

# 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.

#### ABANDONED WOMEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM,  
BY FANNY GREEN.

Not among the least cheering signs of the times, is the continually increasing interest, and tenderness, now manifested for this numerous, and most unfortunate class. The time is going by, when Purity may fear to sully her own immaculate robes, by contact with the polluted, or the vicious; since it will ever more plainly appear, that throughout all nature, that the Positive is a higher and stronger force than the Negative, and must, necessarily, control it. Hence Virtue, which is a positive principle, will subdue Vice, which is merely negative, and finally bring it into subjection to its own forces. When will the Good—and especially good women—be persuaded to act upon this principle?

It was long thought that all intercourse with vicious women, or even knowledge of them, was incompatible with female purity; and Woman, when she should, in virtue of her sex, have stood forth, as the champion and defender of her unfortunate sisters—to arrest the falling—to protect the fallen—has turned against them, armed in all the terrors of her Minervan panoply; while Man has been only too happy to avail himself of her sad mistake, or her wilful wrong. Woman has done this when she might have reared a wall of impenetrable sanctity, round many a desolate and friendless being, who would gladly have returned to the paths of peace and virtue, were they not all closed against her. She imagines that it is an obligation she owes to her own virtue, to bar her doors against the slightest suspicion of frailty, and plant her foot upon the prostrate neck of the fallen. She assists—nay, she frequently determines the commission of the crime; and then she punishes the criminal, with relentless vindictiveness. But how is this? Let us see.

There are hundreds, and, I doubt not thousands, among the ladies of this city—and they may be found in what are called all the better classes—not the Fashionable alone—but the *Moral*, and the *Religious* are not exempt—whose vanity leads them to obtain the largest possible amount of display, with the smallest possible means. In the materials of dress they will not stint themselves. These must be fine, and rich, and abundant. In order to atone for the deficiency, which this exorbitant draught on the purse occasions, there must be retrenchment somewhere. This is generally abstracted from the prices paid for the work—and, as it were, extorted, from the straining eyes—from the quivering nerves—from the failing life of the poor and miserable worker. To this end they generally apply to the Directress of some large business establishment, who, by making exorbitant and cruel demands on the persons she employs, can afford her work to customers at very cheap rates, and yet reserve sufficient for her own profits. Thus all the vital energies of the poor victim, are wrought into the graceful cap, and flutter in the garniture of the dashing hat; while her very heart's blood goes to color the gorgeous flowers, that blossom in mockery upon the embroidered robe.

But let us take a single one of these unfortunates; for one may truthfully be made the representative of a class—an illustration of the fate of thousands—We will say that she is an orphan—or she may have left her home in the country to obtain work in the city—and is wholly alone and unprotected; or that they who should be her natural protectors, are, from their position—or their own moral degradation, wholly unable to fill their high and important office. It may be that she has but very imperfect ideas of moral or religious obligation; for her whole life, having been one of struggle for mere physical being, how could either her moral or mental nature, have received the proper attention, stimuli, and development?

She seeks employment; and finds that twenty-five cents per day, is the utmost she can command. We see then, that, with uninterrupted health, she can earn just one dollar and fifty cents per week; and with this paltry sum she must board, and clothe herself. One dollar a week is all that she can give for board; and consequently she is obliged to locate herself in a position, whose meanness, and frequently its want even of respectability, in the very outset, furnishes presumptive evidence to the superficial observer, of her own unworthiness, and it certainly holds out a temptation to wrong, and invites impositions of all kinds. The effect upon the poor girl herself is not less mournful. Knowing nothing of the intrinsic nobility of her nature, she finds herself overlooked, or despised by those who assume to be the better classes of people; and she feels herself degraded by her poverty. She loses her own self-respect. She has a social nature; and this nature must, in some form or other, have aliment. She is shut out from the society of the better classes, and from necessity, resorts for companionship to the lower. This is not always the case; but this would be the general law; although there are some bright examples to the contrary, where Nature has impressed the signet of her divinity so legibly, that it cannot be mistaken, either by the person herself, or by any who associate with her; these cases, however, are very rare.

Thus we see that the poor laborer cannot afford the loss even of a single day; and sickness, which almost necessarily results from all the circumstances of her forced and unnatural position, reduces her still lower in the scale of being. How could she be expected to have any of those exalted notions of virtue and honor, which distinguish woman under happier conditions? It would surely be demanding an effect, without a corresponding cause, to look for it. Thus she toils on, with no generous hand to succor her in distress—no friendly being to impart counsel, or to direct her wavering steps.

Thus we see, that even the amount of labor necessary to earn the pittance of twenty-five cents per day, is greatly prejudicial to health; but if she is ambitious, and, like her more fortunate sisters, covets the possession of what ornament she may—or if, as sometimes happens, she has some helpless or sick relation to assist with a moiety of her poor earnings, the strenuous effort frequently becomes fatal.

There she sits, at the still hour of midnight, straining over her hopeless and ill-rewarded task, with inflamed eyes, flushed cheeks, and quivering nerves;—and the great burden of life pressing upon her young heart, with a force that is absolutely

crushing it. Then, when she really *cannot* strive longer—with cold hands and feet, and a colder heart, she creeps away into her miserable bed—to be awakened from her heavy and almost death-like slumbers, with the earliest dawn—again to pursue the same round of thankless, hopeless, live-absorbing toil. Thus it is, day after day, night after night. Others may have holydays, and seasons of refreshment; but to her comes no remittance of labor—no relaxation—no relief.

In the mean time some prowling villain, or his more foul Accomplice, has fixed an eye upon her. She is doomed. The spoiler, secure in his own comfortable lair, watches her continually—knowing that Fate, herself, will be his colleague; and that a relentless Necessity, will eventually thrust her into his arms.

If she is naturally gentle and delicate, he makes his first approaches very cautiously. She is frequently compelled to be out alone, late in the evening. He crosses all her paths. He regards her with tender and loving eyes. If it seems necessary, through her employer, or some other person, he obtains an introduction. He feigns the same passion for her, which he has feigned for hundreds before her. He whispers in her ear the insidious words of flattery. He declares himself the martyr of unrequited affection. He assumes an air of mock sensibility, and lassitude, and seems to be getting thin and pale. He vaguely hints of the bliss of UNION—which the simple and wholly inexperienced girl, may believe is intended to *imply* an offer of marriage—which, however, he is seldom so incautious as to make, directly. He calls high Heaven to witness the sincerity of his love—the solemnity of his vows. The simple and truthful heart flutters with hope. She will be relieved from the pressure of her distress—She will be—Oh, might she dare to think it!—yes, she will be happy—happy as others are—even the gay and beautiful creatures, that are ever flitting, with light and joyous footsteps, along the way-side, painting their bright images for a moment as they pass, upon the small and dirty panes of her of her low basement window. Hope has been long—almost always—crushed in her young heart, but it is an element nature. It must live. And now the tender germs are springing up so freshly, so luxuriantly; and they are already putting forth their tendrils, to cling so trustingly, to the perfidious being, who has only called them forth to rend them into fragments—and boast an ignoble triumph in their spoil.

I do not mean to assert that in all cases the real motive of the seducer is concealed; but in a great majority of cases I believe it is. Circumstances favor his schemes. Heart, strength, and hope, in the young girl, have alike failed. It may be that she is in arrears to her landlady—or that she owes her physician—or that she is destitute of decent clothing—or that she is absolutely famishing for the want of wholesome and palatable food; or all these may be true, as will be likely to occur, if she has been ill. The unnatural effort to live has tasked her strength wholly beyond its powers; and starvation, with its ghastly grinning front, stares her in the face. What can she do more? Her strength is wholly gone; and in the crisis, the amiable Persecuter steps forward, and makes it a merit to save her perishing Body, at the expense of her perishing Soul. And in this position it is not strange that she at first regards him as her only friend. No other voice but his, ever speaks to her kindly—no other eye but his ever looks tenderly upon her—It may be that she loves him, with the first beautiful love of a young and guileless heart. She falls into his arms, a subdued, but not wholly unconscious victim. She learns her error, when it is too late to retrieve the downward step. She is caressed for a little while—ruined, and forsaken.

Oh, how gladly would she even then, return to the paths of virtue. But her character is gone. She can get no work. All respectable doors are closed against her. At the same time her vile seducer goes unabashed into the presence of the most pure. He is admitted to the closest intimacy with the good—and invested with the most sacred responsibilities. Fathers and moth-

ers commit their young daughters to his care, as an attendant to the fashionable party, the theater, the opera, or the assembly room. He sits beside the innocent at Church; and pious ladies smile upon him, as he performs mechanically, but with well-feigned sobriety, his part in the outward ordinances of religion. He receives the emblems of a murdered Christ, from vessels of gold, while, in his polluted heart, the indurating blood of uncounted murders, is congealing into one solid petrification of the blackest crime: and ladies, who would in holy horror, spurn his poor victim from their thresholds, caress him upon all occasions, even with the full knowledge that he is a complete and inveterate libertine. Is this just? yet who shall say that it is not true?

But to return to the poor outcast. The first wrong step being taken, others follow, as a necessary result. There is no friendly hand to check the downward impulse; and she is plunged headlong into the lowest sinks of vice and misery. The bright and evanescent dream is wholly gone; and she wakes to a scene of horror, transcending all conception. This world is but one black waste of bitter and horrible anguish; and through the impenetrable gloom, Religion thunders over her devoted head the awful doom of the future. No kind voice breathes the healing, hopeful words of Jesus; "Daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee; Go and sin no more;" and they who are called by the name of the Divine Master, forget his scathing rebuke to the bigots of old; and, in direct violation of his great law, which requires absolute sinlessness in the punisher, they dare to cast upon her the "first stone,"—to unite in the pelting persecution, before which her character, and her life, are doomed to fall a sacrifice. If by accident she comes in contact with any pious person, (technically so called) she hears nothing but reproaches. She is taunted with the numerous Tracts that have been wasted upon her—with the many Church Privileges she has abused—with the many blessed Offers of Grace she has rejected. Ah, they wholly forget, in their zealous but mistaken care of the Soul, that the poor girl *has* a Body, and that it requires food, and clothing, and rest, as the first and essential conditions of its being. They forget that she has had no time to read tracts—no decent clothes to appear at Church; and that the Offers of Grace could not be heard above the loud and imperative cries of Hunger and of Nakedness.

What wonder that in the reaction of all this bitterness—all this wrong—the victim becomes demoniac, in her nature—that the Woman is changed into a perfect monster—and the once gentle, pure and confiding bosom is made the habitation of a living fiend? But this is not often the case; for the victim generally dies before this state supervenes. She seeks temporary relief from her torture in the intoxicating cup; and henceforth she is nerved only by the energies of an unutterable anguish and despair.

Is this an ideal, or even an overcharged picture? Go, ask the victims of Lust in this Metropolis. Question them feelingly, and earnestly, concerning the story of their early life—their downfall—and progress in crime—and in ninety nine cases out of a hundred, you will find circumstances like these. Has not Society something to do with such facts as this? Has not Woman something—much—both to answer for in the crime, and to do for the restoration and redress of the criminal?

For the honor of the Sex—for the holy love of Virtue—for the crimson blush of Shame—let it no longer be said that Woman, by making the disgrace of a single wrong inexorable, shuts out the female sinner from all hope of reformation, while, at the same time, she takes the Libertine, upon whose guilty soul is wrought the crimson stain of that victim's first crime, into the sacred confidence of her bosom friendship!—Let it no longer be said that the personal sanctity of Woman is sullied by the slightest contact with the vicious of her own sex, while it receives no blemish from the closest union with the vile and profligate of the other! Let it no longer be said, that pious and holy women

—Tract distributors—the Leaders of Classes, and Prayer Meetings, and Benevolent Associations, come into our Churches, flaunting in the garments, from the making of which their own covetousness—their criminal vanity—had abstracted the price of Virtue—the price of Life—and then, and there, strike hands with the Destroyer, and thus become doubly accomplices in his crime! They may envelop themselves in their robes of ten-fold sanctity; but through all the dark plague spots will appear—the crimson stains of the Immolated Purity—of the martyred Life—that was folded in every plait—and wrought in every seam!

I have not alluded to the numerous instances, in which the conductors of large clothing establishments, and others who employ great numbers of the subordinate industrial classes, are guilty of the same wrongs; because I have made this appeal chiefly to Woman—who, if she could be aroused to the true honor and dignity of her sex, would be a universal co-worker in this reform. Let her never more, (through miserable vanity, or wicked selfishness,) withhold the honest and full reward of labor. Let her, as far as possible, seek out worthy and industrious females, and give them her work, at first hand, so that the profits may go to those who actually do the labor; and this, if it could be a general movement, would strike at the root of all that kind of monopoly: and through the influence of Woman, operating in this way, great good may be effected, and a healthful change wrought in the public morals. Let her never be afraid to encourage the return of the erring. Let her always remember, that, under, like circumstances, she too, might have fallen. Let her no longer be the pander and partisan of Vice, by first cutting off the resources of the laborer, and thus closing every avenue to decency and respectability, and then countenancing him, who, taking advantage of the very circumstances she has created, makes it a business to destroy virtue. And should she ever find that her friend—her brother—her son—or even her husband—has wrought this deadly wrong, even upon one of the humblest, let her forego all personal resentment and disgust, which are so natural in such cases—let her seek out the poor victim—not to give new poignancy to the stings of a guilty conscience, by cruel upbraidings—not to enhance the misery of hopeless shame, by bitter reproaches—but to spread over her the celestial *Ægis* of her own immaculate purity—to whisper in her wondering ear the sweet words of forgiveness—to pour upon her prostrate and crushed heart the renovating balm of hope—to lift her up out of the dust, and hold before her the clear mirror of her own divinity. Here is a mission worthy of angels; and angels will, most assuredly, follow rejoicing in her footsteps, and add to hers their own not more holy monitions. Let her, as far as possible, secure to the needy honest and well paid employment, and to the young suitable protection, and kind encouragement. Let her never despair, even in cases apparently the most hopeless, until every word of love has been exhausted—until every stimulus to virtuous exertion has failed—until every means of encouragement has been tried—and found powerless. Let her interpose the majesty of her Medusan shield, not to terrify but to protect the fallen—Let her transfer her smiles, and her favors, from the Seducer to his Victim. Could every woman feel the importance of these duties—and they are nothing less—could any considerable number of our women be prevailed upon to carry out these principles in practice—a great—an inconceivable change would be the immediate effect.

But as I said before, there is a better feeling in regard to this subject springing to life among us: thanks to the sainted Thomas Hood; for his "Bridge of Sighs," and his "Song of the Shirt," with tender and mournful echoes, are, even now, thrilling through millions of bosoms, which, but for those sad strains, might never have known the wrong—thanks to Eugene Sue, who has given us such vivid portraits drawn from individuals of this class; for through these we get nearer to the human hearts, that lie, throbbing in their great anguish—deep—deep—below

the wreck of virtue, and the broken fragments of happiness and hope. Does not the image of the gentle and tender FLEUR DE MARIE stand out amid the depths of prostitution and blackest crime, to rebuke with its angelic sweetness the doubt that there may be good—even there? Does it not invest the whole sisterhood with a kind of sanctity—the sanctity of the human being—the sanctity of Woman—which, however low its possessor may have fallen—however guilty she may be—is still divine. Again I say; thanks to the noble men and women who are laboring in this cause, and a blessing on the Spirit of the Age, which has aroused them from the old insensibility of the Past, and made them feel.

G.

## INDEX TO PHYSIOGNOMY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSCELM,  
BY J. W. REDFIELD.

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### NUMBER IV.

The middle part of the hand relatively to the fingers and thumb, is much larger in infancy than in manhood. It is like a center from which radii proceed. Something of the relation of cause and effect, is really indicated by the round and comparatively large central part of the hand, and the small slender fingers which proceed from it. In infancy what has the relation of cause is greater than what has the relation of effect—in old age the reverse is true. Effects as we very well know, have to be developed, while the cause is primary; and infancy is a comparatively undeveloped condition of the human being; while old age is a condition of the overproduction of effects and of exhaustion of the sources from whence effects proceed.

Let us make this as clear as possible. Gravitation, on which weight depends, as a first law of matter and is recognized as the cause of certain results. Weight is indicated in the fore-arm on its further side, and this index is comparatively larger in infancy than at any subsequent period. Infants manifest a superior degree of the faculty of Weight in the disposition to lift every thing they can lay their hands on, and in supporting the weight of their bodies before they are able to stand. Again, the division of matter, on which number depends, is the primary condition or cause of lightness; and Number is indicated by the eight bones of the wrist, which are comparatively largest in childhood. Again, the roundness of substances, on which form depends, is that which surrounds or includes quantity, and as such is the primary condition or cause of size. When we wish to represent the size of any thing, we can do nothing but represent form or the circumference which includes size, and then size follows as a matter of course. Thus form has the relation of a cause; and the index of this faculty is comparatively largest in infancy, as we shall see.

### INDEX OF FORM.

The quality of matter which we call *form* is of primary importance in relation to the properties and attributes of matter in general. Hence we use the word "forms" to express the identity of objects, but we never designate things by calling them sizes. We say too that busts and images of natural objects, are *formed* by the hands of the artist—and by a kind of parity of reasoning we say that all things are fashioned by a Divine hand. It is truly the Divine within man which not only makes the human mind an image of itself, but which forms the body into a likeness of universal Nature as well as of the mind to which it corresponds. We call the body the human *form*, as if form comprehended the whole of it; and so it does in a certain sense, for it surrounds and includes size, and all the organs which compose the system.

For the representation of an object, form is essential and cannot be varied, but size is not thus essential, and admits of vari-



ation. We may make a portrait of a plant or animal of a larger or smaller size if we choose, but the form must always be the same. It cannot, however, be said that we make the *likeness* of an object without expressing truth in reference to its size.—Form cannot depart from proportion, which includes size and number, and hence a true portrait must always express the truth in relation to size as it expresses the truth in relation to proportion. Every artist knows and observes the essential importance of giving definite proportions to all things which have to be represented above or below their natural sizes, as in the drawing of insects and the larger animals, or in magnifying and diminishing the size of the human body.

The index of the faculty of *form* is the *length of the two bones of the hand next the thumb*. These are the two metacarpal bones at the side of those which were said to be the index of Size. In judging of the form of an object by the hand, the part over the index of Form is applied to it most closely—as in judging of the size of the object, the part of the hand over the index of Size is applied most closely. This is very easily proved by making the experiment. In examining the head phrenologically, for example, we wish to ascertain both the form and size, and when we are judging particularly of the former, the index of Form is brought most in contact, and when we are judging particularly of the latter, the index of Size is brought most in contact.

In artists, as a general rule, the body of the hand is longer than in other people, indicating a greater degree of the faculty of Form and Size. The index of Form is particularly large in Sculptors, and those who mold and fashion vessels; and is large also, in those who represent forms by lines, as do limners, or by outlines merely, as in cutting the patterns of dresses. The French show a super-eminent degree of this faculty not only in the fashion of dress, but in all their works of art.—Form is characteristic of every thing French, extending to their manners, and predominating over proportion in their paintings, sculpture, and works of art in general. In agreement with this the index of Form, is more remarkable in them as a nation than in others.

From infancy to manhood, this faculty and its index are relatively greater than from manhood to old age. It may be observed that a comparatively greater size and length of the body of the hand, next the thumb, is a characteristic of the infant hand, and that a comparatively greater size and length of the hand on the side with the little finger is a characteristic of the hand of old age. This agrees with the mental difference between the two. Children are very fond of molding and forming, making use of clay, dough, and every material which they can obtain for that purpose, showing an exuberance of the faculty of Form which must find exercise for itself, and which is exhibited less as they grow older. These are things for which old people show a marked indifference, and in which they make no attempt to please children, though they do it in so many other ways. The faculty of Form being in them much diminished, while other faculties are growing stronger, they have no disposition to employ it. They are comparatively indifferent to the form of their dress, except that it shall be as old-fashioned as possible; and have the name of not being proud, merely because they do not appreciate and observe form as they once did. When children, they showed an excessive regard for the fashion of their clothes, as children always do. What a vast distance lies between their present, and their childhood years—what a long journey they have traveled to have changed to the very opposite in every thing! And yet we see that the bond between opposites is stronger than any other—and this is the bond which makes youth so well remembered, and which unites the old and the young so closely.

Birds have the index of form, in the long metacarpal bone of the wing, and they manifest a superior degree of the faculty in the structure of their nests. Those which make the most cu-

riously formed nests, and those which mold them of soft materials, have the most of this index. The beaver, the mole, the squirrel, the mouse, are all of them mechanics in their way, and have the index of form large.

#### INDEX OF SHAPE.

It may be supposed that shape is synonymous with form, but it is not precisely so. Roundness is the first element of form, as it is this which encircles and includes size; and the surfaces of objects to which we apply the word *form*, are such as are described by curved lines, more than by straight ones. On the contrary, the first element of *shape* is the cube with its right angles. This does not surround, and therefore does not properly contain anything which can be regarded as one, and does not admit of the definition of form. All fluids, electricity as well as water, are naturally contained in receptacles, the outlines of which are described by curves, and not in vessels, or rather boxes, which have straight lines for their surfaces. In the latter the contents have a tendency to escape at the angles, for an angle is no surface at all. This is the case with electricity, as well as with denser fluids. Roundness, and squareness, are the opposites of each other, and to the former we generally apply the word *form*, and to the latter the word *shape*. We designate every variation of these in the same way. We speak of the form of a vessel, and the shape of a box; of the form of a cupola, and the shape of a spire; of the form of an apple, and the shape of a rock; of the form of a rounded human figure, and the shape of one that is emaciated and angular.

The index of the faculty of Shape, is the *length of the long bone of the fore-arm, called the radius*. It lies at the side of the index of Weight, and is on the same side with the thumb. This bone of the fore-arm articulates with the wrist, and the other articulates with the elbow. We are thus able to turn the hand and fore-arm, which animals having only one of these bones cannot do. Objects in general which are very heavy, as rocks and the ores of metals, are crystalline; and hence it is appropriate that the index of Shape should be in the fore-arm along with the index of Weight. Rocks being moved with difficulty, and having straight surfaces are particularly adapted to habitation, even without the interference of art; and to be made more so they call into exercise the faculties of Shape and Weight very particularly, the one in squaring and planing, and the other in lifting them. Shape is appropriate to the habitation of objects that are to possess the most distinct identity, like human beings, as form is appropriate to the containing of objects that are to lose their identity, and to be regarded as one. As the rounded surface secures its contents from escape, and is the most effectual against incursions of individuals from without, so the figure of a dwelling is the best security against the ingress of fluids, as winds and water from without, and the most effectual barrier to escape from within.

It is natural to use the index of Shape in connection with the sides of a cube or other crystalline figure, as it is natural to use the index of Form in connection with rounded and curvilinear surfaces. There is something very natural in applying the arm on the side of the radius to the straight edge of a book, or any square figure, as if the index of shape were a standard by which the sides of such objects should be estimated. Hence the cubit or fore-arm was taken by the ancients for the measure of buildings, temples, alters, and all straight surfaces.

But why should the index of this faculty in relating to the shape of objects be applied also to their measurement? The reason is simply this. Shape has an intimate connection with number, the angles which belong to the primary shape, being just eight. As these angles have no surface, nor size, of course they are only as so many points or centers, and can relate only to number. A form has but one surface, but a cube may be said to have six surfaces, being divided into these by eight lines or edges. Hence the index of Shape in relating to the shape, or entire surface of an object, must apply itself succe-

sively, and being of a particular length, it produces measurement. Thus we see that between the mensuration of solids, and the mensuration of liquids, there is a perfect agreement in reference to the number eight, and an order in agreement with what we recognize as harmony in music.

It is natural to divide the cube into eight parts by two middle lines on each of its surfaces—and crystals, as we very well know, are composed of smaller crystals, all observing the same rule of division. Thus it is clear that shape has an intimate connection with number, and we see the reason why the index of shape is articulated with the index of number, or with the wrist. We see too, that the periodical number in numerical computation should be eight, as it generally is in the measurement of solids and fluids. It is naturally included and expressed in the index of shape, or the length of the bone of the fore-arm called the radius. This is properly the *cubit*, and it is as naturally divided into halves, quarters, and eighths as the cube itself, which cannot be said of any other measure.

In those who are particularly fond of straight lines and angles, the index of Shape is larger than that of Form. It is not so large in sculptors as in architects. The Faculty of Shape increases with later years, as the faculty of Form diminishes, and the index is relatively larger in old age than in childhood. The inner bone of the arm, which is the index of Shape, being relatively longer than the outer, which is the index of Weight, the hand of the old person is inclined somewhat outwards, while the reverse being the case in infancy, the hand is inclined somewhat inwards. The old person is as partial to straight lines and angles, as the young person is to the opposite. His body too, and all his features become more and more angular, so that it is more natural to speak of the *shape* of these, than of their form, while it is evidently more natural to speak of the *form* of a child's features than of their shape. In architecture old people show the greatest partiality to straightness and angularity; and a marked distinction between the architecture of old civil or ecclesiastical systems and those of youthful growth is that the former is straight and sharp, even its *arches* becoming *angular*, while the latter is more rounded, like the Capitol at Washington, and like the churches which once exhibited arches that were parts of a circle, and which supported cupolas, instead of spires. The last monument of antiquity ere it expired of natural old age, was a simple pyramid, and this was the *tomb* of the departed.

#### SYMMETRY.

The union of form and shape constitutes SYMMETRY. In the most perfect beauty of the human body, and of features, there is no more roundness than angularity, and no more angularity than roundness, but both are equally and harmoniously blended. Form is intimately connected with size which relates to a single object, and has but a single point or center—and Shape is intimately connected with number, which relates to more than a single object, and has eight points. Hence Proportion which is the result of Size and Number, is intimately connected with Symmetry, which is the result of Form and Shape, and both together constitute BEAUTY. From this it is easily seen that the necessary condition to the talent of an artist is an equality between these several elements, and that the result of these is just that which he aims at—the creation or imitation of the beautiful.

Sir Walter Scott says, "There are corpse-lights, called in Wales *Canhwyllan cyrrh*, which are seen to illuminate the spot where a dead body is concealed. Some years ago, the corpse of a man drowned in the Etrick, was discovered these by means of candles. Rustic superstition derives them from supernatural agency, and supposes that as soon as life has departed, a pale flame appears at the window of the house in which the person has died, and glides toward the church-yard, tracing through every winding the route of the future funeral, and pausing where the bier is to rest. This and other opinions relating to the tomb fires' livid gleams, seem to be of Runic extraction

#### EVOLUTION OF LIGHT FROM THE HUMAN BODY.

Any inorganic bodies are rendered luminous, and emit light, under a variety of circumstances. The diamond and other minerals possess this property. The property of many animals to emit light as a vital function, is well known. On land, the glow-worm, the fire-fly, and the lantern-fly, are the most familiar examples. Small species of medusæ are the chief source of that beautiful and remarkable phenomenon, the luminousness of the sea. Oceanic illumination is exhibited in two distinct forms—either that of a diffused sheet of light expanded on the surface of the ocean, or the waves appear to sparkle with intermitting and often vivid scintillations. These are observed most distinctly when the crests of the waves are broken by the wind, by the transit of a ship, or by the stroke of the oar.

Flash'd the dipt car, and sparkling with the stroke,  
Around the waves phosphoric brightness broke.

This property does not, however, simply appertain to creatures that are extremely minute in size. The *medusa pellucens*, discovered by Sir Joseph Banks, measured six inches across the crown, and is one of the largest and most splendid of the luminous creatures of the deep; the *pyrosoma Atlanticum*, *Mediterraneanum*, and *giganteum*, are also brilliantly luminous; their dimensions vary from five to fourteen inches. Nor is this property confined to animals low down in the scale of creation. On the contrary, the property may be traced upwards through all the intervening links of the chain of animalization. Hosts of Infusoria, even of fresh water species, are luminous. Among the Polypi, the pennantula, or sea-pen, emits a light so brilliant that by it the fishermen are reported to see fishes swimming near it. Several naturalists have given accounts of certain fishes having been seen to give out light, while alive in their native element.

It is the received opinion of naturalists and physiologists, that in luminous animals, both terrestrial and marine, the light emitted is the consequence of an evolution of an imponderable agent by the nervous system of the animals, just as the electrical fishes give their shock without the interposition of any visible or ponderable secretion. And as this imponderable agent becomes visible under certain circumstances during life, or after death, in all organic creatures, so it may be supposed to dwell in a latent form, in connection with all kinds of life, and to belong to every link in the great chain of creation, from the monade to man.

The luminosity of bodies after death is most familiarly shown in crabs, lobsters and fishes, but it also occurs under certain circumstances in animals higher in the scale. Bartholin ("De Luce Animal," p. 183), relates that at Montpelier, in 1641, a poor old woman had bought a piece of flesh in the market, intending to make use of it the day following. But happening not to be able to sleep well that night, and her bed and pantry being in the same room, she observed so much light come from the flesh as to illuminate all the place where it hung. A part of this luminous flesh was carried as a curiosity to Henry Bourbon, Duke of Conde, the Governor of the place, who viewed it for several hours with the greatest astonishment.

That the human body becomes luminous under certain circumstances, is well known to most medical men whose pursuits have connected them much with the dissecting-room. Dr. Hart relates,—"Having had occasion to enter the dissecting-room of the Park-street School of Medicine on a dark, damp night in 1827, my attention was attracted by a remarkably luminous appearance of the subjects on the tables, similar to that which fishes and other marine animals exhibit in the dark. The degree of illumination was sufficient to render the forms of the bodies, as well as those of muscles and other dissected parts, almost as distinct as in the daylight. This luminosity was communicated to my fingers from contact with the dead bodies, from any part of which it could be removed by scraping it, or

wiping it with a towel. I observed that the surfaces of the dissected muscles were brighter than any other parts."

In the thirty-fourth volume of the "Cabinet Cyclopaedia," Mr. Donovan mentions a singular case which occurred at the Richmond Hospital School of Medicine in the year 1828. "The body of a girl about thirteen years of age was laid on the dissecting-table; there was nothing remarkable in its condition: it was summer. In some days a white smoke began to exhale, which increased for two days, and then became very dense. There was no more fœtor at first than in ordinary cases, but at length a smell so intolerable arose, that it was necessary to remove the body to the vault. I occasionally watched it, but nothing further occurred; the smoke in a few days more ceased."

It is not impossible that this dense white vapor would have proved luminous if seen in the dark. But curious as these phenomena are, they are far surpassed in interest by the instances of the evolution of light from the living human subject, first brought before the notice of scientific men by Sir Henry Marsh, Bart., President of the King and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland. The following is the statement which first drew Sir Henry Marsh's attention to the subject:

"It was ten days previous to L. A.'s death, that I first observed a very extraordinary light which seemed darting about the face and illuminating all around her head, flashing very like an aurora borealis. She was in a deep decline, and had that day been seized with suffocation, which teased her much for an hour, and made her so nervous that she would not suffer me to leave her for a moment, that I might raise her up quickly in case of a return of this painful sensation. After she settled for the night I lay down beside her, and it was then that this luminous light suddenly commenced. Her maid was sitting up beside the bed, and I whispered to her to shade the light, as it would awaken Louisa. She told me the light was perfectly shaded. I then said, 'What can this light be which is flashing in Miss Louisa's face?'

"The maid looked very mysterious, and informed me she had seen that light before, and it was from no candle. I then inquired when she had perceived it; she said that morning, and it had dazzled her eyes, but she had said nothing about it, as ladies always considered servants as superstitious. However, I got up, and saw that the candle was in a position from which this peculiar light could not have come, nor, indeed, was it like that sort of light; it was more silvery, like the reflection of moonlight on water. I watched it for more than an hour, when it disappeared. It gave the face the look of being painted white and highly glazed, but it danced about and had a very extraordinary effect. Three nights after, the maid being ill, I sat up all night, and again I saw this luminous appearance when there was no candle, nor moon, nor, in fact, any visible means of producing it. Her sister came into the room and saw it also. The evening before L. A. died I saw the light again, but it was fainter and lasted but about twenty minutes. The state of body of the patient was that of extreme exhaustion. For two months she had never sat up in the bed. Many of her symptoms varied much from those of other sufferers in pulmonary complaints whom I had seen, but the general outline was the same."

Upon this statement Sir Henry Marsh remarks, that the fact is certain, the source whence he derived it authentic, and the circumstantial detail clear and conclusive. The person, he adds, from whom he derived the knowledge of this interesting fact, is one of a clear head, superior power of observation, and utterly exempt from the distortions and exaggerations of superstition.

Extraordinary as the foregoing case may appear, it is not without parallel. Sir Henry Marsh relates, that he was himself in attendance, in 1842, upon a young lady who was in the last stage of pulmonary consumption. She had read in the newspapers a brief notice of the communication which he (Sir

Henry) had, a short time previously, brought before the College of Physicians, upon the evolution of light in the living human subject; and feeling deeply interested in so remarkable a phenomenon, had more than once, during his visits, directed her conversation to that subject. It is, therefore, the more remarkable that she should have subsequently exhibited the very same phenomena in her own person, as it would intimate that imagination, terror, or some other influence, exciting the nervous system, had been an active cause in either predisposing the body to, or actually producing, the phenomena in question.

Sir Henry Marsh relates that he received the following statement from the sister of the patient:—"About an hour and a half before my sister's death, we were struck by a luminous appearance proceeding from her head in a diagonal direction. She was at the time in a half-recumbent position, and perfectly tranquil. The light was pale as the moon, but quite evident to mamma, myself, and sister, who were watching over her at the time. One of us at first thought it was lightning, till shortly after we fancied we perceived a sort of tremulous glimmer playing round the head of the bed; and then recollecting we had read something of a similar nature having been observed previous to dissolution, we had candles brought into the room, fearing our dear sister would perceive it, and that it might disturb the tranquillity of her last moments."

The experimental philosopher Boyle describes his servant as having brought to him, on the 15th of February, 1662, while in his bed, some veal which had caused alarm by its shining in the dark, and which he yet describes to have been in a state very proper for use.

It has been supposed that a close analogy exists between this luminous property of bodies which would probably be more frequently observed but for the universal objection which there exists to the company of the dying or the dead in the dark, and spontaneous combustion of the human body. This would indeed appear to be the case in a certain degree, but to the simple evolution of light there must evidently be superadded the new conditions of decomposition attended by the evolution of inflammable gaseous matters or of a system saturated with spirituous or alcoholic drink. The case which occurred at the Hotel Dieu, and an account of which was communicated to the *Académie de Médecine*, and in which the whole body was emphysematous and studded with vesicles filled with inflammable gas, and the whole abdomen was distended with the same, illustrates the first condition; the general diffusion of fiery stimulants and even their expiration in a gaseous form, may be best illustrated by one of Majendie's barbarous experiments. "Half an ounce of olive oil, in which two grains of phosphorus were dissolved, was injected into the crural vein of a dog. Before the syringe was completely emptied a dense white vapor began to issue from the nostrils, which became faintly luminous on the removal of the lights. An additional half ounce of phosphorated oil, of equal strength, was then injected, and the lights extinguished. The expirations immediately became beautifully luminous, resembling jets of pale colored flame pouring forth from the nostril of the animal. This extraordinary spectacle continued until the death of the dog, which occurred in five minutes."

There is, however, a more immediate analogy between the facts now recorded and the lights which have been so frequently seen over isolated graves and in common burial-grounds. From this phenomenon, Moore has derived a beautiful and highly poetical simile.

Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,  
No genial ties enwreath it;  
The smiling there, like light on graves,  
Has rank, cold hearts beneath it.

In "Earl Richard," an ancient ballad published in Sir Walter Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," these lines occur:

And where that sackless knight lies slain,  
The candles will burn bright.



It can be easily understood that if the human body can be shown to evolve light before dissolution, and to exhibit luminosity after death, that so subtle a matter may escape through the earth and appear over graves, thus really leading sometimes to the discovery of crime. It is more curious, however, that some persons have a greater susceptibility to such luminous appearances than others. Baron Von Reichenbach relates the following example:

"The wish to strike a fatal blow at the monster superstition, which, at no distant period poured out on European society from a similar source such inexpressible misery, when, in trials for witchcraft, not hundreds, not thousands, but hundreds of thousands of innocent human beings perished miserably, either on the scaffold, at the stake, or by the effects of torture; this desire induced the author to try the experiment of bringing, if possible, a highly sensitive patient, by night, to a church-yard. It appeared possible that such a person might see over graves, in which mouldering bodies lie, something similar to that which Billing had seen. (This is an allusion to an instance previously given.) Mademoiselle Reichel had the courage, rare in her sex, to gratify this wish of the author. On two very dark nights she allowed herself to be taken from the Castle of Reichenberg, where she was living with the author's family, to the neighboring church-yard of Grunzing. The result justified his anticipation in the most beautiful manner. She very soon saw a light, and observed on one of the graves, along its length, a delicate, breathing flame; she also saw the same thing, only weaker, on a second grave; but she saw neither witches nor ghosts. She described the fiery appearance as a shining vapor, one or two spans high, extending as far as the grave, and floating near the surface. Some time afterward she was taken to two large cemeteries near Vienna, where several burials occur daily, and graves lie about by thousands. Here she saw numerous graves provided with similar lights. Wherever she looked, she saw luminous masses scattered about. But this appearance was most vivid over the newest graves, while in the oldest it could not be perceived. She described the appearance less as a clear flame than as a dense vaporous mass of fire, intermediate between fog and flame. On many graves the flame was four feet high, so that when she stood on them it surrounded her up to the neck. If she thrust her hand into it, it was like putting it into a dense fiery cloud. She betrayed no uneasiness, because she had all her life been accustomed to such emanations, and had seen the same, in the author's experiments, often produced by natural causes.\* Many ghost stories will now find their natural explanation. We can also see that it was not altogether erroneous, when old women declared that all had not the gift to see the departed wandering about their graves; for it must have always been the sensitive alone who were able to perceive the light given out by the chemical action going on in the corpse."

This various susceptibility of persons appears to be analogous to the different degrees of receptivity, which it is well known is observed in persons to the ordinary phenomena of electricity. With regard to the subject of corpse-lights, there would be little difficulty indeed attending it, if they always remained stationary over the graves; but it seems well established that that is not the case. There are numerous stories, proceeding from very respectable quarters, proving the contrary. Mrs. Crowe relates two instances, which she says she had from a dignitary of the church, but we have only space for one of them.

"A female relation of his had occasion to go to Aberystwith, which was about twenty miles from her home, on horseback, and she started at a very early hour for that purpose, with her father's servant. When they had nearly reached the half-way,

fearing the man might be wanted at home, she bade him return, as she was approaching the spot where the servant of the lady she was going to visit, was to meet her in order to escort her the other half. The man had not long left her, when she saw a light coming toward her, the nature of which she suspected; it moved, according to her description, steadily on about three feet from the ground. Somewhat awe-struck, she turned her horse out of the bridle road, along which it was coming, intending to wait till it had passed; but to her dismay, just as it came opposite to her it stepped, and there remained perfectly fixed for nearly half an hour, at the end of which period it moved on as before.

"The servant presently came up, and she proceeded to the house of her friend, where she related what she had seen. A few days afterward the very servant who came to meet her was taken ill and died; his body was carried along that road, and at the very spot where the light had paused, an accident occurred which caused a delay of half an hour."

Another story is related by Mrs. Crowe, on the authority of Mrs. Grant, which is to the effect that a minister, newly inducted to his cure, was standing one evening leaning over the wall of the church-yard, which adjoined the manse, when he observed a light hovering over a particular spot. Supposing it to be somebody with a lantern, he opened the wicket, and went forward to ascertain who it might be; but before he reached the spot the light moved onwards; and he followed, but could see nobody. It did not rise far from the ground, but advanced rapidly across the road, entered a wood, and ascended a hill, till at length it disappeared at the door of a farm-house. Unable to comprehend of what nature the light could be, the minister was deliberating whether to make inquiries at the house or return, when it appeared again, seeming to come out of the house, accompanied by another, passed him, and going over the same ground, they both disappeared on the spot where he had first observed the phenomenon. He left a mark on the grave by which he might recognize it, and the next day inquired of the sexton whose it was. The man said, it belonged to a family that lived up the hill, indicating the house the light had stopped at, named M'D——, but that it was a considerable time since any one had been buried there. The minister was extremely surprised to learn, in the course of the day, that a child of that family had died of scarlet fever on the preceding evening.

This is a very complicated phenomenon. Mrs. Crowe remarks upon it: "This last fact, I mean the locomotion of the lights, will, of course, be disputed; but so was their existence; yet they exist, for all that, and may travel from place to place, for any thing we know to the contrary." Indeed, science presents us with a fact remotely analogous to what Mrs. Crowe relates. Dr. Priestly tells us of a gentleman who had been making many electrical experiments for a whole afternoon, in a small room, and who, on going out of it, observed a flame following him at some little distance. It is well known that the ignis fatuus, or elf-candle, of bogs and marshes, moves from place to place as if animated. A remarkable account is given by Dr. Shaw, in his "Travels in the Holy Land," of a light that appeared to him and his traveling companions in the Valley of Mount Ephraim, and attended them for more than an hour.

The possibility of the light derived from human bodies becoming impressed with the outline or stamp of the human form itself, is a subject of still more curious and complex inquiry, to which we propose to return in another paper. It involves the theory of specter lights, and is capable of much more philosophical illustration than would, *a priori*, be imagined. It only remains to remark, in connection with the luminousness of the human body before death, that both Sir Henry Marsh and Mrs. Crowe inquire if the soft halo of light thrown around the head by the ancient masters, in Scripture paintings, may not owe its origin to this appearance.—[Bentley's Miscellany.]

\* The luminous appearances obtained from the human body by the agency of animal magnetism, ought properly to have been noticed in the earlier part of this inquiry, as illustrative of an analogous order of considerations.

# THE UNIVERCÆLUM

AND

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1848.

### THREE DAYS AMONG THE HILLS.

MANY thoughts and forms of luxury have been sought, and sung; and every voluptuary, every philosopher, and every poet, has his own idea of some Elysium, whether fancied or real, which contains within itself the purest elements of earthly happiness: and with the Reader's permission I will give mine, since this is the age of theories, and a man can hardly take his breakfast, plant his corn, try on his new coat, correct his children, salute his friend, or cheat his neighbor, but you may find, if you look deep enough, some *system* lying at the bottom of his act, by which the act itself is to be measured, or justified. My theory of pleasure is, that the cup of this world's joy never bubbles to the brim with brighter sparklets than when some toiling Editor escapes from the right angles, the hot and flashing side-walks, the high imprisoning walls—the unnatural splendor, and still more unnatural misery, of a great city—and snapping his fingers in the face of his office-imp, he goes forth to cleanse the dust away, alike from brow, heart, and soul, in the pure air, and fresh waters of the country. If there ever is a clear refreshing light to visit his bewildered eye—if there is any balm in Gilead for his burning brain—or a thought of truth, and beauty, and love, to bless with its spontaneous blossoming his seared heart—or expend with its divine fulness his cramped and contracted soul, it must be then.

With these pleasant anticipations it is not strange the heart sprang lightly to welcome its recession of toil, and period of refreshment, in a brief transit from the artificial to the natural—from the city to the country; as accompanied by our good friend and brother, the Editor of the *LANDMARK*, I set off to visit some friends at Bellville, a beautiful little village on the Passaic, about four miles above Newark, New Jersey.

Among all the features that mark the progress of the age, there is none more perfectly developed than the spirit of Locomotion; and in this respect New York is most especially favored. The Metropolitan City is the center—the heart—of a great arterial system of ingress and egress, reaching, in the far distance, over bay, ocean, river, mountain, gulf and prairie, like a bond of universal brotherhood; and spreading a net-work of interchanges, which seems to cover every possible want, round the home-city and all its suburbs—like the ever-multiplying ties of domestic and social love, between neighbor and neighbor, friend and friend, brother and brother. All this is good; and in it is bound up much more of good—which I must pass by at the present time, only noticing one of its most important features. It is this, that the cheapness of these conveyances enables the poor to refresh themselves, while they indulge their tastes and social natures, by short excursions to the country, in any direction they may choose—and all for a few pennies. A blessing on New-York for this; and it will be rife in the production of other blessings, since there is a determination in all good to multiply, and extend itself infinitely.

Passing over to Jersey City, we took seat in the cars for Newark, at half past five o'clock in the evening, with the prospect of a shower hanging over us, yet with a buoyancy of spirit which it would take more rain than we apprehended to damp. Just before entering the cars we met with that chiefest road-side blessing, friends traveling in the same direction—one of whom was Mrs. Tufts, the highly gifted *Claire Voyante*; and so the atmosphere of our way-faring was rendered pleasanter by the pre-

sence of familiar faces—of friends—who added to our joys by dividing them with us.

On the right, as we passed along, lay the unshorn hills, and Elysian Fields of Hoboken, in all their inviting greenness; and the cliffs of the former were literally whitening with the profusion of bramble blossoms—whence it is to be hoped that the poor of our city and its neighborhood may reap an abundant harvest of their luscious and wholesome fruits.

At Newark we separated from our friends, they finding a wagon in waiting to convey them to Bellville, and we to take seat in the stage for the same place. Accordingly we adjourned to a court-yard, where innumerable vehicles were fitting off to all parts of the adjacent country. We were crowded into a light stage-wagon, where we had a fine opportunity to test ourselves in regard to the quality of patience—a privilege for which I fear we were not then proportionably grateful. It seemed as if all the mutation of the age had been suddenly condensed, and fallen upon that parallelogram of compactly stowed human bodies; for the passengers were changed, exchanged, interchanged, and rechanged, until apparently no other combinations of change could be produced; and this occupied a long half hour; meanwhile the temperature of the atmosphere rose to suffocating heat, and that of our spirits would have sunk to its antipodes, only that there was so much to amuse in the various incidental expressions of character, evolved by the temporary collision of interests, that we quite forgot to repine at our detention. But an extra wagon being fitted out, and the right groups, with all their appurtenances, being at last chosen, and extracted, we set off—the driver, having resigned his seat to a gentleman, walked alongside;—and we were quite a merry little group, though strangers, numbering in all seventeen human souls, including two children, whose minus of weight was counterpoised by the overplus of three ladies, whom we could willingly make room for, since their good nature was as expansive as their corporeal dimensions. A fair average then we were of seventeen well conditioned bodies—with only two horses to draw us; and if they did not complain we should not. Ah, the poor dumb creature! How few there are to remember his sufferings, or to feel that his comfort, his strength, his life, are continually at the mercy of human selfishness, and cruel and murderous wrong!

Newark is a pleasant little gem of a city, though in passing through, we could only get glimpses of the fine old trees, and its beautiful central square, with here and there a handsome seat. The houses generally, as seen from the road, appear small, and void of ornament; but there were many little dots of cottages, literally covered with roses, peering out from the right angles of the homelier buildings, and peeping through the distant openings, with their Sabbath thought of peace and rest, amid the working-day world about them.

Presently the lovely Passaic came in view, bordered with fine old willow trees. Its green banks sometimes spreading out into flowery meadows, then rising into abrupt cliffs, gave a pleasing variety to the landscape. The stream itself was so perfectly smooth and placid, that at first it appeared a lake; and it was only from its continued extent that I perceived it was a river.

The apprehended shower came up before we reached the village; and there I was left under the escort of another friend, while Mr. Ingalls took wagon for a neighboring town, where he was engaged to lecture on his favorite topic, Land Reform. It was raining pouringly when we drew up in front of a fine old mansion, sitting in its green nest of ancient willows, that seemed to incline their pensile verdure as we approached, as if personating at once the old hospitality, and the ever fresh and living affections, of the friends we were to find. Under this roof it was my happiness to realize my highest ideal of a perfect family. The parents and sister, in intellect and heart, being fully conscious of their responsibilities, while they are amply able to



meet them; and the children most happy specimens of the effects, which naturally and necessarily follow such causes.

Here let me observe that the Father of the family was educated for the ministry; and while he had all the talent and genius which must have led to the highest success in that profession, he voluntarily relinquished it, as a false position; and he is now a hard-working man, obeying, with a cheerful heart, and a ready will, the primary law of Nature, and of God, that every human being shall, practically, assist in supplying his own wants, and contributing to those of others, by doing his full proportion of hand-labor—that so the great masses of men may, in due time, attain to the possession, or restoration, of their primeval right—to exercise not their hands only, but their hearts also, and their minds. In this condition is manifested the true Idea of God in the creation of Man—the physical, mental, and moral nature all strong, vigorous, and developed in beautiful and harmonious proportion.

The Mother and Sister were cradled in the arms, and nursed on the lap of Slavery, surrounded from birth by all of splendor that could dazzle—by every thing of luxury that could enervate; yet they comprehended the injustice of the distribution which doomed others to labor, while it left them only to eat the fruits of unpaid toil. With a moral greatness and strength, which were but ill prefigured in the spirit of Hercules, they broke away from the toils of the old Custom—they trampled necessities and propensities under their feet—they emancipated, at once, their slaves and themselves; and they are now living the beautiful life of True Reformers—of which, indeed, most reformers seem to know so little—doing their own work, and educating their own children; for the Aunt, as well as the Mother, has a partnership in these healthful and pleasing duties. Their whole life is a holy ministry,—which is written, in characters of love, upon the hearts of all who know them; and its vital influence shall expand, and radiate from bosom to bosom, and from generation to generation; for every true Life must maintain relations which are infinite, with all other Life, both of the Present and the Future. When this spirit comes to prevail in the world, as it will, and must—the day of Peace, and Plenty, and all-pervading Love will have dawned—when the universal family of man shall go forth to their great field of labor, hand in hand—together dropping in the seed—together resting from the noon-day heat—together reaping the common harvest—strengthening, comforting, and encouraging each other—emulating each other only in goodness—and if the barriers of Mine and Thine are permitted to remain among them, they shall never be stronger than the wants of a suffering brother. Cannot even the selfish see the beauty of such a system—and that too, through the very medium of their selfishness? Cannot they see that the only direct and certain path to the Individual Good is through the Common Good?—Angels would linger charmed, in a world like this; and the smile of God would rest, like perpetual sunshine, upon the outspreading face of it; for the smile would be only the outbeaming spirit of the Love of God, which had pervaded its whole substance, and essence, and penetrated to its inmost heart! Such a world as this must ours yet be, when the misery, the sin, the shame, the tyranny, the servility, and the selfishness of man, will no longer be held up as a reproach to God; but universally the whole human being will be developed into a fair image of the glory of other spheres. And he who, amid the conflict of the present, conforms his life to this great idea, shall anticipate within his own soul the millennial reign of Peace and Love—and amid all external strifes and war-farings, he shall fold his serene faith, like a drapery of light around his bosom; and fixing his eye on God alone, go forth to labor for his fellow man—knowing that only in works of Love is the divinest joy of angels—only in Love is manifest the supreme blessing of Our Father—and through it, even the humblest of his children may enter into and partake of the Happiness of God. G.

## FRAGMENTARY REFORMS.

THERE is in human history a sad exhibition of results induced through contending antagonisms. Not that they have wrought no good, but have invariably revived the evil they sought to destroy. Whether we look at moral, social, religious or political reforms, the philosophic mind is impressed with the fact, that all have been partial and circumscribed in their operations and aims. The innovator no sooner obtains for his movement a worldly importance, than he begins to set up for it the same preposterous claims that caused him to dissent from the old organization, and there is soon developed the same corruptions which appeared so shocking to him in that; for labor as we may, we cannot possess the dominions of Mammon, without first falling down and worshiping him. Unfortunately the Church of every name and time, has but poorly followed the example of the Master, in this respect.

But Sectarianism is not confined to the Church; probably had not its origin there. Indeed, there are not wanting those whose "one idea" is to irradiate the religious element in man, that by so doing they may cure that superstition under which the race suffers; and from opposing the sects which appeal to the Bible as authority, become themselves a sect, and that not without bigotry, whose only object is to bring that book into disrepute. Again, there are "come-outers," who cannot walk with the Church under any name, because she does not lift up her voice against the social and political evils that afflict mankind, and reprove the wickedness of the age; and directly they become as intolerant as those they declaim against. Thus Protestants have most arbitrary creeds; Republicans have a systematic party rule, as hostile to personal freedom as monarchy itself; Progressives entertain some favorite scheme, the advantage of which calls the mind away from contemplating the general interests of the race; Non-conformists prepare fearful excommunications for the dissenters; and Non-resistants a pillory, labeled "Refuge of Oppression," wherein to mangle the characters of all who go beyond, or fail to come quite up to their standard of humanity.

One of the great causes of this party dictation, which attends all movements, is the necessity to which they all have to submit of using worldly forces, of employing wealth with its present despotic influence over the man. Was it not for this, sectarianism, either social or religious, could have no existence. That antagonism which so often puts on the garb of virtue would then be seen to have its origin in the jealousy of the one against the other, for appropriating the means, necessary to a partisan existence. The latest form of slavery is that of the man to the money; destroy that, and you "let the oppressed go free, and break every yoke;" but while society continues to give to Gold a right to the life, liberty and happiness of mankind, so long will all reforms necessarily be fragmentary, and every advance movement will become in a greater or less degree sectarian.—For no reform movement can be started without the use of wealth, and the moment that is employed, we assume toward the race, the same position which that sustains. We find it necessary to use the wealth, and hence become interested in perpetuating its influence. But once suppose the influence dispelled—man freed from this unnatural enthrallment, the ambition and avarice of all restrained by mutual agreement, truth and right, and goodness followed for the love of them; and, immediately, all hostility would cease; because none would have, or be accused of having, interested motives in advocating or opposing any scheme, and all would be ready to entertain the propositions of others, as to offer their own.

It would appear that the time must soon arrive, when a reaction in favor of union will take place. So numerous and entirely useless have the divisions and subdivisions become, that thinking people are becoming disgusted with all. The result to which this tends cannot be mistaken. Sick of contention

and profitless attempts to better our social or moral condition by such means, we shall seek out some catholic movement for the general good, and a light which will illuminate all our positions and reveal the pathway to conjoint and harmonious action.—“Universal Brotherhood” will then be the watchword of all; distributive justice the means all will employ to forward their aims; and a charity which thinketh no evil, will pervade every heart, so that each will be permitted to labor for the cause of truth and righteousness, with its own means, and in his own way.

We are not, therefore, disturbed when we note the eccentricities of the different movements, knowing that all must ultimately fall into the regular orbit, and revolve in harmony around the great central Source of life and motion; and while we regret the blindness which now induces these antagonisms, we look forward with hope to a day, not far distant, when this strife shall cease, and men, from laboring in isolation and competition with each other, shall unite their energies in promoting human enjoyment, and moral and social advancement.

J. K. L.

## ANNIVERSARY WEEK IN BOSTON.

EDITOR UNIVERCELUM—

As you are engaged in the cause of humanity, I take it for granted that you are interested in every enterprise, and movement, that has for its object the amelioration of man's debased and suffering condition, and his elevation in the scale of life, and therefore I hasten to apprise you of the movements among the Philanthropists and Reformers, of the great Athens of America, on Anniversary week. This season, in Boston, is of far greater consequence in the eyes of the people, than is the same period in the city of New York.

Some how or other, this seems to be the center of all radicalism—the converging point of all revolutionary and reformatory power. From the days of the celebrated “tea plot,” until now, the leaven of reform has been working until it has finally almost leavened the whole lump. There are more Abolitionists, or Anti-Slavery men in Massachusetts, than in any other State, in proportion to its size, in the Union. There is more Anti-war feeling too, as is known to most politicians, at least throughout our land. There is a stronger and more determined opposition to the sanguinary code of “blood for blood,” than in any other state. *Social Reform* too, has taken a deeper root here than in any other place in the United States. Indeed the masses are more liberal and enlightened on all subjects, in Massachusetts than in any other state. It is no more than natural then, to expect a signal demonstration in favor of man's nature and rights, in this city, on Anniversary week. It is what I ardently looked for, and have been gratified to behold.

The streets of our usually quiet city, have been literally alive with the throngs of earnest and hopeful women and men, who are pledged to labor and struggle for oppressed, down-trodden and bleeding humanity—Yes! women, are not mere passive beholders of the great movements in favor of individual and social reform, but they are among the most active and untiring laborers—standing up and nobly battling for humanity and truth. Yes! the women of Boston, are rendered conspicuous in the Reform movements of the day, giving their presence,—their assistance and their smiles, to all self-denying, earnest and true laborers in the cause of right. They may be seen in crowds, sitting modestly and attentively listening to the earnest words of the moral heroes, whose “meat and drink” it is to advocate the cause of an oppressed world. These devoted representatives of the gentler sex, are not idle either, when sitting hour after hour, as they frequently do, in the same seats, but are busily engaged with their hands, many of them knitting, or performing some similar manual service. Heads and hands are engaged in the work of reform at one and the same time. Fairs in behalf of the Prisoner, the Slave, and the intemperate, furnish abundant

employment to the hands, as well as the heads, of their devoted female friends. It is neither strange, nor disreputable, for a female to engage in such works as these:—it is, as I before intimated, by the warm sympathy and hearty co-operation of the Ladies, that the New England reformers have so much noble perseverance, indomitable courage and fire of soul. It is I believe fully established in most parts of our common land, as an immutable fact that, whatever the ladies sympathize with, and take hold of, must, and will succeed. The empire of woman over the stubborn heart of man, if not omnipotent, is sufficiently great, to control in a measure, his whole moral life. When the women throughout our common country, are truly alive to the great evils that afflict society, the remedy will soon ensue.

But to the main topic in hand,—the reform meetings, and their most striking features during the past week. We propose to speak here, only of those associations which are strictly unsectarian in their character, and which are designed for the elevation of man, and his salvation from the present evils of life. It is well known that there are a great number of societies that come together on Anniversary week, which are sectarian in their character—which have for their object the up-building of a party in religion, or the advancement of a theological dogma.—However interesting such meetings may be to sectarists, and dogmatists, to me they present no attractive features, and I think would prove uninteresting to the readers of your paper.

The first gathering then which I shall mention, as presenting a noble and humane object, is the peace meeting which was convened on Monday night. The objects of this society are, “the dissemination of peace principles, to the subversion of all national, and civil war.” The annual discourse was delivered by Orville Dewey, D. D., of your city, one of the most talented men, and one of the most liberal, as well as profound thinkers of the age. It needs no recommendation of mine, to impress the New-York readers with the exalted character and attainments of this Christian Philosopher. Dr. Dewey is generally regarded here, as standing in the place of the late Dr. W. E. Channing, that consistent Philanthropist, and noble reformer, whose reputation is world-wide. Dr. D. pronounced a very eloquent discourse on the evils of war, and the blessings of peace. The manner of the speaker was easy, free from pomp and pedantry, and his style was simple, terse and impressive. He began his theme, by remarking that it was one with which conscience is concerned, if it can be supposed to be concerned with anything on earth. The question is, whether men ought to love or hate one another—whether they ought to do each other good or evil—whether they ought to kill or spare; that is the question of war. He gave in a condensed form the statistics of war, and remarked upon the impossibility of comprehending the subject. He supposed an inhabitant of a far distant planet, to be able by the aid of a powerful telescope, or other instrument to view our earth, with all its pandemonium scenes of war, oppression and blood, and said that the natural conclusion would be, that this was the hell of the universe, the place where fallen spirits were sent to suffer and to wreak on each other the vengeance of the damned. He alluded to the expenses of war, and the intolerable burden it imposes, and said that the laboring people of England, had to pay an annual interest of \$140,000,000, on a national debt incurred by war.—With the treasure thus expended, the whole earth might be cultivated as a garden. A battle, said he, is no argument. Physical strength and martial force, settle no questions of justice; they are not exponent of right.

On the simple question of defense, Dr. Dewey gave his views in full. If assaulted in his own house, or in such a way that he could not appeal to any man for help or protection, he might defend himself, even unto blood. And a people or nation similarly situated, might defend their firesides and liberties. But the right of defense was always to be limited by justice and moderation.

Everything connected with this meeting went off happily, except the conduct of some clerical dignitaries, seated near me, whose captious remarks and undignified deportment, disgusted as well as annoyed me. And these were professed, *liberal* preachers, only they happened to belong to another sect than Dr. Dewey. It is astonishing how sectarian some men are in their ideas and feelings. Nothing is good that does not emanate from their party. When will men learn to look charitably on all—and sit modestly in the presence of an advocate of truth.

I will briefly remark in this connection, that Dr. Dewey also delivered an address before the American Unitarian Association, in the following evening, which made quite an impression on the large and intelligent auditory convened, to celebrate the anniversary of that large and growing society.

The greatest meetings, however, that we have had, are the meetings of the Anti-slavery society. They commenced on Tuesday morning, and closed up on Friday night. It is astonishing how much enthusiasm there is in this cause of Anti-slavery among the people of New England. Vast numbers were congregated in the city, from different parts of the country. Every seat in the Melodeon (a large and spacious building, capable of seating 12, or 1400,) was constantly filled. Conspicuous among the attendants were the Quakers. They are, it is well known, among the warmest friends of reform. They are quiet, but earnest and faithful opponents of war, slavery and sanguinary laws. No sect of Christians are so palpably true to their professions, as are the Quakers. They *talk* but little, but *do* much. I wish some of our liberal Christian friends would imitate their example. There is altogether too much talk, and too little work. The men who profess and preach the most about human brotherhood, are in too many cases recreant to their principles—spend their time disputing about their dogmas. As Dr. Dewey said, they are so busily engaged in proving the truth of their doctrines, that they have not a moment of time to give to their practice. Let Christians practice what they profess to believe, and a better state of things will inevitably follow. I am weary of this everlasting preaching about the Paternity of God, Universal Brotherhood and the Redemption of all souls, because I see so much recreancy to these sublime truths among those who talk loudest and longest in their behalf. This *work*—principle is the redeeming trait in the character of these anti-slavery men. There is a good deal of radicalism—much that is exceptionable in their manner and style, but I am fully persuaded that they are earnest workers for humanity, and therefore bid them God-speed in all laudable efforts. They have no disposition to “deny the Lord that bought them,” for the sake of popularity, or a few “temporal crumbs.” They expose every dishonest pretender to truth, and tear off the robes of hypocrisy which envelope the sectarian religious world. They are a little hard on the clergy and church, I sometimes think, but then again I reflect on the corruption of both, and think on the whole that it is well enough to administer an occasional rebuke to them. Some of the noblest spirits of our country are engaged in this work; such men as W. H. Channing, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Parker Pillsbury, are among the warmest friends of the Abolition of Slavery.

No cause in this country, can show more intellectual strength, than the Anti-Slavery cause in New England, notwithstanding, so much is said about radicalism and denunciation. These men are honest, for they act what they think and feel. They do not pretend to be friendly to Abolition, and let the “slave rot in his chains.” They sympathize with the slave enough to lift up their voices in his behalf, and expose the hollow-heartedness, and hypocrisy of his pretended friends. It is a very easy matter to sit in one’s parlor, surrounded by every earthly comfort, and pity the condition of the poor slave,—it is a very simple matter to say from the pulpit, that the time is coming when, “there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy, in all the holy mountain of our God.” But another and a different matter to go forth, like men and

brothers to battle for freedom, for humanity and for God. I have been highly entertained and instructed, and my soul almost set on fire, by the burning words, and glowing enthusiasm of these reformers. No meeting has seemed to me so interesting as this, or has appeared so really alive with holy and determined zeal. God bless these noble spirits, and give them full success in their ardent efforts to free the oppressed.

The next in importance among the reform meetings may be named the “League of Universal Brotherhood.” This society is young, and its meetings have not yet attracted public attention much. Elihu Burritt the “learned blacksmith,” is, I believe one of the originators of the institution. The object of its organization is, to diffuse light on the subject of man’s *brotherhood*, and the consequent obligations resting on him to act in a fraternal spirit toward the race. War is deprecated as the sorest evil, and the greatest outrage to the nature and the rights of man. Some good speaking was had, and quite a warm desire manifested for the progress of the principles of peace, liberty and justice. The recent demonstrations in France and Europe generally, were happily referred to, and the “signs of the times” represented as being most hopeful. Indeed European politics, made a prominent topic of discourse in nearly or quite all of the reform meetings of the day. The recent outrage in Washington, on the persons of Capt. Sayres, and his two men, have called forth the condemnation of every friend of liberty and human rights. The recent political ferment in Baltimore, together with the general agitation of the subject of the Presidency, furnished themes of discourse.

Not among the least, although noticed among the last, were Associationists meetings. These were held during the last day, and were characterized by a good degree of earnestness and warmth. The Associationists of Boston are deserving of high commendation for their fervent and unabated zeal in behalf of their cherished views. Without attempting to pronounce upon the truth or falsity of their theory, as a whole, (which we confess we do not full understand) one thing is clear that social reform of some kind is needed. Their main propositions that Society is wrongly constructed and labor unattractive, and miserably compensated, are immutably true. I cannot escape the conviction that we are unnaturally, while in this state of social degradation and social wrong. I am convinced that a radical reform of society is needed, but of the precise remedy for all existing evils I am not fully convinced. I am glad, however, to see light thrown upon the subject of man’s social degradation, and to listen to the appeals of a Channing, a Greeley, a Goodwin and a Ripley. They are all working men—showing that their souls are really alive with the great truths of man’s redemption from social wrong. It was with pleasure, therefore, that I listened to the voice of Channing, so earnest in the cause of social reform. No man do I respect more for his sincerity, or for his deep love for mankind. His life is devoted to the cause of Association, and I pray that he may live to see his most sanguine hopes in their behalf realized, and the social system purged of its corruptions, and made strong with truth and love.

A few words in relation to the institution called the “Universalist Reform Association,” and I close. This body although called a “Reform Association,” is so thoroughly sectarian in its organization and character, that no good can possibly arise from it, to the mass. I dropped in an hour or two, on Thursday, and observing that the speakers were mainly desiring to glorify their sect, I betook me to a more practical and universal gathering. In the morning a “report” as it was called was read by Rev. H. Bacon, of Providence, in which he endeavored that all men were becoming Universalists, and that seemed to be the most glorious and comprehensive idea, he embraced. Instead of hearing some measures suggested by which suffering humanity was to be succored and relieved, I was entertained with the usual cant about “Partialists and endless woe.”



But I promised at the outset that I would say nothing about the sectarian movements of the week. As this however, has an outward pretence to Reform, I have just alluded to it, in order that no one might suppose I had purposely omitted mentioning a single reform gathering of any note.

Much more might be said on the subject of these meetings—and many practical and useful reflections drawn. But I have already protracted these remarks to an unusual length, and will therefore close.

D. H. P.

### MR. KING'S DISCOURSE.

On Thursday evening last, Rev. E. H. Chapin assumed the pastoral charge of the society worshipping in Murray street. The discourse on the occasion was delivered by the Rev. Mr. King, of Charlestown, Mass.; and whether we regard its merits as a literary production, or the truthfulness of its philosophy, it was worthy to rank with the noblest efforts of the Christian Pulpit. It is not our purpose to attempt a synopsis of the discourse, as nothing short of Mr. King's notes would enable us to do him justice. The subject was the several ideas or phases of Christianity. The speaker dwelt at some length on the expiatory theory, passing in review, and with poetic effect, the triumphs of the Church, and the long succession of illustrious names who have shed the inextinguishable light and glory of their genius through the splendid fanes and around the altar places of the old worship. We think it must have been evident even to the most devoted advocate of the propitiatory system, that his views were represented with singular fidelity.

The second general idea, founded on the Christian Religion, was appropriately distinguished as the "consolatory idea or theory;" the object of which, as appeared from the speaker's remarks, was not so much to remove the existing evils, to purify man and promote a high spiritual life, as to console and reconcile him under existing evils, by promises of future good. This part of the discourse contained a brief, critical analysis of this theory, the justice of which could hardly be questioned by any unprejudiced mind.

We were next presented with the true idea, as we conceive—Christianity a Spirit and a Life—Religion not as an opinion, a speculation, a mere hypothesis—not a dogmatic theory or an outward form, consisting of creeds and resolutions, but an inward and eternally unfolding Life, and a daily Practice becoming ever more beautiful and divine. In this view of the subject, the true religious life was seen to be the natural growth of the soul, and the equal culture and harmonious development of all its powers; and that the measure of happiness, here and hereafter, must be graduated by the intrinsic purity of the individual soul, and the standard of its own development.

We respond to the views of Mr. King as truly as we admire his manner of presenting them. Seldom, indeed, do we meet with a clergyman so eminently free from religious prejudice, and qualified to occupy a position so far above the selfish aims of dogmatists, and the arena of partizan strife. It is only the truly philosophic mind that is thus fitted to perceive the real relations of men and things, and to do justice to the separate claims, and distinctive peculiarities, of all sects and systems.

S. R. B.

ALL NATURE is in continued action; every death is a new life evincing renewed activity; and this activity procures development. The work of creation may be truly said to be going on now with as much celerity as ever, as all things are tending to unity and perfection.

Z. B.

THE Autobiography of an Old Chimney has been necessarily suspended, on account of the numerous engagements of the Author. The publication will be resumed in a few weeks.

### Original Communications.

#### THE ERROR AND THE TRUTH.

BY EDWARD PALMER.

HOWEVER unable we may be to account for its origin, there certainly is a fundamental error in human action and intercourse, which leads to very lamentable consequences. Though naturally noble, confiding and generous, man finds himself involved in a system which from the beginning develops him falsely, restricts the exercise of his best affections, and constrains him into a distrustful, calculating, arbitrary and exclusive, instead of a free, spontaneous, and benevolent course of action. This false and perverting system, is the legitimate result of this important primary error. It is an entirely mistaken course of action, which amounts to no less than an inversion of the moral nature. It is the prolific cause of all disorder and injustice, enmity, strife and violence. And these effects cannot be avoided in any other way than by avoiding the cause, i. e. correcting this radical error at the heart of life.

That there should have been error in the early stages of human progress, is not very strange; and it is certainly wise and proper to correct it as soon as we can when discovered, that we may develop ourselves truly, and go on our way with harmony and joy. It is evident that there must be a great change in primary education and development, which shall lead to a corresponding change in all human action and intercourse. It is only through and in accordance with the free exercise of the benevolent affections, that moral beings can truly and happily deal with each other. Their moral nature precludes the possibility of being favorably influenced in any other way. All arbitrary or coercive measures of every kind and degree, are immoral, and all exclusion of any from confidence and sympathy, necessarily disastrous. It is only by the generous, confiding and magnanimous appeal of each to the generosity, confidence and magnanimity of the other, that true harmony can be attained. Nothing short of the entire abandonment of the selfish, arbitrary and exclusive, and the full, free and hearty adoption of the benevolent and fraternal principle of action, can answer the purpose. Justice demands the free exercise of love, and nothing but love, from all to all. As all are by nature benevolent and generous, it is unjust for any to act otherwise than benevolently and generously to any. Perfect justice cannot be satisfied with anything short of perfect benevolence, for justice and benevolence are one. To be just to ourselves we must be confiding and benevolent to others, whatever may be their character or conduct to us. To be true to our own nature, we must act spontaneously and generously to all; as it is by free and benevolent action only that we can truly elevate and enrich ourselves, as well as others; whereas self-preferment, arbitrary or exclusive feelings exercised towards any, whatever be their character or conduct to us, contracts and depraves us, as it does them, and makes us truly poor and mean.

It is so perfectly in accordance with the deepest instincts of our nature, and affords us so much true and heartfelt satisfaction to be benevolent and generous, that we can well sacrifice what in our ignorance may appear to be our exclusive and individual interest, and thereby secure what is in reality our true interest and happiness, in promoting the interest and happiness of all. In truth there can be no such thing as sacrifice, or real loss, except to those who are so short-sighted and foolish as to exercise selfish, arbitrary or exclusive feelings, and thus injure themselves, by violating the deepest and most vital law of their own-being—the immutable and all-pervading law of Love.

True happiness is found not by seeking it for its own sake, or for ourselves individually, but in self-abandonment, or the forgetfulness of self, in that deep, broad, instinctive Love, which prompts us spontaneously to seek the highest universal good. It

comes then as the natural consequence of acting in harmony with the true order of nature; and the opposite course necessarily leads to the opposite result.

Those in all time, who have taken least thought for themselves, and have sought most truly and widely to promote the interest and happiness of others, have without doubt thereby most effectually secured their own. So truly and beautifully does it develop the moral nature, and so really does it expand and elevate the character, while the opposite course so contracts and degrades it, there need be no wonder that one who, centuries ago, eminently taught and exemplified in his life this true course of action, should have been literally worshipped by so many of his fellow men ever since.

Mankind are yet in almost total ignorance of the infinite resources of their own nature. They cannot, in the moral blindness consequent upon their present false condition, conceive of the vast advantages of a true course of action. We can only know these by being true to all the instincts of our nature—yielding implicit obedience to the law of Love, the great central law of Life—and thus coming into unity with the infinite source of Life, Light and Love. Just so far as we do this, shall we be enlightened to know and understand ourselves and others aright, and no longer judge superficially, but by looking deep enough to see the good which is in all, shall have a confidence in, and a love for all, which nothing can possibly destroy. Nor shall we be disposed to condemn any for aught that they may do or say, while in their present inverted and deranged condition.

He who knows man truly, knows that sympathy and encouragement is what he needs and deserves, not distrust and condemnation. It is certain that he cannot be coerced by any physical power, or outward necessity, into a true course of moral action. But if generously dealt with, and his deepest and best feelings thus truly appealed to, from the inmost center of his own being, freely and truly, spontaneously and nobly will he act, in beautiful harmony with all the laws of God around and within him.

It is the tendency of increasing civilization, refinement, and expansion, to produce a tone of thought and feeling unfriendly to the Church spirit, to reliance on church forms as essential to salvation. As the world advances, it leaves matters of form behind. In proportion as men get into the heart of things, they are less anxious about exteriors. In proportion as religion becomes a clear reality, we grow tired of shows. In the progress of ages there spring up in greater numbers men, of mature thought and spiritual freedom, who unite self-reverence with reverence of God, and who cannot, without a feeling approaching shame and conscious degradation, submit to a Church which accumulates outward rigid, mechanical observances toward the Infinite Father. A voice within them, which they cannot silence, protests against the perpetual repetition of the same signs, motions, words, as unworthy of their own spiritual powers, and of Him who deserves the highest homage of the reason and the heart. Their filial spirit protests against it. In common life, a refined, lofty mind expresses itself in simple, natural, unconstrained manners; and the same tendency, though often obstructed, is manifested in religion. The progress of Christianity, which must go on, is but another name for the growing knowledge and experience of that spiritual worship of the Father which Christ proclaimed as the end of his mission; and before this the old idolatrous reliance on ecclesiastical forms and organizations cannot stand. There is thus a perpetually swelling current which exclusive churches have to stem, and which must sooner or later sweep away their proud pretensions. What avails it that this or another church summons to its aid fathers, traditions, venerated usages? The spirit, the genius of Christianity is stronger than all these. The great ideas of the religion must prevail over narrow, perverse interpretations of it.

[WM. ELLERY CHANNING.]

## Original Poetry.

### CREATION.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

#### I.

##### INTRODUCTORY.

THE things of old created were not made  
For Nature's end, or man's abiding goal;  
They are but tide-marks on the sea of Soul,  
Deep in the will of the Eternal laid,  
Whereon, in living characters arrayed,  
Are records of the wave-like Thoughts which roll  
Their crested surge along the soundless Whole;  
The unseen Deep by visible Height portrayed.  
In them we read a far diviner lore  
Than speaks their language to the outward sense,  
Of a Creation which forevermore  
Goes on, the life-breath of Omnipotence;  
Mutation teaching of the Immutable—  
Nature's prophetic tale of Man the Miracle!

#### II.

##### GENESIS, CHAPTER I: VERSES 1, 2.

In the Beginning, ere the Man-Soul was,  
God sent his Word into the veiled Abyss,  
And on that being was begotten this.  
Formless and void, the Spirit by no laws  
Divinely stirred, lay silent; on its deep  
Did ancient Darkness awful Sabbath keep,  
Ere Thought leaped wave-like from the Great First Cause  
Whose Spirit moved upon its surgeless sleep.  
Dreams, passions, hopes and aspirations blent  
Chaotic, for as yet light was not, and the fire  
Of Love within its primal shrine was pent;  
Life, scarcely budded to its first desire,  
Lay germ-like, silent, waiting to be born,  
When God should rise and shine upon the Soul's first morn.

#### III.

##### VERSES 3-5.

The filial Word, Creator uncreate,  
Who since, incarnate, dwells with mortals, spoke,  
"Let there be Light!" and sudden glory broke  
Full on the Soul, with beams of arrowy fate  
Piercing old Darkness where in gloom he sat;  
The Spirit rose and flung aside the yoke  
Of his black bondage, and with lightning stroke  
Clove down the terrors of its embryon state.  
Then God divided Darkness from the Light,  
Making sweet change of glad and solemn mood,  
Earth's want and mournfulness he named the Night,  
Heaven's brightness, Day; and lo, 'twas very good.  
Thus grew the Man, lit yet by dubious ray,  
And grief and gladness marked the waking Soul's first day.

#### IV.

##### VERSES 6-8.

Then God stretched out the blue arch of Repose,  
Waters from waters in the Soul dividing,  
The gulf-like passions—erelong to be tiding  
To serene hope with giant swell—from those  
Which soft in dewy aspirations rose,  
Desires, that, back in liquid blessings gliding,  
Freshen all blooming kindnesses. Now riding  
Aloft in heaven, as some high maiden goes,  
Queen-like, white Hope commands that silent blue,  
Save when she merges into Trust's full blaze;

But then unborn, their promise melted through  
 The all-broad sky, in floods of mellow haze,  
 Primeval prophets of diviner light,  
 When sun and moon and stars should reign o'er day and night.

## V.

## VERSES 9-13.

Then spake the voice of the Omnipotent,  
 "Let dry land be!" and sudden from the dash  
 Of weltering passions rose, sublime and fresh,  
 Enduring Purpose, like a continent  
 Based on rock-strata of the Gods-will, rent  
 Never by waves its giant cliffs that lash.  
 "Let herb and grass above the earth appear!"  
 And blooming kindnesses made warm by love,  
 With verdant joy, sprang, gladdening the young sphere,  
 While dew-like askings, answered from above,  
 Showered down in blessings, ripening the full ear  
 To fruits of bliss on every corny spear.  
 The advancing Soul, its three-days progress done,  
 Blest as it might the Power in whom its life begun.

## VI.

## VERSES 14-19.

Again the Soul that potent fiat hears,  
 And the blent beams of Trust and aimless Hope  
 Which formless streamed o'er all the azure cope,  
 Rushed to their centers, fashioned into spheres,  
 High potentates of the immortal Years;  
 There sun-like Trust did morning's splendors ope,  
 Here Hope's moonbeams, and all the starry troop  
 Of Verities, pierced Night with glittering spears.  
 Set in the heavens of Thought, with regal march  
 They wheel forever their majestic round,  
 Leading the Ides through being's sky-broad arch,  
 And goring Darkness with recurring wound.  
 The fourth day's labor day and night divides,  
 Man's seasons rules, and sways even sea-deep passion's tides.

## VII.

## VERSES 20-23.

And God said "Let the depths of sea and air  
 Bring forth their life," and lo great phantasies,  
 With cold, far-diving, deep philosophies,  
 From Thought's profound and Passion's coral lair,  
 Immense and multitudinous sprung there.  
 All bright-plumed fancies spread their wings to rise,  
 Fresh-pinioned ardors clove the nether skies,  
 And sound and song and glee rose everywhere.  
 Each nestling joy chirped from its tiny grot,  
 White-winged affections sought their sweet dove-cote,  
 The raven's cry and owl's long sob marred not  
 The gayer notes they joined from fields remote:  
 The fifth day saw the fast advancing soul  
 With a more earnest life along its glad way roll.

## VIII.

## VERSES 24-27.

Another pulse of the Great Heart whose beat  
 Is the creative fiat, and once more  
 Newness of life, yet deeper than before,  
 Out of man's God-will springeth. Courage meet  
 With lion-heart, Patience with tortoise-feet,  
 Ox-like endurance, fiery-breath'd disdain  
 Of earth, high-bounding with exulting mane,  
 And all proud virtues more and more complete.  
 Then, over all and of all,—their combined  
 Perfections yet perfected,—rose supreme  
 And Godlike MANHOOD, wherein dwelt enshrined  
 The infinite I AM, whose glorious gleam

Woke the Memnonian harp-strings of the sky,  
 While all the sons of God shouted for joy on high.

## IX.

## CHAPTER II, VERSES 2, 3.

Then came the deep rest of Eternity  
 Hushing the boundless Soul with boundless love;  
 And serene Worship, like a mother-dove,  
 Over all life and sense stretched gloriously  
 Her pure white wings majestic as the sky,  
 All things were holy, and divine thoughts ran  
 Like native pulses through the heart of Man,  
 For God kept Sabbath in humanity.  
 Round their fixed centers of eternal Trust  
 Revolved the star-like Verities of Life  
 Jarless and beaming, and no meteor-burst  
 Startled the heavens with gleams of sensate strife,  
 But endless peace to endless action wed  
 The eternal Seventh-Day blest and hallowed.

## INDIAN BRIDAL SONG.

BY FANNY GREEN.

A blessing, Narragansetts! for the gentle Waumasi;  
 A blessing, Wampanoags! for the young Nanuntenu;  
 The Sachem's lodge will brighten, at the coming of his bride,  
 When she sitteth down beside him in the pleasant eventide.

Bright is the eye of Waumasi, as fairest morning star,  
 When o'er the eastern hill-tops it looketh from afar;  
 Her cheek is soft with blushes—her footstep light and free,  
 And her figure sways to motion like the graceful willow tree.

The Spirit of our Fathers shall look on them and smile,  
 When they sit within the cabin of the Sachem's leafy Isle;  
 The Winds are rife with blessing—and the Trees harmonious wave,  
 To consecrate the union of the Gentle and the Brave.

May their hunting grounds stretch far away from Narragansett's  
 shore,  
 And the ringing of the White Man's ax be silent evermore.  
 May their cornfields teem with plenty, and their clustering  
 children be  
 The glory of their sachem-race—the Leaders of the Free.

Joy to the Narragansett, and terror to his foe;  
 For the Spirit of the Mighty is in his bended bow—  
 The great pride of a kingly race is living in his eye—  
 And from its waking vengeance the boldest warriors fly.

At the echo of his coming step the strongest hearts shall quail;  
 And at his lifted tomahawk the bravest blood turn pale;—  
 As a rock amid the ocean-storm in danger he will be—  
 To shield his Fathers' country with the bosom of the Free.

The chain of Peace shall brighten, and the belt be strong and  
 true,  
 That binds great Metacombet to the young Nanuntenu.  
 A blessings, Narragansetts! full as yonder swelling tide!—  
 A blessing, Wampanoags! for the Sachem and his Bride!

LET me not to the marriage of true minds  
 Admit impediments. Love is not love  
 Which alters when it alteration finds,  
 Or bends with the remover to remove:  
 Oh, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken:  
 It is the star to every wandering bark,  
 Whose worth's unknown, although his light be taken.

[SHAKESPEARE.]



## Miscellaneous Department.

LAMARTINE:  
THOUGHTS ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

WE do not wish to falsify one truth in order to redress another. We do not believe society ever had or can have the right to give or take life. We think, and it is not necessary to tell you that our thoughts are wholly individual, that it never will have that right. Society being, as we believe, necessary, it has all the privileges essential to its existence; and if in the beginning of its formation, in the imperfections of its primitive organization, and the destitution of its repressive means, it thought that the power of punishing the guilty was its supreme right, its only means of preservation, then it had the power of punishing without being criminal; because it punishes *in conscience*. Is it the same to-day?—and in the present state of society—armed with sufficient force to repress and punish without shedding blood, sufficiently enlightened to substitute moral and corrective sanction for the sanction of murder—can it legitimately remain a homicide? Nature, reason, and science unanimously answer, no! The most incredulous may hesitate, for their minds are still in doubt. But the day when the law giver doubts a right so terrible,—the day when, in contemplating the bloody scaffold, he recoils with horror and demands if, while punishing one crime he has not committed another—from that day the power of punishing by death belongs to him no more. For what is the doubt which can only come to a resolution after the head has rolled from the block? What is the doubt which suspends the headsman's ax, which in its fall cuts the chord of life? It is, if not a crime, closely allied to feelings of remorse!

Man can do all, every thing, except create. Reason, science, and association have submitted to him the elements. He being the visible king of creation God has given to him nature; but in order to make him feel his nothingness, amid the witnesses of his grandeur, the Creator has reserved to himself alone the mystery of life.

In reserving life, he evidently says to man, "I reserve to myself the power of causing death also. Thou shalt not kill for thou canst not restore life. To kill is to transcend thy prerogative. It is the usurpation of my divine right. It is to do violence to my creation. Thou canst kill for thou art free; but in order to place the great seal of nature upon this inviolability of human life, I give to the victim the horror of death, and his blood shall cry eternally against the murderer."

Nevertheless the seal of nature was broken by the first violent death. Murder became the crime of the wicked, and we must say it, the defence of the just. As the right of defence or preservation, it became deplorably lawful. It arrayed man against man as it arrayed the tiger against the tiger. Society was formed, and while in its first rudiments, it dispossessed the individual and took the laws into its own hands. This was the first step. But in loading itself with this power society confounded vengeance with justice, and consecrated that brutal law of retaliation which punishes evil by evil, washes blood in blood, casts a corpse upon a corpse, and says to man, "Observe, I but know how to punish crime by committing it!" And still this law was just; I am deceived, it appears just, since the conscience of mankind knows no other. If this law was just, was it moral? No, it was a carnal law; a law of impotence, of despair. It but established the revenge of society for the revenge of the individual.

An obtuse instinct revealed to it the need of rising to moral sociability, and substituting respect of life for the bloody profanation of the sword. History is full of these efforts. A sensible dulcification of manners signalized them everywhere. Tuscany and Russia still bear witness to the fact. Christianity finally pointed out to humanity the dogma of spiritualization.

Wickedness and crime became the only victims immolate. From that time society having in its christian spirit remitted all vengeance to God, had but too acts to accomplish: to protect its members from the taints and recidivations of crime, and to correct the individual while punishing him. The divine revelation of the social mystery, whose first act was Christ's mercy in pardoning his murderers from the cross, has not since ceased penetrating our manners, institutions and laws. Undoubtedly there is a struggle still going on between the body and mind, between darkness and light, but the mind triumphs, the light increases; and between the various tortures, the rack included, and the penitentiary prisons where punishment is but the inability to do harm, and the compulsion to labor and reflect, there is an immense space, an abyss across which there has been thrown the bridge of charity. This space we can contemplate with satisfaction for the present and hope for the future. The efforts we are making here, seconded by so many sympathies from without, are a new testimony of that unanimous impulsion with which society labors in the sense of its complete moralization. The application of the death penalty is effaced from eight articles of our codes, grievous punishments are fast disappearing; the scaffold, formerly a spectacle for kings and courts, is now shamefully constructed in the night in order to escape the horror of the people; your places, your streets reject them, and from disgust on disgust they are removed to your most distant faubourgs, which will soon drive them still farther. What remains then, to society, to prevent it from washing its hands of taint? An error, a prejudice, an illusion; the opinion that capital punishment is still necessary.

And first, we ask if what is atrocious is ever necessary; if what is infamous in the act and instrument is ever useful; if what is irreparable before an upright judge is ever just; and finally, if society, by murdering a human being, shows the inviolability of life in a stronger light? No voice is raised in answer except the paradoxical voice of those glorifiers of the headsman, who, attributing to God a thirst for blood, for blood shed as an expiatory and regenerating virtue, extol war, that system of murder in masses, as a providential work, and make the hangman, the priest of the flesh, the sacrificer of humanity. But nature replies to these men by the horror of blood, society by the moral instinct, and religion by the gospel.

Intimidation then remains, which according to our adversaries, if we, weakened by the abolition of the Death Penalty, would cause a rapid increase of crime. They believe we need death as a sanction of justice.

Undoubtedly law must be sanctioned; but there are two kinds of enforcement—material and moral; both of which ought to unite, and together satisfy society. But just so far as we have advanced in the ways of spiritualism or improvement, just so far does this sanction of law partake of one of these two sorts of penalties, that is to say, it is more material or more moral, more afflictive or more corrective, just as the punishment inflicted is proportioned to the flesh or the spirit. Thus primitive legislation killed, Christian legislation suppressed the sword, or exposed it early to the people's eye, and forcibly broke it in twain, and substituted for its bloody punishment the detention which preserves society from all further ravages of crime, the shame which is stamped indelibly upon the guilty one's every feature, the solitude which forces him to respect, the lesson which enlightens his mind, the labor which subjugates him body and soul, and finally the repentance by which he is regenerated.

TRUTH AND GOODNESS are reflections from the Divine Mind of the All-Perfect and All-Wise. They are jewels in the immortal crown laid up for the faithful and true. They adorn the character during the pilgrimage of life more than the coronets of princes, and whosoever devotes himself to their cultivation hath already laid hold on Immortality.

J. G. FORMAN.

## PARABLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCÆLUM,

BY CHARLES WORTH.

On a bank of the Missouri river, far up towards its source, a young oak tree was growing, having sprung from an acorn, which had been somehow brought from a tree which grew by the side of the Mississippi, many leagues in the blander South.

It was in a forlorn mood, though surrounded with some of the finest scenery, and rooted in a rich soil; very lonely, though not alone; for he was in a forest; yet none of the other trees satisfied him. He sighed for the companionship of *one*, who should be to him what Trust is to Strength; but she came not to fill the vacant half of his being.

An unusual freshet of the river washed away the bank on which he stood, and he was floated many and many miles down the stream, and was cast ashore near the spot where his parent tree still flourished.

Some slaves, who were looking for a tree to set before the door of their master's house, seeing he was goodly, carried him home and set him in the soil. They also brought a vine and planted near him.

And now the oak grew faster than when in his northern home. And soon he felt the embraces of the vine, which twined lovingly around him, interlocking his rough bark with her delicate tendrils. He felt and responded to the sympathy, and thought it was Love; imagining her to be the being he had so long yearned for. When he saw her standing with him he did not know that *his* strength sustained her as well as himself; and when storms came, and they both stood uninjured, though he knew she leaned on and clung to him, he thought it was only in love, and did not suspect that his vigor and courage supported both. And she was in the same mistakes.

By and by a worm at her root sapped the foundation of her existence, and she withered, and decayed from his embrace, leaving her place in his affections to be filled with sorrow such as he had never known before.

But out of this afflicting experience he derived a lesson and a growth, which prepared him for a greater, truer thought; and he came to know that he had been mistaken—that his life and a vine's could not *interfuse*, only intertwine; and that it must be another oak whose life should mingle with his in a biunity.

And now he was willing to wait for her to come. And, ere long, the slaves brought another oak and set her by his side. Then did his soul, and hers also, thrill with a vaster joy, a sublimer life, an intenser experience, and a diviner Love, which were glad fulfillments of all their former prophecies.

This was their true marriage.

Instead of being universal iconoclasts, the most of us are servants to a partial one.

CHARLES WORTH.

## SOLITUDE.

To go into solitude, a man needs to retire as much from his chamber, as from society. I am not weary whilst I read and write, though nobody is with me. But if a man would be alone let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds, will separate care between him and vulgar things. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are. If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these preachers of beauty, and light the universe, with their admonishing smile.

EMERSON.

## GENTLE WORDS.

BY C. D. STUART.

A young rose in the summer time,  
Is beautiful to me—  
And glorious the many stars  
That glimmer on the sea;  
But gentle words and loving hearts,  
And hands to clasp my own,  
Are better than the brightest flowers  
Or stars that ever shone!

The sun may warm the grass to life,  
The dew the drooping flower,  
And eyes grow bright that watch the light  
Of Autumn's opening hour—  
But words that breathe of tenderness,  
And smiles we know are true,  
Are warmer than the summer time,  
Are brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,  
With all its subtle art,  
And gold or gems are not the things  
To satisfy the heart;  
But oh! if those who cluster round  
The altar and the hearth,  
Have gentle words and loving smiles,  
How beautiful is earth!

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