

# 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.

#### SABBATICAL LEGISLATION.

BY C. C. BURLEIGH.

I will introduce to the attention of the audience one of the resolutions which have been laid upon the table, and which I suppose are, of course, subject to be called up at any moment, and will make it the text of a few remarks. It is that which points directly to the prominent object of our assembling—the second of the series:

*Resolved*, That the penal enactments of the State Legislature, compelling the observance of the first day of the week, as the Sabbath, are despotic, unconstitutional, and ought to be immediately abrogated; and that the interference of the State, in matters of religious faith and ceremonies, is a usurpation which cannot be justified.

As we have, in the Call which has been read this morning, announced our perfect willingness that every man should keep what day of the week he pleases, and should keep it in such a manner as he believes to be right; as we have announced that it is not our desire to interfere with any man's religious faith, or corresponding practice; we ask only, that the same right should be allowed to us, that we concede to others. We only claim, that what we believe to be our duty, we may do without molestation. If we believe that the law of God, written upon the constitution of our nature, *requires*, not simply permits, that we should, on each of the seven days of the week, devote a certain portion of the time to physical exertion—to that exercise which will promote the health of the body, and a certain portion of it to that rest of the soul which is needful to repair the waste of our energies—we claim the right to work, without being exposed to the penalties of human enactments. We claim the right to rest, whether it be the first day or the seventh day of the week, without having enforced upon us the exposition of the divine law which is to be found in some of the publications of Sabbatical Societies, teaching that, during six days, we must continue in our secular employments, inasmuch as the command as strongly enjoins six days labor as the seventh day's rest.

We ask to be left free to exercise our own judgments, to obey our own consciences, in this matter. We believe the only Law-giver whose authority is supreme above us, is God. We believe that the only Court, whose interpretations of the law we are to receive without question, and to obey without hesitation, is conscience. And therefore, when conscience has interpreted to us the requirements of the divine law, we protest against the interference of another tribunal in the requirement of an action which God's law, under the interpretation of our consciences, forbids. Here, we think, we stand upon the broad ground of natural right. We think that, let the Constitution be what it may, let the statute be what it may, let judicial precedent be what it may, we have a right, by reason of our human nature, by reason of our equal human nature with all other men, to claim and exercise this liberty of conscience.

Moreover, we not only claim that this is our right, but we affirm that, as true liege subjects of the King of Heaven, we have no right to submit our consciences to the control of our fellow-subjects in this matter. To admit of control in this matter, is to be guilty of high treason against the sovereignty of Heaven. We have no more right to do it, than the lieges of Queen Victoria have a right to acknowledge the authority of one another to reverse an Act of Parliament, or to require conduct contrary to the established law of the land. Infinitely stronger, indeed, is the contrast, in the present case, than in that which, for the sake of illustration, I have for a moment cited. It is our duty always to do that which we believe God enjoins. We may not say that we will do that duty, subject to the will and pleasure of our representatives in General Court assembled. To my mind, nothing is clearer than that the absolute right of a free conscience grows necessarily out of the truth, that we owe obedience to God alone, in this universe. That no other being has the right to control us, is necessarily the result of the proposition, that this one Being has the right. There can be no concurrent jurisdiction, where there is not absolute certainty of concurrent judgments, concurrent desires and wills. If, then, your will absolutely concurs with God's will,—and if your representation of that will to me absolutely concurs with the representation which my conscience makes of God's will to me,—then it matters not whether you claim legislative power over me; for it is only claiming that I shall do what I think is right to do without the statute.

If, on the other hand, your will conflicts with my sense of right,—if the will the legislature has set forth is not the same as the will of God as conscience represents it to me,—then I must choose between the two: I must do that which I believe God requires, or I must do that which you require, though I believe God forbids it. Now, which must I do? I put it to your common sense, to your natural instinct; which must I do? Which will you do? A friend very solemnly admonished me not to be present at this Convention, not to be seconding the evil machinations of him who was here, addressing the people, from week to week. I asked him whether I was to be guided by his convictions of duty or by mine. Sometimes, he said, men are mistaken in their convictions of duty; they think that to be right, which in reality is wrong. But, said I, thinking as I do, which must I do,—that which I think God requires, or that which I think God forbids; that which I believe is right, or that which I believe is wrong? But you may think it is right, and yet it is not right, said he. Must I then do what I believe to be wrong? No, he could not say that I must do that; as if I could avoid doing either one or the other; but really, I do not see any road between the two. He said that I must not do wrong, though he was not quite ready to admit that I might do what I believed to be right; as if the keenest and most delicate edge of metaphysics could anywhere slip in between the two to find a joint. The case, to my mind, is perfectly clear. I must either renounce my allegiance to God, or I must maintain my absolute right to a clear conscience.

But it is said, You must exercise your rights in due subordination to the respective rights of your neighbors. If you believe that one day is just as good as another, still you must not

infringe the right of another man to worship God, without molestation or distraction from your secular callings. You must not go into the field or the workshop, because it is offensive to his feelings. Well, if you will appeal to me on this ground, on the ground of my yielding my admitted right on account of the prejudices and feelings of my neighbors and friends, I will entertain the appeal, and consider how far I can consistently, in regard to the principle involved, pay that deference. I do not insist upon it, that I am bound always to exercise the rights which I have. I have the right to do many things, which I am willing not to do at certain times. But when my *right* is questioned, it seems to me that the question takes a somewhat different aspect. When you come to me, and say to me that it is lawful for the legislature of the land to forbid me to do anything which will offend the prejudices of my neighbors, the legislature have no right to do this, I shall protest against the enactment of such a statute. I shall demand its repeal if enacted, and demand it both upon the ground of my *natural* rights, and upon the ground of the unconstitutionality of this kind of legislation over us. The Constitution having guaranteed to us the right of conscience, they have no power to confer privileges, or to impose penalties or restrictions upon any man, or any class of men, on account of their opinions. Is it constitutional to forbid, under pains and penalties, fine or imprisonment, what I believe God requires at my hand, or permits me to do? If I think it my right, or perhaps even my duty, to go into my office or shop, the legislature says, "You shall not do it." I come forward and plead conscience. The legislature tramples my appeal to the dust. Has it any right to do so?

There is brought up what may be termed the "police argument;" that we must have some regulations to preserve good order in society. You must consent to forego your rights, in this particular, it is said; you must surrender your conscience, for the sake of peace, for the sake of the quiet of places of religious worship. But which of us must do that? Why must you ask me to yield more than yourselves? Paul's doctrine was, "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak." You who are confident in your strength, you who are the majority, who have the public sentiment, who have the education of the thoughts, and the habits growing for centuries in the multitudes, who have the superstition on your side, can you not bear our infirmity, so as to let us have the peculiar privilege, if anybody must have it? Oh, no, the majority must rule! Shall the majority rule in matters of conscience? Can you count consciences? Can you count moral principles? Can you count the impulses of the heart, the faculties of the soul, the multitudinous cords that bind the individual to the universal heart? If you can, you may count majorities in cases of conscience. I am the majority and you are majority, in every question of conscience. I am the majority, when the question is to be decided concerning my conscience; you are the majority, when it is concerning yours. Can you speak of ballots and ballot boxes, of the ayes and noes of the legislative hall, against the right of individual conscience? It stands too high for legislative power to reach up to it.

But I must come back to the question of mere favor, a yielding in deference to the feelings and prejudices of our fellow-men. The legislature has no right to meddle with that; it has no right to enforce what are sometimes called "the imperfect" moral duties of kindness and civility. I have a right to put on my hat when I walk into your parlor, and sit down there. Though the laws of etiquette may require me to take it off, what is that to me? In obedience to that, and to another law, I should probably take off my hat, on going into your house; but has the legislature a right to require it? If you go into the Catholic Church, and attempt to wear your hat, you will probably have it removed by the officers of the church. Our troops in Mexico were made to uncover their heads, and bend their knees, before the elevated host, in conformity to Catholic

prejudices; and the very men and the very religious presses which are the loudest in advocacy of the Sabbath regulations, were equally loud in condemnation of that act, as gross idolatry on the part of our soldiers, and as rank despotism, which it is vain to attempt to justify by any of the laws of military discipline, on the part of the generals. If, then, even military discipline cannot justify it; if the prejudices of the surrounding multitudes, and that, too, when the reasons for the policy were so strong as in the case referred to, could not justify that requirement, how much less can your free Constitution authorize civil legislation to enforce Sabbatical observances on the people, on the ground of deference to prejudices, or on any other ground you choose to put it on!

If we fall back from this ground, then, of mere deference, the question arises, what right has anybody to make a preference between the Jew and Seventh Day Baptist, and the First Day worshiper, and those who esteem every day alike? If I have as good a right to be protected in my worship as you in yours, we will suppose I am a Jew. I am compelled, by your law, to rest on the first day of the week. My working disturbs your meditation; not that I make a clamor, which interrupts the preaching you wish to hear, or the prayer in which you wish to join; for I may be in the next street, or half a mile, or two miles from your meeting-house; but because the mere knowledge of my act of desecration of this day is troublesome to you, and prevents your exercising your devotional feelings, as you wish to exercise them. Therefore, you say, it is right to forbid my working on the first day of the week. My devotional feelings should be respected as much as yours; and now I want you to lie by on the seventh day of the week, that I may worship in quiet. Then come up our Quaker brethren, who have two Sundays in every week; rather, they have seven Sundays in every week, but they have two days of public assembling for religious worship. They say, "We come together on first day, and get along very well, because every body is still; but on fourth day or fifth day, we find the carriages rattling along the streets, we hear the hammers busy in the shops, we see the ploughs driving through the soul in the fields, and we are continually annoyed and molested. We have as good a right as you to be quiet. We have as good a right to be free from this continual din of secular employments on our days of religious worship; and you must therefore make a law, that, as our days of meeting are sometimes fourth day, and sometimes fifth day, there shall be no secular employments on either of these days." Then in come some of our newly arrived citizens from Tunis or Constantinople, where they have lately abolished their slave markets and slavery, eager to sit down amidst a free people, *where slavery was never known or tolerated*,—eager to enjoy our free institutions, and our liberty of conscience. They worship on Friday, and it is a great annoyance to them, when they turn their faces towards Mecca, and say, "God is God, and Mahomet is his prophet," to have somebody driving between them and the object of their gaze, with his merchandize or his load of wood. They don't like to see the shops open on that day; and so you must forbid all work on the sixth day of the week. Then we have Sundays from Wednesday morning, not ending till Sunday night; and if we will examine closely, there may be some, and if anywhere, it might be so here, where the oppressed of all other nations come for refuge, who worship on Monday or Tuesday, and they must be accommodated; and so the best way is to declare all secular employments to be wrong, and to punish them by imprisonment or fine, on any day of the seven—and we shall then have a paradise of fools in good earnest.

I see but one escape from this absurdity, with anything like harmony with present legislation, and that is, to say that, however valuable conscience is in itself, it must be surrendered, to gratify the feelings of the majority. How large a majority wish for this? There are a great many, who do not wish a law

restraining the individual rights on this subject, but who, at the same time, do not care much about it, and acquiesce in the present laws. They do not care enough about it to change the existing laws, but would rather prefer no prohibition. Have you a right to count them as a part of your majority? I know it is generally done. Therefore I think it is, that we have a right to make an appeal to the great body of the people, and show them the reasonableness of our demand. Besides, whenever you take this ground, you are pushing your Sabbath argument against the rocks on the other shore. If you escape unconstitutional legislation, if you admit the right of the majority to prescribe a day of rest, or for religious worship, then, if the party holding the majority should wish the seventh, sixth, fifth, fourth, third, or second day, it has a right to prescribe that; and then all the sanctity of the Sabbath is gone. It is a mere political religion. Political majorities are made, forsooth, the commentators upon God's law, and are to prescribe what day is sacred, and what day is secular!

But, we are told, "Oh, you are only required to abstain from work on the first day of the week; you may worship when you please. We do not infringe on your right of conscience; you may worship just as you will, on the seventh day, the fifth day, or the fourth day; but on the first day, we require you not to work. You need not come to our meeting-house, to engage in our worship; you may worship at your own time and place, and we do not impose any penalty at all upon you for that." Indeed! suppose that I entertain opinions differing from yours; and now I say to you, that if you will not conform to my notions, if you will not come where I think you ought, and listen to the sermon and the prayer, then I shall require of you to pay the penalty of the wages of ten days in every year. That is the fine that I impose upon you, and you protest that it is wicked and unconstitutional, and that it is contrary to the rights of conscience. And so you turn round, and make me pay the wages of fifty-two days' labor in every year, and call it perfectly right. The Jew, who is compelled to lie by on the first day of the week, is losing one-sixth part of the entire working period of his existence. So, too, with the Seventh Day Baptist; he loses one-sixth part of his whole working time. You demand not a tithe, but a sixth part of his substance,—for what is his substance but the result of his labor? To demand that one-sixth part of his time shall be sacrificed, is the same as to say that one sixth part of his earnings, of his income, of his property, of his means of subsistence and usefulness, shall be sacrificed;—a pretty heavy tax, I think, upon difference of religious opinion. In the case of the man who believes all days alike, it amounts to not quite so large a proportion, although the same amount of actual time; it amounts to one-seventh, instead of one-sixth. Or it may be one-sixth of his time too. He may think that the law of distribution is not four meals to-day, and two to-morrow—or six to-day, and none to-morrow. It may be that he thinks we ought to distribute our labor and rest over all the days of the week, as we distribute our taking of food. He may think that to take twenty-four consecutive hours of rest is as unnatural as as to take six consecutive meals in one day; and that it is as unreasonable to go six days without the usual rest, as to go all one day without the usual nourishment. He may be in the wrong, but he is sincere in it. In obedience to his law, therefore, he will abstain from bodily activity in each one of the seven days; and, of course, he too loses a sixth part of the time, or even more than that, if he believes a larger proportion of the time necessary for rest.

In fact, this Sabbatical institution imposes upon the majority, who do not agree with its principles, a very heavy pecuniary fine, to say nothing of the infringement upon their principles. We denounce such legislation, therefore, as both despotic and unconstitutional. We denounce it, even if you assume the perfect truth and justice of the opinions upon which it is based, as to the first day of the week. The question, whether one day

is more sacred than another, will come up in another resolution, and I intend to confine myself to the hurtfulness of prescribing rules and regulations concerning any day of the week.

But, in some of the States, they make a discrimination between certain classes of dissentients from the popular faith, and certain other classes. They say, "We will allow you to rest on the seventh day of the week, and to work on the first day, if, indeed, such are your conscientious convictions upon the time of the Sabbath." So the laws are made in New Jersey, and perhaps in some other States, discriminating between the Seventh Day Baptists and others; permitting them, and I suppose the Jews will be included, but forbidding others, to labor on the first day. You have observed your Sabbath, they say, and therefore you have a right to work on our Sabbath or day of rest. First, that fails to come up to the ground of right. We say, you have no more right to confer the privilege upon the Jew, or the Seventh Day Baptist, than upon the first day Baptist. You have no right to confer such privileges upon anybody. It is undoubtedly a compromise; and yet it is the compromise which wrong is always ready to make to right,—a compromise in detail, while the principle is tenaciously held. But, secondly, that strikes the argument of deference entirely aside. They say, we must not annoy the first day worshippers; and yet, if we will only worship on the seventh day, we may annoy them as much as we please. If we will only agree to be idle one day of the week, they don't care which day it is. Is there not rank absurdity in that kind of reasoning, if reasoning it can be called? Does it not show that the argument has no foundation but in prejudice and in bigotry?

For these reasons, we condemn all Sabbatical legislation; for these reasons, we ask its abrogation.

THE CRISIS.—Criticism—which the thinking character of the age demands—asks men to do consciously and thoroughly, what they have always done imperfectly and with no science but that of a pious heart; that is, to divide the Word rightly; separate mythology from history, fact from fiction, what is religious and of God, from what is earthly and not of God; to take the Bible for what it is worth. Fearful of the issue we may put off the question a few years; may insist as strongly as ever on what we know to be false; ask men to believe it, because in the records, and thus drive bad men to hypocrisy, good men to madness, and thinking men to "infidelity;" we may throw obstacles in the way of Religion and Morality, and tie the millstone of the Old and New Testaments about the neck of Piety as before. We may call men "Infidels and Atheists," whom Reason and Religion compel to uplift their voice against the idolatry of the church; or we may attempt to smooth over the matter, and say nothing about it, or not what we think. But it will not do. The day of Fire and Fagots is ended; the toothless "Guardian of the Faith" can only bark. The question will come, though alas for that man by whom it comes.

[THEODORE PARKER.]

THE very religion given to exalt human nature, has been used to make it abject. The very religion which was given to create a generous hope, has been made an instrument of servile, and torturing fear. The very religion which came from God's goodness to enlarge the soul with a kindred goodness, has been employed to narrow it to a sect, to rear the Inquisition, and to kindle fires for the martyr. The very religion given to make the understanding and conscience free, has, by a criminal perversion, sent to break them into subjection to priests, ministers and human creeds. Ambition and craft have seized on the solemn doctrines of an omnipotent God, and of future punishment, and turned them into engines against the child, the trembling female, the ignorant adult, until the skeptic has been emboldened to charge on religion, the chief miseries and degradation of human nature.

[CHANNING.]



## INTRODUCTION TO PHYSIOGNOMY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCÆLUM,

BY J. W. REDFIELD.

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## NUMBER IV.

There is something wonderful in the similitude between the opposite states of childhood and old age, notwithstanding our familiarity with it. We will explain this mystery as briefly as we can. The agreement between opposite faculties, and thus between the opposite states of infancy and old age, depends on the fact that cause and effect are opposite to each other, at the same time that the effect is like its cause, and that the cause may be known by its effect. Resolution, e. g. or the upward springing of the soul, which should be greater as we approach the period when we are to leave this earth, is the result of its perseverance in knowledge and virtue—and in the predominance of the faculty of Resolution in the aged, and of the faculty of Perseverance in the young, old age resembles childhood, as the effect resembles its cause.

It would be incorrect to suppose that an effect is like its cause in the sense of having anything in common with it—it is the very reverse—but it *exhibits the cause* in every thing in which it *shows itself*, and thus it may be said to be an *image* of the cause, just as a shadow which is nothing may be said to be an image of the substance, and just as the body is an image of the soul, though matter and mind are the opposites of each other. The aged resemble children in the fact that their predominant faculties constantly refer to and exhibit the predominant faculties of childhood; and as face answers to face in a glass, so does the heart of the one, to the heart of the other.

## SIGN OF WILLINGNESS.

The trait of character which we express by the word *willingness* is familiar to every one. As Form includes, and in a manner expresses all the other attributes of matter, so Willingness involves, and in a manner expresses all the other faculties of the will. A vow, a compact, an oath, or a determination would be no bond were it not involved in the superior faculty of the will which we call Willingness, and so the human stature or size would be no bound were it not included in the superior attribute of the body which we call the Human Form.

To Willingness in relation to the other faculties of the Will belongs a certain pliancy, and it manifests itself externally in compliance with the wishes of others, as well as in yielding to internal promptings. Through means of this faculty a person is as liable to do wrong as to do right, for willingness makes no distinction between temptations to evil, and attractions to good. The mind also by means of this faculty is disposed and able to receive truth from nature or through the medium of others, to yield to the force of conviction, and to practice what truth requires—or it is capable of receiving evil thoughts, of yielding to them, and bring forth evil fruits.

The sign of Willingness is the length of the *chin downwards a little outward of its middle*, just forward of the sign of Determination. This will be seen to be large in those who are very ready to comply with the wishes of others, who are easily induced to do good or are easily led into temptation, who are particularly good or bad according to the company they keep. Certain persons, if "drawn away by their own heart's lusts and enticed," can be easily persuaded to the opposite by superior moral influences, as certainly as any superior force may overcome a weaker. Why then is not moral influence sufficient for all moral reforms? It is absurd for any other instrument, be it ban, scourge, prison, rack, or gallows, to take the name of reformer. Did not every man possess the faculty of Willingness, in the ex-

ercise of which he is in a certain sense allowed to act freely, there might be a necessity for coercion.

Children have comparatively more of this faculty and its sign than adults, and much more than old people. To them the remarks above are very applicable, and we see that this faculty is particularly appropriate to a period of life when guidance and instruction and the means of moral and intellectual growth are most necessary. The mind could not be developed in any degree without this faculty, but too much of it gives a liability to precocity. The precocious, and those who show an unaccountable waning in talents and energy when they were supposed to be in the ascendant, have the sign and character of willingness large, with but little of the opposite faculty, which is the one to be next described.

As a general rule those who have much of the faculty of Form possess the faculty of Willingness in a superior degree. The French are peculiar in both respects. They show a more prompt compliance with the wishes of those who assume to lead and direct them, a more ready yielding to their own impulses, and a greater susceptibility to the influence of moral *suasion*, than any other people. Their minds too, are exceedingly ready to receive and entertain new ideas from whatever source they may proceed. The sign of the faculty is large in them, and may be considered a national feature.

As form abstractly considered, or without size, is properly represented by a vessel which may be collapsed and folded together, unfolding and enlarging by the reception of water or other fluids—so willingness (which includes all volition as form includes the body) abstractly considered is properly represented by the infant mind, which is at first collapsed and folded together, as it were, presenting nothing which can be called human intelligence, but which is made to unfold and expand by the reception of truths through the senses both external and internal. In this the form is a perfect image of the mind, for it consists of vessels and sacs of thin membrane from the skin to the most interior organ, and these if empty would present scarcely anything of the appearance of a body. They are at first comparatively collapsed and folded together, and filling and expanding with fluids, give the body its rotundity and rapid development, in perfect correspondence with the growth and development of the mind. In infancy the vessels possess the greatest pliancy and roundness; and this is in beautiful agreement with the fact that infancy possesses most of the faculties of Willingness and Form.

## SIGN OF SEVERITY.

This faculty is the opposite (not the negative) of the last described. It acts in causing a person to practice austerities. It is manifested in strictness, rigidity, the observance of strict rules and lines of demarkation, and a stern adherence to one's own habits and opinions. A person who squares his habits of thinking and all his actions by what is to him an undeviating standard, practices severity upon himself, and is equally inclined to exercise it towards others. He cannot or will not accommodate his mind to new and strong doctrines, but requires that all others should accommodate their minds to his. He is one of those who refuse to "entertain strangers whereby some have entertained angels unawares." He exhibits sharp corners in his character which are always severe to those who run against them, and straight lines which are felt as stripes to those who suffer them. He practices penances and severe inflictions upon himself, on body as well as mind, and thus exempts himself somewhat from the charge of selfishness if not of cruelty in inflicting these things on others.

The sign of this faculty is the length of the *jaw downwards under the first large molar tooth*, just forward of the sign of Perseverance. Such a person as that described above has this sign large, with but little of the sign of Willingness. They who are most strict and severe in the government of children, of servants, or of subjects, have most of this sign. It is relatively

larger in old age than in childhood. Teachers who have much of this faculty subject their pupils to strict regulations, make them "toe the mark," oblige them to practice straight lines in writing, before making the curved lines which it is more natural for them to make, inflict stripes upon their hands and bodies, and violate nature in a variety of ways. In short there is a vast deal in a school-room that is horrible to a child and calculated to deprive his early years of their freshness and enjoyment—a great deal to prevent his development and keep him in a state resembling old age more than childhood. This kind of reverse education, however, operates well in restraining those who are liable to precocity.

In the old age of a nation as well as an individual, the faculty of Severity is exhibited in a superior degree. The laws are more strict and arbitrary, and executed with a greater degree of rigidity. The religious doctrines are more dogmatical, and are forced upon men with severer penalties. The philosophy, if it may be called such, is more theoretical, and all simple truths must be shaped in accordance with it. Straight lines and angles become triumphant in art, until nature can no longer be recognized. Painting and sculpture if they still exist, look more like architecture than imitations of nature. The gods are the most severe imaginable, and the images look like nothing in heaven above, or earth beneath. The temples present as many acute angles as possible. Children with their simple taste for curved lines and living forms, are not allowed to come into the world at all, or are soon hurried out of it. The greatest physical severities, such as rack, torture, destruction by wild beasts, and finally sacrificial offerings of animals and even of human beings, are the premonitory symptoms of dissolution—and thus the nation expires of old age.

This last is said to have been the case with the ancient Druids—was true of the old eastern nations—was seen in the remnant of ancient civilization in America—is true of the oldest nations now in existence, the *Hindoo* and *Chinese*; for what are immolations of wives and destruction of infants but human sacrifices? It is by taking their doctrines and codes from the religions and governments which have died of old age, and from those which exhibit now the same infirmity and decrepitude, that new religions and governments are born prematurely old. The tortures of the inquisition; the imposing of stern and rigid doctrines, to deviate from what is called the worst of crimes; the attachment of penalties which even the imagination of a Milton or a Dante cannot conceive of, and compared with which the sufferings of the inquisition are pleasure; the sin of *non-conformity*, and the severities practised upon those who are guilty of it; the absolute rule of masters and crowned heads and of those "drest in a little brief authority;" the Procrustian bed which almost every person makes for himself, and would bring others to;—all these sufficiently show that the systems, governments and men of modern times take their civil and religious codes from what is "old and ready to perish," instead of from the doctrines of Christ, which were introduced to take the place of the former.

#### ACCOMMODATION.

One who accommodates himself to circumstances, accommodates himself to others. He considers his relation to mankind, and does not yield to temptations through over-willingness, and thereby conflict with the general good—nor does he through over-severity frame a set of arbitrary rules by which to square himself and others, and thereby interfere with the mutual rights and privileges of society. A person, for example, is said to accommodate another in his house, when he accommodates himself to less room on that account, and the person accommodated is also said to accommodate himself to circumstances. Willingness acting alone, would disregard convenience entirely, as in the houses of the so called vicious, who yield easily to their passions and the persuasions of each other—and Severity acting by itself, would equally disregard convenience, as

we see in churches, where everything must conform to the style of architecture, where everybody must sit stark and stiff in his straight pew, and where nobody may depart from the creeds and ceremonies without suffering worse pains and penalties than those from which he wishes to escape.

From what has been said it may easily be seen that the disposition to accommodate is the result of the faculties of Willingness and Severity, acting mutually and equally upon each other. Accommodation has an intimate connexion with Symmetry, as Form and Shape have an intimate connexion with Willingness and Severity. The most perfect symmetry, is the most perfect accommodation of the members of one body to each other, and expresses the mutual adaptation to each other of all the members of society, when the human form shall be its appropriate image. A proper dwelling, too, would as much show adaptation, and express the harmony of a true family within it, as the symmetry of the human form would express the unity of mankind. Severity, as we have seen, is connected with shape, and this is most appropriate to dwellings—but dwellings to be truly such, and not mere school-houses and churches, must not consist altogether of straight lines and angles, but must have mingled with these something of form or curved lines.

A person who likes to accommodate others and to accommodate himself to circumstances in his own dwelling, or in that of another, is always one who is inclined to entertain the honest opinions of others, and to adapt his mind to the reception of truth from whatever source it may proceed. His doctrines are the laws of Nature, which are as strict and invariable as the greatest dogmatist could desire, but which are accommodated to each individual and to the smallest insect, and can be made to act in as great a variety of directions as circumstances may require. His house may be said to correspond to his doctrine, for as the one is adapted to the accommodation of all sincere and honest people, so is the other adapted to the accommodation of whatever in their opinions he may see to be true.

Those who are particularly careful not to put people to inconvenience or to discommode them are those who are most fond of accommodating. Thus those who entertain and those who are entertained are mutually disposed to adapt themselves to each other and to circumstances. This makes them as one, and in effect regards what belongs to one, as belonging to the other. As both accommodate each other in the same house, the guest may be said to be the entertainer, as well as the entertained, and thus he feels himself "at home," as it is familiarly and very beautifully expressed.

The faculty of Severity generally exceeds the faculty of Willingness in the character of nations—but the French having so much of the latter faculty, manifest more of the accommodating disposition in every respect than we see manifested in others. They exhibit it privately in the social intercourse of families, and in the reception of strangers, and publicly in some of their institutions of learning, which are free to foreigners. They are least afraid of being discommoded, and most careful lest they should put others to inconvenience—and in this are contained the principles of "liberty, equality and fraternity;" for it makes every place a home, in which all are free, all equal, all brothers.

THE HEART.—The little I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through; the brief pulsations of joy; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening vices within—health gone—happiness gone—even hope that remains the longest, gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came.

[LONGFELLOW.]

## Choice Selections.

TRUTH:  
THE ONLY AUTHORITY OF CHRISTIANITY.

TRUTH is the relation of things as they are; falsehood as they are not. No doctrine can have a higher condemnation than to be convicted of falsehood; none a higher authority than to be proved true. God is the author of things as they are; therefore of this relation, and therefore of *Truth*. He that delivers the Truth then, has so far the authority of Truth's God. Then it will be asked, How do we know Christianity is true, or that it is our duty to love Man and God? Now when it is asked, How do I know that I exist; that doubting is doubting; that half is less than the whole; that it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be? the questioner is set down as a strange man. But it has some how come to pass, that he is reckoned a very acute and Christian person, who doubts moral and religious axioms, and asks, How do I know that Right is right, and Wrong wrong, and Goodness good? Alas, there are men among the Christians, who place virtue and religion on a lower ground than Aristippus and Democritus, men branded as Heathens and Atheists. Let us know what we are about.

There are, practically, four sources of knowledge—direct and indirect, primary and secondary,—namely, *Perception* for sensible things; *Intuition* for spiritual things; *Reflection* for logical things; and *Testimony* for historical things. If the doctrines of Christianity are eternal truths, they are not *sensible* things, not *historical* things, and of course do not depend on sensual perception, nor historical testimony, but can be presented directly to the consciousness of men at one age as well as another, and thus if they are matters of *reflection*, may be made plain to all who have the reflective faculty and will use it: if they are matters of *intuition*, to all who have the intuitive faculty, and will let it act. Now the duty we owe to Man, that of loving him as ourselves; the duty we owe to God, that of loving him above all, is a matter of intuition; it proceeds from the very nature of Man, and is inseparable from that nature; we recognise the truth of the precept as soon as it is stated, and see the truth of it soon as the unprejudiced mind looks that way. It is no less a matter of reflection likewise. He that reflects on the Idea of God as given by intuition, or his own nature as he learns it from his mental operations, sees that this twofold duty flows logically from these premises. The truth of these premises then may be known by both intuition and reflection. He that teaches a doctrine eternally true, does not set forth a private and peculiar thing resting on private authority and historical evidence, but an everlasting reality, which rests on the ground of all truth, the public and eternal authority of unchanging God. A false doctrine is not of God. It has no back ground of Godhead. It rests on the authority of Timon Heter or Simon Magnus; of him that sets it forth. It is his private, personal property. When the Devil speaks a lie, he speaketh of his own; but when a Son of God speaks the truth, he speaks not his own word but the Father's. Must a man endorse God's word to make it current?

Again, if the truth of these doctrines rest on the personal authority of Jesus, it was not a duty to observe them before he spoke; for he, being the cause, or indispensable occasion of the duty, to make the cause precede the effect is an absurdity too great for modern divines. Besides, if it depends on Jesus, it is not eternally true; a religious doctrine that was not true and binding yesterday, may become a lie again by to-morrow; if not eternally true, it is no truth at all. Absolute truth is the same always and everywhere. Personal authority adds nothing to a mathematical demonstration; can it more to a moral intuition? Can authority alter the relation of things? A voice speaking from Heaven, and working more wonders than Æsop and the Saints, or Moses and the Sybil relate, cannot make it

our duty to hate God, or Man; no such voice can add any new obligation to the law God wrote in us.

When it is said these doctrines of Christianity, like the truths of Science, rest on their own authority, or that of unchanging God, they are then seen to stand on the highest and safest ground that is possible—the ground of absolute truth. Then if all the Evangelists and Apostles were liars; if Jesus was mistaken in a thousand things; if he were a hypocrite; yes, if he never lived, but the New Testament were a sheer forgery from end to end, these doctrines are just the same, absolute truth. But, on the other hand, if these depend on the infallible authority of Jesus, then if he were mistaken in any one point his authority is gone in all; if the Evangelists were mistaken in any one point, we can never be certain we have the words of Jesus in a particular case, and then where is "historical Christianity?" Now it is a most notorious fact, that the Apostles and Evangelists were greatly mistaken in some points—in the interpretation of the Old Testament, in the doctrine of demons, in the celebrated prediction of his second coming and the end of the world, within a few years. If Christianity rest on his authority, and that alone, it falls when the foundation falls, and that stands at the mercy of a school-boy. If he is not faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who shall commit to him the true riches?

[THEODORE PARKER.]

I AM persuaded that controversies about Christ's person, have in one way done great injury. They have turned attention from his character. Suppose that as Americans, we should employ ourselves in debating the questions where Washington was born, and from what spot he came when he appeared at the head of our armies; and that in the fervor of these contentions we should overlook the character of his mind, the spirit that moved within him, the virtues which distinguished him, the beamings of a noble magnanimous Soul, how unprofitably should we be employed? Who is it that understands Washington? Is it he that can settle his rank in the creation, his early history; or he to whom the soul of that great man is laid open, who comprehends and sympathises with his generous purposes, who understands the energy with which he espoused the cause of freedom, and his country, and who receives through admiration a portion of the same divine energy? So in regard to Jesus, the questions which have been agitated about his rank and nature, are of inferior moment. His greatness belonged not to his condition, but to his mind, his spirit, his aim, his disinterestedness, his calm, sublime consecration of himself to the high purpose of God.

[CHANNING.]

I BELIEVE there are some persons who can love, not more than once, but often; but they are not people, Lady Mallory, who love very well. I believe too, that many a young person, many a very young woman, capable of the utmost depth and strength of affection, can love, if it deserve that name, very tenderly and very sweetly, before they ever love very truly and deeply. But I do believe, that when once a person has loved with strong, ardent, passionate affection—with that attachment which sets all obstacles and barriers at defiance, they can never love again. I believe the harvest is reaped, and the produce of the season is over.

[JAMES.]

MANY Religions have had their sacred books. The Koran of Mohammed, the Shaster of the Hindoos, the Zend Avesta of the Medes and Persians, and the Bible of the Jews and Christians, may be considered the very much mistaken authority of each. Nature alone is our best book—obedience to her laws our best practice. All true *written* laws are founded in nature alone. They are God's will speaking in nature.

THE heaven of the popular systems of religion is a grand pay-day, where humility is to have its coach and six, forsooth, because she has been humble.

[PARKER.]



## Original Poetry.

## A BIRTH-DAY GARLAND.

BY FANNY GREEN.

A GARLAND for thy birth-day,  
 Dear Mary, I will twine,  
 And weave in it the golden hopes  
 That now around thee shine.  
 As on thy fair young forehead  
 I bind my budding wreath,  
 Upon every glowing petal  
 A prayer of love I breathe.

Here's the purpling mountain daisy  
 With its pledge of faithful love,  
 And the blue-eyed aster, looking  
 Up in faith, to God above.  
 And purity, and beauty,  
 In the lily-cup I blend,—  
 Of thee befitting emblems,  
 My sweet and cherished friend.

Not the nettle with its poison-shaft  
 Of slander, shall come here,  
 Nor the jonquille, with its gross self-love,  
 In thy garland shall appear;  
 Nor the flaunting crown imperial,  
 Nor the tulip, in its pride,  
 Nor the bright and gorgeous marigold,  
 With jealousy endyed.

But the pure and strengthening chamomile,  
 Whose crushed leaves ever shew,  
 How the true and strong heart gathereth  
 Fresh energy from wo;  
 And the still-unchanging ivy,  
 Whose affection is most true, in  
 The hour that bringeth sorrow,  
 And still clingeth to the ruin.

And the myrtle's love-in-absence  
 Shall softly whisper thee—  
 And the wall-flower, breathing perfume,—  
 In its fond fidelity,  
 Triumphant o'er misfortune,  
 Through all changes, changing not—  
 And the violet's faith empurpling  
 With affections unforget.

A thought of marriage-union  
 In the opening bosom glows,  
 And whispers in the fragrance  
 Of the pure white bridal rose;  
 And for thy fair young Genius  
 Here are laurels fresh and green,  
 While the unassuming mignonette  
 Looks meekly up between.

All verdant with fidelity  
 The graceful woodbine, blends  
 Its deep unchanging greenness,  
 With a pledge of truest friends;  
 The tube-rose and clematis,  
 With the starry jasmine wrought,  
 And the gold and purple pansy,  
 In its eloquence of thought.

Now the lotus-flower comes smiling,  
 With its eye of heavenly blue,  
 To look upon thee ever  
 Like a guardian angel true;  
 And the purple orchis, painted,

With a bright and golden bee,  
 Shall shadow forth the triumph  
 Of thy cherished Art, to thee.

The ever-fadeless amaranth  
 Shall be to thy fair name  
 A herald, and a promise,  
 Of its pure and deathless fame.  
 And over all the strawberry-flower—  
 O'er beauty—love—renown—  
 With its pledge of PERFECT GOODNESS,  
 I set upon the crown.

And in these chosen emblems  
 I would not be forgot,  
 For I'll bind them all together  
 With one sweet forget-me-not.  
 O take my wreath, dear Mary,  
 And bind it on thy brow,  
 And may Heaven's light shine around thee,  
 Ever beautiful as now.

O take my garland, Mary,  
 And wear it in thy breast—  
 Mid its clustering stems the halcyon  
 Shall weave her flowery nest.  
 May'st thou wake to noblest action  
 From youth's impassioned dream,  
 And the world make thee no promise,  
 Which thy life cannot redeem.

Still true amid all falsehood,  
 With thy Love disarming Hate,  
 And a latent strength within thee  
 That can smile on every fate.  
 May angels guard and guide thee  
 Through each dim and devious way,  
 And crown thee with NEW WORTHINESS  
 On thy every natal day.

## IDEAL SKETCH OF MY FRIEND.

He walks from place to place,  
 And races with the cars,  
 With foot unfailling;  
 He eyes the Devil's face,  
 And gazes at the stars,  
 With eye unquailing;  
 He's equally at rest,  
 In silence as in speech,  
 With tongue unfaltering;  
 He looks toward east or west,  
 On crimson as on bleach,  
 With face unaltering;  
 His hand can rest or act,  
 Engage in play or work,  
 But never tireth;  
 His breath keeps time exact,  
 In sunshine or fog murk,  
 Nor e'er expireth;  
 The strength, and fortitude,  
 And coolness of his nerves,  
 No metal matches;  
 With truth he is endued,  
 Whose tension never swerves,  
 No cunning catches;  
 He meets the storms at sea,  
 The earthquake on the land,  
 And is not shaken;  
 He's conquerless and free,  
 In heart, and head, and hand,  
 And ne'er 's mistaken.

C. WORTH.

# THE UNIVERCÆLUM

AND

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1848.

AMONG the various agencies that have been instrumental in bringing about the wonderful social and political changes of the present day, what is called light and fashionable literature may be considered one of the most powerful. And there is something exceedingly curious in the fact that publications full of the spirit of equality are brought forth and nourished in the very hot-beds of social despotism and political tyranny.

We cite as an instance, Sir E. L. Bulwer's play of the *Lady of Lyons*. Bulwer is known to be an aristocrat by birth and feelings, yet inspired by a spirit above all this, he produced a play full of noble sentiments and thoroughly democratic.

The following is an extract from Act II.

"*Pauline*—There is something glorious in the heritage of command. A man who has ancestors is like a representative of the Past.

"*Melnotte*—True, but like other representatives, nine times out of ten he is a silent number. Ah, *Pauline*! not to the Past, but to the Future looks true nobility, and finds its blazon in posterity.

"*Pauline*—You say this to please me, who have no ancestors; but you, Prince, must be proud of so illustrious a race!

"*Melnotte*—No, no! I would not, were I fifty times a Prince, be a pensioner on the Dead! I honor birth and ancestry when they are regarded as the incentives to exertion, not the title deeds to sloth! I honor the laurels that overshadow the graves of our fathers. It is our fathers I emulate, when I desire that beneath the evergreen I myself have planted, my own ashes may repose!"

Throughout the *drama*, merit makes the man. There is no envious deprivation of the high boon because of their birth, but to elevate the lowly according to merit seems to be the burden of the play. All this is directly opposed to the spirit and custom that regulate the British aristocracy; and yet this same aristocracy place the production in their libraries, pay largely toward its representation on the stage, and honor it with their presence; never dreaming that they are adding strength to an influence, subtle, yet potent in the work of reform;—a reform that will sooner or later strip them of their titles and birth-privileges, expose their hollow, artificial state, and leave them to rest on their merits alone. The French and English press has, of late years, teemed with light and sparkling works, romantic and philosophical, full of the spirit of liberty, from authors high in favor with the titled and wealthy. Bulwer, Dickens, James, Lamartine, Sue, Dumas and others of less note, the sympathetic nature of whose minds has caught the free spirit of the age and drawn to their souls the heavenly fire of inspiration, have, without union or fixed purpose, been instrumental in bringing about results of which they never dreamed, no more than did those profligate and corrupt rulers who are disappearing before the breath of freedom like chaff before the wind.

The writings of Voltaire and other kindred spirits of his day shaped and timed the Revolution of '89. Voltaire was called a bold and uncompromising scoffer. None were beyond the reach of his searching, biting sarcasms, and his stand against all powers human and divine was open and decided. Yet Voltaire was tolerated and even favored by Louis XV, a tyrant whose palaces were sinks of impurity. And this monarch, whose reign stands boldly out as one of the most corrupt and vicious that ever disgraced France, had for his ordinary physician Quesnay, the political economist, and placed entire confidence in him. Louis

XV loved to converse with him, and hear him develop his doctrine on the wealth of nations. This King "by the Grace of God," whose works give evidence of so much selfishness and depravity, could stoop from his high estate and take pleasure in conversations that were full of the germs of a revolution, regarding them probably as ingenious and harmless Utopias. He called Quesnay the thinker, and granted him letters of nobility. This philosopher gathered around him a group of disciples who were called dreamers; among the most active of these was the father of the fierce Mirabeau, the thunder of whose voice soon after carried terror to the hearts of kings and nobles. These seemingly strange inconsistencies in rulers, give indubitable evidence that the social and political laws by which mankind is governed are artificial, unreal, and that the sentiment of equality, the spirit of love to man, meets with a response in the hearts of despots, however haughty or corrupt they may be. None have a clearer conception of all this than those who grasp political and social power. The Czar Peter cast aside the artificial, and in the garb of a common laborer entered upon the real to gain knowledge. This great mind speedily mastered all it grappled with, and having studied the secrets of despotism at the court of Louis XIV, he returned to his capital, resumed the artificial, and with a full knowledge of the rights and wants of man, established a government purely despotic; and so it remains to this day, opposing with all its power the progress of freedom on the continent of Europe. The haughty Empress Catharine wrote thus to Zimmerman, "I have been attached to philosophy, because my soul has always been singularly republican. I confess that this tendency stands in strange contrast with the unlimited power of my place." The great Frederick of Prussia was known to express the same sentiment. When Louis Phillipe thought his subjects regarded his reign as he did himself, a monstrous lie! he rushed out of the back door, and made for the shores of old England with all speed, leaving the only reality upon which his stupendous piece of mummery had rested—wood and tinsel patched together and called a throne,—to be dragged through the streets of Paris and burned by the *garnis*.

E. E. D.

### GOD IS THE FATHER OF MEN.

It would seem that this ought to pass as a first truth—a self-evident proposition. Both in the processes of creation and the consciousness of man are traces or evidences of this statement. The admission of this truth suggests another of like importance: *man are brothers to each other*. If God is the Father of mankind, then a common origin proves a common relation. As a balancing truth—one that will complete the triangle, and make up nearly the sum total of all the principles that directly move men to action and duty, may be set down the following: *progress is the destiny of man*. Here then we have the whole;—God the Father, Man the Brother, and Progress the Destiny. Let man feel that God is his Father, and he will naturally be drawn to him; let him feel that man is his Brother, and co-operation, mutual relation, will be the consequence; let man feel that every excellence of character he may acquire, every attainment made, will be retained, and be an instrument for higher—greater attainments, and he will possess the highest stimulus to virtuous action. This is a saving truth to him. Reader, these are suggestions upon which you may reflect with profit. z. n.

It is expected that the general Editor will travel most of the time for several months, for the purpose of extending the circulation of the Paper. If our Patrons, in the places he may visit, will make a little effort to aid him in the object of his mission, they will confer a personal obligation, and render, as we trust, an essential service in a good cause. Should "S. B. B." appear less frequently in the Editorial columns, the reader will find a sufficient apology in the circumstance of his absence, and the nature of his business.



## HOW TO BE CHARITABLE.

CHILDREN in the spontaneous simplicity of their characters, often teach us lessons of vital importance. To take a single example—when unfortunate they seem to consider it but just that that they should be *paid* for their disappointment and unhappiness. Those who are deprived of the blessings of health, or fortune, feel that something ought to fall to them by way of remuneration. They look for particular favors from others, on this account. The children of sorrow and want, everywhere and always, must be paid in some sort, for their deprivations—at least they think so—and he who would do them good, or bestow favors in the most acceptable and agreeable manner, has but to indulge them in this natural feeling. How pleasant it is to receive charities, and think that we are not “objects of charity” in the ordinary sense of the term. How pleasant to feel that we enjoy the offerings of love, or true charity, and not the proffers of pity and compassion, which are often *called* charity, but are not so. In such a case we feel under no obligations, for had we possessed the means of obtaining those blessings for ourselves, we should not have needed them.

The lame, the sick, the poor, the deaf, the blind—how much at home they feel in the alms-house, or the charitable institution, where the benevolent have placed them. For these things, which are but a part of the share that should have fallen to their lot, in the equal distribution of the gifts of Providence to all his children, they have no feeling of indebtedness. The blessings which the Divine Being confers in love, he cannot receive obligations for, but only love in like manner, to the least of his little ones.

And why should the poor and decrepit feel under obligations for those things they have not the means of providing for themselves? Selfish philosophy would consider this the very reason why they ought to feel obliged, as if men having the power to do good, or evil, were endowed with the clemency of tigers. But what an absurdity to say that a person is under obligations for favors, which there is no possibility of his returning, since he has not the means of obtaining them for himself. Society expects nothing, and demands nothing in such a case. Does not this prove that mankind are brothers, or rather that they should be what brothers ought to be, members of one body. The foot when maimed and unable to perform its offices, is under no obligations to the body for the care bestowed upon it. The disabled and incapacitated, are under as much obligations to society as to themselves, and no more.

Civil institutions in their providence for the poor and unfortunate, are more Christian than are Religious institutions in their pity and compassion—for the former consider men under no obligation for what they cannot provide for themselves, and the latter consider that the helplessness of men and their inability to provide for themselves, is the very reason why they ought to feel infinitely obliged. In the former case the poor enjoy what they receive, as if it were as much and more their own, than is the palace the property of the lordling who inhabites it; but in the latter case the poor are forced to be obsequious, and express a thousand obligations to the pitiful, and merciful vicegerents, and possessors of all things, who have not allowed them to die of want and destitution.

True charity must be received with admiration and love, for it is noble, it is God-like—but though there may not be much in public charities to awaken this feeling, there is as much in the pitiful and condescending charity of the so called charitable, to awaken the opposite. The unsophisticated do not think nor feel that the Divine love or charity, is thus pitiful and condescending; and those who make a merit of charity, practice and pretend; and they do not think that the son of God, the meek and lowly Jesus, ever stooped to do men good, to cure their sicknesses, to relieve their sufferings and to save them. Hence though men in gene-

ral expect to receive as much as a “thank you,” from those on whom they bestow favors, they do not feel that their Father in Heaven bestows his favors on any such condition, or that He would be pleased by any such comparison of his love, with their own selfishness.

Gratitude is not in proportion to what we receive from the hands of others, but in proportion to what we can do with our own hands in helping others and taking care of ourselves. Why should the inhabitant of an alms-house feel any *special* thankfulness for such blessings as fall to the lot of others, as the result of toil and industry? The man who is blest with a sound mind in a sound body, and can labor for his daily bread, has more reason than the other to be thankful for food and raiment. The former feels that what he has been deprived of, should as far as possible be made up to him, or, if we choose to say so, that he should be paid for his misfortune—for the greatest of blessings, a healthful mind and body, and the privilege of using these in labor, and the highest and noblest objects of human aspiration, have been denied him.

Will it be said that he has not been *denied* these, and that he has brought destitution and misery upon himself? True the good gifts of Providence for both body and soul, are for all persons alike, but are not these gifts in our hands to distribute to those who need? and who shall say that the needy have brought destitution and misery on themselves? If they are miserable in their destitution, it is because they are not contented with their emptiness, and would fain aspire to something higher and nobler. Have they scorned happiness, when they are so miserable without it? Have they distorted their own limbs, depraved their own hearts, and blinded their own eyes?

Oh, no, they would not do such cruel things to themselves. Think you they would go on crutches if they could walk on their own feet? or that they would exhibit distorted judgments and depraved appetites, if they could think and will better? Shall it be admitted that a man is deprived of bodily freedom to the extent that he is maimed and palsied, and still be denied that he is deprived of free-will to the extent that he is morally deficient? He did not inflict these evils upon himself—he would not inflict them upon his children—and no more did his parents inflict them on him. They who think so, are no wiser than were the Pharisees, to whose theological question Jesus replied, “It was neither for any sin of this man, nor of his parents, that he was born blind, but that the works of God might be manifested in him.”

The blind, the deaf, the lame, the sick, the dead, do not act in freedom, for their maladies are the bonds from which they groan to be delivered. They cry to us to put forth our hand, to touch their eyes, to heal their sickness, to clothe their nakedness, to open their prison doors and proclaim deliverance, to raise them from their living tombs and give them true life. We must not appear to *give* when we do but impart what is rightfully theirs. We are to exercise toward them CHARITY, loving them as ourselves, which is but another name for doing *justly*.

J. W. R.

IF CONTRIBUTORS to the Univercœlum could furnish more short articles, it would suit the present wants of the paper. We like and must have the elaborate essay, but the reader likes an occasional relief from tediousness obtained by short, pointed, pithy notes, incidents, &c., put down when they are fresh in the mind. It is a good idea to have blank paper in the pocket, so as to note down thoughts or ideas as they seem to come up in the mind, and which, if they are not noted down, cannot be recalled just at the time we might wish to behold them again. Let not the hot weather deter you from writing for the paper, for you know it must be printed, let the mercury run high or low. Philosophical experiments, Psychological phenomena and all like matters, that will help to unfold man and nature, are always acceptable.

Z. P.

## THREE DAYS AMONG THE HILLS.

AGAIN I resume the little narrative which last week was broken off for want of room.

After a night of sweet and healthful rest, I awoke, to find that the evening showers had prepared the way for a bright and beautiful morning. Then came other friends to enhance the pleasures of our social sphere. After breakfast we rambled through the grounds, where rustic benches were dropped in the coolest shadows, and girdled the strong old forest-trees, inviting ever to repose, and quiet meditation, and holy thought. In addition to the many shrubs and flowers, there was a great variety of trees, and among them a beautiful specimen of the Norway fir, which greatly resembles the spruce, only that its foliage is richer, and its branches are slender and pensive, like those of the weeping willow. It is a most graceful and beautiful tree. The large trunk of one old willow was literally covered with the branches of a climbing rose, which in the multitude of its buds, seemed making an effort to repay, by its luxuriant gift of beauty, the love that had trained and nurtured it. All the animals about the place were gentle and loving, even beyond their common instincts. The horse, and the noble house-dog, Rollo, were only humbler brethren; and the very cat seemed penetrated with the spirit of the family.

And would it not be always so with animals under similar treatment? It is at least certainly worth while to make the experiment, both as a matter of justice to them and of happiness to ourselves.

On returning to the house we spent another hour very pleasantly, in examining the fine cabinet of minerals, shells, and other curiosities of nature and of art, belonging to the boys; and it was truly refreshing to see the enthusiasm of the young naturalists, in displaying their treasures. We were then invited by them to visit their gymnasium in the attic. There we found a large collection of common stones, which they had gathered together, in the enthusiasm of their mineralogical pursuits, each of which was averred to have some uncommon feature, or property, and was individually a subject of all due admiration; and in this I perceived the true spirit of science. These boys can never be very miserable, or very poor; for all Nature will be to them as one great fount of purest happiness; the very stones of waste places will be a magazine of untold riches—and the barren sands beneath their feet a hoard of inconceivable wealth. Here is a consideration worth the attention of parents, who are toiling to leave their children a few paltry dollars. Make them comfortable, by all means, as far as possible, but do not fail to give them the keys which unlock the great cabinets of Nature; and you will unfold for them more abundant treasures—purer gold, and costlier gems, than ever woke at the magic spell of Aladdin's lamp; and no evil genius will ever spirit them away; for they shall become one with the soul, and share its life.

But to return to our narrative. After witnessing a few gymnastic exercises,\* we ascended to the roof of the house, where a fine view is obtained of the surrounding country—and a lovely landscape it was, that lay so quietly unfolded to our view, in the serene light of that pleasant Sabbath morning. Among its many pleasing features I particularly noticed the numerous large old willow trees, which I have before spoken of, as bordering the Passaic, that lay waveless, like a spreading sheet of molten crystal, gradually diminishing to an unseen point in the far distance.

In the afternoon our kind friend, Mr. H., came to take us over the river to his cottage home on the opposite shore. After walking through the highly ornamented grounds about the house, we had a pleasant ramble to the woods—the free old balmy woods, vital with the savor of a deep and spiritual life. Ah, the woods!—the woods of June!—they are one living, grow-

ing picture of delight—one breathing harmony of divinest music—one continuous utterance of the sweetest and the loftiest poetry—one infinite thought of the holiest rapture. They are the best impersonation of the maternal spirit of Nature; and they open their green arms as with a mother's love, to welcome, and to bless, the returning wanderer, wooing him to seek rest and peace on their mossy bosom.

In the evening we had a fine sail on the river in a row boat, by the soft light of the crescent moon—and the light is still shining in our hearts—will long shine there. The ensuing morning brought us more rain; so that we relinquished our first intention of visiting Passaic Falls. At ten o'clock we accepted an invitation of our hospitable host to take a seat in his wagon for Newark, instead of going by stage; and taking leave of his amiable family, we set out on our return. On the way we stopped to visit the cemetery in the suburbs of that city. This spot, although but two years since it was in an uncultivated state, now wears an aspect of beauty, which may vie with some of our finest places of the kind. A beautiful little cottage, wreathed with roses in their fullest bloom, stands on each side of the entrance; and out of one of them came a sweet little girl to open the gate for us. This was beautiful—a picture of young Love and Life on the very borders of Death. The grounds are laid out with much taste, and they are already ornamented with a great variety of flowers, shrubs, and trees.

There is nothing that marks the ameliorating influence now acting upon the old Theology more clearly and legibly, than the improvements in places of public burial. It was the policy of the old Religion to shroud the idea of death in all possible gloom—to invest it with all possible horrors; and ever through the mists of our beclouding faith, we beheld forms of darkness sitting upon the cold and cheerless grave. The horrible silence was seldom broken, except by the solemn tread of the funeral train, or the heavy drop of the cold-earth-clods upon the new coffin. There were no flowers to attract the cheerful hum of insects—no trees to win the loving song of birds. There was nothing to whisper of the Life in Death—All surrounding forms spoke only of decay—of corruption—and the mingling of dust with dust. Every thing was cold—sullen—solemn—awful; for the grave, in the eye of the old Faith, was, to the majority of men, emphatically the gate of Hell; and was invested with all the horrors of that region of the Damned. But an Angel of Love descended into the heart of Man, and whispered the sweet revelation, for which it had unconsciously hungered and thirsted, through the long Night of Ages—that "God is Love"—that the whole universe is but a development of this love—and the human being its highest form of expression. And straightway, in the light of this new faith, Death was disrobed of his unnatural terrors; and beneath his skeleton form were seen developing the rudiments of a higher, holier, happier sphere; while through his ghostly visage beamed the indwelling presence of a purer, truer life. Then the grave became the gate of Paradise; and its once gloomy paths the luminous highway of angels. All its borders were planted with flowers—and there insects and waters sang. Trees folded their green arms like guardian spirits, over the turfy mound; and birds made the air musical with their songs of life and love. The close observer can see a change corresponding with, and parallel to this, written in the deepest recesses of the human heart. Let him who takes his bread at the hands of the old Theology, read it, and tremble; for the time is coming when it will have no bread to bestow.

From the cemetery we proceeded to the fine public garden of MR. HARVEY, through which we strayed for another pleasant half hour; conducted by the courteous and gentlemanly proprietor. We found a large variety of the finest shrubs, and the most beautiful flowers. This establishment is connected with an extensive nursery; and it is to be hoped that all strangers visiting Newark will draw upon its floral treasures, by ordering bouquets, which are here made of unrivalled beauty and

richness; and they could get a pleasant stroll through the gardens, nurseries, and hot-houses, into the bargain, where there is much that is rare and well worth seeing; and much that would slyly take a peep into one's purse, to see if there were money enough there to buy it.

At Newark we took the steam-boat for our passage home. Here we met, unexpectedly, several friends; and the pleasant meeting, though but of a moment, will shine like a genial star over the receding vistas of the Past. Here also we took leave of our host, Mr. W., whose parting words were at once too laconically expressive, and characteristic, to be soon forgotten. "Farewell; and when the needle points this way, come out." Ah, my friend, you and your excellent family have established over my heart such a sweet and strong attraction, that were I to obey that law, I should be describing a tangent to the line of duty, somewhat oftener than its full discharge will permit. It is a joy to have met and known these friends, which I cannot wholly suppress, though I well know they seek and need no effort of praise, for their whole nature is a blessing. And whether I am ever there again with them in the body, or not, I shall often, in the spirit, be in their midst, to be refreshed by their sweet and genial influences.

Soon after coming on board the boat the rain ceased; the afternoon was extremely fine, and our sail a most delightful one. The outline of the Jersey shore is very picturesque, dotted here and there with little hills, that nestle lovingly in the green and quiet valleys. Newark bay is a beautiful sheet of water; and the coast of Staten Island, though it is wanting in the fine trees which adorn the neighboring regions, has many cottages of various picturesque styles and forms, sprinkled along its green bluffs, producing a very agreeable effect. And so we have come back; refreshed—happier—stronger—for the good work that lies before us.

G.

## GERMAN PHILOSOPHERS.

For all research of any considerable extent, whether in Theology, Philology or Philosophy (mental or physical) every nation in the civilized world has ever looked and does still look to the Germans. It would be esteemed hazardous for an Englishman to publish a work on Philology or Philosophy without examining German authors on the subjects treated. The same is true of Theology, albeit those of the bigoted schools, and they are legion, affect piety too strict to allow of thinking, and therefore condemn them as *rationalists*. Perhaps in nothing more have the Germans excelled than in theological investigations. The Land of a Luther is also the Land of De Witte and Ronge. Such are our impressions with regard to the ability of the Germans, that it is but just to apprise the readers of the intention of those engaged in the publication of the *Univercolum*, of making it a true exponent of human progress in all parts of the world; and we mean to gather from the Germans whatever is in our reach that will serve the purposes of this paper better than the matter of our own writers. We hope soon to perfect some arrangements to secure original matter from this source direct from the authors themselves. This will give new interest and value to the paper.

Meanwhile, translations of articles or essays of a deeply interesting character, we would be glad to receive from such of our friends as are competent to do it faithfully. There is a large amount of valuable reading matter published by the rationalists of which the mere English reader knows nothing; matter too of such truthfulness and power as to entirely change and renovate the religions of the country. When the infection of this free inquiry first reached this country, bigotry was taken by a surprise that would have disabled her had she possessed intellectual power, but as she was wanting it her doom was sealed—her days numbered. Nothing wrong and erroneous can stand against truth, uttered with affection and wisdom, sister associates.

For our Miscellaneous department authors like Zschokke might furnish matter of the deepest interest. We hope all our friends who feel desirous of making the paper superior to any and every other paper established to fulfil the mission as well as destiny of human life, will become co-workers with us for carrying our plans out, for they will see directly flowing from such efforts the most healthy results.

Thus far the enterprise has been attended with a success sufficient to warrant even more vigorous effort, and wide extended fields of labor.

Z. B.

IN NEARLY ALL the disputes of theologians with each other, any unbiased spectator may be truly said to feel the indifference of the wife in the contest of her husband and a bear; for, as the story goes, when a traveler alighted from his carriage to beat off the bear the wife forbid it, saying, it was the only battle she ever witnessed where she had not a choice which mastered. It is evident that most of the points disputed or contended for among the different sectarian partisans are of the least practical value to mankind, so that be they decided one way or the other, no sensible variation in the practical affairs of life would be discovered. So sensible have these things become, that the great body of mankind cannot easily be brought to take sides in these contests. The same is true in the civic contests. Matters of vital interest, or those affecting the physical and moral condition of man should be upheld and earnestly and firmly defended, but before any considerable degree of tenacity in the case is shown, persons should be pretty sure that the thing contended for is of consequence to man in a degree to warrant all the firmness manifested. We would not approve supineness, being conscious that in avoiding one danger care should be taken that another is not run upon. Wisdom and love should guide us always.

Z. B.

A PRACTICAL SYSTEM OF BOOK-KEEPING BY SINGLE ENTRY, containing three different forms of books; designed respectively for the Farmer, Mechanic, and Merchant. To which is added a variety of useful forms for practical use; viz: Notes, Bills, Drafts, Receipts, etc., etc; also a Compendium of Rules of Evidence, applicable to Books of Account, and of law in reference to the collection of Promissory Notes, etc. By LEVI S. FULTON, and GEORGE W. EASTMAN, authors of a "Complete System of Penmanship." New York: A. S. BARNES & Co., 51 John-street. Cincinnati: H. W. DERBY & Co.

This work has many signal advantages over the old systems. It has three distinct Parts, each one adapted to the convenience of a particular class. The rules are simple and concise; and the exercises to be copied are specimens of fair and plain chirography, so that while the scholar is learning the science he may also improve his hand-writing.

Part I. is designed for the Farmer. The system is explained in clear and intelligible terms, with numerous examples and directions. The Farmer may also find directions for opening an account with his Farm, by which, with very little extra labor, he may ascertain the exact amount of his losses or gains in any given time. This form requires one book.

Part II. is for Mechanics. This form requires two books—the Day-book and Ledger—to which may be added a Cash-book, if required—and also an Index, alphabetically arranged.

Part III. is for Merchants, and requires four principal books, the Day-book, or Blotter, Journal, Ledger, and Cash-book. A petty Alphabet, or Index to the Blotter, is also required, in which all the names entered in the Day-book during the month shall be entered, and alphabetically arranged. This form saves an immense amount of labor, by affording an immediate reference to every part of the Day-book. By this simple arrangement, which requires only a single entrance for a name during six months, a great expense of labor is saved, besides affording a more direct and explicit view of the whole state of the books.

G.



## Miscellaneous Department.

From the Ladies' Wreath.

## THE LITTLE INVALID:

A STORY OF POVERTY AND BLESSEDNESS.

BY S. C. MERRIGATE.

## CHAPTER I.

"Mother," said little Bob Downlee, a frank-faced boy of twelve years, "why do all the dear children love us so,—Ellen and me, and brother Charlie?"

"I cannot tell, my dear, unless it be that you all love them," answered the kind-hearted mother.

"But we've done nothing so good to them as they have done to us. O, it is so nice to go to school, and learn! How could they know we should love it so, and come and help us pick berries, that we might go?"

"I suppose they love it, and are so good they wish you to enjoy it too. But now, dears, they are coming with their baskets."

In a moment the books were laid away, and little Ellen came out, smiling, in her clean home-frock, and with her basket, ready to go out with her brother Bob and the school children to the fields, to gather berries. Up came the little flock of bright-eyed, laughing children, chattering, frolicking and fluttering along, like a merry troop of bright-winged birds, and met the happy Bob and Ellen at the white-washed gate of the small white-washed cottage, that, *snuggled* down among the trees and roses and the rich grape-vines, made the home of the poor widow Downlee and her three children.

They met as joyfully as if their separation had been for days, and not simply the intervening half hour since school was out. They hushed their gayer laugh instinctively a moment, as they came swarming up around little Charlie, whose thin, pale face, and spiritual eyes, showed the invalid; and with sweet smiles they gave him greetings, and some brought fruits, and many flowers, and all brought hearty good will to the helpless child, as he sat smiling and weeping on them, under the shade of the great rock-maple, that shadowed all the house. In this cool place the little invalid would sit in his easy chair, and do his share to help his poor mother feed and clothe them.

They were so poor, that all they could do but just sufficed to keep them comfortable and neat. All day long, in the summer season, little Bob and Ellen had been obliged to work to keep them from want. In the early summer, they cultivated flowers, and the two healthy children took care of them, and gathered the blooms, and brought them to Charlie, under the big maple; and he wove them into beautiful wreaths, and bright bouquets, and arranged them carefully in fresh water, to keep them bright till neighbor John, a kind farmer and market-man, who drove to town every night, should call and take them to sell for them.

And when the berries began to ripen, Bob and Ellen picked them, and Charlie put them into baskets, very neatly; and neighbor John was still their market-man, who brought them back all the proceeds in money, or what things they needed, and would take nothing for his trouble. The mother, meanwhile, by her needle, and by keeping bees—that fed on the rich flowers, and so brought two harvests from them, beside the beauty they displayed, and lent to all,—and by whatever her slight frame could bear, would wring life's blessings out of poverty, and, by her own sweet patience, keep the patience and good heart of her little ones from loss. So closely did gaunt Want dog them, that a day's delay in their united endeavors would straighten some small comfort, and endanger many.

But she had no trouble,—only to think her little ones were growing up unlearned, when nothing but the time was needed; for the summer school was free, and the winter's cost but the fuel of the fire. What the slower charity of the parents had not

suggested, the quick sympathies of the village children prompted; and one night after school they held a little congress, without votes or chairman, and no partizanship, save rivalry of generous expedients, to get little Bob and Ellen into the school; and the result was, they determined to devote a half-hour all together to help them pick berries; and this, from the thirty scholars that composed the school, most of whom could go every night, would more than compensate for the six hours that the children would spend in school. Their parents were not unwilling; and some were glad, for the charity which they thought too small to offer, would be acceptable from their children.

This was the second night of their experiment, and their nimble fingers had brought in many more berries than the two had done all the hot day before. And some would linger back, who had the time, to help Charlie arrange them in their baskets; and when neighbor John came, in the cool of the evening, to take them, he was pleased and astonished to find so many. And now the merry troop had come again, and, after a word of happy greeting for mother Downlee and the gentle invalid, away they bounded over the wall, and into the fields; first, over flew their baskets in a shower upon the grass, and then they followed like a little cataract—a many-colored torrent pouring down the wall, and away across the grass, with chirp and laugh, and generous-hearted glee.

Little Charlie, helpless and alone, sat in his shady nest, and looked out, smiling sweetly under the green boughs, on the joyous group; and if he envied them any thing, it was their good hearts, that could prompt them to find their happiness in serving others.

The full-hearted mother, busy with her needle, looked from her seat in the cottage door, on the blithe troupe, and on her smiling boy; and two bright tears trembled in her eyes, as she wondered if no pang touched him, that he could not bound away with them in their happy sport-task. And perhaps a memory of the past came gliding over her, of the brighter days when Robert Downlee kept his strong arm between that cottage door and want; when little Charlie was a prattling boy of five, and played with his father's plume, and gilded belt, when, on the morning of his last look on home, the faithful husband was summoned away to be a butcher of his fellow-men, in his brave heart thinking it duty so to serve his country. But the poor wife wept with a sad foreboding, then, that her home was left desolate; nor scarcely more sure of her full bereavement was she, when the news came to her, that the bold Capt. Downlee fell by a shot from a British gun-boat, and his body was lost in the sea. Five years that widowed heart had battled against grief and poverty; and one should see her often, and in unexpected times, to know by any glimpse that she had not conquered both; for her cheerful face betrayed no agony at the core, and the scrupulous neatness within and about her little cottage, was more indicative of humble, quiet tastes, than poverty.

After the children were far off in the fields, and Charlie had sat long in silence, twining the flowers they brought him into two wreaths, which would bring enough to buy his dear little sister—a year younger than himself—a pair of shoes, he put them aside in a dish his mother brought him, and began to weave a little wicker basket, lining it with many bright mosses, to make a nest for the great plums and currants, red, and white, and black, of which the good children had brought him many; and, truth to say, he arranged them very prettily, nestling the purple plums down in the center, and putting his fruits where they should peep out cunningly from their green bed. It was a new experiment, and his mother cast frequent glances of maternal fondness and delight, as the patient boy wrought out his pleasant plan.

"See, mother; will that do?" said the happy boy, as he placed the work carefully on the green bench beside him.

"It is a very sweet little thing, Charlie; and what will you do with it?"

"I will sell it to buy you a new cap, if the merchant will give enough for it."

"No, dear. I am not like to suffer for its want: and I think it will half pay for a warm new vest for you, for next winter, Charlie."

"Me, mother? I shall not need it then. The angels will be with me then, and give me a robe of white."

His lustrous eye shone with a sweet sincerity as he spoke; and the mother burst into tears, as if the sad bereavement were verily come. She knew how keenly the little invalid suffered at times; and, though his peace was in the hope of death, thought of his loss to her and his dear brother and sister, clouded across her mind, and rained down tears.

"No: do not weep, mother! how well and often you have taught me patience; how plainly made me feel the wings of blessed spirits fanning me, when the dreadful pains made my head so hot. Mother, you will not be alone when I am gone; for a sweet voice told me last night, in a dream, that some good was in store for you,—that a helper was near: and I should go to be rid of this life's troubles, and find all its sweets multiplied. Then, mother, I will smile down from the sky, and you shall feel it, till you smile back again. O, do not weep!"—and the boy stretched out his thin white hands to her, and the happy, mournful mother knelt by his side, and folded his attenuated form to her bosom, as if for a last embrace.

## CHAPTER II.

Scarcely had the flow of her full heart subsided, before she heard the merry chatter of the children, as they came flocking home, laden with the purple treasures of the fields; and on they came, and vaulted over the high wall again, holding each other's brimming baskets as they climbed it. Into the little yard they pressed, and piled their stores in great pans round the door; and even little chubby babies almost came toddling up to bring their tiny baskets-full to "dear Charlie." But dear Charlie was too tired and weak that evening to arrange his baskets, and a half dozen generous boys and girls, with willing hands volunteered the task, while the rest ran home, the happier for sharing their fruit with their good neighbor Downlee.

Before the careful market-man arrived, fifty plump baskets of sweet whortleberries stood arranged along the bench for him; and little Charlie, who had seen the work with pleasure, spite of bodily pain, had been removed to his cot in the house. Neighbor John carried all their treasures to the town, and took peculiar care of the mossy fruit-basket, for which he conceived a wonderful admiration, and assured them he would bring back fifty cents for it, certainly.

Arrived in town, the kind neighbor disposed of the berries at three cents a basket, the baskets to be returned; and a handsome lady, seeing him offer the flowers, and hearing the tradesman banter about the price, took them, and doubled the demand for them in the sum she gave, and desired more to be left at her house every week, and gave her number to the carrier. But nobody fancied the little moss-basket. After disposing of his own wares and produce, the good man took the basket to the doors of some of the rich; but they saw nothing in its rustic beauty to attract them, though one gay woman of wealth, to whom he told the story of its making, offered him a nine-pence; and the lady director of a fashionable charitable society, raised the offer to a yankee shilling. But neighbor John, who had set his heart on getting a good price for this, refused to part with it so cheaply, and putting it back in his wagon, started for home, determined to do as he had often done before, carry the pretty thing to his wife, and pay the price he had demanded for it, without letting his poor neighbor know its destination; for himself was not so fortunate as to indulge in any luxury but benevolence.

On his way home, as the sun began to beam down warmly from the east, he saw a man, worn with travel, sitting weary by

the wayside. He accosted the tired stranger, to know if both were going the same road; an affirmative from the stranger, who looked a little surprised at the invitation which followed—to take the comfort of his sheltered wagon,—ended in procuring him a seat for a few miles of his journey, at least. The faint and weary man had traveled all night without food, and when the good farmer had given him the last crumb from the remaining contents of his traveling box, he thought of his fruits, and drew them from their safe place under the seat, knowing that the empty basket would be a pleasanter gift to his wife with the knowledge that its fruits had cheered the fainting stranger, than all together, hearing of his want.

"Nay, nay, my good friend; I will not taste them. This is something you have bought in market for your children or your wife. I cannot take this."

"Not at all, friend. I carried it with me, and not finding a ready sale, chose to keep it; but, my dear sir, I will tell you a thing of it, that will make the fruit all the sweeter."

The hungry man was too much tempted by the earnestness of the offer, and the rich savor of the fruit itself, to refuse longer; so he took one fat plum tenderly from its green bed, as if he almost pitied to remove it, and put its purple cheek to his parched lips, as John began to tell him the history of the fruit-basket.

"In the small village whence I came, and where I have lived these four years past, there is a little invalid boy, the youngest son of a widow. She has two children beside,"—and then he went on to tell how the good woman had lost her husband, and how she struggled against poverty, and how the little ones had helped her—even the little sick boy,—and how all the village children helped them; and then to the private history of that little basket,—and never," concluded the honest chronicler, "was a more blessed creature in this world, or a woman with more blessed helpers for children, than poor widow Downlee of Greenvale."

What so strangely unpalatable was there in that last sweet plum, that it should fall back with the falling hand so suddenly from the half-satiated lip of the stranger? What in the words or look of the good farmer, that they should draw so inquiring a gaze from the eye of the pilgrim? The driver opportunely noted it not, and the stranger resumed his countenance again; but the eagerness of his questions, and his earnest attention to their answers, showed that an unwonted interest had been kindled: and another would have noticed a hot tear rolling in the stranger's eye, as the good John, who would not seem to see it if he did, told of the patient, suffering, happy little Charlie.

At length the big market wagon of neighbor John halted before the gate of the poor widow, and the pleasant boy saw one after another of the little treasures their articles had procured, handed out to his smiling mother, and then he laughed with a quiet little glee, as the good neighbor drew a bright half-dollar from his pocket, saying, "and this is for Charlie's moss-basket, and now, mother Downlee, if I guess right, here is something more for you," and he stepped aside to let the impatient stranger come forward from the back part of the wagon, and in a moment more, with a shriek of recognition, the astonished wife was in the arms of her husband.

When he saw them safely through the first wild transport, neighbor John drove to his home, a man thrice blessed for his small kindnesses.

Robert Downlee knelt by the chair of his invalid son, and pressed him to his heart. The boy showed no frantic demonstrations, but an intense joy shone in his spiritual eye, as he locked his thin arms around his father's neck.

"I knew it would be so! A sweet Dream, a pale thin-winged creature, with beautiful eyes told me you was not dead, and we should see you again, and then I should go away and be an angel, and live with you all without any pain, and you, and mother, and Bob, and Ellen, would be happy and dwell together, and feel my joy among you at all times. Oh, father I knew, and told

mother, but she was so sad to think it all, she would not believe any of it.

"Nay, darling, I half believed it, or this meeting would have been too sudden a joy; and for the sadness of one part of that tale, I was readier to believe the other."

Fail us it would to tell the joy and silent blessedness of that meeting, mingled as they were with a sad prophecy of bereavement, we can only catch from the many words, and more deep looks, the simple story of the husband's return, which told that the shot which wounded him, threw him into the sea,—that he floated on a sliver of their vessel, till the British picked him up,—he recovered,—was imprisoned, and constrained three years, when beggared and weak, he was let loose in the wilderness of London, and without friends or money, he sought a passage for America, was disappointed and reduced to the lowest need, he toiled on the wharves, and became a porter, and starved on, till he got the money necessary for his passage, and had landed but a week before in New York, from whence he had labored on, till the good farmer found him penniless and exhausted by the roadside. His letters had never reached their destination, and the first gleam of any knowledge of his existence came with his presence—if indeed the premonitions of the keen-nerved Charlie, were not a magnetic consciousness of his approach.

When school was done, Bob and nimble-footed Ellen came tripping home, eager to see the product of their toil. Little Ellen ran first into the room where all were mute, and seeing a stranger, shrunk to her mother's side abashed. Bob halted a moment with the sudden surprise, and glancing at the stranger and at his mother in quick alternation, his lips moved with an endearing term, as he looked again inquiringly to his mother, whose answering smile made it articulate, "Father!" and he bounded to his arms. Then little Ellen came, bashful and wondering and doubting; and all the brief past of her life with him came back, when he swung the girl of nine years on his arm, as he had done to the boundless delight of the girl of four. With tears and laughter, and the deep, quiet gaze of Charlie, too deep-souled for either tears or laughter, that house enfolded a blest family.

### CHAPTER III.

The kiss of the kind angel Death, brought a light flush to the hollow cheek of little Charlie, but a flush that kindled no delusive hopes: for the mother's heart had learned to trust his prophecy, and the father knew too well the hectic bloom that when heaven's gate is opening to the pure, is sometimes flung from the near glory upon the faded cheek. So Autumn's first wild frost-kiss had touched the great maple over the cottage with a blaze of splendor. The dear boy sat no more in his wonted place beneath its wide arms, save in the softest season of the blandest day, for dear past memories' sake; and now his thin white fingers, slenderer than a girl's, hung idly from the folds of his thick shawl, no more to shed a life-like glow from the reflected blushes of the rose or stain of bleeding berries.

The patient mother knew his Autumn too had come, and was resigned; so centered were her grief and trust, that smiles and tears would mingle on her face; and every morning she would thank God rather that he was here, than murmur that he was going hence.

"Mother," he said one day, after a severe struggle with pain, which flushed his beautiful pale face, but could only wring it to a slight contortion, as the soft wind would ruffle the water in passing—"Mother, it is over now, the pain and trial, and a bright spirit, with pure blue wings, and white transparent robe, stands close by me. I have seen him often in the distance, and every fit of agony would bring him closer, as if I were afloat, and it was rough wind to drive me to him."

"Father, mother, Bob, Ellen, all come!" and the boy kissed them all silently. They knew that he was going, and were mute save little Ellen, who put her arms about him tenderly, and begged him, "Oh, don't go, Charlie."

But a quick glance of his kindling eye caught a vision, invisible to them who watched over him, and flashed a pure smile over the falling tears.

"Mother," he whispered faintly, "they are bringing a white flower-wreath, and they say it is for filial, and fraternal love, mother—because I've loved you, and father, and Bobby, and Ellen; and yet, how could I help it? you are so good. And one holds up a band of blue flowers, and he says it is for Patience, mother,—because I have borne suffering meekly; but that should be for you, for it was you that made me so happy, I could not feel the pain. And now one comes close to me, with a tiny bouquet of the most sweet small flowers, like the lily of the valley, but sweeter, clearer, and they make a low, soft, tinkling in tunes, as they wave in her hand, and this she says is for Purity—and she will bind it on my bosom. Oh, mother, do you not feel them? they float smoothly by you, and look kindly on you; and now a lovely company of them have come, and twined a wreath of all these flowers together, round us all—and now I float away. Oh, mother, one kiss! the rose-chain lengthens, but it will not break! I go, but this will hold us always till it folds us close again. Hark!"

Dropped the faint lids over the dying eyes, clasped the pale hands on the pulseless bosom, and the white soul of the boy flew up to God, on some divine strain which his ear had caught, and which it seemed the sobbing mother and the kneeling sire, in a moment's hush of grief, could almost hear. So sweetly passed his spirit, that a sweet smile, more of heaven than earth, lay on the unchanged face; and to the deep-souled mother seemed it no fancy, that she felt the pressure of the extending flower-band, and down its living links, sweet pulses of living bliss from the beatified soul of the ascending boy.

What if strange scenes passed in that little cot, and the autumnal winds sighed through the open door, and past a skeleton-like bier; and solemn words were said, and tears were rained profusely on a marble cheek; and flocks of children, all in simple white, with late flowers in their hands, walked weeping two by two, and paused to sing mid sobs a low hymn, round a little grave, and make the name of their lost darling inarticulate with grief. Yet round that mother's heart, if round no other, the invisible flower-wreath pressed with blessed healing—and a perpetual inflow of divine love from his diviner soul, deepened her spirit beyond joy or grief, and told her ever, "Charlie is not dead!"

### PARABLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM.

Two travelers were performing a difficult journey over mountains, amid cold, night and storm. Drearly and famishingly they wandered on, till one of them, a weak human brother, sunk and perished in despair. The other still pursued his way in the indomitable strength of a great, courageous spirit, till the cold, night and storm were over, and the hills passed. And when the morning smiled on him the bleak mountains stood in sublimity behind him, and a lonely valley stretched before him, where his own home, containing its domestic hearth-fire, and loving hearts, was ready to greet him with warm welcome. Here he found refreshment, rest, and sympathy, which were doubly intense for his late struggle.

In the following months, when summer was too intense and profuse in her gifts, she melted those snows, filling the mountain-veins with waters, which gushed out where the frost had rent the rocks, and danced to the plain, irrigating the fields, and dispensing health to all plants and animals who would receive it.

If we will be brave in winter, summer will give us rest and joy. Out of the rigor of winter, come choice blessings of summer.

[CHARLES WORTH.]



From the German of Heinrich Zschokke.

## FOOL OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

PRELIMINARY.

On my last journey through the north of Germany, I did not regret going a little out of the way, to see once more one who had been a favorite in the golden time of my life. It must be understood, however, that in the following story, the names of countries, places, and persons, are concealed or disguised. Yet the history, improbable as it may appear to some, is none the less true on that account.

This favorite was the Baron Olivier, of Flyeln, with whom I had pursued the sciences at the High School of Gottingen. He was then an excellent youth, and at the same time one of the most intellectual. A love of Greek and Roman literature had brought and bound us together; I called him my Achilles, and he called me his Patroclus. In fact, he was a model that might have served any artist for an Achilles. In form and bearing like a young demigod, pride and goodness shone in the dark fire of his glance; supple and active as any one; the boldest swimmer, the swiftest-footed runner, the wildest rider, the most graceful dancer, he had withal, the most generous and fearless heart. His very nobleness involved him in many an unpleasant affair, as he always took the part of the oppressed. He had therefore many occasions to fight with others; did not avoid even the best swordsman; went into the contest as to a pasture; was never himself wounded, as if he bore a charmed life, yet seldom suffered any one to escape him unmarked.

Since our separation, we had several times written to each other, but as it often happens, when one begins to be tossed by the waves of life, though we did not wholly forget each other, we at last dropped the correspondence. I knew nothing of him, finally, except that he had become a Captain in a regiment of infantry. He must have been already about five and thirty years old, and in the first rank. In the course of my journey, I had learned quite accidentally, the station of his regiment, and this reconciled me to the roundabout way.

The post-boy drove me into the streets of an old, straggling, rich commercial city, and stopped before one of the most respectable hotels. As soon as I had learned which was my chamber from the waiter, I asked him, whether the Baron of Flyeln was with the regiment now in garrison of the place?

"Do you mean the major?" asked the waiter.

"Major he may be! Is his residence far from this? Can he be spoken with at this time? It is late, I know—but I wish some one to conduct me to him."

"Pardon me, but the Baron is not with his regiment—he has not been for a long time. He took leave—or rather he was obliged to take it."

"Obliged? Wherefore?"

"He has played all sorts of pranks and wonderful capers—I know scarcely what! He is at least not right in the head: he is cracked—cracked—crazed. They say he has studied himself out of his wits."

This news frightened me so at first, that I completely lost possession of myself.

"And what then?" stammered I, finally, in order to learn something more definite about him.

"Pardon me," said the obsequious waiter, "but what I know, is only from hearsay, for he was sent away before I came to this house: still they tell many things about him. By way of a joke, he got up many duels with the officers, and called each one *thou*, even the General—each one, let him be who he might! When he came into possession of a rich inheritance from his uncle, he imagined himself as poor as a beggar, could not pay his debts, and sold everything he had on and about him. He even vented blasphemous speeches in his phrenzy. But the funniest part of it is, that he married himself to an ordinary woman, a gypsy, in spite of his family. His very dress became, in the end, so queer

and fantastic, that the boys in the streets ran after him. In the city, they grieved very much, on account of his vagaries, for he was generally liked before that, and must have been, while he had his right mind, an excellent man."

"And where is he now?"

"I cannot say. He has quitted the town—we hear and see nothing of him. His family have probably got him a place somewhere that he may be cured."

The waiter could give no further information. I had already heard too much. I threw myself shuddering into a seat. I recalled to mind the heroic form of the intellectual youth, of whose future I had indulged such fond anticipations; who, by means of his rank as well as through his large family connexions, might have so easily attained the first place in the army or the state: who, by his knowledge and rare endowments, seemed to have been called to all that is great—and who was now one of those unfortunates, before whom men shrink back in dread! Oh! that the Angel of Life had rather withdrawn him from the world, than left him a miserable caricature and mournful spectacle to his friends.

As anxious as I had been to see the good Olivier, it was no longer pleasant to me to inquire about him in the city. Alas, he was no more Olivier—no more the manly Achilles, but a pitiable unknown Torso. I would not have wished to see him, even if it had been easy for me to find him: I must then have exchanged the memory of my Gottingen Achilles for the image of a madman, which would have robbed me of one of my loveliest and most pleasing recollections. I did not wish to see him, for the same reason that I avoid looking at a friend in his coffin, that I may retain in my thoughts the image of the living only; or, as I forbear to enter rooms which I formerly occupied, but which are now in the possession of another, and arranged in a different style. The Past and the Present then become blended in my imagination in a very painful confusion.

I was yet lost in various speculations on the nature of human existence, and how the same spirit, which spans the spaces of the Universe and aspires to the Highest, becomes through the depression and injury of the nervous system, like a jarring and discordant instrument,—to itself and to the rest of the world an unintelligible enigma—when the waiter entered and called me to supper.

The table of the brilliant dining-room was crowded with guests. It happened that a place was assigned me in the neighborhood of some officers of the occupying army: I naturally, as soon as the ice was broken between us, turned the conversation to my friend Olivier. I gave the minutest description of him, that there might be no mistake as to his person; for it was probable, as I believed then, that the mad Baron of Flyeln might be some other than my Achilles of Gottingen. But all that I asked, and all that I heard, convinced me too surely that there was no room for mistake.

"It is, indeed, a sad affair, that of the Baron," sighed one of the officers. "Everybody liked him; he was one of the bravest of the regiment,—in fact a dare-devil. We saw that, during the last campaign in France. What none of us dared to do, he did as if in sport. He excelled in everything. Just think of the affair at the battle of Belle-Alliance! We had lost it;—the General tore the very hair from his head. Flyeln cried out, 'We must take it again, or all is gone!' We had then made three sallies in vain. Flyeln went out with his company once more, cut his way through a whole battalion of guards, and, at last pressing on with the most horrible butchery, stormed the battery."

"But it cost half the company," interrupted an old captain near me; "I was an eye-witness. He came out, however, as usual, without a scratch. The most monstrous luck always attended the man. The common soldiers cannot even now be persuaded that the Baron is not sword, spear and bullet-proof."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A PARABLE.

Said Christ our Lord, "I will go and see  
How the men, my brethren, believe in me;"  
He passed not again through the gate of birth,  
But made himself known to the children of Earth.

Then said the Chief-Priests, and Rulers, and Kings,  
"Behold now the Giver of all good things;  
Come, let us receive with pomp and state  
Him who alone is mighty and great."

With carpets of gold the ground they spread  
Wherever the Son of Man should tread,  
And in palace-chambers lofty and rare  
They lodged him and served him with kingly fare.

Great organs surged through arches dim  
Their jubilant floods in praise of him,  
And in Church and Palace, and Judgment-hall  
He saw his image high over all.

But still, wherever his steps they led,  
The Lord in sorrow bent down his head,  
And from under the heavy foundation-stones  
The son of Mary heard bitter groans.

And in Church and Palace, and Judgment-hall,  
He marked great fissures that rent the wall,  
Opening wider and yet more wide  
As the living foundation heaved and sighed."

"Have ye founded your Thrones and Altars, then,  
On the bodies and souls of living men?  
And think ye that building shall endure  
Which shelters the Noble and crushes the Poor?"

"With gates of silver and bars of gold,  
Ye have fenced my sheep from their Father's fold;  
I have heard the dropping of their tears  
In Heaven, these eighteen hundred years."

"O, Lord and Master, not ours the guilt,  
We build but as our fathers built;  
Behold thine images, how they stand,  
Sovereign and Sole, through all our land.

"Our task is hard,—with sword and flame,  
To hold thy Earth forever the same,  
And with sharp crooks of steel to keep  
Still, as thou leftest them, thy sheep."

Then Christ sought out an artisan,  
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,  
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin  
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

These set he in the midst of them,  
And as they drew back their garment-hem,  
For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said he,  
"The images ye have made of me!"

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

DR KIMBARK, Magnetic Physician, has recently removed to 384 Broome St., where he will be happy to attend to the calls of those who desire his professional services.

DR GRATTAN, Magnetic Physician, would inform his friends that he may be found at 137 Grand St., near Broadway, ready to attend to the wants of the sick. Dr. G. will confine his examinations to the treatment of disease.

## FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH.

"Ho! ye that thirst, come to the fountain!"

*Sign No. 130 Fulton St.*

It is not proposed to give a theological disquisition, but only a short discourse about *Sarsaparilla Beer*. In the first place, we remark that our old friend Dr. Price has recently established himself at 130 Fulton St., where may be found a general assortment of all the remedial agents, derived from the several kingdoms of Nature.

Secondly.—The Doctor has at his medical depot, what is properly called the "Fountain of Health," which is for the refreshment and healing of the people. We always experience a thrill of delight whenever we visit that fountain, and receive the flowing streams as they come up from the invisible depths and gush out of the marble.

Thirdly.—In this invitation we discern the most beautiful and winning feature of the Dr's Theology. All nations, kindreds and tongues, are invited to come and drink, and if they thirst again, the fountain is always there, and so is the invitation. The Doctor says, come; and let him that heareth say, come; and let him that is athirst, come—

And drink, and drink, and drink again,  
And if they still are dry—

Why, drink again!

Fourthly.—It is no objection to this fountain that you can neither drink without money, nor without *Price*; especially, as we are more likely to value what we pay for, and *Price* is always extremely reasonable.

A word by way of application. It has often been said that it is easier to preach than practice; but we expect to satisfy the Doctor, in the course of the season, that we particularly excel in the *practical part*.

S. B. E.

## INDEPENDENT CHRISTIAN SOCIETY.

REV. T. L. HARRIS will preach in the COLISEUM, 450 Broadway, two doors below Grand street, on Sunday afternoon, at 3 1-2 o'clock. SEATS FREE.

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