

# THE UNIVERCELOM

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.

#### SPIRITUAL VIEWS OF MAN, PROVIDENCE AND IMMORTALITY.

From the German of Johann Gottlieb Fichte.

MAN is not the mere product of the sensual world, and the whole aim of his existence cannot be attained in it. His high destiny passes time and space, and all that is sensual. What he is, and what he is to make himself, he must know; as his destiny is a lofty one, he must be able to raise his thoughts above all sensual limits; where his true home is, thither must his thoughts necessarily fly, and his real humanity, in which his whole mental power is displayed, appears most when he raises himself above those limits, and all that belongs to the senses vanishes in a mere reflection to mortal eyes, of what is transcendent and immortal.

Many have raised themselves to this view without any course of intellectual inquiry, merely by nobleness of heart and pure moral instinct. They have denied in practice the reality of the sensual world, and made it of no account in their resolutions and their conduct, although they might never have entertained the question of its real existence, far less have come to any conclusion in the negative. Those who are entitled to say, "Our citizenship is in heaven, we have here no abiding place, we seek it in a world to come," these whose chief principle it was to die to the world, to be born again, and already here below to enter on the kingdom of God, certainly set no value on what is merely sensual, and were, to use the scholastic expression, "transcendental Idealists."

Others, who, with the natural tendency to sensuality common to us all, have strengthened themselves in it by the adoption of a system of thought leading in the same direction, can only rise above it by a thorough and persevering course of investigation; with the purest moral intentions they would be liable to be perpetually drawn down again by their intellectual mistakes, and their whole nature would be involved in inextricable contradiction.

For such as these will the philosophy, which I now first truly understand, be the first power that can enable the imprisoned Psyche to break from the chrysalis and unfold her wings; poised on which, she casts a glance on her abandoned cell, before springing upward to live and move in a higher sphere.

Blessed be the hour in which I was first led to inquire into my own spiritual nature and destination! All my doubts are removed; I know what I can know, and have no fears for what I cannot know. I am satisfied; perfect clearness and harmony reign in my soul, and a new and more glorious existence begins for me.

My entire destiny I cannot comprehend; what I am to become, exceeds my present power of conception. A part, which is concealed from me, is visible to the father of spirits. I know only that it is secure, everlasting and glorious. That part of it which is confided to me I know, for it is the root of all my other knowledge.

I know at every moment of my life what I have to do, and this is the aim of my existence as far as it depends on myself. Since my knowledge does not reach beyond this, I am not required to go further. On this central point I take my stand. To this shall all my thoughts and endeavors tend, and my whole power be directed—my whole existence be woven around it.

It is my duty to cultivate my understanding and to acquire knowledge, as much as I can, but purely with the intention of enlarging my sphere of duty; I shall desire to gain much, that much may be required of me. It is my duty to exercise my powers and talents in every direction, but merely in order to render myself a more convenient and better qualified instrument for the work I am called to do; for until the law of God in my heart shall have been fulfilled in practice, I am answerable for it to my conscience. It is my duty to represent in my person, as far as I am able, the most complete and perfect humanity; not for its own sake, but in order that in the form of humanity may be represented the highest perfection of virtue. I shall regard myself, and all that is in me, merely as the means to the fulfilment of duty; and shall have no other anxiety than that I may be able, as far as possible, to fulfil it. When, however, I shall have once resolutely obeyed the law of conscience, conscious of the purest intentions in doing so; when this law shall have been made manifest in practice, I have no further anxiety; for having once become a fact in the world, it has been placed in the hands of an eternal Providence. Further care or anxiety concerning the issue were but idle self-torment; would exhibit a want of faith and trust in that Infinite Power. I shall not dream of governing the world in His place; of listening to the voice of my own limited understanding, instead of His voice in my conscience, and substituting for his vast and comprehensive plans those of a narrow and short-sighted individual. I know that to seek to do so, would be to seek to disturb the order of the spiritual world.

As with tranquil resignation I reverence the decrees of a higher providence, so in my actions do I reverence the freedom of my fellow creatures. The question for me is not what they, according to my conceptions, ought to do, but what I may do to induce them to it. I cannot wish to act on them otherwise than through their own conviction and their own will, and as far as the order of society and their own consent will permit me; by no means however to influence their powers and circumstances, independently of their own convictions. They do what they do on their own responsibility: in this I dare not interfere, and the Eternal Will will dispose all for the best. All that I have to do is to respect their liberty, and make no attempt to destroy it, because it appears to me ill employed.

I raise myself to this point of view, and become a new creature; my whole relations to the present world are changed, the ties by which my mind was closely connected with it, and followed all its movements, are broken forever, and I stand calmly in the center of my own world. My eye only, and not my heart, is occupied with worldly objects, and this eye is "filled with light," and looks through error and deformity, to the True and the Beautiful. My mind is for ever closed against perplexity, and embarrassment, and uncertainty, and doubt, and anxiety.

My heart, against grief and repentance as well as against desire. There is but one thing that I wish to know, and that I infallibly shall know, and I refrain from forming conjectures as to what I am sure I can never with certainty know. No possible event has power to agitate me with joy or sorrow, for I look down calm and unmoved upon all, since I am aware that I am not able to understand events in all their bearings. All that happens belongs to the everlasting plan of Providence, and is good in its place: how much in this plan is pure gain, how much is merely good as means to some further end, for the destruction of some present evil, I know not. I am satisfied with, and stand fast as a rock on the belief that all that happens in God's world, happens for the best; but what in that world is merely germ, what blossom, what fruit, I know not.

The only cause in which I can be deeply concerned is that of the progress of reason and morality in the minds of rational creatures, and this purely for the sake of this progress. Whether I am the instrument chosen for this purpose, or another, whether my endeavors succeed or fail, is of no importance. I regard myself merely as a destined laborer in this field, and respect myself only inasmuch as I execute my task. I look on all the occurrences of the world only in their relation to this object, and it matters not whether I or another have the chief share in them. My breast is steeled against personal insults and vexations, or vain-glorious exultation in personal merit, for my personality has vanished in the contemplation of the great object before me.

Should it seem to me that truth has been put to silence, and virtue trampled under foot, and that folly and vice will certainly triumph; should it happen, when all hearts were filled with hope for the human race, that the horizon should suddenly darken around them as it had never done before; should the work, well and happily begun, on which all eyes were fixed with joyous expectation, suddenly and unexpectedly be turned into a deed of shame,—yet will I not be dismayed: nor if the good cause should appear to grow and flourish, the lights of freedom and civilization be diffused, and peace and good-will amongst men be extended, shall yet my efforts be relaxed.

Those apparently melancholy events may, for aught I know, be the means of bringing about a good result; that struggle of folly and vice may be the last that they shall ever maintain, and they may be permitted to put forth all their strength, to lose it in one final defeat. Those events of apparently joyful promise may rest on an uncertain foundation; what I regarded as love of freedom, may be but impatience of restraint; what I attributed to gentleness and peacefulness, may originate in feebleness and effeminacy. I do not indeed know this, but it might be that I had as little cause to mourn over the one as to rejoice over the other. All that I know is, that the world is in the hands of omnipotent wisdom and goodness, who looks through his whole plan, knows all its bearings, and will infallibly be able to execute whatever he intends. On this conviction I repose with a calm and blessed assurance.

That they are free and rational creatures, destined to make progress toward perfect reason and moral purity, who thus exert all their powers in the promotion of folly and vice, need excite no violent indignation. The depravity of hating what is good for its own sake, and choosing evil because it is evil, for the mere love of it, which alone could justly awaken anger, I cannot ascribe to any human creature, for I know that it lies not in human nature to do so. I know that for all who act thus there is generally no good or evil, but merely the agreeable or disagreeable, and that they are not under their own control, but under that of natural appetite, which seeks the former, and flies from the latter with all its strength, without any consideration whether it be in itself good or evil. I know that being what they are, they cannot act otherwise than as they do act, and I am far from the folly of growing angry at what is of necessity, or seeing cause for indignation in blind and brute impulse.

In that indeed lies their guilt and their degradation, that they are what they are, instead of having striven to resist the current of passion and animal nature by the force of reason, as free and rational beings.

This alone could justly awaken my displeasure; but here I fall into an absurdity. I cannot blame them for their want of moral freedom, unless I regard them first as free. I wish to be angry with them, and find no object for my anger. What they actually are, does not deserve it—what might deserve it, they are not; and if they were, they would not deserve it.

My displeasure strikes a nonentity. I must indeed treat them and address them as if they were what I well know they are not, and manifest a noble indignation at their conduct, with a view of arousing a similar feeling in their own breasts against themselves, although I am conscious in my heart that no such feeling can be rationally entertained against them. It is only the acting man of society whose anger is excited by folly and vice: the contemplative man reposes undisturbed in the tranquillity of his own spirit.

Corporeal suffering, sorrow and sickness, I must indeed unavoidably feel, for they are occurrences of my nature, and as long as I remain on earth I am a part of nature; but they shall not overcloud my spirit. They can reach only the nature with which I am in a wonderful manner united, not what is properly myself, the being exalted above nature. The certain end of all pain, and of all susceptibility of pain, is death: and among all which the man of mere nature is apt to regard as evils, this is the least.

I shall not die for myself, but only for others; for those who remain behind, from whose connection I am torn: for me the hour of death is the hour of birth to a new, more magnificent life.

Let my heart be once closed against earthly desire, and the universe will appear before me in a glorified form: the dead heavy mass, which did but fill up space, has disappeared, and in its place there rushes by the bright, everlasting flood of life and power from its infinite source. All life, O Omnipotent Father, is thy life! and the eye of religion alone penetrates to the realms of truth and beauty.

I am related to thee, and what I behold around me is related to me; all is full of animation, and looks toward me with bright spiritual eyes, and speaks with spirit voices to my heart. In all the forms that surround me, I behold the manifold reflections of my own being, as the morning sun, broken into a thousand dewdrops, sparkles toward itself.

Thy life, as alone the finite mind can conceive it, is self-forming, self-representing Will, which, clothed to the eye of the mortal with multitudinous sensuous forms, flows through me and the whole immeasurable universe, here stragling as self-creative matter through my veins and muscles—there pouring its abundance into the tree, the flower, the grass.

Creative life flows like a continuous stream, drop on drop, into all forms through which my eye can follow it, and into the mysterious darkness where my own frame was formed; dancing and rejoicing in the animal, and presenting itself every moment in a new form; the only principle of motion that, from one end of the universe to the other, conducts the harmonious movement.

But pure and holy, and as near to thine own nature as to the eye of the mortal anything can be, when it forms the bond which unites spirit with spirit, and encompasses them all, is the breath and atmosphere of the rational world. Incomprehensible, unimaginable, yet visible to the mental sight. Hovering over this sea of light, thought passes from soul to soul, and is reflected back purer and brighter from that of a fellow-creature. By this mystery does the individual understand and love himself in another, and every mind develops itself from other minds, and there is no single man, but one humanity. By this mystery does the affinity of spirits in the invisible world pass

into their corporeal nature, and manifest itself in two sexes, which, even if the spiritual bond could be broken, would, as creatures of pure nature, be compelled to love. It breathes through the tenderness of parents and children and brethren, as if the souls were of one blood like the bodies, and their minds but blossoms and branches of the same stem; and from these flows in wider and wider circles till it embraces the whole sentient world. The thirst after love lies even at the root at hate, and no enmity springs up but from friendship denied.

In that which to others appears a dead mass, my eye beholds this everlasting life and movement throughout the sensual and spiritual world, and sees this life for ever rising and refining itself to more and more spiritual expression. The universe is for me no longer that eternally-repeated play, that ever-returning circle, that monster swallowing itself up, to bring itself forth again as it was before; it has become spiritualized to me, it bears the stamp of spirit in a constant progress toward perfection.

The sun rises and sets, and the stars vanish and return again, and all the spheres move in their harmonious circling dance, but they never return exactly what they were before, and in the bright springs of life itself is life and progress. Every hour which they lead on, every morning, and every evening, sinks with new increase upon the world; new life and new love descend like dew-drops from the clouds, and encircle nature as the cool night the earth. All death in nature is birth, and in death appears visibly the advancement of life. There is no killing principle in nature, far nature throughout is life; it is not death which kills, but the higher life, which, concealed behind the other, begins to develop itself. Death and birth are but the struggle of life with itself to attain a higher form, and how could my death be other—mine—when I bear in myself not merely the form and semblance of life, but the only true original and essential life? It is not possible that nature could annihilate a life which has not its origin in nature; the nature which exists for me, and not I for her.

Yet even this my natural life, even this mere semblance, clothing to mortal sight the inward invisible life, can she not destroy—she who exists for me, and exists not if I am not? My present life disappears only before the higher life developing itself from within; and what mortals call death, is the visible appearance of a second animation. Did no rational creature which had ever beheld the light of this world die, there would be no possible ground to anticipate a new heaven and a new earth; the only purpose of nature, to present and to maintain reason, would be fulfilled, and its span would have been complete. But the act by which she appears to destroy a being free and independent of her, is to the eye of reason the solemn announcement of a transition beyond her sphere. Death is the ladder by which my spiritual vision ascends to new heavenly life.

Every one of my fellow creatures, who leaves this earthly circle, and whom I cannot regard as annihilated, draws my thoughts after him beyond the grave. He is still, and to him belongs a place. Whilst we mourn for him here, as in the dark realm of unconsciousness there might be mourning when a man is to behold the light of the sun, above, there is rejoicing that a man is born into that world, as we citizens of the earth receive with joy and welcome those born to us. When I shall be called on to follow them, there will be but joy for me, for sorrow remains in the sphere which I shall be leaving. The world of nature, on which but now I gazed with wonder and admiration, sinks before me. With all its abounding life and order and bounteous increase, it is but the curtain which hides one infinitely more perfect—the germ from which that other shall develop itself. My faith pierces through this veil, and broods over and animates this germ. It sees indeed nothing distinctly, but it expects more than it can conceive, more than it will ever be able to conceive until time shall be no more.

## THOUGHTS ON LABOR.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

"God has given each man a back to be clothed, a mouth to be filled, and a pair of hands to work with." And since wherever a mouth and a back are created a pair of hands also is provided, the inference is unavoidable, that the hands are to be used to supply the needs of the mouth and the back. Now, as there is one mouth to each pair of hands, and each mouth must be filled, it follows quite naturally, that if a single pair of hands refuse to do its work, then the mouth goes hungry, or, what is worse, the work is done by other hands. In the one case, the supply failing, an inconvenience is suffered, and the man dies; in the other he eats and wears the earnest of another man's work, and so a wrong is inflicted. The law of nature is this, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." Still further, God has so beautifully woven together the web of life, with its warp of Fate, and its woof of Free-will, that in addition to the result of a man's duty, when faithfully done, there is a satisfaction and recompense in the very discharge thereof. In a rational state of things, Duty and Delight travel the same road, sometimes hand in hand. Labor has an agreeable end, in the result we gain; but the means also are agreeable, for there are pleasures in the work itself. These unexpected compensations, the gratuities and stray-gifts of Heaven, are scattered abundantly in life. Thus the kindness of our friends, the love of our children, is of itself worth a thousand times all the pains we take on their account. Labor, in like manner, has a reflective action, and gives the working man a blessing over and above the natural result which he looked for. The duty of labor is written on man's body, in the stout muscle of the arm and the delicate machinery of the hand. That it is congenial to our nature appears from the alacrity with which children apply themselves to it and find pleasure in the work itself, without regard to its use. The young duck does not more naturally betake itself to the water, than the boy to the work which goes on around him. There is some work, which even the village sluggard and the city fop love to do, and that they only can do well. These two latter facts show that labor, in some degree, is no less a pleasure than a duty, and prove that man is not by nature a lazy animal who is forced by hunger to dig and spin.

Yet there are some who count labor a curse and a punishment. They regard the necessity of work, as the greatest evil brought on us by the "Fall;" as a curse that will cling to our last sand. Many submit to this yoke, and toil, and save, in hope to leave their posterity out of the reach of this primitive curse.

Others, still more foolish, regard it as a disgrace. Young men—the children of honest parents, who, living by their manly and toil-hardened hands, bear up the burthen of the world on their shoulders, and eat with thankful hearts their daily bread, won in the sweat of their face—are ashamed of their father's occupation, and forsaking the plow, the chisel, or the forge, seek a livelihood in what is sometimes named a more respectable and genteel vocation; that is, in a calling which demands less of the hands, and quite often less of the head likewise, than their fathers' hard craft; for that imbecility which drives men to those callings, has its seat mostly in a higher region than the hands. Affianced damsels beg their lovers to discover or invent some ancestor in buckram who did not work. The sophomore in a small college is ashamed of his father who wears a blue frock, and his dusty brother who toils with the saw and the ax. These men, after they have wiped off the dirt and soot of their early life, sometimes become arrant coxcombs, and standing like the heads of Hermes without hands, having only a mouth, make faces at such as continue to serve the state by plain handiwork. Some one relates an anecdote which illustrates quite plainly this foolish desire of young men to live without work. It happened in one of our large towns, that a Shopkeeper and a Black-

smith, both living in the same street, advertised for an apprentice on the same day. In a given time fifty beardless youngsters applied to the Haberdasher, and not one to the Smith. But this story has a terrible moral, namely, that forty-nine out of the fifty were disappointed at the outset.

It were to be wished that this notion of labor being disgraceful was confined to vain young men and giddy maidens of idle habits and weak hands, for then it would be looked upon as one of the diseases of early life, which we know must come, and rejoice when our young friends have happily passed through it, knowing it is one of "the ills that flesh is heir to," but is not very grievous, and comes but once in the lifetime. This aversion to labor, this notion that it is a curse and a disgrace, this selfish desire to escape from the general and natural lot of man, is the sacramental sin of "the better class" in our great cities. The children of the poor pray to be rid of it, and what son of a rich man learns a trade or tills the soil with his own hands? Many men look on the ability to be idle as the most desirable and honorable ability. They glory in being the Mouth that consumes, not the Hand that works. Yet one would suppose a man of useless hands and idle head, in the midst of God's world, where each thing works for all; in the midst of the toil and sweat of the human race, must needs make an apology for his sloth, and would ask pardon for violating the common law, and withdrawing his neck from the general yoke of humanity. Still more does he need an apology, if he is active only in getting into his hands the result of others' work. But it is not so. The man who is rich enough to be idle values himself on his leisure, and what is worse, others value him for it. Active men must make a shamefaced excuse for being busy, and working men for their toil, as if business and toil were not the duty of all and the support of the world. In certain countries men are divided horizontally into two classes, the men who work and the men who rule, and the latter despise the employment of the former as mean and degrading. It is the slave's duty to plow, said a heathen poet, and a freeman's business to enjoy at leisure the fruit of that plowing. It is a remnant of all those barbarous times, when all labor was performed by serfs and bondmen, and exemption from toil was the exclusive sign of the freeborn. But this notion, that labor is disgraceful, conflicts as sharply with our political institutions, as it does with common sense, and the law God has writ on man. An old author, centuries before Christ, was so far enlightened on this point, as to see the true dignity of manual work, and to say, "God is well pleased with honest works; he suffers the laboring man, who plows the earth by night and day, to call his life most noble. If he is good and true, he offers continual sacrifice to God, and is not so lustrous in his dress as in his heart."

Manual labor is a blessing and a dignity. But to state the case on its least favorable issue, admit it were both a disgrace and a curse, would a true man desire to escape it for himself, and leave the curse to fall on other men? Certainly not. The generous soldier fronts death, and charges in the cannon's mouth; it is the coward who lingers behind. If labor were hateful, as the proud would have us believe, then they who bear its burthens, and feed and clothe the human race, should be honored as those have always been who defend society in war. If it be glorious, as the world fancies, to repel a human foe, how much more is he to be honored who stands up when Want comes upon us, like an armed man, and puts him to rout? One would fancy the world was mad, when it bowed in reverence to those who by superior cunning possessed themselves of the earnings of others, while it made wide the mouth and drew out the tongue at such as do the world's work. "Without these," said an ancient, "cannot a city be inhabited, but they shall not be sought for in public council, nor sit high in the congregation;" and those few men and women who are misnamed the World, in their wisdom have confirmed the saying. Thus they honor those who sit in idleness and ease; they extol such as defend a

state with arms, or those who collect in their hands the result of Asiatic or American industry, but pass by with contempt the men who rear corn and cattle, and weave and spin, and fish and build for the whole human race. Yet if the state of labor were so hard and disgraceful as some fancy, the sluggard in fine raiment and the trim figure—which, like the lilies in the Scripture, neither toils nor spins, and is yet clothed in more glory than Solomon—would both bow down before Colliers and Farmers, and bless them as the benefactors of the race. Christianity has gone still farther, and makes a man's greatness consist in the amount of service he renders to the world. Certainly he is the most honorable who by his head or his hand does the greatest and best work for his race. The noblest souled the world ever saw appeared not in the ranks of the indolent; but "took on him the form of a serpent," and when he washed his disciples' feet, meant something not very generally understood perhaps in the nineteenth century.

Now manual labor, though an unavoidable duty, though designed as a blessing, and naturally both a pleasure and a dignity, is often abused, till, by its terrible excess, it becomes really a punishment and a curse. It is only a proper amount of work that is a blessing. Too much of it wears out the body before its time; cripples the mind, debases the soul, blunts the senses, and chills the affections. It makes the man a spinning jenny, or a plowing machine, and not "a being of large discourse, that looks before and after." He ceases to be a man, and becomes a thing.

In a rational and natural state of society,—that is, one in which every man went forward toward the true end he was designed to reach, toward perfection in the use of all his senses, toward perfection in wisdom, virtue, affection, and religion,—labor would never interfere with the culture of what was best in each man. His daily business would be a school to aid in developing the whole man, body and spirit. Thus his business would be really his calling. The diversity of gifts is quite equal to the diversity of work to be done. There is some one thing which each man can do with pleasure, and better than any other man, because he was born to do it. Then all men would labor, each at his proper vocation, and an excellent farmer would not be spoiled to make a poor lawyer, a blundering physician, or a preacher, who puts the world asleep. Then a small body of men would not be pampered in silence, to grow up into gouty worthlessness, and die of inertia; nor would the large part of men be worn down as now by excessive toil before half their life is spent. They would not be so severely tasked as to have no time to read, think, and converse. When he walked abroad, the laboring man would not be forced to catch mere transient glimpses of the flowers by the way side, or the stars over his head, as the dogs, it is said, drink the waters of the Nile, running while they drink, afraid the crocodiles should seize them if they stop. When he looked from his window at the landscape, distress need not stare at him from every bush. He would then have leisure to cultivate his mind and heart no less than to do the world's work.

In labor as in all things beside, moderation is the law. If a man transgresses and becomes intemperate in his work, and does nothing but toil with the hand, he must suffer. We educate and improve only the faculties we employ, and cultivate most what we use the oftenest. But if some men are placed in such circumstances that they can use only their hands, who is to be blamed if they are ignorant, vicious, and without God? Certainly not they. Now it is as notorious as the sun at noon-day, that such are the circumstances of many men. As society advances in refinement, more labor is needed to supply its demands, for houses, food, apparel, and other things must be refined and luxurious. It requires much more work, therefore, to fill the mouth and clothe the back, than in simpler times. To aggravate the difficulty, some escape from their share of this labor, by superior intelligence, shrewdness, and cunning, others

by fraud and lies, or by inheriting the result of these qualities in their ancestors. So their share of the common burthen, thus increased, must be borne by other hands, which are laden already with more than enough. Still farther, this class of mouths, forgetting how hard it is to work, and not having their desires for the result of labor checked by the sweat necessary to satisfy them, but living vicariously by other men's hands, refuse to be content with the simple gratification of their natural appetites. So caprice takes the place of Nature, and must also be satisfied. Natural wants are few, but to artificial desires there is no end. When each man must pay the natural price, and so earn what he gets, the hands stop the mouth, and the soreness of the toil corrects the excess of desire, and if it do not, none has cause of complaint, for the man's desire is allayed by his own work. Thus if Absalom wishes for sweet cakes, the trouble of providing them checks his extravagance or unnatural appetite. But, when the mouth and hand are on different bodies, and Absalom can coax his sister, or bribe his friend, or compel his slave, to furnish dainties, the natural restraint is taken from appetite, and it runs to excess. Fancy must be appeased; peevishness must be quieted; and so a world of work is needed to bear the burthens which those men bind, and lay on men's shoulders, but will not move with one of their fingers. The class of Mouths thus commits a sin, which the class of Hands must expiate.

Thus, by the treachery of one part of society, in avoiding their share of the work; by their tyranny in increasing the burthen of the world, an evil is produced quite unknown in a simpler state of life, and a man of but common capacities not born to wealth, in order to insure a subsistence for himself and his family, must work with his hands so large a part of his time, that nothing is left for intellectual, moral, æsthetic, and religious improvement. He cannot look at the world, talk with his wife, read his Bible, nor pray to God, but Poverty knocks at the door, and hurries him to his work. He is rude in mind before he begins his work, and his work does not refine him. Men have attempted long enough to wink this matter out of sight, but it will not be put down. It may be worse in other countries, but it is bad enough in this, as all men know who have made the experiment. There must be a great sin somewhere in that state of society, which allows one man to waste day and night in sluggishness or riot, consuming the bread of whole families, while from others, equally well-gifted and faithful, it demands twelve, or sixteen, or even eighteen hours of hard work out of the twenty-four, and then leaves the man so weary and worn, that he is capable of nothing but sleep—sleep that is broken by no dream. Still worse is it when this life of work begins so early, that the man has no fund of acquired knowledge on which to draw for mental support in his hours of toil. To this man the blessed night is for nothing but work and sleep, and the Sabbath day simply what Moses commanded, a day of bodily rest for Man as for his Ox and his Ass. Man was sent into this world to use his best faculties in the best way, and thus reach the high end of a man. How can he do this while so large a part of his time is spent in unmitigated work? Truly he cannot. Hence we see, that while in all other departments of nature each animal lives up to the measure of his organization, and with very rare exceptions becomes perfect after his kind, the greater part of men are debased and belittled, shortened of half their days, and half their excellence, so that you are surprised to find a man well educated whose whole life is hard work. Thus what is the exception in nature, through our perversity becomes the rule with man. Every Blackbird is a blackbird just as God designs; but how many men are only bodies? If a man is placed in such circumstances that he can use only his hands, they only become broad and strong. If no pains be taken to obtain dominion over the flesh, the man loses his birthright, and dies a victim to the sin of society. No doubt there are men, born under the worst of circumstances, who have redeemed themselves

from them, and obtained an excellence of intellectual growth, which is worthy of wonder; but these are exceptions to the general rule; men gifted at birth with a power almost superhuman. It is not from exceptions we are to frame the law.

Now to put forward the worst possible aspect of the case. Suppose that the present work of the world can only be performed at this sacrifice, which is the best—that the work should be done, as now, and seven-tenths of men and women should, as the unavoidable result of their toil, be cursed with extremity of labor, and ignorance, and rudeness, and unmanly life, or that less of this work be done, and, for the sake of a wide-spread and generous culture, we sleep less softly, dine on humbler food, dwell in mean houses, and wear leather like George Fox? There is no doubt what answer Common Sense, Reason, and Christianity would give to this question, for wisdom, virtue, and manhood are as much better than sumptuous dinners, fine apparel, and splendid houses, as the Soul is better than the Senses. But as yet we are slaves. The sensual overlay the soul. We serve brass and mabogany, beef and porter. The class of Mouths oppresses the class of Hands, for the strongest and most cunning of the latter are continually pressing into the ranks of the former, and while they increase the demand for work, leave their own share of it to be done by others. Men and women of humble prospects in life, while building the connubial nest that is to shelter them and their children, prove plainly enough their thralldom to the senses, when such an outlay of upholstery and joiners' work is demanded, and so little is required that appeals to Reason, Imagination, and Faith. Yet when the mind demands little besides time, why prepare so pompously for the senses, that she cannot have this, but must be cheated of her due? One might fancy he heard the stones cry out of the wall, in many a house, and say to the foolish people who tenant their dwelling—"O, ye fools, is it from the work of the joiner, and the craft of those who are cunning in stucco and paint, and are skilful to weave and to spin, and work in marble and mortar, that you expect satisfaction and rest for your souls, while ye make no provision for what is noblest and immortal within you? But ye also have your reward!" The present state of things, in respect to this matter, has no such excellencies that it should not be changed.

I HAVE UNLEARNED CONTEMPT. It is the sin  
That is engendered earliest in the soul,  
And doth beset it like a poison-worm,  
Feeding on all its beauty. As it steals  
Into the bosom, you may see the light  
Of the clear, heavenly eye grow cold and dim,  
And the fine upright glory of the brow  
Cloud with mistrust, and the unfettered lip,  
That was as free and changeful as the wind,  
Even with sadness redolent with love,  
Curled with the iciness of constant scorn.  
It eats into the mind till it pollutes  
All its pure fountains. Feeling, reason, taste,  
Breathe of its chill corruption. Every sense  
That could convey a pleasure is benumbed,  
And the bright human being, that was made  
Full of rich warm affections, and with power  
To look through all things lovely up to God,  
Is changed into a cold and doubting fiend  
With but one use for reason—to *despise!*  
Oh! if there is one law above the rest,  
Written in wisdom—if there is a word  
That I would trace as with a pen of fire  
Upon the unsunn'd temper of a child—  
If there is anything that keeps the mind  
Open to angel visits, and repels  
The ministry of ill—'tis *human love!*

## Choice Selections.

## THE PRESENT AGE.

It may be thought that I vindicate the present age. I have no such thought. I would improve, not laud it. I feel its imperfections and corruptions as deeply as any, though I may be most shocked by features that give others little pain. The saddest aspect of the age, to me, is that which undoubtedly contributes to social order. It is the absorption of the multitude of men in outward, material interests; it is the selfish prudence which is never tired of the labor of accumulation, and which keeps men steady, regular, respectable drudges from morning till night. The cases of a few murders, great crimes, lead multitudes to exclaim, How wicked this age! But the worst sign is the chaining down of almost all the minds of a community to low, perishable interests. It is a sad thought, that the infinite energies of the soul have no higher end than to cover the back, and fill the belly, and keep caste in society. A few nerves, hardly visible, on the surface of the tongue, create most of the endless stir around us. Undoubtedly, eating and drinking, dressing, house-building, and caste-keeping, are matters not to be despised; most of them are essential. But surely life has a higher use than to adorn this body which is so soon to be wrapped in grave-clothes, than to keep warm and flowing the blood which is so soon to be cold and stagnant in the tomb. I rejoice in the boundless activity of the age, and I expect much of it to be given to our outward wants. But over all this activity there should preside the great idea of that which is alone ourselves; of our inward, spiritual nature; of the thinking, immortal soul; of our supreme good, our chief end, which is, to bring out, cultivate, and perfect our highest powers, to become wise, holy, disinterested, noble beings, to unite ourselves to God by love and adoration, and to revere his image in his children. The vast activity of this age, of which I have spoken, is too much confined to the sensual and material, to gain and pleasure and show. Could this activity be swayed and purified by a noble aim, not a single comfort of life would be retrenched, whilst its beauty and grace and interest would be unspeakably increased.

There is another dark feature of this age. It is the spirit of collision, contention, discord, which breaks forth in religion, in politics, in business, in private affairs; a result and necessary issue of the selfishness which prompts the endless activity of life. The mighty forces which are this moment acting in society are not and cannot be in harmony, for they are not governed by Love. They jar; they are discordant. Life now has little music in it. It is not only on the field of battle that men fight. They fight on the exchange. Business is war, a conflict of skill, management, and too often fraud; to snatch the prey from our neighbor is the end of all this stir. Religion is war; Christians, forsaking their one Lord, gather under various standards to gain victory for their sects. Politics are war, breaking the whole people into fierce and unscrupulous parties, which forget their country in conflicts for office and power. The age needs nothing more than peace-makers, men of serene commanding virtue, to preach in life and word the gospel of human brotherhood, to allay the fires of jealousy and hate.

I have named discouraging aspects of our time to show that I am not blind to the world we live in. But I still hope for the human race. Indeed, I could not live without hope. Were I to look on the world as many do, were I to see in it a maze without a plan, a whirl of changes without aim, a stage for good and evil to fight without an issue, an endless motion without progress, a world where sin and idolatry are to triumph forever, and the oppressor's rod never to be broken, I should turn from it with sickness of heart, and care not how soon the sentence of its destruction were fulfilled. History and philosophy plainly show to me in human nature the foundation and promise of a

better era, and Christianity concurs with these. The thought of a higher condition of the world was the secret fire which burned in the soul of the great Founder of our religion, and in his first followers. That he was to act on all future generations, that he was sowing a seed which was to grow up and spread its branches over all nations, this great thought never forsook him in life and death. That under Christianity a civilization has grown up containing in itself nobler elements than are found in earlier forms of society, who can deny? Great ideas and feelings, derived from this source, are now at work. Amidst the prevalence of crime and selfishness, there has sprung up in the human heart a sentiment or principle unknown in earlier ages, an enlarged and trustful philanthropy, which recognizes the rights of every human being, which is stirred by the terrible oppressions and corruptions of the world, and which does not shrink from conflict with evil in its worst forms. There has sprung up, too, a faith, of which antiquity knew nothing, in the final victory of truth and right, in the elevation of men to a clearer intelligence, to more fraternal union, and to a purer worship. This faith is taking its place among the great springs of human action, is becoming even a passion in more fervent spirits. I hail it as a prophecy which is to fulfil itself. A nature capable of such an aspiration cannot be degraded for ever. Ages rolled away before it was learned that this world of matter which we tread on is in constant motion. We are beginning to learn that the intellectual, moral, social world has its motion too, not fixed and immutable like that of matter, but one which the free will of men is to carry on, and which, instead of returning into itself like the earth's orbit, is to stretch forward forever. This hope lightens the mystery and burthen of life. It is a star which shines on me in the darkest night; and I should rejoice to reveal it to the eyes of my fellow creatures.

I have thus spoken of the Present Age. In these brief words what a world of thought is comprehended! what infinite movements! what joys and sorrows! what hope and despair! what faith and doubt! what silent grief and loud lament! what fierce conflicts and subtle schemes of policy! what private and public revolutions! In the period through which many of us have passed what thrones have been shaken! what hearts have bled! what millions have been butchered by their fellow creatures! what hopes of philanthropy have been blighted! And at the same time what magnificent enterprises have been achieved! what new provinces won to science and art! what rights and liberties secured to nations! It is a privilege to have lived in an age so stirring, so pregnant, so eventful. It is an age never to be forgotten. Its voice of warning and encouragement is never to die. Its impression on history is indelible. Amidst its events, the American Revolution, the first distinct, solemn assertion of the rights of men, and the French Revolution, that volcanic force which shook the earth to its center, are never to pass from men's minds. Over this age the night will, indeed, gather more and more as time rolls away; but in that night two forms will appear, Washington and Napoleon, the one a lurid meteor, the other a benign, serene, and undecaying star. Another American name will live in history, your Franklin; and the kite which brought lightning from heaven will be seen sailing in the clouds by remote posterity, when the city where he dwelt may be known only by its ruins. There is, however, something greater in the age than its greatest men; it is the appearance of a new power in the world, the appearance of the multitude of men on that stage where as yet the few have acted their parts alone. This influence is to endure to the end of time. What more of the present is to survive? Perhaps much, of which we now take no note. The glory of an age is often hidden from itself. Perhaps some word has been spoken in our day which we have not deigned to hear, but which is to grow clearer and louder through all ages. Perhaps some silent thinker among us is at work in his closet whose name is to fill the

earth. Perhaps there sleeps in his cradle some reformer who is to move the church and the world, who is to open a new era in history, who is to fire the human soul with new hope and new daring. What else is to survive the age? That which the age has little thought of, but which is living in us all; I mean the Soul, the Immortal Spirit. Of this all ages are the unfoldings, and it is greater than all. We must not feel, in the contemplation of the vast movements of our own and former times, as if we ourselves were nothing. I repeat it, we are greater than all. We are to survive our age, to comprehend it, and to pronounce its sentence. As yet, however, we are encompassed with darkness. The issues of our time how obscure! The future into which it opens who of us can foresee? To the Father of all Ages I commit this future with humble, yet courageous and unflinching hope.

[WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.]

### PARENTAL LOVE.

SOMETIMES worthy parents have a weak and sickly child, feeble in body. No pains are too great for them to take in behalf of the faint and feeble one. What self-denial of the father, what sacrifice on the mother's part! The best of medical skill is procured; the tenderest watching is not spared. No outlay of money, time, or sacrifice is thought too much to save the child's life; to insure a firm constitution and make that life a blessing. The able-bodied children can take care of themselves, but not the weak. So the affection of father and mother centers on this sickly child. By extraordinary attention the feeble becomes strong; the deformed is transformed, and the grown man, strong and active, blesses his mother for health not less than life.

If his child be dull, slow-witted, what pains will a good father take to instruct him; still more if he is vicious, born with a low organization, with bad propensities—what admonitions will he administer; what teachers will he consult; what expedients will he try; what prayers will he not pray for his stubborn and rebellious son! Though one experiment fail, he tries another, and then again, reluctant to give over! Did it never happen to one of you to be such a Child, to have outgrown that rebellion and wickedness! Remember the pains taken with you; remember the agony your mother felt; the shame that bowed your father's head so oft, and brought such bitter tears adown those venerable cheeks. You cannot pay for that agony, that shame, not pay the hearts that burst with both—yet uttering only a prayer for you. Pay it back then, if you can, to others like yourself, stubborn and rebellious sons.

Has none of you ever been such a Father or Mother? You know then the sad yearnings of heart which tried you. The World condemned you and your wicked child, and said, "Let the Elders stone him with stones. The Gallows waiteth for its own!" Not so you! You said: "Nay, now, wait a little. Perchance the boy will mend. Come, I will try again. Crush him not utterly and a Father's heart beside!" The more he was wicked, the more assiduous were you for his recovery, for his elevation. You saw that he would not keep up with the moral march of men; that he was a Barbarian, a Savage, yes, almost a Beast among men. You saw this; yes, felt it too as none others felt. Yet you could not condemn him wholly and without hope. You saw some good mixed with his evil; some causes for the evil and excuses for it which others were blind to. Because you mourned most you pitied most—all from the abundance of your love. At last if he would not repent, you hid him away, the best you could, from the mocking sight of other men, but never shut him from your heart; never from remembrance in your deepest prayers. How the whole family suffers for the Prodigal till he returns. When he comes back, why you rejoice over one recovered Olive-Plant more than over all the trees of your field which no storm has ever broke or bowed. How you went forth to meet him, with what joy rejoiced!

### DOMESTIC SERVICE.

THERE are many social institutions in Christian countries, which, while they seem to do good to the poor by feeding and clothing their bodies, really keep them down nearly upon a level with the brutes, because they leave them no time and no opportunity for improving themselves. We need not go abroad to find such institutions; we have some at home, not very bad, indeed, compared with many others, but bad enough. The institution of *domestic servitude*, for instance, which, as it is administered by hundreds and thousands of church-going Christians among us, has some of the worst features of southern slavery. Talk about whips! do we not wield one over our domestics that has more stings than all the nine-tails of the cat—the stings of necessity? Talk about broiling men in the sun in fields of cotton or rice! do we not broil women down in the cellar kitchens, far away from the bright sunlight and the fresh air, over fires of hard coal? Do we not make them delve and sweat below, while we drink iced champagne and smack ragouts above? What genteel Christian family would buy a house which had not a separate back entrance and a back staircase, for the servants! What mistress thinks them good enough to come in and go out at the front door? Do we not bind upon our domestics heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, and refuse to touch them with one of our fingers? Must they not work, work, work, aching head or aching heart,—while we loll on couches, and cut the leaves of new books? Do we not make boot-jacks of our brothers, and slaves of our sisters? Do we not make them do what we teach our children is not *genteel* to do?

They may go away, may they? Oh yes, go from your house to your neighbor's, ring at the back gate, wait humbly awhile below, and then be carried up, inspected, examined, questioned, and at last admitted upon trial, to see whether they are strong and skilful enough to drudge in another domestic tread-mill.

They like it, do they? Oh yes! but why? They never have had an opportunity of knowing or liking anything better. Why will they not read? say you; why have they not a taste for pictures? why are they not refined and interesting, like your children? Because you never gave them time and opportunity for becoming what your children have become.

You give them time in the evening, do you? you let them go to church on Sunday, but still they *will* be low and vulgar! Well, try it on your own daughter; turn her out of bed before daylight in winter to make the fires, cook breakfast, dinner and supper, and wash your dirty linen, and then tell her to sit down in the evening to read Goethe aloud to you, or sing a cavatina! Try this a few years, and you shall see of how much better stuff she is made than your cook and waiting woman. You form your children's ideas of gentility as did the Spartans; they made their Helots drunk, and pointing at them, said, Beware of drunkenness. You make your Helots vulgar, and cry to your children, Beware of vulgarity!

By all the toil, and parsimony of years, your servants can seldom lay up enough to support themselves after you have thrown them out at the back door, with your squeezed lemons. Who ever hears of an old cook, or a venerable chambermaid, elsewhere than in the almshouse! But this scanty pittance of payment would be a small evil, were it not that they *cannot* do what you require them to do upon the pains and penalties of losing the nine shillings a week, the fortieth part of your income, (we suppose you to be a clergyman's lady,) unless they neglect the culture of their intellect and their tastes. Allow for the exceptions; allow for kind mistresses; still as a general thing, the term and conditions of domestics among us are such as to forbid the mental culture and training which every human being has a right to demand of society. Our domestics are not members of our families; they are among us, but not of us; they know this, and we know it; and families and society are all ajar in this respect.

[THEOPHORE PARKER.]

# THE UNIVERCÆLUM

AND

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1848.

### A NEW DISCOVERY, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

A machine has recently been invented and patented, by which all articles of clothing, heretofore made up by the Seamstress, can be manufactured entirely by Machinery and without hands; and this too with great facility and cheapness. It is frightful to contemplate the more immediate results of this discovery. In this City alone, we probably thirty thousand women who have no source of subsistence, save from the needle. Many of these are widows with helpless children dependant upon them: others are orphan girls, or children of indigent families, with bodily health too feeble and precarious, to admit of their engaging in the labors of the nursery or kitchen. Five millions of dollars are paid yearly in New York, to this class of artisans. Many who rely upon the needle, are without friends or relations, are unable to obtain any other means of support, and by the failure of this, would be reduced to abject want. In all of our cities and villages, a numerous and worthy class of women support themselves entirely from this resource, and even in the most remote country towns, the widows and daughters of the poor eke out a scanty subsistence by making up articles of apparel for Dealers in our Commercial Emporiums.

We shudder and grow sick at heart as we contemplate the consequences of this wonderful invention. It must come into general use. All of our Manufacturers must resort to Machinery, because those who do not, will be undersold and driven from the market by their competitors, who avail themselves of its vast economies. That numerous class who have heretofore earned a subsistence by making up the wearing apparel of our Nation, and the enormous quantities of clothing manufactured for exportation, will be deprived of all employment, and of all revenue. It is true, that ultimate advantages may result from the invention, but its immediate consequences will be most deplorable. These poor women, most of them, have no other means of support. Those avocations in which they might labor, are either overstocked already, or are monopolised by the other sex. The vast number of females thrown out of this branch of employment, and seeking others, will create a competition in all branches of female industry, and thus the remuneration of all female labor will be indefinitely decreased. Our own country-women will be forced into competition with the swarms of immigrants who seek bread and shelter by toiling in the kitchens of the rich. The Orphan Asylums will be filled with poor children, whom their widowed mothers can no longer support. Boys and girls of tender years, will be taken from the primary schools and forced to premature labor, and condemned to a life of ignorance. The elderly women will be driven for refuge to the alms-house, and the poor girls in our cities who now toil with the needle for a bare subsistence, will become lost to virtue, and be driven by want into despair and infamy. Vast accessions will be made to the indigent, the pauper, the vicious and the dangerous classes, and a sea of suffering break in upon the land, that shall engulf and ruin thousands, and tens of thousands of our people.

There is a terrible crisis before us, which cannot much longer be put off. Statesmen, Preachers and Political Economists may cry, "Peace, but there is no peace." Every new, labor-saving invention falls inevitably into the hands of the Manu-

facturer, the Capitalist, and becomes an engine of oppression. Every day the myriads of the poor and the degraded increase. The Mechanic is becoming the slave of the employer. Every new discovery drives multitudes out of employment, and into want and consequent vice. The middle classes are decreasing in number not only in Europe, but in our own country. In spite of our liberal Political system, we are building up a social Despotism. A Revolution is inevitable. It must be effected by the Organisation of Labor. The interests of the Employer and the Employed, must be harmonized. The producer must be benefitted by these new and labor saving inventions, as well as the capitalist. In the present Social System, each new discovery is a curse—then it would be a blessing. If this generation does not solve the Social Problem peaceably, from a love of justice and equity, the next generation must solve it through violence, under the dread necessity of want. T. L. H.

### THE PAUPER'S CHARITY.

LAST Saturday afternoon, at the close of our labors for the week, we took a stroll on the Battery, to enjoy the beautiful panoramic view, and refreshing breeze, that delightful promenade affords at this season. As we stood for a moment glancing over the bay and its objects of interest around, our eyes fell upon a poor boy—a cripple, seated on the grass by the edge of the path a few steps before us, his whole appearance indicating that he had stationed himself there, a silent and ready recipient of such bounty as the passers-by saw fit to bestow. The wan face, shrunk limbs and tattered garments told plainly of suffering and destitution; yet, at the moment he seemed to have forgotten all earthly troubles as he playfully used his little crutch to sketch fantastic figures in the sand at his feet. Presently another object attracted our attention. It was a poverty-stricken woman with a babe in her arms, who, as she came slowly up the walk, stopped opposite the lame boy and looked down upon him. The infant, too, scarcely old enough to fix its sight, and while endeavoring to crowd its tiny hand into its' mouth, gazed intently in the same direction as the mother. The boy ceased marking in the sand and raised his eyes, the shade of sorrow deepening as he fixed them upon the faces before him. The woman immediately thrust her hand into the folds of the dingy shawl that enveloped her baby, drew forth a penny, dropped it into the hand of the boy and passed on. Not a word was spoken by either. Nought but the mute language of the soul, as in beams of light it gleamed from eye to eye, was used in that scene, so brief, yet containing so much instruction, so pitiful, yet partaking of the divine spirit of charity. We could not suppress a tear, and determined to accost the woman as she approached.

"Good woman," said we, "you gave the lame boy something, did you not?"

"Yes," she replied, appearing a little surprised, "he looks as though he needed it bad enough."

"Very true, but are you not yourself a dependant on charity?"

"For the most part I am," answered the woman in a bitter tone. "What I gave the boy was double distilled charity, and I wish he could pass it for double its face, but a penny is but a penny, and the boy will be lucky if he gets its full value from the sharp shop keeper."

"What is your situation?" we inquired.

"My husband was a stevedore, and has been dead nearly three months. He left me destitute and with three children to provide for. I have no friends, and when I cannot get work I beg. God knows that is a hard world for the poor; but I have been so fortunate as to get twenty pence to-day, and I thought I could afford to give the lame boy one penny."

After ascertaining from the woman where she lived, we turned to the boy for the same purpose, intending to see more of both in due time.

As we reflected on the incident just related, we were led to inquire whether we were doing our duty in the world of suffering around us, and to contrast others who thronged the pleasant promenade, with the destitute creatures of which mention has been made. The beautiful and the proud, the gay and the wealthy, passed on without noticing the poor objects of charity. Women dressed in silks, and who loll in the lap of ease at home, passed on without glancing at their destitute and suffering sister. Men with plethoric purses passed on, never heeding the lame boy. And those whom we knew to rank high in the community, men of wealth, power and influence, whose grand object in life is to hoard gold, and whom we knew would the next day go to a gaudy church which they call the "House of God," and listen to a priest whom they call a "priest of the Most High," and whom they pay to preach what they call the "Gospel of Jesus,"—they passed on giving no heed to the needy.

When an account of the stewardship of each is demanded—when priest and people, outcasts and beggars—all pass from earth and enter the spirit-world, there to undergo the ordeal that searches the heart, and turns to the light of *Truth* its darkest depths, that judgment according to works may be rendered, how much more tolerable will it be for priest and people, than for such as the poor woman,—an outcast, looked upon by the world as degraded and abandoned, yet who, in her poverty and degradation, shewed that the heavenly spark yet glowed within her?

E. E. D.

## DESCRIPTION OF A STEAM-SHIP.

Job XL: 15.

BEHOLD NOW BEHEMOTH, which I have made by thy understanding. He eateth food like a thing of life. Lo now in his stern lies the strength to guide himself. In the middle of his body is his propelling force. He holdeth his mainmast upright as it grew in the forest, and his leaves are wrapped together by their strings to the branches. His main timbers are as strong as pieces of brass. His ribs are like bars of iron. He is the chief of the ways of God.

The intelligence which could make him can cause his bowsprit to approach the landing. The food which the mines have furnished him has brought him to the desired haven, where all the ships of the sea find a resting place. He lieth at the dock amid the forest of masts, under cover of the packet and merchant ships. The ships cast on him the shadows of their masts. He is surrounded by the humbler masts of the river boats.

Behold again: he presses his way amid the river craft, not too hastily. He trusteth to make his way through the river to the mouth of the sea.

[Here follows a description of his steam engine, which we will for the present omit. The following is a description of his other internal parts, and of the manner in which he withstands the furies of the ocean.]

I will not conceal his parts, nor his power, nor his comely proportion. Who can take a look beneath at the face of the water that wraps about him? or who can come between his pair of water wheels? Who can enter the doors of his wheel-house? His spokes dashing round about are terrible. The walls of his furnace are made of strong bricks, shut up together as with a close seal. One is so close to another that no air can come between them. They are joined one to another, they stick together, that they cannot be sundered. By the rushing of air through the draft holes the fire burns brightly; and through these the light has an appearance like that of the planets. Out of the mouth of his furnace shine the burning coals, and sparks of fire leap out. Out of his steam pipes goeth a cloud of steam as from a seething pot or caldron. His draft before kindleth coals, and a flame goeth out of the passage to the boiler. His strength is in his boiler. In it water is turned into steam. The copper sheets composing it are joined together; they are firm in them-

selves, they cannot be moved. It is his center and seat of life, and as firm as a stone; yea, as hard as a piece of adamant. When the steam rouseth up the strength of his engine the billows tremble and quail under him: they are broken and made to wash themselves. The edge of the wave that thrusts at him cannot hold: the waterspout, the blast, nor the hurricane. He esteemeth the strong wind as the chaff which it scatters; and the strength of the wave as rotten drift wood. The tempest cannot make him flee, and sleet is with him turned into stubble. Hail stones are counted as stubble, and he laugheth at the threatening of a water-spout. The ridges of the sea are under him, and he scattereth the seed-like spray into their mry furrows. He maketh the deep to boil like a pot: he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment. He maketh a path to shine after him: one would think the deep to be hoary. Upon earth there is not his like of all things that are made without soul. He looketh down upon all the high and great: he is a king over all who in their pride of intelligence suppose that by their own power they have made him.

## A FACT WORTH NOTICE.

DURING the past year several Ecclesiastical Associations have adopted Creeds and Tests of Fellowship of a stringent character, and have thereby cut off from their communion these clergymen who either voted against or refused to subscribe to them. Now it is a fact worthy of remembrance that those clergymen who have thus been excluded from their former Religious associations, are all devoted friends of Humanity, lovers and teachers of practical Christianity, and zealously engaged in those great Reform movements which seek to fill the Earth with justice and righteousness. On the other hand those who have been most zealously engaged in drawing of these creeds, and forcing them upon the people, are, many of them bitter opponents of Non-Resistance, Social Reform, and of all the Humanitary enterprises which have not yet become popular. We are not aware of one Slave holder, advocate of War, opponent of Total Abstinence, or enemy of the Reorganization of Society who has been excluded by these tests, but we are cognisant of many of these classes who have urgently desired the passage of these Creeds, and have raised the cry of Infidelity against their dissenting brethren. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

T. L. H.

WE make ourselves most agreeable to others when there is most of harmony within our own souls. Peace in one's own mind enables him to exert a most benign influence on all around. When the exterior is cultivated without molding the heart, the beauty of social intercourse is nearly destroyed; urbanity comes not from form; in all social intercourse there must be something more than the *exhibition*, for we are not mere spectators—we taste to relish and enjoy. Fruit may be put upon canvass to appear as life, but when we eat of it, canvass and paint relish not. Some things can be counterfeited, it is true, but the uses in such cases agree not fully nor wholly with nature. To pervert her laws, and supply their places with what does not agree therewith, is not an easy task. The truest condition of man, of society, is nature. She is gentle, caressing, and seeks to win all into strict obedience of her laws. The natural man is not a savage, corrupt and vulgar, but gentle, tender toward all. A corrupt savage is as much opposed to nature as the polished deceiver.

Z. B.

WHATEVER of incompleteness is in the past, the future will finish; whatever of mistake is in the present, the future will rectify; therefore I am at rest. Trust is my anchor; and I can bide the fog patiently, fearlessly. I am not in haste for it to depart, for I know it has a mission for me, though I may not know what it is.

[CHARLES WORTH.

## SOCIAL REFORM!

Among the various Reform movements of the present day, none are attracting more attention, or being commended more to the candid consideration of the thinking portion of community, than that of Society itself. Reform efforts have been confined from time immemorial to the *individual*, and but little real benefit has accrued. The unfavorable circumstances under which the individual *lives*, precludes the possibility of practising those very theories of individual reform, that are so numerous, and which have their multitudinous friends. Christian truth,—which is the greatest reform power known to the world—is shorn of a very large share of its influence, by the degraded and oppressed condition of the race. The vitality of Christianity has been nullified by external circumstances;—much of the seed of truth scattered by its zealous disciples having been withered by the selfishness, or destroyed by the pride and avarice of man. Very little has been sown in *good* ground.

Now, analogy teaches us that we have no right to expect a good crop if our seed is sown in a barren and arid soil. Some, I know, have expected Christian truth to regenerate and prepare the soil, as well as sow the seed and awaken it into life. But such hopes are futile, and have been fully shown to be so, by the history of truth's progress in the world. Jesus taught that much of the seed sown would fail of its design, on account of the unfavorable circumstances which would attend it. "Some fell by the way-side, and the fowls came and devoured them up; some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth, and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth, and when the sun was up they were scorched, and because they had no root they withered away; and some fell among thorns, and the thorns sprung up and choked them; but other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some a hundred fold, some sixty fold, some thirty fold." Such has been the history of the progress of Christian truth in the world. It has fulfilled its design only where the soil has been prepared for its reception. It is common to impute all the civilization and refinement of society to Christianity, and hence it is supposed that what it has accomplished for man it can still accomplish in a higher degree. But it remains to be proved that Christianity is the patron or cause of all the civilization and advancement of society. Christianity has found a foot-hold only where there was comparative freedom and refinement. It is omnipotent in its influence over the individual heart, when once it can find its way there, but it never could make progress in savage and uncivilized lands. The civilization and enlightenment of society is in the main to be ascribed to the same causes that induced the advanced condition of the ancient Egyptians, and the inhabitants of Greece and Rome.

Society must be reformed *outwardly* before much good can accrue from the introduction of spiritual truth into the world. While man groans in the bondage of labor—oppressive and exacting labor—the mind has no chance to receive or comprehend mere spiritual truth.

How can it be expected that the poor wretches who labor day and night in the English mines, can attend to their spiritual wants? They are crushed in body and spirit, and their highest ambition is to be freed from the degrading bondage of body, and to be allowed to breathe the fresh air, and expand and develop the rounded and crippled limbs.

So we may say of many other classes, taken together, comprising perhaps nine-tenths of the civilized (?) world. They are living in a state of constant anxiety about their animal necessities, and in many cases suffering all the horrors of absolute want. And yet the scenes of all these outrages on nature are in Christian lands. The oppressor and the exactor are often professed Christian men. These facts show, that the truth cannot produce its effect on the heart, until a favorable condition of society exists.

D. H. P.

## A CHAPTER FOR THE MONTH.

ARE all the words of welcome exhausted on thy bright-eyed sisters, and is there no voice to greet thee, most ardent daughter of the year? Thou hast gone forth in thy fervid magnificence of beauty, and all nature seems oppressed with thy voluptuousness. The hills and valleys, the meadows and streams, are breathing low music on every wind, as if they felt the luxury of the noontide hour of rest. This is truly the noon-time of the year, and it seems as if Nature, exhausted with her previous efforts, has withdrawn into her own secret chambers, to reinvigorate herself. The forest melodies have lost the sprightly vigor of their earlier season; but there is an occasional gush of rapture, that speaks of full fruition: and then the notes fall into a far-reaching, deeply-breathing murmur, as if they were oppressed with a consciousness of their own sweetness. The fountains are chanting their liquid melodies in the vine-wreathed grottoes of the old and shadowy forest, while the brooks rejoicing in the clear light, or hidden in the shaded depths of wood and copse, are singing as they go refreshing songs of coolness and of rest. The insect choir are tuning their shrill pipes, which seem to penetrate the somnific nerve, and infuse the luxury of slumber, without its unconsciousness. The wood-pigeon sits quietly by her mate, dreaming a dream of love; the rabbit is asleep in the fern; and even the squirrel has lost somewhat of his playful character; yet still there is an expression of latent humor in his dreamy eye, as he sits perched in the fragrant boughs of the walnut, with a restlessness half-unsubdued. The cattle are grouped under the large trees, or are seen standing in the cool and shaded streams, ruminating with an expression of listless, yet still perfect enjoyment.

The merry voices of the hay-makers come ringing through the meadows, with a spirit of quite refreshing energy; and the reapers are busy among the hills, and in the valleys, binding the golden grain in sheaves, and gathering in the riches of the harvest. The strawberry ripens in the fields and gardens, spreading forth a luxury for the poor, as well as the rich; and the cherry hangs in delicious clusters on the favored tree. The pale and meagre denizens of the city, are now beginning to

"Leave their brick-wall bounds,

To range the fields, and treat their lungs with air."

happy if the slavish customs of an artificial state of society, have not perverted in them all love of truth and nature. Truly is the country now a paradise—an Eden where the Creator walks, visibly to the eye of his obedient children!

Not always hast thou been, nor art thou, July, the child of Ease and Luxury; for thy most fervid sun shone full upon that body of simple minded republicans, who, in the night of Freedom and of Justice, assembled themselves together, and sent forth their "Declaration," bearing to the very ends of the earth the most sublime truths the lips of man had ever uttered. That act made thee immortal; and the yearly return of that day is well kept, as the holy time of liberty. Let it be kept; and kept forever; until all sectional divisions shall be overpassed; until all the darkness and weakness of Prejudice and Selfishness; all that is little, and narrow, and false, shall be lost in a purer influence, a mightier spirit, and be swallowed up, as it were, in the full blaze of all conquering, all pervading, UNIVERSAL FREEDOM! Let us continue, then, to keep the FOURTH OF JULY as a day set apart and holy; for it is good to cherish all that is noble and true; it is good that the soul should, occasionally, utter its responses to the generous expression of a free thought! Thus may we learn to be just, and, in cherishing our own liberties, forget not those of our brother. Our Fourth of July is a phoenix, fanning, it may be, with its own wings, the fires that shall consume itself; but from the very ashes thereof, shall another phoenix arise, infinitely more beautiful, infinitely more glorious, that shall live, the blessing of uncounted Ages; for its life is the breath of THE ETERNAL! !

c.

## Poetry.

## THE REFORMER.

BY T. L. HARRIS.

BEHOLD, engirt by Past and Future Ages,  
 Sublime and strong the true Reformer stands,  
 Through the wild battle-storm that round him rages  
 Bearing Deliverance to the groaning Lands.  
 The night-clouds pile above in heavy masses,  
 Tinged in the East by one faint smile of Dawn,  
 And tempests roll adown the mountain passes,  
 And burst infuriate o'er his white-robed form ;  
 The poisoned darts of Falsehood hurtle round him,  
 Shot from the hoary citadels of Crime,  
 And, clothed in mail of adamant, surround him  
 The giant sins of every Land and Time ;  
 The martyr fires yet smolder where he standeth ;  
 True hearts lie crushed in blood-wet dust below ;  
 Each lightning bolt that wingeth by expandeth  
 The red, rent flag of some demoniac foe ;  
 On pyramids of broken hearts uprising,  
 Frown side by side the Altar and the Throne,  
 While through the dark, from many a viewless prison,  
 Resounds the torturing lash—the dying groan ;  
 The Warriors marshal on their iron-clad legions,  
 The Priesthood consecrate the mighty Wrong,  
 And from Earth's slave-cursed, trampled, prostrate regions  
 Goes up the cry, "How long, O Lord ! how long ?"

## II.

The star moves on, though clouds in thunderous motion  
 Across its azure way rush to and fro ;  
 And while the tempest breaks upon the Ocean,  
 Its tidal pulses calm, untiring flow ;  
 So, raining splendor on his dark surrounding,  
 That full-orbed Soul moves on, serene, sublime ;  
 So the Oceanic Heart with every wounding  
 From its great arteries pours Love divine.  
 The mighty host of martyred Saints ascended  
 Live in his life and bless the world anew,  
 Their fiery spirits with his own are blended,  
 And from his living words their own shine through ;  
 "The cloud of Witnesses," in countless numbers,  
 Cluster around to arm him for the strife,  
 And cheer him, ministrant upon his slumbers,  
 With open vision of the Inner Life.  
 So is he strong to overcome the urgings  
 Which Pride and Luxury press again, again :  
 To meet the daily cross, the hourly scourgings,  
 The dread Gethsemane of lonely pain.  
 So is he strong to suffer, ever making  
 The universal agony his own :—  
 To overcome the penury and forsaking—  
 To live unfriended and to die alone.

## III.

God's greatest miracle, uprisen Angel !  
 Through the poor clay how shines that radiant soul ;  
 From lip and life how blessed the Evangel,  
 The words of Liberty and Love that roll.  
 Chains part like flax before his lightning glances,  
 His flame-tipped spear burns through the shield of Crime ;  
 The Throne and Altar reel as he advances,  
 And Morn breaks glorious through the sky of Time.  
 The slave-ship's hold, the lazar house, the prison,  
 Yield up to light and love their new-born dead ;

Earth unto Universal Man is given,  
 All hearts have gladness and all lips have bread.  
 The blood-red flag of War is furled forever,  
 Blended in melody the discords cease,  
 And the glad Nations harmonize together,  
 Bound in the golden zone of endless Peace.  
 In Social Unity the world rejoices,  
 All interests circle in one perfect span,  
 And sphere on sphere, the Infinites' high voices  
 Echo the bliss of Universal Man.

## IV.

Who bringeth on this glorious consummation ?  
 Who weddeth Earth to Heaven as to a bride ?  
 Who waveth high the palms of consecration ?  
 Who poureth forth the blest baptismal tide ?  
 'T is the REFORMER, meek and poor and lowly,  
 His life all manliness, his heart all love ;  
 'T is the REFORMER—pure, and great, and holy,  
 Strong in the might descending from above.  
 Some noble deed wrought out with every hour  
 Makes holy ground where'er his feet have trod,  
 Stronger than Time, or Hate, or bannered Power,  
 He moves in majesty, a SON OF GOD !  
 O, Earth ! thy Past is wreathed and consecrated  
 With old Reformers, who have fought and bled ;  
 They who to strife and toil and tears were fated—  
 They who to fiery martyrdoms were led.  
 O, Earth ! thy living years are crowned with splendor  
 By great Reformers battling in the strife—  
 Saints of Humanity, stern, strong, yet tender,  
 Making the Present hopeful with their life.  
 O, Earth ! thy Future Ages shall be glorious,  
 With true Reformers, toiling in the van,  
 Till Truth and Love shall reign o'er all victorious,  
 And Earth be given to Freedom and to Man.

## THOUGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELEUM.

BEFORE this orb was rounded, or the lamps  
 Were lighted in the azure fields of space,  
 The Great First Cause, on his eternal throne,  
 Viewed at a glance the two eternities,  
 Mapped out around like two Great Hemispheres,  
 The Past and Future, perfect both in one,  
 And both must be as always seen, and known,  
 Present to Him, "one great eternal now."  
 Powers govern us beyond our weak control,  
 Lead us, allure, or force along the path  
 Endless, marked out by him whose will is fate :  
 Hence, nothing could be otherwise, that is.  
 God is in all things, and all things in him—  
 All things are of, and from him—and in space  
 No utter vacuum can ever be,  
 Nor ever has been—nothing can destroy  
 Or separate a moment the Great One.  
 Evil is suffered for the sake of good,  
 And grows from imperfection—Truth and Right  
 O'er evil ultimately must prevail.  
 Our course is onward, through progressive states,—  
 Developments of deathless Mind, and Truth,  
 Expanding Wisdom, Power, and endless Love. J. S. F.  
 ST. LOUIS, APRIL, 1848.

THERE'S a midnight blackness changing into grey :  
 Men of might and men of action, clear the way !

## Miscellaneous Department.

From the German of Heinrich Zscholke.

## FOOL OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

[CONTINUED.]

While we were thus conversing, Olivier returned to us. He carried in his hand a little book. Having resumed his chair, he said, "See here the accident, or rather the heaven-provided means of my restoration from weakness, and of my awaking from delirium. It is an unnoted book; the composer unknown and unnamed; it says many common and every-day things, but now and then you meet with an unexpected flash of light. Even the title page, 'Dreams of a Philanthropist,' is not the most promising in the world. I found it one day in the garrison, on the table of an acquaintance, and took it with me, that I might at all events have something to read when I walked on the greensward beyond the town-gate. As I lay once in the broad shadow of a maple, thoughtful of the many perversities of life, the book opened, and there fell out of it an extract with this superscription:—'*Fragment from the voyage of young Pythias to Thule.*'"

"Let us hear," said I, "what the old Greek of Massilla can relate of us at the North. It should be, I think, coeval with Aristotle." He read:

"*Fragment from the voyage of young Pythias to Thule. (From the Greek.)*"

"—But I tell you the truth, my friend, as incredible as it may appear. Consider, that in the rough country of the North, Nature itself repels men by its ungenial rigor, and forces them to resort to many contrivances to render life endurable. These we do not need in our country, where Nature is bountiful to mortals, so that we live both winter and summer in the open air, procuring without trouble what is useful to the prolonging and pleasure of existence. But those, who for half the year groan under the severity of winter, must consider how they may create within their heated houses an artificial summer. And since Nature repulses, and turns them upon themselves, they are more driven than we, to occupy their minds with vain dreams, beautiful schemes which they never prosecute, and the investigation of whatever is remarkable. By this means, they are full of knowledge, and learned in all things which serve for instruction or happiness; and they write great books about matters that we do not care for, and the names of which are hardly known to us. Indeed, for that purpose they institute schools and colleges.

"But the weather, in the northerly parts of the world, is so ordered that heat and cold, day and night, pass from one extreme to the other, without any middle state that is tolerable to the soul or body. For in summer they suffer under as great a heat as they do in winter under deadly cold; one half of the year the day is eighteen hours long; and the other half only six. No less unsettled and dissolute are the minds of men—as changeable as the weather. They lack all steadfastness of thought or purpose. From year to year they have new fashions in dress, new schools of poetry, and new sects of philosophers. Those who yesterday overthrew tyranny—having praised the blessedness of freedom with their lips, and abused its sweets in their lives—on the morrow voluntarily return to servitude.

"So among these barbarians, there is the greatest inequality in all things. A portion of the people, consisting of a few families, possess every comfort and unlimited wealth, and riot in excess; but the majority are poor, and mostly dependent upon the favor of the great. Thus, too, certain individuals are in possession of the treasures of knowledge, but the greater part of the inhabitants live in the darkness of ignorance. The nobility and priests not only tolerate such ignorance before their

eyes, but because it conduces to their own advantage they keep the multitude in the debasement to which they are already doomed by their poverty and indolence. Hence it is, that the rabble of every nation love the traditions of their forefathers in all usages and arrangements relating to the mind, while only in affairs of corporeal gratification are they inclined to variety. Still, they approve any novelty, be it right or wrong, if it brings them money or household distinction. For gold and ardent spirits among barbarians, prevail over custom, honor and the fear of God.

"Among the inhabitants of Thule, freedom is unknown, and so much of it as they may have had in former times, has been taken away from them by the force or fraud of the great. They are governed by kings, who give themselves out as the sons of God, and the kings and their satraps are governed as much by mistresses and sweethearts as by their counsellors. The people are divided into castes, as in India or Egypt. To the first class belong the king and his children alone. To the second belong the so called Nobles, whose children, without regard to their own worthiness, choose the best offices in the army and state, as well as around the altars of God. What is incredible to us, is an old custom among these barbarians, for that rank or birth is more thought of than all other kinds of merit. In the third class is ranged inferior officers, mechanics, merchants, common soldiers, artists, learned men, and ordinary priests. In the fourth class are servants or slaves, who can be sold or given away like other cattle. With some people, who have partly thrown off their primitive rudeness, the fourth and last class is wanting; there are some, also, where good princes, who have become sensible of the power of their nobility, make no laws but with the concurrence of a senate, selected from the several classes of inhabitants.

The kings, in the country of Thule, live in perpetual enmity with each other. The weak are only safe through the mutual envy of the strong. But when the strong throw aside their jealousies, they make war upon the weaker states on the most trivial pretences, and divide them among themselves. Hence they cause the title of the Righteous to be added to them,—the Fathers of the country or heroes,—since such vain surnames are everywhere, and especially among barbarians, much esteemed. But as often as the lower classes in any land, making use of their proper discernment, resist the preposterous claims of the higher classes, these princes and nobles put aside their own contests, and unite in the establishment of oppression upon the old foundations, always, of course, in a disinterested manner. Such a man is always looked upon by barbarians as holy, since they believe that kings and the disposition of caste are ordained by God himself.

"Of the public disbursements, that for the maintenance of the court is the greatest, and next to that is the expense of the army, which even in peace is most enormous. For the instruction of the people, for agriculture and all that concerns the happiness of men, the least is given. In most of the countries of Thule, where the working classes have the greatest number of duties and the fewest rights, they must satisfy the needs and cravings of the body politic by paying all the taxes.

"As far as their religion is concerned, they all affirm that it is one and the same, and all boast that their dogmas have one and the same author. But their modes of worship are manifold, as well as their opinions concerning the person of the founder of their religion. On this account, the different sects hate each other with the most perfect hatred. They persecute and scorn each other. Among the whole of them there is to be found much superstition which the priests encourage. Of the Divine Majesty they have the most unworthy notions, for they ascribe to him even human vices. And when kings lead their people to war against each other, the priests are appointed on both sides, to call upon the Supreme being to destroy the enemy. After a

battle has been fought, they thank the Almighty Governor, that he has devoted their adversaries to destruction.

"Their books of history hardly deserve to be read; for they contain commonly no account of the nation, only of the kings and their advisers,—of successions, wars, and acts of violence. The names of useful inventors and benefactors are not reported, but the names of devastating generals are elevated above all others, as if they were the benefactors of the human race. The histories of these people also, inasmuch as their manners differ from ours, are hard to be understood. For with them, there is not at all times, nor at any particular time under all circumstances, the same conception of honor or virtue. In the higher classes, incontinence, adultery, dissipation, gaming, and the abuse of power, are deemed praiseworthy, or appear as amiable weaknesses, which in the lower classes are punished, as vices and crimes, with death and the dungeon. Against fraud and theft, the law has ordained its severest penalties: but if a great man cheats the government by his ingenuity, and enriches himself at the cost of his prince, he is frequently advanced to higher honors, or dismissed with a pension. As it is in respect to virtue and vice, so it is in regard to honor. The members of the higher classes require no other honor than that of birth to merit preference; but the lower classes can seldom, by means of the highest virtue, attain the respectability of these favorites of chance. But the honor which consists in the accident of birth, can also easily be annihilated by a single abusive word. Still more odd, however, is the mode of redeeming that honor. He who has violated the honor of another, and he by whom it has been lost, meet in arms after a prescribed form, like two lunatics, and seek to wound each other. As soon as a wound or death is brought about, no matter to which of the two, they believe sincerely that their honor is again restored.

"Above all things else these barbarians have one common and universal characteristic. They are altogether greedy of gain, and to that end risk both life and virtue. It is among their singularities, that they are excited to astonishment or laughter, if one works for another without a remuneration, or sacrifices his property for the benefit of the commonwealth. They talk a great deal of noble sentiments and magnanimous conduct, but these are only seen except to be derided, on the stage. Yet the inhabitants of Thule quite resemble the actors, since they have great dexterity in the art of making anything appear other than it is. No one speaks freely to another what he thinks. For that reason, they call the knowledge of men, the most difficult art, and prudence the highest wisdom.

"Meanwhile, they cannot dissemble so much that their knavery or awkwardness shall not be detected. For since they live in perpetual contradiction to human reason, teaching one thing and doing another, feeling one thing and saying another, and often choosing the most repugnant means for the accomplishment of their ends, their unskillfulness is made manifest. In order to encourage agriculture, they burthen the farmer with heaviest taxes and the greatest contempt; to stimulate intercourse and trade, they institute innumerable custom-houses and prohibit an exchange of merchandize; that they may punish and improve fallible men, they shut them up together in a public prison, where they reciprocally corrupt each other with new vices, and from which they return accomplished rogues to society; to cherish the health of their bodies, they subvert the order of living; some are awake during the night, and sleep away the day; while others destroy the energies of their bodies by hot drinks and spices, which they buy in large amounts in the Indies, so that hardly a poor household is to be found which satisfies itself with the products of its own fields or flocks, without adding thereto the drinks of Arabia, the spices of the Indies, and the fishes of the most distant seas."

THE EFFECT OF THE FRAGMENT OF PYTHIAS.

HERE Olivier finished reading. He looked towards me with inquisitive eyes.

Laughing, I said, "One must grant, the tone of it is well kept up. Doubtless, one of the old wise men of Greece would have spoken just so of the barbarous nations of Asia in his time, if he had sought them out. Excellent! Even the stiffness of the style denotes that this fragment is only a translation. Meantime, I do not believe in its authenticity. We have nothing of Pythias, to my knowledge, but—"

Olivier interrupted me with peals of laughter and exclaimed, "Oh thou child of the eighteenth century, which always gropest about the shell of a thing and forgettest the kernel, which always deals with the appearance and not with the essence, dost thou not see and hear that thou art thyself a citizen of Thule? What! Asia? No,—a wise man of ancient Greece would have spoken thus of us Europeans, if he could have seen us at this day!"

"Thou art right, Olivier; but thou didst not suffer me to finish my remark. I will still add that there is in this fragment the manner of the *Lettres Persannes*. The account relates to us Its exquisite truth cannot be mistaken!"

"I only half understand thee, thou artificial man! Tell me; dost thou infer the art of the author because he has hit the truth? Or thinkest thou that the truth has hit thee?"

"Both! but thou said'st before that it made a painful impression on thee; thou wast lying with this book in the shade of a maple. Go on!"

"Well, there lay I. When I had read the fragment, I threw the book from me, reclined my head back upon the grass, stared up into the dark blue of the eternal heavens—up into the deep of the shoreless universe, I thought of God, the all-perfect—all imbued with Love and Glory—of the eternity of my being; and in this moment of elevated conception understood much better than I had ever done many words of Christ—the Revealer of the divine relations of our spirit. 'In my father's house there are many mansions; or, 'unless you become as little children,' &c. 'Whoever will be my disciple, let him deny the foolishness of this world, and take up my cross willingly.' And I never saw the divinity of Christ more clearly than then. I thought of the degeneracy of men, who from century to century have wandered further from the truth, simplicity, and happiness of Nature, to a brutal, sensual, foolish and painful life. I flew back in thought to the dawn of time, to the earliest people, to the simple wisdom of the lofty ancients. I sighed, the tears came into my eyes. I was again in my fancy a child of God. Wherefore can I not feel truly, think truly, speak truly, act truly, as did Jesus Christ? Can I not break the chains of custom? What but stupid timidity hinders me from being a reasonable godly man among delirious and perverse barbarians? I said this. In my imagination I was so already. I closed my eyes. I felt an unspeakable happiness in being free from the tormenting sensuality of the world, again to be reconciled, and at one with God, Nature, the Universe, and Eternity. So I lay a long while; then, as I opened my eyes, the sun had gone down, and the glow of evening suffused and gilded all things."

"I know that holy state of mind," exclaimed the Baroness.

"When I rose up in order to return to the city," continued Olivier, "my eyes fell upon my uniform—it went through me like a flash. Loathsome lay the world in all its foolishness, in all its nonsense before me; never had I seen more clearly than in that moment, the frightful departure of mankind from the Eternal, the True, and the Holy. I perceived how Socrates, had he lived at this day, would once more have been obliged to drink the poisoned cup: that Christ would have found in every city another Jerusalem—would have been led to the cross by Christian sects unanimously, and would have been condemned by princes as an Enemy to the good old ways, as a Seducer of the people, as a Fanatic. I shuddered. Then I asked myself in a loud tone of voice, 'Hast thou courage?' A firm resolution seized me. I answered in the same voice, 'I have courage. It shall be. I will live rationally, come what may!'"

"The next morning, after I had had a bracing sleep and quite forgotten all that I had thought on the previous evening, this book again came under my eyes. I remembered my determination. I saw the perilousness of my undertaking. I wavered. Still I was compelled to acknowledge the truth of my yesterday's conviction. 'Whoever would be my disciple, must forsake all,' &c. I thought over my domestic and public relations. The rich young man in the gospel, who seemed sorrowful at the words of Christ, occurred to me. Then I asked myself again, 'Hast thou courage? And with a louder voice answered, 'I will have it.' And so I determined from that hour to live rationally, in the least as well as in the greatest things. The first step taken, the scorn of the world is not thought of, and each subsequent step becomes easier."

"I tremble for thee, thou noble enthusiast," cried I, grasping his hand; "but wilt thou not tell me the issue of thy daring?"

"Wherefore not? But such things must be talked of in the open air, under the broad sky, beneath the trees, in sight of the wide waving sea," said Olivier; for dear Norbert, in a room, between walls and partitions, many things seem rational, which, in the face of Nature, where the soul loses itself in the broad pure All, appear quite fanciful and dream-like. And we find outdoors, in the presence of God's creation, where the Eternal and the True stand forever, that many things are perfectly right, which, between the walls of a dwelling-house full of conventionalities, or within the walls of a philosophical lecture-room, an audience-chamber, a dancing saloon, or a gorgeous parlor, appear as an extravagant silliness, an enthusiasm, or idiocy. Come, then, into the open air!"

He took me by the arm. The Baroness went to her children. Olivier led me through the garden to a little hill where we reclined in the shadow of a wall. Above us, in the broad atmosphere, swung the tender branches of the birch: below us rolled the sparkling waves of the eternal ocean.

"Fate favored me very much even on my first coming to reason. My father, whose property had been scattered by prodigal expenditure, left me at his death a scanty inheritance. But I had a prospect, after the decease of my uncle, of becoming a goodly owner of wealth. This was known to everybody. On that account, I had been betrothed to the Baroness Von Mooser, the daughter of the President of the Exchequer. She was one of the most eligible matches in the country, as they used to say, being very pretty, very rich, and the niece of the War-Minister. The marriage having been concerted by my relations and the old uncle, I was compelled to agree to it, according to custom. But the sickness of my uncle, who stood to me in place of a father, caused the ceremony to be postponed. I was already major, and by the next promotion would have become lieutenant-colonel. In a few years a regiment would have been at my service.

"So stood matters at that time; and I soon found, after my recovery of reason, that they were not the most agreeable. It was an uncomfortable thought that I, a free man, should be forced by my relatives to couple myself to a girl, for the sake of money, rank, and protection, without knowing her peculiarities, views, faults or inclinations. The Baroness was, it must be confessed, pretty and good, but nothing more than any young lady might be under the same training; well disposed by nature, but through an artificial education, vain, pleasure-loving, trivial, proud of her family, her rank, and her beauty, and witty at the expense of the best people in the world; in all things more French than German. Whether she loved me truly or not I did not know; but that I cared no more for her than for any other well formed and pretty woman, I did know.

"A letter brought by a messenger, summoned me to my sick uncle. I procured a furlough from the General, took leave of my betrothed and her parents, and rode off. When I arrived, my uncle was already dead and buried. An old steward handed

over to me the keys of the closets, and the will. I counted off the little legacies to the servants, let the steward into my secret, and openly declared myself poor, as all the means of my uncle were covered with debts.

Thus I returned to the garrison, and made known my story. I did it to try the disposition of my betrothed, whether she had the courage to remain by my side in the world, and become what I was. To make the story more striking, I sold what I did not want to pay my own debts in the city, of which, old and new, there was a small amount. My companions laughed at me, and particularly when I gave out that I intended, at least, to be an honest man. Even the President of the Exchequer and his spouse dissuaded me; I must not excite *clat*—I would *blamire* myself and them—I would make myself and them *au ridicule*, &c.

"I stuck to my notions, that honor is more than appearance, poverty is no disgrace, and he who can want much is rich. These *sams*, as they were termed, pleased the Baroness least of all. Her parents gave me to understand that their child had been accustomed to certain *oisances*, and that they were not rich enough at that late period of their lives, to give me and their daughter an outfit. Finally, after a few days, they trusted implicitly that my own sense of delicacy would prompt me to release them from the contract. I did not hesitate to do it, and to declare that I thought I got off cheaply, since no mutual choice of hearts, but only an agreement and money reckoning among relatives had taken place.

"My assumed poverty had other effects of a good kind—namely, that old friends and jolly comrades did not so earnestly seek my company. Still it pleased me, that some continued to hold me in esteem. But the most of them became cold and distant; for, with my money, I had lost in their eyes my highest attraction. 'So much the better,' thought I; thou canst act and speak more sincerely?"

"But I was no more fortunate in my attempts to lead a true life,—and this was foreseen—than others who have preceded me. For several winters I had been accustomed to deliver lectures to the officers on scientific subjects. I continued the occupation, and uttered my sentiments freely. But when I came to lay down the following proposition, that every war which was not undertaken for the independence and safety of our country against foreign invaders, but for the personal whims of a prince, intrigues of ministers, the ambition of the court, in order to conquer, to mix in the affairs of another people, or for the sake of revenge, was unjust; that standing armies were the plague of the land, the ruin of the finances, the ready slaves of despotism, when the prince wished to become a despot; that the soldier should be a citizen; that a hereditary or created nobility was, now-a-days, nonsense, which could only be tolerated among savages and barbarians; that I hoped to live to see the time when all the kings of Europe would agree by concordat to disband their immense standing armies, and on the other hand make their soldiers only of all citizens capable of bearing arms; that duels belonged to the house of correction or the insane asylum: when, I say, I introduced these propositions, and others like them, and defended their correctness, of which no sane human understanding could doubt, the lectures were prohibited, and the General gave me a severe reprimand. I answered back again, and was put under arrest.

"This did not disturb me, for I had all along expected it. Above all things I performed my duty. After I had fallen out of the favor of the General, even the best officers began to withdraw from me. They laughed and jested at my expense. Some of the wittiest insisted that I was crazy, and thought it a consequence of the shock I must have received when my hopes were disappointed as to the large inheritance. I was soon so much neglected that even my former servants would remain with me no longer, because I supported them and myself upon slender means, rejected coffee, seldom took wine, and, instead of their

former rich liveries, caused them to wear a simple neat garb, such as happily thou seest me in now.

"On the other hand, about the same time I received a letter which made amends for all. I had, some time before, found a poor beggar girl weeping near the barn of a farm-house. In the barn her ragged mother lay dying upon the hay. I learned from the dying woman, who was still young, that she was from Southern Germany, of poor but respectable parents, had been in the service of a rich lord, where she was seduced by the son of the house, who gave her a piece of money and sent her away; that after her delivery, she had sought employment, but on account of her child, could procure it nowhere for any length of time, was greatly distressed, had lately lived upon alms, and could now only pray for her daughter. I ran into the peasant's house to buy her some refreshments, for the peasant himself would hardly allow her a resting-place in his shed. When I came back she already lay lifeless upon the hay, and the little girl was mourning bitterly over the corpse of her mother. I comforted her as well as I could; discharged the expenses of interment, and sent the orphan, who did not know the family name of her mother, to a female boarding-school at Rastrow. She was called Amelia, and I gave her out of charity the surname of Barn, after the place in which she was found.

"Well then, when all had deserted me, I received from this Amelia Barn a letter, which is still secured among my treasures. Thou shalt read it. At that time it moved me to tears. The contents were, in effect, that she had heard of my misfortune, and thought that she must no longer be a burthen to her father, as she was accustomed to call me. She would seek, as a governess in some good family, or by means of embroidery, dress-making, instruction on the pianoforte, or in some other way, to earn her support. I must not trouble myself about her; since now it came to her turn to be anxious about me. Thou must read the letter thyself, with its beautiful outburst of gratitude. It is the very mirror of a pious and pure heart. She asked for permission to see, only for once, the benefactor, whose image was traced on her memory since the day of her mother's death. I wrote back, praising her good sense, but advising her that she had no occasion to be in a hurry; I would take care of her until she had found a suitable place.

"One day—as I had returned from parade, there was a knock at the door of my chamber. A strange young lady with a most lovely countenance entered. The lilies and plum-blossoms do not mingle their colors more beautifully in a bouquet than they were mingled on her face, under full flowing locks of hair. Blushingly and with a tender voice, she asked after me, then melting into tears, fell down, embraced my knees, and when I, greatly astonished, would have raised her up, covered my hands with her kisses. What I suspected was confirmed by her cry of 'Oh, my father, my father; Oh, my guardian angel!' I besought her to arise. She asked me to allow her to remain in that position, saying 'Ah, I am so happy that my heart is like to break!'

"It was a long while before she let me go, and stood up. Then I clasped her to my breast, impressed a kiss upon her pure white forehead, and requested her to consider me as a father and to call me Thou. She listened. But the fatherly kiss had somewhat confused my thoughts. She was taken to the hotel, where she remained some days; but these days were enough to undermine my peace of mind. When Amelia journeyed back to the institution, I counselled her to remain in the house of some respectable citizen, and take in embroidery for support. It was hard for me to tear myself from her; yet I did not betray to her that I was rich. I wished to try her; I hired a chamber for her, engaged a maid for her service, supplied her with harpsichord, harp, books, and, after a few days, also with the proceeds of the sale of her embroidery, freely, at her own price, under the pretence that they came from a strange hand. I visited her only once or twice a week, to avoid observation and evil construction.

"Every visit was a feast. Thou canst think how sweet it was to know that there was one being under the sun, indebted to thee for all, who belonged to no one in the world except thyself, who was entirely dependent upon thy care, and that this being, of all that nature had made beautiful, pious, and noble, was the most exquisite. The beauty and humble condition of Amelia was soon no secret in the town. She drew all eyes toward her. They spoke to me about her, and I did not dissemble that I was her foster-father, and that she was a poor child of dishonorable birth. Work after work was brought to her, so that I advised her to go to some other and unknown house. Young ladies came to her, less for the sake of her embroidery, than to see one who was so much praised by the whole neighborhood.

"One day when I was visiting Amelia, as I stood before the door of her chamber, I heard her in hot dispute with some man. I recognized the voice of my lieutenant-colonel. Just as I opened the door, he was stealing a kiss from her. I upbraided him for his disgraceful conduct, and availed myself of the opportunity to help him somewhat quietly out of the door, and down the steps. He fancied that I had tarnished his honor, and challenged me to fight a duel. I would have nothing to do with his nonsense. The corps of officers threatened that they would not serve under me, if I was a coward. That I was not, and so went out to the usual battle-ground weaponless, saying to the fool that if he was ambitious to be an assassin, I would give him permission to try his hand on me. He and the officers then became excessively abusive. They believed, according to their barbarous conception, that my honor would sustain a deadly wound, although, in reality, they dishonored themselves only by their brutality. I asked them whether the blackguards who covered a respectable man passing in the street with mud, became themselves respectable thereby, or whether, on the other hand, the respectable man became a blackguard.

"At the parade the next morning, the General delivered to me, with a suitable speech, an Order just received from the court. This was one of the late fruits of my former connexion with the Baroness Von Mooser, and the work of her uncle, the War-Minister. I could not, according to my notions of my services, receive the little ribbon. Had I really performed a service to the state, I should have been ashamed to drag the reward of it vaingloriously about with me all day. My steadfast refusal to take the lappet with a little star on it, was a thing unheard of in the annals of the monarchy. My idea was that duty and virtue did not permit themselves to be rewarded, but only recognized; that the man of honor would do his duty, recognized or not; that least of all should he suffer himself to play the great man before other people, particularly those whom he had aided; yet these notions went for so much Jacobinism and nonsense. The General was angered. The officers then stepped forward in behalf of their wounded honor. I was arrested, and after some weeks discharged from the regiment.

"I was well satisfied. I clad myself citizen fashion, as I wished; not after the present uncouth mode, but modestly, neatly, and naturally, as thou now seest us all here in Flyeln. The people opened their eyes, and regarded me as a crazy man, and the more so when it transpired that I was only not poor, but one of the most wealthy men in the land. Amelia wished to know why I behaved so. I communicated to her my opinions of the world, as well as my own principles. She, a child of nature, simple and full of soul, approved my notions, and lived according to them. I could not but be proud of Amy's judgment for it was my own. She thought and felt as I did her being was wrapt in mine. Her reverential, daughterly love had been changed into the purest, most modest, and deepest love that a young woman knows, and I appeared, even to myself, somewhat too young to play the part of a father.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## LINES

WRITTEN AT GREENWOOD.  
FOR THE UNIVERCÆLUM.

THY SPIRIT is about me, dear, Lizzy!  
And I feel  
With a strange rapture my poor brain grow dizzy,  
Till I reel  
With happiness! My silent friend,  
My heart is filled—  
With joys I know the angels lend,  
How deeply thrilled!

Thou art not there, my own dear Lizzy,  
'Neath the sod:  
With holy memories I am busy—  
Thou with God!  
I stand above the place where thou wert laid  
And smile,  
O, lovely art thou Lizzy, tripping o'er the glade  
The while.

I do not feel that thou art gone forever—  
Not all alone!  
Thou'rt even more to me than ever,  
My Own!  
For we, in spirit—In our spirit meetings,  
Clear as the past  
We love! And in high places too—Greetings  
Like these will last.

I came not here, dear friend! to this bless'd spot  
The dead to weep;  
Or that I fear thou'lt ever be forgot  
In thy long sleep;  
I come to kneel and pray for strength to see  
Thy lovely face,  
Hope for—what'er my lot in life may be—  
Thy Christian grace!

M. E. R.

## BIRTH OF FREEDOM.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

YES, Freedom! Tyrants date thy splendid birth  
With those uprisings in the bloody Past,  
When all the lion-hearted of the earth  
Unfur'd their rebel-banners to the blast,  
And from their limbs the dungeon fetter cast;  
But thou, Oh, idol of the brave! wast born,  
In full-grown majesty, upon that morn  
When all the stars together sang, and forms  
Of wondrous beauty, suns of dazzling light  
Flamed from the bosom of those primal storms  
Which lashed the rivers of chaotic night;  
And some would drive thee from our gloomy sod;  
Vainly they war with such blasphemous might;  
Thy birth-place, Freedom! was the heart of God.

THE TABLE MOUNTAIN, in Pendleton district, South Carolina is an awful precipice of nine hundred feet. Very few persons who have once cast a glimpse into the almost boundless abyss can again exercise sufficient fortitude to approach the margin of the chasm; almost every one looking over involuntarily falls to the ground, senseless, nerveless and hopeless, and would inevitably be precipitated and dashed to atoms, were it not for the measures of caution and security that have always been deemed indispensable to safe indulgence to the curiosity of the visitor and spectator.

THE ALPINE HORN.—Amongst the lofty mountains and elevated mountain valleys of Switzerland, the Alpine horn has another use besides that of sounding the far-famed Ranz des Vaches, or Cow Song, and this is of a very solemn and impressive nature. When the sun has set in the valley, and only the snowy summits of the mountains gleam with golden light, the herdsman who dwells upon the highest habitable spot, takes his horn and pronounces audibly and loudly through it as through a speaking trumpet, "Praise the Lord God!" As soon as this sound is heard by the neighboring huntsman, they issue from their huts, take their Alpine horns, and repeat the same words. This frequently lasts a quarter of an hour, and the name of the Creator resounds from all the mountains and rocky cliffs around. Silence at length settles over the scene. All the huntsmen kneel and pray with uncovered heads. In the meanwhile, it has become quite dark. "Good night!" calls the highest herdsman again through his horn. "Good night," again resounds from all the mountains, the horns of huntsman, and the rocky cliffs. The mountaineers then retire to their dwellings, and to rest.

A PERSON behind the age is generally respected—a person before the age is treated with neglect.

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