

THE UNIVERCŒLUM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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

VOL. II.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1848.

NO. 10.

The Principles of Nature.

From the Christian Examiner.

THE IDEAL AND ACTUAL:

FINAL CAUSES OF THE INEQUALITY BETWEEN THEM.

BY BARLOW.

THAT discontents and inquietudes make an inseparable part of our present lot, is proverbial. That these discontents and inquietudes are expressly designed to accomplish results magnificently good, and are, therefore, to be regarded as blessings instead of curses, is quite generally overlooked.

One source of disquiet has not, I apprehend, attracted its due share of attention, namely, the disproportion existing between our intelligent and our active nature.

This proportion is very striking. It fixes a great gulf between our reason, which sees, and our will, which executes.

It is, too, a universal disproportion. In the wisest and best of men, the power of performance lingers far behind the faculty of perception. Fast and far as they may climb the heights of excellence, not the less above them may they behold

"Alps on Alps, on mountains mountains rise."

The principle holds as well in small things as in great. How earnestly soever we strive to execute our purpose,—to clothe our conception in visible form,—when it stands up completed before us, we are smitten with disappointment. We do not own the work of our hands to be a fair representative of the creature of our minds. The philosopher and the poet, the artist and the handicraftsman are alike vexed with their continual failure to give adequate expression to the images their minds had shaped. Nor less has the Christian cause to lament his perpetually coming short of his ideas of duty. "The law of his members wars," and prevails "against the law of his mind, so that the thing that he would, that he does not."

This peculiarity in our structure, merely in a speculative view, is an interesting fact. But it is, I apprehend, a peculiarity of no small practical consequence.

Let us inquire, then, why, and to what end it is, that we thus know better than we do,—that we conceive better than we execute,—that we see better than we accomplish?

The solution of this inquiry is to be sought in a consideration of our nature and destiny. And what are these? Immortal in our nature, our destiny is perpetual growth. But we,—on whom presses the weight of a destiny so magnificent, and yet awful,—we are, at the outset, simple existences; hardly so much persons, as things. We see not,—we conceive not,—we feel not;—but we possess the *germs* of these functions,—the capability of seeing, and conceiving, and feeling. The unfolding of these germs, and the development of this capability,—the enlargement of our intelligence and the expansion of our sensibilities,—in one word, growth without measure or end, is the one thing, for which our nature was created; the one thing, for which it lives; the one thing, for whose accomplishment all things beside the soul were created as auxiliaries.

The soul's life, then, being perpetual advancement, it demands a perpetually active moving force. In the composition of this

moving force many and various elements meet. One of these elements is that peculiarity in our spiritual structure, of which we are speaking. We are so constructed, that our intelligent nature precedes, by a wide interval, our active nature. We conceive better than we execute; we see better than we accomplish.

But this inequality between the two departments of our nature is a spring of disquiet. For our nature, by one of its strongest instincts, covets wholeness, or inward unanimity. No disturbance of this unanimity, no internal dissention can occur, without generating some degree of pain.

There is no stimulant to action more potent than pain. The uneasiness produced by the want of symmetry between our intelligent and our active nature immediately prompts the endeavor to diminish this want,—to effect a correspondence between our powers of conception and of execution. And in this process, ever going on, but never to be completed, is found the working out of our destiny, which is progress, growth.

We have a cause, then, and it is a cause most wise and good, why the perceiving reason so towers above the executing will. It is for an end the highest and holiest, and not for pastime to a vacant fancy, that from their birth-place and home, the creative presence of God, ideas of yet unrealized perfection descend to visit the minds of men.

Fixed and radiant before the artist's inward sight there lies an image of unearthly beauty; and laboriously and painfully does he strive to give it, on the canvass or in the marble, an outward existence.

Over the soul of the orator there broods what the prince of orators calls a "something immeasurable and infinite;"—and his bosom heaves and his eye kindles with its inspiring presence.

Coming and going before the poet's eye are visions of ethereal loveliness and grandeur; and with an earnest and sleepless perseverance does he strive to disclose them to others through the magic-glass of "words fitly spoken."

And before the eye of the aspirant after moral excellence, the genuine disciple of Christ, there float evermore ideas of spotless purity, and self-forgetting benevolence,—of love unshadowed, and uncomplaining patience,—of piety that never chills, and holiness without a stain. Turn whithersoever he may, they are still before him, frowning on his unfaithfulness or indolence, smiling approval on each well-aimed endeavor, and beckoning him onward and yet onward.

These are but illustrations of a universal principle. To every thing there is a perfection after its kind, which may continually be approached, but is never fully attained. Whatsoever thing our minds may devise, or our hands find to do, there lies before us, either clearly or dimly, an idea of the perfection of that thing. To bring this idea within the sphere of our will, as well as within the sphere of our vision,—in other words, to effect a closer correspondence between the acts of our voluntary power of execution, and our half-involuntary power of conception; or in other words still, to lay hold on with the hands as well as with the eye;—this is the secret, and the whole secret, of what we call improvement, or progress.

The thought of the nature and origin of the ideas of which we are speaking, is, to the reflecting, a solemn and yet kindling

thought. What are they but rays from the one great central Sun?—gleams visiting the human soul from the one indivisible, far shining Orb of Perfection? For all light and truth, all beauty and goodness, are but the reflections of the divine nature. It is the destination, while it is the sole happiness and glory of the created spirit, to attain a resemblance to its author. Therefore it is planted in a universe, where it is entirely compassed about with God. On this side and that, turn whithersoever it may be, there break on its perception glimpses of Him, within whose circling presence it lives. In these glimpses we behold the ideas of which we speak. These ideas proclaim their own design; which is, by degrees, and in separate portions, as befits our nature, to reveal to us the nature and character of our great Original.

In all this, we are, to a great degree, passive. For much of the Divine Being,—what He is and what he requires,—we cannot choose but see.

But it is not enough that we *see*. It remains that we *act*. To transfer these ideas, from an insulated, barren existence in the understanding, to a station, where they shall overlook, and command, and move, as one, the whole various nature; to plant them in the midst of the affections, and permit the affections to wind round, and be molded by them,—to assign to them the place and dignity of a law, according to which the will shall decide,—this is the task given us to do.

The materials, and the implements to be employed in the execution of this task, are the world in which we are, and the life which we live. The innumerable acts, small and great, which we gather up and class under the names of conduct, character, and the like,—the whole circle of the arts, including even the lowest of the manual arts, wherein a whole is constructed by the putting together of parts,—all these are but different modes of giving outward expression to ideas. They constitute the element in which by various successive experiments, our active nature,—that is, our will, our passions, and our affections,—molds itself to a conformity with our perceptive nature, or works out a correspondence between itself and those ideas, which beam on our Reason's eye from the original Source of Light.

There is, then, a cause, and it is a benevolent cause, for the universal inequality between our powers of conceiving and executing. Its effect is to spread out before the soul a thousand allurements attracting it towards its Author; to open a thousand different paths, all leading to the throne of God.

And thus, though this want of harmony between the two main branches of our nature be fraught with perplexities, disquietudes, and pains, yet it is a condition of our being, that conducts to issues the noblest and most desirable,—even the transforming of weakness into strength; of the mortal into immortality; of the frail, ignorant child of earth into a creature bearing, distinct and radiant, the impress of the Most High God!

In the preceding views, we are presented not only with a solution, such as it is, of the great problem of human life, but an exposition of the manner in which we may, and should turn life to practical account. The work assigned to us is to follow out, to give outward expression in full to our ideas,—allotting the pre-eminence, of course, to those which are demonstrated by their very essence, to be the soul's governing ideas.

First and paramount in our nature stands the moral element. First and chiefly, then, should our endeavor be to give full expression to all our moral ideas; or, in other words, to make our external acts the true representatives of our conceptions of duty.

"To act up to our light;" "to do what we think right;" "to follow the dictates of conscience;"—these are phrases with which common speech clothes our doctrine: and they tell strongly for its soundness, inasmuch as they are the spontaneous fruit of the common sense and feeling of mankind.

Again, whatever be our profession, art, or occupation; in other words, whatever be the mode in which we choose to put forth habitually the principal sum of our intellectual activity, or of

our intellectual and physical activity combined, our endeavor should be that our execution correspond, as closely as possibly, to our idea of what is perfect.

"To do the best we know how;" "what is worth doing at all, is worth doing well;"—these are phrases which demonstrate our doctrine not to be alien to the common sense and feeling of mankind.

The wise man's exhortation, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," bears, with equal force, on all the three modes of exerting our nature's activity, the moral, the intellectual, and the physical. "Whatsoever thou doest," he would say, "be it of much or of little importance, do it according to the best of thy knowledge and ability. Let this be with thee a settled habit. Do not at all,—or, at least, deviate from this rule as rarely as may be,—do not at all what time and opportunity will not allow thee to do according to thy utmost light and capacity."

This principle extending from the least unto the greatest of our nature's operations, is the one only sufficient proof of our nature being in a completely healthful tone.

Our doctrine is not a mere barren interpretation of facts. It is a doctrine, in whose working is found the spring of all excellence of whatever kind; a principle, the degree of whose energy affords a universal measure of excellence.

Wherever you find one excelling, be it in what it may, you will, by inquiry, discover the secret of it to be, that, through a long series of efforts,—each gaining on the last,—he has been sustained and led onward by an idea, existing in his mind, of something superior, in the same kind, to what any one of his successive efforts has reached.

The painter and the sculptor, the architect and the poet, are each kindled and allured forward by an image of beauty or grandeur, which they strive to fix, and embody in external symbols. One effort follows another, earnest and laborious, and still they are disappointed and vexed to witness the imperfect correspondence between the image within and the symbol without. But if actuated by the spirit implied in the names they bear,—the genuine spirit of the doctrine we are urging,—every failure, instead of disheartening, will stimulate to further and more energetic effort. And gathering new force from defeat,—even as the fabled giant became threefold stronger from every prostration,—they will draw continually nearer to giving complete outward expression to what is within them; that is, they will constantly improve in their respective arts.

He, in like manner, who thirsts for moral excellence,—whose ambition is to realize all that is indicated by the name *Christian*,—he finds in those majestic images of Christian virtues and graces, which flit across the firmament of his Reason, the spring of his noble thirst, of his high and holy ambition; and to arrest these images, and give them a permanent home in his inmost soul, and make them the counsellors of his will and the guardians of his affections, will be his settled aim and strenuous endeavor, and herein consists the process of religious culture. Fail he will, again and again; but not so will he lose courage or give over. In the words of the great Apostle, himself a model in this kind, "he is troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." Bruised and wounded, discomfited once and again, yet once and again he rallies; and stung with ingenuous shame and penetrated with wholesome regrets, he presses the more ardently forward, and will press forward until the prize is won, to which he is called by God from on high through Jesus Christ.

The ideas we have been considering, at least in their greatest vividness, belong most naturally to youth;—to the youth, I mean, of a mind, which, having been sheltered with the utmost care from evil influences, has been, at the same time, provided with such intellectual and moral nutriment, as is suited to its years. Such a mind has not become fettered by the tyrannous customs,

or sophisticated by the maxims, of an artificial and imperfect state of society. There is a comparative closeness of sympathy between itself and that benign spirit, who is the Life and Light of all things. Such a mind, therefore, swarms with images of excellence in every kind, and burns with the desire to give them outward form and feature. Wisely, therefore, said one of those clear Natures that make us rejoice in our humanity, "Tell him, when he is a man, to reverence the dreams of his youth."

The worldling would stigmatize these dreams with the epithet *romantic*. But alas for the debasement of him, who can look back with shame on the time, when his heart was warm and unhackneyed, and his love a spring perpetually overflowing, and his hopes bright, and his mind full of the thoughts of all excellent deeds. Matter of triumph rather and grateful rejoicing should be the dreams of our youth. Nor this alone. They should be prophecies involving and insuring their own fulfilment. Counsel more solemn or more momentous can be addressed to no one, than that he take heed not to fall away from his early aspirations.

Let not the world cover thee with its cold blighting shadow. Harken not to the sophistry, which would persuade thee to substitute expediency for right; smooth hypocrisy and fair-seeming equivocation for honesty and truth,—cold prudence and unfeeling self-interest for frankness and free-gushing love. Rely rather on thine own pure, spontaneous impulses, than on the narrow, frigid maxims of an unspiritual world. Let those images of truth and beauty, of good and right, which were the stars of thy youth, be the light-beaming and warmth-diffusing sun of thy riper years. Work while it is yet day. With earnestness and perseverance,—not disheartened by failure, not crushed by defeat,—strive to bring thy heart into harmony with whatsoever the mind can conceive of universal excellence.

Thus strive thou to the end of life. And, thus striving, shalt thou accomplish the task assigned thee by thy Maker; and by His hand be crowned with "glory, honor, and immortality."

THOUGHTS ON LABOR.---NO. 3.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

MAN IS STILL IN BONDAGE to the elements; and since the beastly maxim is even now prevalent that the strong should take care of themselves, and use the weak as their tools, though to the manifest injury of the weak, the use of machinery has hitherto been but a trifling boon in comparison with what it may be. In the village of Humdrum, its thousand able-bodied men and women, without machinery, and having no intercourse with the rest of the world, must work fourteen hours out of twenty-four that they may all be housed, fed, and clothed, warmed, instructed and made happy. Some ingenious hands invent water mills, which saw, plane, thrash, grind, spin, weave, and do many other things, so that these thousand people need work but five hours in the day to obtain the result of fourteen by the old process. Here then a vast amount of time—nine hours in the day—is set free from toil. It may be spent in study, social improvement, the pursuit of a favorite art, and leave room for amusement also. But the longest heads at Humdrum have not Christian but only selfish hearts beating in their bosoms and sending life into the brain. So these calculators think the men of Humdrum shall work fourteen hours a day as before. "It would be dangerous," say they, "to set fire to so much time. The deluded creatures would soon learn to lie and steal, and would speedily end by eating one another up. It would not be Christian to leave them to this fate. Leisure is very good for us, but would be ruinous to them." So the wise men of Humdrum persuade their neighbors to work the old fourteen hours. More is produced than is consumed. So they send off the superfluities of the village, and in return bring back tea and porce-

lain, rich wines and showy gew gaws, and contemptible fashions that change every month. The strong-headed men grow rich; live in palaces; their daughters do not work, nor their sons dirty their hands. They fare sumptuously every day; are clothed in purple and fine linen. Meanwhile the common people of Humdrum work as long as before the machines were invented and a little harder. They are also blest by the "improvements." The young women have red ribbons on their bonnets, French gloves on their hands, and shawls of India on their shoulders, "tinkling ornaments" in their ears. The young man of Humdrum is better off than his father who fought through the Revolution, for he wears a beaver hat, and a coat of English cloth, and has a Birmingham whistle, and a watch in his pocket. When he marries he will buy red curtains to his windows, and a showy mirror to hang on his wall. For these valuable considerations, he parts with the nine hours a day which machinery has saved; but has no more bread than before. For these blessings he will make his body a slave, and leave his mind all uncultivated. He is content to grow up a body—nothing but a body. So that if you look therein for his Understanding, Imagination, Reason, you will find them like three grains of wheat in three bushels of chaff. You shall seek them all day before you find them, and at last they are not worth your search. At Humdrum, Nature begins to revolt at the factitious inequality of condition, and thinks it scarce right for bread to come fastest into hands that add nothing to the general stock. So many grow restless, and a few pilfer. In a ruder state crimes are few:—the result of violent passions. At Humdrum they are numerous:—the result of want, indolence, or neglected education; they are in great measure crimes against property. To remedy this new and unnatural evil there rises a Court-house and a Jail, which must be paid for in work; then Judges and Lawyers and Jailors are needed likewise in this artificial state, and add to the common burthen. The old Athenians sent yearly seven beautiful youths and virgins:—a tribute to the Minotaur. The wise men of Humdrum shut up in Jail a large number:—a sacrifice to the spirit of modern cupidity: unfortunate wretches, who were the victims and foes of society; men so weak in head or heart, that their bad character was formed for them, through circumstances, for more than it was formed by them, through their own free will. Still farther, the men who violate the law of the body, using the mouth much and the hand a little, or in the opposite way, soon find Nature taking vengeance for the offence. Then unnatural remedies must oppose the artificial disease. In the old time every sickly dunce who cured "with Motherwort and Tansy," which grew by the road-side, suited all complaints, and was administered by every mother in the village. Now Humdrum has its "medical faculty," with their conflicting systems, homœopathic and allopathic, but no more health than before. Thus the burden is increased to little purpose. The strong men of Humdrum have grown rich and become educated. If one of the laboring men is stronger than his fellows, he also will become rich, and educate his children. He becomes rich, not by his own work, but by using the hands of others whom his cunning overreaches. Yet he is not more avaricious than they. He has perhaps the average share of selfishness. So he gets and saves, and takes care of himself, a part of their duty which the strong have always known how to perform, though the more difficult part, how to take care of others, to think for them, and help them to think for themselves, they have yet to learn, at least to practice. Alas, we are still in bondage to the elements, and so long as two of the "enlightened" nations of the earth, England and America, insist on weaving the garments for all the rest of the world, not because they would clothe the naked, but that their strong men might live in fine houses, wear gay apparel, dine on costly food, and their Mouths be served by other men's Hands, we must expect that seven tenths of mankind will be degraded, and will hug their chains, and count machinery an evil. Is not the only

remedy for all the evils at Humdrum in the Christian idea of wealth, and the Christian idea of work?

There is a melancholy back-ground to the success and splendid achievements of modern society. You see it in rural villages, but more plainly in large cities where the amount of Poverty and Wealth is summed up as in a table of statistics, and stands in two parallel columns. The wretchedness of a destitute mother contrasts sadly with a warehouse, whence she is excluded by a single pane of glass, as cold as popular charity and nearly as thin. The comfortless hut of the poor, who works, though with shiftless hands and foolish head, is a dark back-ground to the costly stable of the rich man who does nothing for the world, but gather its treasures, and whose horses are better fed, housed, trained up, and cared for than his brother. It is a strange relief to the church of God, that, with thick granite walls, towers up to Heaven near by. One cannot but think, in view of the suffering there is in the world, that most of it is the fault of some one; that God, who made men's bodies, is no bankrupt, and does not pay off a penny of Satisfaction for a pound of Want, but has made enough and to spare for all his creatures, if they will use it wisely. Who does not sometimes remember that saying, "Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these, you have done it unto me?"

The world no doubt grows better; comfort is increased from age to age. What is a luxury in one generation, scarce attainable by the wealthy, becomes at last the possession of most men. Solomon with all his wealth had no carpet on his chamber floor, no glass in his windows, nor shirt to his back. But as the world goes, the increase of comforts does not fall chiefly into the hands of those who create them by their works. The mechanic cannot use the costly furniture he makes. This however, is of small consequence, but he has not always the more valuable consideration—time to grow wiser and better in. A man in New-England is called poor at this day, who would have been rich a hundred and fifty years ago; but as it rises the number that falls beneath that standard becomes a greater part of the whole population. Of course the comfort of a few is purchased by the loss of the many. The world has grown rich and refined chiefly by the efforts of those who themselves continue poor and ignorant. So the Ass, while he carried spices to the Roman bath, contributed to the happiness of the State, but was himself always dirty and overworked. It is easy to see these evils, and weep for them. It is common also to censure some one class of men—the Rich or the Educated, the Manufacturers, the Merchants, or the Politicians, for example—as if the sin rested solely with them, while it belongs to society at large. But the world yet waits for some one to heal these dreadful evils, by devising some new remedy, or applying the aid. Who shall apply for us Christianity to social life?

But God orders all things wisely. Perhaps it is best that man should toil on some centuries more before the race becomes of age, and capable of receiving its birthright. Every wrong must at last be righted, and he who has borne the burthen of society in this ephemeral life, and tasted none of its rewards, and he also who has eaten its loaves and fishes and yet earned nothing, will no doubt find an equivalent at last in the scales of Divine Justice. Doubtless the time will come when labor will be a pleasant pastime, when the sour sweat and tears of life shall be wiped away from many faces; when the few shall not be advanced at the expense of the many; when ten pairs of female hands shall not be deformed to nurse a single pair into preternatural delicacy, but when all men shall eat bread in the sweat of their face, and yet find leisure to cultivate what is best and divinest in their souls, to a degree we do not dream of as yet; when the strong man who wishes to be a Mouth and not a Hand, or to gain the treasure of society by violence or cunning and not by paying their honest price, will be looked upon with the horror we feel for pirates, and robbers, and the guardians who steal the inheritance of their wards, and leave them to

want and die. No doubt it is a good thing that four or five men out of the thousand should find time, exemption from labor, and wealth likewise to obtain a generous education of their Head and Heart and Soul, but it is a better thing, it is alone consistent with God's law, and the world shall be managed so that each man shall have a chance to obtain the best education society can give him, and while he toils, to become the best and greatest his nature is capable of being in this terrane sphere.

Things never will come to their proper level so long as Thought with the Head, and Work with Hands, are considered incompatible. Never till all men follow the calling they are designed for by nature, and it becomes as common for a rich man's son to follow a trade as now it is happily for a poor man's son to be rich. Labor will always be unattractive and disgraceful, so long as wealth unjustly obtained is a distinction, and so long as the best cultivation of a man is thought inconsistent with the life of the farmer and the tailor. As things now are, men desert a laborious occupation for which they are fitted, and have a natural fondness, and seek bread and honor in the "learned professions," for which they have neither ability nor taste, solely because they seek a generous education, which is thought inconsistent with a life of hard work. Thus strong heads desert the plough and the anvil, to come into a profession which they dislike, and then to find their Duty pointing one way and their Desire another. Thus they attempt to live two lives at the same time, as he who would walk eastward and westward at the same time makes no progress.

Now the best education and the highest culture, in a rational state of society, does not seem inconsistent with a life of hard work. It is not a figure of speech, but a plain fact, that a man is educated by his trade, or daily calling. Indirectly, Labor ministers to the wise man intellectual, moral, and spiritual instruction, just as it gives him directly his daily bread. Under its legitimate influence, the frame acquires its due proportions and proper strength. To speak more particularly, the work of a farmer, for example, is a school of mental discipline. He must watch the elements; must understand the nature of the soil he tills; the character and habits of the plants he rears; the character and disposition of each animal that serves him as a living instrument. Each day makes large claims on him for knowledge and sound judgment. He is to apply good sense to the soil. Now these demands tend to foster the habit of observing and judging justly; to increase thought, and elevate the man. The same may be said of almost all trades. The sailor must watch the elements, and have all his knowledge and faculties at command, for his life often depends upon having "the right thought at the right time." Judgment and doctrines are thus called forth. The education men derive from their trade is so striking, that craftsmen can express almost any truth, be it never so deep and high, in the technical terms of the "shop." The humblest business may thus develop the noblest power of thinking. So a trade may be to the man in some measure what the school and the college are to the scholar. The wise man learns more from his corn and cattle than the stupid pedant from all the follies of the Vatican. The habit of thinking thus acquired is of more value than the greatest number of ideas learned by rote, and labeled for use.

But an objection may readily be brought to this view, and it may be asked, why then are not the farmers as a class as well instructed as the lawyers? Certainly there may be found farmers who are most highly educated. Men of but little acquaintance with books, yet men of thought, observation, and sound judgment. Scholars are ashamed before them when they meet, and blush at the homely wisdom, the acute analysis, the depth of insight and breadth of view displayed by laborers in blue frocks. But the cases are exceptions. These men were geniuses of no mean order, and would be great under any circumstances. It must be admitted that as a general rule, the man who works is not so well educated as the lawyer. But the difference

between them rises not so much from any difference in the two callings, as from this circumstance, that the lawyer enters his profession with a large fund of knowledge and the habits of intellectual discipline, which the farmer has not. He therefore has the advantage so long as he lives. If two young men of the same age and equal capacity were to receive the same education till they were twenty years old, both taking proper physical exercise at the same time, and one of them should then spend three years in learning the science of the Law, and the other in the science of the Farm, and then both should enter the full practice of the two callings, each having access to books if he wished for them, and educated men and women, can any one doubt that the farmer, at the age of forty, would be the better educated man of the two? The trade teaches as much as the profession, and it is well known that almost every farmer has as much time for general reading as the lawyer, and better opportunities for thought, since he can think of what he will when at his work, while the lawyer's work demands his thought all the time he is in it. The farmer would probably have the more thoughts; the lawyer the more elegant words. If there is any employment which degrades the man who is *always* engaged in it, cannot many bear the burthen—each a short time—and so no one be crushed to the ground?

Morality, likewise, is taught by a trade. The man must have dealings with his fellows. The afflicted call for his sympathy; the oppressed for his aid. Vice solicits his rebuke, and virtue claims his commendation. If he buys and sells, he is presented with opportunities to defraud. He may conceal a fault in his work, and thus deceive his employer. So an appeal is continually made to his sense of Right. If faithful, he learns justice. It is only by this exposure to temptation, that virtue can be acquired. It is in the water that men learn to swim. Still more, a man does not toil for himself alone, but for those dearest to his heart; that for his child; and there are those who out of the small pittance of their daily earnings contribute to support the needy, print Bibles for the ignorant, and preach the Gospel to the poor. Here the meanest work becomes Heroism. The man who toils for a principle, ennobles himself by the act.

Still farther, Labor has a religious use. It has been well said "an undevout astronomer is mad." But an undevout farmer, sailor, or mechanic, is equally mad, for the duties of each afford a school for his devotion. In respect to this influence, the farmer seems to stand on the very top of the world. The laws of nature are at work for him. For him the sun shines and the rain falls. The earth grows warm to receive his seed. The dew moistens it; the blade springs and grows he knows not how, while all the stars come forth to keep watch over his rising corn. There is no second cause between him and the Soul of all. Everything he looks on, from the earliest flower in spring to the austere grandeurs of a winter's sky at night, is the work of God's hand. The great processes of growth and decay, change and reproduction are perpetually before him. Nature's great works are done for no one in special; yet each man receives as much of the needed rain, and the needed heat, as if all rain and all heat were designed for his use alone. He labors, but it is not only the fruit of his labor that he eats. No; God's exhaustless Providence works for him; His laws warm and water the fields, replenishing the earth. Thus the Husbandman whose eye is open, walks always in the temple of God. He sees the divine goodness and wisdom in the growth of a flower or a tree; in the nice adjustment of an insect's supplies to its demands; in the perfect contentment found everywhere in nature—for you shall search all day for a melancholy fly, yet never find one. The influence of all these things on an active and instructed mind is ennobling. The man seeks daily bread for the body, and gets the bread of life for the soul. Like his corn and trees, his heart and mind are cultivated by his toil; for as Saul seeking his father's stray cattle found a kingdom, as stripling David was anointed king while keeping a few sheep in the wilderness,

and when sent to carry bread to his brothers in the camp, slew a giant, and became monarch, so each man who with true motives, an instructed mind, and soul of tranquil devotion, goes to his daily work however humble, may slay the giant Difficulty, and be anointed with gladness and possess the Kingdom of Heaven. In the lowliest calling he may win the loftiest result, as you may see the stars from the deepest valley as well as from the top of Chimborazo. But to realize this end the man must have some culture and a large capital of information at the outset; and then it is at a man's own option whether his work shall be to him a blessing or a curse.

GREATNESS.

THE WORLD has suffered from nothing so much as from false ideas of greatness. The passion for military glory has been the fruitful cause of slavery, bloodshed and crime. How little has the experience of its fatal results hitherto done to teach men wisdom? How is this deadly charm ever to be broken, save by the formation of a nobler idea, the creation of a better taste, the erection of the true standard? In Jesus Christ the real greatness of our nature—the glory of a pacific, all-enduring temper—is revealed. Let him then be lifted up before all eyes, and all hearts will be touched, and the sword, and the spear, and the banner bathed in blood will be buried at the foot of his cross, and it will be felt that all other courage is fear, all other glory shame, in comparison with that spirit which subdues by mercy and reigns by suffering.

There is a wide and mournful need of confidence in the omnipotence of moral truth. This it is that the wise in all ages have most seriously wanted. They have had, as it has been said of a certain political party, "more of the wisdom of experience than the wisdom of hope;" and they have "looked for their Future only in the direction of the Past." Look at the wise and the educated, and the thinking, at the present day. How faint and sickly are their hopes of the moral improvement of our race. Things are deemed impossible, for the instant accomplishment of which only that simple energy of will is required, which a sure faith in the vitality of moral truth would immediately create. In these circumstances, how unspeakably precious, (could it only be brought home to the heart!) the memory of one in whom no trait is more conspicuous than a calm and unflinching confidence in truth, and this, too, in a condition of things apparently the darkest and most hopeless! Without a single decisive token of success, he uniformly looked upon the great revolution he commenced, as already consummated. In no respect is his example more original and inspiring. In nothing does he stand so pre-eminently alone, far above all other teachers, as in his perfect faith in human nature. He scattered fearlessly abroad the seeds of truth, and trusted in God that they would germinate and grow. Whereas all other teachers have divided their doctrines into *esoteric* and *exoteric*, philosophy for the initiated, and fables for the vulgar. And at the present day, how frequently is it said in regard to any new and more rational view of religion, "It is all very true. I understand and believe it. But it will not do to disseminate such views. The generality of men cannot appreciate them." I say nothing of the modesty of this sentiment. It reveals the very worst kind of infidelity, and our Sabbaths, our churches, our multitudinous institutions of Religion, are but a dead and delusive show, so long as man believes not in man. Jesus Christ went down directly among the most ignorant and degraded, and well did he describe it as the most decisive attestation to his divine authority, that he delivered the glad messages of truth "to the poor." [FURNES.

DO AS YOU OUGHT TO DO. This is a golden precept. Pythagoras has not a richer. [ZIMMERMAN.

Psychological Department.

A PASSAGE OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM.

WHEN about fifteen years of age, I went to pass some time with a cousin who was residing in Boston. There I became very homesick, and suffered extremely from the absence of all those dear familiar faces, and forms, around which the tenderest fibres of my heart had entwined themselves. I said nothing of these feelings to my mother, lest I should give her unnecessary pain, because I knew it was considered best that I should remain in Boston. My father just previous to this, had lost his property, and his pecuniary embarrassments were very great. At this juncture my cousin sent for me to come and stay with her, and as she lived in fine style, and was surrounded by the best society, it was thought I could enjoy advantages in her house, which I could not find at home. I soon found, however, that the sounding promises which had lured my parents into this measure, were far from being redeemed by the facts themselves.

My situation became extremely irksome; and above all I had no home companionship, but was wholly cut off from all the sympathy, which had become one of the first necessities of being. For my own part I would rather have gone home, though I had been fed on crusts which a beggar would refuse, than to have endured the absolute death of all those sweet offices of love, which were to me the better part of life, and in fact, life itself. But I chose rather to suffer the tortures of absence, than disappoint my friends; and for my parents' sake, I struggled on. It was expected that I should stay a year before I returned; and the measure of my uneasiness may be seen in the fact, that I made out a list of the three hundred and sixty-five days; and every evening I erased one. Under these circumstances it was natural that I should think much of home. Indeed I dwelt there, in the spirit, continually. I was especially fond of recalling the familiar forms I loved; and I could always do so very vividly. At night, upon retiring, I extinguished my light; and forgetting that I was forty cruel miles away, I crept into the couch beside my sleeping sister. I flew to my place by the winter fire; and there I recited the lessons I had learned—there in imagination I told all my sorrows. When ill I took, in fancy, the bitter dose from the hand of my gentle father; and then I rocked to sleep in his arms; for even at that age, if I were in pain, he always rocked me in his arms, until I became quiet, and slept. Ah, he was the tenderest of fathers. If I were grieved I clung around my mother; and hiding my head in her bosom, shed there my tears. I joined in the sports of my brothers, and listened as I had been wont to do, to their stories of boyish adventures. And often too, I welcomed the dear faces of friends, who were familiar visitors at our house. These ideal scenes became my whole world; and I only sought to be alone, that I might indulge them. It is impossible for any one to conceive how vivid they were, and how necessary to my happiness they became, unless one could feel, as I have often felt, how impossible it is to breathe freely, and healthily, anywhere but in the genial atmosphere of home.

Dear! as I loved home and all its inmates, my mother was my idol. She was one of those rare women, who combine great personal beauty, with a generous moral expansion, and high mental power. She was to me—and in fact she still is, as I now look back to her through the softening shadows of years—the most perfect of created beings. I can see her at this moment, as I last beheld her, with the sun-tinged chesnut hair resting softly on the Madonna-like brow, and the large dark blue eyes, which would sometimes kindle with a strange bewildering glory, bending on me their fulness of unutterable love. I can see the beau-

tifully chiseled features, and the perfect form, which might have been a study for the sculptor, such as he would find only in his divinest dreams. I can see the great struggle of the mother's heart, quivering for a moment around the finely curved mouth, and melting in the shadowy depths of the thrilling eye, and then subdued by the heroic energy of the self-sacrificing woman; for it was for my good that she let me go. I feel her tender arms twining about me in that last embrace; and her last kiss is thrilling now as it then thrilled with a sense of unspeakable anguish, through my whole being. But I must not dwell on a subject, where I should be tempted to linger too long.

My mother's health had always been very delicate, and this circumstance, even in early childhood, created an intense anxiety on her account. She frequently had violent attacks; and then my suffering from the fear that she would die, was extreme. Whenever I knew of any little girl who had lost her mother, I wondered much how she could live. I knew that I never could survive the loss of mine; and this idea beset me continually. But alas, I have lived, to learn that the heart can suffer long, and deeply, and cruelly, before it breaks. I have lived, I sometimes think, to shew how much wrong and pain the human heart can be made to endure. But again I am digressing.

My love for these ideal home pictures at length became wrought into a passion that absorbed every other enjoyment. I took delight in nothing else. Even books came at length to disgust and weary me. After awhile I began to see my mother as a dead body, prepared for the grave. The other members of the family at the effect of my will, always appeared before me, with all their natural lineaments, and offices, clear, perfect, life-like; but she was forever the same, a cold and sheeted corse. I strove to see her otherwise. I tried to enter the sphere of her daily avocations, and catch once more the gentle ministrations of her love; but no effort could restore her to her place in the dear domestic circle. She was always apart—alone—cold—and pale. I became pertinacious in my resolution to overcome this phantom. I strove to soften the stiff crimping of the close cap border; for its compression was painful to see; but no art could subdue its cold shapeliness. I watched the white folds of her robe with the most intense interest; but no breath ever stirred them. I strove to unbend the rigid hands; but there they lay forever, crossed over the still breast. All was marble; and even the drapery itself, seemed like the carved attire of a statue, so motionless did it ever remain. I whispered to her; I called her name; but no stirring muscle—no expression of consciousness—ever answered me. I clung beseechingly to her bosom, but its iciness chilled me to the heart's core.

So perfect was this hallucination that I frequently exclaimed: "is it possible that I shall never see my mother alive?" I always used this form of question with myself, and never asked: shall I never see my mother again. I think now that I can trace, through all my feelings of that period, a distinct impression that I should see her, but not alive. One thing is very remarkable; although I was an extremely timid and imaginative child; and I believe if I had thought that I actually beheld a specter, I should have lost my senses, I never was at all frightened at this appearance, though it beset me at all hours of the night, when such images are so appalling—I never thought that it meant anything—probably from my large hopefulness, and the wonderful tenacity of my love, I could not think so; but I felt the warning continually. If I had believed it true I should have been frantic; and no earthly power could have detained me.

This vision haunted me for many months, week by week, day by day, and hour by hour. At length the term of my year expired, when, to my utter horror, I found that my cousin had obtained my mother's consent for me to stay several months longer. I should have then made known the truth to my friends; but all my letters passed through the hands of those I felt to be the enemies of my unhappiness; and for my life I dared not

make any exposure of my feelings, lest I should be betrayed; and then I settled down into a state of mind bordering on despair. Meanwhile the terrible phantom seemed to evolve itself with ever more fearful distinctness; until at length I could recall no other familiar forms. Thus wore heavily away about three months of the second year; and then I received a letter from my mother, saying that she was ill, and requiring my immediate return. There appeared nothing serious, however, in her symptoms; and my cousin would not let me go. Her husband was absent in Europe, and as she was very lonely, she did not like to part with me. She was an extremely selfish woman, and I was a mere child in her hands. I had never learned to assert my own will, or maintain my own rights, and I knew not that I *could* do so; and if I had felt the power, I should not have dared to use it, so great a terror had she become to me. She was a woman of tremendous and ungovernable passions; and the sight of her awful anger almost drove me out of my senses. But oh, the unspeakable anguish her selfishness caused me, and that dear devoted one, I was never more to behold alive.

In about three weeks after the first summons, a relation of our family came to the house late one evening, and told me that my mother was very low, and that he and his wife had come to take me home. He said that my father had written several times, and that my mother had expected me hourly, ever since she had last written. But my cousin had probably retained the letters, as they must pass through her hands, in order to prevent my going away.

This blow fell upon me like a thunder-bolt! Oh, the bitter anguish of that day's anxiety! There were many periods of such intense suffering, that I could have rejoiced to know the worst—to know anything rather than sustain longer that intolerable burden of doubt. There were no railways on my road then, to lend wings to love. At first it seemed as if the horse absolutely crawled, so eager was I to get forward; but when I saw by familiar places that we were drawing near home, I would have bound his limbs, so much did I dread to know the truth. Thus was I torn by the cruel conflict—not between hope and fear, for hope was dead—but between willingness, and unwillingness, to know the worst. The pangs of ages seemed compressed in the misery of that single day. Thus wore away a journey of forty miles, on one of the bitterest winter days I ever knew; but I felt not the cold; I would have been happier to be quite cold. Every feature of that most dismal ride is indelible.

When we reached the house of my friends in Providence, where I was to stop, for my father had lately removed sixteen miles into the country, the first thing I saw was several groups of well-known faces, of the friends who had gathered together to receive me, looking forth from the windows. They were all bathed in tears. Not a word was spoken; and I needed not that my loss should be otherwise announced. Kind Nature relieved me by a fainting fit; and I was carried into the house, and long remained in a state of partial insensibility. Oh how horrible was my first full consciousness! It seemed as if all the suffering in the wide world, had been gathered in one vast heap, and was pressing its full weight on my little heart. I have since been schooled in suffering; but I never knew any thing like the anguish of that moment; for I was then wholly untried.

The next morning I was taken home; and though my friends made every effort to calm me, I was carried into the house in a nearly unconscious state. I found my mother just as I had always seen her. Every outline, every feature, every fold, was perfect. Then the vision had fulfilled its office; and after her burial I never saw her in this state again. So entirely was the painful impression removed from me, that I have since found it very difficult to remember how she appeared in the still chamber of death. Her image has always since been to me that of health—the living, loving mother of my tenderest,

deepest affections. I believe that this premonition was intended to prepare my mind for an event, which, had it come without any preparation, would have been too dreadful; for though I was unconscious of it then, I had become familiar with the idea of her death.

For years afterward I continued to dream of my mother, almost nightly; and my dreams were so vivid that they had the effect of real scenes. I continued, during these seasons, to seek advice and comfort from her, just as I had been wont to do in life; and I doubt not she was permitted to visit and watch over me, until I had passed through the dangerous paths of youth; and to sustain and comfort me, in the many trials and struggles which were my early lot. Doubtless she was impelled to this more strongly, because she could not see me before her departure; for the desire to embrace me once more, and to tell me something she had on her mind, but which she told to no one else, was her last earthly wish; and she never surrendered it until very near the close. And I think, too, that my yearning affection might have attracted her toward me; for she must have been sensible how bitterly I deplored her loss.

Since then I have often felt, in the utterness of my desolation, that I could be happy in a wilderness—in a desert—that I could submit to any sacrifice—that I could dare and do any amount of labor, however severe—that all suffering would be joyful, could I only be with her. But now, Oh, blessed Spirit! I have a higher and holier hope, shining evermore clearly from the confines of thy radiant sphere, into the serene depths of my believing soul. I know that when the few short and shadowy days of this being are all numbered, I shall fly to meet thee; and the bitterness of absence shall melt, and be lost, in the fulness of unspeakable joy, when our reunion shall be bound by the golden circle of eternity.

G.

PERCEPTION OF JESUS.

SOME instances of a miraculous knowledge in the life of Jesus may remind us of the "*clear-and-long-sightedness*" of persons in a magnetic state, or of those in a similar condition. As Jesus saw Nathanael under the fig-tree, so magnetic persons see their physician, their relatives, and sometimes even indifferent individuals, in distant houses and remote parts of the country; as he spoke to the woman of Samaria of her six husbands, so magnetic somnambulists have frequently read the most secret concerns in the hearts of those with whom they were conversing; and as he knew in what part of the lake a quantity of fish had crowded together, unnoticed by his disciples, though they were experienced fishermen, so there are persons who are able to tell where metals or bones are buried, where water is concealed under thick layers of earth, and some even, to whom the body of others is transparent as it were, so that they can see its innermost parts, and describe their condition or ailment,, as the case may be.

[STRAUSS.

CLAIRVOYANCE OF SWEDENBORG.

SEVERAL well-attested cases of Swedenborg's clairvoyant powers are recorded. Once, while dining with a friend, at a place many miles distant from his own town, he suddenly rose and walked out in the open air, seemingly in great agitation. At length he entered the house, apparently composed, and informed the company present that there was a great conflagration near his own residence, and that he had been fearful for its safety; but it had just been quenched within one door of his house. The next post brought a full and perfect confirmation of all he had said.

DO TO ANOTHER as thou would'st be dealt with thyself. This single rule is sufficient to regulate thy conduct, for it is the foundation and principle of all good laws.

[PENN.

THE UNIVERCÆLUM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1848.

OPPOSITION TO SOCIAL REFORM.

FROM THE FIRST MOMENT that the question of Social Re-organisation began to be agitated in our country, the Political, Religious and Commercial Press, with a few exceptions, has lifted an unanimous voice of alarm and opposition. The Political Press has charged the Associationists with meditating the destruction of our Republican System, and the establishment of anarchy, or oligarchy, or despotism. The Religious Press has accused the friends of the movement as contemplating the destruction of the Christian Faith, and the substitution of a gross system of sensual indulgence in the place of the sublime morality of the Gospels. And the Commercial Press has denounced the proposed Reform as involving the destruction of all rights of property, and threatening the monied and professional classes with bankruptcy and final ruin. Under these influences has grown up a powerful party—powerful in wealth, position and standing, utterly hostile to any change in the present Social state. The Politician opposes Socialism because, to his view, it contemplates the destruction of the Democratic Government under which our country has arisen to such proud pre-eminence. The Religionist opposes because he believes it to seek the destruction of Christianity, and the establishment of a system of universal license. And the man of Property opposes, for he imagines that it will usher in a state of anarchy, attended with the final destruction of all secured and vested rights.

Now so far from the proposed Re-organisation of Society being hostile to the Republican, the Christian, or even the Capitalist, it tends to confer advantages upon them which they do not possess, and holds out inducements of the highest conceivable importance. And did they understand the merits of Association, and would they examine into its bearings and tendencies, the contemplated movement would secure their confidence and enlist their influence.

A Democratic form of Government, the Sovereignty of the People in its broadest sense, can never be made permanent or actual in the present disorganised condition of society. If the barbarous and ignorant classes obtain a predominance, government settles at last into a Despotism. If the enormously affluent predominate, the governing power falls into the hands of the Oligarchy. Every republic of antiquity oscillated between these three conditions; Anarchy, the predominance of the ignorant and depraved; Aristocracy, the rule of the powerful and united higher classes; or Tyranny, the subserviency of the state to the will of the individual. Only where the masses are peculiarly free, mentally enlightened, and morally pure, can Democracy be possible—and this condition is only attainable through the path of Social Reconstruction. The mob in every country is always ripe for revolution. And why? Because they know that no change in the form of political arrangement can depress them lower than they are, while any change may ameliorate their condition, temporarily at least. Democracy can not be permanent, when the social structure makes poverty inevitable for the many, and degrades Labor into the slave of Capital. Let the lover of republican institutions cease his warfare against the Associationists. They seek no political changes: they are on the side of law and order: they deprecate political innovation save through peaceful and constitutional means. They seek quietly, without tumult, to effect an organisation of indus-

try which shall tend to elevate all men into practical freemen, and thus fit them for the discharge of all political trusts and duties, and by so doing add security and permanence to popular liberties and rights.

So too Christianity can never be universally received in belief and practice except through Social Reform. So long as men's bodies are overtasked by unceasing labor for their daily bread: so long as men's minds are continually tormented with the dread of final destitution: so long as all of the selfish and sensual and destructive passions are continually excited into unwholesome activity by rivalry, temptation and abuse: so long the mind only has a dwarfed and contracted form, and the heart a partial influence. Atheists are found among men of bad or perverted organisation. As men grow pure, affectionate and intelligent, they become followers of Christ. In the new order of society each man will have facilities for mental and moral culture, and will from his youth be protected from the demoralising tendencies that now degrade and destroy. Thus with a conscience quickened, a glowing heart, a clear and active mind, he will be a fit recipient of those holy influences that heaven bestows upon man. So too, in that condition of society, every man will find it possible to comply with the divine commands, "take no thought for the morrow," and "love thy neighbor as thyself." How then can the Christian oppose Association, when it places the mind in the condition that is essential to Christian faith, and most conducive to Christian works? We lay no claim to prophetic insight, but we hesitate not to express our belief that in a divine order of society Atheism would die out in three generations, and all men become members of one Catholic and Universal Church, seeing "eye to eye," and bound by the "Unity of the Spirit in the bond of Peace."

Men of Property, too, should be the last men to oppose this change. Is not the commercial system of the world rotten to its core? Are not the most stable fortunes melting away in the great political disruptions, like the snows? Are not investments of all kinds becoming unsafe, as government after government is dashed in ruins? Is it not evident that the present system of civilisation must find a grave? Are we not in a transition era, with the Past deserting us, and an untried and mysterious Future before? Have not the old methods of securing property become worn out and worthless? How then shall the capitalist front the Future? Shall he stand idle and irresolute till all of his vested rights are destroyed in a civil war between the advocates of Property rights who withhold the rights of Labor, and the advocates of Labor rights who withhold the rights of Property? How then can he save his acquisitions in the impending struggle? The answer is obvious. By allying himself to those who recognise the rights both of labor and of property—who seek to ascertain the limits and the extent of each, and the relations they sustain to each other: who seek to mediate between the two antagonistic classes of society, and reconcile all men in united efforts for the welfare and affluence of the whole. The crisis presses on us. Will not the opposers of Association open their eyes to their true interests, and reconsider their position? If they do not the Future grows dark before them. The change must come. God grant that we may not, like a sister Republic, wade to it through seas of blood.

THE GLORY AND HAPPINESS OF A CITY consist not in the number, but the character, of its population. Of all the fine arts in a city, the grandest is the art of forming noble specimens of humanity. The costliest productions of our manufactures are cheap, compared with a wise and good human being. A city which should practically adopt the principle that man is worth more than wealth or show, would gain an impulse that would place it at the head of cities. A city in which men should be trained worthy of the name would become the metropolis of the earth.

THE MORAL ARGUMENT FOR LAND REFORM.

NOTHING IS MORE COMMON, than for Reformers to be stigmatized as selfish and designing, and especially by those whose moral powers are subject to the control of a narrow and miserly disposition. Their idea of a Land Reformer is simply that of a desperate character, who wants to get something without paying for it. They have not sufficient principle to see the justice of the demand, and measuring other men's motives by the character of their own they thus misconceive the impulses by which the truly philanthropic are governed. To have any one obtain or enjoy any thing, "without paying for it," is, according to the creed of the Mammon-worshiper, equivalent to the unpardonable sin. And hence all their intolerant tirade and abuse.

Not to follow out reflections which are suggested here, it may be well to ask, if people have no rights or possessions without first buying them, what gives title to the landlord who has never bought any land or worked it? Who sold to Adam his right to a place? We have not known one instance out of fifty, where a person has *earned himself a farm*. They are inherited, or purchased by the cash of the overgrown capitalist, while the mortgage with which he covers it, if it goes in the name of the cultivator, in nine cases out of ten swallows up the farm, and with it all the laborers' toil.

But our object was to treat of the moral aspect of our Reform. How does Land Monopoly affect the morals of a people, and what may be expected if the soil were restored to its original freedom? It is already admitted that a dense population is unfavorable to morality, especially when connected with destitution and poverty. To say that a monopoly of the land produces these results, is only saying what every reflecting mind sees beforehand. Thousands in this city would leave for the free air of the country to-morrow, were not the lands in every direction held under the control of the speculator. To accuse them of no higher motive in their efforts at reform, than to obtain land without paying for it, is equivalent to accusing them of a desire to preserve life and liberty, inasmuch as the occupancy of land is essential to both.

But it is not simply that the circumstances and necessities that follow monopoly are unfavorable to morality; there is a spirit engendered by the example, destructive to all elevated and philanthropic sentiment, and corrupting both to the successful and unsuccessful. Whether we have lost a home, or gained one, which is needed only by him from whom it has been wrested, the result is similar; infatuating, like all forms of gambling, it works to frenzy the brain of the winner and the loser, making the one more greedy, and the other more desperate.

Can it be possible for a pure morality to flourish under such unfavorable circumstances? When we should treat as an outrage against all politeness the application to social occasions of the very first maxims of trade and commerce, and when business men find it so necessary to their moral standing to insist constantly on the observance of the distinction between what is due as a question of traffic, and what would be required by neighborly and philanthropic feeling, can it be questioned that business and the dictates of a brotherly feeling are in direct opposition to each other?

It is the constant study of many parents and teachers to infuse sentiments of moral rectitude and benevolent impulses into the minds of children, which must be compromised before they can succeed in any worldly undertaking. Our own acts in the matter of business are constantly giving the lie to our best intentions, and our children see it, and feel it. The direct competition into which we are brought in consequence of being denied a place upon which to live and labor, makes us all treacherous to each other. The rich pursue an unprincipled course toward the poor, and the poor are indifferent to the interests of the rich. Necessity makes all selfish—some from natural feelings of avarice, and some from the wants caused by the avarice

of others. This vice, which we all despise, and which is said to be "the root of all evil," where the land is withheld, becomes the great stimulus to action, and thus all noble and dignified labor, both of body and mind, is prostituted to insatiate or compulsory Greed.

Now Avarice has no stronger incentive than that which is prompted by a prospect of accumulating large possessions of the earth, thereby bringing man into subjection to our pleasure. Take away this privilege, one which gives advantage to the grasping at the expense of the just and generous, and the evil is wounded in a vital part.

Were the Land once freed from the power of the Landlord and Speculator, the principal instigation to avarice would be removed, and the moral and social faculties, released from the crushing weight of this ungodly Mammon-worship, would put forth shoots of righteousness, and cause the earth to bloom with the beauty of Eden, and the reign of Peace and Love to dwell again with Man.

J. K. I.

LEADERS AND FOLLOWERS.

IT HAS BEEN a mistaken idea with the advocates of various political and religious systems, and with almost all Reformers, that their respective theories have embodied all that human or Divine Wisdom can devise for the World's elevation. Each in his turn has regarded his own theory as the incarnation of all conceivable excellence, and as, perhaps, involving the utmost limit of all human progress. To say nothing of the absurd pretensions of political parties and factions, there is scarcely a religious body in all Christendom that has not virtually assumed this position. This is apparent from the vain and arrogant manner in which they assert and defend their dogmas. The followers of Calvin, Luther, Wesley and Murray, all suppose that their respective leaders accomplished the whole work of the Reformation, and that it only remains for them to follow "as dear children." We entertain the opinion that the Reformation will not be finished until Humanity is perfect, and that *may be* a long time, if those who should be *leaders*, are satisfied to be *followers*.

S. B. R.

DEATH OF MRS. S. E. MAYO.

THIS PURE and amiable woman, so admired for her writings, so loved for herself, has departed from us; in the vigor of her intellect; in the midst of her usefulness; in the bloom and freshness of her days. She was gifted with a rich fancy, a fine imagination, religious feelings of no common fervency, and a love for humanity that no sect could circumscribe. Hence her life and her writings were uniform—different expressions of the same Nature; and while as a writer she delighted in portraying the influence of the principles and the affections in adding dignity to the character and usefulness to the life, she faithfully exhibited those virtues in the relations of wife and mother and friend. Her lot in life was truly enviable, for her home was exalted by genius, and consecrated by religion, and gladdened by intense and happy love. But still, though the bereavement must be painful to those whom she has left behind, we cannot mourn for her. In a higher world of being, her spirit, ushered into a wider sphere of knowledge and usefulness, sings its hymns of beauty and pursues its labors of love.

WE must think no man the better for belonging to our communion: no man the worse for belonging to another. We must look with undiminished joy on goodness; Christ's spirit must be equally dear and honored, no matter where manifested. To confine God's love or his good Spirit to any party, sect, or name, is to sin against the fundamental law of the kingdom of God, to break that living bond with Christ's universal church which is one of our chief helps to perfection.

Choice Selections.

THE NATURE OF MAN.

THERE is a perfect adaptation of every creature to its appropriate sphere. The reptile crawls on the surface, or in the bosom of the earth—the beast is found among the hills and valleys, and the dark solitudes of the wilderness—the bird wings its way through the upper air, and the fish sports in the liquid element. Each of these, and every living thing, is wisely adapted to the element in which it lives, and to all the circumstances of its being. The same wisdom and benevolence is manifest in the creation of man. Nothing can be more admirable, than the perfect adaptation of his physical nature, to the sphere of his present existence, and the circumstances of his outward condition.

But man has a spiritual nature; this is adapted to a higher sphere. To complete the chain of being, and bring heaven and earth into fellowship, it became necessary that one should exist, in whom the earthly and the spiritual natures might be united. Man is that being; he is the connecting link between earth and heaven. The temporal and the eternal—the material and the spiritual, meet and center in him; and there is one unbroken chain of being, from *man* down to the little insect that flits away the brief moment of its existence on the earth; and far away, upward, to the highest seraph before the throne of God. Such is Man—the creature of a moment, and yet destined to an endless life—an animal, yet an ANGEL! This idea of man is beautifully expressed in the language of the Russian Poet, in his address to the Deity.

"Thou art! directing, guiding all, thou art!
Direct my understanding, then, to thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart:
Though but an atom midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the Spirit-land!

"The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is Spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave; a worm, a god!"

The organic structure of man is not more perfectly adapted to the earth, than is the spiritual nature to a higher world. These bodies, much as we prize them, are only the fleeting forms of life. The invisible spirit that animates the clod, is the Divine reality. This is not confined to earth—the Universe is its dwelling place! Chains and dungeons cannot bind it. It is free as the wind, that bloweth where it listeth. It is here—it is there—it is yonder—it is—gone! The Spirit that quickens that mass of clay—that which has power to think—to reason and investigate, may quick as thought, visit the four quarters of the earth. It is here in this earthly sanctuary. The next moment it is among the stars! and anon, like the angel in the vision, it descends to stand on the sea and the land! Surely, the spirit is not adapted to the earth and its passing forms and shadows. It claims a more exalted and glorious destiny. It belongs to the heavenly world, and when this earthly mission is ended, will seek its appropriate sphere.

It is worthy of lasting remembrance, that nothing short of immortal life and happiness, will satisfy the best desires and the holiest aspirations of the soul. I conclude therefore, that such a state is exactly adapted to the spiritual nature of man. That which will satisfy the natural desires, must be suited to the nature. If God has made a full provision for all the wants of His creatures—if He has prepared a suitable sphere for every being, and a being for every sphere, so as to preserve the essential harmony of His creation, the conclusion is inevitable, and there is a higher life for man.

SPIRITUALISM.

THIS THEORY teaches that there is a natural supply for spiritual as well as for corporeal wants; that there is a connection between God and the soul, as between light and the eye, sound and the ear, beauty and the imagination; that as we follow an instinctive tendency, obey the body's law, get a natural supply for its wants, attain health and strength, the body's welfare; as we keep the law of the mind, and get a supply for its wants, attain wisdom and skill, the mind's welfare,—so if, following another instinctive tendency, we keep the law of the moral and religious nature, we get a supply for their wants, moral and religious truth, obtain peace of conscience and rest for the soul, the highest moral and religious welfare. It teaches that the World is not nearer to our bodies than God to the soul; "for in him we live and move, and have our being." As we have bodily senses to lay hold on Matter and supply bodily wants, through which we obtain, naturally, all needed material things; so we have spiritual faculties to lay hold on God, and supply spiritual wants; through them we obtain all needed spiritual things. As we observe the conditions of the Body, we have Nature on our side; as we observe the Law of the Soul we have God on our side. He imparts truth to all men who observe these conditions; we have direct access to Him, through Reason, Conscience and the Religious Sentiment, just as we have direct access to Nature, through the eye, the ear, or the hand. Through these channels, and by means of a law, certain, regular and universal as gravitation, God inspires men, makes revelation of truth, for is not truth as much a phenomenon of God, as motion of Matter? Therefore if God be omnipresent and omniactive, this inspiration is no miracle, but a regular mode of God's action on conscious Spirit, as gravitation on unconscious Matter. It is not a rare condescension of God, but a universal uplifting of Man. To obtain a knowledge of duty, a man is not sent away, outside of himself to ancient documents, for the only rule of faith and practice; the Word, is very nigh him, even in his heart, and by this word, he is to try all documents whatever. Inspiration, like God's omnipresence, is not limited to the few writers claimed by the Jews, Christians, or Mahomedans, but is co-extensive with the race. As God fills all Space, so all Spirit; as he influences and constrains unconscious and necessitated Matter, so he inspires and helps free and conscious Man.

CRIMINAL REFORM.

SOCIETY has hitherto employed its energy chiefly to punish crime. It is infinitely more important to prevent it; and this I say not for the sake of those alone on whom the criminal preys I do not think only or chiefly of those who suffer from crime. I plead also, and plead more, for those who perpetrate it. In moments of clear, calm thought, I feel more for the wrong-doer than for him who is wronged. In a case of theft, incomparably the most wretched man is he who steals, not he who is robbed. The innocent are not *undone* by acts of violence or fraud from which they suffer. They are innocent, though injured. They do not bear the brand of infamous crime; and no language can express the import of this distinction. When I visit the cell of a convict, and see a human being who has sunk beneath his race, who is cast out by his race, whose name cannot be pronounced in his home, or can be pronounced only to start a tear, who has hardened himself against the appeals of religion and love, here, here I see a Ruin. The man whom he has robbed or murdered, how much happier than he! What I want is, not merely that society should protect itself against crime, but that it shall do all that it can to preserve its exposed members from crime. It should not suffer human nature to fall so deeply, so terribly, if the ruin can be avoided. Society ought not to breed Monsters in its bosom. If it will not use its prosperity to save the ignorant and poor from the blackest vice, then it must suffer, and deserves to suffer, from crime.

[CHANNING.]

Poetry.

THE DEATH-SONG OF WEETAWEE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,
BY FANNY GREEN.

AND IS IT THUS—all sad alone, my death-song must be told?
Ah, little thought I took of this in the happy days of old,
When fast my light canoe would skim along the silvery lake,
I sang the joyful song I loved, for my sweet pleasure's sake!

Or when as lengthening shadows fell o'er wigwam, rock and wood,
Beside my own brave sachem sire, a happy child I stood,
And wiped his weary brow, and brought his simple evening fare,
And to win his kisses I flung back my dark and shadowy hair;

Or when in after years there came a stranger bold and strong,
And from my inmost soul awoke a deeper, tenderer song—
He brought me curious shells and flowers, how wildly throbbed
my heart,

When first he whispered in mine ear that we should never part—
But I should be a chieftain's bride, and in his wigwam dwell,
And hopes went winging from the heart with love I may not tell—
Earth never was so glad—the birds ne'er sang so sweet, so low—
The sky was ne'er so blue above—the lake so calm below—

Mother was happy—father too—as happy as might be—
He called me his dear bird—his own, his darling Weetawee!
He put mine in the stranger's hand, ere he had turned to go—
Then night and day I dreamed of him—the dark-eyed Monocho—

But cruel white men came ere long, to burn—and waste—and
slay—

From father—mother—Monocho—they hurried me away!
And I have wept the live-long day, and grieved from night till
morn—

For sorrow came upon my heart, as blight upon the corn.

My tears are starting, even now, to think I cannot die
In my own happy—happy home—beneath my native sky!
'Twill be a long and weary way, from this dark lonely isle,
To where Sowhannien's hunting-grounds, and living waters
smile!—

But now my soul is strong again—The Brave are drawing near—
They're breathing on me—and I feel no bitterness—no fear—
My struggling spirit long hath worn a cold and heavy chain;
But now 'tis breaking!—It is gone!—and I am free again!

My mother's kiss is on my cheek—my father's on my brow—
My brethren all are hovering round—I'm free, and happy, now!
And Monocho, thy spirit lives in all I hear and see—
I know thou waitest for thy own, thy own dear Weetawee!—

'Tis dark—'Twas dark—but now I feel new light within mine
eyes!—

And yonder—yonder o'er the hills!—Joy!—joy for Paradise!—
I see the pleasant hunting-grounds—I see the sparkling waters!
I see the spirits of the Brave—and all Sowhannien's daughters!

They come!—and on my lightened foot the moccasin they bind—
I'm going now!—I cannot stay—I cannot look behind!—
For oh, the happy Land of Souls I now must seek afar—
It lies, perchance, beyond the home of yonder radiant star!
That pleasant star that shineth so to light me o'er the gloom—
Now, Spirits of the Brave and Free! Bright Land of Souls,
I come.

THE GOOD die first,

And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.

]WORDSWORTH.

From the Harbinger.

THE WORLD'S LIE.

BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

I LOOKED from out the grating
Of my spirit's dungeon cell—
And I saw the life-tide rolling,
With a sullen, angry swell;
And the battle-ships were riding,
Like leviathans in pride,
While their cannon shot was raining,
On the stormy human tide.
Then my soul in anguish wept,
Sending forth a wailing cry;
Said the world, "This comes from Heaven!"
Said my Soul—"It is a LIE!"

I looked out from the grating
Of my spirit's dungeon cell—
And a sound of mortal mourning
On my reeling senses fell.
And I heard the fall of lashes,
And the clank of iron chains,
And I saw where MEN were driven,
Like dumb cattle, o'er the plains.
Then my soul looked up to God,
With a wo-becclouded eye;
Said the world, "This comes from Heaven!"
Said my Soul, "It is a LIE!"

I looked from out the grating
Of my spirit's dungeon cell—
And I heard the solemn tolling
Of a malefactor's knell.
And I saw a frowning gallows
Rear'd aloft in awful gloom;
While a thousand eyes were glaring
On a felon's horrid doom.
And a shout of cruel mirth
On the wind was rushing by;
Said the world, "This comes from Heaven!"
Said my Soul, "It is a LIE!"

I looked out from the grating
Of my spirit's dungeon cell—
Where the harvest-wealth was blooming
Over smiling plain and dell;
And I saw a million paupers
With their foreheads in the dust;
And I saw a million workers
Slay each other for a crust!
And I cried, "O God above!
Shall thy People always die?"
Said the world, "It comes from Heaven!"
Said my Soul, "It is a LIE!"

A THOUGHT.

"HOW OFTEN is our path
Crossed by some being, whose bright spirit sheds
A passing gladness o'er it; but whose course
Leads down another current, never more
To blend with ours! Yet far within our souls,
Amidst the rushing of the busy world,
Dwells many a secret thought, which lingers still
Around that image."

W. R. M.

All are our brethren, of whatever shade;
And all are freemen, of whatever grade.

Miscellaneous Department.

From the Columbian Magazine.

THE NEIGHBOR-IN-LAW.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

Who blesses others in his daily deeds,
Will find the healing that his spirit needs;
For every flower in others' pathway strewn,
Confers its fragrant beauty on our own.

"So you are going to live in the same building with Hetty Turnpenny," said Mrs. Lane to Mrs. Fairweather. "You will find nobody to envy you. If her temper does not prove too much even for your good nature, it will surprise all who know her. We lived there a year, and that is as long as anybody ever tried it."

"Poor Hetty!" replied Mrs. Fairweather. "She has had much to harden her. Her mother died too early for her to remember; her father was very severe with her; and the only lover she ever had, borrowed the savings of her years of toil, and spent them in dissipation. But Hetty, notwithstanding her sharp features, and sharper words, certainly has a kind heart. In the midst of her greatest poverty many were the stockings she knit, and the warm waistcoats she made, for the poor drunken lover, whom she had too much sense to marry. Then you know she feeds and clothes her brother's orphan child."

"If you call it feeding and clothing," replied Mrs. Lane. "The poor child looks cold, and pinched, and frightened all the time, as if she were chased by the East wind. I used to tell Mrs. Turnpenny she ought to be ashamed of herself, to keep the poor little thing at work all the time, without one minute to play. If she does but look at the cat, as it runs by the window, Aunt Hetty gives her a rap over the knuckles. I used to tell her she would make the girl just such another sour old crab as herself."

"That must have been very improving to her disposition," replied Mrs. Fairweather, with a good-humored smile. "But in justice to poor Aunt Hetty, you ought to remember that she had just such a cheerless childhood herself. Flowers grow where there is sunshine."

"I know you think every body ought to live in the sunshine," rejoined Mrs. Lane; "and it must be confessed that you carry it with you wherever you go. If Miss Turnpenny has a heart, I dare say you will find it out, though I never could, and I never heard of any one else that could. All the families within hearing of her tongue call her the neighbor-in-law."

Certainly the prospect was not very encouraging; for the house was not only under the same roof with Miss Turnpenny, but the buildings had one common yard in the rear, and one common space for a garden in front. The very first day she took possession of her new habitation, she called on the neighbor-in-law. Aunt Hetty had taken the precaution to extinguish the fire, lest the new neighbor should want hot water, before her own wood and coal arrived. Her first salutation was, "If you want any cold water, there's a pump across the street; I don't like to have my house slopped all over."

"I am glad you are so tidy, neighbor Turnpenny," replied Mrs. Fairweather; "It is extremely pleasant to have neat neighbors. I will try to keep everything as bright as a new five cent piece, for I see that will please you. I came in merely to say good morning, and to ask you if you could spare little Peggy to run up and down stairs for me, while I am getting my furniture in order. I will pay her sixpence an hour."

Aunt Hetty had begun to purse up her mouth for a refusal; but the promise of sixpence an hour relaxed her features at once. Little Peggy sat knitting a stocking very diligently, with a rod lying on the table beside her. She looked up with timid wistfulness, as if the prospect of any change was like a release from prison. When she heard consent given, a bright color

flushed her cheeks. She was evidently of an impressible temperament, for good or evil. "Now mind and behave yourself," said Aunt Hetty; and see that you keep at work the whole time. If I hear one word of complaint, you know what you'll get when you come home." The rose-color subsided from Peggy's pale face, and she answered, "Yes ma'am," very meekly.

In the neighbor's house all went quite otherwise. No switch lay on the table, and instead of "mind how you do that. If you don't I'll punish you," she heard the gentle words, "There, dear, see how carefully you can carry that up stairs. Why, what a nice handy little girl you are!" Under this enlivening influence, Peggy worked like a bee, and soon began to hum much more agreeably than a bee. Aunt Hetty was always in the habit of saying, "Stop your noise, and mind your work." But the new friend patted her on the head, and said, "What a pleasant voice the little girl has. It is like the birds in the fields. By and by, you shall hear my music-box." This opened wide the windows of the poor little shut-up heart, so that the sunshine could stream in, and the birds fly in and out, carolling. The happy child tuned up like a lark, as she tripped up and down stairs, on various household errands. But though she took heed to observe all the directions given her, her head was all the time filled with conjectures what sort of a thing a music-box might be. She was a little afraid the kind lady would forget to show it to her. She kept at work, however, and asked no questions; she only looked very curiously at everything that resembled a box. At last Mrs. Fairweather said, "I think your little feet must be tired by this time. We will rest awhile, and eat some gingerbread." The child took the offered cake, with a humble little courtesy, and carefully held out her apron to prevent any crumbs from falling on the floor. But suddenly the apron dropped, and the crumbs were all strewn about. "Is that a little bird?" she exclaimed eagerly. "Where is he? Is he in this room?" The new friend smiled, and told her that was the music-box; and after awhile she opened it and explained what made the sounds. Then she took out a pile of books from one of the baskets of goods, and told Peggy she might look at the pictures, till she called her. The little girl stepped forward eagerly to take them, and then drew back, as if afraid. "What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Fairweather; "I am very willing to trust you with the books. I keep them on purpose to amuse children." Peggy looked down with her finger on her lip, and answered in a constrained voice, "Aunt Turnpenny won't like it if I play." Don't trouble yourself about that. I will make it all right with Aunt Hetty," replied the friendly one. Thus assured, she gave herself up to the full enjoyment of the picture books; and when she was summoned to her work, she obeyed with a cheerful alacrity that would have astonished her stern relative. When the labors of the day were concluded, Mrs. Fairweather accompanied her home, paid for all the hours she had been absent, and warmly praised her docility and diligence. "It is lucky for her that she behaved so well," replied Aunt Hetty; "If I had heard any complaint, I should have given her a whipping, and sent her to bed without her supper."

Poor little Peggy went to sleep that night with a lighter heart than she had ever felt, since she had been an orphan. Her first thought in the morning was whether the new neighbor would want her service again during the day. Her desire that it should be so, soon became obvious to Aunt Hetty, and excited an undefined jealousy and dislike of a person who so easily made herself beloved. Without exactly acknowledging to herself what were her own motives, she ordered Peggy to gather all the sweepings of the kitchen and court into a small pile, and leave it on the frontier line of her neighbor's premises. Peggy ventured to ask timidly whether the wind would not blow it about, and she received a box on the ear for her impertinence. It chanced that Mrs. Fairweather, quite unintentionally, heard the words and the blow. She gave Aunt Hetty's anger time enough to cool, and then stepped out into the court, and after arranging

divers little matters, she called aloud to her domestic, "Sally, how came you to leave this pile of dirt here? Didn't I tell you Miss Turndenny was very neat? Pray make haste and sweep it up. I wouldn't have her see it on any account. I told her I would try to keep everything nice about the premises. She is so particular herself, and it is a comfort to have tidy neighbors." The girl who had been previously instructed, smiled as she came out with brush and dust-pan, and swept quietly away the pile, that was intended as a declaration of frontier war. But another source of annoyance presented itself, which could not be quite so easily disposed of. Aunt Hetty had a cat, a lean scraggy animal, that looked as if she were often kicked and seldom fed; and Mrs. Fairweather had a fat, frisky little dog, always ready for a caper. He took a distaste to poor poverty-stricken Tab the first time he saw her, and no coaxing could induce him to alter his opinion. His name was Pink, but he was anything but a pink of behaviour in his neighborly relations. Poor Tab could never set foot out of doors without being saluted with a growl, and a short sharp bark, that frightened her out of her senses, and made her run into the house, with her fur all on end. If she even ventured to doze a little on her own door step, the enemy was on the watch, and the moment her eyes closed, he would wake her with a bark and a box on the ear, and off he would run. Aunt Hetty vowed she would scald him. It was a burning shame, she said, for folks to keep dogs to worry their neighbor's cats. Mrs. Fairweather invited Tabby to dine, and made much of her, and patiently endeavored to teach her dog to eat from the same plate. But Pink sturdily resolved he would be scalded first; that he would. He could not have been more firm in his opposition, if he and Tab had belonged to different sects in Christianity. While his mistress was patting Tab on the head and reasoning the point with him, he would at times manifest a degree of indifference, amounting to toleration; but the moment he was left to his own free will, he would give the invited guest a hearty cuff with his paw, and send her home spitting like a small steam engine. Aunt Hetty considered it her own peculiar privilege to cuff the poor animal, and it was too much for her patience to see Pink undertake to assist in making Tab unhappy. On one of these occasions, she rushed into her neighbor's apartments, and faced Mrs. Fairweather, with one hand resting on her hip, and the fore-finger of the other making very wrathful gesticulations. "I tell you what, madam, I won't put up with such treatment much longer," said she; "I'll poison that dog; you'll see if I don't; and I shant wait long, either, I can tell you. What you keep such an impudent little beast for, I don't know, without you do it on purpose to plague your neighbors."

"I am really sorry he behaves so," replied Mrs. Fairweather, mildly. "Poor Tab!"

"Poor Tab!" screamed Miss Turnpenny; "What do you mean by calling her poor? Do you mean to fling it up to me that my cat don't have enough to eat?"

"I did not think of such a thing," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "I called her poor Tab, because Pink plagues her so that she has no peace of her life. I agree with you, neighbor Turnpenny; it is *not* right to keep a dog that disturbs the neighborhood. I am attached to poor little Pink, because he belongs to my son, who has gone to sea. I was in hopes he would soon leave off quarreling with the cat; but if he wont be neighborly, I will send him out in the country to board. Sally, will you bring me one of the pies we baked this morning? I should like to have Miss Turnpenny taste of them."

The crabbed neighbor was helped abundantly, and while she was eating the pie, the friendly matron edged in many a kind word concerning little Peggy, whom she praised as a remarkably capable industrious child.

"I am glad you find her so," rejoined Aunt Hetty: "I should get precious little work out of her, if I didn't keep a switch in sight."

"I manage children pretty much as the man did the donkey," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "Not an inch would the poor beast stir, for all his master's beating and thumping. But a neighbor tied some fresh turnips to a stick, and fastened them so that they swung directly before the donkey's nose, and off he set on a brisk trot, in hopes of overtaking them."

Aunt Hetty, without observing how closely the comparison applied to her own management of Peggy, said, "That will do very well for folks that have plenty of turnips to spare."

"For the matter of that," answered Mrs. Fairweather, "whips cost something, as well as turnips; and since one makes the donkey stand still, and the other makes him trot, it is easy to decide which is the most economical. But neighbor Turnpenny, since you like my pies so well, pray take one home with you. I am afraid they will mold before we can eat them up."

Aunt Hetty had come in for a quarrel, and she was astonished to find herself going out with a pie. "Well, Mrs. Fairweather," said she, "you *are* a neighbor. I thank you a thousand times." When she reached her own door, she hesitated for a instant, then turned back, pie in hand to say, "Neighbor Fairweather, you needn't trouble yourself about sending Pink away. It's natural you should like the little creature, seeing he belongs to your son, I'll try to keep Tab in doors, and perhaps after awhile they will agree better."

"I hope they will," replied the friendly matron: "We will try them awhile longer, and if they persist in quarreling, I will send the dog into the country." Pink, who was sleeping in a chair, stretched himself and gaped. His kind mistress patted him on the head, "Ah, you foolish little beast," said she, "what's the use of plaguing poor Tab?"

"Well, I do say," observed Sally, smiling, "you are a master woman for stopping a quarrel."

"I learned quite a good lesson when I was a little girl," rejoined Mrs. Fairweather. "One frosty morning, I was looking out of the window into my father's barn-yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses, waiting to drink. It was one of those cold snapping mornings, when a slight thing irritates both man and beast. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt she happened to hit her next neighbor; whereupon, the neighbor kicked, and hit another. In five minutes, the whole herd were kicking and hooking each other, with all fury. My mother laughed and said, 'See what comes of kicking when you're hit. Just so I've seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears, some frosty morning.' Afterward, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, 'Take care children. Remember how the fight in the barn-yard began. Never give a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a deal of trouble!'"

That same afternoon, the sunshiny dame stepped into Aunt Hetty's rooms, where she found Peggy sewing, as usual, with the eternal switch on the table beside her. "I am obliged to go to Harlem, on business," said she: "I feel rather lonely without company, and I always like to have a child with me. If you will oblige me by letting Peggy go, I will pay her fare in the omnibus."

"She has her spelling lesson to get before night," replied Aunt Hetty. "I don't approve of young folks going a pleasuring, and neglecting their education."

"Neither do I," rejoined her neighbor; "but I think there is a great deal of education that is not found in books. The fresh air will make Peggy grow stout and active. I prophesy that she will do great credit to your bringing up." The sugared words, and the remembrance of the sugared pie, touched the soft place in Mrs. Turnpenny's heart and she told the astonished Peggy that she might go and put on her best gown and bonnet. The poor child began to think that this new neighbor was certainly one of the good fairies she read about in the picture books. The excursion was enjoyed as only a city child can enjoy the

country. The world seems such a pleasant place, when the fetters are off, and Nature folds the young heart lovingly on her bosom! A flock of real birds and two living butterflies put the little orphan in a perfect ecstasy. She ran and skipped. One could see that she might be graceful, if she were only free. She pointed to the fields covered with dandelions, and said, "See, how pretty! It looks as if the stars had come down to lie on the grass." Ah, our little stunted Peggy has poetry in her, though Aunt Hetty never found it out. Every human soul has the germ of some flowers within, and they would open, if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand in.

Mrs. Fairweather was a practical philosopher, in her own small way. She observed that Mrs. Turnpenny really liked a pleasant tune; and when Winter came, she tried to persuade that singing would be excellent for Peggy's lungs, and perhaps keep her from going into a consumption.

"My nephew, James Fairweather, keeps a singing school," said she; "and he says he will teach her gratis. You need not feel under great obligation; for her voice will lead the whole school, and her ear is so quick, it will be no trouble to teach her. Perhaps you would go with us sometimes, neighbor Turnpenny? It is very pleasant to hear the children's voices."

The cordage of Aunt Hetty's mouth relaxed into a smile. She accepted the invitation, and was so much pleased, that she went every Sunday evening. The simple tunes, and the sweet young voices, fell like dew on her dried-up heart, and greatly aided the genial influence of her neighbor's example. The rod silently disappeared from the table. If Peggy was disposed to be idle, it was only necessary to say, "When you have finished your work, you may go and ask whether Mrs. Fairweather wants any errands done." Bless me, how the fingers flew! Aunt Hetty had learned to use turnips instead of the cudgel.

When Spring came, Mrs. Fairweather busied herself with planting roses and vines. Miss Turnpenny readily consented that Peggy should help her, and even refused to take any pay from such a good neighbor. But she maintained her own opinion that it was a mere waste of time to cultivate flowers. The cheerful philosopher never disputed the point; but she would sometimes say, "I have no room to plant this rose-bush. Neighbor Turnpenny, would you be willing to let me set it on your side of the yard? It will take very little room, and will need no care." At another time, she would say, "Well, really my ground is too full. Here is a root of Lady's-delight. How bright and pert it looks. It seems a pity to throw it away. If you are willing, I will let Peggy plant it in what she calls her garden. It will grow of itself, without any care, and scatter seeds, that will come up and blossom in all the chinks of the bricks. I love it. It is such a bright good-natured little thing." Thus by degrees, the crabbed maiden found herself surrounded by flowers; and she even declared, of her own accord, that they did look pretty.

One day when Mrs. Lane called upon Mrs. Fairweather, she found the old weed-grown yard bright and blooming. "Tab, quite fat and sleek, was asleep in the sunshine, with her paw on Pink's neck, and little Peggy was singing at her work as blithe as a bird.

"How cheerful you look here," said Mrs. Lane. "And so you have really taken the house for another year. Pray, how do you manage to get on with the neighbor-in-law?"

"I find her a very kind, obliging neighbor," replied Mrs. Fairweather.

"Well, this is a miracle!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane. "Nobody but you would have undertaken to thaw out Aunt Hetty's heart."

"That is probably the reason why it was never thawed," rejoined her friend. "I always told you that not having enough of sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarrelling, or a tenth part of the wickedness there is."

From this gospel of joy preached and practised, nobody derived so much benefit as little Peggy. Her nature, which was fast growing crooked and knotty, under the malign influence of constraint and fear, straightened up, budded and blossomed, in the genial atmosphere of cheerful kindness.

Her affections and faculties were kept in such pleasant exercise, that constant lightness of heart made her almost handsome. The young music-teacher thought her more than almost handsome, for her affectionate soul shone more beamingly on him than on others; and love makes all things beautiful.

When the orphan removed to her pleasant little cottage, on her wedding-day, she threw her arms round the blessed missionary of sunshine, and said, "Ah, thou dear good Aunt, it is thou who hast made my life Fairweather."

NEW YORK AND PARIS.

THE CITY OF NEW YORK is more than one-third of the size of Paris, but who of us can imagine the possibility of such an insurrection as has just made the streets of that city run with blood? In case of public danger, what quarter of our city would be barricaded against the remainder, and where could be found the men to take up arms against their fellow citizens and the laws. It seems impossible; yet human nature is everywhere the same, and like causes produce like effects.

Four months ago, these very insurgents of Paris, where they gained the revolution of February, were miracles of virtue; magnanimous in their victory, they respected property and protected life. At the call of Lamartine they laid down the red flag, and adopted the tri-color—they gave a generous support to the Provisional Government, and quietly waited for reforms which had been promised them. Those promises have not been fulfilled—perhaps they could not have been. All the papers of Paris proclaimed that the revolution was social as well as political—but the reaction has carried away all ideas of social reform, and hence the insurrection.

When, if ever, the city of New York shall contain hundreds of thousands of laborers, scantily fed, and liable, on the least reverse, to starvation, we too shall have the materials of an insurrection, and incitements to bloodshed.

When the Parisian laborers were asked why they had rebelled, they said they preferred bullets to starvation. At some of the barriers the men fought with their wives and children standing beside them, that all might perish together.

The lesson we have to learn is this. We must so manage our institutions in the growth and progress of the country, as to make all our citizens the friends of law and order, by giving to all the securities of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We must avoid the monopolies of land and wealth, and as far as possible guarantee to every individual the right of labor and its just rewards.

With an intelligent and prosperous people, living under political institutions of justice and equality, there is no danger of insurrections.

[DISPATCH.]

A TREE growing from an old wall, or cleft of a rock, will, as soon as it has exhausted the surrounding soil, send a stem down to the land beneath; and Stephens in his search among ruins in Central America, found, he tells us, magnificent trees of a great height and size, upon the top of the high walls of the deserted edifices of a lost race, which having sent stems down to the soil on each side, formed by this means a firm support, and being thus, as it were, strapped together with living cables, they remain to this day in their original way.

Trees have been found which have taken root on one side of a deep ravine, and having exhausted the sterile soil on that side, have pushed their roots across the abyss, and having gained the opposite side, have there struck deep into the fertile soil.

THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

THE DELICATE, innocent Theresa had been confined to the sick bed during the finest part of the spring. When she grew better, and was gaining strength, she spake of the flowers, and asked whether they bloomed as beautifully as on the preceding year? She dearly loved the flowers, but was not able to go out and gather them. Then Erich, brother of the sick girl, took a basket and whispered to his mother: I will bring her the most beautiful in the fields! And so, for the first time, he went out to the country: for as long as the beloved sister lay in bed, he was unwilling to leave her. It now seemed to him that the spring had never been so beautiful, for he looked upon it and felt it with an affectionate and benevolent heart.

The joyous boy ran up and down the hills. The nightingales sang around him, the bees hummed, the butterflies fluttered, and the loveliest flowers were blooming at his feet. And he went on, singing and hopping from one hillock to another, from one flower to another. His soul was serene as the blue heavens above him, and his eye sparkled like a pure fountain springing out of the rock.

At length his basket was filled with the most beautiful flowers, and on the top lay a crown of field strawberries, strung like pearls on a spire of grass. Smiling, the happy boy looked upon his full basket, and laid himself down on the soft moss beneath the shade of an oak. Here he silently gazed upon the scenery so beautiful in the glory of spring, and the thousand varied flowers, and listened to the changeful song of the nightingale.

But he had rejoiced and sported himself tired. Even the jubilee of the fields, and the song of the nightingale coaxed him to sleep. So he lay down beside his full basket, a lively image of the sensual pleasures, the satiety of which had exhausted him, and of their fading nature.

The gentle boy slumbered peacefully: when lo! a storm gathered in the heavens. Dark and silent the clouds rolled up: the lightnings played, and the voice of the thunder roared still nearer and louder. Suddenly the wind rustled in the branches of the oak, and waked the boy affrighted. He looked round on the heavens, covered with threatening clouds. Not a sun-beam illumined the plain. Presently a tremendous clap of thunder fell upon his ear. The poor boy stood as if stunned by this change in the aspect of nature.

Son of mirth, are you more secure in your joyous career?

Already the heavy drops of rain were falling thickly through the leaves of the oak. Then the affrighted boy snatched up his basket and ran. The storm was now impending over his head. The rain prevailed, and the thunder rolled frightfully; the water streamed down from his locks and over his shoulders. With difficulty could he proceed on his way. Suddenly a strong blast of wind caught the basket in his hand and scattered all his carefully collected flowers over the field. Then his countenance fell, and with angry displeasure he threw down the basket at his feet. Crying aloud and wet through, he at length reached the home of his parents.

Wise son of earth, is thy displeasure and the nature of thy wrath more becoming and kindly, when thy desire has not been met, or thy plan has failed?

The storm soon passed away, and the skies became clear again. The birds anew began their songs, the farmer his toil. The atmosphere became pure and cool, and a sweet calm reigned over hill and dale. The ground having just drunk up the rain emitted a delightful fragrance. Every thing seemed renewed, and wore the semblance of youth, as if nature had just come fresh from the hands of its benevolent Creator, and the inhabitants of the country looked up with thankful joy, to the distant clouds, which had brought blessings and prosperity to their fields.

Storms purify and sweeten the atmosphere; out of the dark cloud comes down the blessing of heaven—sufferings and trials tend to the ennobling and improvement of the sons of earth.

The serene sky soon allured the frightened boy again into the field. Ashamed of his indignation, he went quietly back to look for his thrown away basket, and fill it with flowers. He felt his own life, too, renovated. The breath of the cool air, the odor of the field, the leaves of the trees, the songs of the forest, all seemed to him doubly beautiful after the storm and the refreshing rain. And the shame resulting from a consciousness of his foolish and unrighteous displeasure, rendered his joy more modest and softened.

The joys of earth need the spice of bitter vicissitude in order to their preservation and enhancement. A proof of their earthly nature.

The basket was still lying on the slope of the hill. A black-berry bush had caught it and protected it from the violence of the wind. Gratefully did the boy look upon the bush, and loosen the basket. But how extatic was his joy and wonder, when he looked around him. The field glistened like the starry heavens. The rain had allured out a thousand fresh flowers, had opened a thousand buds, and pearled the dew-drops on the leaves. Erich strolled about, like a busy bee, and plucked the flowers.

The sun was now near going down, and the gladsome boy hastened home with his basket filled. How his flower-treasure, and the pearly-crown of his freshly gathered strawberries delighted his soul! The setting sun threw around him the beams of his friendly face, while he hied away homeward. But yet more joyously beamed his eye, when he perceived the thankfulness and joyousness of his gentle sister.

Verily, said the mother, the joys we impart to others are still the most delightful.

[KRUMMACHER.]

OPPRESSION.

A CORRESPONDENT of the TRIBUNE tells the following story of by no means an isolated fact:

"Last evening I fell in with a striking example of the inconsiderate oppression of those who live by labor; especially females. In settling with our laundress, she mentioned that she feared that she should be obliged to give up the washing of a certain lady, who keeps a boarding house in the most fashionable part of the city, up town. We were astonished when we heard the name and particulars; as the lady was well known to us--of the nicest honesty in her bills, and of professed and reputed piety for years. She conducts a first-rate expensive establishment--has three grown-up daughters, and these are dressed in the mode of the day;--the washing woman has also three very young children, and is so oppressed with the work as to feel her strength failing and her nerves affected. Once she desired a neighbor to count the things--29 dozen in one week, from the smallest to the largest. We paid 4s. a dozen, all plain washing; and at 4 cts. a piece, she would be entitled, at 28 dozen, the smallest number, to \$13.44 cts. a week, and \$58.24 cts. the month, of 4 1-4 weeks. Judge ye, Messrs. Editors and pleaders for the poor laborer, what this poor widow received, \$12 per month--not one-fifth of a cent a piece for 29 dozen a week!

VELOCITY OF ELECTRICITY.—The immense velocity of electricity makes it impossible to calculate it by direct observation; it would require to be many thousands of leagues long before the result could be expressed in the fractions of a second. Yet, Professor Wheatstone, of London, has devised apparatus for this purpose, among which is a double metallic mirror, to which he has given a velocity of eight hundred revolutions in a second of time. The professor calculates, from his experiments with this apparatus, that the velocity of electricity through a copper wire one fifteenth of an inch thick, exceeds the velocity of light across the planetary spaces, and that it is at least 288,000 miles per second.

[SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.]

THE PRODIGALITY OF NATURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCÆLUM,

BY CHARLES WORTH.

How PRODIGAL is Nature of force! What quantities on quantities of effort she (apparently) throws away. Witness Niagara; winds; ocean storms; volcanos; &c. And geology tells us of gigantic growths of plants, long before animals existed to derive benefit from them; and huge animals that roamed the earth more stately than king his realm, long ere man came to subdue them to his use. And now man has come, how he wastes his energies!--his physical, in producing suicidal luxuries, wars, and the like; his mental, in prating nonsense, and quibbling about trifles; and his spiritual, in misdirected aspirations, and blind yearnings.

Is all this useless? Did not the war of chemical agents, during the chaos of elemental matter, separate those elements into their proportions and boundaries, arrange them in the order of their importance, and distribute them according to the harmony of their relations? Did not the volcanic action of the globe heave up islands and continents from the aqueous abyss? Did not those colossal forms of one period of the earth's history, long before sentient life was here to suffer or enjoy, absorb the gas which was in too great abundance for animal life, and deposit it in the bowels of the earth, thus rendering the atmosphere fit for the lungs of animated beings? And do we not now dig up that same deposit of forms and gas, in the form of coal, millions of ages afterward, making it of vast service in our economy?

Does not Niagara pour into the soul of every pilgrim thither, who will receive it, a wealth of sublimity and strength?

Does not the ocean's tireless struggling tell of omnipotence and eternity, rousing resistless energies in the soul of man?

Do not the winds breathe vigor, freedom, and conquerless will into man's character?

Does not the all-pervading principle of gravity teach lessons of permanence to whatever is, and the eternal progress of whatever acts?

And do not all these things declare concerning an ulterior Soul?

If there is aught of them which we cannot understand, is not that a sign, if not a proof, of infinite stores of occult knowledge yet to be opened to us? If, in a lifetime we may become acquainted with *one* of Nature's recondite lessons, may we not, in the eternity of life, or series of lives, before us, acquire familiarity with *all* her gifts of thought and principles?

Ah, if the Being who over-ruleth *all* has so much power to spend, be sure he exerts it not for nought; or, if he does, that he has enough more for all purposes of use.

If the meaning of one great fact has emerged from darkness and chaos, firmly rest thy foot upon it, till another, and yet another, shall appear; and by and by thou canst step across the ocean of ignorance; and sometime shall the volcano-force beneath uplift all those island points where thy foot had tracked, and make them the mountain-tops of a continent; and, ages hence, thy foot-prints shall appear in solid rock, which was plastic clay when thy foot made the impression; and men will read in them a record of thy faith, and heroism, and be inspired to the like.

And do not be impatient; but be willing that ages upon myriads of ages shall elapse before thou canst realize aught beautiful and good--before order and harmony shall emerge from confusion and discord. Let the vast machinery of the omniverse have its own time and space for its operations.

And so of all the sufferings that sensation and consciousness undergo. This is to happiness what cold is to heat--its negation. Out of night, winter, wo, error, will eliminate day, summer, joy, truth.

DEATH OF HENRY ZSCHORKE.—The celebrated German writer, Henry Zschokke, died at Aarau, in Switzerland, on the 27th June, in the 78th year of his age. His name fills no mean page in the annals of German literature and Swiss history. A native of Magdeburg, in Prussia, Zschokke commenced life by joining a company of strolling players, and afterward studied philosophy and divinity at Frankfort-on-the-Oder. After many years of travels and varied adventures, he devoted himself to the education of youth, and fixed his residence in Switzerland at the close of the last century. His political services to Switzerland were important, and he ever after considered it as his adopted country. For the last forty years he resided in his peaceful retreat at Aarau, while his pen almost unceasingly brought forth works of philosophy, history, criticism and fiction. His productions belong to the pure school of German literature, and his histories of Bavaria and Switzerland remain as noble monuments of his talent. His beautiful tales have been translated into almost every language. His checkered life had endowed him with a rare insight into the springs of human actions, and few writers in any age or country have more largely contributed, during the course of a long life, to entertain and improve their fellow-men.

INDEPENDENT CHRISTIAN SOCIETY
COLISEUM, 450 BROADWAY.

T. L. HARRIS, Pastor.

THE HOUR OF SERVICE in this Society is changed from 3 1-2 P. M. to 10 1-2 A. M. A punctual attendance of the congregation is requested. SEATS FREE.

THE UNIVERCÆLUM
AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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

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

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

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

THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER is edited by S. B. BRITTON, assisted by several associates; and is published every Saturday at 235 Broadway, New York; being neatly printed on a super-royal sheet folded into sixteen pages. Price of subscription \$2, payable in all cases in advance. For a remittance of \$10, six copies will be forwarded. Address, post paid, "UNIVERCÆLUM," No. 235, Broadway, New York.