

THE UNIVERCELM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1848.

NO. 8.

The Principles of Nature.

THE IDEA OF IMMORTALITY: ITS DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM,
BY J. K. INGALLS.

In the mists of past ages, which no human eye can now penetrate, Wisdom commissioned Hope to whisper in the ear of man thoughts of a higher sphere, to which this life is but introductory. So generally had this conception obtained among all nations ere their existence became known to history, that a most philosophic believer of the last century,* came to the conclusion that a revelation from God, of which no vestige remains at the present time, must have been made in the earliest ages, and universally received. No truth of so sublime a character, he thinks, could have been conceived by man, unassisted by divine light. This may be admitted, if by revelation is meant that wisdom and light, into which the mind is ushered as its powers are unfolded. But if it mean some arbitrary compilation, which men reverence as an exclusive utterance of divine instruction, it cannot so readily be conceived; for this truth has been known to exist independent of all systems, and indeed prior to all.

If light was needed to beget the germ of this truth in the human mind, it is equally evident that the growth of the one must correspond to the development of the other. The infant and the man may not endure the same degree of light, nor receive like impressions from objects equally illuminated. It is with the race as with the person. God has given spiritual food to mankind, as he supplies the individual with physical food, in proportion to their growth and wants. We should regard him as a strange father who would permit his children to starve until half grown, and then surfeit them with strong meats, which were only suitable for men. A provident parent would supply the want of every stage with proper nutriment.

If we had followed some simple analogy of this kind, we should never have supposed that the Deity had been completely unmindful of man's wants, in this respect, until Christianity was introduced. We cannot in this way prove the superiority of the latter; for whatever goes to establish its exclusive claim, must take, from the impartial and changeless character of its divine Author—the Father of all. We may then suppose that, as the race become sufficiently advanced to appreciate truths of this nature, they were imparted, to minister consolation, and incite to spiritual improvement. Crude indeed at first they must have been, but yet just of the character suited to the condition of the mind; and though liable to perversion, still tending unrestricted to improve as man progressed: not growing up gradually and uniformly; but made subject to all those eccentricities which characterize other attainments when held in forms; one rising, as it were, above the wreck of another. And as nearly as can be ascertained, this supposition is verified by the experience of the past and present. One most substantial proof of the truth of this conception is found in the fact that it has not died out with any of those old forms, but takes higher ground as we ascend toward perfec-

* Priestly.

tion. It is but the unfolding of the flower, from the germ which had its origin in the very constitution of our being; the same idea of prolonged existence and identity, however it may be joined with questions of mode or hypothetical basis. This is naturally recognized by the mind as the all important point, while the connection of the present with the future life, and the resurrection of the body or the spirit, are regarded as subjects of secondary consideration.

The making of remote and authoritative forms the only basis, has indeed been the origin of immense evil, as the superstitions, fanaticisms and skepticisms bear witness. Instead of being a blessing, elevating and consoling, as contemplated, it has indeed proved thus far rather a curse, filling innumerable hearts with deep despair through life, and closing up every avenue of light to the expanding soul in the hour of death. Those who have been consoled by hopes of partial favor, have experienced little expansion of mind or of sympathy.

Like all other subjects of knowledge, the idea of immortality conforms to the three general periods of advancement in the individual or the race; in infancy standing upon mere authority; in youth upon illustration, and in manhood upon inductions drawn from all subjects of knowledge and independent forms of thought. The Child is satisfied with the authority of the teacher; even nursery tales assuming all the importance of real occurrences. The Youth demands observation, and will no longer believe without it. The Man, not satisfied with this, seeks to know the causes of things, and believes neither tradition nor sensuous experience, except as they coincide with the great principles of causation, and the harmonious laws of the Universe. It should also be borne in mind that the real truth has not changed; it is the same, in the mind of the man, only developed and perfected, which had its germ in the conceptions of the child. In the different ages it has been viewed by men from different stand-points; but it has proved the same reality to each; and where no improper bias, or unfortunate circumstances have existed, and the mind has been left free to follow the light of Nature with the confidence of a "little child," an intuitive confirmation of its teachings has been experienced by individuals in all stations, especially as the period approached for them to leave the form. That this confirmation is arbitrarily connected with the reception of some particular dogma, cannot be admitted. Those instances cited in proof of such claim, by the different sectarists, only show that in some cases the spirit has been so freed from the blinding influences of creeds, in the last moments of earthly existence, that it was enabled to apprehend naturally the beauties of its home.

The red son of the forest, as he feels the hour of dissolution approach, and all earthly light fading from his vision, sees spiritual truth of an elevating character, which causes him to begin his *death song*, descriptive of the spirit-land; its prospects and ever varying scenery, and to welcome rather than fear the mysterious change. All that the sectarist has claimed as peculiar to his dogmatic faith; all the boasted fortitude of its martyrs, is more than realized here.

In the earliest times, it appears that men "contemplated death with indifference. Though they did not court its presence, they acknowledged its tranquillity; and in the beautiful fables

of their allegorical religion, Death was the daughter of Night and the sister of Sleep; and even the friend of the unhappy. If the full light of revelation had not yet broken on them, it can hardly be denied that they had some glimpses, and a dawn of the life to come, from the many allegorical inventions which describe the transmigration of the soul.* And it was the opinion of the ancient Brahmans, according to Strabo, that as our birth brought us into a more enlarged state of life, so death introduces men naturally, of course, into a higher sphere of perception and action.

It would not be proper to attempt a reference to all the conceptions of a future life, entertained by the different nations and ages. I only wish to show that they may be reduced to the three distinctive phases of development, which attend all growth of human faith and knowledge. It should not be expected, however, that these periods shall have any absolute connection with time or place; for that were more consistent with the idea of an arbitrary and special revelation, which Nature does not acknowledge. Different individuals, families, tribes and nations, have been very differently circumstanced and developed, in their mental structure; consequently no unfolding of the truth could be generally experienced, at any time. In a more catholic light it will appear that ideas of immortal existence, like all fundamental truths, have kept pace with the progress of the mind.

An opinion, received by any process, arbitrary or rational, that will not expand with the advance of the mind, must necessarily be false; and that is certainly without foundation in Nature which can only be substantiated by authority, and finds no confirmation in the fields of science and philosophy. The truth, so far from having "a final authoritative utterance," never resorts to authority at all, except to accommodate the infant mind. Authority is not the *final*, but the *first* and least reliable utterance of truth; satisfactory it may be in the nursery, but not so to the youth or man; only as it conforms to the experience of the one, and the higher intelligence of the ether. Hence it is a subject worthy the most attentive consideration, whether the immortality of the soul derives sanction from psychological phenomena, and the true philosophy of matter and mind; or whether it rests merely on a record of by-gone ages. Upon this point turns the momentous question, whether it be a truthful conception, which Nature acknowledges as real, or an illusion of some ancient mind, which has no substantial basis.

When we speak of this truth as springing up spontaneously in the soul, and seeking from without elements of nutriment and growth; we mean that intuitive conception which follows man in every state; even as in the case of Byron, when he has grown skeptical toward all forms of its expression. Independent of any form, arising from the natural affinity of the soul for truth, this intuition remains the same, only temporally obscured by the influence of human systems and authoritative dogmas, which seek support from the death-grasp with which they seize this divine consciousness.

The importance attached to this discussion by popular sects, as well as a desire to approach and influence all classes of minds, leads us to give a more lengthy consideration to what reference the teachings of the Bible may be supposed to have to the hypothesis assumed. In objection to the idea of progressive development, it is urged that the growth should have been gradual and uniform, and that the superior light of the Gospel, at one point, is inconsistent with such conception. But this is only confounding the conditions of mind with periods of time. Each condition is at the same time represented more or less fully; and we observe the same mental childhood, youth and age, so that there may be required in every period the three forms of utterance, authority, observation and causation.

But it must be objected to any exclusive system, that God denies the claim in all the method of his inspirations. The nature

* D'Israeli.

of man requires a continual growth; and the presentation of truth, to be of permanent service, must correspond to this essential constitution. To affirm a final and authoritative communication is irrelevant assumption, involving the absurdity that our Spiritual Father has only *once* felt an interest that his children should be properly instructed in this most important truth.

It is true that previous to the time of Jesus, a general skepticism prevailed among intelligent minds with regard to the old mythologies related formally to the doctrines of immortality. Yet they were clearly inculcated long prior to that period. Socrates, Plato, Xenophon and Demosthenes, speak of the soul as divine, immortal, incorruptible; and represent it as going "to another place, like itself, excellent and pure, though now unseen, to Hades, and truly to a good and wise God." Cicero, who lived nearer the time of Jesus, has these remarkable words: "If I am wrong in believing the souls of men are immortal, I please myself in my mistake; nor, while I live, will I ever choose that this opinion, with which I am so much delighted, should ever be wrested from me. But if at death I am to be annihilated, as some minute philosophers suppose, I am not afraid lest those wise men when extinct too, should laugh at my error." But it is unquestionably true, that doubt and misgiving had generally settled down upon the intelligent mind. The saducees of Judea, and the more popular philosophers of Greece and Rome, confirm this supposition. The books of the Old Testament have no distinct reference to this truth; though we are not hence to conclude that the ancient Hebrews entertained no such ideas. The very skepticism of Solomon would imply that he was acquainted with such views, though he was too wise to receive them on mere tradition, and too sensual to experience their truth by intuition. The four Gospels contain but few references to a future state, and it may be questioned whether most of those are not equivocal. Take away those expressions which are connected or contrasted, in the vulgar interpretation, with unending sin and woe, and but a small remnant remains. The terms "eternal life," [life or spirit of the age], "last day," "resurrection of the dead," &c., &c., are indeed interpreted by the most "eminent commentators," as having reference to matters of temporal concern.

The religious element in man had acquired that strength which needed a demonstration. This was, for all important purposes, realized in the resurrection of Jesus, if that be the proper term. The fact that he was present with his disciples while "they knew him not;" that it was only when "their eyes were opened" he could be seen; that he appeared suddenly before them, and as suddenly "vanished out of their sight;" renders it evident to me that it was the same spiritual body, which Paul also saw, that made itself visible to them. If it is said that Jesus offered his "flesh and bones" for sensuous demonstration, it may be replied that his direction: "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my father," would seem to render objectionable a literal interpretation of his language. It was perhaps said ironically to rebuke them for the character of evidence they required. By supplying the negative particle, moreover, which may be understood, it would read: "A spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me not to have."

That we cannot account for the disappearance of his physical body, is readily granted. But neither can it be accounted for on the contrary supposition; unless it be assumed that it ascended to heaven, when we are told that "flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God." Nor is it more inconsistent to suppose that it passed away and mingled with the elements at death, than to imagine such an occurrence at the ascension. The probability is that neither disciple nor Jew took any pains to inquire into that point, as one was satisfied with his faith, and the other with referring every marvelous thing ascribed to Jesus, to the powers of magic.

The words of Jesus, "He that believeth on me shall never die," were verified in the consolation attending his followers in

the hour of dissolution. They did not *see* death. "To die was gain." The perfect trust, and sense of security, they constantly experienced, opened their spiritual eyes, so that they saw Jesus and consoling spirits, and in martyrdom, like Stephen, only fell asleep. Sufficient to their time and mental endowment was this demonstration of a future life; yet it must be admitted, that the philosophy of that existence, and the constitution of the spiritual form, were not at all understood. Paul, who gives this subject more attention than all other writers of the Bible combined, reconciled it with the current philosophy, with which he was well acquainted.

We see then what is necessary to a continued confidence in this cheering truth. The nature of the instruction must correspond to the development of mind, or the most deplorable results will follow. The intellect, putting away childish things, outgrowing blind credence for authority, will run riot in an indiscriminate skepticism; while the higher intuitions of the soul, being left without support, wither and die. These possessions of the mind must grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength; or become perverted, diseased and dwarfed, for want of suitable nutriment, or through the influence of unfortunate circumstances.

No external form of truth can long continue to administer spiritual strength. The faith of Stephen may be interiorly confirmed, although it rests upon a mere authoritative or superficial basis; but a mind, grown to the size of Paul's, requires a more philosophic foundation; when he as naturally discovers the temporal nature of all objects of sense, and that the "unseen" alone is changeless and eternal; and as truly feels that if the earthly house be dissolved, "we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal and in the heavens." To give such assurance to the advanced minds of this age, the truth must be allowed to draw support from each subject of knowledge, and to harmonize its teachings with each form of instruction. When a child I was satisfied with the mere authority of my teacher; then, I demanded the privilege of observation to confirm the rules which had first been given me; and then, I sought in the wide fields of investigation and reflection, to supply the demands of reason.

Has the doctrine of immortality such sure foundation, as to derive no aid and confirmation from generalizations of the sciences? Can it not now be explained on philosophical principles, so that the full developed mind may find indestructible consolation? I would do nothing to deny to the teachings of the New Testament, their proper position in the superstructure of our Faith. I insist that an irrational reverence for them should not close up the mind to the testimonies of Nature, the deductions of Reason, and the interior confirmations of the Spirit.

Little acquainted with the laws of matter and mind, and withal, totally ignorant of the nature of the connection between the spirit and the form, the early Christians were satisfied with believing in the resurrection of Jesus as proof of immortality; without knowing or inquiring whether the form they saw was physical or spiritual. And as gross minds cling to the material, the supposition that the body of Jesus was raised, and that ours should be raised also, soon became the vulgar opinion. A moment's thought however, is sufficient to show that the resurrection of Christ's physical body proves nothing with regard to our own. We know they must decay and mingle with the elements. Besides the argument that Jesus was the "first born from the dead," loses all its force. Others had been raised from a state of seeming death; yet they did not thence become immortal. If, however, the psychological body of Jesus was made visible to the disciples, by the opening of their interior sense, it furnishes evidence of the most decisive character, that the human soul is destined to a future and progressive existence. And yet as the mind unfolds its powers, it will continue to seek an enlargement of the grounds of hope, and a proper classification

of the earlier impressions with respect to the principles of Nature, and the science of the mind. It will inquire concerning the structure of the "spiritual body," and the associations of the spirit world. There has been, for years, in the minds of thousands, an unsatisfied longing to know whether loved children and companions shall be recognized and caressed in the Spirit Home; and ancient revelations have been sought in vain for instruction. Here the mind must have rest or its aspirations are vain. Deny light on these higher questions, and this heaven-born hope must languish for want of that food which is suited to its nature, and which alone can satisfy its cravings.

No particular form should be insisted on as invariably applicable to all minds. The soul should be left free to seek the most congenial forms, while preparation should be made for the satisfaction of its highest yearnings. Instances have occurred within my own acquaintance of late, where the mind, freed in a measure from the darkening influences of hereditary opinions, has been remarkably expanded. A mere child became sensible of her approaching change, for days before her departure, and apparently saw the love and resplendent beauty of that higher world. Her thoughts of death were entirely changed, and there was a spirit of the deepest and holiest charity breathed over her whole mind. Two aged people found in their last hours, a strength of assurance they had never anticipated in life. Another still, who had some experience in formalities of faith, declared that her hopes, ultimately, rested on no special form of doctrine; she *felt* her immortality.

The proper understanding of the principles of Nature, involved in the continued progress of all things toward perfection; and the proper arrangement of those numerous and remarkable psychological developments, constantly occurring, into a true system, would give to the scientific mind now, all the assurance experienced by the Indian worshiper, the disciple of Plato, or the follower of Jesus. It would also convince the judgment of the truthfulness of the spiritual desire, and show the relation of the present with the future life; how one may affect the other; and how social and friendly attachments will be gratified in our common home.

It was not intended to discuss the nature of the future life. From the fact, that its probability rests mainly on the laws of progression; it is to be supposed that it will be a theater for the gradual unfolding of the moral and spiritual powers. Man, being the highest and perfected form, embracing all forms below, must be the instrument through which is produced the individualized spirit. And although that may be subject to discipline and instruction, according to its growth in the form, yet it must continually and inevitably ascend toward the perfection of Divine Love and Wisdom.

Voices from the Mountain.

THE STANDARD OF JUDGMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSALIST,
BY A. J. DAVIS.

From a germ of good and truth, unfolds every material or spiritual form; but the form will bear the impress of existing conditions and surrounding influences. Those conditions in which the germ is developed, and those immediate influences which actuate its unfolding, are represented in the ultimate formation. A simple and unimportant truth may be deposited in a community of uncultivated minds; it will become magnified with additions and superadditions of error and misconceptions, and finally will be settled as a subject of undoubted truth and profound importance. Entertaining tales of enchantment, though false, will grow to realities in the youthful mind. So supernatural accounts, magnified and sublimated beyond the infant intellect, become sacred realities and magnificent truths to intelligent men. Thus any germ will gather substances around it,

perfect or imperfect, according to the attending and developing influences. Consequently men seem to transform truth into error, and then endeavor to conceal its deformity with a protecting garment of possibilities, and then probabilities, and finally by universal consent. This is owing, partially, to the constructive genius of the human mind, its proud and enthusiastic ignorance, and its affections for truth; for error when firmly fixed and organized in the mind, satisfies the desire for truth as if it were truth itself, and the possessor imagines himself as happy.

To ascertain how much good and truth dwell within, and, by their adhesive power, hold an idea or proposition together, we are compelled to analyze the interior—the germ. From interior examinations we are conducted to the consoling conclusion that almost every theological system, or belief, or proposition, has germinal excellencies and redeeming qualities—which, as with individuals who seem imperfectly constituted, counterbalance many of their imperfections and engage our attention and confidence. The truth which each system or idea contains, and which has unfolded itself amid contaminating influence, is what preserves the manifold deformities and inconsistencies of the system with which it is incorporated. We object not to receive instruction through the medium of a fable; nor will we complain if clergymen embody as much truth as error in their multitudinous discourses; but if an idea, having a foundation in truth, has grown out of due proportions, by the mental influences which promoted and governed its development, then the good is submerged in error and removed from the mind; and the form of the truth is no longer useful, inasmuch as the error which it combines exerts a deleterious and imperfect influence upon those who proclaim it, and upon those who listen.

But how shall we distinguish error from truth? We answer, by the highest form of truth in our possession. No idea abstractly considered, is untrue or evil in its tendency; nor are men, thus separately considered, impure or imperfect; but considered in reference to other ideas, and men contrasted with men, their positive qualities and imperfections become, at once, highly conspicuous.

Individuals, as well as the body of mankind, have a standard of judgment; and men cannot exercise judgment without a rule and method. The way we know that twelve inches are more than one, is by establishing a standard, or adopting a system of measurement, by which we can ascertain the value of one inch, and then the additional inches, or increasing length is known by contrast. So do we measure men and opinions. The ignorance of one is rendered conspicuous by the wisdom of another; and the judgment of an individual will invariably correspond to his spiritual growth. The Chinese measure our ideas of beauty and morality, and our intellectual advancement, by themselves; and we measure their ideas and growth, by those we entertain, and from the position which we, as a nation, have attained and at present occupy. By civilization we sound the depth of savagism; the superior form of the one makes us sensible of the inferiority of the other, and we judge of it accordingly.

The flower was once the highest organization of matter on this earth: then came the animal, whose duality of structural arrangements, and harmony of organism, declared it the next highest form in the order of creation. Finally Man came forth and ascended creation's throne; and now, contrasted with Man, all else is inferior and seems imperfect. Thus man is the standard by which we measure the relative perfection of animals, flowers, and the various forms of matter. So of all other things. Before the introduction of steamboats and railroads, the sloop was an expeditious and elegant mode of traveling; but now contrasted with the higher forms and inventions, the sloop is very imperfect, very slow, and does not serve the purposes of personal transportation.

Now as we judge of the completeness and utility of natural and artificial creations by their highest forms, so should we judge

theological systems and ideas. We prefer Moses to those before him, because his legislations were above theirs; and we prefer Christ to Moses, because Christ taught a superior doctrine, and presented a nobler and holier form of truth, the beauty of which is enhanced by the heaven-wide difference between his character and that of Moses. So we measure Catholicism by Protestantism, and, contrasting the former by the latter, we readily choose the highest, or that which is nearest our education and mental growth. If we are indoctrinated in any modified form of Protestantism, that form becomes our standard of judgment; and every other system must be measured by what we believe, (because unacquainted with more truthful ideas,) to be the highest form of truth.

Who, then, shall say what system of theology is the highest? Every man judges according to his educational inclinations, and actual degree of spiritual enlightenment; therefore who shall say what is most true and perfect? For ourselves, we would answer—that system which has for its germ and essence, the supreme excellencies of pure philosophy and science; for by them, and in their scale, must every system of theology be judged and weighed. Our Standard is Philosophy. "It is coming to be seen," says a theological writer, "that nothing can be theologically true that is scientifically and philosophically false." This is our rule of measurement, our standard of judgment, and our highest form of truth.

We have, therefore, two privileges and duties to exercise and discharge; our privileges are, according to philosophy, to analyze the origin or germ of every theological system, idea, or proposition, and ascertain how much the real good and truth which they contain, are encumbered with the error which has accumulated upon them during the ages; and our duty is according to science, to determine the quality of existing forms of religious doctrine, and ascertain their influence upon the human character. The contrast will be sufficient to guide us into the paths of righteousness. Every thing must come to this test; and as we exercise judgment upon all subjects, and ideas, and systems, according to what we know of nature and science and philosophy, so should we strive to become highly enlightened in these, to the end that our judgment may be proper and correct.

CONFESSION OF FAITH.

I will consent to three privileges, if allowed to impose three restrictions, in regard to the following declaration of faith.

The privileges are:

1. All men may embrace it, if they can through Love;
2. All men may avow and proclaim it, if they can through Will; and,
3. All men may improve, and expand it, if they can through Wisdom.

The restrictions are:

1. None shall reject it without an examination;
2. None shall denounce it without a reason; and
3. None shall contract it without a lesser Universe.

I believe that the time will come when Mankind can truly say: Each is as the Whole, and the Whole as One—whose Temple is the Experience and Wisdom of every Age and Nation; whose Book is Nature; whose Master is Reason; whose Language consists of all Forms and Kingdoms; whose Law is Love to Man; whose Religion is Justice; whose Light is Truth; whose Structure is Association; whose Path is Progression; whose Works are Development; whose Motto is "Excelsior;" whose Home is Heaven; whose Heaven is Harmony, and whose God is the UNIVERSAL FATHER.

A. J. D.

THERE is truth in the wildest scheme that imaginative heat hath engendered. And a man may gather somewhat from the crudest theories of fancy.

THERE is no error so crooked, but it hath in it some lines of truth. Nor is any poison so deadly, that it serveth not some wholesome use.

Communications.

PANTHEISM.

BY W. M. FERNALD.

MUCH ado has been made about the principles of this paper, and the Book which has produced it, in reference to *Pantheism*. It is well to have a little understanding of terms. What, then, is Pantheism, as it has been generally defined? Simply this: that God is every thing, and every thing is God; or, in other terms, an *identification of God with Nature*. Every man who knows anything at all of the subject, knows this for truth. If he does not, then he is in manifest ignorance on the subject, and should be the last to bring any such charge against a theory which is so manifestly different.

Now, the principles of this Paper, and of the Book which has produced it, are *not* Pantheism, in any usual or possible sense of that word. It does *not* recognize Nature as God; on the contrary, it maintains the most perfect and manifest distinction between the two. If it did not, sooner should my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, than I would have any thing to do with pen or tongue upon the subject. It simply says that God is united to Nature, as the soul of man is to the body—that God, in fact, is the Great, Interior, Actuating Soul of the Universe. It repudiates the notion of a separate Being, either in spirit or body, as unphilosophical and childish. It sees no more a separate God, than a separate Devil. *Both* are mere chimeras of an unenlightened mind—relics of heathenism. The Scriptures themselves—especially the New Testament, are explicit on this subject. They say that God is “*in all*,” and it is repeated again and again. The great argument of Bro. Davis’ Book is, that God as the cause, has used Nature as an effect, to produce Man as an ultimate, in his individualized and immortal spirit. He speaks of God as the “*Great Positive Mind*,” which has *developed* Nature in all her glorious and manifold results. To be sure, a captious spirit, or a bigot, or a contracted sectarian, can find any amount of terms to quibble on, and some apparent contradictions. I see what I call many faults, many imperfections. But what book cannot man quibble and carp with? Take the Bible. Look into the Old Testament. Read some of its absurd and monstrous stories! But we must not take *exceptions* to this Book—we must not laugh—we must try, with the best possible countenance, to preserve our gravity and reverence. Ten thousand commentators must work for centuries, to twist these accounts into every possible shape, to reconcile them with consistency, and to make them harmonize with the matchless good and truth that there *is* in the Book; and we say, *be it so*. For the argument’s sake, *be it so*.

And now we claim the same right for any other book—for even this New Revelation. Bigots and sectarists may find occasion for their work. We expect it. Perfection would be prey to their talons. Jesus himself did not escape. In fact, the purer and more truthful the work, the more will the world’s error and vice find to oppose. So has it been always—so may we expect it to be. And God will overrule all this to his glory and man’s good.

Now to return—I say, whatever appearance there may be of any thing contrary to this distinction between God and Nature—however Pantheistic the book may appear, he must be wanting in perception, who does not see, from beginning to end, that the great argument is as we have stated. And we would respectfully suggest that there is not so much *appearance* of monstrosity, perplexed and enigmatical matter, horror and contradiction, in this book, which makes *no claim* to supernaturalism and infallibility, as may be found within the lids of the Bible itself!

As for myself, I do not recognize Nature as God, in any ordinary or proper sense of those terms. On the contrary, Nature is material, and God is spiritual. Nature is the effect, God is the cause. Nature is the body, God is the soul. And until my body can be called my soul, or until both can be identified as one, and men can say, there is no soul but the body, that the body is the soul and the soul is the body, which is the form of expression of the Pantheistic philosophy—until then, the charge

of Pantheism brought against this paper, or any of its editors must be founded only in ignorance and prejudice. I perceive that Bro. Cobb, of the ‘*Christian Freeman*,’ Boston, talks quite coolly in this way. If he is really a *Freeman*, he will take the first opportunity to correct this error. As to the Editor of the *Trumpet*, we have almost given him up as ‘*past redemption*’ in this world—he is so schooled and habited in contracted sectarian notions, and finds it so impossible to state a case correctly, after repeated admonitions. We have endured much misrepresentation and abuse from his pen—we have, however, looked on very patiently of late, and we yet hope that he will ere long learn to *practice* the liberal professions he makes to the world.

EVIL OF CONTROVERSY.

BY Z. BAKER.

THE stronger power must ultimately triumph over the weaker, and as *Love* and *Wisdom* are the most potent principles yet discovered, it becomes more than a matter of interest to contemplate an ultimate so accordant with love and right; it gives courage to him who is not only willing himself to *grow* but to seek the true progress of the race.

Every faculty, and every blessing, perverted or abused, becomes a curse. Here we find a prolific cause of *hatred* and evil. The earth has cried to heaven, and tears and blood have washed its valleys in consequence of offenses, where there has been wanting an immediate assimilation of opinion and heart, of one party to another. Each claims to be a center and focal point to which all *must* come. Reluctance to assimilate is regarded as wilfulness to which coercion is at once applied as a remedy. It is found by some that the more such means are employed, the more men are disinclined to unite, and the wider the separation between them. It must be that this course will ultimately be found productive of good. A proper examination of all questions is desirable; but when men are disposed to “*force conviction*,” manifold evils will inevitably follow. The unity of the spirit must be preserved in the bonds of peace. The charity that thinketh no evil must influence the heart, then there will be a spiritual fellowship; anything short of this will be unreal and worthless. I have seen such results from controversy that I am led to use great caution in speaking of the opinions of others. We should beware, lest the spirit of conquest lead to the vanquishment of a brother as a foe! It is not an anomalous state of mind to conceive that a brother of different opinions is an enemy! These views are alike opposed to truth and human happiness. We are unhappy if we feel that we are *hated* and more unhappy if we *hate*. Love is the spirit’s natural element; out of this the mind cannot exercise its functions. We are so constituted that truth and goodness must be the prime objects of life, or man will be unsatisfied and unhappy. The evil of controversy is that, thereby men have been thrown off from a proper balance of mind, and have come to regard each other with feelings of enmity. This state of mind is readily superinduced by inquiry for victory instead of truth. Discussions open with friendly feelings, and generally close too abruptly in a bitter and intolerant spirit.

Thus far I am pleased with the tone and spirit of the articles in the *UNIVERCEUM*. Let what will be said of its doctrines, the public mind is not so obtuse as not to discover here a decided improvement in the most essential part of religious culture. Love is greatly developed, and so long as this spirit is cherished and preserved, so long will the battle-axe of bigotry and the torch of fanaticism be powerless. It is on this ground that I give my right hand with the heart in fellowship. I have desired to see more love cherished than has been evinced. My doctrinal basis is LOVE. “*GOD IS LOVE*,” those who build up a cause in harmony with God must base all upon this principle. Love is the fulfilling of law—the proof of discipleship with Jesus Christ. All this I can say without fear of any charges; as to the doctrines every person must *believe* according to the force of evidence, but all should *do* as love inspires. I would then say this word, even if it should be the last sentence I might give to the world: Search for truth with an earnest purpose of soul, but never venture beyond the soul’s element, which is LOVE.

Psychological Phenomena.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

FROM THE INTERIOR.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

This is a different man—more humble—not so selfish—not so strong.* Is not this a lady? At any rate he is possessed of feminine graces, which, if a man, is not to his disparagement. Gentle, tender, not wholly understood—there is a depth, which is not appreciated. He has fancies, feelings, sentiments—is not very practical. * * * He draws pictures; I cannot say whether with the pen or pencil. I should love him. He has a little waywardness, which would be beautiful to me. He has some vagaries—is impulsive—a creative genius, which he manifests in different ways, though there is one pervading spirit. He gives much pleasure, he is loving. * * * Is young, always young. He is really religious; such a nature could not *but* be religious. He is generous—these words will apply to him:

"There are those, who ask not, if Thine eye
Be on them—who in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is—rely
Upon the genial sense of youth—
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot,
Who do Thy work and know it not."

* * * He has not worldly anxiety, but a reaching after something he cannot obtain. He is a true poet. If he writes, he writes pictures, if he paints, he paints poetry. If I can judge by this beautiful landscape before my eyes, he paints beautifully, so soft and true—not the bright red and green of common pictures, but such exquisite coloring! It is not like any particular landscape, but the poetry, the spirit of the landscape. Is it Allston? * * * * *

Every thing he says has weight; he gives out himself. I should like to hear him talk at twilight, when with the precious few, how delightful to listen to him! It is poetry, it is music, it is painting, it is inspiration! A flow of eloquence, but perhaps in a promiscuous assembly, it would not be called fluent. It is a rare chance to meet with such a person.

Beautiful faces pass before me; not the beauty which glares upon you, but that which leads you to gaze, and gaze again, you know not why. His pictures all mean something; they are expressive of some thought; they affect you like living beings—and then—so suddenly a feeling of sadness and a strange deep joy. * *

A rejoicing joy came over me, and I could not bear that any one should speak. Some one reading in the room disturbed me, though it seemed the voice of prayer. Yet the communion was too pure, holy, perfect, for words.—I knew he was dead, and I—seemed not to be in the body. I thought not of myself; he thought not of me, nor did I wish him to. I was in an ecstatic state—the return was disagreeable.—If I were only *worthy to stay*, was my feeling.

AARON BURR.

I CANNOT tell whether it is my own dullness or the impenetrability of this man, which prevents a distinct perception of his character. It is not clear to me. Is he not dead?

A vision of a battle passes before me—the writer did not seem to take part in it. He would aim at the highest office. He is proud, ambitious, obstinate; stopping neither at force nor fraud to effect his object. * * * * *

* She had previously been examining Carlyle.

THE GOURD AND THE PALM TREE.—A gourd wound itself around a lofty palm, and in a few weeks climbed to its very top. "How old may'st thou be?" asked the new-comer. "About a hundred years," was the answer. "A hundred years and no taller! Only look, I have grown as tall as you in fewer days than you count years." "I know that well," replied the palm; "every summer of my life a gourd has climbed up round me, as proud as thou art, and as short-lived as thou shalt be!"

THE UNIVERCÆLUM
AND
SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1848.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PRAYER.

THE spirit of prayer in the heart of humanity, is known by intuition to be the holiest and devoutest feeling of which our natures are susceptible. It is an elevation of the soul to God—to communion with the Infinite Mind. It is, moreover, an *involuntary* aspiration. No human being lives totally a prayerless life: there are moments when the worst and most depraved beings, feel the touch of a heavenly fire; and thither, their thoughts and aspirations tend, as rays from seven-fold darkness. Prayer is natural—it is unavoidable. If, amid the plenitude of affluence, or the circumstances of prosperity, elevation and joy, no desire escapes from the heart to the Great Giver of all good no sooner does privation ensue, or danger approach, than the prayer for deliverance goes out of the mind, like the influence of spiritual attraction. God, in truth, is the soul's magnet. Thither and constantly, save when diverted by disturbing circumstances, does the spiritual director always point—true as the needle to the North. There may be counter currents and conflicting circumstances to vary and divert from the otherwise most true position, but as surely as Truth is attracting, and will gather and concentrate its parts, so surely does the soul of man aspire upwards to the great Soul of all souls—the Fountain of all good and truth.

Prayer, then, is natural. This is the first point. The next question is—what is prayer? And we answer in the words of the poet:

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed."

Public prayer may be appropriate to existing circumstances and institutions of Society, and this is the highest ground on which its claims can be advocated. Private prayer is the most natural and the most efficient. Indeed, it is this only that generally effects anything. Jesus was never known to engage in a public prayer, and his directions on this subject favor a contrary method. Still, the form is unessential if the spirit be observed, and men of different persuasions will decide on this subject for themselves. Prayer is desire; that is the point; and wherever or however there is an earnest and devout desire for any good from the Great Mind of the Universe, there and then will a prayer become effectual.

But we must understand the *philosophy* of prayer. This has been a subject of much metaphysical discussion, and, starting with the truth that God is unchangeable, the consistency of any petition to procure a favor which would not otherwise be granted, has not been so clearly demonstrated as reason and candor seem to require. Indeed, like all other subjects of a like theological importance, reason has been driven from it, rather than invited or encouraged. We must, then, in our conceptions of this subject, understand our proper relations to the Deity. If we make him a separate power, not connected with the great body of the Universe, we thereby isolate ourselves. We become parts cut off and separated from the Great Soul of things. In this case, it is hard to conceive how a desire on our part can procure a favor from God, which would not otherwise be granted, without effecting a change in the Divine Mind which is utterly inconsistent with all our best conceptions of his immutability. But, considering God as the great "all in all"—the Great Soul of the Universe substantially connected with the great Body of the Universe, we immediately conceive ourselves to be a part of the great system of things. Our connection with God is absolute and substantial. It is a philosophical and tangible reality! And when, from the depths of my spirit I evolve a desire, pure and fervent, for some good within the capacity of the Divine Energy to bestow, what is it but an atmosphere of spiritual re-

ality, which connects itself with the influences around me, and I am, verily and truly, by due process of spiritual operation, put in possession of the good which my soul craves! But, be it remembered, that the favor desired must be within the capacity of the Divine Energy to bestow. We must pray consistently, and I have no reluctance to say that we must pray philosophically! And let not reverence be unpleasantly affected by the thought. What is philosophy but truth systematized? and is not the whole spiritual, as well as the whole material universe under laws? How can the soul's desire be lawlessly fulfilled? How can the spirit receive truth, or any of its possessions, by contradiction, or by unnatural processes? Prayer is natural, and its answer must be natural; and with this view of the subject, it is no more inappropriate to speak the soul's sincere desire towards the Divine Mind of the universe, in philosophical accordance with the laws that regulate that universe, than it is to speak of rational devotion, or natural religion. There is a spiritual as well as a material philosophy; and inasmuch as it is necessary for the body's health to conform to the laws, by which alone that health is granted, so is it necessary for any spiritual good, even for success in our devotional exercises, to conform to those laws which regulate the whole process of desire and fulfillment—prayer and answer—means and ends. "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, unuttered or expressed," and its answer is in strictest harmony with all the laws that control the Spiritual Universe.

Be it observed, too, that the *spirit* need not pray for *material* blessings. The spirit of man has no control over the elements of material nature, and it is not wise to suspect that we have any such power over these materials. All blessings received from the Divine directing Power of the Universe by means of the soul's sincere desire, must of necessity be spiritual only. There is indeed, a way in which material blessings may come in answer to desire; but whenever they do come, they are only with reference to some grand end in the elevation of man, to which all influences and all operations of the governing powers are directed. And this leads me to contemplate a beautiful reality, which does undoubtedly take place by prayer, but which, from the obscurity of our ideas, and the imperfection of our theology, we have been led, or rather driven away from, almost with horror. I allude to prayer with the angels. Here we are introduced to a holy reality in the Catholic Church. All prayer, according to Protestant theology, must be addressed to God. It is held as sacrilege, if not blasphemy, to pray to any other power. But Catholic Christians invoke the departed *saints* and *angels*, and in their devotional exercises, make the most direct and touching addresses to those spirits who watch over and guide us. It is true and beautiful as the morning of spiritual glory. The sun of our natural system exercises no surer influence upon the inhabitants of this earth, than do the twinkling planets which are also associated with us. Prayer to the angels! Prayer to the departed! How beautiful, as they hover over us in close connection, sympathy and influence, to feel the pure desire go forth to them, and that they *do* aid us! Verily, this is a feature of the Catholic Religion, more dear and beautiful than all the crude and irrational conceptions of moving the Almighty by our wrestlings and efforts, who is unchangeable, and who is "all in all." And who has not felt the motion of such prayer? Who, especially, has fully imbibed the spiritual philosophy, is not in almost daily communion with some spirit out of the form? And what governing and directing influences may we not have received? Such prayer is appreciable. Such prayer is philosophic with heavenly wisdom! So is desire to the Great Eternal Mind. And it cannot be questioned that among the unnumbered influences which affect our daily walk—in privation, in distress, in embarrassment, in bewilderment, hundreds have been the instances, in which we have received direction and aid from powers that we knew not, and even as answers to desires *unknown* as prayers, which wrought within us, and gradually elevated the soul to the only true source of light, information and direction.

Prayer also is *Labor*; or, rather, labor is the fullest expression of prayer. And in this sense, we may be open to the conviction of the comparative unprofitableness of those prayers which are

uttered in public, even in churches, clothed in the most beautiful and appropriate terms, where no accompanying labor of the head or hand is put forth as evincing the activity of desire. What does it signify to pour forth the most fervent prayers for the amelioration of the condition of mankind, for the overthrow of ancient error, for the establishment of truth, for the promotion of liberty, for the diffusion of knowledge, for the unity and happiness of mankind, when rigid conservatism remains contented with the present conditions, and when, for the want of a vigorous desire, the labor of the reformer is not performed, and the poor and perishing classes of humanity are left to desertion and to toil? There are splendid prayers in the churches, there are more splendid out. A vigorous desire is always manifested by effort. And to me, the prospect of that movement which is now going on in various parts of the civilized world—the sight of the philanthropist going forth to labor for the oppressed—to raise up the fallen—to instruct the ignorant—to reclaim the vicious—to heal all social disorders—to point to the real sources of disunity, warfare, crime and misery—the world-wide aspiration which thus goes up and is manifested by the philanthropic effort of our day, is a far more splendid prayer than was ever yet offered from temple or cathedral. So do I view the aspirations and labors of the productive classes of community, in all their efforts to shake off the thralldom that oppresses them. Alas! the prayer that they breathe is from hearts crushed with heavy burden, and in humility of spirit, and many times, from anguish of soul, it goes up to the ear of the Almighty, involving a fulfilment of terrible, retributive justice, to the classes who oppress them, if they do not themselves join in this aspiration of humanity. Every blow that is struck for freedom—every effort of the enslaved and oppressed millions to throw off their shackles and relieve themselves from the burden of their toil, is in fact a more terrible prayer, and more effective, than the best form of speech. In this respect, the uplifted arm of the surpliced priest accompanies not so deep a desire—so effective a prayer, as that which is manifest through the coarse and sturdy arm of the artisan, laboring and toiling for his own subsistence, and for the elevation of his fellow-workmen. Then again, there is the prayer of the Reformer! Who manifests so great a prayer? What priest or politician can so engage in the great prayer of humanity? Where is desire so active? We have not a single record of Jesus, our great Teacher, offering a prayer of words in public. But from what soul went up a more splendid manifestation of the prayer of labor? It seems to me that from the many places of this world's oppression—from the dark abodes of ignorance and wrong—and from the many noble and freed spirits who are at this moment contemplating those wrongs, my spirit listens to a prayer mightier and more beautiful than the combined incense of many temples made by hands, and one that will in good time be answered by the restoration of a disunited race to unity, when the heavens will rejoice and the earth be glad. Then will our desires continue to be satisfied, and we shall all join in the labor, industry, rejoicings, and worship of the free.

W. M. F.

HARMONY.

HARMONY is an essential condition of Nature; it is that peculiar agreement and adaptation existing between parts which result in a perfect whole, and is conspicuous in the attributes of Deity, and the economy of Nature. Harmony is inseparable from the stupendous productions of the Divine Mind. Worlds and systems, in number incomprehensible, have for an infinitude of ages, sailed through unbounded space with an undeviating precision; thus the most perfect order is attendant upon his laws, and their operations are beautifully harmonious. From the sublimest movements of Nature to her innumerable detailed expressions, the mind cannot but perceive the same unvarying order and perfection, which are the certain consequences of fixed unchanging principles. Man is a perfect embodiment of order and form; he has perceived the exquisite harmony of Nature, and his faculties should be expanded in producing corresponding results in his own individual organization, and likewise in that of the whole human Brotherhood.

H. J. H.

METEORIC STONES.

In the last number of Silliman's Journal of Science, we find the following circumstantial account of a remarkable fall of meteoric bodies, which took place in Hartford, Iowa.

"On the 25th February, 1847, at about ten minutes before three o'clock in the afternoon, the attention of the people in that section was arrested by a rumbling noise, as of distant thunder; then three reports were heard, one after another, in quick succession, like the blasting of rocks, or the firing of a heavy cannon half a mile distant. These were succeeded by several fainter reports, like the firing of small arms in different directions, as of bullets passing through the air. Two men were standing together, where they were at work; they followed with their eyes the direction of one of these sounds, and they saw about seventy feet from one of them, the snow fly. They went to the spot. A stone had fallen upon the snow, had bounded twice, the first time, as was supposed, about eight feet, and the second time about two feet. The stone weighed two pounds and ten ounces. The same person heard another stone strike as it fell, supposed to be small, but they could not find it. Sometime in the Spring another stone was found, about one mile and a quarter from the spot where this fell. It was in two pieces, lying together, weighing forty-six pounds. Another fragment, a portion of the same rock, was found about half a mile from the former, which, from the description I had of it, I judged would weigh about fifty pounds. These were coated with a thin black covering. The principal ingredient of the composition seemed to be sand-stone. They are full of brilliant particles; and occasionally a small lump of stonemetal is to be found. I send you three or four small ones. Some were taken out as large, nearly, as a grain of corn. A man from whom I obtained a fragment, insisted that they were silver, and he thought he had saved enough to make fifty cents (half a dollar.) The above stones are all that have been found, as far as I could learn. The atmosphere at the time of this phenomenon, was mostly clear, somewhat hazy, and so warm as to cause the snow to be rather soft. The noise was heard distinctly to the distance of some fifteen or twenty miles, in every direction. At the distance of ten miles in each direction, the sound was like the rolling of a heavy wagon, passing swiftly over frozen ground. Smoke was seen in the direction from which the sound seemed to proceed. The smoke appeared in two places, apparently about six or eight feet apart, above the elevation of light clouds, and having a circular motion. The motion of the meteoric body was supposed, from the reports which were heard, to be towards the south-east, or rather the south of east."

The phenomena of these aerolites may certainly be considered among the most remarkable and interesting, that have attracted our attention. They have been observed in all ages, and all regions of the earth; and though many theories have attempted to explain the reasons, and the conditions of their being, yet no satisfactory solution has been given: and the mystery remains yet closely sealed. The appearance of these meteors, when seen in the night, is generally that of a line of light, or a ball of fire, passing through the heavens with great velocity, and ending in an explosion, accompanied by the emission of sparks, and more or less sound. It was not until the present century the discovery was made, that masses of stoney matter are projected upon the earth simultaneously with the descent of the meteors. These masses always strike the earth in an oblique direction, and with a force which is the measure of an immense velocity, a velocity, indeed, so great, as clearly shows they must have fallen from heights far exceeding the boundaries of our atmosphere. Their surfaces are black as if they had been burned; and it is a remarkable fact that on whatever portion of the earth they strike, they are always composed of the same constituent parts, combined in nearly the same proportion. This clearly shews that they have a common origin, whatever that origin may be. Their elements are silex, or sand, magnesia, sulphur, iron, nickel and chromium, with sometimes a slight trace of charcoal; and as iron and nickel are not found to exist naturally, in the metallic state, upon any portion of the

earth's surface, a superterrestrial origin may be safely predicated.

One theory supposes them to have been taken up in exceedingly minute portions, by the attraction of the atmosphere, and to have become agglomerated in the clouds; another that they were projected to a vast height by some volcano on the earth; a third that they are ejected from lunar volcanoes; and a fourth that they are fragments of the dismembered planet from which the asteroids are supposed to have been formed; again it is supposed that they proceed from chaotic matter, or nebulous masses, which are irregularly distributed throughout the universe. There is no opportunity here to examine the absurdity, or consistency, of these theories; but there is more or less difficulty attending them all.

The most wonderful exhibition of the kind ever known, took place on the night of Nov. 13th, 1833. It was visible over a considerable portion of the earth's surface, and continued through the whole night. The appearance was, for the most part, like that of fireworks of the most imposing grandeur. Many believed that the stars were actually falling from heaven, and the hour of final retribution had come; and all were impressed with awe at the fearful splendor of the scene. It is said that contrary to the usual fact, there was little, if any, deposition of matter, which might have been supposed to be the residuum of the meteors, after the explosion. Hence it appears they must have been composed of very rare materials, or they would have had force sufficient to reach the earth; when the most fearful consequences would have ensued.

It seems that these meteors have favorite epochs of appearance. The two greatest are the 18th of November, and the 10th of August. The minor epochs are the 18th of October, the 24th and 25th of April, the 6th and 7th of December, the nights between the 15th and 20th of June, and the 2d of January. It is well to know these meteoric anniversaries, (critics pardon the license) that those interested may make their own observations; and in this way it may yet be given to some humble and obscure individual, as has often happened in cases of important invention and discovery, to suggest a clear and rational solution of mysteries, over which philosophers have pondered, experimented, and theorized in vain. * * *

AMERICAN DRAWING BOOK. By J. G. Chapman, N. A.,

"Any one who can learn to write, can learn to draw."

This is the title of a beautifully executed work from the press of J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall.

On a careful examination of its contents and in comparison with works of a similar character, we do not hesitate to pronounce it decidedly superior in every respect. The reputation of its author, and the position he has long sustained as an Artist, would be a sufficient guarantee for the character of the work; but independent of this, it possesses an intrinsic merit which must render it a standard elementary drawing-book in this country. A prominent and essential feature in Mr. C's treatise, is its simplicity and conciseness; avoiding every thing which is not directly to the purpose, and clearly presenting the first principles which are indispensable in the attainment of a knowledge of Design.

It is gradually progressive, leading the learner in the most inviting manner from the first touches to a just comprehension of principles. The different drawings, convey to our mind a more perfect idea of the method by which form is expressed, than any studies we have examined, they being admirably adapted to those who are pursuing the study of art, either with or without a master. An almost universal error has been for students to misdirect their first efforts; thus they continue to work upon a false basis, and instead of overcoming difficulties, they only increase them. An attention to the system contained in this work, will insure a certainty of success, and an inducement to progress to higher departments. One thing should be impressed upon all who desire to become proficient, and that is: A knowledge of principles is as important to the designer in art, as to the student in the material sciences.

THE FREEDOM AND BEAUTY OF TRUTH.

TRUTH is beautiful! When I survey the immense domains of error, deformed and disfigured by the deficiencies and excrescences of a disordered state; when I look on men and behold them artificially distorted, and, even with the fairest truths, laboring to contract them to the irregularities of a marred and injured form, when I view their social position, and see how uneasily sits upon them the garment which society has woven, when even conscience, the highest and directing faculty of our nature, becomes morbid and hurtful by a cherished conception of conformity to established wrong, which has within it a *portion* of right, but is not *all* right, when, straitened and bewildered by a thousand trying positions and embarrassing circumstances there is a continual conflict between the quick and noble sense of right, and the unnatural bondage of custom, opinion, expectation, and mis-called propriety; when I thus view the vast prison-house of the mind and moral of this world, from which there can be no escape but by a solemn determination to be virtuously and conscientiously free; I am thankful that the power that can chain the human spirit, has no power to keep it in bondage forever, and I am also thankful, that by the splendid contrast between this picture and that of the full form of Truth, there is such a sense of harmony in the Soul's being, as amounts to unutterable beauty. It is both the *freedom* and the *beauty* of purifying, spiritual, man-like, God-like Truth.

W. M. F.

RELIGION AND WAR.

The following is from the Liberty Herald:

"The ladies of Lexington gave Bibles to the soldiers of Capt. Clay's company, to balance the bowie-knives designed for the bowels of the Mexicans. And some of our church-bells rang glorification chimes for the victory of Buena Vista. *Religion, sliced very thin and highly polished, makes the finest of all veneers for national villainy*; it is not quite so glossy as glory, but it has a deep, rich luster that commends it to the most correct and cultivated taste."

Is it indeed true that Christianity sanctions war; that peace and the blessings of a better civilization are to be promoted in this way? Do bowie-knives and Bibles properly go together as means to secure the same results? *We do not believe* that the Christian religion sanctions any such thing; but if it does, it can hardly be a sin against God or humanity, to require "higher revelations, inspirations and forms of truth?"

[ED.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"DISFELLOWSHIP," by J. F.—The article was prompted by a sense of justice, and the thoughts are generally well expressed, but in this paper, we are not identified with any sect, and the majority of our readers are not interested in the subject of which our correspondent treats. For these reasons alone, it is declined.

"THE LAWS OF NATURE ARE THE LAWS OF GOD."—The writer passes rapidly from one theme to another, laboring to comprehend, in a narrow space, many important matters which appear to sustain no definite relation to each other, or to the general subject indicated by the title. In our judgment, the position assumed finds no illustration or confirmation in the article before us. Our friend can do better.

"IMPERFECT HINTS AT SCRIPTURE EXPOSITION," by B. H. H., is not suited to our columns.

[ED.]

TO OUR READERS.

IN making up the form of the UNIVERCELM last week, an unfortunate transposition occurred, which rendered it necessary to reprint the last four pages. This circumstance occasioned some delay in mailing, and our subscribers were probably disappointed in not receiving their papers on, or before the day of publication. We hope they will practice the philosophy we preach, and be as indulgent as their loving kindness and the circumstances of the case will allow. We shall guard against similar errors hereafter.

[ED.]

The Fine Arts.

NEW YORK GALLERY.

SCULPTURE.

NOTICES CONTINUED.

No. 97. "Ruth."—H. K. BROWN. Presented by Miss Eliza Hicks. The touching story of Ruth has been a favorite theme for poets and artists. Her history is a simple yet beautiful narrative as related by an early writer, and is probably fresh in the minds of all. She stands in a modest and graceful attitude, with downcast eyes, meditating upon themes which her situation naturally suggests. Thoughts of her youth, and sweet remembrances of the past occupy her mind. She is represented at the moment when addressed by Boaz, with one hand resting upon her bosom while the other holds a small bundle of wheat which she has gathered. There is an air of serenity and repose about the whole which is beautifully characteristic. At the first view we conceived of a lovely being, whose very nature is purity and affection, of one whose soul shines through her exterior until we felt ourselves in the presence of a pure spirit, and subjected to the influences emanating therefrom. The drapery is beautiful and flowing, showing underneath the exquisitely formed limbs; the left hand is truly natural, in which she unconsciously holds a bit of ribbon, which is attached to her waist. The statue is an embodiment of unaffected grace and beauty.

No. 27. "Wrath of Peter Stuyvesant on learning the capture, by treachery, of Fort Cassimir."—A. B. DURAND. "On receiving these direful tidings, the valiant Peter started from his seat—dashed the pipe he was smoking against the back of the chimney—thrust a prodigious quid of tobacco into his left cheek—pulled up his galligaskins, and strode up and down the room, humming as was customary with him when in a passion, a hideous northwest ditty."

This is one of Mr. Durand's finest productions; the composition is very skillfully arranged, telling the story to perfection. The fiery Dutchman is in the highest degree of excitement; he has already dashed his pipe in pieces and upset a footstool, and there seems but little hope of his becoming quiet immediately. He conveys a good idea of a passionate man; reader, if you are so unfortunate as to lose your self-possession at any time, it would be well to observe the subject of this painting; in his fierce eyes, and violent movements of wrath, you see a debasement of humanity; for the instant we look, move, or speak, under an uncontrolled excitement, that moment our nobility of nature becomes abased and enslaved. The composition embraces three figures; on one side and a little in the rear of Peter stands, statue-like, a most brave trumpeter with one hand resting on his huge aldermanic projection, while the other holds a trumpet ready for a tremendous blast whenever necessary. His love seems centered in his digestive system, as he is evidently, with satisfaction, contemplating roast beef. From his puffed up appearance and short elastic limbs, he reminds one of a brother editor who uses the same medium to relieve himself of superfluous gasses. Between the two figures, and still in the rear, is Dirk Schuyler, who has been so unfortunate as to bring the intelligence at the hazard of his life; he is no doubt receiving a large share from the governor's vial of wrath. The three characters in this painting correspond to three distinct classes which surround us. Dirk Schuyler represents a class of victims who suffer from other men's follies. The Trumpeter is one who blows for his feed, and will vary his tunes to suit his own interest, while the semi-intellectual governor is obeyed like all dogs in office.

⚡ Circumstances have rendered it impossible to give the last part of the article on Psychology, in the present number.

✉ BRO. L. A. HINE, Cincinnati—Please send "Herald of Truth" to J. Johnson, 81 Water Street, New York, and charge this Office.

COMMEND thy mind unto candor, and grudge not as though thou hadst a teacher.

The Physician.

COLDS—THEIR CAUSE AND CURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCÆLUM,

BY A. J. DAVIS.

EXPERIENCE has taught perhaps almost every individual, to rightly apprehend the nature and tendencies of the most simple cold. Situated as man is every where, amid material objects and circulating mediums, possessing qualities, exerting influences, and having temperatures quite dissimilar to his own, he is constantly liable to frequent changes and consequently to disease. It is impossible to wholly banish, or to escape from, this irregularity of temperature. The combinations of matter in the granite rock, and that of the atmosphere, are very unlike the combination of materials in the human body. Therefore their temperature and influences are at variance, and act variously upon one another. While walking, the body comes into contact with the temperature of the earth and with that of the atmosphere; their influences are dissimilar, and the body is affected accordingly. A cold is sometimes caught when least expected. It is a change in the bodily temperature, and is the simplest form of fever.

I. THE CAUSES.—By coming into contact with an object or medium we are warmed or chilled, according to the quantity of animal heat and resisting power in our possession, and to the temperature of the object with which we are in connection. An exchange of influence and temperature begins immediately, and both bodies are affected. The process of shaking hands, affords an illustration. If one's hand is colder than his friend's hand, the latter will warm it, and *vice versa*. The similar exchange of temperature between man and other objects, is the cause of colds. When the bodily temperature is much lowered, the perspiration and evacuations are obstructed, and consequently, matter not only accumulates, but heat also, and the result is a fever, continuous or intermittent.

The cold may be local or general; that is, the atomic motions or exchanges may be generally arrested, or particularly upon the stomach, liver and lungs. The mutual exchange of particles, is disturbed by corporal changes in temperature, and the equilibrium of actuating forces is destroyed in a corresponding manner. The arrest of particles will develop in the lungs, or cause to settle in them, a substance termed phlegm or mucus; and this will burden the air-cells if not expectorated, and progress to the development of pulmonary disease, or consumption. Colds are the parents of consumption. Their incipient manifestations should therefore be observed, and the temperature restored, in order to prevent more terrible consequences.

II. THE SYMPTOMS.—If the cold is general, the first sensations are creeping chills, dull aching, acute pain, oppression of the chest, nausea, want of vigor, weariness, difficulty of breathing through the nose, pain in the head, or head-ache. These are the immediate symptoms. But as the cold advances, new features unfold themselves, and distinctly indicate an approach to consumption. The second symptom is hoarseness: this is caused by an acid lymph or mucus, spreading itself over the trachea, or wind-pipe, and obstructing the passage of air over the parts, the vibration of which would otherwise produce distinct sounds. The third symptom is coughing. When the hoarseness is, by the carelessness of the individual, permitted to proceed, it inflames the bronchial tissues and the lining membrane of the wind-pipe, and this causes a spasmodic contraction of the diaphragm—termed a cough. The fourth symptom is spasmodic asthma, which is a concentration of previous symptoms. The fifth symptom is tuberculation and decay, or consumption of the lungs.

Infants, and children of more advanced age, are liable to different developments of symptoms—the whooping-cough, mumps, influenza and croup. The whooping-cough and the croup are their most serious afflictions, as resulting from colds. These diseases, or rather organic disturbances, result only from a change of temperature, an arrest of atomic motion, and from a

consequent accumulation of heat and matter beyond the power of the lungs to resist or repel. Inasmuch as these various effects have their origin in colds, the treatment should be very similar in all cases—differing only according to the age of the patient, the form of his disease, and his combination of temperaments.

III. THE REGIMEN.—In the beginning of a cold, when the varied symptoms are experienced, commence a low, solid, stimulating diet. The general opinion that "feeding a cold," is the proper way to smother or cure it, is very erroneous. Against this assertion may be arrayed the repeated experience of many powerful constitutions; but nevertheless the truth is that eating large quantities of nourishment tends to generate and deposit more muco-purulent matter in the chest. If many subdue a cold by sumptuous eating, it is owing to the strength of the viscera and system generally, and not to the treatment; therefore the practice should be at once abandoned, as scrofula and many cutaneous disorders, are often generated by it.

IV. THE CURE.—Every one knows how to treat a simple cold, or if they do not they should learn immediately. The object to be had in view, is to restore the temperature, and the equilibrium of motions and actuating forces. Use diaphoretics, stimulants, expectorants, diuretics and opiates, simple or compounded, as circumstances may suggest and justify. As the symptoms at first are slight and then severe, it would be proper to treat the system as if a greater disease were anticipated. The patient should take a warm bath, local or general; have a plaster composed of mustard and gum camphor one drachm each, and sufficient flour to form the proper strength and consistency, laid between the shoulders; bathe the head with cold water, and retire directly. Warm drinks should be taken, such as composition, slippery elm, prickly ash, elecampane, hoarhound, bone-set and pleurisy-root teas; either one of which is valuable in colds. This treatment, and carefulness as to exposure for a few days, will almost invariably restore the health of the patient. If hoarseness or cough exists, lay between the shoulders, at night, a small plaster of burgundy pitch, and continue to wear it with an occasional renewal, for ten or twelve days. A piece of oiled silk applied in the same way, is also beneficial, if the perspiration which accumulates beneath it is daily wiped away. With this, use the preparation recommended for incipient consumption, to be found in a previous article upon that disease.

Infants troubled with the croup or whooping-cough, should be treated in the gentlest possible manner, as much medicine will injure them for a life-time. In the first place, warm applications should be laid upon the chest and throat. Flannel wet in warm brandy, is good; or a small bag of strongly steeped hops, frequently saturated in the decoction. Oiled silk applied in the same way, is good in the whooping-cough, and sometimes will benefit in the croup. An emetic of blood-root or tincture of lobelia should be given in the latter complaint, to be followed by soothing mucilaginous drinks, slippery elm, pennyroyal tea, and such as are usually employed. For either affliction, a conserve of pulverized wild-turnip, one tea-spoon full, and honey sufficient to make a syrup, may be made and administered with considerable benefit; it will break up the thick, tough phlegm, which seems to threaten the child with suffocation.

The best cure and preventive of the croup, is keeping the general evacuations open, the breast warm, and abstain, as in a cold, from rich or greasy food. Popular practice—that of bleeding, blistering, steaming, or nearly no medicine at all, is not good in this complaint; but the most simple is the most reliable; and the more scientific practitioners are beginning to acknowledge this, and to modify their practice accordingly.

I would urge upon the patient the absolute necessity of arresting a cold when it is first intimated: he will thus prevent more formidable developments, and reap the invaluable reward of his own promptness and prudence.

HINTS, shrewdly strown, mightily disturb the spirit where a barefaced accusation would be too ridiculous for calumny.

SOCIETY is a chain of obligations, and its links must support each other.

Poetry.

(Written for the Univercolum and Spiritual Philosopher.)

Extracts from an Unpublished Poem.--No. 2.

THE FOREST LOVERS.

BY FANNY GREEN.

BUT soft! What spell has chained the warrior's eye,
And palsied his free limbs? Is yon canoe,
Flower-wreathed, and delicate as fairy barque—
Just yielding to the water's gentle sway,
With motion silent as the watcher's steps—
So dread an object, that the chieftain's lip
Is blanched to marble? What wild errand drew
His devious step along that rugged track?
Has yon far barque, as it danced o'er the waves,
Buoyant as down on ether, won the chief
To be a boy, and chase a butterfly?
There rests the magnet-spell—nor wonder thou—
On yonder mossy bank, reclining, soft,
She sleeps—the radiant creature! Has a thought
Of ardent eyes that watch so fondly o'er
Her pleasant slumbers, stolen to her dreams,
That her bright lip is wreathed with such a smile?
The forest carmine of the dying year
When frost hath touched the maple, could not vie
With the deep bloom that melted through her cheek!
Her hair was dark as Thunder-Spirit's wing;
And as the soft wind touched its glossy length,
Thinning its mazes, the rich jet would stir,
And hover round her with a changing shade,
As darkness hovereth round the morning-star.
Her 'broidered moccasins were flung aside;
And nestled in the soft green moss, a foot
That fairest maiden would be proud to own.

See! he is bending o'er her with such love—
Such deep devotion of the inmost Soul—
As bendeth Pride to Beauty—kneeling down
In his deep happiness, to catch her breath,
Lest she, perchance, should murmur in her dream,
And he should lose the music.

"O, how fair!"

She sleeps! Pawtucket! hush thy waves to peace!
Towuttin,* stay thy murmuring; or just breathe
In sweetest accents on her listening ear,
How her true warrior loves." He whispered low
In broken rapturous murmurs of delight.
"Pleasant as summer to the child of Frost;
Soft as the rain in spring-time—pure as dew!
Mishannock† rise! I hear thy bounding step—
Its echo is the music of my dreams—
Thy airy figure hovers round my way,
Graceful as stirring woods, or waving corn,
Making the shadows pleasanter than day!
Thou comest as on flashing wings of light,
Like Morning to the Darkness. In the woods—
Upon the angry waters—on the hills—
Beside the council-fire—or in the fight—
Thy image, though uncalled, is ever nigh.
I see thee in my dreams—I wake and see.
Look forth, Mishannock! Rise, sweet Morning Star!"

Sudden she sprang upright; and shaking back
Her luxury of hair, looked wildly round.
One moment, as she met the beaming eyes
Of him she loved, her downcast glances fell,
In maiden bashfulness, unstudied—sweet—
And her bright cheek grew brighter. Then she sprang
Into his outstretched arms without a fear—
True to her own pure nature, that knew nought
Of fetters cold Propriety must wear.

* Towuttin in the Narragansett language signifies the south wind.
† Mishannock is, literally, the morning star.

Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed?

(Written for the Univercolum and Spiritual Philosopher.)

HEART TIES AND CREED TIES.

BY N. BROWN.

THOU art my Brother still;
The kindred tie I will not, cannot sever—
Do but the Master's will,
The Law of Love fulfil,
I'm with thee, heart and hand, both now and ever.

Be but thy heart aright,
Thy soul for human weal sincerely yearning—
Rising from Creed-dom's night,
Armed with the Spirit's might,
I'm with thee yet where Reason's light is burning.

I ask not for thy creed;
For human creeds have curs'd the world with madness;
The Creed which all hearts need,
Is Love—and yet shall lead
To universal peace, and truth, and gladness.

Then let our mission be,
To make this dark world yet a type of Heaven;
To love, all may agree;
One truth, all minds may see—
The truth of BROTHERHOOD no Creed hath given!

(Written for the Univercolum and Spiritual Philosopher.)

SONG TO BEAUTY.

BY C. CHAUNCEY BURR.

My heart with one mad wish is swelling—
Throbbing like a wayward sea;
Wild in my brain a prayer is dwelling,
Praying for itself and thee.

O, if thy life should ever weary—
Sicken with unresting care—
A poet's heart shall still be near thee,
With a spell of beauty there.

To me thou art an angel's blessing,
Falling on my heart of care;
O, I must love thee—still caressing
Only with a hopeless prayer:

A prayer that dwells upon thy bosom—
Bosom yet than light more fair—
That lies in beauty like a blossom,
Blushing in the summer air.

O, would I were some happy hummer,
Humming in the sunny hour—
Blithe as a merry bee in summer,
Drinking sweetness from the flower.

But, alas, each hope is quivering—
Quivering with despair—and lost,
Like a frozen sun-beam shivering
On the chilling winter frost.

(Written for the Univercolum and Spiritual Philosopher.)

SPIRIT SHADOWS.

BY FANNY GREEN.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

Who has not felt in hour of purest joy
The dire monition of some future ill,
As if the wing of Evil spirit hung
Oppressing with its weight the upper air,
Ready to scatter mildew o'er the buds
Of hope and joy we feel may never bloom,
Though with their fulness they are bursting now—
Too far away to be distinctly seen—
Yet chilling the glad sunshine. Then we know
That murky wing will lower—and shade—or blight—
Within the conscious soul, while yet the eye
Beholdeth only beauty.

Miscellaneous Department.

(WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCOELUM.)

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

FROM THE DIARY OF A CLAIRE-VOYANTE.

CLAUS OF NORLAND.

(Concluded from our last number.)

CHAPTER II.

THE new friendship grew stronger with each succeeding day; the minds of the children expanded with almost preternatural power, and Donna Ellena and the Alcalde rejoiced in their happiness; but no one had dreamed of a separation, when Claus abruptly announced the necessity of his immediate departure. It is impossible to describe the consternation and distress of Jose and Marie, when they heard this. They clung to him, weeping so piteously, and so passionately, that the heart of the good man well nigh relented. But he was, as he said, an uprooted and wilting plant in that soft and sunny clime. His heart yearned for the glistening ice-bergs, the exciting sledge-race, and the stirring breezes of his own Norland, the invigorating breath of Thor and Odin. And there were gentle reindeer, and young children, about his door, to whom his familiar presence was a joy; and he knew they looked forth over the snowy plains, or bowed their ears to the gleaming earth-crust, to listen for the echo of his coming step—in vain. It was wholly without the desired effect that the Alcalde proffered him the most brilliant offers, or the Donna bathed his clasped hands with her tears. He could not delay his departure, even for one day. His young friends assured him, again and again, that they could never be happy any more; and they really believed it. The Sage laid his hands upon their heads, and blessed them; then, with a benignant smile, he spoke.

"Remember, my children, that all unnecessary indulgence of sorrow is selfish; for to be happy, and to contribute to the happiness of others, is the grand duty of life. I love you, as you well know; but there are others, too, whom I love, and who love me, the children of my deceased daughter. They are mourning, even now, for my long absence; and they look forth, with tearful eyes, from beneath the eaves of their ice-mantled home. But to true and intelligent affection there is no parting, and let this comfort you. Still go abroad, as if I were with you, and study Nature; and, in the highest truth, I shall really be there. In the dews, the clouds, the stars, the rocks, the flowers, my spirit shall still speak to you, as it has spoken in bright days of the past; and when I am far away, and, in fond idea, I stretch forth my arms to embrace you, if I am oppressed with a momentary heart-sickness at the void I clasp, then will your spirits come to me in the memory of the sweet ministrations of divinest love I have gathered from your innocent hearts; and I shall still bless you with the blessing that is ever flowing forth. So shall all space be impotent to create a barrier between us; for true love, which is infinite, can neither be fettered, nor circumscribed." He extended his arms, and with one impulse the children sprang into his embrace; and when he gently removed them, their tears flowed calmly and soothingly, almost, as his own; for they had been led to a fountain of serener and higher faith. The Sage promised to return by the Christmas holidays; so he wiped away their tears, and, blessing them again, departed.

There was one who rejoiced in his absence, and that was Father Augustine; for he had become jealous of the stranger's power in the whole family; and as Claus turned from the gate, one might have seen the sneer of contempt that curled his haughty lip, and the latent fire of revenge that was kindling in his evil eyes. But he quelled the rising hatred, seeking better opportunity, and a surer revenge.

There are, and there must be, in the character of the Priest, elements which are, necessarily, interwrought with darkness, and which have an owl-like incapacity to expand themselves in the light. Hence we find him, in every age, and in every clime casting his own deep black shadow upon the free light of Heaven,

and arresting the wheels of Progress, with whatever force he may. He well knows that among the immutable necessities of man, he has no place; that the only foundation upon which he stands is that of ignorance and wrong; that every ray of new light that comes into the world, is acting with a magic power to dissolve the solid rock beneath his feet—the age-wrought incrustations of abused and crushed human Intellect. Therefore it is we always find him armed to the teeth in defense of the old—the strongest, the bitterest, the deadliest enemy of all Reform. It is only when he finds himself in danger of being left utterly alone, that he consents to move; for he is ever to be seen in the rear of Good-Workers, and not in the van, where, as a divine teacher, he should be. Then I repudiate his Teachings! I repudiate his Position—for they are equally false! and I declare that the diploma, which he tells us bears the seal and signature of God, is a base forgery of Mammon!

So the children went forth again in their accustomed round, and the lessons of the Sage were renewed; for they had been eminently suggestive, and peace revisited their hearts; and they grew in stature and in beauty. So months went by, and summer passed into winter, and Christmas eve came. The yule-log, which Donna Ellena never suffered to be forgotten, as it never had been in the halls of her fathers, was blazing brightly in the capacious chimney, while boughs of holly, pine, and bay, decked with their refreshing greenness the wide hall, and adorned the curiously cut panes of the deep castellated windows. All the household were gathered in the principal apartment; and they had been speaking of Claus, and of his promised return. Marie wondered how he would like the decorations, and whether they had holly and bay in his cold Norland.

Jose took a leaf, and was explaining its structure to one of the attendants, saying at the same time, "he told us to remember him in his lessons."

"Yes," said Marie, "and beautiful it is; for when we thus remember, he is here present with us."

Scarce had she uttered these words, when, with a cry of joy, and outstretched arms, she sprang toward the chimney, saying, "Father Claus! Father Claus!"

They thought she was going mad, or that some evil charm had beset her; and even while they were uttering their spells against witchcraft, and Father Augustine was sprinkling the child with holy water, the door of the apartment was opened by one of the officers of the household, and the Sage entered.

"Peace be to this house; and a blessing for my sweet children!" were the first words he spoke; and at the sound of his voice Jose and Marie sprang to his arms, and fell upon his neck, and kissed him; and he laid a hand on the head of each, and blessed them silently. But perceiving the anxiety of all present, he inquired the cause; when the whole matter was explained to him.

"It would not, indeed, be strange," he answered after a thoughtful pause, "if the spirit did really outspeed these feeble limbs; for my heart was in the midst of you long since;" whereupon the priest frowned, and looked with an evil eye upon the Sage, as he continued to sprinkle holy-water.

Then Claus opened a large sack which he had brought, and took out rich gifts for the rejoicing children, and their parents, and all the household. He had brought for the illustration of their lessons, specimens of Nature in her rarest and loveliest forms. And they decked the Christmas tree, which they had planted in the midst; and it shone with soft wax lights, and flashing gems, and many wonderful and beautiful things. So they rejoiced in the return of their friend; but when he had tarried just twelve days, he girded up himself for his journey; and no entreaties could induce him to stay longer. And he departed with a renewed promise to visit them again the next Christmas.

The Sage was still remembered in the cherished wisdom he taught; and the young students drank yet more deeply of the living fountains of Nature. So months went by; and again the yule-log blazed in the chimney; the hall was decorated with bays and holly, and the Christmas-tree was once more planted; when, precisely as the Sage had appeared before, he came again; and the people wondered, and the priest frowned; and mutter-

ing mingled charms and curses, sprinkled the room, and all in it, profusely with holy water; and the Sage looked on with a grave smile, but said nothing.

And so the good Claus continued to come and go, for several successive seasons, until Jose and Marie had grown nearly to their full stature. The hatred of Father Augustine had now reached that state when it could no longer be smothered; and he vowed solemnly to accomplish the ruin of his enemy, or perish in the attempt; for had he not taught doctrines of the most startling heresy? and that, too, where he enjoyed the prescriptive right of monopoly in all religious teaching? What true priest ever felt otherwise, in a similar position? or willingly relinquished the victims he could hold only by the strong cords of superstition, and error? or wished not to pluck out the clear-seeing eyes that looked though his own falsity? Father Augustine did not, and he vowed a deeper vow, to be avenged for the wrongs he almost came to imagine real. Often had he sought to entangle the Sage in some religious controversy; but without success, until one Christmas evening, when they sat together as usual, Augustine spoke of some of the miracles which were supposed to belong to the season. Claus made no reply, until he immediately addressed him, and in that manner of insolent defiance which is almost certain to call out an answer.

"Brother Claus," said he, "thou art reported to be learned in all wisdom, all mystery; yet one would think thee but a poor son of the Church, since thou hast nothing to say of these beautiful and sublime realities, the memory of which should be so especially cherished at this holy season. It grieves me to doubt a person of such wondrous powers: and yet it seems to me that thou art either wholly ignorant of them, or dost not believe them." And then he went on to describe how the cattle kneel down on Christmas eve, at midnight, challenging disproof.

"I know not what moveth thee, my brother," returned Claus mildly, "to lay these things to my charge, but since thou demandest a reply, I will give one. I do not believe that the cattle have any particular disposition to kneel on Christmas eve. That some have done so I doubt not. I disbelieve it, because it would be an infringement of the laws of Nature, which are ever constant and uniform. Neither can I believe that the great and wise God would ever seek, or be satisfied with the blind homage of beasts, otherwise than as it belongs to their nature. He loves the intelligent worship of the intelligent being, man, and cannot take delight in what must be to the worshiper wholly void of meaning. Not such is the singing of birds, or the sports and gambols of other animal forms; for they are necessary to their being, and their happiness; and HAPPINESS IS WORSHIP."

"Heresy! heresy the most damning!" shouted the Priest; while his face became almost black with rage.

"Brother," said Claus, with a soothing tone and manner, "I know not how I have offended thee. All these things may be very clear, and of vast importance to thee; yet to me they are not only wholly void of reason, but quite unimportant, even if they are true. Yet keep thy opinion, Brother, and I will keep mine; for nothing less than this is right."

Then the anger of the Priest burst all bounds; and he spat, and foamed with rage; and even the Alcalde turned pale at the sight. At length he became quite exhausted, and then he was led from the room. As he left he darted a furious glance at Claus, muttering a broken curse.

"I pity thee, O, my brother," returned the Sage, with mild dignity, as he followed him towards the door; "and I bless thee; for has not the Divine Master taught us to bless, and curse not?"

For several days after this the Priest seemed very quiet and subdued. A superficial observer might have thought he was suffering from mortification at his disgraceful conduct; but they who knew him better might have seen a deeper and deadlier purpose of revenge nursing in the folds of that well-arranged disguise. He saw that by his violence, he had lost ground with the Alcalde, and he determined to retrieve it if possible; and so well did he improve his time, and play his part, that, during the eleven following days, he had succeeded in innoculating his patron with the poison, that was boiling like a flood of molten

lava, in his own veins. This he found comparatively easy, for several reasons. The Alcalde had one of those sour natures which, never happy themselves, cannot endure the sight of happiness in others. He found that the presence of Claus not only gave pleasure to his son, but seemed to gladden the cheerless life of the Donna Ellena. This fact in itself was an offense, for these were the two last persons in the world he could have borne to see happy. Why, he was not happy himself, he, the Alcalde, who labored so incessantly; and what right had they, who did nothing, to be so? So great was the change in his feelings that he forgot his accustomed hospitality; and when his guest rose to depart, he urged him not, as before, to abide longer. Both Jose and Marie perceived this; and they bade their friend farewell in sorrowful silence.

"Thus it is ever," said Claus, as he finished the parting benediction. "They who minister to the real happiness and good of their race, create to themselves enemies in the very paths they have planted with perennial flowers. Nevertheless our mission must be wrought." He stood leaning upon his staff looking into the faces of his young friends with the most tender earnestness; and a single tear fell from each of his large blue eyes, "I shall come once more," he added: then he turned away, and, passing quickly around the summit of a neighboring cliff, disappeared from the view. Father Augustine declared that he had seen him enveloped in a huge cloud, and carried off by a whirlwind; when the assembled officers and servants of the household, taking the suggestion, averred that the edges of the cloud were lit with blue flame; while others said they distinctly perceived the flames of burning brimstone, while some, who were affected with phthisic, and similar complaints, could not breathe freely for several days.

But the good Ellena, and her children, pondered on the mysterious words of Claus; though it was not till long afterward they came to understand them.

A short time subsequent to this, Marie had a very mysterious dream of her aged friend—he came to her in the silence of the night-watch and told her that there was, even in her father's house, a deadly conspiracy against him, but that he should visit them once more; and in the hour of need he should stand beside her, and deliver her. She did not tell this for some time to any one; for she feared it might trouble her mother, who seemed to have some deep cause of anxiety, under which her health was evidently sinking. But at length hearing something further of the designs of Father Augustine, she became excited; and, losing her accustomed presence of mind, she told her dream to her mother. As she did so, the latter folded her a moment to her heart, burst into a passion of tears, and left the room. After awhile she returned and told her daughter that it was, indeed true, that Father Augustine had accused their venerable friend, of heresy and sorcery; and that when he came again he was to be arrested and carried before the court of the Inquisition. "It is quite plain," said the Donna, in conclusion, "that Augustine envies and hates him. What the stranger is I know not, my child. It is certainly very mysterious how he comes and goes; and no one ever meets him on the way. I find that spies have been placed in all the passes, about the time of his appearance and disappearance; and many inquiries have been made of the country people; yet no one has ever seen him. But of one thing my heart assures me, if he is a spirit he is a good one. But, as I look more deeply into this dream, I fear some evil hangs over my children. Pray remember," she hesitated, and then added in a hoarse choking voice; "you are all the comfort I have, or ever had."

So had the grief, which, like a living viper, had been for years coiling around and stinging her heart to its intensest core, at last found utterance. The daughter she had borne had grown up into her sympathy; and she now leaned upon her nursing for strength and support. But there was relief in her own mind—relief of which none can know, until they have spoken the hitherto unspeakable. The great Life-disappointment, that had spread its baleful shadow over all her young joys, had now found for itself an utterance. And the ice which no summer ever melted, and which had been so long congealing in her bosom, was softened at once, and then she clung to her daughter's

bosom, and wept—O, how fearfully! And then she grew calm, and told the bright story of her youth—and all the sweet dreams of her young romance—and how she believed they were to be realized in her stern father—and how, when it was too late, she discovered her error—and how she had lived for many years without sympathy, without love, without common kindness—without even being understood, or her constant and untiring effort to please being appreciated, or noticed at all; until at length she beheld all her yearning sympathies, all her clinging affections, which made love necessary to her as life itself, torn from the shrine of her young Ideal, and cast rudely back, with a cold indifference, that was more cruel than scorn. How pitiful is all this; yet of how many women is this the history? Men suffer much less from these misnamed unions, which the present state of society sanctions; because, for the most part, they are more selfish; and love is not to them, as to woman, a life-monopoly.

So the heart of Donna Ellena was comforted; and Marie came to know of sorrow; and the dispensation that could have sent evil upon such a being as her mother, was a problem she could not solve. Ah, she knew not that the elements of the proudest triumphs we achieve are wrought out of the direst conflict; and when we soar to the divinest elevation, we rise on plumes torn from the wing of Sorrow. The knowledge of these things gave a tinge of sadness to the hitherto unshadowed features of Marie; and as she expanded into the first fresh promise of womanhood, a divine beauty overshadowed her, and a deeper and more spiritual light awoke in the clear depths of her dark shadowy eyes. She was, if possible, more than ever the idol of her father; though, as she had come to appreciate him more truly, she had lost much of that childish fondness with which she early clung to him. While Jose wholly failed to realize his father's ideal of a son. He had hoped to see him the leader of armies, the hero of battles—whose name should be syllabled in trumpet-tones over the astonished and groaning earth. But the lessons of the Sage, and the influence of his mother, had sunk too deeply for the development of such a character—which was, if I may so express it, the indigenuous growth of the age. He delighted only in scenes of peace and beauty; and his ready pencil embalmed for itself all lovely forms. Having none to teach him, he had bowed down at the feet of Nature; and the great Mother of all was pleased, and smiled upon him, and blessed him; and the few judges who had seen these first efforts, said that the hand of a latent Master had wrought them. Nor was Marie less gifted. When they sat together on the quiet starry evenings, she improvisatized to her guitar; and all who heard her wept at the pathos she embodied; and her whole life was, in fact, a perfect harmony—a ministration of the divinest poetry. Thus cherishing congenial but yet distinct arts, and ever constantly together—one in heart, one in purpose, and one in soul—it is not strange that their very life-chords were intertwined with each other, and they were miserable when compelled to be, even for a few hours, asunder. If one was ill, the other drooped—if one was sad, the other became almost simultaneously sorrowful; and it was quite clear to all who very deeply observed them, that their being had nearly become a unit, and that the preservation of one life was the safeguard of both. Not of these was the father. To his son he was cold, cruel and severe. He had disappointed his ambitious schemes; and for this he could never forgive him. He seldom, almost never, spoke pleasantly to him; while he seemed to take a fiend-like pleasure in thwarting his most innocent wishes; and yet he expected perfect obedience; and, strange inconsistency of the human heart, love! The first he had, as far as it was possible; the last he, himself, had rendered impossible.

Once more the Christmas-eve had come, and gone, bringing with it, as usual, the arrival of good Father Claus; but although Augustine was even courteous in his demeanor, a heaviness hung over the whole party. So the days went by until it was New Year's eve, when the family were all sitting together in the great oaken drawing-room. Involuntarily the conversation had taken a solemn tone; and as it drew near midnight this feeling deepened; until, at length, there was a perfect silence. Jose

rose and looked forth from the window. The whole atmosphere was of inky blackness.

"I believe there is a fearful tempest coming on," he said, as, with a shudder, he drew near to his mother's chair. Scarcely had he spoke, when a volley, like the rolling of a huge globe over a dome of sounding metals giving out deeper intonations at each time it revolved, slowly and heavily rolled over the firmament. It was awful. And then broke forth at once, all the horror of the tempest. No human art could describe it. The atmosphere was literally one sheet of flame; while great balls of fire were seen descending in various places; and the thunder seemed as if designed to wake the dead. Every cheek in that apartment was pale as death—every lip quivered with fear, save those of Claus and Marie. They had reached a state of exaltation that could know nothing of fear. Just as the clock from a neighboring turret struck the solemn hour of twelve, which is, on New Years, so impressive, the doors of the apartment seemed to be thrown simultaneously open, and a procession, as of a funeral train, clad in the deepest mourning, entered, marching to the solemn music of a dirge, which came from without, and seemed to be chaunted by the voice of the storm, which was now hushed to a low solemn wail. But what was the astonishment of all to perceive that the train were dressed in the costume of the Alcalde's ancestors; and indeed so perfect was the spectral masque that he could have named each individual by the particular dress which represented him. Thrice did they pass around the hall, with that same slow, awful, noiseless tread; when the old nurse, with a fearful shriek, cried out:

"Estadea! estadea!"*

"Silence, fool!" said the Alcalde. Then, advancing to the leader of the procession, whom he had in vain essayed to challenge before, he cried out: "Be thou man, or devil, stand, and answer for this intrusion! or, by the soul of him thou mockest, I will disquiet thine!" The features turned slowly upon him; when, O, horrible! they were livid as those of the confined dead! At the same time a long bony finger pointed to a distant turret of the castle; and the Alcalde beheld it was in a wreath of flames.

In the next moment the cry of fire created such an alarm, it was not seen how the spectral train had vanished. Jose and Marie ran out to get a fairer view of the flaming turret, when they found the castle was surrounded by armed cavaliers, who, under cover of the storm, had advanced to the very windows without being heard. They were just about to retrace their steps into the castle, and give the alarm, when Marie found herself lifted from the earth, and placed before one of the cavaliers, who was already mounted on a strong charger; when she beheld, in the light of a momentary flash, the ghastly leader of the spectral band. Jose had perceived the act; and, seizing the bridle, he demanded the restoration of his sister.

"In good faith," said the other, "thou art better worthy of belt and spurs, than they report of thee. But thy sister is a prisoner, my good youth."

"Then I am one," responded Jose; "if she goes with thee I go."

"But what if we will not have thee? Come, come, I must cut short this parley. Pray make the compliments of Don Balziero to the Alcalde, and tell him the fame of his beautiful daughter has done her gross injustice, as all praise must shrink and fail to shadow forth the perfect. Tell him she is worthy to be a bandit's bride; and this night—ay, this very hour, the cave of Mount Morcin is lighted in honor of our nuptials." Thus saying, he drew up the reins; and gently touching his horse, the fleet animal sprang away with the velocity of lightning; and the remainder of the train, all mounted, followed in his track. Jose staggered back, and fell, nearly fainting, to the ground. Was he really awake; or was this only a horrible fancy? Was Marie, indeed, gone, and in the power of the terrible Balziero? Scarcely alive, he crept back to the castle, and related, at intervals, the whole story to his father.

"And dost thou come crawling hither, at this snail-pace, to tell me such a tale?" said the Alcalde, bursting into a fit of

* Estadea! is a cry uttered by the Spanish, when they suppose they behold the spirits of the departed.

wrath, to which he seldom yielded, but which, when he did, was fearful. "Dost thou come to tell me this! coward! poltroon! poor, miserable puppy! It is enough that *thou* art here! It is enough that *thou* art left to be fed and clothed—in thy laziness—in thy poor, contemptible meanness! O, I could send thee out of existence, with greater pleasure than I ever felt to see thee enter it!" As he spoke, he hurled large a heavy mace at the head of Jose, which Donna Ellena perceiving, she flew to shield her son, and received the cruel blow directly in the temple; and in a single instant, without an apparent struggle, there she lay, at the feet of the foaming madman, cold, stiff, dead—irrecoverably gone. Stung with the injustice he had met; and hardly comprehending the situation of his mother, Jose rushed from the castle, and flinging himself upon a charger so vicious he was seldom mounted, though of the most wonderful speed, he dashed madly on the track of the robbers.

Wonderful it was to see the almost superhuman strength that woke in the heart of Marie. Did her eye look through the darkness of the present, and see the deliverance that was at hand? It must have been so; for her cheek never blanched—her eye never quailed—her soft curving mouth was but slightly compressed; and her spirit seemed to have reached its sublimest power. The Shade of her mother had hovered before her through the long way—looking upon her ever with a serene smile. Until she had seen this she was nearly distracted; but at the very moment of departure it had flown to her, to soothe, and strengthen her. It is given me to know that these ministrations are, at times, permitted; and while Marie was sensible of her mother's presence, she felt no longer alone, or friendless. Her captor was graceful, handsome and gallant; and though somewhat past the middle age, he might still be considered as a type of the perfect physical man; and he had, withal, the careless and easy bearing of one accustomed to please, and conscious of his own power to do so; but when he saw how little his attentions affected Marie, he became more assiduous to gain her favor. The picturesque robber costume set off his fine person with great effect; and the most dainty eye would have acknowledged the good taste displayed, both in the choice of materials, and the arrangement of colors, as well as in the style of the garments. His linen was of snowy white; and over this he wore a vest of rich green silk, profusely garnished with silver buttons. The wide Turkish trowsers of a rich cloth of the same color, were confined at the waist by the crimson *faja*, or girdle—with slippers of the most delicate fit, and silk hose, to adorn his finely-turned feet and ankles. A tunic of crimson taffeta, with an open collar, was surmounted by a small green cloth cloak, which was worn with the grace of a courtier; and, as a finish to the dress, came the beautiful Spanish hat and plume; for Don Balziero was a gentleman born, and never assumed the dashing turban of Barcelona silk, which completes the robber dress.

"What dost thou say, my gentle mistress?" he whispered, as bending gracefully over the neck of his charger, he attempted to take her hand. "They tell us we must crack* the bellotas ere night-fall!"

"I have nothing to say, because I am powerless to choose," returned Marie. "I am a prisoner."

"Say, rather, gentle Marie, that I am thy prisoner—held in stronger chains than the art of man ever forged."

"Forbear," she answered quickly. "If thou hast any mercy, address me not in this strain."

"As thou wilt," he answered, bending upon her a pair of eyes whose deep power of fascination had been felt by many a poor and forsaken damsel. "I will prove to thee my devotion, by making thy every wish a law."

"Then turn thyself instantly toward Oviedo; and my whole life shall be spent in prayer and blessing for thee—for thee only!" She clasped her hands together beseechingly; and, at the thought of home, the first human emotion she had felt for many hours, filled her breast with a feeling of anguish she had never known before—and she wept bitterly. "O, they will

die! they cannot live and support their horrible anxiety! Ah, Jose! Ah, my mother and my father! Why were we ever suffered to love each other so well if we must be so cruelly separated. Ah, thou wilt not—thou canst not be so hard of heart!"

He did not trust himself with any direct reply; but only strove to soothe her.

"These passes are extremely fearful to look upon; but not really dangerous. Trust me, gentle Marie, we shall go safely."

"I fear nothing," she answered, "nothing in the world but thee."

"Ah, say not so. But here we are at the opening of the pass. Shut those beautiful eyes; and remember that upon thy perfect quietness, and silence, our safety depends." Marie instinctively obeyed; for the slight glimpse of the passage which she caught, was, certainly, one to make human vision quail. Once only did she venture to look abroad; and that was, when they were on the summit of the midmost height. Beneath them lay a black gorge of several hundred feet, down which dashed madly, and with a voice of roaring that was truly awful, a deep torrent, tearing its way through the rugged masses of perpendicular granite, of which the mountain is composed. A single false step would have precipitated them down that horrible abyss! Her brain reeled with the most intense sickness; and her lips were compressed in the effort to be silent, until the blood nearly gushed from them. The dreadful effort alone was sufficient to have extinguished life; but just then her mother came to her; and one gentle hand was laid softly on her brow, while the other clasped hers. Marie reclosed her eyes, confident and peaceful; and so they went through the danger safely. A shout from the whole troop announced their termination of the frightful pass; and after a few hours ride, they dismounted in the lovely valley of Caneiro, which is, of itself, a little paradise of beauty, inclosed by rocks of the most picturesque forms, and shaded by fine old chestnut trees. Through this valley runs a deep and rapid stream, celebrated throughout all Asturia for its excellent trout. So here the robbers rested and refreshed themselves, and it was near sunset when they entered the terrible pass of Baralla, which is seldom attempted after dark. The men, indeed, demured at this; for superstition had invested the dark way with the most dismal fancies; and brave must be the heart that, in those days, could venture upon it, amid the terrors of night. But the chief knew the importance of making progress, as he truly said the Alcalde would not be a tardy pursuer.

For some time they went on, undisturbed; and the men, gaining courage, began chanting their wild songs to keep themselves in good cheer. But suddenly silence fell upon them, as if every tongue had become palsied; and then a fearful cry; "The *duendes** of St. Francis!" smote through every heart, and echoed, and re-echoed, through all those dismal solitudes. With one accord the men fled; for they beheld two ghastly horsemen in the path before them, riding rapidly, yet never outspeeding them—horses, riders, and all, of the deathliest white. There were the cowl and cossack. There were the very cloaks drooping, with the stone in their corners with which they had beaten each other to death. All was most horribly perfect. It was in vain that the chief sought to rally his men—in vain that he poured out mingled promises, threats and curses. He was left with his prisoner alone—and the two demon friars holding their course before him. Suddenly the foremost whirled about, and confronted him. Face to face he sat with that ghostly visage. Alas, for the human heart! superstition is stronger than love, or even hate. The knees of the chief smote against his panting steed. He essayed to speak; but the tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. He tried to lift the reins and urge his beast onward; but there was that fixed, horrible, stony death-gaze. Every limb was palsied. The blood rushed through his veins, a boiling torrent, yet congealing to ice as it ran. How it was he knew not; but Marie was lifted from his arms; and

* Two friars of the order of St. Francis, while going through the pass of Baralla, became enraged against each other; when, having no other weapons, they each tied a stone in the corner of his cloak, and beat each other, until they both fell dead; since which time their *duendes*, or ghosts, are said to haunt the place.

* Near the valley of Caneiro the Asturian mountains rise to a considerable height; and they are there called, in the language of the country, *Leas siete bellotas*, or the seven acorns. To cross them is technically called *cracking the bellotas*.

when too late he cursed himself with the deepest mortification, both for his own weakness, and his folly in being thus duped. Marie clung to her preserver; for though she had not seen his face, nor heard his voice, she knew it was the good Claus; and her heart told her, too, that the other horseman was her beloved Jose. These opinions were soon confirmed; for on reaching a village they were joined by a large body of cavaliers, who had been sent forward to protect them; and there her two companions threw aside their ghostly costume, beneath which they wore their own garments.

"We have fairly checkmated Balziero this time," said Jose, reining his horse close beside that of Claus, and stretching out a hand to his sister. "Their antique funeral procession, and fire in the turret, were well got up; but in point of effect—the actual dramatic power that was wrought out, I think they must yield to our scene from the *Duendes*—or, rather, thine, good Father; for I was but a supernumerary. And dost thou know, Marie, that Balziero, by the aid of a miscreant serf of our father's, had actually possessed himself of the complete set of costumes from the iron chamber?"

"I thought as much," returned the other, "for I saw them in clear open daylight."

"It is even so, sweet Marie; and no wonder their characters were so graphic. I overtook the slave yesterday. He had met the reward of his sin; and was sinking under the anguish of a mortal wound. He confessed the truth to me; and I forgave, and blessed him; for there was no priest at hand."

"And if there were," said Claus, thy blessing, my son, would be, at least, equally worthy, and acceptable in the sight of God."

This light strain of pleasantry had been assumed by Jose in the first moments of communication, in order to delay inquiries of home; for while his own heart was nearly bursting with sorrow for their great loss, he would fain have delayed the knowledge of it from his beloved sister, who now had nearly sunk, and seemed quite faint and exhausted. She was conveyed to a cottage where she was permitted to embrace her deliverers; and also take some rest and refreshment; for she had known neither for the last two days and nights.

Gently, then, as possible did the Sage break to her the mournful story of her mother's death; though he told her not of the horrible circumstances attending it. He, indeed, called it *not death*, but only a translation to a higher and brighter sphere, which he described in such glowing terms, that Marie felt it was almost sin to mourn; and when she remembered all the suffering that dear parent had so long borne, she repressed her own sorrow, as selfishness. But, ah! she knew not the desolation that had fallen upon her young heart—she knew not what it would be to go back to those void places, that had been filled by one unceasing ministry of love—that was to bless her no more, forever, in all this earth pilgrimage! Yet a few hours had wrought for poor Marie the discipline of years of trial. She was all chastened; and she bowed herself down in the beautiful and holy spirit of the Divine Teacher, "Not my will, O, Father but thine be done."

It is impossible to describe the feelings with which the Alcalde greeted the return of his daughter. He appeared completely subdued and wept for hours, like a child. Ah! he, too, had a heart; and he had come to feel remorse for his long neglect, and ill treatment, of the gentle being whose young head had rested in his bosom so confidently, and whose life he had cut off in the midst by such a ruthless blow. He had also come to perceive something of the wrong he had done his son; and he was much affected by the brave spirit he had shown in the rescue of his sister. He for the first time in his life embraced him with deep tenderness; and then he bowed himself down at his very feet and prayed to be forgiven. Ah, nature had made the Alcalde right. She had given him indeed all the elements of greatness. It was only from the unnatural germs of evil which predominate in society, that he had wrought out a character so wholly different from his first Ideal. So it is with many. But at the sight of Claus he was overwhelmed with grief and shame. He hastened to Augustine, and commanded him to stay all proceedings against the preserver of his child.

"That is impossible," replied the Priest, with a laugh that

rang hideously through the vaulted chamber, like the exultation of a demon, as it was. "Thou, my brave Lord, hast called out a force that is stronger than thyself! Ha! dost thou not know the Holy Church has no backward steps. Even now, the officers of the Inquisition await my bidding." He stamped with his foot, when two dark, fierce looking men entered. "Arrest the Accused," said he; and in a few moments they had bound the defenceless old man, and were leading him away to the torture.

The Alcalde, heedless of the anathema that were thundered in his ears, became frantic with grief and rage; but he was impotent to aid; for what were all the forces he could muster, against the Pope; and were they not, also, sons of the Church; and, for that very reason, unable to assist him? But he did all that the most devoted love could do in his position. He went with the victim. He stood beside him at the rack. He wiped away the cold sweat from his brow, and the streaming blood from his tortured limbs, and bathed them with his own hot tears. He bore curses, and blows, and threats of fierce tortures. He was insensible to every thing but his gratitude.

For some time Marie was kept ignorant of this; and Jose, whose own heart was bleeding with the bitterest anguish, strove to amuse, and detain her in her own apartment. But through her clairvoyant faculty, she soon perceived the true position of her friend. Then she rushed from the castle. She traversed the long vaulted passages to that fearful den of iniquity, the Prison of the Inquisition, followed by her brother, hardly less frantic than herself. She met her father by the way, who told her their friend had fallen into a quiet sleep, and begged her not to disturb him. But she would not be detained. She demanded admittance to the prisoner, in a manner that could not be denied. As she entered the apartment, she beheld him stretched out, pale, ghastly, bleeding, upon a low pallet; while directly before him, she distinctly saw the just-departed Spirit, in the image of the Living, but infinitely more glorious. It had the divine serenity and wisdom of age, with the freshness and brightness of youth. It looked upon the Form wherein it had so long dwelt with a sorrowful expression, like that of parting with an old friend; and then, in the triumphant exaltation of its full liberty, it soared away; and Marie, and they that were with her, bowed down, with deep joy and reverence; and praised God.

* * * * *

Men know not their highest benefactors until after they have destroyed, or suffered them to perish; and then they build tall monuments to their memory; and call cities by their names; and exalt them to the rank of demi-gods. So it was with Claus. Of so bright an example of virtue it was not in human nature to be long insensible; and pilgrims came from far distant lands to speak of his goodness, and consecrate his grave by their tears. He was *SAINTED*; and though superstition has wrought much that is false with his name; yet the outbeaming spirit of love, that ever rejoiced in imparting happiness, is an amaranthine Truth—wreathing it with flowers that can never perish. His spirit has entered into the hearts of all who love the brightness of a glad holiday; and it ever prompts them to give gifts, and to bless all around them with a far-radiating ministry of love; and thus *should* we cherish the memory of SANTA CLAUS.

ROUGE.—We found, the other day, in an old and rare book we were turning over, a mention of the first use of rouge, which, by this account, seems to have been somewhat perverted from its original purpose. It "was worn by the Roman Generals in their triumphs, that they might seem to blush continually at their own praises!"

THE UNIVERCELUM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

A Weekly Journal devoted to General Inquiry, Philosophico-Theology, and an Exposition and Inculcation of the Principles of Nature in their Application to Individual and Social Life. Published every SATURDAY, for an Association, by S. B. BRITTAN, at No. 235 Broadway, N. Y. Edited by S. B. BRITTAN, assisted by Twelve Associates.

Terms \$2 a year, payable in all cases in advance. For a remittance of \$10, 6 Copies will be sent. All letters and remittances to be directed, *post-paid*, to S. B. BRITTAN, 235 Broadway, N. Y.