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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 BIBLE AND THE CHILD.

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THERE is no sentiment more natural to thoughtful minds than that of reverence for childhood. Many sources both of mystery and love meet in the infant life. A being so fresh from non-existence seems to promise us some tidings of the origin of souls: being so visibly pressing forward into the future, makes us think of their tendency. While we look on the "child as father of the man," yet cannot tell of *what kind* of man,—all the possible varieties of character and fate appear for the moment to be collected into that diminutive consciousness: that which may be the germ of any, is felt as though it were the germ of all: the thread of life, which, from our hand that holds it, runs forward into instant darkness, untwines itself there into a thousand filaments, and leads us over every track and scene of human things;—here, through the passages where poverty crawls; there, to the fields where glory has its race;—here, to the midnight lake where meditation floats between two heavens; there to the arid sands where passion pants and dies. Infancy is so naturally suggestive, it is the representative of such various possibilities, that it would be strange did we not regard it with a feeling of wonder.

Wise men, however, are fond of discovernig ingenious reasons for natural sentiments. And there was a theory in ancient times, that the souls of all men come hither from a pre-existent state, where they dwelt within the shelter and near the light of God; where truth and love were as affluently poured on perception, as light and sound upon the senses here; and the sublimest thoughts of beauty, of virtue, of science, of Deity, streamed amid the spirits of that purer air, like sunbeams amid the clouds, bathing them in glory. Birth into this world was the transference of the mind from a celestial to an earthly life; its benumbing contact with material things; its retirement from the boundless and brilliant freedom of a spiritual life, to the dark and narrow cave of a corporeal being. The further it advanced into the interior of its mortal existence, and the more skilled it became in groping along the ways of experience, the more faint grew the impression of the immortal region it had left, and the more dim were the rays of reminiscence that yet painted a divine vision on its path. Education was a process of forgetfulness; the gradual extrusion of the godlike by the human; the drowning of abstract truth in experimental knowledge; the tapering-off of sublime perceptions of the universal into mean individual sensations. When, under the influence of this doctrine, Plato looked upon a child, he saw through that shell of life an intelligence fresh from God: it was a star dropped from its sphere. Still filled with dreams and memories of the invisible, half present still in its divine abode, it was a thing of sanctity to behold; for its orb of existence floated yet on the margin of the unknown world, and, though creeping on to be eclipsed by the shadows of mortality, had its edge yet illumined by the past.

Viewed under this aspect, human life is a declension from the divine to the earthly; and infancy claims respect, because it is in immediate contact with the earlier and the holier state. Christianity preserves the solemnity, and dissipates the irrepressible melancholy, of such a theory; retaining the parts, it reverses their order, and represents our life as an ascension from the earthly to the divine. Childhood, in the system of Christ, presents not the wreck, but the elements, of a heavenly existence; not the ruin, but the design, of a temple not made with hands. Its glory is not of the past, but of the future; its experience is to be not a loss, but a gain, of truth and goodness; its education here, not a vain struggle to preserve memories that inevitably vanish, but an aspiration, which can never disappoint the willing heart, after mental and moral excellence, rising always to more godlike forms. It were a task of sadness to take up the infant life, as if it were the fallen petals of a celestial flower, borne to our feet by the stream of things, and every moment fading more; but it is a task of gladness to accept it as the seed and germ of an everlasting growth, which, planted in the rock, and strengthened by the storms of earth, shall bloom at length in the eternal fields.

To educate a child is an office of which no one, taking the Christian view, can think lightly. To administer perceptions, and unfold the faculties in their season and proportion; to give power to the affections, without impairing their symmetry; to develope, in their right order, and to their full intensity, the great ideas of duty and of God; to exhibit human virtues and relations in so beautiful an aspect, that the soul may pass from them with ease to the venerating love of the Infinite Mind; is a task of responsibility so solemn, as to invest every parent's life with the sanctity of a divine mission.

If the philosopher's doctrine had been the true one, and the soul had been like a bird fallen from the skies,—its plumage soiled in the dust, and its forces drooping in our heavier air,—it would seem a cruel office to stimulate it to ascend again, by convulsive efforts to an element native, but natural no more. But as the truth really stands, we have not to provoke a strength jaded and expiring, but to aid and develope one that is half formed; ourselves to bear it awhile into the heights "as upon eagle's wings;" and then launch it from the precipice alone, to sweep down the gale, and soar into the light it loves.

Many, however, have but a feeble impression of the delicacy and responsibility of this task—of training the early mind to aspire, by the power of the noblest ideas of duty and religion. There is no department of education in which wrong methods are so fatal;—in which the conveyance of a thought into the mind at an unhappy moment or by an unhappy process, may leave a more indelible and prejudicial effect; in which the penetrative and considerate spirit of sympathy—which is the true secret of educational as of all other moral power—is more absolutely demanded; in which different minds more require to have their individuality consulted; yet is there none to which a more hard, technical, and wholesale system is applied. While secular instruction is the object of constant study and improvement, and a thousand ingenuities present themselves to facilitate labor and secure perspicuity, the method of religious and moral education continues the same. The reason is obvious. This is a depart-

ment which is thought to be incapable of improvement,—in which it would be deemed impious in any man to propose any material alteration; the sacred writings furnishing a perfect system made to our hands. The whole responsibility is at once thrown upon the Bible. It is put before the eyes of the child, and little further care or anxiety bestowed upon the matter. Teachers assume that all its parts are alike and perfectly inspired; all of universal moment; all invested with the form most fitted for every human mind, so that to familiarize the young with their whole contents, without presuming to select, is at once the wisest means and the ultimate end of all religious and moral education. This doctrine, which would impose upon us in our families and our schools the Bible, and the whole Bible, as not only indirectly furnishing the principles, but constituting the direct instrument, of all spiritual instruction,—a doctrine recently insisted on in high ecclesiastical tone, and perpetually brought to bear against every project of comprehensive education,—requires to be strongly resisted and plainly exposed. It is no less at variance with the present condition of theological knowledge, than mischevious in its social resuls.

In the following remarks, every candid reader will perceive that I argue not against the use of the Bible, but against the use of the *whole Bible*, in religious education. The spirit and the life of of Christ, his humiliation and ascension, are to be taken as the divinest and most authoritative teaching of Providence, and duty and hope; suitable and refreshing alike to the infant and the sage; attractive alike to the love of innocent hearts, and the penitence of the worn and guilty. And it is precisely on account of their variance from this standard that the disuse of the older Scriptures, as standards of religious instruction, will be advocated.

Let everything that is demanded respecting the divine origin of the Hebrew Scriptures be conceded; let them not only contain, but actually constitute a revelation; it would be altogether inconsiderate to conclude that they are therefore a fit instrument for early instruction now. No one can deny to God the power of giving a temporary revelation, adapted exclusively to some particular stage of human improvement; and that which is temporary must, some time, become obsolete,—must be transformed from a means of instruction into a record of history,—totally superseded by new and nobler conceptions, gifts of a later Providence, or growths of a later civilization. Thus, at least, the Apostle of the Gentiles thought; and, however much Paul might indulge his countrymen with reasonings from their ancient Scriptures, he was silent of the law and the prophets when he pleaded before Gentiles on the Areopagus at Athens, and summed up the Christian doctrine in this,—that we are all the offspring of God, and brothers of the risen Jesus. Even upon the highest doctrine of inspiration, then, there would be reason to pause, before we framed our instructions on the Old Testament writings.

But if, with all their general historic truthfulness, these writings are, almost without exception, of unknown authorship, and therefore of unknown inspiration; if their antiquity carries them beyond the reach of all outward evidence of authority; if many of them are the venerable, but human, relics of a literature produced by a half-barbarous nation in wholly barbarous times; if they contain the ideas, the passions, the moral sentiments, of a simple but savage people; if they give expression to notions of right and wrong imbibed amid constant bloodshed, and to a religion which was without expectation of a future life; if among its hymns are the strains of a penitent adulterer, and its aphorisms the wisdom of an exhausted voluptuary,—is it not appalling that such an aggregate should be placed in youthful hands as the reflection of the divine purity and the oracle of the infinite Intelligence?—that every effort should be made to gather round it the unquestioning reverence of early years, and form the moral taste from its mixed elements? The party-cry of the present day about Scriptural education demands great plainness of speech, and I scruple not to denounce it as a demoralizing and corrupting superstition.

This indiscriminate use of the Bible, as an infallible whole, fills the mind with a system of confused and self-contradictory ideas, both of religion and of morals. What other result can possibly ensue from the attempt to cement into one structure of thought the conceptions of writers scattered perhaps over more than fifteen centuries, and living, feeling, thinking, under every variety of condition, and in opposite states of civilization? As well might you propose to frame a system out of everything that was ever written in Latin, as out of everything that was ever written in Hebrew; and form a creed by borrowing here an article from the mythology of Virgil, there another from the speculations of Cicero; first a prodigy from the exaggerations of Livy, then a thought from the profound wisdom of Tacitus; now a reflection of the philosophic Seneca, then a superstition of the gross and fierce Tertullian. The religion of the Romans from Romulus to Julian underwent no more change, than the religion of the Israelites from Moses to Malachi; and there is as much unity between the Jupiter of Homer and the Deity of Plato, as there is between the Jehovah of Abraham and the infinite Father of Christ. If the Scriptures were not read habitually with the obtuse eye of familiarity and prejudice, every one would instantly perceive, that the Theism of the Hebrews was of very gradual formation; that the sublimest representations of the divine unity and omniscience and universal government appear, for the first time, in the prophets and later psalms; that the Mosaic theology went no further than to limit the national worship to Jehovah, without denying the existence, or interfering with the local rights, of other deities; that the most gross and puerile conceptions of God, ascribing to him the imbecilities of human nature and the passions of savage life, fill the more ancient of the Israelitish writings; that remorse, jealousy, offended pride, rage, sensible pleasure in the odor of sacrifice, personal susceptibility to the influence of praise and gifts, are literally attributed to the Creator. He descends to wrestle bodily with a patriarch; he commits an acknowledged error in creating men, and is obliged to destroy them by the flood, and try the effect of recommencing the race; he enters into competition with the divinities of Egypt, and the contest is reiterated and long. There is every evidence of which the case admits, that these are no figures of speech, but strictly the ideas of the writers. And if it were not so, if they were mere accommodations to the minds of an uncultivated people, for that very reason they are not accommodated to the minds of a cultivated people; that they were qualified for use in a savage age is only stating, in another form, that they are disqualified for use in purer times. Nay, that we ever resort to such modes of excusing them proves, that they revolt us,—that they no longer command our sympathy. To defend them thus is to disown them: why, then, insist on dragging our children's minds through that which, we admit, would contaminate our own?—why employ, in the teaching of our families, that, for which we justly claim the merit of being good for barbarians?

The historical value of the Hebrew annals I do not deny: the simple beauty of their pastoral traditions will delight, so long as the human heart remains unchanged: the rugged sublimity of their triumphal hymns will never cease to overpower the imagination with a kind of physical awe: the tender and romantic incidents, which are interwoven, as domestic episodes, in the great epic of their history, will prove to the refreshment of all times, that the simpler affections of our nature are immortal: and to study the slow development, under influences very peculiar, of the true idea of God; to follow it as it expanded from the image of a national idol-hating being, to that of the Sole and Universal Ruler of creation; to trace its moral refinement and growing effulgence from age to age, till it rose into the majestic orb, whose spiritual light warmed and ripened the soul of Christ,—is one of the most interesting objects of intellectual research. But to take up the series of writings

which mark this progress, as an immutable system of religious instruction; to give it a didactic as well as an historical importance; to attribute the same infallibility to the gross materialism of its earlier, and the divine spirituality of its latter parts; to refer our children indifferently to Jacob and to Christ; to bid them go and learn devotion now amid the yells of exterminating war in Gibeon, and then at the feet of the Prince of Peace in Nazareth;—can only produce the most bewildered conception of Deity, and the most unsteady operation of the devotional sentiment; a fusion into the same mind of the elements of the savage and of the angel. Oh! why should the gentle heart of childhood be made to shrink and cower before the vision of a Deity, with an arm laid bare in vengeance, and garments dyed in blood? Why be compelled to struggle into a fancied veneration for a Being to whom, amid a certain physical sublimity, scarce an untainted moral excellence is ascribed? Why have to wrestle, as with a sin, against the doubt of reason, whether the only Good of whom Jesus was the image, when he healed the sick, and uplifted the penitent, and welcomed the alien, and silenced the storm, and raised the dead, could indeed be the same that taught his people the lessons of indomitable hate, and declared that he would let loose on them his fury, because they only half performed the work of carnage? Till this superstition be abated, a great portion of the power of religion will be employed in bidding successful defiance to the holiest sentiments of the conscience and the heart.

Nor is the system of morals, which the mind will construct for itself from such incongruous materials, of any better or more consistent character than the ideas of God.

If I were required to select from history the three systems of morality most at variance with each other in their general spirit and tendency, I should make my choice within the limits of the Bible, and name the teachings of Moses, of Solomon,* and of Christ. They are respectively perfect representations of the Sacerdotal, the Epicurean, and the Spiritual type of human duty. The tendency of the reputed Mosaic writings is to raise to enormous exaggeration the reader's estimate of the ceremonial parts of morality; to force on him a total forgetfulness of the real character of institutional duties, as mere symbols for expressing the power of the great primary obligations, and destitute of all intrinsic value: to train in him a conscience at once scrupulous and lax, slavish and presumptuous,—rigid without purity, sensitive without delicacy, timid without love. Even in the Decalogue, the observance of a holiday is put down in the same rank with the most permanent and solemn duties; and the prohibition to pick up sticks and light fires on one day of the week, is on a par with the enactments against theft, murder, and adultery. Whatever necessity may be thought to exist, in certain states of society, and for the sake of peculiar theological ideas, for such an ill-proportioned distribution of the divine authority of duty, surely there is no pretext for maintaining it now; surely we need no longer pervert the natural reverence of our children's minds, and turn them aside from the love of whatever things are pure and good, to the awe of forms, whose only use is to express such love; surely there is no divine obligation upus to teach them sanctimonious criticism on the infringements of the Sabbath, instead of keeping their secret vigils near the fountains of their own hearts. The mischiefs of this formal morality are exceedingly serious: it links together in the conscience things trivial and great, and forces them into partnership for better and worse,—for breach as well as for observance. Touch one, and you touch all; the light temptation to a Sabbath gaiety gains a terrific leverage, and upsets the whole structure of moral obligation; the sanctities of life are at the mercy of the remorse of a fictitious conscience.

It is known to every one, that there is a school of philosophy which refers all human conduct and feelings to self-love as their origin, and delights in explaining away every appearance of disinterestedness which may present itself in the character: this absurd and degrading scheme is called the *selfish system*. There is also a school of moralists who base the obligation of virtue upon its utility to the performer; who reduce, in fact, all excellence under the head of prudence, and conceive him to be the most perfectly good man who has the most far-sighted and steady view to his own interests. You will perceive that I refer to the lowest form of the *doctrine of utility*,—a form in which whatever is really true and valuable in its fundamental principle is concealed by revolting error. It has so happened that these two systems, of which the one is a theory respecting what men's objects *actually are*,—the other a representation of what they *ought to be*, have frequently met in the person of the same advocates, and thus become almost hopelessly confounded together. They have, for the most part, been favorites with skeptical interpreters of human nature and life,—though not without supporters among philosophers of remarkable intellectual power; and they have almost uniformly excited the disgust and hostility of religious moralists. Even Paley is hardly an exception to this remark; for though he was a clergyman, and rendered services never to be forgotten to the preparatory evidences of religion,—though in his work on moral philosophy there are theological formulas, to save appearances, and dress up its laxity in the drapery of sanctity,—his was not a mind to be deeply penetrated with the religious sentiment: his muscular sagacity did good service in repairing the outside of the temple; but he was not the inspired hierophant to interpret the divine spirit within. By others, filled with a more generous and devout enthusiasm, every species of assault has been made upon the systems I have named. They have been described as a libel on the best affections of our nature, as bearing kindred with the doctrine of annihilation, as at variance with the whole spirit of Christ's affectionate morality. This is not the time to weigh the precise force of these objections; with which, however, you will perceive that I feel a certain degree of sympathy. I would simply point attention to the fact, that they proceed mainly from divines and religious philosophers; yet, if there be any extant works which more than others contain the selfish and utilitarian sentiments in a form naked and unblushing, they are the reputed writings of Solomon. Bentham seems likely never to recover from the disgrace of having recommended benevolence as a good speculation; yet the Hebrew king had said before him: "A kind man doeth good to his own self;" and "The benevolent soul shall be enriched."* The philosopher of London was thought to be a low-minded Epicurean because he said that all pleasures were good, and proposed to economise them well; but the sage of Jerusalem before him had published the most sensual of all possible perversions of this sentiment: "There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make himself enjoy good in his labor."† How many severities of censure had the modern teacher to encounter for his supposed mean opinion of human nature! yet saith the preacher of old: "Behold! this have I found, counting one by one to find out the account (which still my soul seeketh, but I find not,) one good *man* among a thousand have I found; but a good *woman* among all have I not found."‡ What declamation did the utilitarian patriarch of the nineteenth century hear respecting the

*In designating the several portions of the Jewish Scriptures by the names with which they are commonly associated, I do not intend to express any opinion as to their real authorship. For my present purpose it is not necessary to call in question the date assigned to the book of Ecclesiastes, or to relieve the mission of Moses from responsibility for the Levitical institutions, by pointing out the traces of their slow and late formation.

*Prov. xi. 17, 25.

†Eccles. ii. 24.

‡Eccles. vii. 27, 28. Well beloved's translation and note.

supposed alliance of his system with the creed of annihilation! yet the royal teacher had exclaimed, "That which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath, so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast."* Nay, sentiments are found in this writer which it would be impossible to parallel by any thing in the history of Epicurism; which tend to the destruction of all moral distinctions; which lay wisdom and folly on a level with each other; which deliberately scorn and restrain all enthusiasm of virtue, and sum up all good counsel in precepts of voluptuousness and the doctrine of death.

Now what is to make these sentiments safe and salutary in the Bible, and shocking and poisonous everywhere else? And how can they form one consistent whole, when meeting with the same reverence in the same mind with the morality of Christ? Oh! what a refreshment to our fevered heart to turn from the jaded sensualist of the palace, to the holy Prophet sequestered in the villages of Galilee!—to quit the morals of the appetites, and, at the breathing of a spirit so divine, to feel that our souls have wings again! The sense of responsibility—forgotten in the casuistry of self-indulgence—steals back to its secret throne; the faith in disinterestedness, conjured out of the heart by the enchantments of sophistry, streams on us from the eye of Jesus; and dim feelings of the just, the noble, and the holy, dilating into sublime and reverential aspirations, swell within us, like the very breath of God, at the tones of that sacred voice. To whom, then, but to him should we and our children go?

The parents, then, who would guard the moral purity of their child,—who would not wish him to find access anywhere to impressions and premature knowledge of wrong, from which they would religiously screen him in a newspaper or a tale; who would dread his contracting a sympathy with ferocious and intolerant passions; who would maintain his estimate of duty wisely graduated, and not suffer him to confound secondary with primary obligations, the forms and means of duty with its ends and substance; who would bring him to acquire his ideas of God to one pure and consisent school; who would mix no taint of selfishness with his morality, of sceptical contempt with his interpretations of men, of ignoble despondency with his conceptions of life and death,—will be cautious in their use of the ancient Scriptures, and permit no unregulated access to them within their house. Of course there will be a clamor; but their duty is not to the bigot-neighbor, but to the child at home.

And surely the distinction is plain and of easy application—that the disciple is to seek his *personal religion* at the feet of Christ, while he resorts to the Hebrew writings for the materials of his *historical theology*. The children who loved and trusted Jesus, the followers who looked upon his living face, and were drawn by the power of so heavenly a sanctity to a career of heroic duty, were assuredly in a position not of "religious destitution," but of highest religious privilege. And in a like position—so far as it can be recovered now—is every mind placed which is brought to him through the record of parable and miracle, and trained to see in him the true image of divine perfection. Let him be presented as the solitary guide—the single rule and standard by which to think of the God who reigns in heaven, and the life we should live on earth; and whatever in the earlier strains of poet or of prophet is in harmony with this, may then be adopted to enrich its lessons, and give them more various access to the heart; while all that is repugnant to it is scrupulously disconnected from the idea of God and duty, utterly stripped of their approval and authority, and thrown among the human elements of the past. The great end of spiritual education is to direct the mind's admiration and reverence aright; to prevent the intrusion of any gross and false homage in place of a true worship; to impart a Christian conception of what is noble and beautiful; to present life to the young aspirant as a scene of sacred responsibility, in which the pursuit of natural good is to be regulated by a holy law, and subordinated to the aim at a holy perfectness. To attain this end, the Christian element of the Scriptures must be disengaged from all else; their principles of universal religion be extracted from the temporary and local matter with which they are combined; the essential obligations of human nature be discriminated from the accidental positions of Judaism, and the living Providence of the Universe separated from the obsolete politics of Palestine. Perform this analysis; and, though you "mutilate the Scriptures," you teach Christianity: omit it; and though you worship the Gospel, you miss the evangelic faith. Do this for your children and the children, of our people; and, though they never heard of Canticles or grew familiar with the curses of David, Christ will receive them in his arms: neglect it; and, though they venerate every letter of the Bible, it will be to them a wooden idol that cannot deliver; and the Lord of conscience may yet disown them, and say—Depart from me, I never knew you.

Thus, by leaving the heart alone with the Christian's sole model of perfection, and not by any indoctrination into a technical and narrow creed, will the obligations of parentage meet their wise and adequate fulfilment. Thus will the adoration of God impart its due energy and loftiness to the conscience, and his presence brood over the mind like an atmosphere of transparent holiness. Thus alone shall we suffer little children to come unto Jesus, and make them fit to be his chosen representatives of the kingdom of heaven. Thus shall we ourselves maintain a soul most faithfully and tenderly directed toward God, and act here as those guardian-angels of infancy who ever behold in love the face of the Father who is in heaven.

*Eccles. iii. 19.

INDEX TO PHYSIOGNOMY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM,

BY J. W. REDFIELD.

NUMBER III.

THE faculties of the mind which perceive the properties of matter, are brought into *communication* and *sensible relationship* with those properties, by means of their index, the Hand. Through the medium of the hand, mind and matter act on each other in equal degrees, the hand being *midway*, so to speak, between external objects and the faculties which perceive them. "Equilibrium," it has been seen, is the condition necessary to the greatest mechanical force, the point of freedom and of power being the medium between two opposites. The equal relation, or balance between *mind* and *matter* in the hand, is the condition necessary to the *efficiency* of both, in the production of those results called *works* of *art*, in which are *embodied* the conceptions of the *mind*, or in which the material and spiritual are equally combined. The works of art thus imitate, and almost rival, the works of nature, in which also are united the spiritual and material, the cause and the effect, and which man is fond of looking upon as works of *design*, like his own.

The hand is thus the index, and at the same time the efficient instrument of the mind, and it will be seen that *each faculty* uses *its own index* in acting upon the law, property, or quality of matter to which it relates. The faculties of the mind have all of them the attribute of EFFECTIVENESS, or the power of producing results, and this is indicated by the HAND.

INDEX OF NUMBER.

The wrist in the human frame, is composed of eight bones.

These are the index of the faculty of number. They indicate also number of objects, to which the faculty relates; for in Phisiognomy, as we shall see, the number *eight* belongs to the order of the faculties. In the science of numbers, eight is the true periodic number. This will be very clearly proved by the following extract from a rare document in the "HISTORY OF CHARLES XII, KING OF SWEDEN," communicated to the author, M. Nordberg, by a famous Swedish Philosopher. "The king was of opinion that a much better and more geometrical method might have been invented, and one which would have been of much greater utility in calculations, by making choice of some other periodical number than 10. That the number 10 had this great inconvenience, that when divided by 2, it could not be reduced to the number 1 without entering into fractions. Besides, as it comprehends neither the square, nor the cube, nor the fourth part of any number, many difficulties arise in numerical calculations. Whereas had the periodical number been 8 or 16, a great facility would have resulted, the first being a cube number of which the root is 2, and the second a square number, of which the root is 4, and that these numbers being divided by 2, their primitive, the number 1 would be obtained, which would be highly useful with regard to money and measures, by avoiding a quantity of fractions."

Number is inseparable from harmony, for which reason we use the term "harmonious numbers;" and the notes of the musical scale, as we very well know, are just *eight*. The true science of numbers cannot contradict the law of harmony. The faculty of number causes a correspondence of eight small bones in the wrist, and a superior degree of this faculty causes these bones to be larger than they are when a less degree of the faculty is indicated. In persons who have but little of this faculty the span of the wrist between what may be called the body of the hand and the prominent ends of the long bones of the arm, is considerably less than in those in whom the faculty is large. In clasping the thumb and finger around this intermediate space between the hand and fore-arm, it will be seen that in those who are deficient in the faculty, the thumb and finger sink in, while in those who possess the faculty in a superior degree the measure is greater.

The faculty of number is relatively stronger and more active in early than in later years, children are much delighted in learning to count, and we have observed that in their first essays they naturally stop at the number eight—their difficulty is with the two extra numbers. We knew a little girl, who was in the habit of saying "one, two, three, four, six, seven, nine, ten." If the error of numbering ten, instead of eight is ever to be corrected, perhaps it may better be done by leaving out the extra characters 5 and 8 than in any other way. Children pay great attention to small isolated objects which always awaken the perception of numbers, as sand, grain, nuts, marbles, and the like. They are particularly fond of making these their playthings, and arranging them in twos and fours, of taking away and replacing, of adding and subtracting, and so on. The faculty of number being particularly strong and active in childhood, this is the age in which it is susceptible of the greatest development and cultivation. The indications which nature gives of this should not go unheeded. The greatest prodigies in computation, as is very well known, have exhibited this talent in early life, and less, it is said, in after years.

The lower animals possess this faculty and its index. It is not to be supposed that they do not perceive the difference between one and a number of objects, or that they have not some correct idea of their numerical strength. The squirrel in gathering his nuts and storing them one after another, and in re-handling and re-storing them, must have some idea of the number and extent of his treasures—and he has *seven* bones of the wrist, indicating the faculty of number. The mole has his attention directed still more to the number of objects. The larva of insects, which are found in such myriads, are principally his food, and the female makes a very great number of passages, like so many walks, on all sides from her domicil. The faculty of number in this wonderful little animal is indicated by no less than *nine* bones. The ape, too, has one bone of the wrist more than man, and being frugiverous his attention is constantly occupied with numbers of isolated objects. When things are offered him he puts them aside with a motion which seems to say, "there is *one*—here is *another*—here comes a *third*—now for a *fourth*—" and after all, his selfishness demands an *odd* one, or a ninth. Should it be suggested to the mind of the reader that according to the index of "number" the monkey should be superior to man in the exercise of this faculty, he will probably reflect that mere number, or the power of computation, is a small part of mathematical science—and that this peculiarity of the ape probably indicates his inferiority rather than his superiority, inasmuch as it is the number *eight* which belongs to order and harmony.

INDEX OF SIZE.

The hand, or what may be called the body of the hand, in distinction from the thumb, wrist and fingers, has four long bones, not separate like those of the fingers, but bound together and included in the same covering. They are called the *metacarpal bones of the hand*. Of these four the two outer ones (those to which the little and ring fingers are attached,) are the index of the faculty of SIZE. The length of these bones indicates the strength of the faculty which perceives and judges of the property which we call the *size* of matter. When we wish to estimate the size of anything by the hand, as, for example, the size of the skull or its contents, we apply the index of size to it much more closely than we do any other part of the hand. In making this experiment, observe that it is not the form, but the *size* of the object that is to be judged of—and it will be seen that the part of the hand on the side with the little finger is brought in contact with the object more closely than the part of the hand on the side with the forefinger. There is great difference in different individuals in the power of perceiving the relative size of an object. Some scarcely ever make a mistake—others scarcely ever judge correctly. In the former the index of size is greater—in the latter it is less—the sign of Vitality being taken into consideration.

Size is a property of *matter*, not of space. It refers therefore, to the quantity which may be supposed to be contained within the surface of anything. By the size of a vessel we mean the quantity which it is cabable of holding. As liquids are particularly the contents of vessels, and as they cannot otherwise be measured, they have a very particular relation to the faculty of Size. The *bound* of matter is the *result*, not the cause of its size or *quantity*; and hence the quantity of water or of any other liquid determines its bound. Thus the primitive kind of vessel was a leathern sac, or bottle, which presented very little sze of its own, and which when filled showed its apparent size to be that of the water which it contained. The bound or diameters and circumferences of the vessel, would be seen to be determined by the quantity of liquid. This is the law of nature in reference to fluids and their vessels in the living system, the vessels being collapsed except when distended, and when distended presenting the size or quantity which they contain. The camel's stomach for water is a kind of leathern bag in which he carries provision for himself on his long journeys—and he carries another on his back for the use of the Arab.

From what has been said, we see that the faculty of Size enables us to judge of *liquid measure*, and of the measure of dry grains which are poured into vessels like liquids—as the faculty of Weight enables us to judge in regard to pounds and ounces. It will be found that those who deal out liquids, and are accustomed to estimate the contents of vessels, particularly of sacs, have the index of Size larger than those who are less expert, we may suppose, also, that the camel, and animals which, like him, take in a large quantity of water at a time, have the

faculty and index of size larger than those animals which drink but little at once. The index of this faculty is very large in the camel, and it is large in different degrees in the horse, ox, deer, sheep, and other animals which drink largely; while it is small in animals which take only what they can lap with their tongues. The index of Size in the first named animals is the length of the long bone below the index of weight, called in the horse the *cannon* bone. It is appropriate that the camel, which carries such a mountain of a load upon his back, should have a large faculty of size.

In children and previous to adult age, the faculty of Size is relatively small, and after the middle period and in old age it is relatively large. In this respect it is the reverse of the faculty of Number, as it is also in the fact that size relates to a single object, while number relates to a number of objects. Children judge very incorrectly of size, but the faculty gradually developes itself, not stopping at manhood, but still increasing with the decline of life. Old people are as partial to single large objects, and to the exclusive occupation of these, as children are partial to small objects, and of a kind among which they can choose at pleasure. Children generally show a remarkable indifference for things of which they can have but one, while old people show as much indifference to *more* than one. Young persons are fond of dividing things into as many littles as possible, and of dividing and sharing with others, while the old are as fond of combining into one large mass, and of holding undivided possession. The former love to have "all things in common," while the latter love to have one thing exclusive, and their motto is "many a little makes a *muckle*." The selfish or miserly tendency of this trait is counteracted in those who possess the proper balance of faculties in harmony with children and grandchildren, (See Introduction to Physiognomy, No. II.) The old person manifests the predominence of the faculty of Size in everything. When he makes a donation it is a large and munificent one, while the young person bestows many charities, in small amount and when they are most needed. But both modes of charity are necessary, the one as much so as the other. The old man has his chair, his bible, his table, his house, (if he have chanced to build when past his meridian,) all of a larger size than ordinary, so that to others his things all seem too large and roomy for his necessities. It must be remembered, however, that in all these things he only seeks to combine in one what he formerly possessed in numbers. His garments are made all *too large* for him, and yet they are no larger than he wishes them—

"his youthful hose well kept,
A world too wide for his shrunk shank;"

and he has but a single garment of a kind, perhaps, whereas in youth he had many. In all these respects the grandsire is exactly the reverse of the child. The index of number may be observed to be comparatively small in him, while the index of Size is comparatively large—and the reverse of this may be seen in the child.

Proportion.

The faculties of Number and Size existing in equal degree manifest the highest action of both. They constitute the talent of perceiving and producing PROPORTION in works of art. This united action of these two faculties is essential to the talent and efficiency of an artist, particularly in sculpture and architecture, as the united action of the faculties of Weight and Lightness is essential to talent and efficiency in the use of mechanical instruments, and in mechanics, commonly so called. Size as has been said, relates to *one*, and *number* relates to *more* than one. Numbers may have their equivalent in size, and size may have its equivalent in numbers. We see that in the most perfect order, or in the most strict and demonstrable science, size and number exist in conjunction, the one equal to the other. We naturally divide a circle (which is the most perfect expression of unity,) into *eighths*; and we see that the ONE, which relates to *size*, is equal to the *eight*, which relates to *number*. Thus it is clear that size and number are to each other as unity and harmony, and that as such they constitute PROPORTION. The first and most simple example of this, in a body which has but a single center, may be comprehended as a mathematical truism. But an *artist* goes beyond this. He is a mathematician, but he is one in the highest sense, in a higher branch of the subject than is ordinarily studied as science. His talent may be called *genius*, as something which has not been developed by the education of the schools; and his science may be called *inspiration*, as something of which he himself does not understand the natural laws nor the full meaning. He is bound ever to the law of *proportion*, or to unity and harmony in reference to size and number, but he is able to *vary* these almost infinitely, and with the effect of increasing the delight which these are capable of affording—just as the musician is able to vary the scale of eight notes, affording an almost infinite succession of harmonies, and all in one. The talent of the artist consists in so arranging and combining many distinct and separate objects that they may produce the effect of unity, and thus *proportion*, or unity and harmony combined. In aiming at proportion in his work number and size become equivalent to each other, like harmony and unity, one of which cannot exist except from the other. The most perfect work of art is an imitation of the most perfect work of nature, the human body. As this is the most truly balanced, enabling man to walk upright, so it is the most truly proportioned, consisting of the greatest number of distinct objects or organs, at the same time that it is the most truly one. It is for this reason the highest and the most difficult, or possibly the easiest subject for an artist.

Next to the human body a vase, an urn, a jar, or other vessel, is made to present beautiful proportions, and is a favorite subject for art. The reason is this. All small bodies in immense numbers, as sand, grains, seeds, water, etc., flow and roll upon each other, and have to be contained in vessels in order that their quantity may be judged of. However numerous they may be regarded as *one* when contained in a vessel which presents the appearance of but a single object. When water is spread out apparently without bound we speak of it in the plural, as "water of the ocean"—but when it is contained in a vessel we say "water." So, too, we speak of the *sands* of the desert—and of a cup of *sand*. In the unity which a multitude of particles acquire in being put into a vessel, number becomes harmony. Hence by the word "contents" we express the *plurality* and at the same time the *unity* of what is contained. This shows why we particularly aim at *proportion* in the structure of vessels, and urns and vases of all kinds have been studies for the greatest artists. We see why they are such beautiful emblems of the human body, containing in imagination something of the immortal spirit, and why they impress us with some such emotion as do the statues of the nymphs and goddesses with which they are associated.

PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.—We wonder, indeed, when we are told, that one day we shall be as the angels of God. I apprehend that as great a wonder has been realized already on the earth. I apprehend that the distance between the mind of Newton and of a Hottentot may have been as great as between Newton and an angel. There is another view still more striking. This Newton, who lifted his calm, sublime eye to the heavens, and read among the planets and the stars the great law of the material universe, was, forty or fifty years before, an infant, without one clear perception, and unable to distinguish his nurse's arm from the pillow on which he slept. Howard, too, who, under the strength of an all-sacrificing benevolence, explored the depth of human suffering, was, forty or fifty years before, an infant, wholly absorbed in himself, grasping at all he saw, and almost breaking his little heart with fits of passion, when the idlest toy was withheld. Has not man already traversed as wide a space as separates him from angels?

Original Poetry.

A MORNING HYMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM,

BY FANNY GREEN.

Lift thy great heart, O, Nature!—Shout and sing!
Waken with love thy thousand string-ed lyre,
And chant thy morning hymn of praise to God!
O praise Him, all ye Hills, that lift your heads
To catch the purpling radiance!—for his hand
Hath planted every flower, and shrub, and tree,
That make your hights a glory! And ye Vales,
Bright in the robe of summer, bending low
Your fragrant garments, verdant with the promise
Of golden Autumn, murmur forth his praise,
Who filled your arms with plenty. And ye Cliffs,
In awful loneliness that stretch afar,
Lifting the clouds of Heaven---a resting place
Where angel messengers their pinions fold,
Lingering where mortal lip hath left no taint
Upon the breath of Heaven---nor mortal foot
Hath marred the texture, or hath ever stained
Your gathering mantles of eternal snow---
Let your majestic silence utter praise!

And ye great Winds---whether ye wake your strength
To stir the heaving ocean, or breathe low
The music and the passion of the South,
O'er some fair grotto's nurslings---sweeping drear
Where wild Arcturus reigns---or murmuring soft
'Mid fragrant bowers of lime and citron trees,
Praise Him with every voice---or low---or loud---
Shout with thanksgiving! shout, and carry far
Your anthem to the boundaries of the world!

And all ye Trees, bend low your haughty heads!
Ye Cedars, bow! and all ye strong old Oaks,
Do reverence to the Majesty on High!
Sing, all ye Birds!---Attune your warbling throats,
Ye who are springing from your mossy nests,
Or soaring high, half piercing the dark veil
Which curtains Immorality---praise God!
Thou mighty Sun, the soul of many worlds,
Best image of thy Maker---rising now
In living majesty to walk abroad,
And personate the Universal Life!
Speed forth thanksgivings on the wings of Light!—
Let all thy beams rejoice, and utter praise!
And oh, thou mighty Ocean!—wake thy waves---
Attune thy surges' everlasting roar,
And chant thy morning anthem! Loud and deep
Lift up thy mighty voice in thankfulness—
Praise Him who made thee strongest of his sons,
And clothed thy forehead with His majesty!
And all ye creatures dwelling in the depths---
Leap up, and praise him with mute eloquence,
Who measured out your strong abiding place,
And gave it for an everlasting home---
And all ye Coral-weavers---labor on,
And rear your architraves;---for work is praise!

Ye lowing Herds, and every animal
That nestleth in the rocks, or boundeth free
Along the sand-robed desert, praise the hand
That gave you life, and food, and liberty!---
And ye majestic Rivers, carrying far
Beauty and power to widely-distant lands,
Let every wreath of mist that upward curls,
Be the pure incense of your general joy;
And all ye babbling Brooks, and whispering Rills,
And Fountains clear, and thundering Cataracts,
Lend your glad voices to the morning hymn
Of Universal Nature!

Thou, O Man!---
For whom the hill, and vale, and mountain hight,
And river broad, and ocean majesty---
With all their wealth of gems, and gold, and corn---
And every living creature that exists,
Were fashioned, by thy Maker---first be thou
To wake the anthem of Intelligence
Amid inferior nature!---let thy Soul
Bow down, and bless the all-pervading Soul—
Jehovah---God---the Universal Lord!

OLD FATHER TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM,

BY J. W. REDFIELD.

If Time is old and wrinkled,
And in his latest stage,—
His beard and forelock sprinkled
With frosts of wintry age,—
Then we, with love unfeigning,
Should with our might pursue
What yet is left remaining
For us, on earth, to do.

If in his grasp he carries
A glass of running sand,
And never stops nor tarries
To take us by the hand—
Then we our lives should measure
By labors we have done,
And seek nor rest nor leisure,
While swift the moments run.

If with his arm of sinews
He wields a dreadful sythe,
And cuts us down in winrows,
When we are young and blythe—
Then though we're fresh and blooming,
We should with caution haste,
And not—on life presuming—
Our precious treasures waste.

If we must seize his forelock
Or else be left behind,
And caught by witch or warlock,
Or specter of the wind—
Then we, as earnest seekers,
In fields of Truth sublime,
As thinkers first—then speakers—
Should steal a march on Time.

If we must run the hazard
Of taking by the beard
Old Time, the mighty wizard
So wondered at and feared—
Then must we be the neighbor,
And do whate'er we can,
With constant love and labor,
To bless our fellow man.

An empty human heart is an abyss earth's depths cannot match. [Goethe.

THE UNIVERCŒLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1848.

TO OUR PATRONS.

READER—we present you with the first number of the second volume of the Univercœlum. Hitherto we have said but little of its character and claims to public attention, choosing rather that it should silently win its way to the place it justly merits. During the six months of its publication we have received encouragement from many liberal and enlightened sources. Our subscription list has been constantly increasing; many intelligent and gifted minds have expressed their unqualified approbation of our course, and their profound interest in our success. Others have manifested their regard by voluntary donations, and direct personal sacrifices, which merit and receive our most grateful acknowledgments.

It is believed that this journal has done something to direct and determine the religious tendencies, and to supply the spiritual wants of some of the best minds. That it may continue to serve the cause of truth and human happiness in a capacity so honorable, is our first desire. It is our object to furnish a medium through which the freest thought may find utterance, and the purest spirit a beautiful and appropriate expression. We would make the Univercœlum the vehicle of whatever is new, beautiful and truthful, in science and the arts, general philosophy and practical reform. To this end it will boldly interrogate Nature, and labor perpetually to read and interpret the mystic manuscripts wherein Deity has written his great thoughts—the revelations in the earth, and seas, and skies, and above all in the human soul.

How far our ideal has been realized in the past, is left for others to decide. We have, however, the satisfaction of knowing that, in the estimation of many pure and luminous minds, it possesses an elevated intellectual, social and moral character and bearing—that it stands alone and unrivaled in the taste and beauty of its mechanical execution, in its spiritual refinement, and in the thrilling interest and intrinsic importance of the subjects to which is is devoted.

But it may be said in truth that we have presented the light side of the picture. It should be distinctly understood that *the Univercœlum still involves a heavy personal sacrifice to those who are immediately concerned in its publication.* Its general character, as well as its mechanical superiority, render it an expensive work, and it requires no extraordinary discernment to perceive that its permanent existence and increasing usefulness, must depend at last on its circulation.

Now we have an important question to ask,—☞ SHALL THE UNIVERCŒLUM BE SUSTAINED? ☜ And it remains for its friends to answer. Every one should feel that the question is addressed to him *personally*. Every one should answer for himself, and this is a case where all may speak at once without confusion. But to render the answer appropriate, it must be in a form to be entered on our subscription book. Let every friend consider himself a special committee to obtain at least ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER, and if our organ of calculation is not sadly at fault, our list will be doubled. But as some will perhaps be indisposed to assist in this capacity, those who have the time and disposition may perhaps obtain more than one. We would not limit the capacity or the liberty of any individual in this respect. We venture to hope that every one will be moved to respond to our interrogatory—NOW,—and *in the peculiar manner here proposed*, and let the answer be loud and distinct, that we may hear and understand.

Reader—If in our paper you have found much to approve; if you have cause to admire its amiable, calm and scientific spirit; if you find its contents invested with a peculiar interest, earnestness and importance, shall we not have IMMEDIATE and substantial evidence of your regard? S. B. B.

LETTER FROM BR. PLUMB.

BR. BRITTAN:

HAVING a few leisure moments, such as are not absolutely demanded by my profession, I seize upon the opportunity afforded, to write you another friendly epistle, in reference to the progress of Truth, and the promotion of those enterprises in which you are engaged, and which are more especially designed to advance the happiness of man.

And first, let me say, what I can readily and freely utter, with a clear conscience, and full heart, that I congratulate you on the improved appearance and style of your journal, whose receipt I have anticipated from week to week, with lively joy Among the ten or twelve daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly journals that visit me from time to time, there is not one that is so highly appreciated by myself, or which elicits higher encomiums from my friends, for its mechanical execution, as well as for the spirit, taste, and talent that distinguish its editorial management. I am no friend to *puffs*---mere favor-catching puffs,---but I cannot withhold an expression of my entire approval of the *spirit* of your paper, and the general execution of the work. It will compare with any paper now published of any kind, so far as these items are concerned.

But there is another improvement, which I should not fail to notice, and which I think ought to commend it to the patronage of the friends of truth and progress every where---it is the more general appropriation of its columns to a strict Theological Reform. I am more and more satisfied, every day of my life, that erroneous ideas of Religion, are the parent of nearly all the social and moral evils that exist. We not only find that the Religious sentiment is the strongest in man, and consequently when perverted by superstition, is the most baneful to human interests, but we find that every improvement in physical and moral science, in literature and art, has been stedfastly resisted by interested Priests. The spirit that confined Gallileo in the gloomy cell of a prison, although it manifests itself differently now, has not departed *wholly* from the world. The seven Cardinals who sat in judgment upon him, emblemize to us the whole Religious world. That spirit has been *recently* manifested, according to an English paper, in some parts of Europe, by ecclesiastical hostility to *Chloroform*, as a remedial agent. It is contended by some "Divines," that it is *unnatural* and contrary to God's original intention, that pain should be mitigated by lulling the physical senses. God intended, say they, that man should suffer pain, when he *violates* a physical law, and it is blasphemous and heretical to undertake to *thwart* his intentions. Precious logic this! We wonder they do not, (to be consistent) oppose the use of medicines, the dressing of burns and wounds, the amputation of limbs, and the thousand surgical remedies which men have invented to save life! But the folly of such reasoning is seen at once. The fact, to which attention is invited here, is the hostility to all improvement and Reform, which always has been manifested by sectarian Religionists, and "divinely appointed" (?) Priests. All the abominations that exist in society at the present day, in the shape of cruel laws, unjust dealings, bloody war, and hideous slavery, are covered by the Divine Ægis of "Inspiration," by the friends of a *miraculous* Religion.

Nothing is plainer, than that the Old Testament not only *sanctions*, but *enjoins* these hoary wrongs. God is there represented, as having *instructed* Moses and Joshua to go and kill their own brothers, of "Canaan,"---and attached a penalty to any compassionate exercise of their power.

Dr. Cheever, Prof. Lewis, and other learned Divines, who ad-

vocate the Gallows, do it on the ground of its Divine appointment. They could not make the shadow of a defence, were it not for the popular reverence for the Old Testament Bible, as an inspired book, a "sufficient rule of faith and practice" to man. It is folly then, in my opinion, for men longer to oppose the Gallows, and tacitly or directly admit the infallible authority of that book. Here is where Capital Punishment abolitionists have labored under a great disadvantage. Through a mistaken policy they admit---*tacitly*, at least,---the infallibility of the book, and then proceed to whittle away the palpable declarations there made in favor of the penalty of death. The question is not, whether we ought to adopt all the Mosaic penalties, if we adopt one, but is the code binding upon us at all? If it came from God, it ought to be the rule of action for all men, *at all times*. God does not reveal himself *miraculously*, *one day*, as a God of War and Slavery---of Anger and Revenge; and *another day*, as one of Peace, Liberty, Love, and Forgiveness. The God of Jesus---of Nature and Reason, is an unchangeable One---"the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

We must then, I contend, root out these old *Theological Prejudices*, and overturn the temples of idolatry and superstition, before any thing can be accomplished for man. The old notion of a miraculous and special revelation, for a (comparatively) little handful of women and men, for the long period of 4000 years, has made more bigots and exclusives, than all other causes combined. Out of 800,000,000 of inhabitants on the earth, only about 220,000,000 believe in the miraculous revelation acknowledged by Christians, and of *these*, 120,000,000 are Roman Catholics, and upwards of 60,000,000 belong to the Greek Church. Only about 40 or 50,000,000 of Protestants are to be found, out of this vast number of inhabitants; and among those, how many are Unitarians, Universalists, Infidels, and Nothingarians, remains to be decided. There seems to me to be little foundation for the common Christian opinion that God exerted himself *specially*, and miraculously displayed his Power, in giving a *written* revelation to man. Leaving out of sight the want of *system*, and *order*, as well as the discrepencies of some of the writings of "the Book," the *end*, it appears to us, does not justify or warrant the *means*. It is said of Dr. Channing, that he once remarked, if Christianity should be arrested *now* in its progress among men, it would, *on the whole*, be found to have done little or no good. The vice and crime---the persecutions, oppressions, and murders, which have resulted from its introduction among the nations, is hardly counterbalanced by the benefits of *civilization*, and intellectual advancement. A miraculously attested Religion, it appears to me, ought to show better fruits, and come nearer accomplishing the result designed. The great hope of the world is, then, in a Universal and Absolute Religion---a religion that finds its strongest evidences in Nature---in the conscience, and the heart;---a religion that has its fundamental principles already seated in the human soul. Paul's Religion was evidently of this kind. He said the "heathen" knew not the law, yet did by *nature* "the things contained in the law," and were a "law unto themselves." He evidently regarded inspiration as universal---not being confined to a chosen few, either Jews, Gentiles, or Christians.

Much can be said on this subject, but this is not the place or occasion for entering into a lengthy discussion of the matter. We have aimed simply in these remarks, to show that the pretensions put forth in favor of a *miraculous revelation*, are not well founded, and cannot be sustained,---and that, consequently, the cause of Truth and Righteousness can be subserved only, by a thorough reform in the notions of men on this subject. There is too much narrowness and partiality in the world. Good men are restricted in their benevolent efforts, by the belief that God revealed his truth to a *few* only, because he wished that a *few* only should be (at present at least,) benefitted thereby. They have no disposition to *forestall* the action of the Deity. The great business of life is, they suppose, to secure *future*, eternal blessedness, and the *present* happiness of man may follow on as it can.

From these considerations, it strikes me that you have decided wisely, in coming to the conclusion you have, to make your paper more decidedly a *Religious paper*;---the enterprise of reforming the world being in fact a Religious enterprise. I hope therefore, the "liberal" part of *professed* liberal sects, will help you on in your earnest efforts to establish a paper so much needed. The field is immense and wholly unoccupied. No other paper of the kind exists, that we know of; and with the constant tendency toward a more Universal and Spiritual Religion, that seems prevalent in the world, we do not see why you should not be amply supported in your attempt.

From all accounts, your most sanguine expectations have been realized:—your list is increasing, and I *know* that your course is approved of by many, who do not *as yet*, feel at liberty to declare themselves openly your admirers or patrons. Go on then, Brother, in your efforts to emancipate the minds and bodies of your fellows, and God will bless you in the work, and shed his richest spiritual favors on your head. D. H. F.

LAND REFORM AND ANTI-SLAVERY.

Quite an animated discussion took place during the late Anniversaries, between some of the National Reformers, and Anti-Slavery speakers, upon the comparative merits of the two questions, as also upon the condition of the WAGES SLAVE, and the CHATTEL SLAVE. C. C. Burleigh gave a very fair view of the case, as all will admit who understood him; and without abating one iota from the merits of the Land Reform question, he wished to show, in his entire approbation of the aims and ends thereof, as he understood it, that chattel slavery had all the evils of our present system superadded. It lies, in our judgment, underneath the wages system—and that while both are bad enough, the chattel is so much the greater evil, that few, if any, are known to voluntarily leave the wages for the chattel system, while thousands are leaving the latter for the former, even under the most unpropitious aspects of the wages system—and this is the best, the most reliable testimony that can be had in the case. It was gratifying, individual exceptions to the contrary, to perceive a fraternal disposition on both sides. The two questions are so intimately connected, running parallel, if not in the same line, that those of each party should, in a degree, at least, esteem the other a co-worker in the great idea of human, universal emancipation. It is little use to have free soil without free labor; and it can hardly be conceived that the latter can be so, except the former is also. Let all the rights given to man by his Creator be regarded, and this world will do for any body to live in. Z. B.

TREATMENT OF REFORMERS.

We must expect society to abuse the man who will honestly expose its faults; but while it is done in an earnest, loving spirit, and with a view to reformation, it is just and proper, and all this denunciation is a plain evidence that its object is on the side of Reform. The man of honest heart, who will not pander to the gigantic errors and abuses which time and custom and prejudice have sanctioned and matured; the free spirit who has courage to spurn the chains forged in the great workshop of sectarism, will be unpopular. But while the church—not the church of Christ, (which is "a peculiar people zealous of good works,")—but the church of the world, is a great charnel house filled with the remains of moldering creeds and embalmed priests, whose little all of spiritual energy has gone out—not at least while men are professedly orthodox in their opinions, and infidel in their practices, and Charity is to be calculated by the rule of decimal fractions—will it do to estimate a man or his works by the popular standard. S. B. B.

A CHAPTER FOR THE MONTH.

JUNE.

Again art thou present with us, gentle and pleasant June—fair mother of Bloom and Music, sweet child of Poesy and Love. The spicy flowers have brightened with a warmer glow at thy coming; and fairer gems of thy own, ever follow thy elastic footsteps, like the beaming hopes, and the budding loves, which cluster around the pathway of the young and trusting. The meadows are enameled with unnumbered blossoms, and along the sunny hill-slopes, and through the vallies, the tender corn is springing, with its verdant promise of the autumn's golden harvest. The old Forest-King has put on his robe of richest green, to woo, and welcome thee; and all his leafy colonnades are so fresh, and beautiful, and holy, they seem ever to be filled with pure and happy spirits, such as minister to our higher and holier impulses and affections. The Woods are the sanctuary of Nature---the inner shrine of the Tabernacle---the Holy of Holies---where the waiting Soul may perceive, and feel, the peculiar presence of the Most High.

There is a gently correcting power in forest scenery, which might reach every moral disease, if it were not wilfully and wantonly resisted. The cold and covetous would there find a lesson of benevolence, wide as the wants to which it ministers—in the dews that seek out the humblest floweret---in the care that expands the simplest leaf---in the watchful Love that ministers to all, without regard to favor or desert---ever with the same unsparing and generous hand. The doubtful and the desponding might there see that nothing is forgotton---that there is a tendency in all things to the good, and the perfect; and it is only when this tendency is subverted by selfishness, or wrong, that disorder ensues, in the form of accidents, which we have called by various names, such as poverty, ignorance, and crime. But let the caviler go out into the woods; and, if possible, leave behind him his selfishness, his prejudices, and his pride. Let him bow himself down with the tender heart of a little child, before the august majesty of Nature. Let him listen to the choral song of birds, with its infinitude of music, ringing through all the bowery aisles of the forest---now loud, and high, and near, pouring out a perfect flood of melodious ravishment---then low, and sweet, and distant; the softened melody blending with the song of waters, and the spirit-like voice of insects, trills along the margin of every simple leaf, that trembles and murmurs, as if it were an awakened Soul, thrillingly responding to the divine harmony. Would he not from all this spontaneity of music, catch the voices of faith---of hope---of renewed, and ever-renewing happiness?

The sceptic might there find, through all the manifold combinations of organized being---even in the structure of a simple moss, or a common leaf, or a brown mushroom, traces of design—of order—of wisdom—of benevolence—which defy interpretation, but through a Divine and Omnipotent First Cause.

The undevout and irreverent might gather a lesson of devotion from the woods. When the wind, which truly represents the religious sentiment, passes through them, an all-pervading spirit, every organized being feels and acknowledges its power. It touches the delicate ferns—and they are moved as with a thought of love; it whispers to the lowly shrub—and the copse, with stirring spray, and quivering leaf, answers to its call; it thrills along the tendrils of the conscious vine—and their sensibility is quickened, as they clasp more tenderly their supporting arms; and then the strong old tree bows his head, and prostrates his great branches, as if he felt through all his mighty being, the presence of the Holy One; and every fragrant leaf breathes out perfume like incense; and every expanding bud, and blooming flower, is redolent with the altar-flame of its instinctive worship. Are not all these sensibly a religious influence? And shall their lessons be in vain? Not if we go in the right spirit to the Forest Tabernacle. The Woods are the most holy Temple of Nature; and June is the Sabbath of the year.

The Mother of Roses has sent her call abroad; and all her various children are waking from their long sleep of months. The rose is a universal benison. It flourishes in every variety of soil and climate. It blooms in the desert; it rejoices in the wild; it beautifies the garden.—It adorns the rich earth and the sterile, the wet and the dry. Like true Humanity, no modification of circumstance changes its nature. It is every where the same—living and blooming with what force it may, for the sake of the sweet blessing it holds. The eglantine is opening its buds on the barren hill-side; and from the fragrant cells of its resinous leaf blessing the wide air with perfume; while the native rose has wreathed the margin of swamps, or sprinkled the boggy pastures with garlands of beauty.

The lily in all its charming varieties, like a true Republican, is brightening meadow, and swamp, and garden; while the gorgeous tulip, that thorough-going exclusive, only deigns to grace the nicely trimmed parterre. The mountain laurel, in a perfect waste and redolence of beauty, blooms along the forest openings, and wreathes the shrubby hill-side; and the delicate geranium* clasps every meadow with its zone of softest purple. The horse chesnut is putting forth its pyramidal flowers; and the catalpa, the linden, and the tulip tree, are in the zenith of their beauty. The cherry trees are, even now, blushing with the promise of their summer fruit; and over the latticed portico, the honey-suckle is hanging its crimson flowers, exhaling perfume as sweet as the voices of the young lovers that are whispering beneath.

Beautiful upon the sunny slopes, and along the verdant nooks and vallies, is all the waving grain; and the shorn carpet of the common pasture, and the swaying grass of the meadow, are sprinkled with white and shield-like daisies, or enameled with butter cups, brighter and richer than the burnished gold. O, the wide Earth, in its own ministrations, is but one Paradise—and there is nothing to regret but human misery—nothing to change, but human selfishness—nothing to hate, but human pride!

CANZONET.

June is coming! haste away!
Join the forest roundelay;
And through all the woodland bowers
List the minstrels of the flowers,
Chanting, in the solemn noon,
Praises to the bright-eyed June!

Waters, mountains, rocks, prolong
Nature's universal song!
Every streamlet, hill, and tree,
Insect, reptile, bird, and bee,
With the sweetest voice in tune,
Welcome—welcome! flowery June!

Thine is every potent charm—
Beauty, verdure, music, balm;
Linger with thy blessing here,
Crown-ed Queen of all the Year—
Scatter wide thy flowery boon,
Month of roses, leafy June! G.

*One of the most delicate and beautiful species of this much admired genus, (the Geranium Maculatum) is a native; and its favorite locality is along the borders of meadows, woods, and cultivated fields.

Every moment of a man's life begins a new era, and he knows not which may be forgotten, or which may be the pivot whereon will turn his whole future destiny. What act then is without importance, since it may be a precedent to many ages. [E. D. H.

THE LAST ACCUSATION.

When we commenced our Editorial career, we determined to be at peace with all men. Conscious that rude and offensive language is one of the principal agencies employed by those who stir up strife—who labor to ignite the combustible elements of human passion—we have resolved to check every expression of bitterness, and to furnish a practical, christian example, in the spirit and manner of our address to those who rudely assail us. Accordingly, when we have been reviled, we have not reviled again; and our readers have not failed to observe that, in this respect, our policy has been wholly different from that pursued by most other journals. Those who resort to such weapons as misrepresentation and calumny, may perchance wield them to their own destruction, but they can hardly do *us* any permanent injury. We have thus far scarcely made any direct reply to persons of this class. We are unacquainted with their mode of warfare; we are not equipt as their law directs, and we have no desire to bear away from them the honors of a field which would seem to be peculiarly their own.

A report has recently obtained currency through the New York Correspondent of the Boston Chronotype, which it may be necessary to notice, as its apparent design and tendency is, to fix unjust suspicions on the Editors and Publishers of this paper. From what source the Correspondent of the Chronotype derived his information, we have no means of knowing; but he has either furnished another "illustration of human credulity," or he has taken unlicensed liberty in the region of conjecture, and in the undefined latitude of his statements. We make the following extract from the paper referred to, at the close of which our remaining observations will be found:—

"I have just got wind of an amusing illustration of human credulity and its punishment, in connection too with a person of some note. As the matter is too good to be kept secret, I make haste to lay it before the readers of the Chronotype.

"It seems that either Mr. A. J. Davis, the well known clairvoyant, or some of his friends, became possessed with the idea that his peculiar gifts might be turned to more profitable account than they had been up to the period of our history, which bears date within the last six months. If he could pierce the recesses of Nature, and see through all the hiding places of a disease, why should not the turns and corners and secret springs of trade and finance also unfold themselves to his masterly vision? In a word, why should they not make a rapid fortune by *speculation*, with such incomparable assistance as the power of second sight, to make known every thing concerning future markets, and the prices of the months unborn?

"Accordingly, some of Mr. Davis's friends formed a company for the purpose of operating in bread stuffs. One gentleman put into this partnership thirty thousand dollars in clean cash; the rest furnished something, all was arranged, and the business commenced. Precisely how long-lived was this new mercantile institution I am not informed. I only know that though it came into existence vigorous, well provided with the means of living, and with the most confident hopes of its parents, it died long before realizing the age of Methuselah, and without being of half the use to its progenitors that we have good reason to believe that venerable patriarch was. In short, the directions of Mr. Davis proved to be fallacious in the matter of markets; the promised rise in the price of bread stuffs did not take place, the prophet was for once mistaken, and the confederates made a loss of a hundred thousand dollars! The gentleman who furnished the thirty thousand dollars in clean cash, never again fingered a cent of it clean or dirty. So much for the advantages of clairvoyance to speculators in bread stuffs."

The impression has gone abroad that Mr. Davis is associated with several others in the publication of the Univercœlum; and as he is not, at least in the public mind, especially identified with any other association or movement, the direct tendency of the above must be to place the character and objects of this body in a questionable light. These considerations, together with the intrinsic character of the article, and the respectability of the medium through which it finds its way to the public, demand for it this brief notice.

The article in the Chronotype presents the first intimation we have ever received, of the existence of an Association having for its object, either wholly or in part, the accumulation of money through the powers of Mr. Davis. No such organization was ever proposed. So far as we are informed, not one of the editors of this paper, nor any stockholder in the Association is, or ever has been, engaged in this manner. How far individuals have sought and obtained information from Mr. Davis, or other Clairvoyants, to guide them in the transactions of business, and the ordinary affairs of life, we are not fully instructed; and as it forms no part of our business to inquire into these matters, we may be excused if we waive the further consideration of the subject. Those who have the leisure and the disposition should be allowed to pursue the investigation in their own way. S. B. B.

DIGNITY OF LABOR.

Many a Father's heart has been pained, on witnessing in his sons a disinclination to labor in the fields. In this country, and in a great degree in Europe, labor is held as disreputable—undignified. The boys and girls are careful to avoid the hard hand, and the ruddy and auburn skin, as these are worn by the lower class, with whom it would be sin against morals to associate!! The pale face—the soft hand are in repute. Those who know how near these are to the grave, cannot but be alarmed. The voice of Wisdom speaks through the health and vigor which Labor gives to mind and body. Aristotle well said, "the happiest nation is a nation of farmers." The hale countenance of the laboring man is one of the most perfect marks of beauty. It is a false taste, and a libel upon Divine Providence, to ascribe beauty to pale faces and slender forms. It is evident these are not *natural*; nor is labor an unnatural condition of man's being.

If parents in the country knew the influences with which their sons are surrounded, they would never consent to let them come here to New York. The major portion turn out miserably, and the influences of a town are in the greater proportion false, and opposed to nature. Here are thousands who would gladly find shelter and support upon some friend's farm in the country. Agriculture must be so taught to farmers' boys, that they will see its superior importance, and love it as the fittest employment and position of man, while he tarries upon earth. It is so natural, so like what God intended to make of man in giving him being, so surrounded with the *divine Presence*, that man cannot well feel otherwise than happy, while engaged therein. All the time reposing confidence in, and leaning upon God, the life of the farmer is one continued season of religious experience. Unlike man-made temple worship, he communes with his Maker directly, and not through the too often false medium of priest or mediator. There are no questions so full of importance to the world, as those which relate to the distribution of the soil and its tillage.

There is need of a radical change in public opinion as to what really makes the man. If broadcloth and porcelain (white clay) are the ingredients of a man, then flesh and bone, nerve, heart, and soul, are given in vain. If strong minds with proportionate muscle (the one does not exist without the other) are to be the standards of maturity—labor then will be the means by which these are brought out, or developed, and will be approved, as the most honorable and acceptable means man can apply to develop mind. The pale-faced dry goods clerk would not then laugh to shame the yeoman's son, but rather envy him his mental power, physical beauty, and what is something more, his happy frame of mind. Young men, think of these things. Z. B.

VOICES FROM THE PRISON.

A Selection of Poetry, written within the Cell, by various Prisoners, with Biographical and Critical Notices. Edited by Charles Spear. Boston: Published by the Author. London, by Charles Gilpin.

Such is the title of a neat duodecimo of some 300 pages, the second edition of which has just appeared; and we cannot but consider its advent as one of the most cheering signs of the times.

It was a happy thought to call this little book the "May Annual;" for it *is* a token of the Spring—even the "Day-spring from on High," which we have abundant proof is about to visit us. Let us gather courage then, and hope, and faith; for the disorders of life are accidental and temporary, while Order, Truth, and Right, are eternal laws.

Seldom has the heart responded to any book with a deeper, or more thrilling interest, than this awakens; and its clear and tender light shines into the black depths of more than two scores of cells, revealing the brother-human hearts that have writhed there, in all the torture of unnatural and cruel restraint; and in many cases with the death-doom pressing so heavily upon them, it almost anticipated its own horrible catastrophe.

These poems were written by prisoners of every grade, from the royal captive down to the common felon; and the very fact that they *were* written, shows more forcibly than any amount of other argument can do, the injustice and cruelty of their unfortunate writers' doom; for spirits that can feel and express the tenderest, the purest, the loftiest emotions, however widely they may have wandered from the right, in single instances, cannot need such violent and restrictive measures to convince them of the wrong. The production of this book, then, was a great stroke of policy in the Reformer, since it does not leave the poor prisoner to any cold and far-off advocate in the third person; but he is summoned forth himself---with his manacled limbs---with his badges of disgrace---summoned from his pallet of straw ---from his iron-guarded dungeon.—Stung with injustice---eloquent with wrongs---he comes to tell us that even under the consciousness of crimson crimes, a human heart---a brother-heart---is still throbbing with the true, the pure, the divine impulses of humanity! And he takes us by the hand—and we go down with him into the depths of his grated dungeon—and the bare heart—the naked soul of the Prison—with all its unspeakable anguish—with all its horrible anticipations—with all its intolerable realities—is laid open to our view. We see the viper of despair coiling around, and preying upon the living heart—we feel the iron when it is first driven into the soul. It is no longer a mere prisoner—a felon—that we see;—He is transfigured through the picture of his anguish—He is redeemed from his sin, and exalted by our sympathy. He is a Sufferer —a Man—a Brother.

Many of these pieces are of a high order of poetry; and they are all vital with the throbbings of the great, struggling, wronged, bleeding, and broken heart of Humanity! But we are gradually acquiring higher notions of God, and Right, and Duty; and along with this healthful change, we are slowly learning that all punishment is vindictive, and therefore is equally unworthy of God, and of Man. We are, even now, almost far enough into the light, to perceive that the infliction of any restraint, or suffering, which has not the good of the Offender—that is, his reformation, for its highest object, is barbarous and wicked, and is a gross blot upon the civilization of the Nineteenth Century. But these old barbaric Laws were modeled from the old barbaric Creed, which was based upon the Terrors of a Vindictive God, and his essential adjunct, a deified Spirit of Evil; and it is not strange that the principles of Human Government did not transcend the received opinions concerning the principles, the character, and the Government of God. But as the transplanted cutling shares the age, decay, and death of its parent tree, so the unnatural Law cannot long survive the monstrous Creed, of which it was a transcript and embodiment. These time-worn, and out-worn Institutions, whether of Church or State, are, even now, quaking to their center; for the handwriting of God is upon all their walls; and their doom is spoken in the outbursting strength of a newly awakened—a regenerated Humanity! Happy are they who flee from the watch-towers of the old Bastiles, before they are hopelessly involved in the common ruin!

Of the ability which Mr. Spear has shewn in his selections, and Biographical and Critical Sketches of his subjects, much might be said—and hardly too much could be said, of the judgment, delicacy, and fine taste with which he has executed his task; but he is a true and devoted philanthropist, and covets no empty praise. His work has been most truly a labor of love; and it will bear the fruits of love, yielding blessings a thousandfold, and joy unspeakable, not only for his own heart, but for the hearts of all he will be instrumental in redeeming from Captivity and Death. The "Voices of the Prison" should be carried to every Home; and be permitted to utter their divine messages of Brother-Love to every bosom—until they find an echo in every Heart.

Mr. Spear is the able and efficient conductor of the "Prisoner's Friend," a publication which we have been long intending to commend to the attention of our readers; and in default of present opportunity to speak according to the measure of its deserts, we will here say, that, in the liberal and truly catholic spirit which it evinces—in the large Humanity it displays—in the earnest and direct zeal with which it strikes at the very root of one of our greatest social evils—it commends itself to the special favor of all the Good and True, as one of the most important Forces in the Renovating Spirit of the times. G.

FORBEARANCE.

There are numerous circumstances and events which severely try our virtue, and much in the conduct of men to provoke the resentment of an unbalanced mind. Hence, it is essential to a complete education that we learn to exercise forbearance, and cultivate a peacable and forgiving disposition. A truly magnanymous spirit will meet the ills of life cheefully, and bear them patiently. And this is after all the only way to remove them. The man who can bear with no unreasonable behaviour on the part of others, is poorly fitted for the intercourse of society. He must live in a continual warfare with his fellows, for while man is imperfect he will frequently err in thought, and word, and deed.

As therefore, it is certain that offences must come, that man who cannot bear them with composure should retire from the haunts of the living. In the deep solitudes of the hermit's cell, he will find deliverance from the evils he wants the resolution and the manhood to meet. S. B. B.

FIRST VOLUME.

The first volume of our paper is now complete. It contains many articles of the highest interest and importance. Having published a large edition we are still prepared to furnish the volume entire to subscribers and others who may desire to preserve it. To secure the work complete, our friends should send in their orders as soon as convenient, as it is likely to be in demand. It may be furnished in sheets, or in a handsome binding, as may be preferred

We are not obliged to utter our higher maxims, except when they will benefit the world. Let us keep them within ourselves, when they are not likely to do good without, and they will diffuse over our actions the mild radiance of a hidden sun.

Miscellaneous Department.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

THE WORK-GIRL.

Work!—what extremes in human life are suggested by this little monosyllable! What varied interpretations may be placed on this one short word! And how differently is it considered in each circle through which we might trace its universal application, from the light and elegant occupation of affluence, downwards to the toilsome drudgery of necessity! One picture gives us the fair and accomplished daughters of our land seated before their embroidery-frames, surrounded by colors as bright as the rainbow's hues—worsted, and silk, and golden threads, scattered in rich profusion, and with every accessory to interest and amuse; but before the leaf, or the flower, or the cunning device is half copied on the canvass, some anxious parent or careful friend will approach, and in tones of fond entreaty request they will lay it aside, lest the graceful figure should be injured, or the radiant eyes made dim, by work! And this, again, is the term to designate the employment that has hollowed the cheek and chilled the life-blood of the weary occupants of many a solitary garret, who, sighing, listen to the midnight chime, and think that even then they cannot lay it by to rest. Such are the extremes. Would that neither boundary was so strongly marked, and that a little habitual self-denial in the one instance, might afford means to lessen the privations of the other! When Lord Collingwood wrote home, enjoining his wife to inspire his daughters with "a contempt for vanity and embroidery," it might almost be imagined that the gallant admiral had a prophetic glimpse of the expenditure of time and money lavished by the present generation on this fascinating pursuit. But it is the abuse, not the use of anything which renders it reprehensible; and we may remember it was a saying of the sagacious Dr. Johnson, that many a man might have escaped hanging, had he known how to hem a pocket-handkerchief. Let our fair countrywomen, then, enjoy this recreation as a recreation, not as an all-engrossing pursuit; and let us all, both men and women, feel thankful that the needle has provided an antidote against listlessness in one class, and a means of livelihood for another.

A lady was making some purchases in the principal shop of a little sea-side village in the south of Ireland. As usual, it was a place where the most incongruous articles were collected, and accordingly, frequented by purchasers as different as there were varieties in the inhabitants of the village; besides which, on the weekly market-day, it was so crowded from morning till night by an influx of country customers, as to render it a matter of some difficulty to reach the counter. The lady, however, was a person of some importance, and way was made for her as soon as she appeared, while the obsequious shopman threw every thing else aside to attend to her commands. They were not very important; and having soon despatched them, she was waiting for the change of a note, when she became aware of a gentle pulling at the back of her dress, two or three times repeated, and so far different from the occasionally rude pressure of the crowd, as at last to attract her attention. She turned, and saw two young girls immediately behind her, both of whom colored deeply as she looked round: one, very small and delicate-looking, drew back timidly; but the other, a tall, handsome girl, raised her eyes ingenuously, though respectfully, to those of the lady, and in gentle accents apologized for the liberty they had taken. "But my sister, ma'am," added she, "is very sickly, and her only pleasure is in work; and when she saw the trimming on your dress, she thought it so pretty, that I could not help drawing it a little nearer for her to see."

Before she had concluded the sentence her companion had again glided forward, her dark eyes glistening, and slipping her hand into that of her courageous defender, added earnestly, "Forgive us *both*, ma'am." The lady, whom we shall call Mrs. Villars, much struck with the little scene, reassured them speedily with one of her own sweet smiles, and stooping down, unclasped her mantle, and showed them, to their hearts' content, the dress they had admired so much; then gathering up her little purchases, she returned their energetic gratitude, and admiration with another smile, and left the shop.

Days passed away, and she saw the sisters no more; but they often returned to her thoughts, and, unblest by any similar tie, she would remember with a sigh the strong affection revealed by that little incident. In one moment it had told its own story—of fond protection on the one side, and grateful reliance on the other—as intelligibly as if the parties had been known for years; and she marvelled that in a class where from want of mental cultivation, externals must seem so important, such superior personal attractions as one sister enjoyed, should create no taint of vanity or of jealously to sully their mutual love. But Mrs. Villars reasoned wrong. She had yet to learn that the heart teaches it own lesson—the most unsophisticated often the warmest; and that true affection is a sunbeam that blinds our eyes to the deficiencies of the beloved ones, while it casts a ray of tenfold brightness on every excellence they possess.

At last one morning, in an early walk more extended than usual, she came to a cluster of cottages near the shore, at some distance from the village. It was a pleasant, animated scene, and Mrs. Villars stopped to admire the eager groups collected round some boats returned from the night's fishing, and either making bargains for themselves, or congratulating their sons or husbands on their success. As she lingered, a young girl tripped lightly by with a basket on her arm; and even in that passing glance she could not mistake the bright eyes and glowing complexion of her late acquaintance. A look of recognition also beamed from those same eyes. Half hesitatingly she paused for an instant, and then with a modest curtesy was passing on, when Mrs. Villars accosted her, and with an inquiry for her sister, joined her on her way.

During their walk, she learned that Ellen and Mary Roche were sisters, their mother long since dead, and their father—"Wisha, he was just nothing at all." Mrs. Villars had lived long enough in Ireland to know that the smothered sigh which followed that hesitating sentence indicated a good natured kind of idler, who smoked tobacco when he could get it, drank whiskey on the same terms, and was a burthen to the family it was his duty to support. But how eagerly the speaker turned from that unwelcome theme, to dwell on the perfections of her sister Ellen! And as she did so, the varying cheek, the eyes sometimes smiling, sometimes tearful, and the occasionally tremulous tones, spoke in her own favor as eloquently as if Ellen had been there in turn to tell the tale, and more than we need not say. Ellen was the eldest, though she looked so small; but an early accident had made her lame, and checked her growth; and in those days of suffering she had learned to use her needle with such skill, as to enable her to contribute materially to their livelihood now. "She could never come with me, ma'am, when I went out to play with other girls, or follow me when I was clambering on the rocks, or picking shells on the shore; but she was always on the watch for me, as a mother looks for her child. I never found her missing from the door when I was coming home; and if as sometimes happened, I forgot to be back in time, I saw the trouble in her pale cheeks and sad eyes, though she never said a word, so that made me careful not to wander any more. And she taught me to be tidy, ma'am; for I was very wild and careless, and would never have cared about tearing my clothes, only she always took and mended them, without ever noticing it; and she taught me to be gentle, and to curb my hasty spirit, for I saw her suffer pain and sorrow without murmur or complaint; and above all, ma'am," and here the tearful eyes filled entirely

"she taught me hope when my heart was sinking, and the power to bear when sorrow in earnest came——"

She stopped short, and drew her hand across her eyes; then looking archly into Mrs. Villars' face, who, deeply interested, was quite unprepared for the sudden transition, she added gaily—"Here I am all the time praising myself—tidy, gentle, and strong-hearted! Oh, lady, they are all but feathers from that sweet dove's wing!"

As she spoke they approached a whitewashed cottage, poor, but neater than is usually seen. In place of the dunghill there was a narrow little strip of garden, paled off from the road, filled with gay flowers glowing brightly in the morning sun; and at the door, as Mary had just been telling, was Ellen, looking out for her with watchful habit of their early days. A few quick steps forward, a whispered word from Mary, and Ellen turned to the lady with a pleased smile of recognition, and invited her in to rest. She gladly accepted the invitation; and soon found herself seated in the clean, and tidy, though poorly furnished dwelling. The only articles of superior comfort were a small work-table, placed near the window, and beside it a sort of easy-chair, made of straw, both evidently adapted to the occupation and infirmity of poor Ellen. Oh yes, we had nearly forgotten, the room was not quite unornamented either; for over the fireplace was arranged a large piece of coral, and some foreign shells, and near the window hung a cage in which was a bird with brilliant plumage, all telling plainly of some friend from over the sea.

Mrs. Villars had at this time the good fortune to escape an interview with the good-for-nothing father, and had the pleasure of talking, without interruption, to the two young girls, so different, and yet so united. This interview was succeeded by many others. Ellen was supplied with as much work as she could accomplish; and Mary, who, under her instructions, had also become very expert at the needle, would hasten with double diligence through her more active employments, that she might gain some time to share in the occupation of her sister. And sweet it was to see these two young creatures seated, with busy fingers, at their work on the quiet summer's eve; Ellen earnestly dwelling on some instructive lesson, while, with deferential gentleness, Mary would raise her loving eyes now and then, in silent assurance that the words were going home to her heart; or, in turn, those eyes would sparkle gaily, and a happy smile would brighten Ellen's graver face as she listened to some passing jest or merry narrative from her light-hearted Mary. But were thus alone? We reckon the father as nothing; for, with his hands in his pockets, he lounged in the sunshine while sunshine lasted, and then took his supper, and went off early to bed. He had his cottage and a little plot of ground rent free for his own life, and caring only for himself, considered any exertion for a future provision quite superfluous. Even so: the girls had another companion who would often, as Ellen would say, come in "to idle them" in the evening; sometimes to make them laugh and talk—sometimes to read while they worked—and oftener still, when the sun was sinking low, and the evening waves curling gently towards the shore, to coax them to "lay aside their stitchery," and saunter with him for half an hour along the cliffs. Notwithstanding the difference in their station, Mrs. Villars was soon regarded as a friend by those two motherless girls, and each meeting increased the interest she felt in them. She had given them employment and encouragement, and, more welcome still, had on more than one occasion given them affectionate sympathy and advice; but still she observed that at times some cloud was hanging over them, heavier even than poverty, and she determined not to conclude her visit to the sea-side without, if possible, winning their entire confidence, and making some effort for their happiness.

One morning Ellen was alone in the cottage, when Mrs. Villars entered with a small parcel in her hand, and asked her gaily, "Well, Ellen, would you like to make your fortune at once?" Ellen returned her smile with one as gay; but in an instant the bright expression vanished, and clasping her hands tightly, while her delicate figure actually trembled with emotion, she answered earnestly, "Would I wish to make my fortune? Oh, lady, I would give all the work these poor hands can ever do while life is spared me, to make a fortune of ten guineas before another month goes by!" Then burying her quivering features in her hands, she sank back into the little chair from which she had just risen, and burst into tears. Mrs. Villars, amazed at an agitation so unlike the usuual placid and collected demeanor of Ellen, sat down beside her, and sought to comfort and calm her with tones even kinder than her words. For a while all would not do; but at last Ellen raised her head, hurriedly wiped away her tears, and putting back her hair with her still trembling hands, in faltering accents asked pardon for her foolishness; then, gaining confidence with the effort, she related, even as friend would tell to friend, the sorrow that was weighing on her heart.

She told what a young and helpless creature Mary was when they were left even worse than orphans; how she, older by a few years, was still older from suffering and much inward thought; and how, from that hour, she had taken the little darling to her heart, and resolved to fill a mother's place to her through life. Then she told how the task was more difficult, because her beauty won indulgence from every one, and how she feared to lose her love in the cheeks she found it needful to impose. "But there was a deep mine of truth and sense in that seemingly thoughtless nature and even in childish anger, she never forgot that I was her best and truest friend---even then her chief care was not to grieve me; and you know ma'am, how she loves me now," said Ellen, looking up with a glow of intense feeling; and reading her answer in the lady's eyes she dropped her own as she softly murmured, "Yes, even as I love her!"

There was a moment's pause; and then in lighter tones Ellen went on to say that even such love, perfect as it was, could not entirely satisfy a heart like Mary's; that she always knew the time must come when she should be contented with a sister's place; and instead of regret, felt proud and happy when she found that Mary's heart was gained by one who had loved her almost from childhood—the most dutiful son, the best conducted and most industrious *boy* in the place. "I rejoiced in their happiness, and I encouraged it," continued she; "little dreaming that I was building on the very sand. Garret Mahony was a sailor, and had been more than once abroad; but his father was grown old and infirm, and as he was the last of many children, he made him promise never to leave him again. So he had a good deal of idle time, except when out fishing, and those leisure hours were mostly spent in the company he loved best; while I, proud of my own sweet Mary, and seeing no one in the world to compare with her, never for one moment dreamt that any could look on her with other eyes. One evening Garret came in, and at the first glance I saw something was the matter. Happily, Mary was out; gone to carry home some work; and I was able to bear the first wild burst of sorrow alone. But there was anger too, as well as sorrow; and though I had to bid my heart be still, that I might quiet his, yet it was the bitterest hour of my life.

He told me that his father that morning had questioned him as to all the time he latterly spent here, and that, glad of the opening, he had at once avowed his love for Mary, and tried to speak of her as she well deserved; that his father had listened quietly until he was done, and after he was done, and then at last asked coldly what she had, along with what she was? This was a question that never had occurred to Garret; but he well knew there could be but one answer, and so he told his father, adding, that Mary was more precious than money or land. But the old man smiled, as some will do when they think young hearts have spoken in their folly, and he told his son the time would come when he would see with different eyes. Garret

grew impatient, and was answering warmly, when his father silenced him, and, in a voice of command, desired him to attend. He is a proud and stern man, dear lady, old Maurice Mahony, and with a name for sense that has given him power over all that come within his shadow; so no wonder that his son listened with respect, though his heart was rebelling at every word. The father went on to say that he never knew any good come of marrying a girl that could bring nothing but herself, unless she met with one as badly off, and then they might pull on together; but as long as the husband had any income, the wife that never knew the value of money of her own would think there was no end to his, and would soon grow discontented when her wishes were refused. Then would come extravagance, then anger, then bitterness, then want; and no knowing how many more evils he would have added, only Garret's fiery countenance showed he could bear no further. He changed then so far as to say that this was not out of covetousness, for the day Garret married to please him, he would give him up his share in the hooker, and that was well worth twenty guineas; but that he expected his wife would bring at least as much again; and unless she did, they never should have his consent or blessing.

Garret was cut to the heart. There was a show of reason in his father's words; but it was calculating, heartless reason; so, without pretending to answer it, he tried to touch his feelings; but all in vain. The old man was not to be shaken; and at last poor Garret, as he himself confessed, lost patience, temper, respect itself; and, in words which no child should have spoken, no parent could forgive, reproached his father with cruelty and covetousness, withdrew his promise of never leaving him, vowed to go to sea again, and, sink or swim, never to return till he could bring home an independence for himself and Mary. Oh, lady, those words are few and cold to convey the feelings that were poured like a torrent from his heart! All were mixed and struggling together—anger, disappointment, self-reproach, love for Mary, duty to his father; each feeling so true, and yet so opposing, my very heart bled for him, for her—for all. But before I could well picture the consequences, in came Mary herself, her sweet face glowing from her walk, and from pleasure at being home with me again. One glance, and Garret buried his face in his folded arms on the table; the smile and the color fled from Mary's cheek, and without even a look at me, she sprang forward, and grasping his shoulder, asked wildly what was the matter. I had thought to break this reverse to her myself, to spare him the telling, and her the hearing it from him; but, as I said, she came back before a plan was formed, and now there could be no disguise; his look had prepared her for the worst, and I saw by her terrified countenance that even the truth would be a relief.

And so he told it all again; but this time, oh, how different! The presence of her he loved came like sweet dew upon his heart, and melted away all the fierce and stormy feelings which had made me doubly grieved. With touching, yet manly sorrow and repentance, he related his disappointment and his fault, and he told it to one whose generous nature fully felt his confidence, and lost the first sharp sting of grief in sympathy for the estrangement between the father and the son. She wept, without doubt, long and sadly; but her face was turned away, and she listened, without interrupting, from beginning to end. Then, when all was over, she raised her head; her face was very pale, and her lip trembled; but there was a light in her eyes, and a stedfast look, that made me remember the high, proud spirit of her childish days, and tremble for the words she was about to speak. I wronged her in that passing fear, even I that should have known her well. It was no pride, but a holy resolution that was shining in that earnest look. She laid her hand affectionately on Garret's arm, and in a very calm, low tone, asked him, "Did the old man say anything against *me*, Garret—against myself?" He gave her a look of surprise, almost of reproach, as he exclaimed, "Oh, Mary!" It was enough. A faint smile rested on her lip as her heart told her Garret felt such a thought impossible; and, after a moment's pause, she continued, "Then, Garret, our first thought must be of him. Go to him at once, and gain his pardon for that disrespect, and comfort his heart, even as you did mine, by the *goodness* of your sorrow; You will feel nothing but misery till you have his forgiveness and think how he must be grieving now! Then, for the future, we are both very young, and may well wait, with trust in God and in each other, for the changes time may bring. Your father made no objection to me except for poverty, and as that is no real fault, who knows but he may change his mind."

"Garret shook his head despondingly as he answered, "Ah, Mary, you little know him; but I'll go at once and ask his forgiveness, for, as you truly say, I cannot have rest or peace until I do so. But as to remaining idle any longer at home, when gold is to be made, and happiness depends on it, it is out of the question, Mary! You must not ask me to do that.'

"'But indeed I do, Garret; that *is* what I ask you. You gave a promise to your old father, and you must not leave him. God always grants his blessing to the dutiful son; and would I be the one to tempt you to disobedience, and so provoke his curse! No, Garret; it surely is not *we* that wish for money: all we want is your father's consent; and that would be farther off than ever if you were to desert him, and make him look on me as the cause.'

"Garret still remonstrated; but Mary's simple faith and sense of duty finally conquered so far as to gain his promise to wait one year; and then he declared impetuously that if his father by that time had not changed his mind, he would no longer yield to his unreasonable whims.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

THE HUMA.

"A bird peculiar to the east. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground."

Fly on! nor touch thy wing, bright bird,
Too near our shaded earth,
Or the warbling, now so sweetly heard,
May lose its note of mirth.
Fly on---nor seek a place of rest,
In the home of "care-worn things,"
'Twould dim the light of thy shining crest
And thy brightly burnished wings,
To dip them where the waters glide
That flow from a troubled earthly tide.

The fields of upper air are thine,
Thy place where stars shine free,
I would *thy* home, bright one, were mine,
Above Life's stormy sea.
I would never wander---bird, like thee,
So near this place again.
With wing and spirit once light and free---
They should wear no more the chain
With which they are bound and fettered here,
Forever struggling for skies more clear.

There are many things like thee, bright bird,
Hopes as thy plumage gay,
Our air is with them forever stirr'd,
But still in air they stay.
And happiness, like thee, fair one!
Is ever hovering o'er,
But *rests* in a land of brighter sun,
On a waveless, peaceful shore,
And stoops to lave her weary wings,
Where the fount of "living waters" springs.

"THE SEVEN CHORDS OF THE LYRE."

We translate the following passages from a little French work, "The Seven Chords of the Lyre,' written with much beauty; and evidently the production of a highly imaginative mind; and one over which a wild storm of passion has passed, without leaving desolation and despair in its track; but rather hope and love---not for the individual alone, but hope and love broad as humanity.

TRANSLATIONS.

In all men there is a thirst for the beautiful, and their souls must drink at this source of life or they perish. Human organizations differ; some aspire to the ideal by the spirit, others by the heart, others again by the senses. If you would have these organizations perfect and in beautiful equilibrium, let them conceive the ideal equally by the heart, the spirit and the senses. Extinguish none of these faculties---for all men cannot be led to truth by the same means. Give to those who perceive ideal beauty only by the senses, the sacred nudity of the Venus of Milo, as a preservative against sensuality. If you comprehend art you will know that the beautiful is chaste---for it is divine. The imagination recedes from earth and mounts heaven-ward in contemplating the production of a celestial inspiration, for this is the ideal.

God has placed us in this life as in a crucible, where after a preceding existence of which we retain no remembrance, we are condemned to be tempered and refined by suffering, by struggle, by labor, doubt, passions, sickness and death. We submit to these evils for our advantage, that we may be purified and made perfect. From age to age, from race to race, we accomplish a slow but certain progress, of which, in spite of the denial of the sceptic, there are brilliant proofs.

The soul is a lyre whose chords must all be made to vibrate, now together, and now one by one, according to the rules of harmony and melody; but if these chords, at once so delicate and so strong, be left to slacken or to rust, it is in vain we preserve the external beauty of the instrument, in vain the gold and the ivory remain pure and brilliant. the heavenly voice inhabits it no longer, and this body without soul is but a useless chattel.

Humanity is a vast instrument, whose chords all vibrate under the breath of Providence, and notwithstanding the difference of tone, she produces the sublimest harmony. Many chords are broken, many are false, but the law of harmony is such that the eternal hymn of civilization rises unceasingly, and that all tends to re-establish the accord often destroyed by the passing storm.

Every artist who does not propose to himself a noble and a social end, fails in his work. What imports it to me that he passes his life in the contemplation of a butterfly's wing or the petal of a rose? Give me rather the smallest discovery useful to man, or the simplest aspiration for the good of humanity.

Celestial Spirits to Mephistophiles.

God permits thee to excite to evil but thou canst not accomplish it thyself. Thou canst not move a straw in the Universe; thou throwest thy poison into the heart, but thou canst not cause an insect to perish. Thy seed is sterile if man does not fertilize it by his own malignity; man is free to cherish in his bosom a demon or an angel. L.

Fitche says, there is a Divine Idea pervading the Universe---the Universe itself is but its symbol, having in itself no meaning or even existence independent of it. To the mass of men this Divine Idea is hidden; yet to discover it---live wholly in it ---is the condition of all virtue, knowledge, and freedom.

Goethe calls Architecture "frozen Music;" defines the classic by the word *beauty*---the romantic, *sickly*.

TRUE VIRTUE.

When I set before me true virtue, all the distinctions on which men value themselves fade away. Wealth is poor; worldly honor is mean; outward forms are beggerly elements. Condition, country, church, all sink into unimportance. Before this simple greatness I bow, I revere. The robed priest, the gorgeous altar, the great assembly, the pealing organ, all the exteriors of religion, vanish from my sight as I look at the good and great man, the holy, disinterested soul. Even I, with vision so dim, with heart so cold, can see and feel the divinity, the grandeur of true goodness. How, then, must God regard it? To his pure eye how lovely must it be! And can any of us turn from it, because some water has not been dropped on its forehead, or some bread put into its lips by a minister or priest? or because it has not learned to repeat some mysterious creed, which a church or human council has ordained?

[Channing.

THE UNIVERCŒLUM
AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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

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Humanity is the sum of all men taken together: and each is only so far worthy of esteem, as he knows how to appreciate all