

# THE UNIVERCŒLUM

AND

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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

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### The Principles of Nature.

#### THE SUPREMACY OF MIND.

BY SAMUEL W. FISHER.

Among the leading distinctions which exalt us above the mere brute, the attribute of mind is not the least. It is not indeed the only, nor in all respects the chief. If we are not simply animal, neither are we purely intellectual. For there is a moral in our nature that soars above even the intellectual, and creates between man and the mere world of animal instinct the bridgeless gulf of separation. Yet while we give the crown to the heart, we claim for the intellect the seals of office, as the chief executive standing next to the throne.

In every part of human life, mind in its action creates distinctions and displays the impressive results of its invisible power. The very form of our animal nature, has stamped upon it peculiar dignity, as a temple reared expressly for the abode, not of the most noble of brutes, but, of one born in the divine image—of a participant in that sublime nature, that unfathomable intelligence which pervades and compasses all being. Erect while all else is prone, his lofty bearing is the superscription of his Maker to the nobility of the nature within. Every part of this wondrous frame bears in its construction the marks of its designed adaptation to the wants, not of a purely instinctive, but of a rational inhabitant. Physical superiority was obviously not in the eye of the architect; certainly it is not attained. The deer can outstrip us; the eagle outsoar us; yet so admirably is this material structure adapted to act the executive of the intelligence within, that we can speed on its deadly mission a physical agent that will overtake and bring them both to the dust. Compared with the powerful horse and patient ox, the strength of the human frame is weakness itself; yet as the agent of the indwelling mind, this puny arm can tame the fierce courser and harness these brute forces to his chariot and his plow. There is a passionate energy that flashes from the lion's eye; but there is a singular intelligence speaking in the countenance—gleaming from the eye of man, before which the forest-king has been known to quail. Look also at that splendid dome of thought, that crowns our physical frame, with its orbs of intellectual light sparkling beneath, and its organ of speech; through which mind communes with mind, and you cannot fail to perceive how every part of this exquisite organism proclaims the existence and force of an intelligent spirit. And if you would see in all its vividness, this stamp of mind upon our very framework, go to the halls of legislation, when on some occasion like that which gave birth to our "Declaration," the deep spirits of a nation's wisdom are roused, and the waters of a nation's eloquence are stirred to their profoundest depths. Then the intellect, energised by emotion, sparkles in the eye—glows in the countenance—plays around the uncovered brow—kindles on the lip—streams from the fingers—wakes into action each muscle of the body—and speaks in one harmonious and deep-toned voice through all the harp strings of this physical frame.

If you take still another view of this point, and compare the modes in which man and brute respectively meet opposing for-

ces, you will see in effect the wonderful adaptation of this body to carry into execution the purposes of the mind. The brute, in his efforts to overcome a physical power, is dependent solely upon his own individual physical resources. The affrighted deer tries his speed with the swift-footed hound; the tiger joins in the death-struggle with the lion; the bird overcomes the force that draws him earthward by the instinctive use of his own strength, and they all employ only the natural instruments peculiar to each, without the smallest power of varying, combining or extending them. But man, feeble in body and vastly inferior in purely physical attributes to the instinctive creation, has a mind, which by a dexterous combination of his limited personal resources, subjects to his control the force not only of the animate but of the inanimate world. He employs nature to overcome nature; arrays foreign forces the one against the other, and by a skilful disposition of those agencies, of which mind has given him the mastery, he accomplishes results surpassing the combined exertions of all the brute power on the globe. By various instruments and forces other than his own, he rears his mill dam—constructs his water wheel, and then compels the force of gravitation acting through the yielding fluid, to grind, and saw, and spin, and carry forward the various processes by which the materials of his food and clothing are prepared for use. He employs an elastic vapor to aid him in constructing and then in propelling huge vessels, by land and water, laden with riches from all quarters of the earth. The wind—the water—the tide, in its flux and reflux—the fire—the impalpable gases,—the very fluid whose explosion shakes the firm earth and flashes its fearful thunder in the sky, all of them in some degree yield to his will and play the part of his instruments. There is scarcely a material agent or a known power of the physical world that he does not, at least in part, master and compel to minister to his necessity, his comfort or his luxury. Even the orb of day, whose delicate and imponderable rays are the pencil with which the Infinite colors so exquisitely the forms of vegetable beauty that adorn our earth, even he, God's great painter, must employ his matchless skill as a limner for man. While a subtle and ordinarily invisible fluid is first discovered—its hidden existence and powers developed by the experimenting hand of genius, and then subsidized for its use, it becomes the fleet post-horse of the mind, by which with a rapidity as unmeasurable as that of Heaven's bolt, thought, argument, fact, all the vast coinage of the ever active brain, career from intellect to intellect, over states—over rivers—over continents, so that ere the voice has died away in which it was uttered, the word spoken is whispered on the other side of the globe. All this, and vastly more than this, man has effected through the wisdom of his intellect, united to the agency of this weak frame. And thus through the very imbecility of his body, does his mind shine forth with resplendent luster, and exhibits to us the physical man as bearing in his construction a peculiar adaptation to be the successful agent of the intelligent soul.

In order to establish the peculiar dignity of mind, and thus lay a foundation on which we may stand in urging upon you its cultivation, I propose to trace it out as it is seen forming an element of all the noblest aristocracies of life. It is an undoubted fact, that life has its aristocracies, and such too as are inseparable

arable from the operation of civilized society, arrange, and modify, and mold it as you may. They are not indeed always either governmental or hereditary aristocracies, which belong rather to the past and the other side of the globe, and which to our republican vision are instinct with evil, but such as embrace that which is most highly esteemed and influential in society. Commencing our survey of these with the *aristocracy of fashion*, let us see if we cannot trace in it, an evidence of the dignity and force of our intellectual nature. Do not understand me here as designing to discuss the qualities of the race of dandies—a class who approximate more nearly than any other to Plato's men, "unfeathered bipeds." I do not speak so much of persons as things. The term *fashion* is used legitimately as indicative of external forms, and the term *aristocracy* as denoting that class of outward forms consisting of dress, furniture, architecture, &c., which are held in the highest estimation. It is obvious that there is every where a gradation in the character of these outward forms, ascending from the coarse attire of the ditcher to those fine and delicate robes which command admiration and impart delight. In respect to the furniture and architecture of your dwellings and halls, there is the same gradation from the rude to the exquisitely wrought, from the unfinished settee to the splendid couch—from the mud hut and log cabin to the lofty palace and magnificent temple. Now it is a known fact that precisely the same distinction in regard to outward forms runs entirely through human society. Even the savage has his gradations in this respect, and the more elevated cabin of his king, and his more costly robes, evince that he too is affected by this universal aristocracy of fashion. As we proceed upward, however, from this lowest state of existence, we find this appreciation of outward forms constantly developing itself, until, as in the highest state of Grecian, Egyptian, Roman and Modern civilization, the actual structure of society is to a great extent molded by it. Now we contend that this fact is of itself illustrative of the mental dignity and intellectual force of man. This distinction of forms, this appreciation of the more beautiful and grand, exists no where but among the higher orders of being. The most intelligent of brutes have never risen to the possession of this power. It is peculiar to the rational, and never descends to the instinctive. In itself it is the same appreciation of the beautiful and the grand—of order and sublimity, more or less refined indeed according to the intellectual cultivation of individuals, but yet virtually the same with that which, existing in the mind of the architect of creation, has cast the material world into such countless forms of beauty and grandeur. It is the same principle existing in us, and which modified by our peculiar circumstances, inspires admiration for rich robes and exquisitely wrought furniture, and well proportioned architecture, that operating upon the divine mind has curved the ocean and painted the flowers, and hung over and around the setting sun his gorgeous canopy of clouds. Our standards of taste may in some respects vary, while the love of the beautiful and the sensibility to all that is magnificent, may remain in full force. One may prefer to encase his limbs in the dress of the orient and another in that of the occident; one has an imagination most deeply affected by the gloomy architecture of the Egyptian, another loves most to contemplate the fine proportion and majestic harmony of the Grecian temple, while still another is awed by the solemn and irregular grandeur of the ever branching Gothic; one may bow down to the genius of Raphael, as the type of the noblest and most exquisite school of painters, while another enrolls himself a disciple of Rubens, and yet after all there exists in each one the same genuine love for beauty and order and grandeur, which we see revealed in the spire of grass, the majestic oak, the sparkling star, the blue canopy over our heads and the verdant carpet beneath our feet; and thus in our love for these most exquisitely wrought and beautiful forms, do we reflect one of the most delightful of those high attributes, which exalt the infinite Jehovah.

But in addition to the mere love of the more excellent of natural forms, there is joined with it an appreciation of the mental power that has produced them. When you contemplate an exquisite or a magnificent work of art, you not only admire its beauty and yield to the force of its grandeur, but if you will suffer your mind to pass beyond the work itself, you will instinctively do homage to the intellect that gave it perfection. In this appreciation of the mental power put forth in works of art, consist the true immortality of the artist. St. Peter's and St. Paul's are not merely the proud mausoleums where the genius of Angelo and Wren lie buried in state; the intellect of these men lives in them, and breathes through them, and lifts itself up in their domes and spires immortal in dignity, before the eyes of passing generations. The works of art are the human intellect embodied in voiceless yet speaking forms. The aristocracy of fashion is the assemblage of the master productions of master artists. It is one mode in which mind makes itself known for the appreciation of mind. It is man working on a similar field and in the exercise of similar intellectual power with his Maker, creating that which may meet the same impulse toward the beautiful and grand, which exists in the higher nature of the Creator.

Now in proportion as men rise in their appreciation of that which is most admirable in works of art, do they usually become more truly refined and intelligent. As society advances upward, the dark cabin gives place to the commodious and finely proportioned palace; the person is arrayed in garments of a finer texture and more tasteful form; while the style of the enclosures and the arrangement of the surrounding grounds, display the advancing refinement of their possessor. Thus when I enter a dwelling, no matter if it be far removed from the bustle and the external polish of the city, yet if I see a garden well arranged, and flowers with their perennial beauty smiling upon me from the window, I feel sure that there is within a refined intellect, that can appreciate at once the forms of natural loveliness and the mind of their great Architect. So let a person of cultivated mental powers, who never may have heard of Egypt or Greece, wake up amidst the solemn temples of Thebes or upon the Acropolis, and he will stand awe-struck at those monuments of gigantic mind. And precisely the same principle which in these cases evinces that here mind shines forth in its dignity and glory, runs through all the forms of art which every where compose the true aristocracy of fashion. Its luster and its dignity is the stamp of intelligence impressed upon it. As mind disappears, the aristocracy of fashion vanishes. The temples and the palaces crumble while the tent and the hut of the kraal are planted amidst their ruins. The comforts and elegances of life give place to the rude existence of a savage, fattening on worms and lashed to labor by the gaunt form of famine, while in his gross person and clouded eye, the glories of our intellectual nature are almost totally eclipsed.

Next in order to the aristocracy of fashion, is that of wealth. It is a fact open to the notice of all, that the possession of large means ordinarily confers consideration. Wealth is not only power in the merely physical resources it supplies and the direct influence it enables its possessor to exert upon the dependent, but in the popular elevation it usually brings with it. Now some of this influence of property, seems to us to be due to its presumed connection with a refined or a vigorous mind. The mere fact of the possession of a hoard for the future, is certainly not adapted in itself to elevate the man above the squirrel or the bee, who in summer prepare the stores of winter. And surely it would be a libel upon our common nature to suppose that all the power of property is due to a selfish expectation of personal benefit. To some extent and in some cases this feeling may form an element of the influence of wealth; but he must be blind indeed, who would make it the sole element. From the nature of the case it must be confined to individuals, and cannot account for the general influence of property beyond the

circle of dependence. Nor can we account for it wholly on the ground of the display of beautiful forms, which it enables its possessor to make, in his costly furniture, and equipages, and dwellings. For even in this case, the person would only seem to borrow somewhat of the mental glory of his artists, and thus flutter in their plumage. But this influence of property is often equally great, independent of these things and in their absence. It seems impossible to account for all this influence, without proceeding upon the supposition that there is usually a *presumed* connection between the possession of property and a vigorous or a refined mind. I speak here only of a *presumptive* and not a real connection. The existence of such a presumption is all-sufficient to make up the complement of influence emanating from wealth. The fact of its existence is one thing; whether it has any just foundation is quite another. The proof of the existence of this fact, is rather a matter of personal consciousness, than of visible demonstration. If for instance, a person, by his own efforts, in the present state of society, has raised himself from poverty to affluence, it is a natural presumption, that he has effected so great a change by the vigor of his intellect, the wisdom of his plans, the energy of his character, and by that which enters into all true genius, the power of mental application. It may be indeed that his success is due rather to circumstances than to his individual power, to the steady application of the lowest qualities of mind, or to a system of dishonorable traffic. Yet with this fact the presumption has nothing to do, and in the absence of direct knowledge upon the subject it is perfectly natural to suppose, that the acquisition of his influence is due to the steady exertion of mind in that one direction, similar to that which has carved out the fame and the power of the statesman, the orator and the great captain.

In the case of one who has inherited property the presumption is virtually the same. It is perfectly natural to presume that such high advantages for mental improvement have not been enjoyed without corresponding results. Whatever the facts may be in any given case, we expect in general that a man who from his youth has enjoyed the instructions of the best masters, and had scattered around him from the cradle the materials of knowledge and intellectual refinement, will have attained something noble and large—a degree of information and refinement superior to that possessed by those destitute of his advantages. If, owing to parental indulgence or his own perversity, he should grow up, unlettered and uneducated, a rational expectation is disappointed—a natural presumption is broken. A wealthy ignoramus in such a case destroys the illusive spell, and reverses the enchanter's wand. The very fact that he is *presumed* to have attained to the heights of intelligence because he has possessed every facility for the lofty ascent, lends tenfold vividness to the contrast and power to the reproach.

Leaving, however, particular cases, and returning to the general statement, with which we set out, it seems clear to us that when we enter a village, our impressions always are, at first, in favor of the presumed intelligence of the wealthy proprietor. If, on entering his mansion, I meet with mental imbecility, rudeness and ignorance, the quick revulsion of feeling—the blank disappointment, is the most unerring testimony to the force of that presumption of intelligence, in which we naturally indulge, until facts destroy its power. And thus it appears that even the aristocracy of wealth leans for a portion of its dignity upon its presumed connection with cultivated mind—even large possessions without it cannot dignify its possessor, nor exalt ignorance and imbecility to a station of respect.

To prevent the possibility of misconstruction, it may be well to remark that it is foreign to the argument, as it is to my belief, that the possession of wealth infers of course superior intelligence. Such a theory would not stand an hour, amidst the too numerous opposing facts. It is a matter of curious speculation, however, in what way the presumptive connection between

vigor of mind and wealth, referred to above, arose. It would be unjust to a large class of men to assert that it had no sort of foundation in fact. We think it cannot be denied, that as a body, the men who make their own fortunes are characterized by shrewdness, tact and energy. Where there is one "Lord Dexter," with his successful follies, and fortunate but mad ventures, there are a dozen acute and intelligent Lawrences. It is too often the case, however, with such men, that their mental power all lies in one direction, and that they fail in attaining comprehensive views and large mental acquisitions. The same remark is true in reference to the majority of the most able men of all professions. Few seem to possess the taste or the time for those more general studies which give to the intellect a wide range of action—a point of survey lofty as the mountain crag on which the eagle builds his eyrie, and exalt the man above the low and narrow walk of a single profession.

Let us turn now to the aristocracy of official station, as a brilliant illustration of the influence of mind. There are in society some offices of special trust and responsibility, which attract to themselves, in a peculiar manner, the respect of the community. It needs but a glance at these official stations, to perceive that along with uprightness of character, vigorous mind enters as an important element into the honor with which they are crowned. To be an efficient judge—a successful governor, there should be in the man himself a mental power of no common kind, rendering him equal to his station. Such stations involve the decision of questions complicated and profound, which demand a clear mental vision in conjunction with a right and vigorous will. The men who are to preside over courts civil or ecclesiastical; who as senators are to give character to the legislation which is to determine the prosperity of a nation; who are to represent us at foreign courts, and canvass the wide field of international law; who are to preside over our colleges, educate our rulers, marshal our armies, and guide our navy, are called by the very nature of the stations they fill, to exercise talents the most commanding, and wisdom the most profound. To place imbecility on the pinnacle of such exalted station, is to make sport of the dearest interests of society. Mind, vigorous mind, educated for its work, claims these positions as its own. Seated there it works with its own mighty lever, for the accomplishment of vast and glorious results. The intellect of a Napoleon, a Newton, a Washington, a Franklin, and a Dwight, was all in harmony with the lofty stations they occupied, and from them shone forth luminously upon the world. Station—office to them was only a higher point from which each star might shoot its intellectual fire over a larger sphere, within a wider horizon of intelligence. They befitted their high positions, and to the world illustrated the fact that these elevated offices gathered no small measure of their luster from the intellectual glory of their incumbents.

Society may presume that a man is mentally competent to the discharge of the duties they impose, and under that presumption place him on these heights, but should it be revealed that they had enthroned imbecility, disgust and shame would go down through all ranks to the very child upon his mother's knee. The very title of these offices creates the expectation that vigorous mind is in possession of them; and surely it would be impossible long to preserve them in honor, were their incumbents usually characterized by the want of mental power. Thus in the aristocracy of official station, you can see how great is the influence of mind in creating for them a dignity and glory essential to their permanence and success. Here on the high places of society, a clear, a profound, a ready intellect, is the orb which circles in its own proper sphere. They are only lofty eminences from which, not ignorance and imbecility may display themselves, but knowledge and vast mental power irradiate the world.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

## WORK AND WAIT.

BY J. MARTINEAU.

WHEREVER we look,—to the chain of animal existence, to the faculties of the individual mind, or the stages of collective society,—we discover distinct traces of the same general law, that in proportion to the excellence of any form of being, is its progress tardy and its cycle vast. Contract the limits of any nature, and its changes become quick and visible: enlarge them, and its vibrations become slow and majestic. On the surface of a pool, the wind raises rapid billows that would agitate an insect; on the ocean, mighty oscillations that give a frigate time to think. "Like tide there is in the affairs of men?" and if we think nobly of the great element on which it rides, if we take humanity to be no foul and shallow marsh, but a boundless and unfathomable deep, we shall not marvel that our little life scarce feels its deliberate and solemn sweep. Why, even in physical nature, the more complex and extensive any system of bodies, the longer is the period of its revolution, and the less perceptible is its velocity as a whole. Our single earth, revolving round the sun, soon comes to the point from which it started: add the moon to it, and the three orbs demand a greatly increased duration to return to the same relative position; collect the planets into a group, and their cycles of return, when every perturbation shall have had its revolution, and they shall look at each other as they did at first, becomes immense, and, in our poor conceptions, almost coincides with eternity itself; and the solar system, as a whole, is travelling on all the while, astronomers assure us, toward the constellation Hercules. Such are the natural periods of the moral world, in proportion to the grandeur of its parts and relations; such, the tendencies of man and society, considered as a complex whole; however insensible the parallax of their progression, they doubtless gravitate incessantly to some distant constellation in the universe of brilliant possibilities,—to some space in the future where dwell and move forms of power and of good which it is no fable to believe gigantic and godlike.

In proportion then as we think well of our nature and of our kind: in proportion as we estimate worthily the task of Providence in ripening a world of souls, shall we be reconciled to the tardy and interrupted steps by which the work proceeds. We shall be content and trustful, though our personal portion of the work, and even the sum of our combined endeavors while we live, should be inconspicuously small. Have you resolved, as much as in you lies, to lessen the number of those who, in this metropolis of the charities, have none to help them, or lift them from the darkness wherein they exist and perish unseen? It is good. Only remember, that if the ministry, which thus dives into the recesses of human wretchedness, and carries a healing pity to the body and the soul, which speaks to tempted, fallen, stricken men from a heart that feels their struggle terrible, yet believes the conquest possible, be really right and Christian, then its slowness is but the attendant and symptom of its worth; and to despond because a few years' labor exhibits no large and deep impression made on the wickedness and miseries of the world, would be to slight the work and forget its dignity. When the earth, after the travail of centuries, brings forth woes, how can they be other than giant-woes, which no faint hope, no puny courage, but only the enterprise of high faith, can manacle and lay low. Surely it is an unworthy proposal which we sometimes hear respecting this and other deputated ministries of good, "Well, it is a doubtful experiment, but let us try it for a few years." If, indeed, this means that, in case of too small a measure of success, we are to do something more and greater; that we must be content with no niggardly and unproductive operation, but recognize in scanty results a call to stronger efforts; that, failing a delegated ministry, we will go forth ourselves into the places of want and sin, and

make aggression on them with a mercy that can wait no more; in this sense, let the mission pass for a temporary trial. But if it be meant that, disappointed in our hopes, we are to give it all up and do nothing; that, having once set plainly before our face the beseeching looks of wounded and bleeding humanity stretched upon our path, we are to "pass by on the other side," thinking it enough to have "come and seen where it was,"—then I must say that any work, undertaken in this spirit, *has* failed already. For my own part, I should say that were we even to make no visible progress, were we able to beat back the ills with which we contend by not one hair's breadth;—nay, were they to be seen actually advancing on us, still no retreat, but only the more strenuous aggression, would be admissible. For what purpose can any Christian say that he is here in life, with his divine intimation of what *ought to be*, and his sorrowing perception of what *is*, if not to put forth a perpetual endeavor against the downward gravitation of his own and others' nature? And if in the conquest of evil, God can engage himself eternally, is it not a small thing for us to yield up to the struggle our threescore years and ten? Whatever difficulties may baffle us, whatever defeat await us, it is our business to live with resistance in our will, and die with protest on our lips, and make our whole existence, not only in desire and prayer, but in resolve, in speech, in act, a remonstrance against whatever hurts and destroys in all the earth. Did we give heed to the counsels of passiveness and despondency, our Christendom, faithless to the trust consigned to it by Heaven, must perish by the forces to which it has succumbed. For, between the Christian faith, teaching the Fatherhood of God and the Immortality of men,—between this and the degradation of large portions of the human family, there is an irreconcilable variance, an internecine war, to be interrupted by no parley, and mitigated by no quarter; and if faith gives up its aggression upon the evil, the evil must destroy the faith. If the world were all a slave-market or a ginspalace, what possible place could such a thing as the Christian religion find therein? Who, amid a carnival of sin, could believe in any deathless sanctity? or, through the steams of a besotted earth, discern the pure light of an over-arching heaven? or, through the moans and dumb anguish of a race, send up a hymn of praise to the All-merciful? And are there not thousands already, so environed and shut in, that *their* world is little else than this? In proportion as this number is permitted to increase, does Christianity lose its evidence, and become impossible. Sensualism and sin cannot abide the clear angelic look of Christian faith; but if once that serene eye becomes confused and droops abashed, the foe starts up in demoniac triumph, and proclaims man to be a brute, and earth a grave.

As we love then the religion by which we live, let us give no heed to doubt and fear. In the spirit of hope and firm endeavor let us go forward with the work we have begun; undismayed by difficulties which God permits us to hold in check, but not to vanquish; and stipulating for no rewards of large success as the conditions of our constancy of service. It is human, indeed, to desire some rich success; and each generation expects to gather and taste the produce of its own toil; but the seasons of God are eternal; he "giveth the increase," not for enjoyment only, but for reproduction; and ripens secretly, beneath the thick foliage of events, many a fruit of our moral tillage, for the sake of the little unnoticed seed, which, dropped on the soil of his Providence, shall spread over a future age the shelter of some tree of life. Be it ours in word to proclaim, in deed to make ready, the "acceptable year of the Lord."

IN THE STRAIGHTS OF PAUXIS, in the River of the Amazons, more than five hundred miles from the sea, the tides are evident. It requires so many days for the tides to ascend this mighty stream, that the returning tides meet a succession of those that are coming up, so that every possible variety occurs at some part or other of its shores, both as to magnitude and time.

## POPULAR THEOLOGY.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

THEOLOGY is the science of Religion. It treats of man, God, and the relation between man and God, with the duties which grow out of that relation. It is both queen and mother of all science; the loftiest and most ennobling of all the speculative pursuits of man. But the popular theology of this day is no science at all, but a system of incoherent notions, woven together by scholastic logic, and resting on baseless assumptions. The pursuit thereof in the popular method does not elevate. There is in it somewhat not holy. It is not studied as science, with no concern except for the truth of the conclusion. We wish to find the result as we conceived it to be; as bishop Butler has said, "People habituate themselves to let things pass through their minds, rather than to think of them. Thus by use they become satisfied merely with seeing what is said, without going any further." Our Theology has two great Idols, the Bible and Christ; by worshipping these, and not God only, we lose much of the truth they both offer us. Our theology relies on assumptions, not ultimate facts; so it comes to no certain conclusions; weaves cobwebs, but no cloth.

The popular Theology rests on these main assumptions; THE DIVINITY OF THE CHURCHES, AND THE DIVINITY OF THE BIBLE. What is the value of each? It has been found convenient to assume both. Then it has several important aphorisms, which it makes use of as if they were established truths, to be employed as the maxims of geometry, and no more to be called in question. Amongst these are the following: Man under the light of nature is not capable of discovering the moral and religious truth needed for his moral and religious welfare; there must be a personal and miraculous mediator between each man and God; a life of blameless obedience to the law of man's nature will not render us acceptable to God, and ensure our well-being in the next life; we need a superhuman being to bear our sins, through whom alone we are saved; Jesus of Nazareth is that superhuman, and miraculous, and sin-reconciling mediator; the doctrine he taught is revealed Religion, which differs essentially from natural Religion; an external and contingent miracle is the only proof of an eternal and necessary truth in morals or Religion; God now and then transcends the laws of nature and makes a miraculous revelation of some truth; he does not now inspire men as formerly. Each of these aphorisms is a gratuitous assumption, which has never been proved, and of course all the theological deductions made from the aphorisms, or resting on these two main assumptions, are without any real foundation. Theologians have assumed their facts, and then reasoned as if the fact were established, but the conclusion was an inference from a baseless assumption. Thus it accounts for nothing. "We only become certain of the immortality of the soul from the fact of Christ's resurrection," says Theology. Here are two assumptions: first, the fact of that resurrection, second, that it proves our immortality. If we ask proof of the first point, it is not easy to come by; of the second it is not shown. The theological method is false; for it does not prove its facts historically, or verify its conclusions philosophically. The Hindoo theory says, the earth rests on the back of an Elephant, the Elephant on a Tortoise. But what does the Tortoise rest upon? The great Turtle of popular theology rests on—an assumption. Who taught us the infallible divinity of the Bible, or the Churches? Why, we always thought so. We inherited the opinion, as land, from our fathers, "to have and to hold, for our use and behoof, for ourselves, our heirs, and forever." Would you have a better title? We are regularly "seized" of the doctrine; it came, with the divine right of kings, from our fathers, who by the grace of God, burnt men for doubting the truth of their theology. This is the defence of the popular theology. We have

freedom in civil affairs, can revise our statutes, change the administration, or amend the constitution. Have we no freedom in theological affairs, to revise, change, amend a vicious theology? We have always been doing it but only by halves, not looking at the foundation of the matter. We have applied good sense to many things, Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures, and with distinguished success; not yet to Theology. We make improvements in science and art every year. Men survey the clouds, note the variations of the magnetic needle, analyze rocks, waters, soils, and do not fear truth shall hurt them though it make Hipparchus and Cardan unreadable. Our method of theology is false no less than its assumptions. What must we expect of the conclusion? What we find.

If a school were founded to teach Geology, and the professors of that science were required to subscribe the geological creed of Aristotle or Paracelsus, and swear solemnly to interpret facts by that obsolete creed, and maintain and inculcate the geological faith as expressed in that creed, in opposition to Wernerians, Bucklandians, Lyellians, and all other geological heresies, ancient or modern; if the professors were required to subscribe this every five years, and no pupil was allowed the name of Geologist, or permitted peacefully to examine a rock, unless he professed that creed, what would men say to the matter? No one thinks such course strange in theology; our fathers did so before us. In plain English we are afraid of the truth. "God forbid," said a man famous in his day, "that our love of truth should be so cold as to tolerate any erroneous opinion"—but our own. Any change is looked on with suspicion. If the driftwood of the ocean be hauled upon the land, men fear the ocean will be drank up, or blown dry; if the pine-tree rock, they exclaim, the mountain falling cometh to nought. How superstitiously men looking on the miracle-question, as if the world could not stand if the miracles of the New Testament were not real!

The popular Theology does not aim to prove absolute Religion but a *system of doctrines*. Now the problem of theology is continually changing. In the time of Moses it was this: To separate Religion from the Fetichism of the Canaanites, and the Polytheism of the Egyptians, and connect it with the doctrine of one God. No doubt Jannes and Jambres exclaimed with pious horror, What, give up the Garlic and the Cats which our fathers prayed to and swore by! We shall never be guilty of that infidelity. But the Priesthood of Garlic came to an end, and the world still continued, though the Cats were not worshipped. In the time of Christ, the problem was: to separate Religion from the obsolete ritual of Moses. We know the result; The Scribes and Pharisees were shocked at the thought of abandoning the ritual of Moses! But the ritual went its way. In our times the problem is to separate Religion from whatever is finite, church, book, person, and let it rest on its absolute truth. Numerous questions come up for discussion: Is Christianity absolute Religion? What relation does Jesus bear to the human race? What relation does the Bible sustain to it? We have nothing to fear from truth, or for truth, but every thing to hope. It is about Theology that men quarrel, not about Religion; that is but one.

THE OUTER MAN may perish, the desire of the eyes and the pride of life may fail; but the signature of God's spirit on the inner man time cannot efface, or the waves of death wash away. And if on the theater of life the soul may clothe herself in garments of righteousness that shall never wax old, then is life precious and holy and full of dignity; and if, from the wreck of all things earthly, the soul may gather the trophies of a purer faith and a more fervent love, then may we bid a welcome, solemn and tearful though it be,—to the storms and billows of adversity, believing that they can work only for our progress and our highest good.

## THE BIBLE.

BY O. S. FOWLER.

IF IT BE OBJECTED that the Bible is already an unerring moral guide, and a perfect standard of religious faith and practice, I answer—then, why does every religious denomination in Christendom, and every member of every religious sect, besides multitudes of private individuals, all claim to draw their peculiar doctrines from the Bible, and even quote Scripture therefor, and that, though their difference be heaven wide! Do not Universalists quote chapter and verse as plausibly and sincerely to prove the final salvation of all men, as do the orthodox to prove the opposite doctrine, that some will be assigned to eternal condemnation? The Unitarian and Trinitarian both claim to prove their respective but conflicting doctrines, each to the perfect satisfaction of himself and to the overthrow of the other, from the same Bible, and from not a few of the very same texts. The Baptist draws his doctrine of immersion from the same Bible from which sprinklers draw their opposite doctrine. Controversies without end have been held, and volumes without number written, to prove and disprove, from the same Bible, doctrines as opposite to each other as light and darkness, or heat and cold. Nor do the schisms of the Christian church diminish. Indeed, they are increasing in number, and widening in extent continually. Every revolving year gives birth to some new sect, and each of these opposing sects alone claim to have the Bible on their side, and give it as *authority* against all who differ from them; and from the same pages of the same Bible, each is reading himself into heaven, and all who differ from him into perdition.

Now, if the Bible, "without note or comment," be an all sufficient guide, in matters of religious faith and practice, why this religious diversity and contention? Why does it not *compel* all to adopt the *same* doctrines and practices, and these the only *correct* ones? If experiment continued for four thousand years, and tried in all ages, and by a vast majority of Christendom, can prove anything, that experiment, or rather its total *failure*, and that too under all circumstances, has proved incontestibly, that, taking man as he is, and the Bible as it is, the latter is *not*, and can *never* be, the "all sufficient" religious guide and standard of the former. Nor is it *possible* for it *ever* to be so. Not that the fault is in the Bible. It is in man. But the Bible requires a *help-meet*—something to accompany, explain, and interpret it, as well as to enforce its doctrines and precepts. That help-meet is to be found in Phrenology. This science gives the *natural* constitution of man's moral and religious nature. That constitution is right. Whatever differs from it is wrong. Whatever harmonizes with it is right. Whatever construction may be put upon the Bible, not in strict accordance with that nature, is a wrong construction. Phrenology covers the same ground that the Bible claims to cover—that of man's *moral* nature. Wherein the lines of the two run parallel to each other, both are correct. But wherein the Bible is so construed as to diverge in the least from Phrenology, though the Bible itself may be right, yet the construction put upon it is wrong. Hence with the book of Phrenology as the elements, and the Bible as the supplement of religion, it is to decypher out what is true and to expose what is erroneous. Each will interpret and enforce the other, and the two together will give a far more consistent and enlightened view of the *true* religion, and of *correct* conduct, than either could do alone, as well as rectify all ignorant or bigoted perversions of either. It is worthy of remark in this connection, that the Bible no where attempts to prove either the existence of God, or any of the fundamental truths of natural religion, such as a future life, or the existence of first principles of right and wrong, &c. It takes these matters for granted, assuming in the start, that man already admits and understands

them. This is fully evinced by the manner of its commencement. It opens with the statement that, "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth," and proceeds to tell what God said and did, thus presupposing that his existence is already admitted, and his attributes understood. I do not now recollect a single argumentative attempt to prove his *existence* throughout the Bible. Indeed, the one distinctive object of Revelation, seems to be to make known the *way of salvation by Christ*, not to prove the existence or attributes of God. The latter was left for *natural* theology—for the very principles we are urging.

Modern Christianity makes too much of her Bible, by ascribing to it more than it claims, or was ever designed to accomplish. Christianity, or the doctrines of the Bible, are only the *supplement* of religion, while *natural* religion, or the existence of a God, or the fundamental principles of religion, are the foundation. Revealed religion is to natural religion, what algebra is to arithmetic—what the foundation is to the superstructure, or the tree to its roots. The latter unfolds the moral nature of man, and with it the moral constitution of the universe; the former builds on it the system, doctrines and condition of salvation. Now, the true policy of Christians should be, to give to natural theology all the importance that really belongs to it, and to claim no more for Revelation than it really claims for itself. It nowhere claims to be the *whole* of religion. The Bible itself maintains that the nature of man teaches him natural religion. Thus: "Because that which may be known of God is manifest in them." "For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, *even* his eternal power and Godhead: so that they are without excuse." And before the great truths of Revelation can be fully enforced, or even understood, those of natural religion must be studied. And this is the great error of the Christian world. They make the Bible the Alpha and Omega, the all in all of religion, and thrust its handmaid and twin sister, natural religion, away into the back ground, clear down out of sight and hearing, and they pay the forfeit of their unholy temerity in those sectarian dogmas which now disgrace the name and profession of Christianity. Take natural theology along as an interpreter of Revelation, and this religious zeal without knowledge, this superstitious bigotry and narrow-mindedness, and these lame and distorted religious opinions and practices, which now dishonor the Christian name and degrade man, and exist everywhere in such rich abundance, would be swept from religion, and be supplanted by moral purity and correct conduct. Millions and millions of works on didactic and sectarian theology, are pouring forth bigotry and sectarianism from the teeming press, in every civilized, and many pagan lands, while only here and there one on natural theology is published or read. "Paley's 'Evidences' and 'Natural Theology,' Butler's 'Analogy,' Good's 'Book of Nature,' and the 'Bridgewater Treatises,' with Alcott's 'The House I Live In,' constitute nearly or quite all the valuable works on natural theology extant, and yet their circulation is insignificant compared with that of some party religio-political works on some *creed* or *doctrinal* point. Witness the sale of works on the Puseyite controversy. No works were sold with equal rapidity in New York. And yet, every man of understanding ought to be ashamed to give a moment's attention to the points in discussion.

WE ARE SURROUNDED by countless beings, inferior and equal to ourselves, whose qualities yield us the greatest happiness, or bring upon us the bitterest evil, according as we affect them agreeably or disagreeably by our conduct. To draw forth all their excellences, and cause them to diffuse joy around us—to avoid touching the harsher springs of their constitution, and bringing discord to our ears—it is necessary that we know the nature of our fellows, and act with a habitual regard to the relations established by the Creator between ourselves and them.

## Poetry.

## TO THE ORCHIS PYRAMIDALIS,

From the Ruins of Tharnham Castle, Kent, England.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELOUM,

BY DOUGLAS ALLPOST.

A flower is not a flower alone,  
A thousand sanctities invest it;  
And as they form a radiant zone,  
Around its simple beauty thrown,  
Their magic tints become its own,  
As if their spirit had possessed it.

The sprightly morning's "breezy call,"  
And cool grey light around it streaming;  
The holy calm of even fall,  
The majesty of night, and all  
The glories of its starry pall  
Above it eloquently beaming;

"The precious things of heav'n—the dew"  
That on the turf beneath it trembled;  
The distant landscape's tender blue,  
The twilight of the woods that threw  
Their solemn shadows where it grew,  
Are, at its potent call, assembled.

And while that simple plant, for me  
Brings all these varied charms together,  
I hear the murmurs of the bee,  
The splendor of the skies I see,  
And breathe those airs that wander free  
O'er banks of thyme and blooming heather.

Thus when within my sunless room,  
Heart-sick and mock'd by mammon's leaves,  
Thy pyramids of purple bloom  
Blush through its loneliness and gloom—  
The spirit bursts its living tomb,  
And basks beneath the open heaven.

There, as on some green knoll reclined,  
The summer landscape round me glowing,  
While gentle ardors fill my mind,  
I leave the unquiet world behind,  
And hear a voice, in every wind  
Around my fervid temples blowing.

The self-same voice, how calm and still,  
That rends the rocks and wakes in thunder,  
Proclaiming from the tinkling rill,  
The vocal copse, and breezy hill,  
As meekly as the dews distil  
Their ceaseless ministries of wonder.

The "Eternal Power and Godhead" then  
Is seen and loved in all around us;  
Seen in the deep and dewy glen,  
And loved to agonizing, when  
We know ourselves to be but men,  
And feel this tabernacle bound us.

Thus through this woodside plant, the wind  
Sweeps the vast range of things created,  
And longs, and pants, and fails to find,  
In earth, air, ocean, sky combined,  
Those joys unfading and refined,  
By which its famine may be sated.

Its very cravings wean it hence,  
It anchors where its rest remaineth:  
And who has power to drive it thence?  
Its helper is Omnipotence,  
The Rock of Ages its defense,  
And sinlessness the prize it gaineth.

## MORNING.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELOUM,

BY BENJAMIN JONES.

It is morn, it is morn, and the Day-King appears  
In the azure expanse, in the pomp of his pride,  
And the fair face of Nature laughs out through her tears,  
All beauteous and bright as the face of the bride.

The birds of the forest in gladness sing,  
And the eagle sweeps on in his proud elevation,  
As free as when first he extended his wing  
In the morning which dawned on the birth of Creation.

The wide rolling river sweeps silently by,  
And its bosom appears like a pathway of light,  
While the sheen of its brightness bewilders the eye  
Till it mantles in darkness the stupified sight.

All gently and brightly the calm waters glide,  
The green corn is waving on valley and steep,  
And the swell of the rich undulatory tide  
Resembles the face of the sun-lighted deep.

The herds are all browsing on valley and hill,  
The swain has gone forth to his daily employ,  
The angler sits down by the moss bordered rill,  
And the glad pulse of Nature is throbbing with joy.

O who could look forth on the bright beaming earth,  
All radiant with joy in the Monarch's embrace,  
All lovely and beauteous as when at her birth  
His life-giving glance first illumined her face:

And say in her works, that no beauty appears,  
That deaf to his ear is the voice of her gladness,  
That the pathway of mortals is deluged with tears,  
And the sunshine of life ever shrouded by sadness.

O look we abroad when the Monarch of flame  
Dispels from his temple the shadows of night,  
And engulfed in his splendor, the deep heaving main  
Rolleth onward in grandeur its billows of light.

A whisper is heard both in ocean and earth,  
In the tempest which howls through the storms-tricken wood,  
Which says the Great Ruler of life, at our birth  
Stamped his signet upon us, and lo! "we were good."

## NATURE.

"NATURE never did betray

The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy; for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings."

[WORDSWORTH.]

# THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1848.

## ORGANIZATION.

ANY MOVEMENT to be great and powerful must be the result of organic combination and action. On this subject we may derive many instructive lessons from Nature. The wonderful phenomena of Life, and Sensation, and Reason, are only developed within the domain of organized being. Plants and animals—the human body and soul—these, all have their organs, and every organ its functions, and on their proper arrangement and reciprocal action, the perfection of organized existence is made to depend.

But a body that exhibits none of the phenomena of natural life—which, being imperfect in structure and action, is not productive of the legitimate results of organic existence—which at best can only produce a feverish and ghastly imitation of life, like the horrible contortions and spasmodic motions produced by galvanic action on a lifeless body—only the outward organizations, which answer this description, would we lay quietly down to rest in the grave that opens to receive them.

The political, social and religious world, is, at least, in part peopled with these distorted and miserable forms of life. They are the unnatural and monstrous conceptions of ignorance and cruelty. Political institutions become the engines of oppression: the present social order is disorderly in its arrangements, and unsocial in its spirit; while religion,—all unnatural or supernatural,—instead of promoting the true life and natural growth of the spiritual man, becomes a disease, alternately consuming the soul with intensest fires—and anon—driving it, shivering, away from God into a region that is cold and dark. If it be infidel to oppose these mere abortions of undeveloped minds, then, is Nature herself infidel, for she seeks, by an invariable law, the dissolution of all organic forms that do not answer the natural end of their existence.

Some conscientious men are constrained to oppose the civil and political economy of the world; not that they are wanting in a just appreciation of the benefits of law and order, but because the Government—by upholding the institutions of War and Slavery, and the gigantic evils of Land Monopoly—is arrayed against the laws of Nature and the interests of Humanity. If they oppose the outward Church, it is not that they are irreligious in any true sense of the term, but because it is too imperfect in its structure—too narrow, earthly and sectarian in its spirit, to promote the ends of a religious life.

We labor, not to preserve the old form in which religion has been enshrined, but to lay hold of the risen Divinity that has gone out of it. 'The spirit quickeneth, the body profiteth nothing.' It is far better to come short, or go beyond the acknowledged standard of opinion, than to be faithless at heart, and infidel in life. Not Religion—do we oppose,—but Sectarianism. And, if we witness against the Church, it is not because the institution is religious in a true Christian sense, but because, in our judgment, it is not.

Let it not be said that we are opposed to organized effort when it is directed to wise and beneficent ends. And is it not possible, we may inquire, to unite men in a better cause and to animate them by a purer and loftier spirit than that which characterizes the history of Church theology? Why may not the same instrumentalities so long employed in the erection of sectarian defenses, and in fostering a most disgusting dogmatism, be de-

voted to the progress of science, the development of mind, and the social and spiritual elevation of the world? This would be a work worthy an unreserved consecration of the highest angelic powers, and the exercise of a Christ-like self-denial. When men unite in such a cause—to further the great humanitarian enterprises of the age—we shall rejoice and labor with them, and esteem it an honor to occupy the humblest position which their wisdom may assign us.

S. B. B.

## PHRENOLOGY AND RELIGION.

We have been highly gratified, recently, in the perusal of a very interesting work from the prolific pen of O. S. Fowler, on Religion, natural and revealed. We never met with sentiments more entirely in accordance with our own views, in relation to the moral and religious nature of man, than those inculcated in this work. It is the most philosophical treatise, and withal the most comprehensive, of any extant, with which we are acquainted. Religion is regarded as a *native* sentiment, common to all people in a greater or less degree. So with all the other faculties and propensities of our nature, they are shown to be natural, i. e. peculiar to the constitution of man.

It teaches the doctrine of education and development, in contradistinction to the old philosophy of introducing new emotions, and recreating, or regenerating, (as the theologians say,) the entire moral nature of man. It neither regards man as a perfect being, nor as one totally depraved. One individual may have an organization inferior to another, i. e. his moral sentiments may be controlled or overborne, measurably, by the animal or lower faculties, constituting such a person, in one sense, depraved. So another may have large benevolence, veneration, conscientiousness and hope, throwing in the shade the opposite sentiments, which ally man to the low and the sensual. Man's moral agency is thus fully vindicated. He can educate his moral sentiments, or he can cultivate his propensities and passions. The former, when fully developed, make him perfect. The latter, when they have unbounded control and unlicensed reign, lower him to a level with the brute. All that is necessary, then, for moral progress, and christian attainment, is a knowledge of the moral constitution, and the disposition to obey its laws. Exercise of the physical and moral powers conduce to the health and happiness of man. Religious instruction appeals to the higher sentiments of our nature; develops and expands the affections, elevating the whole moral life. This view of Religion harmonizes with much that is in the Bible, and is accordant with the teachings and life of Christ. Solomon said, "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." Jesus said, "Overcome evil with good." Here is the whole philosophy of moral and religious education. Whatever passion or propensity is appealed to, will be developed, and made to control the life. If we would seek to spread joy, and peace, and love around us, we must speak words of kindness and do deeds of mercy, that we may wake kindred sentiments in other minds.

"The exercise of every organ," says Mr. Fowler, "gives its possessor pleasure in proportion to its size and activity. Benevolence is a large organ, and therefore fills the heart of the truly benevolent man with as pure and exalted pleasure as he is capable of experiencing; for 'it is more blessed to give than receive.'" Thus does it double the pleasure of man; first, by pouring the oil of consolation into the wounded heart; and secondly, by filling the benevolent soul with a fountain of pleasure, "which the world can neither give or take away." The existence of this faculty makes it our imperious duty to exercise it in doing good, and to exercise it much, because it is a large organ; that is, it occupies when large, a greater periphery, or surface of the skull, and a greater amount of brain, than perhaps any other organ; and as already observed, Phrenology requires us to exercise every organ habitually, and in proportion to its relative size and importance. Man is too selfish, even for

his own interests. If he were less selfish, he would be more selfish; that is, if he were more benevolent, he would be more happy. This organ saith—"Throw open the doors of thy house to the benighted wanderer. Be more hospitable, for thou mayest entertain angels unawares. Make sacrifices to do good, and thou wilt thus cast thy bread upon the waters, to be gathered in, greatly increased. Nay, in the very act of doing good, thou hast thy reward." But we have no room for further extracts now. We commend the work to the attention of our readers. It may be had at Fowler's, in Clinton Hall. D. H. F.

## INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE. ANOTHER UNSHACKLED SPIRIT.

DURING OUR protracted absence a number of letters accumulated in "the drawer," which we have not yet had time to dispose of in a proper manner. Among these we have found one from a clergyman at the West. It was not intended for publication, but, as it possesses an unusual interest, we cannot resist the inclination to make copious extracts for the benefit of our readers. It is the free and fearless utterance of a spirit that dares to stand alone with God! A soul, whose presence is an illuminated moral and spiritual center, and whose superior attraction will draw kindred spirits to itself.

We congratulate our brother on his escape from the prison-house. We rejoice with him in his new-born hopes. The old night of Sectarianism is passing away, and in the early light and freshness of the coming day, he finds all things are become new. He sees no malignant passion in Deity, and his faith fosters none in his own breast. Indeed, all that is great, and beautiful, and excellent, in the visible creation, can but imperfectly symbolize the unshaken faith, the undisturbed serenity, and the ceaseless worship of the spirit when once its clear eye is opened to perceive the glory of the Universe within.

Our friend found the little world, whose boundaries are defined by prejudice and the creed, too narrow to admit of the free exercise of the spirit's powers. He required a wider and a higher sphere of thought and action, and he has found it. He heard the voice of God within. The voice went through all the silent avenues of the soul, quickening its dormant energies with the impulses of a new existence. He was faithful to the call. May others be as true to the great law of their own natures. If shackles are imposed by conventional authority, let them be broken. We may not violate our moral sense. It were better far to peril reputation and every worldly interest, than to wrong the soul, and outrage the majesty of Truth and Virtue. But we suspend our remarks to give place to the letter. When our friends have perused it, they may give it a wide circulation.

BE BRITTAN—

Dear Sir:—With evidence before me from which to judge of the nobleness of your purpose, and the greatness of your heart. I am persuaded to think you will not uncharitably recognize me as an obtruder to your notice, although a stranger. Or, if there be obtrusion, I feel that there is apology for me on the side of bleeding Humanity, Liberty, and Love.

As I am impelled by an inclination to address a few words of encouragement and sympathy to you personally, it is meet, perhaps, in this self-introduction, to apprise you who, or what I am. I am then, an ordained minister of the regular Baptist denomination, and with whom my abilities have been identified for the last seventeen years in public life; and as you have recently said, in a communication from Albany, I have devoted myself "zealously at least, if not wisely."

The most elastic portion of my years have been consecrated to the service of that people in Western New York, Ohio, and Michigan, and without pretending I will only add, among them my fruits remain. My earlier literary and theological impressions were formed while a beneficiary member of the Ham-

ilton Institution, Madison Co., N. Y. Associated with me in study, were many choice brethren who are now scattered even to opposite portions of the globe. Some have died in the Chinese and Burman Empires as Missionaries, and some are remaining there still, while others have returned. Some of my class-mates are in your own city as prominent and popular ministers of the day.

And now in retrospect of the past, with cherished names coming up before me, and early impressions and sentiments awakening my memory to returnless days, you may faintly imagine my feelings, when I seem to see myself in contrast with what in public I have been; and now, sad and lonely, in the midst of an unbroken waste of moral elements. With the native warmth and vigor of my constitution which I brought into the service of religion, it is to me now, at the age of thirty-eight, a matter of great humility that I have done so little for Humanity.

For the last five years of my ministry, I have possessed a kind of intuitive consciousness, that all the prevailing paraphernalia of religious tactics, and denominational caterer, was but a mass of disgusting elements, only deepening the world's woe. "Religion," "Orthodoxy," "The Church," "Benevolent Societies," &c. &c. are only names for War, Slavery, Religious Aristocracy, Pride, Popularity, and rampant and unmeaning ministerial bombast. These things I know to be so. I am not seized, as some suppose, with "new fangled heresy," to the misdirection of an informed judgment. I have for years gone by, shared the confidence and fellowship of the ministry and people. This will not be disputed. Hence, I have had fair opportunity to judge correctly of these things whereof I have proclaimed more or less for these four or five years last past. Some four years since I felt impelled, cost what it might, to read independently, and think for myself. The consequences, to me, have exceeded my expectation by far. I own I did not fully count the cost. Hence I have drank of a commingled cup. Joy and sorrow, alternate, have been my portion. The dawn of a brighter day for man, has often dilated my heart, so that under its inspiration, I have toiled on, though single-handed and alone with the hope of being tributary at least, in some humble degree, in awakening my fellow-beings to a sense of the moral inundations which are devastating the fairest portions of earth. Such is my organism, that I must speak what I see,—*feel to be true*. Hence my unsealed lips have been the channel, in part, of the out-gushings of a burdened spirit. But then the Avalanche,—Yes, that *Avalanche!* from the mountain side of Sectarian policy—it has come. The Sun is up. Its heat is diffusive; and a mightier crush awaits me. I am a reader of the "*Universalist and Spiritual Philosopher*." Surely I am a friend of publicans and sinners, a heretic indeed, and must be cast out of the Synagogue. Accordingly, as I have for some time anticipated, I was last Saturday waited on officially from the church, to render an account of my stewardship. What is to be my ultimate doom after they shall have reported to the church, time only can determine; but I pant to be free.

Two years ago, I voluntarily resigned my pastoral charge of the church in this village, from feelings of principle and conscience. I saw the interminable depths of rottenness and corruption, and a prevailing design to fill the church with, and retain the men of *money*, regardless of moral principle. I could not speak of the disgusting carcass of sectarianism, of a stunted and formal religion, nor of the corruptions of a monied ministry, without giving offense. Their causes and consequences, were alike unwelcome topics of pulpit communication in the estimation of "the pillars of the church." \* \* \*

Christendom's great Gagon stood before me, and I, a lone minister of my order, with none to drop one tear of sympathy with me, save my bosom companion, and hated publicans and sinners, and here and there a lay member on whom heavy burdens had been laid.

I am heartily gratified with the boldness, penetration, research and enlarged Philanthropy of the "Univercelum," as well as with its mechanical execution. But most of all, I love it for its meekness and Christ-like spirit. Malediction and hate have not as yet, I believe, stained its fair pages. Modern Christianity exhibits herself both in the pulpit and the press, in resorting to such missiles of pollution and shame. O, be thine, my brother, a higher sphere! "To the pure in heart, all things are pure." Let then, an indwelling Jesus speak by his spirit through you, and then broad streams of redeeming mercy and humanity will flow out to the world as from the unsealed fountains of living waters.

For one, I feel that the sun-beams of immortal truth, as if baptized in the bosom of the Father, come to me with the freshness and vigor of morning. In the choicest meditations of my nature, when I dwell upon our common Father's undissembled love, my "inner man" tells me the "New Philosophy" must be true. That at present it is the world's only remedial agency. Truly the old forms of religion to me resemble nothing but a "galvanized corpse." Her disgust is but ripening into a still more disgusting attitude, driving from her halls the virtuous and free, and leaving her ultimate putrid doom in the hands of her infected priests.

Whoever can complain of the present spirit and purity of your paper, let them produce in its stead a better publication—one that shall breathe more of the spirit of the "Good Samaritan," whose words of love, and sentiments of truth, and oil of consolation, come to invest and resuscitate the lacerated victims of humanity, with rational conceptions of a *rational religion*.

With principles like these I can fear no retaliating and vengeful Deity, pouring upon my devoted head vials of his dark indignation. Such a Deity, in my opinion, can only subserve the selfish purposes of spiritual despots, to awe into subjection their enslaved but fruitful tributaries.

Heartily, then, do I rejoice in the magnanimity of your purpose—in the advocacy of an elevated Philosophy. I cannot—will not faint by the way, when I reflect that I am not alone,—that there are others, greater, nobler; and who are far more efficient instrumentalities of *Reform*.

Go on; Bra. Brittan, Harris, and others; go on. God speed the right, and avert the evil. Superstition must soon die. Six months since and I could not have believed that so many hearts, noble and true, beat in unison for the world's emancipation. Now they seem to me to shine out as so many stars of the first magnitude in the constellations of mercy and humanity. Could my feeble words, add aught of encouragement to you in this labor of love, I would say—*Falter not!* Your mission is God-approved, and the fellowship of the "elder Brother" is yours. The dews of Hermon will ere long moisten into life and love the good seed of the kingdom you are so bountifully scattering on prolific soil. Less than little, I am persuaded can be hoped for, from the present church, in the world's renovation—but much from without, with the God of Love, and the Christ of humanity on our side.

But I shall exhaust your time and patience; [not so brother,] still, I want to say much—my heart is full. I can only add, however, that, if the church to which I belong, see fit after "casting their lots," to lurch this Jonah from the rocking vessel, and deliver him over into the rapacious jaws of the more merciful monsters of the deep, I shall even there, I fancy, inhale a more genial atmosphere.

Poverty, staunch poverty at present, stares me in the face and chills my prospects; having numbered my best days, not in providing for a dependant family against a "rainy day," but in subserving the cause of Sectarianism, (O, ever be it my shame,) and in promulgating a Theology, grown leaner than Pharaoh's leanest kine. To be consistent with the views I have held forth, for the last four years, against a monied religion, and a hireling priesthood, as making "merchandise of men's souls"—I have

refused to stipulate with any Church for a salary: hence the enemies of my views have laid siege to my little castle with intent to starve me out. But my Heavenly Father provides for the ravens, and will he not care for the children who bear his image?

The organizations around me are filled with malice and indignation. Red hot lava comes booming up every seven days from the agitated vortex of sectarian spleen. The only fatality produced, however, is the awakening of the mere intelligent and thinking to enquire after the meaning of the "cloudy pillar." A few of the very choicest jewels have already dissented from each of the denominations here—and are forming natural attachments for each other, as the doctrine of *spiritual attraction* is unfolded to their comprehension.

With sentiments of the highest regard for your usefulness, prosperity, and purity of object,

I am, dear sir,  
Yours Fraternally,  
G. W. W.

Our friend may be assured that he has our warmest sympathy. We will walk together; and though our path lead through a land of shadows, and in the midst of conflicts and persecutions, we will fear no evil. Much as we desire sympathy, and would preserve the pledges of a friendship we once believed to be warm and true, we can resign them all. If this cup may not pass from us, we will strive to drain it to the dregs. We can endure the cold scorn of disaffected brethren; and if the earthly joys, which, in earlier days, cheered and strengthened our hearts,—go out, and leave the shrine deserted;—O, if we are left alone, as it were, in a wilderness of blighted hopes and affections, with none but weeping angels for our ministering spirits—even in this great trial *IT SHALL BE WELL!* If Truth remain our guest, "the world's midnight" will be light around us, and ours will be a diviner joy.

A. B. B.

### MISDIRECTED CHARITY.

IT WILL BE remembered that the proprietors of an extensive line of omnibuses, in this city, recently sustained a heavy loss by fire. It was true they were partially insured, but the occasion was, nevertheless, deemed worthy to enlist the sympathies of the public. The sum of eighteen or twenty thousand dollars were contributed for their relief, which together with the amount of insurance and other property remaining, still left the proprietors in circumstances of affluence.

If the public think proper to give one or two men a fortune, it may be well enough, if there are no poor persons in want of bread, and clothes, and fuel; but if there are—and if the recipient of this splendid gratuity is already in a condition of luxurious ease—we have a right to question the judgment, if not the benevolence of those who pass by the sons and daughters of want, as they plead in silence by the way-side, to make a golden offering at the mansions of the great.

Now one might very naturally suppose that those who had been regarded with so much favor, would be likely to manifest some small degree of interest in behalf of those employed in their service. Yet it appears from statements, received as we believe on reliable authority, that the proprietors of this establishment pay their drivers only one dollar per diem. We are moreover assured that these men are employed from *seventeen to nineteen hours* out of the twenty four, so that they receive *less than sixpence per hour!* Besides they must necessarily suffer in health from exposure to all kinds of weather.

A few days since the drivers resolved to strike for higher wages. An increase of fifty cents to the daily stipend was demanded, which would give them the price paid to the drivers on some other lines. But the employers had the advantage. They had some eighteen or twenty thousand dollars donations from a sym-

thing and generous public, to live on, while some of the poor drivers had not enough to procure one week's provisions. The latter were consequently forced, by the most pinching necessity, to go back, and toil on for the 5 1-2 cents per hour, in order to keep up the existing connection between soul and body. If men are to be treated in this manner, how much more tolerable is their condition than that of the horses which are worn out and driven to death in this service. If some men are permitted to enrich themselves by the toil and sweat of others, the public sentiment should require some return, at their hands, which would bear the semblance of justice.

There is a kind of Charity in the world which labors to sustain the rich and the great in their vast possessions, while it places *humanity* and *horses* on nearly the same level, and apparently attaches little importance to either.

S. A. B.

### D. H. PLUMB.

WE ARE pleased to learn that our old and familiar friend, D. H. Plumb, of Boston, has assumed an independent Christian position, acknowledging no authority but Truth and Goodness, and no master but Jesus, who—by virtue of his superiority—is the master of us all. Bro. Plumb is laboring faithfully in the great cause of spiritual emancipation. Neither shall he labor alone nor in vain. There are strong hands, enlightened minds and true hearts, in that city, who will stand by him, and share alike the conflict and the victory. Many conscientious men have discovered the danger of a too intimate alliance with the organized powers of Sectarianism, and myriads are arising in the strength of a virtuous and Christian manhood, determined to sunder the chains imposed by conventional authority. We feel assured that these men are strong and true. They will stand fast, and no artifice will entangle them again with the yoke of bondage.

Bro. Plumb, and the friends associated with him, at present, occupy the Chapel in Philip's Place.

S. A. B.

WANTED—A number of active persons to canvass this city, and its vicinity, for the *YOUNG PEOPLE'S JOURNAL*. Also, Agents in all the principal cities and towns in the United States and British America. The work will be characterized by the liveliest interest and the greatest utility, and will combine all the elements essential to the most distinguished success. Those who desire to act as Agents should make immediate application to the Publisher, at this office.

WE ARE REQUESTED to give notice that Bro. Z. Baker, who has been absent for several weeks past, is expected to return to the city this week, and that he will occupy his desk in Fourth St., between Avenues B and C, next Sunday. Exercises at the usual hours.

SOME apology may be due for the delay in mailing the last and present numbers of the *Universe*. We have been unable to procure paper of suitable size and quality, in season to enable us to go to press at the usual time; and indeed have been obliged, at last, to use an inferior article.

NOTICE.—We have a few subscribers who have not strictly complied with the advance terms of our paper. We have need to be remembered of them without further delay.

IN TRUTH I feel myself a poet less when a happy choice of rhymes, of syllables, of figures, may dazzle my auditors than when my spirit soars most disdainful of all that is selfish and base; when noble actions appear most easy to me, 'tis then my verse is best. I am, indeed, a poet while I admire, or hate, not by my own personal feelings, but for the sake of human dignity, and the glory of the world.

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## Choice Selections.

### THE TEACHER AND TAUGHT.

THE APPROXIMATION required between the mind of teacher and of taught is not that of common ignorance, but of mutual sympathy, not a partnership in narrowness of understanding, but that thorough insight of the one into the other, that orderly analysis of the tangled skein of thought, that patient and masterly skill in developing conception after conception with a constant view to a remote result, which can only belong to comprehensive knowledge and prompt affections. With whatever accuracy the recently initiated may give out his new stores, he will rigidly follow the precise method by which he made them his own; and will want that variety and fertility of resource, that command of the several paths of access to a truth, which are given by thorough survey of the whole field on which he stands. The instructor needs to have a full perception, not merely of the internal contents, but also of the external relations, of that which he unfolds; as the astronomer knows but little if ignorant of the place and laws of moon and sun, he has examined only their mountains and their spots.

The sense of proportion between the different parts and stages, of a subject, the appreciation of the size and value of every step, the foresight of the direction and magnitude of the section that remains, are qualities so essential to the teacher, that without them all instruction is but an insult to the learner's understanding. And in virtue of these it is, that the most cultivated minds are usually the most patient, most clear, most rationally progressive; most studious of accuracy in details, because not impatiently shut up within them as absolutely limiting the view, but quietly contemplating them from without in their relation to the whole. Neglect and depreciation of intellectual minutiae are characteristics of the ill-informed; and where the granular parts of study are thrown away or loosely held, will be found no compact mass of knowledge solid and clear as crystal, but a sandy accumulation, bound together by no cohesion and transmitting no light. And above and beyond all advantages which a higher culture gives in the mere system of communicating knowledge, must be placed that indefinable and mysterious power which a superior mind always puts forth upon an inferior;—that life and life-giving action by which the mental forces are strengthened and developed, and a spirit of intelligence is produced, far transcending in excellence the acquisition of any special ideas. In the taste of instruction, so lightly assumed, so unworthily esteemed, no amount of wisdom would be superfluous and lost; and even the child's elementary teaching would be best conducted, were it possible, by Omniscience itself. The more comprehensive the range of intellectual view, and the more minute the perception of its parts, the greater will be the simplicity of conception, the aptitude for exposition, and the directness of access to the open and expectant mind. This adaptation to the humblest wants is the peculiar triumph of the highest spirit of knowledge.

[ENDEAVORS AFTER CHRISTIAN LIFE.]

THE MONSOONS are steady currents, six months in duration, owing to diminished atmospheric pressure at each tropic alternately from the heat of the sun, thereby producing a regular alternation of north and south winds, which combining their motion with that of the earth on its axis, become a north-east wind in the northern hemisphere, and a south-west in the southern. The former blows from April to October, and the latter from October to April. The change from one to the other is attended by violent rains, with storms of thunder and lightning. From some peculiar conformation of the land and water, these winds are confined to the Arabian Gulf, the Indian Ocean, and the Chinese Sea.

[INDUSTRIAL AGENT.]

## Miscellaneous Department.

## A GLANCE AT THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY FANNY GREEN.

## CHAPTER VII.

When Robert was taken down on the second evening, and led to the feast, which always precedes the captive's death, the joy of Sultan, for a moment, was unbounded, but he soon saw there was something wrong. Food had been offered to him several times during the day, which was constantly refused. It was now offered again; a delicate piece of venison. He smelled it; but when he saw the poor forsaken boy reject even a morsel, with a piteous whine he crouched again to his master's feet, uttering occasionally the most touching exclamations of sorrow. One of the Indians was about to destroy the faithful animal, in order to enhance the captive's suffering; but this was angrily forbidden by Metacomet, who, notwithstanding his inflexible sentence of death, was not inhuman, farther than the Indian laws of right and honor constrained him to be. Robert was led back and rebound to the stake; an unresisting, uncomplaining victim.

The last day of his life was closing. As the sun sank below the horizon, and the poor boy felt that, for the last time, he had looked upon that glad sun, which had never, till then, brought one sorrowful day, it seemed as if his heart would really burst. He thought of the awful death which awaited him, amid yelling demons, far from every human friend; and his full heart would have vent; or life could not have sustained the struggle: and, for the first time during that miserable day, he groaned aloud.

"Allie!" he murmured, "grandfather! grandmother!" but no tear gave vent to the fulness which was nearly stifling him. He was fast losing his consciousness. External objects appeared in distorted shapes and unnatural colors. He did not see the brand which was raised to light the funeral pile. He did not hear even the hideous tones of the last death-song, which now burst forth like the exultation of fiends. He heard not the quick rush of the multitude, nor the smothered cry which announced the coming of strangers. He saw not Monocho, holding out the calumet as he rode into the midst, at the same time keeping the bridle of a gray pony, worn down and spiritless, on which sat his sister, with tattered dress, dishevelled hair, and features of deadly paleness; while her eyes burned with the fearful brightness of insanity. There was something so indescribably awful in her appearance, that the savages shrunk away, as if they had seen a spirit; and no one opposed their progress. Monocho alighted, and attempted to hand Alice from the saddle; but when she saw the apparently lifeless features of her brother, and poor Sultan performing the last sad duties, with a low cry that stirred the very soul, licking the cold face, hands, and feet of the captive, her heart died within her; and Monocho caught her in his arms, or she would have fallen. A cool current of air revived her. She rushed to the stake, and mounting the pile, threw her arms around her brother's neck, crying, "O heavens! it is all over. O my brother, my dear little brother!" After a momentary silence she added, "Heaven be praised! There is life! His heart beats!" and turning to the Indians, she cried, "Unloose him! Quick! Quick!"

She was obeyed. Robert was laid on the cool grass. Water was dashed in his face. His temples were bathed, and hartshorn was freely applied; but for some time no sign of life, except a very slight pulsation, could be perceived. Perhaps his sister's frequent kisses, her earnest and tender voice, and all her familiar gentleness and caresses, acted with a stronger principle of renovation than any cordial.

"Bobby! my own brother!" whispered Alice, kneeling beside and bending over him. "It is your sister. It is Alice. Look up, my brother!" He opened his eyes, with a feeble movement,

and then closed them again, with an expression almost hopeless.

"He is faint!" cried Monocho. "He has probably taken nothing since his captivity."

A bottle of wine was taken from the valise and a portion administered in small quantities, when a sensible change for the better soon took place. "Allie! where is Allie?" he murmured feebly.

"Here! here! my dear little brother! Thank heaven you are better. Brother, my own brother! Sweet little Bobby!" And when she felt his arms clasping feebly about her neck, and met the familiar kiss, and heard him murmur again and again, "Allie! my sister! Dear, dear Allie!" her long suppressed feelings would have way; and she burst into a paroxysm of tears. They were contagious. A single sigh escaped the pale lips of Robert, followed by a groan so long, so deep, so agonizing, it seemed as if the dissolution of soul and body had actually come. Then gushed forth the tears. They poured a perfect torrent; and with their genial glow, came relief from his long-pent anguish. The Indians beheld this scene with mingled awe and interest. They had the common feelings of humanity, cold, cruel, savage as they were; and nature responded to the call of nature.

Alice heard a low deep groan near. She looked up, and the kingly proportions of Metacomet stood before her. The chief came unannounced; but, at a single glance, Alice knew that none other than the great Wampanoag, the Alexander of the west, wore such a look of majesty. In a moment she was at his feet. "Save! save! save!" was all she could articulate. Her lips became fixed and pale as marble. Her hands were clasped and lifted; and in this imploring attitude she remained; gazing in his face with all the silent eloquence of almost despairing affection. The chief regarded her with an earnest countenance. His eye glanced quickly from her to her brother, who was standing beside her; and the natural feeling of humanity, for a moment, seemed to shake the deadly mandate which had gone forth. But a fierce spirit possessed him, passing like fire over his eye, and drying its moisture. Still his voice trembled as he spoke.

"Daughter of the pale face, it is vain."

"No, no, it cannot be! It will kill us! It will kill us all!" shrieked Alice, at the same time clasping his knees with a gesture and expression truly frightful.

"Is the Sachem's heart a stone," returned Philip, "that it broke not when he lost his own boy? Will the Yengees call him back from the burning land? Fire and death are kind; but they have made my boy a slave!" He tore himself from the grasp of Alice, and seizing Robert with a frantic manner, held him off at arms' length, regarding him with a look of madness. "The young Yengee is brave. The sachem's boy was brave. He speaks the truth. Did the son of Metacomet ever lie? He is strong and nimble as the young roebuck. The fleetest deer heard the step of Yotescinit, and fled in fear. His father loves him. The heart of Metacomet turned to ashes when he lost his son." Then dashing him to the ground, with a force almost stunning, he cried in a voice of thunder, "And shall not the Sachem have his revenge? Let the captive die!"

At that moment the crowd of Indians opened, drawing back on each side with an air of reverence; and an Indian girl of exquisite beauty appeared passing in the midst of the throng. She was flushed and seemed fatigued, as if she had come rapidly and far.

"He shall not die!" she cried, approaching the Sachem; and at the same time motioning the attendants not to obey him by removing the boy. The sweet and musical tone in which she spoke, came upon the almost palsied senses of Alice like the voice of an angel. She was the angel of love, as woman ever is when her heart is governed by the principles of benevolence. That angel was kneeling by the side of Alice; one arm encir-

eled the waist of the sinking girl, while the other reached and supported the boy. "Be comforted, sister," she whispered.

"Fool! fool!" exclaimed Metacomet. "Where is the brother of Waumasu?"

"Gone!" replied the girl, with an accent of despair; "and his sister's tears may not be counted. Waumasu knows how bitter they are. She will wipe them from the cheek of her pale sister."

"Away!" again cried Metacomet. "The fire is kindled. The cries of the victim are not for woman's ear;" and he attempted to lead her off.

"Father," returned the girl, rising with much dignity, "the hand of Metacomet must not be stained with dishonor. Must kindness be paid with death? Must the hand that fed the daughter, be burned by the father?"

"Speak!" cried the chief, "say how it is."

"When Waumasu went forth with Nanuntenuo, her feet wandered from the chief. The strange woods beguiled her; and the path of her return was hidden. When at last her qu'ok ear caught the echo of her Sachem's moccasin, she was now athirst, and her spirit fainted for want of food. This boy gave bread and milk to the famished Waumasu: and if the Sachem loves his daughter, he will give the prisoner's life into her hands. The boy is the Indian's friend. Monocho will speak."

"If the young eagle dies," said the one-eyed chief, "the heart of Monocho will be filled with the heaviness of death; his hand will never again take the war-club; but he will sit down in his cabin, and cover his head with ashes. He will be forever ashamed, because the treacherous hand of the red man slew his friend."

Metacomet stood a moment as if fixed in utter inanity; then giving one hand to Alice, and the other to Waumasu, he drew them both to his bosom, embracing them with the same paternal manner, at the same time whispering, "He is yours."

"He is free, then?" cried Waumasu; "warriors, away with his bonds. The captive is free." But the joyful revulsion of feeling was too much for the exhausted brother and sister. They almost fainted in each other's arms.

"Go, daughter," said Philip. "Carry them to your lodge, and nourish them."

All that kindness and hospitality could dictate was done for her guests by the gentle Waumasu. When Alice and Robert parted from her, they felt that it was indeed from a sister, and they embraced and kissed her with mutual good wishes and mutual tears. By sunrise Monocho stood by the entrance of the lodge, with the horses already caprisoned; and they were just going to mount them, when a message came from the chief, that he would see Robert in his lodge. Alice trembled at seeing him go alone; though as the invitation did not extend to her, she did not feel at liberty to accompany him.

The heroic boy stepped cheerfully forward, and lifted the mat which closed the entrance to the wigwam, stood before the great chief. He was sitting on the ground; his arms were crossed on his breast, and his countenance indicated a severe struggle.

"Is the boy afraid to trust himself with Metacomet?" he asked, at length lifting his eyes.

"No," replied the undaunted boy; "he knows the great Sachem cannot lie."

The arms of the chief relaxed, unclosed, extended themselves, and in a moment the boy was clasped within them, and weeping on the monarch's bosom.

"Will the Young Eagle stay with the Sachem and be his son?"

"He cannot leave his old grandparents and his sister," replied Robert; "but he will always love the great Sachem; and every night and every morning when he prays to the God of the white man, he will ask him to bless his great father."

"Go, go," said Metacomet, while tears, warm tears, fell on the boy's neck—"go before the Sachem's heart is soft with the memory of one like thee, and he is tempted to keep thee." As he spoke he bound a small belt, richly embroidered, about his waist. "Wear this. It will speak when thy foot is far away. It will tell thee of a great Sachem's love. It will tell thee of a heart that will never melt again. Oh, my son! my son!" He again embraced the boy, and leading him to the door, again folded his arms upon his breast, and went back to his childless wigwam.

The horse which Monocho rode was appropriated to Robert, while the former walked by his side. It was judged expedient, in the unsettled state of the country, to go to Brookfield, which they reached in a few hours, when Alice and Robert were placed under the protection of some relatives, until such time arrived as would be safe for them to return home. On their very entrance to the village, they were met by George Wheeler, who had heard of Robert's capture, and was about fitting out a company of volunteers for his rescue. Good Monocho was to carry letters to Hadley, to assure the friends there of the safety of Alice and Robert; and just at sunset he stood in the door, ready to make his departure. For some time the grateful Alice, and her not less grateful brother, were hanging on either arm, as if they wanted words to tell their thanks. The chief was softened. He pressed a hand upon his heart, with an expression of deep and eloquent feeling in the clear light of his remaining eye, such as seldom softens the bronzed features of the red man.

"Truly, beyond all price is thy kindness, Monocho," said Alice, "and that day shall never come, when the morning and evening star shall not hear our prayers going up to the Great Spirit for blessings on thee."

Wheeler, having delivered letters, with instructions concerning them, held out a folded parchment.

"What is that?" asked Monocho.

"It is a pass, good Monocho. Our men are ranging the country. This will tell them than the white chieftain in thy friend."

The Sachem's hand recoiled. "Take it back. When Monocho cannot walk his own woods without a pass, it is time to die;" and in a moment he glanced into a thicket and was out of sight.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The second of August was the day appointed for the meeting with the Nipnet Sachems, who had promised on that day to hold a council with the English, at Quabaug, on a plain about three miles from Brookfield. Accordingly Captains Hutchinson and Wheeler, with about twenty men, besides George Memecho, Sampson, and Joseph, three Christian Indians, who acted as guides and interpreters, attended also by some of the people of Brookfield, set off. They arrived at the old tree, which had been named as the place of council, but found no Indians. The officers and Essex men were disposed to move back again; but the Brookfield men's confidence in their neighbors overruled their fears, and they proceeded to a spot where they expected to meet the Indians. But they soon found themselves drawn into an ambuscade. The passage had become so narrow, that they were obliged to march in single file; and as they entered a confined spot between Wikabaug pond on the left, and an abrupt hill on the right, three hundred Indians rose up suddenly and surrounded them. Eight of the English were killed instantly; and three fell mortally wounded, among whom was Captain Hutchinson. Captain Wheeler was also shot through the body, and had his horse killed under him. He was only saved by the devoted bravery of his son, who, notwithstanding his own arm was broken, dismounted and succeeded in placing his father on his own horse. The command then devolved on young Wheeler, who, with a cool intrepidity seldom equaled and never surpassed, commenced a retreat, which he could never have effected, but for the faithful Christian Indians, who with the most consummate skill and courage, led the Indians by an un-

known route in safety to Brookfield. Scarcely had they reached the village when the cry of "Indians! Indians!" echoed like a knell of death.

"To the garrison-house instantly!—stop for nothing!" shouted Lieutenant Wheeler as he dashed through the streets—"to the garrison-house, every man, woman and child!" Having seen his father and Captain Hutchinson lifted from their litter and safely deposited, he went after Alice and her brother.

The people had scarcely reached the garrison-house and made all safe, when down swept the savage foe, pouring through every avenue like a host of demons. When they found themselves partially foiled, with a horrible cry they surrounded the garrison, and commenced a furious attack. But the little body of Christians saw that their position was a favorable one, and for hours they kept their posts without loss. The first round had laid several of the enemy dead; and they continued to fall, as with desperate valor, they drew near the fortress. Robert, being active and fearless, rendered great service, moving from post to post, acting as a messenger—handing this and returning that—clearing away obstacles, and assisting in new arrangements.

"Here Alice!" said George, as he met her with a musket in her hand; "there is better service required of you above stairs."

"How is your father?" she asked, "and how is Captain Hutchinson?"

"Oh, poor Hutchinson's case is desperate. His wounds are pronounced dangerous, if not fatal. The ball has been extracted from my father's side, and he is now asleep. My arm is to be attended to now, and you must come and sustain me. You must let me look at you," he added, pressing her hand fervently in his, "and I shall be insensible to pain. These are dark times, Alice," he continued as they moved along the passage; "but they open the heart—they bring out the real character, Alice!" he spoke in a much lower key, for the passage was thronged, "we have been associated during a fearful period; but have we not learned to understand and know each other better than we might have done by years of casual acquaintance?"

A look replied, but that look was eloquent. By this time they had reached the chamber where lay the wounded men, each stretched on a mattock. George led Alice to his father's couch. He was asleep, but an increased tumult below aroused him; and as he looked up, meeting the beautiful face that bent over him, he closed them again, with that placid languor of expression which seemed to say he dreamed of heaven.

"Come, come, Alice," cried George, as Dr. Holyoke stood ready to examine the limb.

"Doctor," he continued, "is this a time for affectation, when we may all be so near giving our final account?"

"Certainly not," was the reply.

"Well, then, let my cousin Alice sit here, with one hand resting in mine, and I promise to be a good patient."

The doctor smiled; and, for Alice, she had given up her young heart, and, in the confiding earnestness of her nature, she knew no other way than to yield to its innocent dictates. Once only she spoke, when, in extreme pain, he struggled against the Doctor's hard grips. "Dear George!"—and those two words, he afterwards affirmed, were the sweetest that ever dropped from mortal tongue, with a blessing for mortal ear. No one could have doubted that George Wheeler was a lover, seeing him sit there, apparently rapt, during the reduction of a very bad fracture.

The English maintained their post manfully till nearly midnight, when the savages withdrew, some to rest, others to plunder the village. It was quite dark. George had risen from his bed and was standing with Alice and Robert, at a small window which overlooked the village. Suddenly, on the verge of the horizon, flashed a red light.

"It is fire!" cried the former, with an accent of despair; they

are firing our habitations;" and the cry of "Fire!" ran with electric velocity through the whole garrison: not like that which is echoed and repeated in our modern streets, but a low unearthly cry of agony, as if the pangs of despair had touched alike the tongue that uttered, and the ear that heard. Then shrieks so wild, so awful, rang over the garrison, that it seemed as if the very death of hope had come. The unspeakable horrors of that hour can never be portrayed, when eighty persons stood looking at their homes as they successively fell beneath the drooping element, expecting that the next moment would bring fire to the very walls which sheltered them.

In the midst of the general consternation a council was held, in which it was decided to take advantage of the absence and occupation of the foe, and send forth a messenger to apprise Major Willard of their distress.

"Who will volunteer?" cried Captain Wheeler.

No one spoke for a moment: and then his son rose and said, "I cannot fight; but I can talk; I will go."

"Go, my son," said the father: "I should not deserve the name of man to detain you. Heaven be with you." With this short blessing, he turned on his pillow, and looked no more on his son.

Alice stood by the window, where George had left her. She saw him pass one guard. As he came near the next his horse stumbled, and the sentinel arose and shouted; but Falcon was sure-footed and fleet; and before the Indians could be drawn to the pursuit, the messenger was far out of their reach on the road to Lancaster. Alice dropped on her knees, and devoutly thanked heaven; and then she returned to her more active duties.

The angry spirit went, like a living spirit of vengeance, leaping from house to house, and from tree to tree, until the whole village was wrapt in conflagration; and when the morning came, a smoking mass of cinders, only, was left to tell where the pleasant village of Brookfield late had been.

It was thought hardly possible that the garrison could succeed in keeping the foe at bay for another day. The men stood still at their posts, fighting with the silent energy of desperation. The women were constantly passing from place to place, attending upon the wounded, or bearing food and drink to some half-famished soldier. Not a word was spoken above the breath. The fearful silence within contrasted strangely with the horrid din without. Even the little children were hushed, and they clung to their mothers' garments and followed them about with unnatural stillness. During some moments, one might have shut his eyes and deemed that the anticipated death had already fallen upon him. As the sun went down again, every individual sunk upon his knees, with one spontaneous feeling of dependence, and some minutes passed in silent prayer.

"The arm of the Lord is not shortened, that it cannot save," ejaculated Captain Wheeler, as they arose; "and the lives he has so miraculously preserved will be precious in his sight. Let us have faith, even to the uttermost. Alice, my sweet girl, come hither," he continued; "take the Bible and read to us. There is cordial for the wounded, strength for the feeble, and hope for the despairing."

She obeyed, though reluctantly leaving the window, where she had been watching till she was nearly blinded.

"Have faith, my sweet child," he added, kissing away the involuntary tears: "if your cousin lives, he will come to our rescue; if he dies, he will die with honor. Ah! I see you can feel for a poor old father."

Alice blushed with the consciousness that the imputed compliment to her good feeling was undeserved; and as soon as she had finished reading her chapter, she returned to her post, where she sat, gazing so fixedly, it seemed as if her whole soul were concentrated in the acuteness of vision.

"Come here, Robert," at length she whispered; "what figures are those moving along the skirt of yonder wood, in a

south-westerly direction? If I am right, they are not Indians."

"No, thank heaven, they are not!" cried Captain Wheeler, who had crept to the window; "but how in the name of all that is wonderful, did he escape the guard? Here, Alice, go carefully to Lieutenant Pickering, and tell him to unbar the gates as quietly as possible, and admit our brethren. Make no noise. If the Indians are alarmed at this juncture, we are lost."

Major Willard, with forty-eight dragoons and four friendly Indians, was soon safe within the garrison.

Captain Wheeler, faint with fatigue and excitement, was borne to his couch; but when Alice watched by his side, with a light step, and the sweet countenance of love forever flitting round him, is it strange that he dreamed of heaven? Or was it very strange that there was, to the gentle watcher, a sweet and indefinable interest hanging about that broken arm, which those only know who see their loved ones suffer.

When the Indians found they had been eluded, their fury increased tenfold. They determined to fire the garrison at all hazards. They threw rags dipped in brimstone, and shot fired arrows for some time; then they spliced together long poles, with lighted pine-knots attached, and thrust them against the roof of the devoted building. Finally, a cart was filled with combustibles, which they fired and pushed back against the house. They were successful at last. The roof blazed; and it was only by an exertion almost superhuman, that the fire was kept down, until a shower of rain fell and extinguished the flames.

A rescue so singular and unexpected, and wearing, as it did, the face of a miracle, was hailed by the English as a pledge of success. Loud hosannas, and shouts of thanksgiving from one hundred sinking hearts, went abroad through the air, making its clear depths musical.

The disheartened Indians soon withdrew their forces, leaving the English with but one killed, and but one badly wounded.

The future progress of our story is bound up with history. The catastrophes of Deerfield, Springfield, Muddy Brook, and Bear's Mountain, are familiar to every ear; and in all of these our heroes were, more or less, engaged.

But few particulars remain to be told. On the fourteenth, Alice closed the eyes of Captain Hutchinson, after having received messages and blessings for his wife and child; and on the fifteenth it was judged safe for the Hadley party to return home. Alice, buoyant with renewed hope and happiness, was first in the saddle, and that before sunrise. George, mounted upon Falcon, soon sprang to one side, and little Bob, on the horse left by Monocho, to the other; while the faithful Sultan, gambolling in his excessive joy, looked earnestly from face to face, and seemed to know he was going home.

It is impossible to give any competent idea of the meeting which ensued. Let us pass it by, even to the hearty embrace which little Bob had in reserve for Stockings.

The story of Robert's high-principled conduct in refusing to compromise the safety of his friends, or the welfare of his country, to save his own life; and persisting in the same noble resolution through such a long and painful period, had gone abroad, and won him much honor. All looked upon him with reverence; in their piety, believing, that, during his long and severe struggle, he had received strength directly from above; and even gray-headed men shed tears as they blessed him.

The rain-bow tissue drapery of October had not faded, when a neat little note was left in the parlor of Mr. Russell, requesting the good man's attendance on a given hour and day. The party was small; only a few friends of each family being present. Thomas Leverett acted in the capacity of groomsman. His partner was the very pretty Annie Wheeler, whom we regret our inability to have introduced before. Little Bob was in high glee. At the table he made quite a laugh (when people

are happy they do not ask for wit before they laugh,) by saying, "This day makes an era in my life."

"How so!"

"Why, sister got married, and I shot a wild turkey."

George Wheeler held fast his republicanism. Alice was a helpmeet in every good thing: and their children followed in their footsteps. Is it strange that the descendants of such a man and woman should have been found among the heroes and matrons of—76?

## THE GUIDE.

A TRAVELER had a long and dangerous journey to make over a rugged, rocky mountain, and was not acquainted with the road. He therefore inquired of one who he heard had traveled over the same road. This man described to him very precisely and accurately the right way, as well as all the bypaths and precipices which he must avoid, and the rocky heights which he must climb. And the better to aid him, he gave him a map, on which every thing was marked out with mathematical precision.

The traveler laid all well to heart, and at every post of his progress, and every by-way, he recalled the directions, and carefully examined the map of his friend. So he went on his way expeditiously; but the farther he advanced, the higher did the rocks tower, and the road seemed to lose itself in the desolate, dreary cliffs.

Then his courage failed; he looked up anxiously to the grey, high-jutting rocks, and exclaimed: It is impossible for a mortal to travel over so rugged a way, and to climb this steep ascent;—eagle's wings, and the feet of the chamois, are needed for it!

Already he looked back and thought of the way which he had come, when a voice called to him: Take courage, and follow me! When he turned about, to his great joy he beheld before him the form of the man who had described to him the way, whom he saw quietly and securely wending his way among cliffs, and precipices, and rushing mountain-torrents. This gave him confidence, and he followed on after the other with equal spirit and expedition. Before evening they had ascended the mountain, and a lovely valley, where myrtles and pomegranates bloomed, received them at the end of the journey.

The glad traveler thanked his guide, and said; How shall I repay thee? Thou hast not only directed me into the right way, but hast also given me strength and courage to travel it.

The other replied: O, no! am not I a pilgrim like yourself? And are you not the same you were? You have only learned from me what you are, and of what you are capable.

[Krummacher.]

## PATIENCE.

THE WISE HILLEL had discoursed to his disciples about patience. They then said to him: Master, give us now a simile and comparison, as you are wont to do.

Hillel replied: I compare it to the most precious thing the earth produces, the diamond. Covered with sand and rock, it rests in the dark bosom of the earth. Although no ray of light reaches it, yet it shines in imperishable beauty, a child of the heavenly light, which it faithfully preserves in itself. So also in the dark midnight its splendor remains; but freed from the dark imprisonment, and brought out to the light of day, it forms, in union with gold, the symbol and ornament of glory—ring, sceptre, and crown.

With the greatest earthly ornament, you compare the most hidden and most quiet of the virtues! said the disciples.

Its end, said Hillel, is the coronation of life.

THOUGHT, unfed from without, preys on itself, digging up and analyzing its own treasures.

From the Literary World.

### SPIRITUAL BEAUTY.

THAT PALE and shadowy beauty,  
It haunts my vision now,  
The genius radiating  
From the dazzling marble brow—  
The high and saintly fervor,  
The meek and child-like faith,  
The trusting glance, which sayeth  
More than mortal accent saith;  
They haunt me when the night-winds swell,  
And daylight cannot break their spell.

I see the blue eye shining  
Through the lashes as they fall,  
And inward glory speaking  
To the inward life of all—  
A ray that was illumined  
At the far celestial light,  
And burns through mist and shadow,  
A beacon ever bright,  
Serene, seraphic, and sublime—  
And changeless with the flight of time.

A faint, transparent rose-light  
Is trembling on the cheek,  
And ling'ring on the pale lip—  
A glow that seems to speak.  
It wavers like the taper—  
Dim-lit at forest shrine—  
When night-winds whisper to it:  
It breathes of the Divine,  
With its ethereal mystery,  
Too fragile of the earth to be.

Her grace is as a shadow;  
As undefinable—  
Wedded to every motion thus,  
And rarely beautiful.  
Untaught, and all unconscious,  
It hath a voice to me  
Which eloquently speaketh  
Of inward harmony—  
Of Soul and Sense together swayed—  
To the First Soul an offering made.

That pale and shadowy beauty,  
It seemed an inward thing;  
A spiritual vision—  
A chaste imagining;  
Not all in form or feature,  
The fairy phantom dwelt,  
But like the air of heaven,  
Was yet less seen than felt;  
A presence the true heart to move  
To praise and power, and holy Love.

MAN, when civilized and illuminated by knowledge, discovers in the objects and occurrences around him, a scheme beautifully arranged for the gratification of his whole powers, animal, moral and intellectual; he recognizes in himself the intelligent and accountable subject of an all-bountiful Creator, and in joy and gladness desires to study the Creator's works, to ascertain his laws, and to yield to them a steady and a willing obedience. Without undervaluing the pleasures of his animal nature, he tastes the higher, more refined, and more enduring delights of his moral and intellectual capacities.

[COWPER.]

### ELECTRO-MAGNETISM.

R. T. HALLOCK, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN,

No. 12 City Hall Place, New York.

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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.

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*John W. H. H. H.*