

# THE UNIVERCELM

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 26, 1848.

NO. 13.

### The Principles of Nature.

#### THE PHYSICAL AND THE SPIRITUAL. THE ORDER OF THEIR DEVELOPMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM,  
BY S. B. BRITTAN.

ALL TRUTH IS ETERNAL. The truth contained in the Bible is a transcript of another Revelation. It is an expression, in human language, of principles before developed in the constitution of the Universe. Many of the most beautiful and instructive Scripture lessons, are only understood when we become acquainted with Nature. It is true that the invisible things of God are made known through the medium of Revelation. So these are disclosed to the student of Nature, being understood by the things that are made. Do the Scriptures represent pain and pleasure, happiness and misery, as the appropriate consequences of human actions? This truth first claimed an utterance in Nature. The existence of the relation—the natural and indissoluble connection between every cause and its corresponding effect—is a revelation of the same truth. Have we the proof from Revelation that man is destined to a higher life? He had an evidence before.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and man every where reads his immortal destiny. The truth, whether spoken by the sea-side or proclaimed from the Christian pulpit, is not the more or less divine in its nature and origin, or precious in itself, because it had a previous and a more sublime annunciation in the great temple of the Universe. Indeed, Revelation is only valuable because the previously existing truth is thus presented in another form or through a different medium, better adapted to the mind in a certain condition. It employs terms and sounds familiar to the ear and the understanding, instead of the unwritten language of Nature and Deity. To the one as an original and infallible standard, we must bring our expositions of the other. If the Scriptures are sanctioned by Divine authority—if they contain a communication from the Maker of the Universe—they must admit of an interpretation that will accord with the revelations in Nature. Every other exposition should be regarded as false, though fortified by a thousand commentaries. Many portions of the Scripture testimony, hitherto regarded as comparatively unimportant, now suggest to the mind some of the great essential principles of Nature. In one of the letters of Paul, an eminent spiritual philosopher, we have the following embodiment of the idea we propose to illustrate. "That was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, [or physical,] and afterward that which is spiritual." It is not necessary to employ this language in any restricted sense. It will admit of a general application to the material universe and the human spirit. We are disposed to view it as an expression of the great natural law of gradual development and progressive life.

Before we proceed with the illustration of the subject, it may be well to submit a concise statement of our views. We believe that matter is subject to the laws of universal motion and end-

less progression. God is the great Intelligent Cause; Nature is an effect; and Spirit is the ultimate, toward which all things are tending. In other words, the Original Mind employs Nature as the means by which Spirit is produced as an end. This idea seems to be distinctly implied by the Apostle. That which is merely physical is first, afterward that which is more refined or spiritual.

That matter and motion exist together—that one is an essential property of the other—is evident from the fact that all material forms are perpetually changing. These are but the visible and impermanent manifestations of the invisible Principle. The interior of all things is the real existence, while the external form is only the transient expression. As the inward principle is gradually unfolding, so the outward form is constantly changing. Every thing in the vegetable kingdom is governed by this law. The perfumes that load the breeze remind us that the flowers pass away in their own odors. The animal economy is subject to the same process. The human body is perpetually throwing off its particles by insensible perspiration and otherwise. While the general outline of the form is preserved, comparatively a brief period is sufficient to change its entire composition.

But it is not alone in the rapid decomposition of vegetable and animal substances, or the fusion of minerals, that this work is carried on. Eternal motion is a law of Nature, and hence it follows that the most enduring forms and solid substances, are, by a gradual, yet certain process, undergoing a similar change. Particles, perhaps imperceptible to the eye, are separated from the mass, and these enter into new forms and combinations. Thus matter, by the operation of its own inherent laws, is ever assuming new and more perfect forms. The refining process is constantly going forward, and that which was once grossly material, is becoming ethereal in its nature. The state in which matter exists at any time may enable us to determine the point to which it has arrived in the ascending scale. It is possible we may be able to trace Nature in some of her beautiful and complicated operations. It is by an easy and natural transition that the gross material elements are made to pass through successive lines of development up to that condition in which the spirit has its birth. The lower forms of life—those but one remove from disorganized matter—are, in the order of creation, first produced. That which is more perfect follows in its proper time and place, according to the universal law.

The general principle is true, whether applied to the whole material system, or to the distinct formations, as seen in the several kingdoms of Nature. The Universe, as it now exists, is the work of all past time. The several days of creation must be regarded as successive periods of formation and development. All effects, as exhibited in external Nature, have followed from the operation of inherent principles and established laws. Every thing is produced in its proper time and place. The mineral kingdom was the first effort of Nature after the earth was evolved from the great Center of material elements and spiritual forces. Matter then existed in its rudest forms, and motion was manifest in angular lines, as seen in the process of crystallization. Subsequently, by the sublimation of the original elements, the inward Principle began to develop itself in a more

perfect manner. Matter became *organized*, and Life was produced. The earth, hitherto barren and naked, was now clothed. Innumerable plants and flowers appeared. A beautiful vesture, dyed in the alembic of the Universe, enveloped the cold, rugged form of Nature. The vegetable kingdom being unfolded, the intrinsic forces of Nature were summoned for another and a stronger effort. New and more complicated forms were produced. Matter was endowed with sensation and voluntary motion. Nature was made to exhibit her creative energies anew, and by a constant process of decomposition and reproduction, the earth, the air and the waters, were filled with their respective inhabitants.

But there was still a higher station. A place remained for a creature of more exalted powers—a sphere to be occupied by one a little lower than the angels. MAN appeared with a form and mien worthy of his position in the scale of being. He stood erect, and while his feet touched the earth to remind him of his lowly origin, his face was turned toward the heavens, to indicate the nobility of his rank, and the glory of his destiny. In this last effort, to life and sensation was added the gift of REASON.

It is well known that matter in its higher gradations becomes so ethereal as to escape the observation of the senses. In the nature of man the transition point is attained where organized existence becomes spiritual. The IMMORTAL is developed from that which was before corruptible. It is born in a frail tenement of clay, yet fitted for everlasting mansions and the companionship of glorified spirits. Thus gross matter is made to pass through successive stages of development until it becomes ethereal.

This view of creation is not a mere speculation. It is absolutely certain that the earth was evolved, and the mineral kingdom unfolded, before vegetation appeared. Matter must exist in a disorganized state before it can assume an organic form. It is equally certain, that in the order of creation, plants were produced before animals. It is impossible for the latter to subsist upon the inorganic compounds. Plants have the necessary power of assimilation, so that matter in a state of putrefaction is subject to the process of recomposition. It is taken up and made to spread itself out in a thousand beautiful forms in the leaf and the flower. The plants absorb the noxious vapors, and in return exude the most delightful aromas. Matter must be thus organized before it can be employed to sustain animal life. Thus it appears that animated existence can only be preserved by a previous organization of matter in the form of vegetation.

The same elements enter into the composition of all material forms, but they exist in diverse proportions, and in different degrees of refinement. In the mineral kingdom we find matter in its lowest forms. Here we have the first manifestation of the interior principle which displays itself in *motion*. In the plant there is a still further development of the identical power in the production of *life*. In the animal economy the same material elements are endued with *sensation*. While in man we have not only motion, life and sensation, but *INTELLIGENCE*, the highest manifestation of the interior principle with which we are familiar. Thus by passing through the several stages of development, from the mineral to the vegetable, and thence to the animal and man, organized matter becomes refined, intelligent and spiritual, presenting in its progress the diversified and wonderful phenomena of Life, and Sense, and Thought.

The general idea is confirmed. The law of development is the law of the Universe, and by it all things tend back to Him who is the Creator and Source of Being. And here we have a confirmation of the Scripture which teaches that, "Of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are ALL THINGS." In this view of the subject, Creation is made to appear as a progressive work not yet completed. Every thing has its appropriate time and place, first "that which is physical, and afterward that which is spiritual." Thus we see that matter progresses into Mind, and by

this great law God is able to quicken even the stones, and raise up children bearing His own image.

This principle will equally well apply to the separate forms which come within the sphere of our observation. Every thing is imperfect at the beginning, but through the operation of this law every thing is rendered complete in its time. The plant unfolds its leaves first, then its blossoms, and last of all the fruit. In the grain, the stalk is produced before the seed. The process of development in this case is described by the Apostle—"First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." In the application to man the truth is not less apparent. The same order is plainly perceptible. "That is not first which is spiritual, but that which is physical; and afterward that which is spiritual." The body is developed, and the lower propensities are manifested, before the superior faculties of the soul. In the season of youth man is led by his passions, but in his maturer years, Reason, which is the flower of the spirit, is unfolded.

There must be a point when the human spirit has its origin—a time when it begins to exist. At its birth, the spirit, like the body, is feeble. Its powers are gradually unfolded, by a process similar to the growth of organic forms. Thus the law governing the economy of Nature in her inferior departments, is found to regulate the developments of the Soul.

It will be perceived that, while this view of the subject is sanctioned by reason and analogy, it is opposed to the old theological speculation about the primitive condition of man. The idea that he was *perfect* in the beginning, is without foundation. It is unphilosophical and absurd—opposed to the economy of Nature, and the revelations of the Spirit. We entertain the opinion that man is more perfect now than at any previous period. What if there was a time when the first representatives of the race had not sinned. This is true of every other man as well as the first. It does not follow because the creature was once in a state of innocence, that he was more spiritual then. The beasts of the field are unable to make any possible distinction between right and wrong. Having no law among them, there is no transgression; yet they are greatly inferior to man in his present imperfect condition. Thus it appears that freedom from sin, alone, is not an evidence of superior spiritual powers and attainments.

It is well known that the growth of plants and the development of the animal economy may be promoted or retarded by external causes; in like manner the outward circumstances may be favorable or unfavorable to the growth of the spirit. The corruptions of society may impede the progress of the race. Hereditary weakness and inability—a false education—popular prejudices, and the consequent dominion of the animal passions—these serve to check the development of the spirit, just as a barren soil and a murky atmosphere would prevent the growth and maturity of the grain. These are obstacles in the way of our advancement, and they should be removed. Society has power to make circumstances, and if those already existing are unfavorable, others should be created. The way in which this may be accomplished is easily explained. Ignorance is incompatible with the rapid growth of the spirit, but it is in the power of society to furnish the means of instruction for all. Extreme poverty must always subject the individual to temptation, but society may provide for the poor, and in this manner remove the temptation. These illustrations, though brief, are sufficient to suggest the way in which the individual may be surrounded by a combination of circumstances better calculated to preserve his integrity, and more favorable to his spiritual advancement.

When we desire to promote the growth of a plant we first place it in a congenial soil. While we are careful to shield it from the blighting frosts and the chilling winds, we let the sunlight shine upon it, and the dews and showers moisten it, and thus it is warmed, nurtured and expanded into a more abundant

and enlarged life. Adopt this course with man, and the spirit will flourish in immortal beauty. If he be exposed to the storms of adversity, and the cold atmosphere of indifference, society must protect him. Let him feel the warm breath of kindness, and be cheered by the light of love. If he be in the desert place, remove him to the garden of God; and "like a tree planted by the rivers of water," he will bring forth "fruit in his season," and "his leaf shall not wither."

If this idea of progressive development be true, in its application to man, it must follow that all spirits cannot be equally exalted in the future life. Indeed, nothing can be more unreasonable and unphilosophical than the ultra Universalist idea that the condition of all will be the same. If we commenced our course but yesterday, it is vain to imagine that we have advanced as far as the patriarchs and prophets, who have been on their way for several thousand years. If others started *before* us, it is very certain that we are *behind* them. The great spirits of former times were long since introduced into the spheres of angelic life, and made to realize the truth that in our "Father's house are many mansions." Our place is still here in this earthly tabernacle. We may reach the same exalted position, "every man in his own order," but we must first traverse the intervening distance. If we admit that the spirit is subject to the law of progression, we may as well contend that all organic bodies are equal in magnitude, as that all spirits are equally perfect. The fact that *trees grow* is sufficient to prove that *trees vary, in size*. So if man is a progressive being, no other evidence is required to satisfy the rational mind that some are, and will be superior to others. As men differ in their capacity, and in the degree of spiritual illumination, a similar diversity must obtain in the measure of happiness. And, "as one star differeth from another star in glory," so, also, shall it be with the spirits of the immortal world.

We read of some who were mere babes in Christ, and of others who, by a gradual growth in grace and knowledge of the truth, had advanced to a more perfect condition. The transition to another world will not change their relative positions, or in any way interrupt the order of Nature. The child will not in a moment be clothed with the powers of his manhood, nor will the individual who has arrived at the stature of the perfect man, become a child, and be made to pass again through the incipient stages of his progress.

From this view of the subject we are authorized to conclude that the conduct of man in this world—his habits of thought and action, and the general manner of life—will exert an influence that will be felt beyond the fleeting scenes of earthly being. Not that man will be miserable forever because he has been sinful for a few days; but if his higher powers have been neglected, the spirit must pass to the next sphere with its faculties undeveloped. The child may not be chastised, in a brutal manner, because he failed to acquire his lesson to-day, but he cannot escape the natural consequence of this neglect—on the morrow he will be one day behind, and thus remain through the whole period of his life. It is by years of close application that men become wise. If one year is suffered to pass unimproved, that is gone forever, and we are so much behind in our intellectual progress. It should be observed, however, that the moral stature and degree of spiritual development, is not to be determined by the artificial education acquired at schools. This may serve to check rather than promote the growth of the soul—to restrain and shackle the faculties of the man in his spiritual infancy. When men are educated in the established theories and systems, they are not always free to draw their inspiration from Nature and Deity. The spirit must be freely and divinely exercised. Whatever is thus acquired, here, will not be lost hereafter; but the soul will continue its progress from the ultimate of previous attainments. It is equally true that what is lost here can never be regained. If in the present time we make no progress, we cannot expect to be advanced to the same degree in

the future. As a consequence of our present indifference and neglect, the spirit will be comparatively limited in its aspirations, and circumscribed in its immortal joys.

O man, awake! for another hour is past! It is beyond thy reach. The spirit, in its immortal flight, may explore the dim infinitude of coming eternity, in vain, for that hour! It is not there! It is gone! O, then, *seize the moments* as they fly, and let the report they bear to Heaven be the record of thy progress!

## INFLUENCE OF THE NATURAL LAWS ON THE HAPPINESS OF INDIVIDUALS.

BY GEORGE COMBE.

A FORMIDABLE OBJECTION has often been stated against my views of the Natural Laws—namely, that although, when considered abstractly, they appear beneficent and just, yet, when applied to individuals, they are undeniably the causes of extensive, severe, and unavoidable suffering; so that while, theoretically, the moral horizon appears to be cleared up, never theless, practically and substantially, the obscurity and intricacy remain undiminished. In answer, I have to observe; that, as the whole is but an aggregate of all the parts,—if any natural institution, when viewed in its operation in regard to the race, is found to be just and beneficent, it cannot well be cruel and unjust to individuals, who are the component parts of that whole; and this, accordingly, I humbly conceive to admit of something approaching to demonstration. The form of a dialogue is perhaps the best adapted for illustrating the subject; and if, in imitation of some of the classic fabulists, we suppose the suffering individuals to make an appeal to Jupiter, the law of gravitation may be exemplified as follows.

It happened in a remote period, that a slater slipped from the roof of a high building, in consequence of a stone of the ridge having given way as he walked upright along it; he fell to the ground, had a leg broken, and was otherwise severely bruised. As he lay in bed suffering severe pain from his misfortune, he addressed Jupiter in these words: "O Jupiter, thou art a cruel god; for thou hast made me so frail and imperfect a being, that I had not faculties to perceive my danger, nor power to arrest my fall when its occurrence showed how horrible an evil awaited me. It were better for me that I had never been." Jupiter, graciously bending his ear, heard the address, and answered: "Of what law of mine dost thou complain?" "Of the law of gravitation," replied the slater; "by its operation, the slip which my foot made upon the stone, which, unknown to me, was loose, precipitated me to the earth, and crushed my body, never calculated to resist such violence." "I restore thee to thy station on the roof," said Jupiter; "I heal all thy bruises; and, to convince thee of my benevolence, I suspend the law of gravitation as to thy body and all that is related to it: are thou not content?"

The slater, in deep emotion, offered up gratitude and thanks, and expressed the profoundest reverence for so just and beneficent a deity. In the very act of doing so, he found himself in perfect health, erect upon the ridge of the roof; and rejoicing, gazed around. His wonder at so strange an event having at last abated, he endeavored to walk along the ridge to arrive at the spot which he intended to repair. But the law of gravitation was suspended, and his body did not press upon the roof. There being no pressure, there was no resistance, and his legs moved backwards and forwards in the air without any progress being made by his body. Alarmed at this occurrence, he stooped, seized his trowel, lifted it full of mortar, and made the motion of throwing it on the slates; but the mortar, freed from the trowel, hung in mid air—the law of gravitation was suspended as to it also. Nearly frantic with terror at such unexpected novelties, he endeavored to descend in order to seek relief; but the law of gravitation was suspended as to his body, and it hung

poised at the level of the ridge, like a balloon in the air. He tried to fling himself down, to get rid of the uneasy sensation, but his body floated erect, and would not move downwards.

In an agony of consternation, he called once more upon Jupiter. The god, ever kind and compassionate, heard his cry and pitied his distress; and asked, "What evil hath befallen thee now, that thou art not yet content? have I not suspended, at thy request, the law which made thee fall? Now thou art safe from bruises and from broken limbs; why, then, dost thou still complain?"

The slater answered: "In deep humiliation, I acknowledge my ignorance and presumption; restore me to my couch of pain, but give me back the benefits of thy law of gravitation."

"Thy wish is granted," said Jupiter in reply. The slater in a moment lay on his bed of sickness, endured the castigation of the organic law, was restored to health, and again mounted to the roof that caused his recent pain. He thanked Jupiter anew, from the depths of his soul, for the law of gravitation with its numberless benefits; and applied his faculties to study and obey it during the remainder of his life. This study opened to him new and delightful perceptions of the Creator's beneficence and wisdom, of which he had never dreamed before; and these views so excited and gratified his moral and intellectual powers, that he seemed to himself to have entered on a new existence. Ever afterwards he observed the law of gravitation; and, in a good old age, when his organic frame was fairly worn out by natural decay, he transmitted his trade, his house, and much experience and wisdom, to his son, and died thanking and blessing Jupiter for having opened his eyes to the true theory of his scheme of creation.

The attention of Jupiter was next attracted by the loud groans and severe complaints of a husbandman, who addressed him thus: "O Jupiter, I lie here racked with pain, and pass the hours in agony without relief. Why hast thou created me so miserable a being?" Jupiter answered: "What aileth thee, and of what institution of mine dost thou complain?" "The earth which thou hast made," replied the husbandman, "will yield me no food, unless I till and sow it; and no increase, except it be watered by thy rain. While I guided my plough in obedience to thy law, thy rain came, and it fell not only on the earth, but also on me, it penetrated through the clothes which I had been obliged to make for myself, because thou hadst left me naked; it cooled my skin, which thou hadst rendered delicate and sensible; it disordered all the functions of my body; and now rheumatic fever parches my blood, and agonises every muscle. O Jupiter, thou art not a kind father to thy children."

Jupiter heard the complaint, and graciously replied: "My physical and organic laws were established for thy advantage and enjoyment, and thou hast grievously infringed them; the pain thou sufferest is intended to reclaim thee to thy duty, and I have constituted thy duty the highest joy of thy existence: but say, what dost thou desire?"

The husbandman answered: "What, O Jupiter, signify the purposes of thy laws to me, when thou hast denied me faculties competent to discover and obey them?—Frail and fallible as I am, they cause me only pain; deliver me from their effects, and I ask no other boon."

"Thy prayer is granted," said Jupiter: "I restore thee to perfect health; and, for thy gratification, I suspend the laws that have offended thee. Henceforth water shall not wet thee or thine, thy skin shall feel cold no more, and thy muscles shall never ache. Art thou now content?"

"Most gracious Jupiter," said the husbandman, "my soul is melted with deepest gratitude, and I now adore thee as supremely good."

While he spoke he found himself afield behind his team, healthful and vigorous, jocund and gay, and again blessed Jupiter for his merciful dispensation. The season was spring, when yet the chill blast of the north, the bright blaze of a powerful

sun, and passing showers of rain, interchanged in quick and varying succession. As he drove his plough along, the rain descended, but it wet not him; the sharp winds blew, but they chilled no fibre in his frame; the flood of heat next poured upon his brow, but no sweat started from its pores: the physical and organic laws were suspended as to him.

Rejoicing in his freedom from annoyance and pain, he returned gladly home to meet his smiling family, after the labors of the day. It had been his custom in the evening to put off the garments in which he had toiled, to clothe himself in fresh linen, to sup on milk prepared by his wife with savory fruits and spices, and to press his children to his bosom with all the fervor of a parent's love; and he used to feel a thrill of pleasure pervading every nerve, as they acknowledged and returned the affectionate embrace.

He looked to find the linen clean, cool, delicately dressed, and lying in its accustomed place; but it was not there. He called to his wife to fetch it, half chiding her for neglect. With wonder and dismay depicted in every feature, she narrated a strange adventure. With the morning sun she had risen to accomplish her wonted duty, but, although the water wetted every thread that clothed other individuals, it moistened not a fibre of his. She boiled it over a powerful fire, and applied every means that intellect, stimulated by affection, could devise; but the result was still the same: the water glided over his clothes and would not wet them. The physical law," said the husband within himself, "is suspended as to me; henceforth water wetteth not me or mine." He said no more, but placed himself at table, smiling over his lovely family. He lifted the youngest child upon his knee, a girl just opening in her bloom,—pressed her to his bosom, and kissed her ruddy cheek. But he started when he experienced no sensation. He saw her with his eyes, and heard her speak, but had no feeling of her presence. His knee was as stone, his bosom as marble, and his lips as steel; no sensation penetrated through his skin. He placed her on the floor, looked wistfully on her form, graceful, vivacious, and instinct with love; and, as if determined to enjoy the well-remembered pleasure now withheld, he clasped her to his bosom with an embrace so ardent that she screamed with pain. Still he was all adamant; no sensation reached his mind. Heaving a deep sigh, he sent her away, and again the thought entered the very depths of his soul—"The organic law is suspended as to me!" Recollecting well the sweet gratifications of his evening meal, he seized a bowl, and delicately began to sip, exciting every papilla of the tongue to catch the grateful savor. But no savor was perceptible; the liquid glided over his gustatory organs like quicksilver over the smooth surface of a mirror, without impression, and without leaving a trace behind. He now started in horror, and his spirit sank within him when he thought that henceforth he should live without sensation. He rushed into the fields, and called aloud on Jupiter, "O Jupiter, I am the most miserable of men; I am a being without sensation. Why hast thou made me thus?"

Jupiter heard his cry, and answered: "I have suspended the physical and organic laws, to which thou ascribedst thy fever and thy pain; henceforth no pang shall cause thy nerves to shrink, or thy muscles to quiver; why, then, art thou thus unhappy, and why discontented with thy new condition?"

"True, O Jupiter," replied the husbandman; "but thou hast taken away from me sensation: I no longer feel the grateful breath of morn fanning my cheek as I drive my team afield; the rose diffuses its fragrance for me in vain; the ruddy grape, the luscious fig, and the cooling orange, to me are now savorless as adamant or air; my children are as stones: O Jupiter, I am utterly wretched; I am a man without sensation!"

"Unhappy mortal," replied the god, "how can I afford thee satisfaction? When I gave thee nerves to feel, and muscles to execute the purposes of thy mind,—when I bestowed on thee water to refresh thy palate, and made thy whole frame one great

inlet of enjoyment,—thou wert not content. I made thy nerves liable to pain, to warn thee of thy departures from my laws. The rain that was sent fell to fructify and refresh the earth, and not to injure thee. I saw thee, while the showers descended, stay abroad, regardless of its influence on thy frame. The northern blast received from me its piercing cold, to warn thee of its effects; and yet I saw thee, wet and shivering, stand in its course, regardless of its power. In the voice of the storm I spake to thy understanding, but thou didst not comprehend. The fever that parched thy blood was sent to arrest thee in thy departures from my organic laws. If I restore to thee my institutions, thou mayst again forget my ways, and in misery impeach my justice."

"O most gracious Jupiter," cried the husbandman, "now I see thy power and wisdom, and my own folly and presumption. I accept thy laws, and gratefully acknowledge that, even in the chastisements they inflict, they are beneficent. Restore to me the enjoyments of sensation; permit me once more to reap the advantages that flow from the just uses of my nerves and muscles, and I bow with resignation to the punishment of misapplying them." Jupiter granted his request. His fever and pains returned, but by medicine were relieved. He slowly recovered health and strength, and never afterwards embraced his children, or enjoyed a meal, without pouring out a deeper offering of gratitude than he had done before. He was now instructed concerning the source of his enjoyments; he studied the laws of his nature and obeyed them; and when he suffered for occasional deviations, he hastened back to the right path, and never again underwent so severe a punishment.

Just as the husbandman resumed his wonted labors, a new voice was heard calling loudly to Jupiter for relief. It proceeded from a young heir writhing in agony, who cried, "O Jupiter, my father committed debaucheries, for which my bones are pierced with suffering; gout teareth my flesh asunder; thou actest not justly in punishing me for his transgressions: deliver me, O Jupiter, or renounce thy character for benevolence and justice." "Thou complainest of my law of hereditary descent?" said Jupiter; "hast thou derived from thy father any other quality besides liability to gout?" "O Jupiter," replied the sufferer, "I have derived nerves that feel sweet pleasure when the gout ceaseth its knowing, muscles that execute the purposes of my will, senses that are inlets of joy, and faculties that survey and rejoice in thy fair creation: But why didst thou permit gout to descend from him who sinned to me?"

"Short-sighted mortal," said Jupiter, "thy father was afflicted because he infringed my institutions; by my organic law, thou hast received a frame constituted as was that of thy father when thy life commenced; the delicate sensibility of his nerves transmitted the same susceptibility to thine; the vigor of his muscles has been transferred into thine; and by the same law, the liability to pain that existed in his bones from debauchery, constitutes an inseparable element of thine: If this law afflict thee, speak the word, and I shall suspend it as to thee."

"Bountiful Jupiter!" exclaimed the sufferer; "but tell me first—if thou suspendest thy law, shall I lose all that I inherited by it, from my father; vigor of nerves, muscles, senses, and faculties, and all that constitutes my delight when the gout afflicteth me not?"—"Assuredly thou shalt," said Jupiter; "but thy body shall be free from pain."

"Forbear, most bounteous deity," replied the sufferer; "I gratefully accept the gift of thy organic laws, with all their chastisements annexed: But say, O Jupiter,—if this pain was inflicted on my father for transgressing thy law, may it not be lessened or removed if I obey?"

"The very object of my law," said Jupiter, "is that it should. Hadst thou proceeded as thy father did, thy whole frame would have become one great center of disease. The pain was transmitted to thee to guard thee by a powerful monitor from pursuing his sinful ways, that thou mightest escape this greater mis-

ry. Adopt a course in accordance with my institutions, and then thy pain shall abate, and thy children shall be free from its effects."

The heir expressed profound resignation to the will of Jupiter, blessed him for his organic law, and entered upon a life of new and strict obedience. His pain in time diminished, and his enjoyments increased. Ever after he was grateful for the law.

A feeble voice next reached the vault of heaven: it was that of a child, sick and in pain. "What is thy distress, poor boy," said Jupiter, "and of what dost thou complain?" Half-drowned in sobs, the feeble voice replied: "I suffer under thy organic law. A father's sickness, and the disorders of a mother's frame, have been transmitted in combined intensity to me. I am all over exhaustion and pain." "Hast thou received no other gift," inquired Jupiter, "but sickness and disease—no pleasure to thy nerves, thy muscles, or thy mental powers?"—"All are so feeble," replied the child, "that I exist, not to enjoy, but only to suffer." "Poor victim," said Jupiter, "my organic law shall soon deliver thee, and I will take thee to myself." The organic law instantly operated; the body of the child lay a lifeless mass, and suffered no more; its spirit dwelt with Jupiter.

The next prayer was addressed by a merchant struggling on the Mediterranean waves, and near sinking in their foam.

"What evil dost thou charge against me, said Jupiter, "and what dost thou require?"

"O Jupiter," answered the supplicant, "I sailed from Tyre to Rome in a ship, which thou seest on fire, loaded with all the merchandise acquired in my previous toils. As I lay here at anchor off the port of Syracuse, whither business called me, a sailor, made by thee, thirsted after wine, stole it from my store, and, in intoxication, set my ship and goods on fire; and I am now plunged in the waves to die by drowning, to escape the severer pain of being consumed by fire. Why, if thou art just, should the innocent thus suffer for the guilty?"

"Thou complainest, then," said Jupiter, "of my social law? Since this law dispenseth thee, I restore thee to thy ship, and suspend it as to thee."

The merchant, in a moment, saw his ship entire; the blazing embers restored to vigorous planks; himself and all his crew sound in limb, and gay in mind, upon her deck. Joyous and grateful, he addressed thanksgiving to the god, and called to his crew to weigh the anchor, set the sails, and turn the helm for Rome. But no sailor heard him speak, and no movement followed his words. Astonished at their indolence and sloth, he cried in a yet louder voice, and inquired why none obeyed his call. But still no answer was given. He saw the crew move and speak, act and converse; but they seemed not to observe him. He entreated, remonstrated, and upbraided; but, notwithstanding all his efforts, could obtain no reply. All seemed unconscious of his presence. The awful thought rushed into his mind, that the social law was suspended as to him. He now saw, in all its horror, the import of the words of Jupiter, which before, he had not fully comprehended. Terrified, he seized a rope, and set a sail. Every physical law was in force, and obeyed his will. The sail filled, and strained forward from the mast. He ran to the helm—it obeyed his muscles, and the ship moved as he directed it. But its course was short, the anchor was down, and stopped its progress in the sea. He lowered the sail, seized a handspike, and attempted to weigh, but in vain. The strength of ten men was required to raise so ponderous an anchor. Again he called to his crew; but again he found that the social law was suspended as to him: he was absolved thenceforth from all suffering caused by the misconduct of others, but he was cut off from every enjoyment and advantage derivable from their assistance.

In despair he seized the boat, rowed it into the port of Syracuse, and proceeded straight to his commercial correspondent there, to beg his aid in delivering him from the indolence of his

crew. He saw his friend, addressed him, and told him of his fruitless endeavors to leave the anchorage; but his friend seemed quite unconscious of his presence. He did not even look upon him, but proceeded in business of his own, with which he seemed entirely occupied. The merchant, wearied with fatigue, and almost frantic with alarm, hurried to a tavern on the quay, where he used to dine; and entering, called for wine to recruit his exhausted strength. But the servants seemed unconscious of his presence; no movement was made; and he remained as if in a vast solitude, amidst large companies of merchants, servants, and assistants, who all bustled in active gaiety, each fulfilling his duty in his own department. The merchant now comprehended all the horrors of his situation, and called aloud to Jupiter—"O Jupiter, death in the waves, or by consuming flame, were better than the life thou hast assigned to me. Let me die, for my cup of misery is full beyond endurance; or restore me the enjoyments of thy social law, and I shall cease to complain of the pains which it inflicts."

"But," said Jupiter, "if I restore to thee my social law, thy ship will be consumed, thou and thy crew will escape in a boat, but thou shalt be a very beggar; and, in thy poverty, thou wilt upbraid me for dealing unjustly by thee."

"O bountiful Jupiter," replied the merchant, "I never knew till now what enjoyments I owed to thy social law; how rich it renders me, even when all else is gone; and how poor I should be, with all the world for a possession, if denied its blessings. True, I shall be poor; but my nerves, muscles, senses, propensities, sentiments and intellect will be left me; now I see that employment of these is the only pleasure of existence; poverty will not cut me off from exercising these powers in obedience to thy laws, but will rather add new motives exciting me to do so. Under thy social law, will not the sweet voice of friendship cheer me in poverty; will not the aid of kindred and of my fellow men soothe the remainder of my days? and, besides, now that I see thy designs, I shall avoid employing my fellow men in situations unenitible to their talents, and thereby escape the penalties of infringing thy social law. Most merciful Jupiter, restore to me the benefit of all thy laws, and I accept the penalties of infringement." His request was granted; afterwards he made Jupiter's laws and the nature of man his study; he obeyed those laws, became moderately rich, and found himself happier than he had ever been in his days of selfishness and ignorance.

Jupiter was assailed by many other prayers from unfortunate sufferers under the effects of infringement of his laws; but, instead of hearing each in endle s succession, he assembled his petitioners, and introduced to them the slater, the husbandman, the young heir, and the merchant, whom he requested to narrate their knowledge and experience of the natural laws; and he intimated, that if, after listening to their account, any petitioner should still be dissatisfied with his condition, he would suspend for him the particular law which caused the discontent. But no application followed. Jupiter saw his creatures employ themselves with real earnestness in studying and conforming to his institutions, and ever afterwards they offered up to him only gratitude and adoration for his infinite goodness and wisdom.

OURS IS AN AGE of great intellectual activity. Mental attainments, skill, power, and achievements, were never estimated so highly as now. In former times, and under different degrees of culture, first, mere physical strength, then, the mere accident of birth or hereditary rank, then, and almost till now, wealth, have successively been the measures of greatness, and the prime objects of ambition, desire, and envy. But now the aristocracy of the world is an aristocracy of intellect. The gifts of mind are every where deemed the best gifts. Every one wishes to be known as a person of large, or sound, or well furnished intellect, and the reproach of ignorance or folly is dreaded as the deepest possible stigma.

## THE WANTS OF THE AGE.

THE FIRST GREAT NECESSITY, at this moment, is, that the Church should in nowise whatever limit, hinder, or make difficult, full freedom of thought. Now that so many are educated, and have begun to think for themselves, the variety in opinion is great—to some minds alarmingly great. Remember, there are three states through which men will pass through. When all are very ignorant, the chances are that all will think very much alike, if they think at all; when all are partially educated, that no two will think alike; when all shall be fully educated, the probability is that all will think alike again. But confound not the first state with the third: mistake not the dull uniformity of ignorant men for the enlightened uniformity of sages. Mistake not the opinion of the world: confound not what it once thought of astronomy, for instance, when all thought was fettered, with the middle state of diversity of opinion, when men had begun to think about it; or with the third and full state, when from the fulness of knowledge all will think alike again. We are in the middle, or transition state; our eyes opened, we are becoming educated, we are beginning to think: and I expect that the multiplicity of opinions in the matter of theology will, for some years to come, greatly increase. Already there are scarcely two of you who think alike throughout. Careful pains are taken to make you think alike, or say that you do, but such is not the fact. We want, then, such a bond of Church union, and form of Church government, as will give you thorough freedom of thought;—as shall suffer all to think as best they can and may, concerning the great truths submitted to them.

Another great want of our time is Unity. The heart of this modern age is sighing for oneness of spirit, for reconciliation and unity. Men of science are lifting up their prayer that the hostile distinctions between mind and matter, distinctions which degrade now spirit, now matter, may cease; that those weary philosophical battles between materialism and spiritualism, between material science and metaphysics, may be at an end. We see a struggling toward unity in the effort to connect and unite the sciences with religion. The great wish of thoughtful minds is to show how everything coming forth from One, tends again to unity, strives to complete the circle; and that this world, with its multiform phenomena, and varied colors and forms, is but one great thought, spoken by one great God, "in whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." Again, in life, in matters of political life, is not the struggle the same? Are not men sick and weary of the old parties? Are they not sick to the soul of the watchwords, ribbons, badges, of one kind or another, by which men have been shut out from the full truth, in order that a narrow party, spirit might prevail? If any man had to state the peculiar characteristic of the age, would he not proclaim it to be a struggle for unity,—unity of the best men for the best ends, notwithstanding minor and necessary differences? Is there not a struggle to re-unite art with faith? Is there not a struggle of all great thinkers to preach the doctrines of reconciliation, not in religion only, but in art, in science, in politics, and in daily life? There is a longing in the present age for freedom and for unity. I have carefully put the two things side by side, full freedom and unity; not arbitrarily, for they are inseparably linked and united. The beautiful spirit of unity comes forth out of freedom; in full freedom alone can true unity be gained.

The present age wants also a Church that shall teach the great doctrine of Brotherhood and Equality. None of you will mistake what I mean when I say equality. I mean not that absurd and wicked doctrine which demagogues have taught the people, when by evil, envious passion and destructive means, they seek an equality of *having*, independent of an equality of *being*—uniform wages, without uniform work. Such theories should have corresponding outward symbols, and these teachers

of equality should devise means for securing oneness of stature, uniformity of complexion, and sameness of obesity. Means, too, should be taken that the equality of to-day should not be lost in the renewed differences of to-morrow. May God grant that I sleep in my quiet grave, before the world puts on the sickly garb of stiff and wearisome uniformity; before it is reduced to one dead, dull level; before the pleasant hills shall cease to raise their heads, and the goodly fountains to flow, and all become one vast and sandy plain of dull and dreary mediocrity! No such doctrine do wise men teach; to no such state does the Gospel of Christ point; but to a certain equality in the duty and the rights of men—an equality of kindness, an equality of brotherhood, swallowing up all vain distinctions. The Church of Christ should not have ranks and grades of priests; all are priests; it should not have a proud hierarchy, to whom poor men dare not go; governors it may have, but no "lords over God's heritage." It should be a Church, not of clergy, but for and of the people; in which every man should be worth as much as any other man, if not for his acquirements, at least for his humanity; in which, however poor and ignorant a man might be, it should be remembered that he brought at least one precious offering to God's altar—a heart to be purified, a soul to be made devout, an intellect to be enlightened; that he brought one more worshiper for God, and one more lover for man. We want, then, a Church in which there should be freedom, unity, and Christian equality.

[GEORGE DAWSON.]

### THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

A NOBLE DEVOTION to the passing hour is the only accomplishment of the work given man to do. I cling to this thought also, as suggesting the great doctrine of life; impressing its most earnest call, intimating one of its greatest hopes. Here appears the deep meaning of that urgent entreaty, "Now is the accepted time,"—and of every similar admonition to present fidelity. It is not well to interpret them as simply saying, improve this call of love, lest none other should be made. For that may leave out of sight the most important thought. Every present hour brings its duty, and now only can it indeed be done. There can be no other accepted time for that particular service. For the next moment brings its duty also, demanding the full measure of human power. And no space seems to remain for any compensation for the period lost. Ah! the great doctrine of life's responsibility is unfolded here in all its impressiveness, enforcing the word "now," with an almost terrible earnestness. We see what a great thing it is to *fulfil* the work given us to do. And we perceive the force of the teaching in the consciousness more or less distinct in every heart, that we are not clothed with any worthy proportion of the life and power which might have been our own at the present hour. I am overcome by temptations still, through past unfaithfulness, I might have long ago vanquished. I speak in my feebleness, in my half-cultivated being, when I might have pleaded for truth perhaps with a victorious power. I am still a child, when I should have been a man. I am stumbling at the commencement of the way, when I might have been treading the path far up the height of virtue, with firm and steady feet. Thou man! bowed down as thou must be in moments of reflection by thoughts like these, so redeem coming hours in remembrance of this dread admonition, that nothing more of bitterness may be added to these reproaching memories.

The admonition of life, and the hope of life also, as we said are here. The responsibility of being almost overwhelms us with awe, as it is declared in the teaching of Jesus. But it is distributed into the minuter works the passing hour may bring, and weak humanity may be strengthened to meet it all. We are not to think of the greater duties of future days. We are to meet the comparatively little service of the passing time. And, as one traveling in the thickest mist, always finds the next

step to be taken is clearly seen, so shall it be in the leadings of God's providence. What though fearful sacrifices may hereafter be demanded? I shall thus be gradually led up the mount of sacrifice, and the final step will be easy as any in the path which conducted me there. The hope of life is here; the hope of fulfilling the responsibilities otherwise appalling us by its greatness. Each successive duty may be bravely met. The dread responsibility may be gloriously borne. The tide of life may roll on, swollen by the contributions of every successive hour. And triumphantly, yet in humble remembrance of the strength whereby he lives, man might ever say, "I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; I have finished the work given me to do."

The full devotion of heart to the duty of the hour is the only accomplishment of our work. Every other interpretation we instantly feel must involve an absurdity. God's work is never finished, thanks be forever given! All the labors of the long line of faithful servants from eldest time are only steps in His great plan of mercy. His glorious design of love "was, and is, and is to come." What appears most majestic in accomplishment in human endeavors, may have only as great a relation to the blessed whole, as the lily of the field, to this boundless universe of beauty. To what results can we turn in any such comparison? The labor of long generations only inscribes one single added word, we might say, in that book of God's love, which is to be unfolded to the ages as they pass. The ministry of Jesus, all-glorious though it were, the hope of earth, the joy of heaven, that is but a single page in this great volume of infinite mercy. And what new revelations of redeeming love shall beam from these great manifestations in the long periods of an eternal progress! God's work is never finished. And therefore, man's action, thanks be also given, can never end. It is not closed by any hasty course of years, even when continuing through the longest day of earthly being, not in these interpretations can the text be applied, it is needless to repeat. Yet it has a sure and joyful application when referred to the feeble endeavors, and the brief workings of man. The duty of the hour can be met. The work of this infancy can be accomplished, although in its utmost fullness it must be only a simple prelude to the nobler labor of the manhood. [BOW IN THE CLOUD.]

THE REGULARITIES of constitutional goodness, the order of a simple blameless existence, do not reach that pitch of energy which sustains the noblest health of the soul; these may continue their accustomed course, and yet the springs of inward life and strength dry up. In the mere negative virtue which abstains from gross outward wrong, which commits neither theft, nor cruelty, nor excess, and paces the daily round of usage, there is not necessarily any principle of immortal growth. The force requisite to maintain it becomes continually less, as the obstructions are worn down by ceaseless attrition; and the character may hence become simply automatic, performing a series of regularities with the smallest expenditure of soul. To nourish high affections, worthy of a nature that hath kindred with the Father of spirits, more than this is needed; positive and creative power, spontaneous and original force, conquering energy of resolve, must be put forth: from the inner soul some central strength must pass upon the active life, to destroy that equilibrium between within and without which makes our days mere self-repetitions, and to give us a progressive history. There is a connexion profound and beautiful between the affectionate and the self-denying character of Christianity. The voluntary sacrifices feed the involuntary sympathies of virtue: and he that will daily *suffer* for his duty, nor lay his head to rest till he has renounced some ease, embraced some hardship, in the service of others and of God, shall replenish the fountains of his holiest life; and shall find his soul, not settling into the flat and stagnant marsh, but flowing under the most delicious light of heaven above, over the gladdest fields of Providence below.

# THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1848.

## LIVING BY FAITH.

By FAITH, we understand something more than a mere opinion or profession; we understand by it a deep trust and firm confidence of soul, and fidelity to what is intrinsically just and true. The term is thus employed in the Christian Scriptures, and bears this signification in ordinary language. Theologically it has obtained a different meaning; it is used by sectarians to imply mere partisanship and intellectual belief. Jesus, the Great Teacher, employs it in its highest sense—confidence, and trust. Paul also employs it thus; he says, "Faith is the substance of things *hoped* for, the evidence of things *not seen*." Never was a word more grossly perverted from its original and true meaning than this. Taken in the sense of *trust—confidence*, there is a beauty and significance about it, that takes deep hold of the mind and soul.

Faith is one of the most important elements of human being. It attaches man to truth, to virtue and to God. Confidence in the existence and goodness of God; confidence in the benefits and blessedness of virtue; confidence in the Divine capacities and illimitable energies of the human soul;—here is the all-in-all of man's moral life—it is in these great truths he lives and moves. The great work of life, therefore, should be to strengthen and perfect this faith—to give us more of this Divine trust—this glorious confidence in God, in virtue, and in heaven. Such was the work of Jesus; such too is the work of all god-like and earnest men. This may be termed religious faith. Ordinary faith regards the results of physical laws;—has reference to mere human plans, while the other has a vision that stretches above and beyond to the immortal and unseen.

It is by faith the Christian lives:—faith in goodness, faith in wisdom, faith in God. The Christian is regarded here in the sense of the *just* or upright man. Not the mere vamping believer—not the noisy and sensual professor. To be "sound in the faith" *theologically*, is something different from being good, pure and holy.

Teachers of the sublimest religion have been ordained or set apart as "sound in the faith," whose hearts were corrupt with sin, and whose lives were stained with falsehood and lust.

But a *living* faith—a Christ-like faith, is exhibited in a life of meekness, justice, virtue and love. To be "sound" in Christ's faith is to be pure and holy, good and true; to have a warm love for human welfare, and a "deep faith in immortal and unending life. Such a faith will indeed be as "an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast, entering into that within the veil."

God has given us the means of increasing our faith;—he has given us not only the faculties necessary to obtain it, but furnished us with lessons of trust in the outward and inward worlds.

In the first place, *external nature* may be studied as a means of increasing our hope and faith. The physical Universe is the oldest and most effective of all external teachers. No claims of authority can go back of Nature. Here, God is seen in his Wisdom, Power and Love. The greatest arguments ever adduced by theologians in favor of God's existence and attributes are derived from the external world. Dr. Paley, and Dick, have done more to strengthen man's faith in God, his justice and love, than all the creeds of the visible church.

The former is justly celebrated as the author of "Evidences

of Christianity" drawn principally from the outward world. The latter has established the great truth of immortality—drawing from Nature, the strongest evidences of a future, endless life. Nature is indeed our *primitive* teacher. We have no other teacher until we arrive at years of thought. When the infant mind is a dull blank, and no mental emotions seem to have rippled its smooth surface, it is illumined with joy at sight of the bright landscape, and is made glad by the cheerful voices which fill the air. Our eyes are first opened on the beautiful and shining heavens, and the rich and verdant earth. Our ears are first saluted with the glad sounds of running brooks and warbling birds. *Written* expositions and guides have their uses, but they can never supersede Nature. We have no *written* guides other than those that contain transcripts as it were from Nature: embodying the experience of living and earthly men. We go to David and Solomon, Isaiah and Paul for our faith, but we forget that they studied from the same book, read from the same page, that is opened to our view. The same heavens are with us, as of old. The same monuments of Divine skill are standing all around us as they did around the Patriarchs and Prophets, around Jesus and Paul. The lilies are clothed with as much beauty *now*, as when Jesus pointed his brothers to them as evidences of the goodness and care of God. The constitution of man is the same now, as when Paul said, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men." We have overlooked the fact that the "inspired" writers, were inspired by studying those very works of Nature which some modern theologians denominate skepticism and infidelity. David said, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge of thee." The Bible writers never placed themselves before Nature—never sought to make themselves equal to God. Their faith came from studying Nature and Providence, may ours be deepened and strengthened by the same original means.

Again, The moral nature of man is a study essentially necessary to the increase of our faith. We must realise the capacity of man for truth and virtue, before we can have faith even in our own ability to practice virtue or attain truth. Those theories which have lowered man's moral nature by ascribing to him utter depravity of mind, and viciousness of heart, have done much to weaken human energy, and repress the virtuous emotions of the soul. While those who regard him as a child of God and as an heir to heaven, do much toward elevating and improving his life. He who studies human nature with clear and unsectarian vision, will see it in its native purity, as containing the elements of all virtue and all truth. This moral nature of man, needs to be studied, if we would rise in the scale of moral being and develop our inner life. The elements of virtue are in every heart. If we have faith in this truth, we will strive to develop it and become holy and good. Native purity and inward strength are the great facts of religion—central truths of Christianity, around which revolve all the minor facts of a holy life.

The soul is the earthly repository of goodness—the dwelling place of God. Bound up within it are all the elements of that life which shall never end.

Again, We should study the lives and imitate the conduct of all truly great and heroic men. We are creatures of imitation, and we must reverence holiness and truth wherever seen. The world's history is filled with the lives of great men. But the truly great is embodied only in the character of Jesus Christ. He transcended ordinary characters from the fact that he lived the most perfect life, and died the noblest death. Jesus of Nazareth stands before us, "one among ten thousand and altogether lovely—the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person." Like a star in the moral firmament he is ever shining upon the dark and benighted world. Like the far-bled star which led the "wise men of the East" to the manger, he guides humanity to the haven of rest and peace. The world

has never seen one like Jesus amid all its heroes and conquering sons. Jesus soars above them all. Taking the natural view of him—the New Testament idea as it runs through the writings of Mathew or Luke, James or John, it is the most perfect and sublime character the world ever saw. No fact of history was ever better attested than this one—that Jesus lived and died. There is a perfect oneness to, in the testimony concerning him. We are not necessitated to regard the Evangelists as infallible writers in order to believe in Christ. Such a character could not have been invented. If it were the inventor himself would be a Christ. Let us then revere him—let us imitate him. Thus may we increase our faith and assimilate ourselves to his spirit of Love.

D. H. F.

### THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

THE FIRST NUMBER of this new publication will be issued in a few days. It will be filled with a great variety of original articles, illustrative of highly important subjects, are written in a lucid and enchanting style. As a series of reading exercises for the advanced classes in Schools, and for families; or as a familiar manual for the general reader, we trust it will be universally popular.

In a previous number of the *Univercolum*, the reader will find an article in which the character and objects of this Journal are presented and discussed. The work will be all that is there promised. Our great object is to combine in the smallest space and the most attractive form, whatever is most important in Science, beautiful in Literature and curious in Art, that the Young may form a taste for intellectual pursuits, and that the industrial classes, whose time and opportunities are limited may be able to acquire a knowledge of what is most essential to success in the various enterprises to which they are devoted.

If to reform society it is necessary to develop the general Mind, it follows that we cannot be unprofitably employed when laboring to devise ways and means, and to establish a more general and efficient system of instruction and discipline. In this work we shall endeavor to promote the study of the Sciences by investing them with a more beautiful drapery, and, while we shall not sacrifice aught of the precision which must characterize the domain of Science and Art, we may still throw over this Sphere of thought and research, the irresistible fascination of a familiar mode of expression embellished with poetic imagery. In addition to the invaluable services of Mrs. Frances H. Green, we shall engage in the Editorial management of the work, the assistance of several practical Teachers and distinguished Professors, who will enrich its pages with the result of patient study and experience.

As this work is designed to supply an important place, never before occupied, it is expected that it will receive an extensive patronage, and furnish a profitable business for those who may act as Agents. In the anticipation of a large circulation, and with a desire to place such a work within the reach of all, we shall furnish the Journal at the low price of ONE DOLLAR per annum, payable, in all cases, in advance; or 12 1-2 cents a month, to be paid as the numbers are delivered. We desire to establish local agencies all over the country. Will not someone of our subscribers in every place where this paper is taken, act as agent for the Young People's Journal? READERS, may we not expect to hear from you concerning this matter? You will greatly oblige us by calling the attention of the several Teachers and School Committees in your neighborhood, to the subject. If convenient, please forward a list of Subscribers, with the subscription price in advance, deducting 25 per cent, for your services. Address S. B. Brittan, at this office.

### MODERN SCIENCE, AND THE OLD TESTAMENT.

WHEN CHRISTIANS speak of modern science as throwing new light on the Scriptures, and making their truths more clear to the mind, they are generally understood as referring to the Old Testament as well as the New. Some boldly aver that the Old Testament Scriptures display a wonderful, and even a miraculous knowledge of the physical and moral worlds. They take the Cosmogony of Moses, and the Astronomy of Joshua, as being veritably in accordance with the revelations of modern science. It is frequently said, that the Mosaic account of the creation is in harmony with the discoveries in Geology and Astronomy. This, however, is mere assertion. It has not been, and cannot be shown to harmonize in the least degree with the popular views of those subjects at the present day. Let any one read the first chapter of Genesis, and compare it with the established truths of science, and this inference is unavoidable. The old theory of the heavens; the stationary character of the earth; the inferiority of the sun; the existence of light upon the earth before the sun was created; all these relations smack too much of ancient notions to be made to harmonize with the prevalent views. The fact is, the writers of the Old Testament books were fallible men. They had a superior vision for men of their age. But God gave them no miraculous insight into nature,—afforded no means of overleaping the great law of progress which marks and controls the human soul. If they had possessed the knowledge that is ascribed to them, it would be clearly seen. But where is the passage in the Old Testament that recognizes the Copernican theory of the heavens? Let us not deal in vague and indefinite statements, but out with the truth. Where is the proof, we again ask, that the authors of those ancient manuscripts were acquainted with modern science?

If the Old Testament is to be a rule of "faith and practice" to me, as the New York Association of Universalists requires, I must be satisfied that it is competent to instruct in all matters pertaining to faith. As far as it goes, it furnishes us with many truths, concerning external nature and the moral constitution of man. The writers spoke according to the light they enjoyed. They could not speak of that of which they were ignorant. Hence their silence about those sublime developments which science has since made. It is needless to say that they did not intend to teach science,—this was not their mission. We answer, they have embodied the prevalent notions of the science of their day in their writings. Besides, theologians of the present day find their greatest helps in the modern sciences: Astronomy, Geology, Physiology, and even Phrenology. Universalists, and many Unitarians, as well as other preachers, have long regarded Combe's Constitution of Man, and his Moral Philosophy, as great helps to the attainment of true views of Divine Providence and of the nature of man.

Only let us be true to our convictions. This is the main thing. People, from a pride of sect and opinion, will cling to the old error, when they would otherwise speak out the truth. If the helps above named are furnished in the Old Testament, we should like to know it, for then we should feel more like taking it as our "guide."

D. H. F.

MEDICAL ANECDOTE.—Kien Long, Emperor of China, inquired of Sir G. Staunton, the manner in which physicians were paid in England. When, with some difficulty, his majesty was made to comprehend the manner of paying physicians in England for the time their patients were sick, he exclaimed, "Is any man well in England who can afford to be ill? Now I will inform you how I manage my physicians: I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed; a weekly salary is allowed them; but the moment I am ill, their salary stops till I am well again. I need not inform you that my illnesses are very short."

It is one of the most difficult things in the world to persuade ourselves that any one can love those whom we ourselves hate.

## LETTER FROM A FRIEND.

A DEVOTED FEMALE FRIEND has sent us a generous response to the Circular Letter which we addressed to our Patrons, a few weeks since. If we had but one such friend, in every place where our paper is taken, we should feel strong, and the problem of its permanent establishment would be speedily solved. A number have already given us substantial evidence of the deep interest they feel in our success. Will not every friend endeavor to obtain, at least, one new subscriber. This may not require a very great sacrifice of time and labor, but the assistance, to us, would be great and timely.

We trust that our sister will pardon the liberty we take in making an extract from her letter. It may serve as an incentive to others.

BR. BRITTAN—

Again I find it necessary to obtrude myself on your notice, having seen the circular. I have done but little toward assisting you,—could have done more had my health permitted. I was pleased when I saw that you had employed this expedient. I do most sincerely hope that the friends of the paper will not suffer it to fail, for want of encouragement. In my humble opinion it is the only reform paper, having association for its ultimate object, that can be depended on to lead forward the movement, in a regular progressive order, till a favorable crisis is arrived at. All the others, so far as I have examined, seem to run riot, and it is to be feared, in their enthusiasm, will overlook their object and destroy their usefulness. There is no plan of a commencement of an Association that I have seen tried, or heard discussed, in which I have any confidence, except that of Mr. Davis. This, alone, appears to obviate the difficulties that have broken down the Fourier Societies.

I was not a little pleased with the sentiment advanced in the *Univercelum*, that mankind must be brought to think right, before they will act right. I do not know as it would come within the rules of precision to say that it is a principle in Nature; but if not that, it is a truism, that, as a man thinketh so is he, and so he will act; otherwise his acts are not representatives of his thoughts.

The copy of the *Univercelum* addressed to Mr. —, has six partners. It was the only expedient I could devise to get a copy taken in the place. By joining the partnership myself I succeeded, and by that means have gained more readers of the paper than I could otherwise have done. And this effort has prospered beyond my expectations. I think I have reason to hope it will yield its thirty-fold, if not more. I trust you will hear from me again with greater profit to yourselves. I conclude by assuring you of my best wishes.

Respectfully yours,

S. H.

One word in reference to a portion of the Letter which we have omitted. We are most happy to learn that our friend is not alarmed at trifles. We see no cause of apprehension. Some persons always prognosticate evil. If the sky is cloudy they anticipate a storm. If there is not a cloud to be seen, and the elements are all in a state of profound repose, then surely the morrow will bring a fearful tempest. It is written, that "the expectation of the wicked shall perish."

REASON has been given us to judge of truth, and it is not worth while to decry its powers. To its bar all systems and opinions must be brought, while it sits in judgment to approve or condemn. It is not faith, but evidence, which establishes a revelation, else were the devotee of Juggernaut a believer in the truth. To this arbiter must be brought the opinions of philosophers and all who profess to guide the human intellect. It is not enough that belief be demanded on the authority of some great name; we must have evidence that shall convince us.

## Choice Selections.

## CONDITION OF THE LABORER.

THERE is a great deal of mock philanthropy on this subject, which ought not to pass for more than it is worth. Men talk fluently about the education of the working classes, the mitigation of their physical circumstances, and the like, and often wind up with some high-flowing phrases about the dignity of labor and the equal rights of man. At the same time, these very men are devoting all their energies to the support of a system which must necessarily depress the laborer, and defraud him of his inherent rights. They are perfectly willing to pocket the avails of the poor man's labor, but shudder at the thought of being obliged themselves to take part in his toil; they would as lief go to the funeral of a daughter or a sister as see her a household drudge or a factory girl; but they are eloquent apostles of progressive democracy, and no doubt gain many votes by their loud talk in favor of the rights of labor. But so long as labor is toilsome and repulsive as it now is, everybody who can do so will get rid of it, and of course must be supported by the industry of another. Labor must be so organized that it will be attractive to all that will engage in it, and that all will reap the fruits of their endeavors. Nature has made physical existence a necessity, and under congenial circumstances a pleasure. She has always made a pair of hands, where she has made a human stomach and brain. A man might as well be all stomach, all brain, as to think of living without the use of his hands. And what better for the hands than productive industry—industry that will feed the mouth, clothe the back and provide the eye and ear with all the delights which they crave?

## TEARS.

HILLEL walked, on a moonlight night, with his disciple, Sadi, in the garden on Olivet.

Sadi said: see that man there in the light of the moon. What is he doing?

Hillel replied: It is Zadoc; he sits on the grave of his son, and weeps.

Cannot Zadoc, then, said the youth, moderate his mourning? The people call him the just and wise.

Shall he not on that account feel pain? said Hillel.

But, said Sadi: What advantage, then, has the wise over the simple?

The teacher replied: Behold, the briny tear of his eye falls to the ground, but his countenance is directed to heaven.

[KREMMACHER.]

ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE.—Animals living upon mountains are found to have much larger lungs than those of the vallies. In the city of Mexico, which is several thousand feet above the level of the sea, consumption and pulmonary complaints are never found unless taken there; the air being much lighter requires larger and better developed lungs in such places than in vallies, where they are contracted by the weight of the atmosphere. We are not apt to notice the weight of the atmosphere, which is equal to fifteen pounds to every square inch of the body, because it is equal in all directions. This pressure also enables some animals and insects to walk up smooth surfaces. Thus the fly has the power to form a vacuum under its feet, when the outward pressure holds it to the substance which it ascends, which is not the case with other insects. The cat and lion have this property to a limited extent.

We always fancy there is something ridiculous about those sentiments which we ourselves have never felt—still more about those which we have ceased to feel.

## Poetry.

## HOPE ON.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM.

BY J. B. WEBB.

WHEN midnight storms around thee rise,  
And fearful darkness shrouds the skies;  
When boding voices fill thine ear,  
Heard in the tempest's beating's drear,  
Let not thy tears in sorrow flow,  
Nor thy heart sink with bitter wo,—  
Hope on.

The long, dark night shall pass away,  
The purple morning bring the day;  
And o'er the renovated earth  
Will echo songs of joy and mirth;  
Then let not sorrow chill thy heart,  
For doubt and darkness must depart;—  
Hope on.

When in the daily walks of life  
Thy heart grows sick with sordid strife,  
And cares and troubl's fret thy breast,  
That daily pines for peace and rest,  
Faint not beneath thy heavy load,  
But as thou wanderest on thy road,  
Hope on.

Should Friendship's pledges prove untrue,  
And Fortune sternly frown on you;  
And envy, malice, hate and blame,  
Be linked around thy own fair name;  
As fearless of the rack, or stake,  
You fight for God and conscience' sake,  
Hope on.

A world in darkness round thee lies,  
A bleeding brother to thee cries,  
Stay not thy hand, heed not the storm,  
But boldly struggle for Reform,  
And when fierce tempests round thee rage,  
Shall angel hands thy pangs assuage;—  
Hope on.

## BATHOS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM.

BY FANNY GREEN.

Addressed to a Botanist.

REMEMBER ME; remember me;  
But not by the pale taper-light,  
When wrapped in scientific lore,  
You wear away the dreary night;  
But in the pleasant morning hour,  
When all is calm, and still, and free—  
Or when you find a pretty flower—  
Remember me; remember me.

Remember me; but not in halls  
Whose lighted splendors mock the sun,  
Where Beauty's magic power enthral—  
And Fashion is the worshiped one;  
But by the sad and lonely shore,  
That bends to meet the whispering sea—  
Your duplicates there number o'er—  
And with each name—remember me.

When in those gardens where the pride  
Of Nature mocks the power of Art,  
And flowers, with gorgeous beauty dyed,  
Teachings of science may impart;  
There, when about to turn again,  
You stand beneath the tulip-tree—  
Pluck thence a single specimen—  
And, even thus—remember me.

Remember me in shadowy woods,  
Beneath the ever-arching sky,  
Where not a selfish thought intrudes,  
Nor Guilt, nor Sorrow, draweth nigh—  
There in the noonday's solemn hour  
Gather the fair anemone;  
And, seeking the witch-hazel flower—  
Remember me; remember me.

## WRITTEN AT TIVOLI FALLS.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

OH SWEET TIVOLI! on thy grassy side,  
Whene'er I linger through the summer day,  
And the soft music of thy silvery tide  
So sweetly wiles the lagging hours away,  
I cannot deem but thou art e'en as fair  
As that Italian vale whose name thy waters bear.

O'er the old rocks thou boundest on thy way,  
And wood and glen re-echoes to thy song;  
And then the waters, weary of their play,  
Through the long grass glide silently along,  
So slow, and calm, as scarce to break the rest  
Of the young flowers that sleep upon thy placid breast.

And sure no flowers are lovelier than those  
That bloom so sweetly on thy grassy side,  
And none more fair than the young forest trees  
That bathe their branches in thy crystal tide;  
No sounds are sweeter than the winds at play  
Amid these trembling pines at close of summer day.

Here by thy side I cannot feel alone;  
Above my head the sheltering branches bend,  
And at my feet the flowers; and thy low tone  
Breathes softly in my ear, and, like a friend  
Soothing my spirit, comes the perfumed air,  
To kiss my fevered brow and play amid my hair.

Oh! when I turn me from the heartless throng,  
Chilled with their frozen words and colder smiles,  
I wander here, and thy melodious song,  
And this sweet scene, my sadder mood beguiles;  
And when I mingle through the crowd again,  
More calm and holy thoughts flow through my burning brain.

Oft as I wander in these shadowy groves,  
My wayward fancy spreads her truant wing,  
And through the past delightfully she roves,  
From its recesses many a scene to bring  
From that far time, when, 'mid the deepening shade,  
The Indian lover wooed, and won, his dusky maid.

And then she bears me on through future years,  
When all that chains her shall have passed away,  
And she will look with eyes undimmed by tears  
Upon the glories of a brighter day;  
And still thy waves will glide as soft along;  
And still thy praise be sung in many a sweeter song.

## Miscellaneous Department.

## A GLANCE AT THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY FANNY GREEN.

## CHAPTER V.

The conflict between the settlers and the Indians continued; the English contending nobly against fearful odds. George Wheeler, who had saved Alice from the tomahawk of the Indian, conducted her senseless to the porch of the church. As soon as she returned to consciousness, she requested Wheeler to endeavor to bring back Robert.

He left her to seek the boy, and for one agonizing moment she stood watching his return; but when she saw him reappear, dragging her brother through the midst, the unnatural tension gave way, and tottering toward the porch door, she clung round Robert's neck, and felt relief in a paroxysm of tears.

"Why, Allie, this is too bad!" said the boy, wiping away the drops which were starting to his own eyes.

"Robert," said Wheeler, "I charge you, leave not your sister again. You see how you have distressed her, and from what imminent danger she has been rescued. Go, now, dear Alice, to your friends; I will to my duty; we must not be selfish." Hurriedly he left her, while the children went to comfort their almost distracted grand-parents; and, in caring for others, Alice recovered something of the self-possession she had lost.

"Stay here, now, my children," said Mrs. Foster. "If we die, let us be together."

"I have hope of better things," replied Robert; "but allow me to go to my loop-hole and bring you tidings; and away he bounded, dodging as he passed, more than one pledge of death. Arrows came in from every broken pane, and they were many; bullets flew, savage faces looked in at the windows, but still all within were safe; for all had crowded together to a little room under the pulpit. The protecting walls, however, began to give way, and an opening being made, a musket ball grazed the cheek of Alice, as she leaned on her grandfather's lap; and, finally, passed into the old man's thigh. Blood gushed from the wound; and, for a moment, pain and the weakness of age almost overcame him. Alice bound up the wound, stanching the blood as well as possible; but the violent suffusion being suddenly checked, produced faintness.

"We can hardly hold out much longer against such a host," cried Robert, who had come down from his post; but seeing his beloved parents' condition, for both had fainted—he turned pale himself and almost fell. Recovering himself, he assisted Alice and Mrs. Powers in chafing their temples, which soon partially restored them.

The English had now fought one fearful hour, holding their post with the energy of desperation; but it seemed as if the very weight of numbers would finally crush them.

"Can you bear the sight of blood, Alice?" asked Wheeler, who, with the assistance of another, bore a wounded man into the church.

"When it is necessary," replied the heroic girl.

"Bind up his side, then. I will help you. There, a bandage round the body, and my folded handkerchief in the cut."

"Where is the doctor?" asked Alice, with a shudder, as she saw the deep and mangled gash.

"Busy with another. But the work is getting warmer. I must go, Alice."

"Call his wife, first," whispered the girl; for the sight of another deep wound, which laid the skull bare, almost overcame her. But, with a strong effort she proceeded to bandage, as well as possible, the head of the sufferer. There was no one calm enough to assist her. The poor wife sat, with her weeping child clinging about her, regarding him with an expression of

frightful torpor; while all others seemed engrossed either in shielding themselves or their friends.

Alice took the head of the sufferer in her lap, and chafing his temples, spoke soothingly. "Have courage, there will be some relief. Keep as still as possible, and strive to bear up."

At that moment a musket-ball went humming along beside them; and the next an arrow flew so near, it almost grazed her cheek. "Let us gather strength," she cried, with increasing energy. "The arrows of the heathen are turned aside. These are good omens."

The sufferer pressing her hand feebly, whispered, "It is all over. Let Martha be prepared. My child! Martha! come while I can see. It is growing dark."

The poor weeping wife knelt beside him, and laid her little one to his bosom.

"God bless thee, my boy! my wife! my child——" The sentence was unfinished forever. The head still lay on the lap of Alice, and she felt the chill of death curdling through her veins; laying it aside, she gave up the body to the one weeping mourner. The poor little orphan, unconscious of loss, clung to his father, trying all his little arts to win a smile; till, frightened by his mother's passionate sobs, he nestled more closely to her bosom; and perhaps the very thought of the helpless being's sole dependence upon herself, served to moderate her sorrow.

At this moment a cry was heard from without of so singular and mysterious a character, that, forgetting all danger, Alice flew to the door. In the distance, far toward Holyoke, appeared a tall figure of superhuman proportions, arrayed in flowing robes of white, and mounted on a snowy charger of such terrible fierceness, it seemed as if his eyes were lightning, and his breath a living Samiel, charged with destruction. The awful presence appeared among them, waving a flaming sword, and shouting, "The Lord Omnipotent reigneth! On to battle, in the name of the Lord! When Jehovah marcheth in the van, who shall stand against him? Strike! in the name of God!" thus saying, he stood erect in the stirrups, and dashed into the midst of the enemy.

The dismayed savages shrunk away, and fled in confusion, with every appearance of extreme terror. The mysterious defender pursued, dealing death at almost every stroke, while cries of "Gabriel, the Angel of the Lord!" echoed among the inspired English; and as they pursued the flying foe with cries of victory, a loud and deep outburst of gratitude from wives, parents and children, rang through the clear welkin with a joyful sound. "Hosanna! Hallelujah! Glory to God in the highest!" echoed from mountain to mountain, and from cloud to cloud, till it seemed to pierce the very heavens.

In a short time the English returned, with no loss but of the poor fellow who had died in the church; and with but few wounded. But the mysterious preserver had disappeared, as some affirmed, who *saw with their own eyes*, galloping into the midst of a huge black cloud, which stooped down, enveloped, and finally bore him away. It became illuminated as it rose, distinctly rendering visible the angel and his steed; and just as it disappeared, shone with such terrible brightness, that several who were gazing thereon, were struck with temporary blindness. These things, and others more wonderful, were told by the many witnesses; and it was a singular fact that every man's story was entirely unlike his neighbor's. But in one thing they were all agreed. All joined Mr. Russell in a short but fervid thanksgiving; and then they prepared to remove the wounded.

A surgeon was procured from a neighboring village to assist the one already in attendance; and the ball was soon extracted from the wound of Abel Foster—an operation which he bore manfully, notwithstanding his advanced age. That night a watch was set; and after a day of agonizing excitement, of unexpected peril and miraculous rescue, the village of Hadley was once more still.

Alice never left her grandfather through the night, though he slept soundly from mere exhaustion. The morning found him much better. Soon after breakfast Leverett called for his friend, as it was necessary for the young men to join their respective parties without delay.

## CHAPTER VI.

George and Alice had been associated during the operation of circumstances which might develop more of character than ordinary years might do. This was no time for affectation; and when the youthful cousin clasped the weeping girl to his bosom, in the midst of the assembled family, no one felt that it was wrong. There was something too hallowed in the sentiment which bound, too awful in the circumstances which surrounded them, to admit of cavil. George, having led Alice to her grand-parents, again gave each a hand, as if to claim a nearer kindred than had been as yet acknowledged. This sentiment was understood; for the sick man murmured, as he joined their hands together in his, "Heaven bless you, my children, and may you meet in a happier day than this."

George could not trust himself another moment; but taking the arm of Leverett, he withdrew. Alice had been for some minutes kneeling silently by her grandfather's bed, but, unable longer to restrain herself, she buried her face in her clothes and wept. Robert knelt by her side, and throwing his arms round her neck he whispered, "Alice, my sweet sister, I am sorry too;" and when he lifted up his head again, the affectionate boy could not wipe away all trace of tears.

"My child, Alice," said Mrs. Foster, "you must go to bed. Why, your hands are hot and feverish, and we have been forgetting you were a watcher last night."

"I have to visit our poor neighbor, who was a widow but yesterday," replied Alice, "and the shroud is to be made, and a frock for the little one."

"Biddy may attend to the housework; Mrs. Powers will do the sewing, and you can, if you are well enough, visit the poor widow when you rise." Her objections thus overruled, Alice retired to her chamber; where, having indulged in sundry very pleasant reveries, contrary to every rule "for such cases made and provided," she slept soundly. Late in the afternoon she awoke, and hastily dressing herself, went to offer what consolation she might to the poor widow. There she met many of the villagers, who had come to mourn with their neighbor, and, incidentally, indulge in a little sly gossip in regard to that mysterious being, who, under heaven, had been the means of saving the settlement. The general impression was that the angel Gabriel had appeared among them in person; and this tended, not a little, to increase their spiritual pride; for, they argued, we *must* be the chosen people of the Lord, since he has sent his angel to fight our battles. Alice smiled and said nothing, though it was her private opinion, that the same mysterious being had long been an intimate associate of their family. It was nearly sunset when she returned, and having adjusted her grandfather's pillows, she sat down to tell him some of the anecdotes she had heard.

Suddenly she started up, and asked, "Where is Robert?"

"He went for the cows more than an hour ago," said Mrs. Powers. As she spoke, Alice ran to the door, and there stood one cow, Robert's favorite, covered with foam and blood, which came from a bad wound in the back. The whole settlement was immediately alarmed; and houses, and grounds, the village, and woods around were successively searched. All that night and the following day the search was continued, but in vain. The distressed family could only sustain their agony by unremitting exertions. So long as their last messengers came not back, Alice cherished a shadow of hope; but when they actually returned without him, she could sustain herself no longer. She was sitting on the foot of her grandfather's bed, so still and so pale it was frightful to look upon her, when Simon entered,

who had gone out with the villagers. He did not speak. He durst not. She fixed her eyes upon him with an agonizing earnestness that sent the blood from his heart, and read the doom. With a scream that might have awakened the savages themselves to mercy, she stretched herself back on the couch, and, for a moment, they thought she was actually dead. Just then a dusky figure entered the room.

"Hope for the despairing!" he cried. Every eye was turned toward him; but no one knew him. Alice was roused, as if the very sound of hope had penetrated her insensible ear. By a powerful reaction she was enabled to spring from the couch. "Monocho, good Monocho," she cried, "what tidings of the Young Eagle!" as Robert was familiarly called by the Indians.

"He walks in the train of Metacomet."

"Where is the hope, then?" cried Alice, with a shudder; and she would have fallen at the stranger's feet, had he not caught and supported her.

"Let the Spring Flower go with Monocho this very night, and ask the great king for her brother's life."

"This moment!" she cried. "Father—mother—your blessing!"

"Let our red brother eat. He is hungry," said Mrs. Foster, wishing to discuss the subject out of his presence. Mrs. Powers was desired to set food; and he withdrew.

"Send for Mr. Russell, and our friend," said Alice; but at the very moment, they entered. The subject was then more calmly debated; and the decision was, that the only possible way of saving the child was for Alice to go with Monocho, who, being in alliance with Metacomet, could obtain a hearing without danger, and, if necessary intercede for her. The plan of calling a military force was started; but it would be so long getting organized, that the poor child would have ceased to live before they could move effectively or even if they should succeed in raising a force, there was no one to conduct them to the Indian camp, since only Monocho knew its precise location; and he would never lead an armed force against his allies. Or should they be so fortunate as to surprise the enemy, they would still want the force necessary to ensure victory; and in that case, the destruction of the prisoner would probably be the first step taken. Mr. Russell pronounced Monocho perfectly trust-worthy; adding, with fervor, "I could place my life in his hands, so highly do I esteem his integrity."

"Besides, he is a friend to Robert," added Goff, "and as such may be relied on."

Alice knelt by the bed. Not a word was spoken; but, by one spontaneous impulse, every heart was lifted up in prayer. She arose with a serene countenance; for the calmness of determination had succeeded the tempest of grief. A moment her cheek rested on the pillow beside her grandfather's. He kissed her with his hand laid upon her head, and blessed her silently. The good man's agony could no longer be controlled; but after Alice left the room, it burst forth in deep groans, mingled with short bursts of prayer. "My sorrow is greater than I can bear! Lord, forsake not thy servant in this extremity. Oh Lord, let the child of thy promise return, even as Benjamin from the land of Egypt! Let not the gray hairs of thy servant go down with sorrow to the grave!" and all present cried, "Amen!"

In five minutes Alice was at the door. She clung round her grand-mother's neck a moment, and felt her blessing breathed but unspoken. She shook hands with her friends, and with each of the faithful servants, and sprang to the saddle; Monocho, at the same time mounting a fine horse, which had been prepared for him.

"You will find cordials, refreshments, and linen rags, in the valise," said Mrs. Powers.

"And some cakes, and a slice of the nice plum pudding, for yer own swate and delicate self," cried Biddy.

"Heaven bless you, Miss Alice," cried Simon; and "Heaven bless you!" was echoed by every one. They turned toward

Brookfield just as the sun was setting. It was no slight thing for a girl of eighteen, delicately brought up, and thus attended, to undertake a journey of more than thirty miles through the wilderness, then infested by hostile and savage tribes. Nothing could dishearten the heroic girl, but the fear of leaving any effort untried; and when she really thought that every moment was shortening the distance between her and her little brother, her heart was lighter than it had been for some time. That night, within the dwelling of Abel Foster, was spent in prayer. With every hour supplications for the captive and the wanderer went up to that God, who always draweth nigh, when pure hearts and clean hands are lifted up. The next day, in view of the sore afflictions which had come upon them, and the dangers which still beset them, was appointed a day of fasting and prayer throughout the settlement.

But let us return to Robert. He had been led by the sound of Stocking's bell far into the wilderness. Stockings was the name he had given a favorite cow, from the circumstance of her legs being covered with white, in just about the proportion of stockings, while the rest of her body was a fine dark red. He went on, hearing nothing to mar the silence of those everlasting solitudes, save the lazy tinkling of the cow-bell, that came at irregular intervals. He had just met the object of his search, and was turning her homeward, when a hawk's nest, from which the startled tenant had arisen, caught his attention. He looked up at the nest, when, in the foliage, perhaps twenty feet above him, he saw two eyes gleaming like fire amid the surrounding shadows. The next moment a musket was pointed at the boy, who, perhaps, owed his life to his intimate knowledge of Indian character, as well as to the presence of mind and firmness he displayed.

"A boy's scalp would stain the hatchet of a brave," he said squinting up at the tree, and drawing his head cunningly out of the line of direction.

The effect was irresistible. The warrior instantly descended: he was soon joined by about twenty others, who told Robert he was a captive. He knew the Indian temper too well to make any resistance. He only asked permission to set Stockings in the right path, which was granted. Just at this moment a stone was flung at the poor creature, wounding her considerably.

"The hand of a man never did that!" cried Robert, fixing his eyes on the offender, who was severely reprimanded by the chief.

"It is a bad hurt!" said the boy, with an expression of tender concern, adjusting the torn skin. "Good-bye, Stockings!" he cried, throwing his arms around the gentle creature's neck; "be a good cow, and don't go so far from home again." He paused as if suddenly choked. Home was too dear for a thought of losing it. "Farewell, Stockings!" he again repeated; and she took her usual path. The Indians, meanwhile, were gathering respect for the young hero; for there was something in the scene, which, though it awakened no sympathy, still gave evidence of the boy's courage and good faith, two qualities they highly esteem.

But no time was to be lost, as pursuit was inevitable; and they set off at a pace, which, any but a foot practised in such marches would have found it difficult to sustain. But the boy tripped along beside his captors, with the courage of an innocent heart, and a bosom at peace with all the world, strong within him.

They arrived at the camp about sunrise; and then the captive was told he must prepare to meet the great Sachem. On entering the royal lodge, Robert held up his young head with such an air of majesty, that Metacomet regarded him with the pleasure a noble trait of character always gives to one capable of appreciating it.

"Is the Young Eagle afraid to die?" was the first question.

"He has never thought much of death," replied Robert, "ex-

cept the death of rabbits, foxes and woodchucks, with now and then a heaver."

The chief almost smiled as he continued, "Does the pale blood tremble at the sight of an Indian?"

"The red man is dear. Who is afraid of him he loves!"

"Whither go the two young braves that made their tracks from Boston?"

Robert now felt instinctively that he was on dangerous ground. He made no reply.

"Why speaketh not the Young Eagle?"

"He will not betray his brethren," and the boy folded his arms upon his breast, to await the conflict.

"Did the child ever see an Indian torture his foe?" asked the chief, laying an ironical stress on the word child.

"Never," replied Robert, his eyes flashing so indignantly, as to show that, in courage, in heart, at least, he was not a child. "But the Young Eagle," he added, "has hardly left the nest. He sitteth not in the councils of the wise."

"Let him speak the truth, then, and the things that have come before him."

"The Manitoo that speaketh of the past is silent."

"A taste of fire may set the tongue free, and put words in the mouth of the Manitoo."

"Fire is better than dishonor," said Robert, proudly.

"Has the Young Eagle a father?" asked the chief.

"I have only an aged grandfather."

"A mother?"

"A grandmother," replied the boy.

"A brother?" continued the chief.

"No; but I have a sister."

"Does the Young Eagle of the nest love his kindred?"

"Dearly! dearly!" replied the ardent boy, the tears gushing into his eyes as he spoke.

"Would he go back and dwell with them?"

"If he can go back as he came."

"How?"

"With a true heart in his bosom."

The chieftain finding himself foiled in one attempt, tried another. His threatening manner was changed for one of insinuating softness.

"The Young Eagle loves the red man. Let him be his friend. The young brave speaketh not with many tongues. The truth is on his lips. Let him speak, and the heart of his father will be glad. Let him speak of the white warriors. He will tell their numbers. He will count their guns. He will point to their strongest place. He will tell why the two old braves are going to the Nipnets. He will point with his finger to the place where the powder sleeps. He will say when the Yangees will be ready to fight the Indians. The young brave has stood on the threshold, and listened to the talk of the wise. He is the red man's brother. He will tell."

Robert was silent. He might have replied to every one of these questions; for, intelligent, and a general favorite as he was, he had uncommon facilities for understanding, as well as for hearing the discussion of public affairs, by those who took an active interest or part, in all the movements of the day, with whom he was constantly or incidentally associated.

"Let him be carried to the stake!" cried Metacomet, after having waited some time for a reply.

For the space of a day and night, which had seemed really interminable, the savages kept up their infernal death-chant; but the young victim had caught too much of the Indian's own spirit to complain; and he had too much pride to make himself contemptible in their eyes; and though every inducement was held out to him by the artful chief, who visited him several times, yet he still remained firm. Scarce a groan escaped him. Not an expression of fear could be extorted, though his position was very painful, being bound so fast to a stake as to be unable to move a limb, with the certainty of a horrid death before him.

So the sun went down after the first day; and the cheerless night came. Then Indians, disfigured with paint, scars, and all manner of frightful costumes, hovered around him, like ugly demons, with hideous grimaces and more hideous cries. And when at last they sank beneath the violence of their own exertions and slept, Robert slept not; and for the first time in his life, a feeling of utter desolation came upon him. He thought of home—of his fond parents—his dear sister—his kind neighbors and friends—of the very animals about his door; and when he contrasted all these comforts, and sources of love and happiness, with his present situation, a feeling of such awful loneliness, of such bitter anguish, oppressed him, that he endured more than the agony of death without its hope of peace. A cold sweat gathered on his brow. He gasped; but still he remained sensible. No human being witnessed his pangs; but still a friend was near—one that would be true even unto death. A low, familiar cry aroused the almost torpid ear of the sufferer; and the next moment Sultan bounded up to caress him. Robert attempted to stretch out his hand to welcome him, but it was bound; and for the first time since his confinement, his heart melted and he burst into tears. Most earnest and affectionate were poor Sultan's demonstrations of feeling; and when there was no friend near to wipe the captive's tears, the faithful creature licked them away. He licked the swollen and inflamed wrists and ankles, biting angrily at the bonds which detained them. He then used all his art of language to persuade his young master to fly; and when he was made to understand that was impossible, the poor creature crouched down on the faggots, with his head pressed between the captive's feet, and his paws embracing him. No inducement, which the Indians did not fail to try, could prevail on him to leave his melancholy post.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

## A TALE WITH A MORAL.

BY C. M. SEDGWICK.

I DREAMED I WAS sitting on an eminence where the whole scene of life was before me; seas, plains, cities and country—the world and its actors. An old man, with the noble head and serene countenance that befits wisdom, stood beside me, and I turned a perplexed gaze on this multitudinous human family, to ask him, "Who is it that so many seem confidently expecting, and so many others to be blindly pursuing?"

"She is an immortal," he replied, "whose home is not in this world." In truth, she rarely visits it. Her companionship is reserved for those, who, in the language of Scripture, "shall see God as he is, for they shall be like him." Her name is Happiness. She is never found of those who seek her for her own sake.

"Why, then, are so many pursuing her?" I asked: "why do they not learn from the experience of others?"

"The desire of her presence," he replied, "is born with them; the child cries for her; some are ignorant of the means of attaining her; some delude themselves, and others are deluded as to the mode of winning her; few are willing to pay the price of her friendship, and fewer still receive the truth, that she does not abide on earth with those most worthy of her presence. To them her visits are rare and brief, but they are content to dwell among her kindred. Submission, Tranquillity, Contentment, and Patience. Take this," he said, giving me a curious eye glass, "it will enable you to see the distant, to penetrate every secret path, and to discern untold thoughts."

I took the glass; it fulfilled his promise. I now beheld the whole world in pursuit of this enchanting being. Some were crossing the wide sea, some treading the wilderness, masses were crowding into cities, and others flying to the country in quest of her. They looked for her where she was never heard of; and

what at first was inexplicable to me, those that most eagerly sought her, and sought nothing else, never found her.

Tired of my general observation, I finally confined my attention to two young persons who began the course of life together. One was a beautiful girl called Brillanta, whom I saw in a French boarding school, with teachers in all the arts and various branches of learning.

"Why do they confine me here?" she exclaimed, pettishly. "they tell me I was born for Happiness, and I have not so much as heard the rustling of her wings in this tiresome place. Well, I must worry it through; but when school days are over, and I am out, and surrounded by friends, and followed by lovers, and go at will to operas and balls, then Happiness will be my constant companion!"

The golden future became Brillanta's present. I saw her wreathed with flowers and sparkling with jewels; admired and flattered, and hurrying from one scene of gaiety to another; but instead of the companion she presumptuously expected, there were only Pleasure and Excitement, and at their heels Satiety and Weariness.

"Alas!" exclaimed Brillanta, "Happiness is not yet with me, but she will come to my wedding—with the bridal gifts and festivities—she will take up her abode in my luxurious home!" But True Love was not required at the marriage, so Happiness refused to be there. Vanity and Pride were among the guests, and were soon followed with the fiend, Disappointment. Happiness could not breathe the air they infected.

A few years passed. "Happiness has never been, never will be here!" exclaimed Brillanta. My husband is so tiresome! my children tormenting! I will go to foreign lands, I will explore other countries—surely where so many rush to seek Happiness she must be found." And away went Brillanta, but the chase was vain; she never got so much as a glimpse of Happiness, though she went on pursuing till death overtook her. A mist that had been gathering around her settled into darkness, and I saw her no more.

She whom I had seen start in the career of life with Brillanta was named Serena. She came forth daily from a home where all sweet contentments were, from God-loving and God-fearing parents, to her school-tasks. She had an earnest and sweet countenance, but what chiefly struck me about her was unlikeness to the rest of the world. She was not pursuing Happiness. She was too modest to claim her presence, too humble to expect it. She was so occupied with her tasks and desires that she had no time to think of herself, but she was eager enough to obtain the acquaintance of Happiness for others. What disinterestedness, what self-forgetfulness she practiced to achieve this! and strange to say, when she asked and sought this eluding being, and when clouds gathered heavily around Serena, so that Happiness could not come, (for her nature requires bright skies,) she sent her helpful handmaid Patience, and Serena was content and grateful. "How many unexpected, undeserved meetings I have with my heavenly friend!" Serena would exclaim. And, as I saw, Happiness daily saluted her in the lovely aspect of nature, in household loves, in the prayer of faith, and the peace of acquitting conscience. To Serena, in due time also, came the wedding day, and with the illimitable hope and bright confidence that belongs to that period of woman's life, she said, "Happiness, you will, of course, preside at the festival?"

"Of course," replied Happiness, "for where my best friends gather on the wedding day—Love, Fidelity, and Moderation—am I ever absent? But remember, my dear Serena, my stay cannot be long; Care, Trial, Sorrow must come to you;—I cannot consort with them, but they will prepare you for my constant society hereafter, and make you relish it the more keenly. Care, Trial, Sorrow, stern sisters, who come to all, did come to Serena, but they were not always present, and when they were present, their terrors were converted to a precious ministry by the unflinching presence of Serena's best friend, Religion.

## Psychological Department.

## DREAMS AND VISIONS.

DURING A RECENT VISIT to Scotland, a small village in Windermere Co., Ct., I made the acquaintance of a Mr. S., who has, in several instances, been the recipient of spiritual impressions, communicated, generally, during the hours of sleep. In the course of our interview he related the following, which is worthy of record: For some time he had visited a young lady, whom he had selected as his companion for life. They had pledged their fidelity to each other, and the day on which it was proposed to legalise their union was at hand.

We were standing on the bank of a stream whose waters, like the current of human life and love, were divided, broken and interrupted by many obstacles, when he related his vision and its fulfilment, in substance, as follows;—He slept—and dreamed of walking on the bank of that stream. Suddenly the object of his love appeared walking by his side. She was arrayed in a white flowing dress. A white handkerchief was folded under the chin, and tied on top of the head. Her countenance was pale as marble. She walked by his side for some distance, and, finally, extending her hand, she said, Reuben—I must leave you—farewell—and anon disappeared.

Several days had elapsed, when a messenger came in great haste to request his immediate presence at the residence of his loved one. He obeyed the summons, and found her the victim of incurable disease. Her stricken form was invested with white apparel, and her whole appearance corresponded to his vision. He seated himself by her bed-side to watch the irregular and feeble pulsations which marked the last efforts of expiring nature. At length she held out her hand, which he received in his own,—and as the spirit went out of its fallen temple, there was a faint utterance from the lips of mortality, and the attentive ear caught the last words—Reuben—I must leave thee—FAREWELL!

S. B. B.

THE FOLLOWING communication was received several weeks since, but was accidentally overlooked. Any facts in Psychology which can be well authenticated, we shall always be pleased to receive. We have faith in the actual existence of many things which we once regarded as wholly imaginary. We entertain them not because they appeal to our love of the marvelous, but because in the light of spiritual science they are commended to our Reason.

S. B. B.

NORWICH, CONN., JUNE 30, 1848.

BR. BRITTAN:—

I have been a subscriber to your most excellent paper since its commencement, and I am much pleased with the stand you have taken in relation to the phenomena of the human mind: To elicit from the minds of the people facts, and from these facts to deduce causes of their existence; thereby to account for occurrences that by some are deemed miraculous and supernatural.

In conversation with a female acquaintance not long since, the subject of dreams and presentiments became the theme of remark, when she related to me the following fact, which came under her personal observation and knowledge.

About three years ago a seafaring man by the name of Toombs returned to his family, who resided in this place. (His widow resides here still.) One night, not long after his return, he awoke his wife, telling her to look at the coffin standing by the side of the bed, but she replied that she could not see it, nor any thing in the room, as it was totally dark. He insisted on getting up and looking into it, as he said he saw a coffin there as truly as he was alive. He arose, and on looking into it, immediately exclaimed, "It is myself! It is me!" She tried to

convince him, the next morning, that it was a dream, but he said he was certain that it foreshadowed his death. The second day afterwards, as he was walking on the edge of the wharf, his foot slipped, he was precipitated into the river, and before assistance could be rendered, he was dead. His body was taken home, and his coffin at last stood in the identical place to which his attention had been directed in his vision.

A few days after the funeral the widow communicated the above facts to the lady from whom I received them.

Yours, &amp;c.

S. D. H.

## ELECTRO-MAGNETISM.

R. T. HALLOCK, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN,

No. 12 City Hall Place, New York.

THE SUBSCRIBER would inform those who are aware of the invaluable curative properties of Galvanic Electricity, when properly applied to disease, especially those complaints which arise from, or are confined more particularly to the nervous system, that he has opened an office at the above place, where every convenience for its application will be found. Experience has confirmed the fact of its vast superiority in a great variety of diseases over every other agent known to ancient or modern science.

I have also made an arrangement with MRS. TUFTS, of Jersey City, a Clairvoyant of superior powers, who will attend at the office on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS of each week, for the examination of disease. To those who are acquainted with this lady, and the precision with which she points out and prescribes for disease, nothing need be said; to those who are not all I shall say is *come and see!*

New York, August, 1848.

## 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, prophecy, 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.

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