peasant, as he met her by the way-side, and gave the common salutation of the country, would pause, and look upon her with tears; and holy priests bowed their gray heads as she went by, and murmured to themselves, as if it were almost impious to bless *her*—feeling, rather, that her presence, in itself, was a divine blessing. All the officers and servants of her father's household seemed to

know that her life was a mission of love; and all became more or less assimilated to her character; and to have been inattentive to her slightest wishes, would have been considered the most flagrant heresy. Nor did this excessive indulgence injure her, either in mind, or temper. She knew nothing but love; she felt nothing but love in return; for she was ever true to the higher revelation, of which the world knew not. Even her stern father, whom no other earthly being had ever turned from his grim purposes of violence, which the necessities of the society he lived in seemed to require, felt himself wholly unable to resist her influence—and many criminals had been set free, sorely against his will, and the convictions of what he termed his better judgment; yet perhaps the only true friends he had ever won, were thus obtained; for several had shown by their subsequent lives, and their zealous devotion to his own, and his daughter's interests, that clemency is the truest policy. His only way was to keep his official movements as secret as possible, whenever they were likely to be of capital termination; for when he felt her tender arms twining about his neck, and her soft warm cheek, all wet with tears, laid close to his, and heard her sweet voice pleading for the accused, so tenderly, so sorrowfully, and yet so trustingly, all was over with his justice; and his decision was that of a father—a man—and not a tyrant; for all feeling, all thought, all character, became absorbed in this one master-passion of his nature, which to subdue, or keep latent, had become a life-struggle; yet, at each successive time, the iron of his soul was doomed to melt before the undenyng love of the doating father.

Such were the children of the Alcalde of Oviedo. They had as yet, dwelt almost wholly in an atmosphere of love; for they knew little of the scenes of violence into which their father was often plunged; and their life was fair and beautiful as the sunset skies of their native mountain.

It happened one day that they had been permitted to gather fruit in an orange grove a short distance from the castle, under the care of an old servant who had been their nurse. Good old Adele, oppressed with the heat of noontide, lay down in the shade, and was soon fast asleep; when the children determined to improve their momentary freedom by exploring the country, in a direction where they had never been: so, promising themselves, and each other, that they could certainly be back before good Adele should wake, lest she should be alarmed at their absence, they turned into a little path that wound round the mountain side. As it often happens in such cases they were lured on from one beautiful spot to another, until, insensibly, they had wandered a considerable distance from home. Here was a bird of brilliant plumage, there a rare butterfly, that would fly forward—and they must follow it;—now there was a delicious little nook, all so cozily sheltered by the loving vines; then a luxuriant grove of cork trees, with their rich dark foliage glistening in the yellow sunlight. At length they came to a view of Mount Morcin, in its most sublime aspect—its high brow, even then, white with glistening snow. A deep and rapid stream had worn a narrow gorge between the brother mountains; and there they stood, divided, and ever frowning upon each other; for on that side even Naranco smiled not; while the stream was ever wearing more deeply the chasm that lay between, like a principle of distrust, or selfishness, that will sometimes come between two noble brother-hearts, sundering forever those who should be one in mind, in purpose, in affection. The river came roaring and dashing down the sides of the opposite mountain; but when it reached the quiet valley, its voice was hushed and musical, as if its terrible spirit were subdued by the power of gentleness; and it went murmuring away, kissing the tender buds, and the fair ozers that ever bent to its caressing lips, quiet, and unconscious of its strength, as the proud spirit when it yields itself to the flowery bonds of love. A narrow path or pass skirted the banks of this stream, and led in an ascending direction, around Mount Morcin, through varying scenes of beauty and almost Alpine grandeur and sublimity.

The poetic temperament of the mother was inherited by both the children; though its manifestations were wholly different. In Jose it acted through the medium of form, of color, of all beauty that is revealed through the eye; but the soul of Marie

shrined that *inner light*, which penetrates all forms, unfolding the spirit, whose imperfect revelations they shadow forth. In both the love of the beautiful, the sublime, burned with the intensity of a passion; and never had it found such glorious food as now. Nor was it only the actual that affected them; for their vivid imaginations, fed by the stories of old Adele, who had been born and nurtured within the very confines of the Black Pass, peopled the shadows with giants, robbers, and banditti, never forgetting spirits of every hue and character. These terrible fancies entered naturally into the elements of the scene, giving new zest to their enjoyment; for the passion of wonder, when strong, craves aliment, and is grateful for it; until they felt a thrilling intensity of delight that wholly deprived them of utterance. Such spirits are not those which turn calmly back on the beaten path, when a glorious horizon opens before. As well might the young bird that has just found out his wings were made for soaring, turn tamely back to the nest, which he has, by every law, outgrown. It was impossible. They climbed crag after crag. They tried picturesque openings from every point of view. For the first time in their lives they were wholly free. Good Adele was sound asleep. There was no careful nurse to cry out of danger, no servant, no officer of the household to follow them there, casting upon every step the fetters of their high rank; and in the delicious abandonment of freedom, they went where the foot of the wild chamois might have paused, scaling rocks, gliding down declivities, and plunging through torrents, with headlong eagerness; for they felt there was much to be accomplished in a little time, that there was much of life to be compressed in a short period. So they went on, trying unknown paths; for the soul is ever stretching its wings forward, to explore, to know, to investigate, to scan all that lies beyond the veil of the immediate senses. Yonder was a grove of fine old chesnut trees, with their rich flowers, set like tufts of finely wrought silver upon their verdant robes; then a magnificent sweep of cork trees wound away to the vanishing point, sheltering in return the rude crag that supported them,—their deep green, glossy leaves, reflecting the light with almost metallic luster. In the extreme distance a bold cliff, a portion of the opposite mountain, rose abruptly from the valley, lifting its dark granite up against the clear sky, as if it had been the arrested development of a fiend, exulting in having created a barrier between earth and heaven. Rocks in every fantastic variety of grouping and of form, peeped out from the viney covert of Naranco, or stood in bold relief against the abrupt sides of Morcin. Oaks that had grown hoary with time stood, like ancient prophets, among the fresh young children of the forest, admonishing them of the end of all things; for even their own strong arms, and the glory of their mid-day crown, were yielding to the weight of uncounted centuries. Blighted pines, that had been uprooted by some ancient avalanche, were projected across the shelving bed of a torrent, or leaned in fantastic groups upon the growing shrubbery, like monitions of death to the young and hopeful; while skeleton cedars, white and ghostly, hovered like troubled spirits amid the dense masses below. At length they reached a fair cove sheltered by luxuriant vines, which, from its fine openings, afforded points of sight to the best views around them; and there they sat down upon a fallen tree, with hushed voices, and hand clasped in hand, until the spirit of the scene wrought its ministry of power in their young hearts: and tears, their only language, fell unchecked.

So they had been for some time, when they were startled by a groan, as of a human being in acute distress. They then remembered more distinctly that they were, probably, near a Pass, which was frequented by those terrible scourges of the country, banditti. Their first impulse was to fly; but as they rose to do so, the distressing sounds were renewed in such a piteous manner, that they determined to seek the sufferer at all hazard. Jose grasped his sword: for he had lately been promoted to the wearing of that gentlemanly appendage; and, at the touch, he felt so large and strong, one could see it was not a single bandit he could fear, nor a whole horde that would turn him from his purpose.

"Where can I hide thee, my sweet sister, while I run and see

what is going on yonder?" he said, looking at the child, whose bright cheek had faded in her alarm, till it rivaled in whiteness the fairest marble of Paria. "Here," he added, "is a little nook quite sheltered; stay here, dear Marie, and in a few moments, if the gracious God permits, I will return to lead thee home."

"No, Jose," she replied, with a firmness which was latent in her gentle nature, "I will not stay, I will go with thee. It is true there may be danger, but could I live, O, my brother, and see thee die?" she looked up into his face; and the light of her deep-loving eyes met, with its benignant softness, the fire of his—until they fell subdued—as the material by the spiritual must ever be.

He was, doubtless, willing to be persuaded, spite of his chivalry, for he answered, "Come, then, my sweet Marie; for does not our good Father Clement say thy presence is a holy charm, and the spirits of evil cannot resist its power?—Come, then, and it may be thou shalt not only be safe thyself, but shalt preserve thy brother." Then the two children embraced each other, breathing softly a familiar blessing; and hand in hand, they advanced in the direction of the sound; for a deep religious sentiment had pervaded and strengthened their hearts. Sometimes they were obliged to pause, in order to determine their true course, by listening for the cries, which every moment were getting fainter.

"Let us hasten," said Marie, "the sufferer is failing fast. O, if we should be too late!"

"But what if he should be a robber," said Jose, pausing suddenly, "what if the blood of thousands should be upon his soul, will it not be serving satan to save him?"

"But is not our Father the father of robbers, too?" responded Marie; "let us hasten the faster, that holy Augustine may shrive him, lest he go down into the pit, with all the weight of his terrible crimes!"

"Ah, thou knowest not, my sister," returned Jose, straightening himself proudly, "I am older than thou, and I have sometimes been in the courts, and seen them. They thirst for blood, they love it, they are more cruel than the wolves of Siberia!"

"But are they, always, even from the beginning," interceded Marie; "are they wicked when they are little babies? And if God should give them bread and money, as he has given us, would they love to rob and kill then, just for the pleasure of being wicked? Ah, Jose, I have thought a great deal about these unfortunate men, and wondered if God is their Father, why he has permitted them to do evil, and why he has placed them so that they cannot do good. Then a voice seems to tell me that the robber is a man; and if he hates others, they hate him, and when his children cry for bread, he forgets that all men are brethren; and it sometimes really seems as if our people forget it, too; and for less reason. But let us never forget it, dear brother!"

"I hope it is a robber we shall find. I wish to see one. I wish to tell him how much happier he would be to do good than to do evil; and would he not believe me?" As she spoke, the face of the child shone like the face of an angel; and her brother, as he looked upon her face, crossed himself, and whispered a paternoster.

"Jose," she continued, "I have thought much of these wild men; and when the silence of midnight hovered around my couch, I have wept over their condition; for it seems natural to weep sometimes—and I seldom have a sorrow of my own to weep for. Then, brother, I have looked through my tears, up into the clear sky, with all its beautiful lamps shining like the eyes of heaven; and then a voice comes back to my soul, in the winged light of all those serene star-beams, telling me that wrong and hatred will not live for ever; and that all men will yet come to love each other. And then I know our Father is ALL-GOOD; and his children will grow into his likeness, and be as he is—ALL-GOOD."

The boy paused, looking earnestly into her face, as if he had expected to behold her transfigured before his eyes; then, crossing himself again, they passed on. A dark and deep nook in the bosom of a wild ravine seemed to be the place of shelter; and pulling the thick vines, and the tangled hazel copse aside,

they entered it fearlessly; for their spirits had become sublimated by communion with a higher sphere; and I saw, although they knew it not, the white feet of angels walking in the path before them, and the atmosphere was filled with their divine breathings. So it is given me to know that the true soul has nothing to fear from the Outer; for there is nothing that is stronger than itself, save the Strongest; and He is its Father—and one with its own essence.

There was a thick clump of young chestnut trees just before them; and beyond it they saw the projecting limbs of a human being, stretched upon the ground. Their hearts throbbed almost audibly in joy and praise; for they saw it was not the bandit's costume that decked them; and in an instant they sprang to the side of the stranger. An old man, with hair and beard white as snow, and of the most benignant and gentle aspect, was partially reclining against a tree, while his head exhibited a severe contusion, and the blood was fast flowing from a cut in the arm, which he had been trying to staunch; and he now appeared nearly insensible, with faintness from the profuse bleeding. It was but the work of a moment for Marie to tear off her scarf, and bind his arm, and then she went in pursuit of a fungous vegetable, which she bound on to the wound; when she joyfully saw that the stream began to coagulate. While this was doing, Jose, with the help of his new sword—and he never found for it a better work—had stripped a section of bark from a young tree; and hastily closing the ends, brought water in it from a neighboring pool. Then Marie gently raised the patient's head, while her brother administered the refreshing draught. He drank heartily; and, having done so, inhaled a long breath, which showed he was getting relieved of his oppressive faintness; and then he turned his large blue eyes on the children, with a look quite conscious, and full of love—his lips moving, though, as yet, he could utter no sound.

It was wonderful to see those children, who, in ordinary times, were not permitted to supply their own simplest wants, so active and so intelligent. Nothing is, perhaps, more true than that man is, by constitution and instinct, a worker. However much the laws of society, whose fabric is wholly false, may contribute to degrade free, intelligent labor, into the coercion of a servile necessity; yet, before the children of the rich are taught this, or the children of the poor are made to feel it, they love work, and seem keenly to enjoy the independence it confers, as well as the triumph of having achieved something. It is only when they learn that hand-labor is made servile, and vulgar, by being cast upon the masses, who are supposed to be in that condition, that they come to despise and shun it.

"There, that is quite surgically done," said Jose, for the first time speaking aloud, "thanks to good Adele's stories; for if they have done no other good, they have shown us how to care for wounded knight, in quite knightly fashion."

And then Marie knelt down by the venerable man; and, dipping her handkerchief in the rude vessel of water which her brother held, she bathed his brow. It was a scene for a painter. The central figure wearing the features of age, in its most picturesque and divine aspect, looking upon his young preservers with an expression of gratitude and love, which required no words to render it intelligible—and they both so fair—and one of angelic beauty. The boy, with all the warmth of Andalusian blood glowing in his cheek, and beaming in his dark eyes; while in the girl the outer aspect of fairness was half-forgotten in the deeper revelation of spiritual beauty. The exuberant wealth of fair tresses—the alabaster clearness of complexion—the large dark blue eyes—German blue—warmed by the fires, and deepened by the shadows of Andalusia—the long lashes now drooping so tenderly—the exquisite molding of the whole form—the statue-like proportion of every feature—were but media through which the soul manifested itself, an outshining presence. Such is all beauty—it is a revelation of the Interior—a shadowing forth of the Pure—the Perfect—the Infinite. It is not strange that the old man thought himself in heaven, and that the spirits of a higher sphere were ministering around him.

In this situation the children were, when they were alarmed by the trampling of horses; and the next moment a company of mounted cavaliers rode into the midst. The foremost, with a

face of ashy paleness, leaped to the ground; and, almost simultaneously, Marie sprang into his arms. Claspings him convulsively around the neck, and hiding her face in his bosom, she murmured "Father!" and then every muscle became relaxed—and the child fainted away. The fearful excitements of the last half hour—the sudden transition from extreme fear to the assurance of safety, were too much for that tender frame. For a few moments the alarm was intense; and that strong man whose brow never paled, and whose heart never quaked in the extremest danger, was bowed down before his insensible child, in utter weakness, with cheek and lip blanched to ashy whiteness, and every muscle quivering, as if stung with the deepest anguish. The excitement of the scene acted with a renovating power upon the old man. He rose; and, sitting upright, desired the child to be brought to him, when he took her in his arms, and placing one hand on her heart, and the other on her brow, he bowed his head over her a moment, and breathed strongly upon her face; when she immediately opened her eyes; and looking up with that sweet loving smile that was more angelic than human, she sprang upright; and, flinging her arms around the old man's neck, kissed him. From that moment I saw that a magnetic sympathy was established between them, although they knew it not. Don Lopez was nearly frantic with joy. He embraced the old man; he embraced his child; and laughed and wept by turns; but the priest, Augustine, looked upon the stranger with a boding frown.

It seems that Adele, on waking, had missed the children; and having sought them, and called in vain, she was obliged to return home, and report their loss; when Don Lopez, fearing they had fallen into evil hands, hastily called together a force that might be sufficient for their rescue.

Marie was lifted to her father's arms, when he had remounted his charger; and the Alcalde, after giving hurried orders for the removal of the stranger to the castle, and desiring Jose immediately to follow, dashed homeward; for though ordinarily inattentive to the feelings of the Donna, in this case he could not, from sympathy, be otherwise than regardful of her distress.

The importance of some events foreshadows itself. That evening when Marie lay clasped in the arms of her mother, who could not yet cease from weeping, and who in her deep joy at their return forgot to chide them, she whispered softly after speaking of the stranger. "We shall love him always, dear mother, and he will always love us; for God has sent him here—he will love us as long as we live;" and then, after a thoughtful pause, she added, in those deep solemn tones her voice always took in its revelations of the spiritual. "Will he not love us longer, mother? Will he not be with us in the Good Land, when the Gracious God permits us to dwell there?" Thus was the mind ever reaching out into the great Dark that bounds the Present; but to her it was not dark; for the shadows were made luminous by the outbeaming eyes of angels.

Donna Ellena kissed her daughter's glowing cheek, but she answered not; for these simple questions had stirred deeper thoughts in her own soul, and leading Marie to her couch, she knelt down beside her there; and with the beautiful evening ritual of their Church, they mingled spontaneous thanksgivings yet more beautiful. So does real feeling ever seek a free expression of itself; and the soul gets relieved of bondage whenever and however it may; for constraint is not, and never can be made, its native and genial element.

It is not important to dwell on the slow recovery of the old man, or the rapid growth of friendship between him and his young preservers. He found himself in an atmosphere of love; and he inhaled it gratefully and lovingly, for it was his native element. He told his young friends that his name was Claus, and that his home was in the far North-Land. He had been attacked by banditti, who had robbed him of all the money he had, and many rich jewels. Then probably he was left, for dead; for he had been stunned by a severe blow on the head. As he came to recover they found that his mind was rich in stories of distant lands; for he had been a great traveler; but chiefly were they delighted with tales and poetry, embodying the beautiful mythology of his own weird regions of the North, all clothed as they were in the most lofty and eloquent diction,

and uttered with thrilling earnestness of voice and manner. He set before them high examples of heroic virtue. He told them of many who had even died for their love of Right and Truth; of many more who had lived and suffered for their sake, through long years of hardship, privation, and trial. He thus, through his chosen characters, unfolded to them the PRACTICAL REALITY of all true Religion, the spirit and meaning of the blessed Gospel, which has become so deeply disguised by factitious trappings, which the different organizations have bestowed, each according to its own taste, that the original substance is wholly obscured; and, for the most part, is not, apparently, known to exist. He showed them how far better it is to submit, than to inflict injury, to suffer than to do wrong; that forgiveness is better than revenge, and love is stronger than hate. He saw with deep joy, that his words fell like good seed into the rich soil of their tender hearts; and he knew that their germs would expand and grow, and their fruits should be immortal. He taught them much that they had never learned before; for he had sat down at the feet of the Divine Master, with the bowed heart, and the simplicity of a little child; and he had gathered wisdom such as never was embodied in ritual, or held in the bonds of sect or creed; for it was the free and direct illuminations of the Infinite. He showed them how much wiser it is to correct, than to punish evil; that Truth and Right are attributes of Omnipotence, and so they must prevail against Falsehood and Wrong, which are Usurpers; and, therefore, can never be heirs of the Kingdom—the good Kingdom which he unfolded to them, as it lay reposing in the unconscious arms of the far-distant Future. Much delight and wisdom did they gather from these discourses; for the Sage taught them not as one who taught; for so benign was his manner, so bland and gentle his utterance, and so delicate his perception of their spiritual wants, that it really seemed as if his teachings were but the unfolding of their own latent thoughts. And perhaps they were; for are not the germs of thought native to the soul? whence it follows that all true teaching must consist in the judicious development of what is, rather than in the implanting of what is not. Hence the pupils of Claus gathered self-respect and self-reliance, instead of being bowed down in blind adoration of their Master, merely because he kept himself as well as their own minds, in the state of a sealed mystery.

As soon as he was able to leave the castle, he led them forth through all those lovely solitudes, where the study of Nature is but an embodied dream of poetry, and unfolded to them the beautiful philosophy of Being. He explained the laws of Life, and Growth, and Decay, showing how they are continually passing into, and reproducing each other, with a progress ever upward, through higher, and yet higher forms. It was beautiful to see them seated in some quiet grove, the lovely children reclining at the feet of the classic figure of the Sage, with all the character of their earnest souls wrought upon the features of their upturned faces, as they listened to that deep mellow voice, that spake to them as human voice never spake before. It was a living picture of Academus and his children. So did Claus shadow forth to them the beautiful and ever-constant laws of Nature. He unveiled the sublime and harmonious plan of the Universe, and explained the phenomena of life, and the philosophy of structure, in the animal and vegetable world. He seemed, indeed, to have read the choicest secrets of Nature, and to have held the highest place in her private council-chamber.

(To be concluded in our next number.)

#### TO THE READER.

☞ An unfortunate and exceedingly vexatious error having occurred in the "make up" of the beautiful and instructing story of "Claus of Norland," and which was not discovered until the entire edition was worked off, we hasten to rectify it by reprinting the last four pages of the present number of the UNIVERCELUM. In binding the Volume, at the end of the year, the reader is requested to remove the last four pages of the regular number, and substitute these in their place.