

THE UNIVERCÆLUM

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.

LITERARY WOMEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCÆLUM.

IT IS TO BE HOPED that the time is going by, when a woman, who is distinguished for mental acquisition, and endowments, shall be either considered as an object of vulgar wonder on the one hand, or of unjust and wanton detraction on the other. Of this tendency to reformation there are two principal reasons. The first may be found in the favorable change, which has taken place in the character of literary women themselves—and the other in the natural growth and progress of the age.

In earlier times, a literary woman was so great a novelty, that unless she had an order of genius so high, that it absolutely raised her above one of the most besetting of human weaknesses, she was very strongly tempted to assume airs, on the ground of her rare gifts; and the homage that was constantly offered to her vanity, tended to multiply and increase the little affectations, which were alike unworthy of the intelligent being, and of the true woman. But the novelty of the character wore off, in the increasing competition of modern times. Woman has been thrown back upon her own resources—upon her own intrinsic merits; and hence she has been obliged, in a degree, though not yet wholly—to take the position of an intellectual being, in whose mental and moral development the circumstance of sex has not been allowed to interfere. These results have partially taken place; but much yet remains to be done.

Even now you hear the remark made, that literary, or scientific or literary women, are seldom, or never domestic. There is one fact which certainly lies very near the root—if it does not occupy the whole root of the difficulty—Intelligent men—men of intellect—learning—genius—seldom seek in a wife companionship for their highest thoughts, feelings, and affections. They seek rather to ornament their homes with a beautiful toy—a play-thing;—or, at the best, a creature of only partial development. She must have a soft and gentle hand, to lay, with its cooling influence, upon the scholar's hot and throbbing brow—a sweet and musical voice, to soothe him when he is sick—to cheer him when he is sad; and she must possess all the various attractions to charm and fascinate him at all times with her delicate and bewitching ministries. She is moreover, the bearer, and possibly the nurse of his children—the superintendent of his wardrobe—the head of his table—the hostess of his guests—and the sharer of his fortune, whether good or ill. But if he would have companionship in its most exalted phases, he goes to the office of some male friend—to the studio of the artist—to the club-room—or to the boudoir of some distinguished woman; and the fair being at home, as if half conscious of her loss—ay, and sometimes wholly, and painfully conscious of it—pines for admittance to the inner sanctuary, which to her must remain forever sealed. And yet could she only be taught the way—could she only have known even that there *was* such a kingdom—how gladly—how certainly—would she have won the scepter

and the crown, and have sat, a throned queen, in the highest and most honorable place of her husband's affections. But she was deceived in the very onset—she was led to mistake the extrinsic for the intrinsic—the tinsel for the gold—the poor stained glass, for the true and ever radiant diamond; and when it is apparently too late to retrieve her steps, she sees her error, and finds that her empire is more than divided;—with the eyes of an houri—the voice of a seraph—the heart of an angel—the devotion of a martyr—she feels that there is a holy of holies in her husband's nature, where, with all these gifts, she may never enter.

All this is wrong; for the unity which should be the first and distinctive feature of marriage, is destroyed; for a pre-eminently intellectual being must feel a closer unity with one who can appreciate, analyze, and share all his highest mental emotions than with one who merely administers to his physical comfort—who stimulates and gratifies his passions. Now it will be seen that women are not wholly to blame in this matter. By the very nature and position of woman, not less than by the imperative laws of society, she must be the *attracting* party. She must win and please the other sex; for only in pleasing can she exert her full power. She will, as a general thing, be what she finds most attractive and pleasing to the other sex, and nothing more. Hence it is very clear, that if distinguished, or other men, do not seek companionship in their wives, they will not have it; and by the same rule, if they *do*, they *will*; for the supply, in all relations of exchange, will always have a certain correspondence with the demand.

Then let this false and unnatural prejudice against learned, or literary women, be cast back into the old *Past*, where it belongs. It is behind the whole spirit of the age; and is a shameful blot upon the more advanced portion of it. It has become a proverb, that great men's children, with all their superior advantages, seldom rise above mediocrity; and the above fact—the fact that their mothers were not chosen for intellectual endowments—explains the phenomenon. Let intelligent men seek for companions in the other sex—not merely of the heart, but of the mind—for their highest and deepest thoughts and affections, and these anomalies would soon cease to appear. Let them remember that woman has an intellectual, as well as a physical and moral nature, and that she must suffer in default of its proper development, culture, and exercise, in precisely the same degree as man. Let them remember that unless all the elements of her whole being have attained to their full strength, and their habitual and harmonious exercise, she can neither reach her true place in the human scale, nor attain to the occupation of her truly appropriate sphere—that of the companion and co-worker of Man, in the highest and strongest sense in which the terms can be used.

But let us more definitely consider the objections which are commonly brought against a high order of intellect, science, or genius in woman. It has been said that learning, or genius, unfits a woman for the common or necessary duties of domestic life; therefore some discourage its cultivation, on the ground of the above charge, while others say that there is a tendency in genius, being acted upon by a stronger force, to fly off at tangent from the true orbit of woman. There is some show of truth

in this; and yet I believe that this tendency to leave positive duties, is not a necessary ingredient in the character of genius itself, but an accident, or a weakness, wholly apart from it. In support of this opinion Miss Sedgwick has spoken very forcibly, in her excellent work of "LIVE; AND LET LIVE."

"Other things being equal," says Miss Sedgwick, "the woman of the highest mental endowment will always be the best housekeeper; for housewifery, domestic economy, is a science, that brings into active operation the qualities of the mind, as well as the graces of the heart. A quick perception, judgment, discrimination, order, are high attributes of mind, and are all in daily exercise, in the well ordering of a family. If a sensible woman—an intellectual woman—a woman of *genius*—is not a good housewife, it is not because she is all, or either of these; but because there is some deficiency in her character, or some omission of duty, which should make her very humble, instead of her indulging any secret self-complacency, on account of a certain superiority, which only aggravates her fault."

This I believe is not only true in theory, but possible in practice. But there is one fact which seems to be lost sight of, in making these estimates, and that is, that one person cannot possibly do all things, and especially all things at the same time. But this may be made more clear by an illustration. It is well known that many women support themselves, and frequently their families also, by literary and scientific pursuits. It may very possibly, and very probably be, that the amount of her earnings will not justify the expense of keeping servants, and she is obliged to attend, as far as she is able, to the hand-work which is necessary in every family. Now to expect that she is to supply not only the means of subsistence, but that she is to have every arrangement of her family regulated by the same order, upon which they pride themselves, who are pattern housekeepers only because they have nothing else to do, and can do nothing else, is a sheer absurdity. There will be frequent interruptions to all her laws and plans of order, by the necessities which are continually obtruding themselves—and not because she could not, in the single details, do better; but simply because she cannot do all things, the inferior yields to the superior, and the weaker to the stronger.

There is very little ever said of the wanton and shameful neglect of their families, of which fashionable women are guilty; and one would think that their giddy whirl might actually be considered the "proper and appropriate sphere" of woman, about which there is so much preaching, in various forms, so quiescent are their patient husbands, and complacent neighbors, under their gross and continual abrogation of the first laws of nature, and of right. And why is this? The solution of the problem may be found here. These women do not rise above the condition of the parasite—the toy. They can never take the place of rivals, or shock the selfishness of the other sex, by aspiring to an independent nature, and being; and therefore are they tolerated. Woman, from her physical weakness, was, during the old ages of the world, when brute force reigned, made and kept as the appendage and the parasite of man—his play-thing—his slave—or, the idol of his profane and sensual worship—and qualities corresponding with these conditions were alone cultivated. But when in the process of time, and the upward tendency of things, it was perceived that woman had a positive and individual being, and destiny of her own—and hence that she could not always be held as a subordinate, not only the selfishness of man, but the mistaken views of women, were armed at all points, to defend the old conservative laws, and keep the victim awhile longer contented with her chains, whether they were gemmed, and golden, or only made of coarse hemp, or cold and heavy iron. And so thoroughly has this sentiment, concerning the position of woman, become grafted into the very heart of society, that it has grown up with all the confidence, and apparent fitness of a natural scion. And I have thought too that there is sometimes with all this struggle

to retard the true progress of woman, something of envy—or jealousy—that man, with all his boasted strength of body and mind, began to tremble for his empire—now and then grasping his scepter somewhat more firmly than one so strong has need to do. I am persuaded that many sensible, judicious and honest men, cherish these feelings unconsciously from mere habit—but they certainly will not longer do so, when they come to analyze them.

And again, the domestic capabilities of distinguished females, would be considered by the masses only as common attributes, which they share with all sober-minded women; and hence they would not project, but would, almost necessarily, be kept in the shadow of the back ground, for the simple reason that they are the least striking and remarkable features about them. But a single instance is sufficient to prove the possibility of such a union of powers; and though many might be furnished—and some of them taken from our midst—I will only adduce a few.

The unfortunate Madame Roland was a signal instance. She was one of the most remarkable women who have ever lived. She had genius of a very high order, and acquirements such as few men can boast; but with her husband she became attached to the republican party, or Girondists, during the French Revolution; and on the overthrow of this party, was one of the victims of the monster, Robespierre. When confined in the Bastille she wrote her Memoirs, in which she speaks thus of herself:

"The same child who read systematic works, who could explain the circles of the celestial sphere, handle the pencil and graver, and who at eight years of age was the best dancer at their youthful parties, was frequently called into the kitchen to make an omelet, pick herbs, or skim the pot."

And again she says, that this miscellaneous kind of education, undoubtedly prepared her for the eventful and trying changes of her subsequent life. The husband of Madame R. was a profound scholar; and she became his copyist and corrector of the press; and though herself far surpassing him in the brilliancy and originality of her genius, she was content to fill these mere mechanical offices, at which she even seems surprised herself, and imputes it to a miracle wrought by her affections.

At one period they stood at the desk nearly the whole day; and all the relaxation they enjoyed, was an occasional ramble out of town, to study Botany. At another time their relief was in attending a course of lectures on Natural History. Madame Roland was indeed a most exemplary woman, in every relation of life. At one time she describes her daily habits in a letter to a friend, thus:

"You ask me how I pass my time. On rising, I busy myself with my child, and my husband. I get breakfast for both, hear the little one read, and then leave them together in the study, while I go and enquire into the household affairs, from the garret to the cellar. The fruit, the wine, the linen, and other details, contribute to my daily stock of cares. If I have any time left, I pass it in the study with my husband, in the literary labors I have always been accustomed to share with him."

We find another illustrious instance in Elizabeth Carter, an English lady, contemporary with Hannah More. She was a poetess. She understood nine languages, among which were the Arabic, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. Elizabeth Smith was also living in the same country, and at the same time. She attained a familiar knowledge of mathematics and drawing, had much poetical talent, and understood ten languages, among which were the Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Persian, and Greek. And yet Hannah More, on the authority of intimate personal acquaintance, tells us that "these ladies' acquirements, which would have been distinguished in a university, were meekly softened, and beautifully shaded, by the gentle exertion of every domestic virtue, by the unaffected exercise of every feminine employment."

Need I say more to disprove the common prejudice against scientific or literary women? Let us seek to multiply such in-

stances, and the prejudice, like all other prejudices, will yield to the steady advance of Truth. Have we not, too, in this country, a Mrs. Sigourney, who, if she had not higher distinctions, would be celebrated as a perfect archetype of the domestic woman? Have we not also a Sarah Grimke, and an Angelina Weld, who have carried into the shade of domestic privacy, acquirements which would be brilliant any where, but which now shed their graces upon the most common and humble toils?

Men who exclaim the most loudly against literary women, allow the sex unbridled liberty in the pursuit of pleasure, requiring in them only sufficient intellect to digest the fictions of a romance. But if pleasure is an essential stimulant to the female mind, it can be obtained free from all impurities, and grossness, in the beautiful revelations of Truth and Science.

Thompson says, in recommending the study of Botany to the ladies; "We shall be told of the danger of producing literary women; of having wives, who would leave the management of their houses, to peruse the pages of the philosophers; and be solving a mathematical problem, when they ought to be making a custard. We shall be told that learned women are insupportable; and use their acquirements, as they do their authority, to make them weapons of oppression, rather than instruments of happiness. But a female pedant, and a woman with a well-informed, liberal mind, are two different beings." A distinction, let me observe in passing, which many either will not, or cannot make.

We have also the testimony of Mrs. Barbauld in our favor. "The fragile nature of female friendships," says Mrs. B., "and the petty jealousies that break out in the ball-room, have, from time immemorial, been the jest of mankind. Trifles light as air will necessarily excite not only the jealousy, but the envy, of those who think only of trifles. Give them employment for their thoughts; give them a noble spirit of emulation, and we shall hear no more of these petty feuds. Give them more useful and more interesting subjects for conversation; and they will become not only more agreeable, but safer companions for each other." Let those gentlemen who are so much afraid of literary wives, look to it that they do not get dissipated ones!

Before leaving this part of the subject, I wish to call your attention once more to Madame Roland, because the great mental strength which the discipline of a habit of severe study imparts, is fully exemplified in her; and consequently the importance of female scholarship, considered merely as a means of discipline.

After having been educated in opulence, Madame Roland was by the dissipation of her father reduced to the pittance of 500 livres, or about 100 dollars a year. With a magnanimity of which few are capable, she gave up to her father's creditors valuable plate, of which she was the rightful owner, and determined at once to restrict her expenses to her income. She hired a small apartment in a convent. Her fare became "changes of potatoes, rice, and beans, with a sprinkling of salt, and a little butter." She went out only twice a week to visit her aged friends, and once to her father's, to look over his linen, and take away what needed mending. It was winter, and she "lodged near the sky, under a roof of snow." She would not mix with the common boarders of the convent, who were, doubtless, persons of low taste, and she had no companions but her books. Speaking of this period, she says; "I steel'd my heart against adversity, and AVENGED MYSELF ON FATE, BY DESERVING THE HAPPINESS IT DID NOT BESTOW." A nobler sentiment than this was never uttered by a human being. It contains within itself the strength of all philosophy—the essence of all religion; and it was whispered by the angel that sat in the stricken heart of the woman, nursing strength for the day of severer trial—and patiently weaving itself wings for Heaven.

Again she says in reference to the same period; "The resignation of a patient temper—the quiet of a good conscience—the elevation of spirit which sets misfortune at defiance—the labo-

rious habits that make time pass so rapidly—the delicate taste of a sound mind, finding pleasures in the consciousness of existence, and of its own value, which the vulgar never know—these were my riches."

And in every subsequent struggle of her eventful life, the same marked philosophy of temper distinguished this amiable woman. Think ye if her days had been passed in fashionable saloons and drawing-rooms, that her strength, even to the awful hour of death, would have been as great?

Let us, then, pay less attention to external decoration, seeking rather that "inward adorning of the mind," which gives to woman her true beauty—seeking rather that intellectual vigor, which imparts her real strength. Let us never fling the gauntlet at the foot of man, and battle in person, or *directly*, in defence of our rights, or our capabilities; but let us begin to educate ourselves, and our daughters, so as to convince the better part of men, that we not only know our rights, but are capable of sustaining the slandered powers and capabilities of the sex; and we shall not want champions, though we never lift a hand—we shall not want advocates, though we never utter a word. Let woman be educated universally, as she ought to be—religiously—thoroughly—severely;—Let all her physical, mental, and moral powers be developed in their full vigor, and in harmonious proportion; and her Rights would be established on a basis, which can never be shaken while the foundations of the world shall stand.

"But," says one, "our very position will not admit of this. Man must first take his foot off of our neck—we must be free, or we can never be educated in this manner." This is true of the majority; but there is still a large—a very large minority—who have small reason to complain, in ordinary cases, of a want of privileges. But are they always aware of the advantages they possess, and of the corresponding duties which these enjoin? Truth compels me to answer—No. It is not my purpose here to discuss the various civil, legal, and social disabilities, under which woman labors; for I believe these also are among the features of the Past, and are rapidly disappearing from the face of the Present. But a wrong motive is still left at the root of female education. Let *this* be corrected, and elevated; and the difficulties of which we complain can exist no longer; though at present they are quite deplorable. The same motive which softens down the graces and the smiles of our young ladies into a burlesque of all that is natural, bends the knee of the bright-eyed Georgian, in the seraglio of the Sultan, and points the electric glances of the fair Circassian; and I know not that the principle has higher dignity here, than there. Do not misunderstand me. I neither condemn the wish to please, nor quarrel with the art, or the power of pleasing; for both are natural, and therefore right. I only deprecate the motive, and the power, as being made paramount to, and subversive of all others.

However much we are restricted, we can, according to our individual capabilities, degree of light, and means of progress, think and act, at least with the mental and moral dignity of rational creatures. We can teach our daughters to be SELF-DEPENDANT; and then they will not fly to marriage from any of the baser motives, which now too frequently bring the sexes together, in a relation that is any thing, rather than the true and holy union, which is properly called MARRIAGE; and in this we touch the basis of the whole difficulty. It may be too, that when we have opened their eyes to the facts, by the production of bright examples, sensible and intelligent men will generally assist us in this labor of love; and they doubtless will. Let us not waste time, then, by idly talking of our Rights, or our capabilities, but put the whole matter directly to the testing process, by commencing, each one of us, the work of self-elevation.

It is a mortifying thought—and yet I believe it is *true*, that females, as a body, are not capable of exercising any very extensive Rights, even if they had them. With their physical nature

enfeebled—their intellectual capabilities inert, or ill-directed—their moral powers blunted by a ruinous system of education, which makes the ability to please the other sex the paramount obligation, what can be expected of them, but they should be, as they are, “children of a larger growth?” It is truly said that, “Mind is made for dominion;” and as truly may it be said, that Mind will have dominion. I repeat, then;—Let woman be educated, as generally—as thoroughly—as severely—as the other sex, and in the natural and inevitable course of things, she will be invested with all her rights, which are, in themselves, inviolable, and attain to her true position, as an EQUAL sharer of the Throne.

G.

INTRODUCTION TO PHYSIOGNOMY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,

BY J. W. REDFIELD.

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THERE must be some particular reason why mankind in general regard external objects as possessing a greater force of evidence than those which are testified to merely by the mind—some reason why matter is regarded as a greater reality than the mind itself. Is it because the mind has nothing distinct from the faculties themselves, and that therefore there are no objects of mind for the faculties to perceive, while matter has its attributes, and its countless forms and manifestations distinct from the faculties which perceive them? Matter consists of its various substances, with their attributes and relations to each other; and these we perceive by the faculties corresponding to them. Mind too, consists of its various elements, called faculties, with their various characters and relations; and these faculties, strange as it may appear, perceive themselves.

Must not mind be perceived as something distinct from the faculties which perceive it, as matter also is something distinct from the faculties which perceive it? It seems so; for when we study our own mind, we think and treat of it as a second person, as if it were the object and not the actor—just as we study our own body, regarding it as belonging to us, and not as we ourselves, who perceive and study it. How then can it be said that the faculties perceive themselves? Must we not rather conclude that the mind does not perceive itself at all, but only an image of itself, like a face in a glass which it calls its own? Is this the reason why men in general regard matter as possessing a so much greater force of evidence than the mind; as if never seeing any thing but an image of themselves in a glass, they could not know certainly whether there were any thing else or not? We do indeed perceive a reflection of our minds, not in any internal mirror, but in each other: and how strong is the feeling of the reality of our own minds which this gives us! If there were nothing more than this, we should still be able to perceive mind as an object, just as we perceive matter as an object; and the force of evidence derived from the former should be equal to that derived from the latter.

But we have the greater reality of being able to perceive the mind as itself the object, and as at once the object and the actor, or as that which perceives itself. The first and second person, or the actor and the object, are one mind, of which the body in acting and being acted upon is the image. The mind perceiving and the mind perceived must be one mind; for the mind which we study and make the object of perception, itself acts and thinks, perceives and feels. The solution of the mystery is simply this. The physiognomical signs show that there are two faculties of each kind, and thus two minds, the one being indicated on the right side of the body and the other on the left. These two minds are not two halves like the two sides of the

body, but they have a stronger unity—they are “twin one flesh”—and it is in this relation that the mind is able to perceive itself as an object or second person, and at the same time as an actor or first person.

SIGN OF ABSTRACTION.

The mind is capable of turning inwardly upon itself; and the result of this is abstraction from external objects. It is well known to metaphysicians, and to every reflecting person, that in proportion to the abstraction of the mind from external objects is its power of reasoning, of perceiving causes, of communing with itself, and of contemplating things spiritual. Without Abstraction, therefore, we should not be able to study the mind, or to know any thing of the laws of nature. To external observers this appears as absent-mindedness—but the mind in this state is all the more present to itself.

Abstraction is not an active will, like Resolution, Perseverance, etc., but is a state of the existence of the mind, as Fluidity is a state of the existence of matter. It is not properly a faculty of the will, but is partly the will itself; as Fluidity is not properly an attribute of matter, but is partly matter itself. What we understand by essential Will, to which the faculties of will belong, may be called Passion; as what we understand by essential Matter, to which the attributes of matter belong, may be called Substance. Passion is the result of the action of its own laws, or is, in a subordinate sense, the cause of itself—and thus Passion, as commonly understood, embraces both the passive existence and the voluntary action of the Will, or, in other words, embraces both feeling and desire. In their passive existence the desires are feelings, and in their action the feelings are desires.

Now Abstraction is a state of the existence of the mind; and may in its degree be called Passion itself, or Passive Will; because we mean by it not only the absence of the mind from external objects, produced by the power of abstraction, but the perception and feeling of the most interior promptings and desires.

We speak of the power of Abstraction. By this we mean the faculty of Self-will already described, or the action of Abstraction upon itself. In like manner Fluidity, which is to matter what Abstraction is to the mind, acts upon itself; and this action upon itself is the power of Fluidity, and is the law of tendency toward a center. Self-will, or the concentrating of the will upon one's self, has the same effect upon a sensitive person which the will of another person has when centered upon him. In other words, Self-will has a very particular connection with Abstraction, in removing the mind from the government of the body, and of other external objects—and hence it is that violent Self-will in a child, together with the strong will of his parent or tutor, is capable of inducing a state of rigidity and insensibility to external objects, like that which is produced by mesmerising.

The sign of Abstraction is the length of the jaw downwards under the two small molar teeth. It is just forward of the sign of Self-will, and the connection between these two signs agrees with the connection between the two faculties. Those who are particularly liable to abstraction have the sign large, and, other things being equal, are more subject than others to the mesmeric influence, and the cause of fascination generally. Gypsies, sorcerers, fortune-tellers, ghost seers, and clairvoyants, have a large sign of Abstraction, together with a large index of Fluidity. The action of fluids, and particularly of light, in producing a spell, or state of bodily insensibility and inaction, acts through the faculty of Fluidity upon Abstraction, producing first simple absent-mindedness, and carrying this effect to entire exclusion of external things, and to the opening of the world of vision. This is only a removal of the mind from the perception of one's own body to the perception of one's own mind, and from the perception of the external forms of nature to the perception of their interior causes.

Most persons possess Abstraction in an inferior degree. There is more done to prevent than to increase it. It is relatively stronger in children than in the aged. Young persons are often absent-minded, and are often chided for it by their parents, who regard it as mere weakness of mind, and a habit never to be indulged in. Whether they are right in their opinion or not, it is certain that many of these absent children have learned more by exploring their own minds than all their teachers knew before them. It is well known that children in general are little philosophers, inquiring into the causes of things, and much interested in the supernatural—and they are so for the reason chiefly that they possess a superior degree of the state of abstraction. If there is a means by which we may enter the world of mind, and see every thing there corresponding to every thing in the world of matter, why should we not to the proper extent avail ourselves of it? Why should not every man know at least as much of his own mind, and of the minds of others, as he knows of his own body, and of the bodies of others,—and as much of the causes which lie hid beneath the surface of things, as of the mineral, vegetable and animal forms which surround him?

Corresponding to what we have called the four elements of matter, (air, electricity, substances in solution, and liquids,) are four elements of mind, viz: Concentration, Comprehensiveness, Application, and Gravity. It will be sufficient for the present to mention these;—they will be explained in connection with their signs hereafter. As fluidity is essential to the four elements of matter, so is Abstraction essential to the four elements of mind. In *concentrating* the mind, in *comprehending*, in *applying* the mind, and in exercising *gravity*, or seriousness, are produced so many degrees of the state of abstraction. By concentrating our minds (which is the first step from the circumference towards the center, or from the external to the internal,) we are made conscious of our spiritual identity, and of the processes of analysis and combination which take place in our own mental operations. In exercising Comprehensiveness in reference to these distinct objects of the mind, we are made conscious of their relations, or of the exercise of comparison; and are able to see their representation in types and shadows. By the exercise of Application we are made conscious of the mysterious connection between the mind and body, and between the spiritual world and the natural; and are able to discover the correspondence between the one and the other, and the mutual effects of their reciprocal influence. By exercising gravity, or deep seriousness, we are made conscious of the relation of mind and matter to the Great First Cause; and in penetrating to the laws of nature, and the sources of our own being, are able to catch some reflection from the great Sun and Center of all things.

In the process of mesmerising, the state of Abstraction is acted upon and influenced by *watchfulness*, as the state of fluidity is acted upon and influenced by light; and the effects take place in the order just described. The operator exercises Watchfulness strongly, and exerts its influence on the mind of the subject through the medium of the eye, in which also the radiation of light exerts its spell upon the body. In connection with this he exerts the power of Concentration. The effect of this is a slight abstraction, or want of self-possession, gradually increased to the exclusion of external objects, and finally a strong degree of interior consciousness. The desire to be alone, or undisturbed, with which the interior wakefulness produced by concentration is connected, is particularly manifested, and the consciousness is referred to the chest, which is the region of the body then particularly affected.

The mesmeriser may then increase the effect by exercising Comprehensiveness strongly in connection with Watchfulness, which he frequently signifies by drawing a magic circle around the subject. The latter being aware of this motion, and being told to step over the barrier if he can, is still more abstracted from the presence and control of the body than before. The

feeling of Emulation is connected with the interior wakefulness produced by Comprehensiveness, and is then particularly manifested. There is a consciousness of the sensations, objects, pursuits, and somewhat of the future of others, together with their thoughts and dispositions; and this consciousness is referred to the region of the large intestine.

At this stage of Abstraction the effect of the usual passes, in which the operator exercises the faculty of Application strongly, and excites the action of the faculty in the subject, is particularly great. The body by this means may then be made incapable of following even the motions of the mesmeriser—so much is the mind abstracted from external objects. The interior wakefulness or consciousness perceives objects still more interior than the last—sees the connection of the mind with the body, and the states of health and disease—and is mysteriously enlightened upon the subjects of physiology and medicine. This consciousness is referred to the stomach, and seems to look directly into the organization of others, and to render all objects transparent and yet visible.

The mesmeriser may then make the state of Abstraction as deep as possible, by exercising the faculty of Gravity or Seriousness very strongly, and thus exciting the same faculty in the subject. This will be very naturally accompanied by its sign, the laying on of hands—which is well known to have the character of the greatest solemnity. By this means there may be produced a state of rigidity in the body, like that of death; and the mind will be so far abstracted from the body, as to be rendered deep-seeing, and capable of penetrating the deepest mysteries of creation—but generally trance, and incapable of any outward expression. Beyond this degree of Abstraction the mind could not go without the loss of its wakefulness, and a relapse into its original darkness and oblivion—for Watchfulness, or the waking state, (including the sleep-waking) is the immediate cause of the mind's development from the blank state of infancy to the full perfection of the man, as light is the immediate cause of the production of the mineral, vegetable, and animal creations from original fluidity and emptiness.

SIGN OF ENGROSSMENT.

The state of Abstraction is the opposite of that of Engrossment. The former is a state of insensibility to external objects, and the latter is a state of insensibility to internal objects. They are both states of the existence of the mind, as fluidity is a state of the existence of matter. A mind may be said to be all-engrossed when its own body and the external would occupy all its thoughts and feelings, as it may be said to be abstracted when it withdraws from these, and is employed upon itself and interior things. In the one case it is unimpressed by the objects of reason and of interior wakefulness; and in the other case it is unimpressed with the objects of exterior wakefulness and of sensual desire.

Of these two opposite states of mind it is easy to see that one extreme belongs to gross materiality, and the other extreme to transcendental spirituality. But they belong to each other like the opposite parts in music, for external objects awaken internal perception, and internal objects awaken external perception. By means of the bodily senses we perceive those objects of nature which waken meditation and reflection, in which the mind is more or less abstracted from the gross and sensual; and by means of our interior consciousness we perceive those objects relating to man's spiritual nature and destiny which waken the perception and prosecution of external objects, in which the mind becomes more or less engrossed. Thus without the action of the interior world we could not perceive the material, and without the influence of the exterior world we could not perceive the spiritual. The very influence of the body on the mind is the primary cause of the mind's becoming abstracted, and incapable for a time of perceiving external objects; and the very action of the mind on the body is the primary cause of the

mind's becoming engrossed, and for a time incapable of perceiving itself.

The sign of ENGROSSMENT is the *length of the chin downwards under the first incisor tooth*. Those who have this sign large, and the sign of Abstraction small, exhibit more materiality in their habits of thought and feeling than others. They are incapable of receiving or entertaining spiritual ideas, being external and merely natural men, as some others would say. They admit no evidence but that of the senses, thinking that the mind has no knowledge but what it gains through that medium—and reliance on the testimony of interior objects through one's own consciousness they can account for only on the supposition of extreme credulity.

Celebrated surgeons and anatomists, as a general rule, may be seen to have the sign of Engrossment very large, and they are well known to be the most material and least spiritual of all classes of scientific men. Their predominant trait of character gives the first bent to their minds, and by the indulgence of it they become so all-engrossed in the body as to forget there is any thing else—or if they think of the mind at all in their investigations, they direct their attention to some subtle secretion, some large or small gland, some result of the organic machinery, some production of material laws; or think to fall upon it by some lucky chance in the path of the microscope and dissecting knife—for they would never turn out of the way of nerves and blood-vessels to discover so paltry a thing as the mind. These remarks are not indiscriminate, but refer particularly to those who have distinguished themselves as materialists.

A person who has a good deal of Engrossment, and but little Abstraction, is very much removed from the influence of the most interior and spiritual faculties, and influenced most by those faculties which have a more external and sensual character. The reason of this evidently is, that the latter faculties have a more direct connection with external and sensual objects, and that the former have a more direct connection with internal and spiritual objects. Of the former are reason, benevolence, gratitude, conscience, reverence, hope, confidence, and all the more exalted affections of our nature: of the latter are the external perceptive faculties, and all the sensual passions, combativeness, destructiveness, etc. There may be but a small degree of engrossment of the mind, and yet if the more interior and spiritual faculties are not awakened by the external objects of charity and affection to which they relate, the person may be insensible of any thing within him, and not be able for a time to think what he is thinking about, or whether he be thinking of any thing. On the other hand, there may be but a small degree of abstraction, and yet when the more external and sensual faculties are not awakened by the internal objects of reason and imagination to which they relate, the person may be insensible to any thing around him, and not be able for a time to see what is before his eyes, or to hear what is said of him. But there are persons who will remain engrossed in material things, uninfluenced by reason and the finer sentiments, and insensible to the noble charities of the heart, however much the objects to which these interior faculties relate may conspire to call them into exercise.

Such men are sensible enough to the violations of physical law in their own bodies, but know not what it is to feel pain for the violation of their own moral natures. For this reason, and because they are not insensible to the action of the selfish passions, they are likely to inflict injuries on the bodies of others, which are such as they think will be most poignantly felt—and indeed they can inflict no other. But it has frequently happened that their victims are those who may become as insensible to scourge, fire, rack, and the most savage instruments, as they themselves are insensible to compunctions of conscience, or the tortures of remorse. Like the insensibility to the modern inquisition of pricking, pinching, tearing out teeth, cautery, amputation, etc., which persons in a deep state of abstraction

manifest, is the insensibility manifested by many persons to anything like compassion for the animals which they abuse, or pity for the human beings whom they rob and leave stripped, wounded and half dead.

The state of Engrossment is, indeed, liable to a preternatural excitement and increase, by means which may be considered artificial, as much so as the means for producing sleep-waking. There are impish arts, having the character of impudence and bare-facedness, the design and effect of which is the production of a state of *infatuation*, or of expressive engrossment in material things, and the loss of intellectual and moral consciousness. There are, too, serpentine arts, having the character of subtility and concealment, the design and effect of which is a state of fascination, or of excessive abstraction, and the loss of muscular power and nervous sensibility. But these latter, though exercised for the same selfish and destructive purposes, are not so bad as the former—for those are practised on the bodies of animals. We find some excuse for the mental obtuseness and moral insensibility of those who suffer those impish arts, and for cases of hard-heartedness and cruelty, which are otherwise inexplicable, and which would be deemed incredible, were they not matters of history.

There are men in the world who aspire to gain mental and moral superiority, by reducing the minds of their fellow-beings to a mere cipher, by depriving them of the dignity of thought and of the perceptions of right and wrong, and by making them sensible only of gross material things, and strong only to use their hands in servile labor—and all for the purpose of exercising the functions of Conscience and Reason, for those whom they have deprived of these, and that they may be looked up to and worshiped as Lords and Masters.

These are they who by impudence and assumption rather than by any gifts of genius or learning, practice the impish arts of which we have spoken. These arts consist simply in depriving men of food and clothing, involving them in constant anxiety and toil, for the supply of their physical necessities,—and thus engrossing them in the body and external things; at the same time preventing abstraction, excluding them from the temple of the soul, depriving them of the bread and water of life, and making them insensible to reason, and to the tender, generous, refined, pure and noble faculties within them.

Suppose a person possessed in the first place of an equal degree of the states of abstraction and engrossment—if he is pressed by physical necessities, must he not necessarily be less sensible to the influence of his interior nature, than to his bodily wants? And if the cause continues and increases must not a regard for the dictates of morality appear less and less in his actions? Will he not soon be able to look on the sufferings of animals, and of those in a worse condition than himself, without sympathy,—nay, will he not be able to inflict pain without sorrow or relenting? Is it not certain that he will commit theft, robbery and every kindred crime, and at last murder, without a monition from his better nature, and without compunctions of conscience? These feelings if they be not annihilated, lie buried in his breast, and how can he be sensible to their influence? Or how can the sufferings, the entreaties, or the admonitions of others touch a tender chord in his bosom? Are not these the legitimate effects of the cause which has been assigned? for if man was created perfect and upright, how could he violate his moral and intellectual nature, except by being made insensible to it? and how could he be made insensible to it, except by being withdrawn from it by his physical necessities, and becoming so engrossed in external objects as to be entirely controlled by them?

ASK YOURSELF of every one you are concerned with, what can I give him? what is he in want of? what is he capable of accepting? what would he accept of?—If you can tell, you know at least three-fourths of his character. *

Poetry.

THE VOICE OF LIBERTY.

A SONG FOR THE FUTURE.

THERE came a voice like the rushing wind,
When it bursts o'er the mighty deep;
And at the sound uprose mankind
From a long and spell-bound sleep;
As when aroused by the tempest blind
The waves of ocean sweep.

Over earth's continents it passed,
Over the isle-gemmed sea;
And its peal rang like a trumpet-blast,
To wake the wise and free,
A sound from the arching heavens cast,
The voice of Liberty!

Mountain and valley, hill and plain,
Echoed the joyful tone;
While the listening slave cast off his chain,
And ceased his hollow moan.
It startled the pontiff in his fane,
And the monarch on his throne.

Despotic leagues and tyrannies
Before it shrunk away,
As the mist fades in the morning skies
From the rising orb of day;
And thrones and principalities
Crumbled into decay.

Nobles and priests grew pale with fear,
As the earthquake summons sped;
For the days of their power were few and sere,
And gray was Oppression's head,
They were forms who lived in a bygone year,
But are now with the silent dead.

The Sage arose from his studious lore
To hail the mighty voice,
As the sick man comes from his bed once more,
In the sunshine to rejoice;
For he heard in the mighty sound a power
That had won his wisdom's choice.

Horrible War looked pale and aghast,
And his blood-stained banner furled,
Then down to the realms of Oblivion passed,
Like a fiend from Heaven hurled:
For Time had unveiled his face, at last,
In its hideous truth to the world.

With a force like the chainless whirlwind's might
It smote the dungeon-hold,
And over its fallen and ruined site
In a peal of thunder rolled:
Again the weak captives beheld the light,
Dearer than countless gold.

And shaken by the same great power,
Castle and fortress fell—
The feudal hall and the bannered tower,
And the rock-built citadel:
Now the lichens, ivy, and sweet wall-flower,
Befit their ruins well.

No longer from his native shore
Was Freedom's exile driven,
For using Reason's precious dower,
Which God to all has given;
But Free Thought soared with a lofty power,
Free as the winds of Heaven.

Falsehood and Vice no longer then
Supported tyrant away,
And preyed on the hearts and minds of men
'Till they rotted in decay.
For Truth had come, and they vanished, as when
Dreams fade before the day?

Love came forth with a glorious mien,
And none could her power withstand,
When with Virtue pure, the smiling queen
Walked friendly hand-in-hand;
Their crowns were of flowers and evergreen,
As they reigned in the peaceful land.

Forgotten were ancient wrongs and woes;
Mankind were grown too wise
To avenge on fallen and powerless foes
Their Oppressor's past injuries;
But they said, "For all, Heaven's bounty flows,
Like us be Free---arise!"

Earth was no more a wilderness
Of anarchy and crime,
For the seeds of Peace and Happiness
Were sown in every clime;
And the memories of her past distress
Are the legend-tales of Time.

'TIS GOOD TO LIVE.

A THANKSGIVING.

I THANK THEE, Father, that I live!
I thank thee for these gifts of thine—
For bending skies of heavenly blue,
And stars divine;

For this green earth, where wild, sweet airs,
Like freest spirits, joyous stray,—
For winding stream, and trees, and flowers,
Beside its way.

But more I thank thee for true hearts
That bear sweet gifts of love to me,
Whom mine enfolds, and feels that this
Is love of thee.

Warm from their spirits spreads around
An atmosphere serene—divine—
Magnetical, like golden haze,
Encircling mine.

To-day I bless thee most for power—
It draws me, Father, nearest thee;
To love all thine, e'en though they give
No love to me.

In stillness deep I walk a land
Where spirit-forms my footsteps greet,
And beauteous thoughts—an angel band,
Chant low and sweet.

Drear hours I know will darkly come,
Like April days of cloud and rain;
But thus must hearts, like wintry fields,
Grow green again.

I thank thee, Father, that I live!
Though wailings fill this earth of thine;
To labor for thy suffering ones
Is joy divine!

And even I, so weak and poor,
May bear some word of life from Thee;
A beam of hope may reach some heart
Even through me.

THE UNIVERCÆLUM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1848.

THE MODERN GIANT.

MRS. SHELLEY, in her novel of *Frankenstein*, brings out a Giant created by a daring experimenter on the principles of life. This wondrous creation was a huge embodiment of material force. There was the strong passion, the determined purpose, the steel nerves and the iron arm, but the monster was destitute of Soul, of Love, of Wisdom. Guided by wisdom, these stupendous faculties were capable of herculean toils for man: misdirected, the giant became a destroyer, trampling down every object in his remorseless path. The conception was a fine one, equal to any thing in modern literature or art.

But this conception of the Giant with nerves of steel, and hands of iron, and heart of fire, is not imagination. It is but the picture of a present reality. The men who invented the first of the labor-saving machines of the day: those who have created the iron horse of the Railway, and the fire-impelled *Leviathan* of the Sea, and the hundred armed Giant of the cotton mill—they have performed a mightier work than that attributed to the Magician. They have created a Hercules who has more than mortal power—whose hands obey the slightest will of his Master,—who, guided by injustice, does the work of a Demon—who, impelled by righteousness, shall perform the achievements of a God.

The power of Machinery! Who can calculate the wonders of good and ill, which have been performed by it? Who can estimate the number of lives it has destroyed and saved? Who can conceive of the changes it is destined to work out on the face of our planet, and in the condition of its inhabitants? Performing already, as is computed, the yearly labor of a thousand million of men—developing every year new and unheard of faculties? who shall limit the increase of its energies, or sum up the catalogue of its miracles.

Already it is changing the surface of the globe, levelling the mountains and filling up the valleys, annihilating distance and abridging time, channeling earth with veins and arteries of travel, encircling the world with the iron nerves of the telegraph and railway, printing millions of books in an hour, diffusing knowledge instantaneously through all classes, and all climes. Already it is changing the condition of all classes in Society, diverting the streams of wealth into new channels, substituting an aristocracy of wealth for an aristocracy of war, providing employment to-day for unemployed thousands, to-morrow making millions destitute.

But is this unreasoning Demi-God who we have created for our use, and tamed for our purpose, guided by wisdom and goodness? We fear not. This is made evident as we glance at the consequences of his labor. First, millions are thrown out of employment, or forced to compete at a fearful odds with this colossal power. Every labor-saving invention throws many out of employment, forces them often in advanced life to seek new means of livelihood in trades or professions over-crowded already. Second, the capitalist who has the exclusive ownership of their unbounded productive powers, has obtained thereby a monopoly of the world's wealth. While the coffers of the few rich become swollen with apoplectic fulness, the lips of the unnumbered poor grow livid for lack of bread. We see but the beginning of sorrows. Dark days, days of want, and woe, and utter desolation, open before the industrious classes of the

world. And Revolution and its train of bloody battle-fields and plundered cities, stands darkly and dimly in the future.

Oh then Awake! Arise! ye toiling Masses of the Land! Consider the future that is drawing so fearfully nigh. Call to your aid this mighty Giant of the iron hands and the fiery heart: let him labor in future for the many, and not for the few. Organise in Industrial Armies. Cease this ruinous antagonism. Solve the great problem of Association, and then the world, united in intent shall become harmonised in faith, and blended in heart.

T. L. H.

NATURE.

AFTER nearly a year's close confinement to the circumscribed limits of a large city, where the brick walls are high, and the avenues and streets narrow and close, we broke loose, a week since, from the chains of business, and made our *debut* into the uncircumscribed country, and enjoyed the luxury of breathing its pure air.

To a real lover of Nature, there is no luxury so great as a country visit in the month of June. At no season of the year is nature more attractive than in this delightful month. She has assumed her gayest robes, and exhales her richest perfumes, at this season of birds and flowers. We are not usually very "sentimental," in the conventional sense of that term, or very imaginative, but we cannot help rhapsodising a little, when we are permitted to take a deep draught of the June country air, and to look from some hill-top on the dense woodland, the green meadow, the flowery lawn, and the purling stream. The truest inspiration, it seems to us, is caught from these. The bending heavens—the rolling orbs—the green earth—and the singing birds, are all teachers of the great truth, that "God made the world," and that "He is Love." We are differently constituted, and of course view things differently, but human nature is essentially the same every where and with all. The same love of the true and beautiful dwells in every soul, and when the mind is unfettered, the works of nature appeal with tremendous force to its inmost depths. Nature is the reflection of God, if it is not really God himself. The Creator is known by his works. Hence no study is as important to man as the study of nature. Not outward nature simply, but the soul and affections of man. We are no materialist,—and when we say that nature is our teacher, we mean external and internal—body and soul.

If, then, one would have his veneration of God heightened, his love of virtue increased, his hope for immortality strengthened, let him study nature in all her freshness and simplicity. While human expositors of God's ways and will receive our esteem and attention, according as their theories and ideas agree with nature, let us not yield up to them the monopoly of any part of God's universe. The same blue heavens arch over the world, and look lovingly upon us, that excited the deep love and reverence of David and Solomon, of Jesus and Paul. The world is the same now, as it was when David sung, and Isaiah prophesied; or when Jesus taught beautiful lessons of the Divine Paternity, and Paul proved the brotherhood of all. The fountain is still opened, and we can all drink its pure waters, and be refreshed in body and in soul.

Those commonly regarded as "inspired," studied Nature and Providence with an earnest and sincere desire to enter into the great heaven of truth. They were true to their convictions, and allowed no mists of policy, or clouds of superstition, to envelop and enshroud their minds. Their internal sight may have been stronger than ours—their faith in God deeper—and their souls filled with a more fervent love. But their inspiration was no different in kind from that which all enjoy who study nature, and drink in the beauties of the outward world.

D. H. P.

THE GOSPEL OF THE CHURCH.

THE BASIS of every society is a unity in certain points of belief and practice. It is true of special institutions—it is equally true of the great *natural* associations of Tribe, People, and Nation. Common sentiments are to society at large the foundation on which it reposes. When men feel and think alike, they are united—they are one. If there were unity of Thought only among them, there could be no society; for then, there would be no sentiment. For, to be capable of assenting with the heart to the dictates of pure intellect, is to be capable of a *sentiment*,—a term often used, and rarely understood. To see and feel the value of principles, or to have sentiments in common, then, renders society possible; and, again, society is but the development of these sentiments—the reflection of the Common Belief. Institutions, laws, customs, usages, are the perpetual proclamation of the Faith of the world. Thus Christendom to-day, proclaims as its fundamental articles of belief the following maxims:

God is the God of a Few—the Many are barred of this favor.

In man, as man, there is nothing sacred.

This is the Common Faith of Christendom in church, and out of church. She asserts and preaches it, refines upon it, polishes it into creeds and articles, but at the bottom her Faith is the same as that of the world. She alone embraces the Few, the favored of God;—the World constitutes the Many—abhorred of God—whom Christ came to condemn. She believes this—she preaches it; the poor World believes it likewise. The Church proclaims that man is not to be loved as a sacred child of God; the World listens and obeys. Men enslave one another by law, they wage war, and act out “all uncharitableness.” But then is it not right? Does not the Church say that all men are totally depraved? But if I believe that God loves me more than my neighbor, shall I find it hard to think him an outcast—to judge him worthy of damnation? If to be born, is to deserve the wrath of God, may I not hang my brother? If he is to be the victim of eternal fires, may I not burn him for heresy? If he be ever *liable* to so horrible a destiny, may I not kindle the faggot for him here? What else is the doctrine of *eternal perdition* than an affirmation, in other words, that God is the God of the Few? To say that man, as man, is not sacred—is it not to affirm that he is “totally depraved?” And when the Church rests on this Common Faith, how can she be a light to the World? When she finds one proclaiming his dissent from the doctrines of eternal punishment and total depravity, she should ask; “Does he hate his neighbor? Does he believe in War, Slavery, and the Gallows? If he do, he is a true child of the Church—he is at heart a believer in the doctrines that God loves only the Few—that men are to be despised because they are men.” She would convert the World to her Faith. Alas! it has always been the curse of the world that it has believed her faith—that it has had no true confidence in God nor Man! How shall the Church save the World, when she herself needs a Savior? If the blind lead the blind, shall not both fall into the ditch?

Thus the Church, the Harlot of Vision, sitting enthroned in Christendom, and the State with its Tribunals of mock justice—its Gallows—its Jails—proclaims always only this Gospel:

SLAVISH FEAR OF GOD—DISTRUST OF MAN.

But for Church and State there is a Judgment at hand. She, with her empty ceremonies, her substantial *atheism*, her despair of Man, her quintessential selfishness, her enormous wealth, and omnipotent superstitions, is on the road to destruction. She will be consumed by a coming of Jesus anew, in a manner that she knows not? Now, in the midnight of the Ages, the Bridegroom is knocking, and the foolish virgins have no oil in their lamps.

But for the State is left utter dissolution—the decay of all civil authority. Its substance is to be solved and melted to

furnish forth the material for a new Heaven, and a new Earth where the Common Faith shall be, Love to God and Man—the Gospel of a Universe which shall never grow old.

D. L.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRISTIANITY.

CHRIST, as the old Gospels tell us, was buried for three days in the Sepulcher. During this time the Sectarist and Materialist rejoiced. The few, who had lingered till sun-down around the cross, fled disconsolate to their boats and fishing nets, and hid their grief and despair in the waste places of Galilee. And the peasants resigned themselves to endless oppression. And the priests, and levites, and usurers, and tax-gatherers, and soldiers, gathering like vultures on the crags of Jerusalem, exulted over bleeding Humanity delivered into their hands. And the Hope of Earth's Future lay with Jesus in the grave.

But Jesus, after three days, was seen as of old, walking in the streets, and conversing with his disciples. The cry went like lightning over the land, “He is not dead, he is arisen.” The children of the day grew glad again, for their light had risen. The common people felt their chains grow lighter, and exulted in the promise of deliverance. True Men felt their immortality, even that fire could not destroy them, or waters drown them, went out, champions of Humanity, dauntless and indomitable, and dared all things, and endured all things, for the cause of Human Freedom.

Christianity, like its ancient Teacher, went forth for a time over the hills and vallies, working miracles of healing, opening the eyes of the blind on the world of immortality, infusing new life into the palsied Nations, that they might arise and burst their shackles, and be Free. But the priests and rulers betrayed the cause. It was “crucified and slain.” Christianity for three centuries has been buried. The rock of tradition has been rolled over the grave's mouth, and the soldiers of authority kept guard around the tomb. The people grew doubtful and despairing. An awful shadow fell upon the Nations, and the best of men grew reckless in action and sceptical in faith. Kings, and Hierarchs, and Merchant Princes allied themselves in a trinity of crime. “Behold the first wo was past, but the second wo came quickly.”

But the rock is rent, the grave is opened, the Priests are confounded, the Kings are terror-stricken, and the people begin to wonder and rejoice,—for CHRISTIANITY IS ARISEN. It is not a Sectarism but a Gospel, not a dead creed but an immortal life. It preaches to the Nations of Hope, and Brotherhood, and Peace, and Unity. It urges them to cast aside their sensuality, and sectarism, and scepticism, and to grow pure in heart, and to believe in goodness, and to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, and visit the sick and imprisoned, and to substitute unity for discord, and replace hate with love. Good men every where are inspired with the tongues of Pentecost, and the earth grows glad in the dawning blaze of Heaven. Toiler for spiritual Knowledge, laborer for social Righteousness, striver for National and Universal Brotherhood, work on, for Humanity shall arise even as Christ has risen.

H.

HONESTY.

It is not honest to impoverish one man in order to enrich another. For, honesty has the utmost respect for the rights of all. It is not honest to feel one thing and to say another, or to say one thing and to do another. Alas, for our daily custom! Do we not continually, bribed with the hopes of some paltry gain, or fearful of offence-giving, put on a pleasant smirk, and grasp with friendly zeal the hand which we despise? This is not honest. Do we not lie daily for the sake of half-pence, and so pick men's pockets; and look lies for the sake of empty smiles and compliments? This is not honest.

Choice Selections.

THE LOVE OF NATURE.

BY R. C. WATERSTON.

CHILDREN have a natural love for the country. They may be shy of strangers, but Nature is never a stranger. A spontaneous friendship exists between Nature and Childhood. As soon as they meet they are playmates. Have you ever known a child who did not love to roam in the fields; to play by the rushing stream; to collect shells; to gather flowers; to watch birds; to climb trees and rocks? There is a freshness and freedom about children, which gives them a keen relish for the country. They love to frolic in the waving grass, to pull butter-cups, to watch the wind playing among the leaves, to see the swallow build her nest under the roof, or the robin in the orchard; to stand by the stream and notice the sparkling sand and smooth pebbles, or shout as they behold the insects with their thread-like legs gliding over the surface, or some little fish shooting out from a shady nook, and darting by like a sunbeam. This love for Nature, in the child is a beautiful characteristic, and for many reasons should never be checked, but wisely cherished. It has both its intellectual and its moral uses. Let us for a moment seriously consider them.

The mind has in itself the springs of thought, a capacity for knowing. The highest object of education is not so much to impart, as to awaken a love for acquiring; that sincere love, which will, and which must, acquire. Another great object in education is to impart a knowledge, not so much of words, as of things; not abstractions, but absolute realities. Now Nature exerts, in connexion with these two ideas, great power; for, first, she does not give her lessons in the form of tasks. She wins by imparting joy, by awakening love; and thus the faculties of the soul are naturally and joyously brought to her service. There is nothing obtrusive or repulsive about her, and the mind looks to her with calm and hearty affection. She also excites our wonder. In her presence we become inquisitive. While we behold much, we feel that there is much which, as yet, we do not perceive. We are tempted to inquire, and, whenever we inquire, something new is always revealed. The more we know, the more we perceive there is to learn. Thus the desire to gain information is perpetually quickened, and this by realities.

No one can have seen children when in the country, without having noticed their inquisitiveness. The birds must be watched, in order to discover the method of nest-building; and the little seed must be uncovered, that the wondering eye may behold the earliest movement of its growth. Nature excites interest and awakens thought. She presents a boundless field of wonders; she lavishes them everywhere. She hangs them over us in the high firmament; she scatters them beneath us on the blossoming earth. Wherever the eye may turn, wherever the feet may wander, there are her treasures. From the revolving orbs that circle through space, to the liquid drop that shines on a blade of grass; from the mighty planet to the minutest atom, —all is calculated to awaken thought; all is inwrought with wisdom; and the myriad parts, moving in harmonious union, are upheld by the same eternal laws. Thus may we linger around one object, and find perfectness there, or soar from that, until we circle creation, and behold a unity in all.

Nature has lessons for infant thought, and tasks for gigantic power. The untutored mind looks around with wonder; and a Newton, scaling the heavens, finds heights yet stretching far beyond his highest skill. Thus Nature opens her gates to aspiring genius, and presents her hand to the humblest child. She holds the bands of Orion, and finishes the gauzy web on the wing of a fly. Hence persons of any capacity may find some-

what in Nature to learn. Though they look upon the frailest leaf, they will see something that is a part of the great whole. And when they view the expanding landscape; when they see the wandering clouds, now sleeping in the soft sky, and now hurrying on, while their shadows glide over the valleys and up the sides of the hills; when they see these, or any natural object, their attention will be excited, curiosity will kindle, and the young heart overflow in a thousand innocent questionings. Then the seeing eye is opened, the vital spark burns; and that inward life, which is the source of all true progress, is intense with action. The mind of a child moves as upon the wings of light; now it is impatient to analyze everything, and now it is lost in silent contemplation. At one moment it seems absorbed in its own musings; and the next, as by an intuitive glance, it pierces into the very heart of things, and fills us with surprise by its profound insight.

The country, then, is calculated to call forth the intellectual powers; and children may here derive much useful knowledge, and have awakened within them desires for information, which may lead, in after life, to high excellence.

There is a tendency in Nature to lead every mind to observe for itself; to compare; to discriminate. In books, things are classified and arranged; in Nature, there is a natural fellowship and freedom. Astronomy may be written of in one book, Botany in another, and Geology in a third; but in Nature, the flowers grow among rocks, and the stars shine over all. In the world there is ever a rich profusion, a countless variety bound in harmonious brotherhood, all separate, yet all as one. The oak may stand by the side of the pine, and violets bloom under both. The kingdoms of Nature are all distinct, and are yet all intimately connected with each other. The flower clings to the rock, the rock to the earth, and the earth to its sphere, and all are borne together amid numberless systems, unerringly guided by the same unseen Power. The mind is naturally called, therefore, to observe and compare. Flower is compared with flower, bird with bird, and both with the earth, and the air, and all things around. Resemblances and differences are noticed, contrivance and adaptation investigated; and a habit of close judgment, and a discriminating use of one's own faculties may thus be encouraged.

It is undoubtedly true, that many live in the country, both old and young, who do not feel these influences; so also there are many who live among books and never grow wise, and in the midst of religious institutions and never grow holy. There is nothing compulsory in Nature. We are free, in her presence, to use or neglect her influences.—but there is in her works a power, the natural effect of which is to unfold the intellectual faculties and quicken the inner life,—particularly in early years.

But the influence of Nature is not chiefly over the intellect, its highest influence is spiritual. There is always in Nature an infinitude, which carries the mind out of itself; a vastness, which expands the soul, and fills it with awe; a mysteriousness, which connects the seen with the unseen. Go where we will, there is much that is impenetrable; everything, even that which is most common, has relation to things distant and unknown. There is a marvel, wonderful as a miracle, in everything; a mystery, beyond our power to explain. The child is a new visitor in this astonishing world. It is not ashamed to wonder. Its imagination is alive; its young thoughts are fresh and vigorous. There is solemnity in the twilight shade of a wood; the stream comes from it knows not whence, and flows it knows not whither; the ocean conceals unimaginable caverns: The instinct of birds, what is it? Who guides these winged wanderers in their distant migrations? The change of the seasons, the coming of day and night,—these, and a thousand other objects, are sources of thought, and in their various relations reach away into highest heights, even to God. All nature borders upon Infinitude, and is united with the Supreme Mind. It

thus lifts the soul out of the minute into the universal, and tends to spiritualize its powers.

Another effect of nature upon the mind is to awaken trust. There is something abiding amid her constant changes; something upon which we can rely. The seasons come and go, but they do so in unchanging order. The day fades into night, but the dawn as surely follows. Life sinks into decay, but out of decay springs new life and beauty. The surface of nature is subject to innumerable changes, but through all these fluctuations there are unvarying laws. There is no chance, no fate, but perfect order, guided by wisdom. This the observing mind soon feels; even the mind of a child. We all trust nature. We place the seed in the ground, with faith. At evening we look, without distrust, for the kindling stars: and when morning comes, for the rising sun. Nature has a moral effect in awakening this confidence, this reliance upon abiding laws; and that mind must be insensible indeed, which does not connect these laws with God.

There is another source of moral influence in nature, namely, her quietness. Ever moving on with incalculable force, and filled with mightiest energies, she is always calm. There is through all her motions perfect repose, a majestic tranquility. See the flying orbs, how serenely they smile. Behold the blooming Spring, how gently she advances. Watch the growing forest, how gradual its growth. No one can have lived long amid the works of nature, and not have been impressed by the calmness which pervades even her most prodigious revolutions. So peacefully does she move on, we can hardly realize the greatness of the work she is silently bringing about. We may be stirred by the rushing tornado, we may be awed by the fearful convulsions which threaten to burst asunder the globe; but all this does not elevate the mind like the quietness which she generally exhibits. Even the startling outbursts of nature impress us the more when we remember the slow process by which they were actually brought about. The crashing thunder, which bursts over us with astounding fury, was silently forged in the softness of summer skies. In the general calmness of nature is a power, which will aid in molding the infant soul.

In the beauty of nature is another source of moral influence. Beauty is everywhere. In this respect the world is a paradise; the hills are robed in loveliness; every tree and flower has some peculiar grace. What a variety of form, and hue, and fragrance! Who can look around, even upon the most common scene, and not feel some enthusiasm? Beauty in nature says to us, as John in his Gospel, "God is love." Beauty moves and elevates, and purifies the soul. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." It kindles the affections; it appeals to an inward sense of the soul,—the sense of the beautiful. It shines out to us as a beam from heaven; for all beauty in nature is of God, and when we see it we see a reflection from God. The Divine Fountain, in its infinite fulness, has overflowed creation, till it gleams and sparkles on every side:—The impenetrable wilderness, the depths of ocean, the heights of space, all seem filled from the same inexhaustible source with an almost divine beauty of color and of form.

There is moreover in nature a direct spiritual meaning. Every thing in nature is emblematic, and contains a direct lesson, a revelation from God. "Invisible things," says Paul, "are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." Before forms existed, they were ideas in the Divine Mind. He willed them to exist. Before they were called into existence they were thoughts. When they sprang into being, the thing created resembled that thought from which it originated, so that the form was an idea made visible. In the works of nature, therefore, we see visibly, that which was a divine thought. We say that we see marks of wisdom in nature. Now the wisdom is of God; that is his signet. The form, which bears the mark of wisdom, is a form, the wisdom is God's. We say, that we see in nature the marks of love. Love is a principle, not a form. The form may

be an expression of love, but the love itself is superior to the form; that is of God. When, then, we look upon any object in nature, and see wisdom, and goodness, and love, we go above form, and commune with spirit, and that spirit is God. The thing made, manifests its Maker, and we hold fellowship with Him. Wisdom and love are his attributes; they shine through nature as the sun shines through a cloud. The material world is as a veil, to soften the ineffable brightness, which else were too overpowering for mortal vision. Through this transparency we see the workings of parental care. Thus, through creation, we can commune with the Creator, the author of beauty and source of all good! He hath in nature spread out his mind as in a book, filled with exquisite imagery and gorgeous allegories. In the floating mist, in the foaming torrent, and in all the myriad glories with which nature is crowded, God has manifested to us the grand and the beautiful, that we might rise through these to the good and the true.

Thus in nature there is much to interest and influence a pure mind; and such an influence, in some degree, does nature breathe over childhood. With wise guidance, this influence might be more perceptibly felt. "I shall not," says Paley, in closing his noble work on Natural Theology, "I shall not be contradicted when I say, that if one train of thinking be more desirable than another, it is that which regards the phenomenon of nature, with a constant reference to a supreme, intelligent Author. The world thenceforth becomes a temple, and life itself one continued act of adoration."

It is not to be supposed, that a mind, which actually feels the influences here named, will necessarily reason and philosophize about them at the time. We may be moved by causes which are not comprehended even by ourselves. Thus a young mind may be elevated and purified in the presence of nature, while it yet remains unconscious of the spiritual process which is quietly going on.

These are reasons, among others, which make me feel that children should spend some of their time in the country. That they should have opportunity to let their warm affections go freely out over the expanding hills, to enjoy the freshness of the earth, to inhale the pure breeze, and commune with the soul and beauty of the universe. I would have the love of nature cultivated; for this, like every good thing, requires encouragement and direction. I would have children spend a portion of their time where they can behold the splendor of creation; where the wild flowers shake their loose bells, and the red clover bends in the breeze; where beauty, and fragrance, and melody meet, and the young may muse, or frolic, in inexpressible delight. A green lane, a moss-covered rock, a blossoming tree, anything in Nature, will delight the young.

Let them store their minds with such scenes, it will be as a rich treasure in after years. Amid the dust of a populous city, on the waves of the ocean, wherever they may be, memory will rejoice in such recollections. How many in mature life have been won back to purity by the remembrance of boyhood. The glitter of fashion could not obliterate the memory of by-gone days. The excitements of active life could not altogether turn the current of youthful feeling; and Nature, with her simple beauties still living in the memory, has given a distaste for grosser pleasures, and awakened in the soul tranquility and devotion.

EVERY circlet of water has a motion of its own, and yet each partakes of the motion of the whole ocean, as it circulates around the globe: every drop of water obeys the same laws as does the whole ocean: so does it seem that all life, in nature, and the soul, partakes of the life of God: every thing that lives, a principle, a thought, an act, repeats, each in its circle, the laws of that infinite life in which we float, and that we call the life of God.

Miscellaneous Department.

From the German of Heinrich Zschokke.

FOOL OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

[CONCLUDED.]

"One day when I told her that I thought of returning to my possessions, she asked whether she might follow me; and said she would be happy to serve me as a maid. And when I hesitated, saying, that I had some notion of getting married, she dropped her head and said, 'All the better, thy wife will not find a more trusty servant than I.' 'But,' said I, 'my future wife has not now as excellent an opinion of thee as thou deservest.' 'What have I done to her?' she answered with the lofty expression and pride of an innocent. 'Show me thy bride, and I will win her affection and esteem.' I led Amy to the looking-glass which hung in the chamber, pointed to it and said stammering, 'There thou seest her!' She started with fright, grew pale as she turned her large blue eyes towards me, and whispering with a tremulous voice, 'I am not well,' sank death-like upon the floor. I called the maid; I was palsied by the sudden fright.

"As Amelia recovered from her swoon, and the color came into her cheeks, she opened her eyes, and smiled gently on me, wondering at the anxiety of both myself and the maid. By degrees, her recollection returned; she believed that she had been asleep. I hardly ventured to speak to her of what had passed. As soon as we were alone again, I said, 'Amelia, why wert thou so frightened before the glass? Wherefore durst thou not become my wife. Speak freely, I am prepared to hear all.' She blushed, and was a long while silent, with her eyes fixed on the floor. 'Wherefore dost thou not dare?' asked I once more. Here she sighed and looked towards Heaven. 'Dare, oh yes! dare! What dare I not to do, if thou wishest it? Can I be happy, can I live without thee? Whether thy servant or thy wife, all is the same, for I have but one love for thee.'

"Whilst I thus lived in the very portal of Heaven, the whole town was quite gone with astonishment; my relations on both father's and mother's side, were in terror and desperation, when I informed them of my approaching nuptials with Amelia. A baron, of an old and noble family, whose ancestors had been covered with the highest dignities in the service of the king; a knight, capable of entering the list at a tournament, and intermarried with the chief families of the land—to form such a wicked mis-alliance,—to marry, not with one of the parvenue nobility, not even with the citizen class, nor yet with the daughter of a respectable mechanic,—but with a beggar girl, and she of disreputable birth! Only think! My relations wrote me threatening letters, to the effect that they would discard me, that they would deprive me of my inheritance, that they would have me put under restraint. They came all to late, for in about fourteen days Amelia and I were formally married.

"Why should I tell thee of the foolish things, which men infected with prejudices began to do, as soon as I determined to live as an honest, natural man, strictly according to truth, banishing all duplicity, all dancing-master frivolities, all foreign airs, all the so called etiquette of conduct, without, on the other hand, losing sight of a respectable and dignified deportment? My simple Thou, with which I began to accost them, and to request them to accost me, frightened many away from me, as though I were smitten with plague-spots. My beard became a subject of wit; my frank return of a friendly salutation in the streets, without ceremoniously taking off the hat, was called rudeness. I did not suffer myself to be put out. At some time or other the ice must be broken. I wished to see, whether one could live in the nineteenth century, in a European city, without embracing all its humbugs, and all the prescribed notions of

honor, manners, justice and respectability. So far from offending any one by an ill-habit, or from making their prejudices or whims, or moral peculiarities a reproach, I was more complaining towards them; I sought men, from whom I differed as much externally as I did already in my inmost being, in order to conciliate them by goodness and kindness.

I betook myself to my estate here in Flyeln, where I found delight in becoming known and respected by my dependants. They were then half wild; they were vassals. They cringed in the most slavish manner before their master. None of them could read or write; they were lazy and indecent. To be idle, to guzzle, to fight, seemed to be their heaven. Superstition was their religion, a deadly, godless sanctimony their observance of it, and deceit and falsehood their prudence. I determined to make men out of these brutes. I caused the prisoners to be improved, and a great school-house to be built. Amelia and I visited every hut; they were mere mud-stalls. I ordained heavy punishments against the smallest indecency. Whoever did not obey, was put into gaol; on the other hand, to the obedient I gave, by way of encouragement, tables, glasses, chairs, and other household furniture. Soon everything in the houses was well arranged and neat. I forbade card-playing, brandy, coffee, wrestling, cursing and swearing, &c., &c. Whoever failed was chastised, and those that obeyed, and for one month gave no cause for censure, I suffered to become mere bond-servants. I gave the old pastor an annuity; chose a young, learned, and excellent clergyman, who soon entered into my plans, in place of the former: appointed a person skilled in various knowledge, and educated in Switzerland by Pestalozzi, as schoolmaster, with a good salary; and with the help of both these perfected the reformation. I myself kept a school twice a week, composed of the larger boys and young men; Amelia took the girls; and the wife of the pastor the matrons. I caused all the children to be clothed at my expense, as thou seest them now. At our expense also, Amelia changed the ill-shaped dresses of the maidens.

The school and prison worked well. The young men at my solicitation, suffered their beards to grow. I forbade it to the slaves—only the free being allowed to wear beards; whilst slaves must go shorn. I opened the door to freedom. Whoever, after my directions, cultivated his field the best, received it at the end of the year for a small but easily redeemed ground-rent, as his own, and therewith certain privileges. Whoever for two years was the most frugal, diligent, and skilful, obtained his freedom, his own house, an outfit in money, an honorable dress, modelled after my own, and might suffer his beard to grow. Before the end of the first year, I had occasion, nay was under obligation, to free a great many families; these had begun to improve before my arrival. They awakened the envy of some, but a general emulation among others, the more so, when on court-day I placed the freemen beside me to decide the cases of those who had erred. The subordinate judges were chosen by the freemen themselves from out of their own number.

"Whilst I was here troubling myself very little about the outward world, the world troubled itself the more about me. Quite unexpectedly one day an extraordinary commission, which was sent by ministerial command, to inquire into the state of my health and property, made its appearance. My relations had reported me crazy, and that I squandered my property in the most frantic methods. The gentlemen of the commission behaved very well for several months. What report they rendered I don't know, but probably, as I forgot to put money into their hands, not the most favorable. For, without regard to my wishes, or my threats of vengeance, they treated me as a lunatic, and confined me to my estate. An administrator of my property was sent down, who was at the same time to watch my conduct, and prevent the intrusion of visitors. Fortunately, the administrator was an honest, well informed man, so that we speedily became friends. When he had looked through my accounts,

the good man was astonished at my rigid economy, and was of opinion, that by means of this, and the redemption money paid by the bond-servants and slaves, I should gain more than I lost. At times he assisted me in the attempt to humanize my slaves. He suggested some good things, viz: that for the space of five years the emancipated should render an account of their receipts and expenditures, in order to assure themselves that they were not growing worse or becoming more indolent. The good man, in the end was quite enamoured with our Flyeln household, since he saw that, under well directed management, nothing was done in vain. Before the second year of my being there, the peasants of our community had distinguished themselves above the whole neighborhood, for thrift, knowledge and respectability. They called us, in other places, the Moravian brethren, and even to this day, in the neighboring villages, they believe that we have adopted a new religion.

"The administrator and guardian found my notions of the world, in the main, uncommonly correct. He even went so far as to wish that people generally would return to greater simplicity and truthfulness in manners, conduct and life. But he could not stand the beard: he stuck for life and death to the queue in the neck and the powder on the hair; the thou was quite offensive to him, and he could not, to Amelia and me, in spite of all his efforts, bring it over his lips. Meanwhile, his report about me,—after an administration of one year, and after he had made to the government the most favorable disclosures as to my sound management of my property,—had the happy effect of restoring me to the control of my own affairs, under a condition, however, that I should render a yearly account of them. This was the doing of my relatives. They would not be persuaded that I had not lost a good deal of sound human understanding, although my former guardian had made me out at the worst only a wonderfully queer fellow. So, on that account, and that I might give offence to no one by means of my new error, namely, my free utterance of whatever nature and reason sanctioned, I was forbidden, without special permission, from going out of the boundaries of my estate, *i. e.*, from visiting the great European lunatic asylum, which I was allowed to know of only through the newspapers. By that I was a great gainer.

"It is now five years that, I have dwelt here in my blessed solitude. Go out, consider my fields, and the fields of our farmers, our forests, our flocks, and our dwelling places! Thou shalt see a blooming prosperity where it was before unknown. All my slaves are free. Only a single drunkard, and another lazy rough churl, seemed to be unimprovable. The drunkard starved. The other could not be corrected either by rewards or punishments. But as all Flyeln wore beards, and he and the pastor alone were clear chinned, it wrought a most wonderful effect upon the fellow; for the pastor was moved to let his beard grow, so that the slave became the only smooth face of the lot. He couldn't endure that, and thus improved himself, that he might be respected among respectable people.

"The beard of the good pastor was a scandal to the consistory. Although he proved that a beard was not against the true faith; although he called to mind the holy men of both the Old and New Testament; although he showed that he, by making himself like his equals, could do more good, and by means of it had changed one deemed utterly irreclaimable, the beard gave offence to the consistorial body. It was only after my pastor adduced the evidence of a physician, that the toothache, under which he had always suffered, was alleviated by means of the beard, was he allowed to provide for his own health, and that only within bounds.

"I not only instituted courts among my free people, but gave them the right to choose an overseer or governor immediately from themselves, as they pleased. Their self-respect and dignity have been aroused. From time to time the more noted among them eat at my table, with their wives. I am their equal. Similarity of dress begets confidence, without diminishing res-

pect. Children are required to stand up before older people, and uncover their heads, but not to uncover before their equals. Every manifestation of deceit is ranked as a crime, no less than theft. The people judge themselves more strictly than I did formerly. I have often to moderate their decisions. Our schools are flourishing. The apter boys learn the history of the world, a knowledge of the earth, with its countries and people, geometry, and something of architecture. In the churches we have already choral hymns and worship.

"But, dear Norbert, better that thou stayest one week with us, and see for thyself; or canst thou not while away a few weeks?"

THE CONVERSATION ON THE HIGHTS OF FLYELN.

Such was the narration of Olivier.

I do not conceal it, that all that he had said to me, and all I had seen in Flyeln, made a great impression upon me. I wondered at his perseverance, and his benevolent invention, but regretted that his plans were so much misrepresented.

But neither the persuasions of my friend, nor the seductive and flattering requests of the baroness, were necessary to induce me to prolong my stay in this lordly *oasis*. Yes, I must call Flyeln an *oasis*, a blooming island in the waste of the surrounding country. For here, as soon as you reach the spot, if you have traveled through the sometimes sandy, and sometimes boggy lands of the vicinity, or through the pine forests, and the poor, muddy, ordinary villages, with their barracks and neglected inhabitants,—the ground seems suddenly greener, and the people more humane. Here, too, what were once barracks, have become neat cottages, which I visited, with Amelia, with pleasure. Here, also, there had been morasses, now only recognized from the long ditches and excavations, filled up with stones and covered with earth, which have been made to draw off the water; here, too, had been slaves, who were accustomed to tremble before their overseers and officers, and to cheat them behind their backs, but who have now the upright and bold bearing of freemen, looking upon the Baron as an equal,—and with a childlike reverence and love clinging to him and his! This transformation, within the space of the half of ten years, would have been a veritable wonder, if we did not know how prudently and surely Olivier went to work; how gradually he passed from the character of feudal master to that of, first, a teacher, and then a father; how his peasants, moved only by the fear of the lash, had been allured and subdued by means of their rude self-interest; how he counted neither upon their thankfulness nor their understanding, nor their moral or religious feeling, but from the outset, disciplined rather than instructed them, and having habituated them to doing good, relied chiefly upon the strength of habit and the rising generation. Therefore, he and the baroness, with the pastor and the school teacher, undertook the instruction of all; thence, also, it happened that the assessors of the judgment, that the overseers of the community, were mostly young persons from five-and-twenty to thirty years of age; at least I saw none of the older peasants among them.

But all this does not concern us here. I will describe the success of my friend, and not the art and method by which he tamed his dependants, and made a sterile place blooming.

As Olivier exhibited his account-books, and showed irrefutably that, so far from having lost by the reformation, he had gained more than his deceased uncle or any of his ancestors, he said to me laughing, "Now thou seest, Norbert, where folly is at home, whether at Flyeln or in the royal residence! While I am actually gaining I am treated as a spendthrift, and compelled every year to suffer strangers, whom they send here to investigate my accounts, to look into the intimacies of my household."

"Why hast thou not complained of this? It is an injustice—it is an outrage."

"My complaint would be in vain. Not justice, but the mere command of the cabinet, sent forth by the ministry, condemned me to this position. The matter is not easily remedied; for the ministry will take no backstep by which to declare themselves to have been in fault. The committee of investigation would not advise it, because they would lose the delights of their annual pleasure-visit and the profit of their daily pay. That I have been confined here in the estate of my forefathers, is the most endurable thing about it. Now Norbert, what thinkest thou of all this?"

"I confess, Olivier, I came with prejudice and sorrow to thee; I shall quit thee with the most pleasurable remembrances. They have everywhere spoken of thee as a lunatic. I do not think thou art, but I concur with thy former guardian, that thou art a wonderfully queer fellow."

"Queer fellow! truly, that is the proper name for all those who do not succumb to the common-places and disorders of the age. Diogenes of Sinope was regarded as a fool; Cato the Censor was considered a pedant by the Romans; Columbus was pointed at as a crazy man in the streets of Madrid; Olavides was condemned to the Inquisition; Rousseau driven from his asylum among the Bernese; and Pestalozzi held by his countrymen as more than half a fool, because he associated with beggars and dirty children rather than with the be-powdered and be-queued world. And that I should be called a queer fellow,—I that presume only to speak, to think, and to act naturally, intelligently—according to my right derived from God—is it not rather a reproach to ye yourselves?"

"No, Olivier, neither a reproach against the world nor against you. No one prevents thee from acting or thinking naturally or reasonably; but thou must also respect the rights of others to think, to speak, and to act, according to their opinions, customs, and even prejudices, until they or their children grow wiser. All men can't be philosophers."

"Have I not paid them proper respect? Have I trespassed upon them?"

"Certainly, friend, if thou wilt allow me to say so. While thou opposeth thy own customs to the general customs of the world, thou breakest the peace with those among whom thou livest, and accompishest only half the good that thou mightest do,—if, indeed, the half. Christ received the customs of Judea, let himself down even to Judea's prejudices, in order to work the more powerfully. What boots a mere mode of address? What matters it whether we wear a stiff queue or shorn pate, a beard or a smooth chin? Thou knowest the meaning of *sie* in German, and of *vous* in French; well, I grant, it is silly to speak of a single person in the plural number, but what harm is it, after all? Did not the old Greeks and Romans address each other in the plural number? Thou knowest the meaning of *you* and *thou*. Dost thou not, then, take the offensive part when rejecting common innocent customs, and without regard to former notions of civility, thou forcest *Thou* upon everybody? Whoever fights with the world must have the world fighting with him. Canst thou wonder at it then?"

"I do by no means wonder at what I expect. But do not adduce the example of Christ, after the manner of those who conceal deceit and villany, with a pious countenance, behind some distorted version of the Bible. The God-like One had a higher mission among his contemporaries than I have, and forbore speaking of small follies; but I have to do with these alone; and I will not suffer myself to be constrained to praise, excuse, or practise barbarisms. There is surely reason enough still among the inhabitants of earth to permit one to make use of his right to his own poor understanding."

"Friend," I replied, "it appears to me, they have not made that right questionable; but the free use of that right, by the indiscreet communication of your sentiments, especially if they are at war with existing arrangements, is likely to occasion confusion. Thou thyself, at the outset in Flyeln, didst play the part of a severe task-master to thy slaves, and gradually, not

suddenly, enfranchised them, after they were prepared for freedom. Thou knowest how dangerous it is to put in the unpractised hands of children, a knife, which in skilful hands is a useful instrument. What wouldst thou have said, if one of thy slaves had suddenly spoken the truth to his companions concerning the fundamental principles of human nature, the barbarism and profligacy of the feudal relation, and the natural equality of men? Would not such a reformer have broken up all thy projects?"

"Certainly, Norbert; but the example is not applicable to me or my actions. I have never spoken against the existing order, even when it was bad, though I have rendered unto God the things which were God's, and unto Caesar the things which were Caesar's. I have spoken only against existing fooleries and prejudices; against your foreign airs, against your masquerades and hypocritical compliments, against your unnatural indulgences, against your effeminate disfiguration of yourselves by foreign fashions, against your conceptions of honor and shame, of worth and reward, and only in the way of a defence for my person, when ye Europeans would urge me to abandon my return to reason, and would force me, in order to be pleased with your perversity, to desert nature."

"But, friend Olivier, thy notions of standing armies, of hereditary nobility, of the rights of subjugated nations, of the—"

"Ah, ha! Norbert, these sentiments are generally recognized in Europe, but as yet only as *dead* truths. They are spoken of in essays and theories, but not in practice. I have nothing against those that act thus. I myself, were I a prince or minister, unless I had a philosophical people, would take great care how I attempted to organize a Plato's Republic. I have only uttered my opinions in the company of my friends and equals, and not preached them to the multitude to raise a revolution. I have done what millions are doing at this time both in writing and speaking. You must cut off half the heads of populous Europe if you would prevent such matters from being thought of and talked about."

"And because they are thought and spoken of by one half the people, they must soon infuse themselves into the minds of the other half. As soon as the MAJORITY come to see what is right, then will it embody itself without bloody and fearful revolutions, of its own accord, and in the natural course of a constantly improving legislation. But to tell you the truth, dear Norbert, it was not for these sentiments that they pronounced me mad or banished me from the rest of the world. No one would have complained if I, a Baron, had merely declaimed against the injustice, folly and wickedness, which are inseparable from the institutions of a privileged nobility—and not carried my opinions into practice. All would have gone well enough if I had married a Countess. But because I acted consistently, although no one was injured by my conduct, because I preferred the love of a pure but portionless beggar girl to the prejudices of my class, because I married a child whom I had rescued from infamy—that was my crime. Oh! Norbert, just look at Amy,—and then at my ancestral parchments—and condemn me if you can!"

"With such a document to sustain your case, dear Olivier, thou art in fact a most persuasive advocate. Still I think the Nobility would in a short time have forgiven thy protests against them, and regarded thee only as an exception among them; for thou knowest that at the present day such matters are regarded differently from what they once were, and that rank is no longer what—"

"Dost think so?" interrupted the Baron, "then, oh my dear friend, thou deceivest thyself in regard to our caste, in which not only physiognomies but privileges and prejudices are hereditary, and by transmission from generation to generation have become ineradicable. It has one *fixed* idea, which is that its members are by birth of a better mold than the rest of mankind. Even when it is prostrated by Revolution, this one fixed

idea manages to keep the upper hand. Didst thou not see the French nobility when in exile? They lost none of their haughtiness, although they were often poor enough to be obliged to mend their own shoes and wash their own clothes. Look again at the miserable young noblemen of France! What are they doing? Why, instead of submitting to their fate, they raise a terrible clamor because they must needs share their political privileges with common low born citizens."

"Here, my dear advocate," I answered, "thou art falling into a little bad logic, which, however, I am too generous to expose. What have the people of this country to do with the people of that country? Because the wild Indian nobility wear rings in their noses, is that a reasonable ground of accusation against our nobles. But let us drop the subject—understand me, I wish to reconcile thee to the world. A little sacrifice from thee, a little compliance with unimportant externals, and believe me, they would forgive thy opinions, and even thy paradoxes."

"Thou requirest a little sacrifice from me! thou askest as a small matter, nothing less than that I should sacrifice my convictions, my principles, and all consequent duties! But if I sacrifice my convictions and principles, that is, my whole being, what am I fit for in the world? How shall I do good?"

"In many ways. See other wise men—they accomplish unspeakable good without quarrelling with the world. Wherefore canst not thou? What canst thou do now, by thy single example, standing all alone, when all thy neighbors are convinced and believe, that thy understanding is a little shattered?"

"The question deserves an answer, for of all thy questions it is the most important. First, consider my right as a man, that within my own house, on my own grounds, according to my own better convictions, I ought to be allowed to eat, drink, dress, speak and act as I please, if I trespass upon no other's right. And since I find the follies, the impertinences, the artifices, and affectations, of modern European human nature, which have been culled out of the refuse of ancient barbarisms, ludicrous, shameful, unnatural and mean,—why should I with all my sense of duty, with my obligations to truth any justice, not make use of my right? Should the sailor, whom the wild Indians invite to a banquet of human flesh, overcome his horror and adopt their terrible customs, lest the Indians laugh at him? So much, Norbert, as to what immediately and only concerns myself?"

Here Olivier remained silent as if awaiting an answer, but soon continued. "Besides, Norbert, recall the Fragment from the Voyage of Pythias, and thy own confession as to the truth which merely seems to hit, and that which actually strikes. Thou thyself hast granted that human society has departed very far from the dictates of nature. Ye all acknowledge that there is infinitely too much suffering; for the violations of the eternal laws of God carry with them the punishment of the transgressor. None of ye will deny, that your whole civil and domestic economy, your constitution, customs, and manner of life, are at best but a protracted rebellion against nature. But which of you has *heroism of soul* enough to return to the simple, eternal order of God? In this ye all fail; but to me, it is nothing new. It is well that some individual, undisturbed by the conceit and derision of the great horde, should bring back an example of goodness and justice. It is well that some individual, who will not capitulate or make terms with the follies of the age, should stand out, not to minister to your madness, but to make open war upon it. For, by means of the simple teaching of the church, the cathedral, and the theater, by means of philosophy, by the abstract eulogy of unaided naturalness and truth, nothing is done. For ye talk, philosophize, and write forever, and your teachers remain forever the same, and your learners do not become anything more than learners. Therefore it is well that some individual should step forth as a model for your better instruction in the realities of life. True, in the beginning they will rate him as a crazy man, and abuse and mock him; but

gradually the eyes of his contemporaries will be accustomed to the strange appearance. Bye and bye, it is whispered 'that the man is not so far out of the way!' And at last the boldest begin shyly to follow him in particular things. Ah! Norbert, whoever can bring back humanity, or a small part of humanity, one single step toward Nature, has done as much as the fleetness of life permits. And so, dear friend, let me admonish thee, that many are accustomed to decry one who does right, because he has, and they have not the courage to do right. Because I eat and drink, without luxury, banishing all foreign superfluity; because I dress myself in a way at once comfortable and pleasing to the eye; because I reinstate the manly beard in its lost honor; because I withstand the privileges and prejudices of my class, and would pass for no more than I am worth; because I believe that I have not stained myself by marriage with a maiden of lower and unhonorable descent; because I will not establish my character by a duel, or bear about the insignia of real or feigned services, as a show upon my breast; because I make my slaves my free companions and friends; because I forswear deceit, and assert the truth without fear; therefore I am treated in the NINETEENTH CENTURY as a FOOL. Yet I live according to Reason, have transgressed no institution or law, have injured nobody, and while doing good to many, violated no single principle of morality or decorum. Here, Norbert, thou hast my answer to thy question. Now let us cease this parley."

He broke off; I embraced the noble but eccentric man, and laughing said, "We have an old fashioned saying—'the sharp tool is easily notched.'"

After some days I left him. The remembrance of Flyeln belongs to the most agreeable of my life. Nor will I conceal, that if the whole world should fall into the phrenzy of my Olivier, I should be the first among the frantic. We have since then resumed our correspondence, and I have vowed, from time to time, to make another pilgrimage to happy Flyeln.

SWEET POETRY.

CHRISTIAN ANDERSON is an enthusiastic lover of nature, and his translator, Mary Howitt, knows how to sympathise with him. What could be more touching than his verses on the dying child? Many a parent will weep, as the recollection of his parting from the loved and lost comes freshly up to the mind with softened sadness of feeling, while he reads them.

[PA. FREEMAN.

MOTHER, I'm tired, and I would fain be sleeping;
Let me repose upon thy bosom seek;
But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping,
Because thy tears fall hot on my cheek.
Here it is cold; the tempest raveth madly;
But in my dreams all is so wondrous bright;
I see the angel children smiling gladly,
When from my weary eyes I shut out light.

Mother, one stands beside me now! and listen!
Dost thou not hear the music's sweet accord?
See how his white wings beautifully glisten!
Surely those wings were given him by our Lord.
Green, gold and red are floating all around me:
They are the flowers the angel scattereth.
Shall I have also wings whilst life has bound me?
Or, mother, are they given alone in death?

Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going?
Why dost thou press thy cheek thus into mine?
Thy cheek is hot, and yet thy tears are flowing;
I will, dear mother, will be always thine!
Do not sigh—it marreth my reposing;
And, if thou weep, then I must weep with thee;
Oh, I am tired, my weary eyes are closing!
Look, mother, look! the angel kisseth me!

THE GENTLEMAN.

THE FOLLOWING is from an address delivered by Bishop Doane, at Burlington College, New Jersey:

When you have found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cape May crystal to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman till you have first a man. To be a gentleman it will not be sufficient to have had a grandfather.

To be a gentleman does not depend upon a tailor or the toilet. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits. The Prince Lee Boo concluded that the hog in England was the only gentleman, as being the only thing that did not labor.

A gentleman is just a gentleman; no more, no less; a diamond polished, that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle; a gentleman is modest; a gentleman is courteous; a gentleman is generous; a gentleman is courageous; a gentleman is slow to take offence, as being one that never gives it; a gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one that never thinks it; a gentleman goes armed, only in consciousness of right; a gentleman subjects his appetite; a gentleman refines his tastes; a gentleman subdues his feelings; a gentleman controls his speech; a gentleman deems every other better than himself. Sir Philip Sidney was never so much a gentleman—mirror though he was of England's knighthood—as when, on the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of cold spring water that was brought to quench his mortal thirst, in favor of a dying soldier. St. Paul described a gentleman, when he exhorted the Philippian Christians—"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

THE NURSERY.

THE NURSERY is a wonderful world, and all that therein is, but baby is the greatest wonder of all. That little separate thing in the world—uncommunicating with others, unremembered by itself—that mysterious state of being before the deluge of memory sets in, lying there, like a hermit in its cell, as if gathering strength in passive contemplation for the world's encounter. Who says that a baby does not think or feel? Have they never seen that strange smile breaking "through clouds of infant flesh," and then passing away as if it caught for a moment the harmonies of heaven? Or have they never heard that stranger sigh—the first spontaneous language of one who is "born to sorrow"—as if it heard from afar the growing jar of this earth—incoherent to our apprehensions, as it lies passively, either of this world or that, yet stamped by that very smile and sigh, as the being who stands mysteriously between both?

But the noise and uproar have been too much! The round lustrous eyes are wide open, which, like the eyes of the divine child in the Sistene Madonna, seem to look at nothing in gazing beyond all things, and baby is seated on nurse's knee. There it sits, the little stranger, who dwelleth so calmly amongst us, without speech or movement, though brothers and sisters are screaming and running around it, looking so serenely content, as if it knew how little either could weigh in the balance with its own deep repose.

There is no model like a lovely baby for true queenly dignity—the wide open gaze, the hands' slow movement, the proud drawing up of the little frame, the round, portly form, moving slowly to and fro. And then, when a few months older, the truly royal impatience of opposition, the autoerotic air with which spoon and rattle are dashed down, the haughty stare, if some monitory voice exclaim, "Baby! baby!" and then the celestial smile, as if to forgive you for having been angry with her.

[FRAZER'S MAGAZINE.]

VIRTUE.—Do humility and dignity, love and forgiveness, serenity and hope, belong to the soul, by right of its nature, then is piety its crown, for that is the very looking upward to the Father. And how sweet is the presence of this virtue! It can give to the countenance a grace-like beauty, it opens unknown depths in the eye, it develops a peace inexpressible around the lines of the lips: it is at home in nature; it knows all things. It is very great, all recognize it, all, in due time, honor it, all feel that it is a vestal, wise in its innocence, holy in its simplicity, but it must be a piety in the heart, not in the creed, the fulness of trust, the perfectness of love, the entire realization of the filial relation.

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