THE UNIVERCŒLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

"THE THINGS WHICH ARE SEEN ARE TEMPORAL; BUT THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT SEEN ARE ETERNAL."

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The Principles of Nature.

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THEOLOGY AND LITERATURE.

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[CONCLUDED.]

AGAIN, many of the questions which now divide the theological world, involve philosophical considerations, as they depend for their solution upon a knowledge of the spiritual capacities of men. The contest between the rationalists and supernaturalists, between the advocates of faith without reason, and reason without faith, can only terminate when the function of each is indicated in the culture of the soul. Most subjects of doctrine at last involve the same consequences. Could the relation of the intellectual to the religious nature be ascertained, our problem of divinity would be much simplified. As it is, we dispute with no result except a greater difference of opinion, and increased bitterness of feeling. The advocates of historical Christianity view it through the medium of the understanding, making it a logical system, while their opponents, in their efforts to vindicate the higher intuitions, forget the limits imposed on them by our earthly condition.

Thus the facts of one class of theologians are foolishness to another, being viewed from opposite poles. If both parties would seek first to obtain definite views of the native powers of the mind, their disputes would be more instructive and profitable. If unanimity of opinion did not result, we cannot but think that mutual charity might spring up, religious controversies would then be conducted by men who, by patient investigation and honest thought, had recognised the great difficulties that obscure such inquiries. Feeling their own ignorance, they would be more anxious to appropriate the truth in the system of an opponent, thon to prove him an unbeliever.

Can the human mind by its own powers discover the truths of religion? If so, are they attained by reasoning, or suggested by the affections? If not, at what point is a revelation needed, and what proof is necessary to confirm it; that addressed to the senses, or to the conscience and religious sense? Such topics can be reasonably discussed only by men who are disciplined by philosophical culture. They involve the structure of the soul, and all the highest questions of ontology. Of course, no man can hope to arrive at absolute certainty in such matters; but any true mind can obtain what is better for it than this; a conviction that what it knows or can be known, is but a point in the universe of ideas. A recognition of the mystery about us is indispensable to the successful pursuit of any train of thought. It teaches humility, and changes men from controversialists into inquirers.

The bitterest sectarian is always the man of the narrowest philosophical culture. Unaccustomed to painful thought, ignorant of the vast realm of the unknown, he assumes opinions which remain undecided in the highest courts of the understanding. He walks about, pertly setting his mark upon every new theory, and denouncing every opponent, as little qualified to pronounce any opinion as an Esquimaux fisherman to settle the rival claims of Homer, Dante and Shakspeare.

We now proceed to the last and most important of these four subjects of human comprehension,---Poetry. In the term we include all the highest literature of the imagination, whether in the form of verse or prose. This we believe to be exceeded in importance only by theology, to which it is most intimately related.

It will be seen by the place we assign to poetry, that we do not accept the popular notion of it which has been so ably stated by Macauley. We do not believe that "a certain unsoundness of mind" is a necessary qualification of the poet. We hesitate to speak of Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, Milton and Goethe as *madmen;* on the contrary, we should be more inclined to assert that in the poetry of these men is coutained the result of all human knowledge. Their intuition has perceived more than our science or metaphysics has been able to classify. It is a fact which many men have yet to learn, that the highest truth is not obtained by the efforts of the understanding only. Even in science and metaphysics, the best thing written does not lie at the end of a process of logic, but comes suddenly to the mind, warmed and elevated by intense activity, or oftener, perhaps, in some moment of repose. The broad path of reasoning which conducts the reader to some brilliant discovery, was not the one by which the thinker ascended to it. He was caught up to his mount of vision, and when he felt himself standing on firm ground, he *built* the way by which men ascend to it. This formidable show of logic is usually an afterthought. The reasoners of the world are constantly employed in verifying to the understanding truths announced by men who *saw* them.

But if this be true in the severer sciences, how much more evident is it that the higher themes with which poetry deals are not to be approached by the mechanical operations of the understanding. The secrets of our nature, the wonderful motions of the intellectual faculties, the fathomless depths of the affections, the appearances of the material creation, and the sympathy existing between them and ourselves, the vicissitudes of human destiny, and the variegated drama of life; themes like these are too high or too subtle to be grasped by a cold logic. All we know of them is from the hints and gleams of light afforded by the poetical faculty. The Hamlet of Shakspeare reveals more facts of our spiritual nature than can be found in the books of the greatest philosophers. The novels of Goethe recall more of the minute and subtle manifestations of the intellect and affections, than the works of those who have spent their lives in investigating the mechanism and operations of the mind. Destroy the writings of the five great poets we have named, and what is left with which to replace them, considered only in their scientific value? Poetry is the highest literature, because it deals with things it most concerns us to know. It rises into regions to which the understanding cannot climb, and reveals facts which all men acknowledge to be true.

But not only does the poet give us the most valuable facts, but he creates the ideal world, which is no less real than the actual. We cannot know human nature until we know its possibilities as well as its present condition. No man is willing to be judged by his actual life. He feels that it does not accurate

ly represent him. It is a mutilated copy of that beautiful existence which he knows can be attained. Therefore, he who writes of man, must not only tell us what he is, but what he hopes to be, and can be. Then, by comparing his broken, disjointed condition with the symmetrical proportions of his ideal, a knowledge is obtained of his weakness and his power. Those who ridicule the representations of life and character by the poet as unreal, do not see that such pictures, though not accurate copies of any man's actual life, are an attempt to portray his best hopes and his noblest strivings. They are true to the best part of man, that portion upon which all our respect and expectation for him is founded, for our confidence in human nature does not arise from contemplating the events of life, but from the eternal craving of the soul for better things, its glowing ideal of a loftier existence, and those rare acts of heroism and beauty, in which the spirit, raised by its desires, sustains itself for a moment upon an eminence far above its ordinary level.

Thus does poetry teach the highest truth, and embody in beautiful forms the loftiest ideals of the race. While in history we have a record of the failures of man, in his attempts to realize greatness and goodness, in poetry the degrading picture is set over against the possibilities of existence. In fact, history would be intolerable were it not relieved by actions which come from the realm of the ideal and poetic; events which are remembered only because their actors burst the chains of custom, and followed an impulse that called them to a purer atmosphere. Those great deeds which men in their common moods pronounce signs of madness, are the bright points in the history of the world. No man would wander through the ruins of a great city, were he not attracted by the beauty and grandeur of some statue or temple which the destroyer had spared. And thus poetic events, shining out, at intervals, in the chronicles of our race, lead us unwearied across deserts, and over the wrecks of human power and happiness. There are two worlds; the world of our outward life, which is at best an exhibition of our failures, and the world within, created from our aspirations, and all that is most precious to us. To the former, history; to the latter, poetry introduces to us.

Would our limits permit, we should attempt to indicate the resemblance between the poetic and religious faculty. They have many things in common, belonging as they do, to the spontaneous portion of our nature. There is a sense in which we can speak of poetry as inspiration. Like the promptings of the Holy Spirit. it is "a wind" that "bloweth where it listeth"—no man can tell "whence it cometh, or whither it goeth." Yet our ignorance of things so mysterious, forbids us to pronounce an opinion. Our terms, inspiration and genius, though used so freely, are only employed to conceal our entire ignorance of the manner in which Deity communicates truth to the faculties of men. All we can say is, that the poet approaches nearer to the prophet than any other man. They both speak eternal truths which come not from themselves; but the voices which echo in the depths of their spirits, proceed out of clouds and darkness which no mortal eye can penetrate!

We shall not, therefore, attempt the difficult task of naming the characteristics of the poetical and religious faculties; but confine our remarks to the method by which a knowledge of the nature of man, acquired through the highest literature, can assist in the pursuits of theology. Christianity was given to satisfy the spiritual wants of the soul. It is a complete theory of life and morals, adapted to every emergency of social or individual experience. But to discover this adaptation, a knowledge of human nature and character is necessary. To appreciate the value of any system of religion, we must not only understand its precepts and requirements, but the object it proposes to accomplish, and the mental and moral conditions it supposes. This information we obtain from the revelations of the poet. It is often said that the poetical view of life and character is false, and can only mislead us. This may be true of the pictures of existence which are drawn by versifiers, and second-rate novelists, but it is not true of those which come from the hands of men of genius, *the* poets of the world. A little of the imaginative faculty makes a man a sentimentalist and a fool; the possession of "the vision and the faculty divine," imparts to him the clearest insight, and the most correct view of things. Those men are not acquainted with human nature who would divest it of all its grandeur and beauty. Their judgment is formed from a survey of the misfortunes, the humiliations and the failures of the soul. These are not the materials from which to obtain a correct estimate of its powers. As reasonably might an architect attempt to write a description of St. Peter's Church, when he had examined only the weather-stains upon its outer walls. Such a critic, in his anxiety to discover minute defects, would destroy the sense of beauty in his own soul. So God sends upon religious connoisseurs, as a punishment for their uncharitableness, a suspicion of virtue, and an incapacity to be greatly moved by the noblest human examples. Instead of becoming admirers of goodness, they dwindle to critics of men, and grope about in search of faults like a man hunting for the nests of rats and the holes of snakes among the arches of the majestic Coliseum at Rome!

We have said that a knowledge of facts and possibilities is essential to a true idea of human character; and this knowledge we have in the highest literature of the imaginaiton. We obtain our impressions of men by actual observation of ourselves and others, and through the writings of men of genius. Both methods are essential. From our own investigations we gather enough to appreciate the deeper facts that are revealed by those teachers of the race; and from intercourse with them we come back with new power of insight into ourselves and others. There are many phases of life and states of mind of which we should be ignorant, were we not informed of them by the highest writers of the world. There is an intensity of life in a great poet, that drives him through all varieties of human experience. He lives more in a day than many souls live in a century. We are astonished to find in his pages our most secret thoughts, even the most evanescent shades of feeling, reproduced. He also transports us out of ourselves, and, by the the power of sympathy, causes us to live in the experience of others; and, for the time, behold things through their medium.

Now, this knowledge of human natnre is essential to a correct understanding of Scripture, especially of the moral side of Christianity. The words of Jesus came from the most profound depth of religious experience. Through the history of the temptation and other similar occasions, we look upon the inward struggles of that heavenly soul than was "made perfect through suffering." To comprehend the New Testament fully, we should know, not only the word spoken by the Savior, but the precise condition of his mind when he uttered it. The latter we can understand only through a similar experience in ourselves, or by observing it in others. In proportion to the richness of this experience will be our power to appreciate the adaptation of Christianity to our wants. Who cannot recollect the time when in some peculiar state of mind, or some deep affliction, or some change in his circumstances, producing a spiritual revolution, he took up his Bible, and was overwhelmed by the force of some passage which he had read a hundred times before with indifference? We all have observed this. Our souls were then in a condition *resembling* that of the Master's when he spake this word, or which he could understand by his miraculous insight into character. We must *live up* to the sayings of Jesus before we can comprehend them. He who studies not his own mind and the minds of others through observation and the highest literature of the world, will remain ignorant of the treasures of divine wisdom contained in the biographies of the Son of God.

The man then who knows most of human nature, other things

being equal, is the best interpreter of Scripture. It is not strange that our commentaries pervert the word of God when they are often so destitute of this qualification. Philology is not the key of Scripture. One may understand the precise meaning of the words of Jesus, but if his heart be cold, and his religious experience barren, his interpretation will be fantastic and unnatural. It is out of the depths of sorrows and joys, the weariness of the will and the strength of temptations, the lessons of life and death, not merely out of grammars and lexicons, that the discipline of the true commentator upon Scripture must come. We are not insensible to the value of learning, in the study of the Bible; but we have many proofs of its impotency, divested of a knowledge of humanity, to interpret the word of life. If this is humiliating to the pride of critical theology, it only proves that the science is imperfect, and, like every other, should be refreshed by contact with the warm life of humanity.

We have now imperfectly indicated the relation existing between theology and three of the great divisions of literature. The subject is so vast that, in our despair to say things worthy of it, we have often written the first thought which came into our mind. But the most common-place view of it must convince any thinker of the reality of the relation, and the futility of theological study divorced from pursuits so intimately connected with it.

We have spoken chiefly of the importance of literary culture, not that we rate it above theological learning, but because its claims are not so usually acknowledged. We suppose the necessity of profound biblical scholarship is not denied at this day except by those whose deficiencies amount to a disqualification to express an opinion upon the subject. A conviction of its importance is not wanting to the most uninstructed, but rather strength of will to concentrate mental energies dissipated by habits of indiscriminate reading, and extempore thinging, writing and speaking. It may be said that an exclusive devotion to polite literature by our preachers, has been the source of our great deficiencies in theology; but we see little evidence, in any body of Christians around us, of a generous and comprehensive study of the great masters of our own and foreign languages. The perusal of all the new books of the day does not necessarily make one a literary man. The reading of Mr. Davis's great book of revelations, or popular treatises upon astronomy and geology, will not make us scientific. The absorption of every wild system of modern philosophy, or every sparkling history, made to be read with the eyes half shut, will not make us philosophers and historians. The literary character is formed by a long and painful study of the few great minds of the world; by grappling with books that frighten indolent minds; by discarding that foolish notion of "knowledge made easy" which is elevating every pert school-boy to the seat of a Plato. If literature is studied in this spirit, the interests of theology will not be neglected, the habits of investigation, and the thirst for knowledge thus formed, will drive the student forward into the most unattractive domains of biblical criticism.

Theology, we repeat, is the highest of all pursuits; so important that all human learning is necessary to illustrate it. We degrade it when we bring to it minds uncultivated and undisciplined. It requires for its generous comprehension an intellectual power developed by reflection upon the most profound questions of philosophy; an experience enlarged by a complete view of history; a love for reality and tenderness of feeling refreshed by the highest poetry. Who does not see that a man thus furnished, will impart a new vitality to the details of theological science, will not be buried in his philology and antiquities, will learn to separate the spirit of the gospel from the letter.

But all experience proves the inefficacy of an exclusive study of biblical criticism. It narrows the mind, and chains it to forms and properties of speech. It would not be difficult, even among ourselves to point to examples of this, although the full harvest of such a culture is best exemplified in the speculations of many of the German theologians. These men in the pursuit of subtle meanings, miss the only rational interpretation of Scripture. They lose the proportion of revealed truth by looking upon it with microscopic eyes. Religion suffers violence at their hands, for their attempts to defend her are more destructive than the assaults of skeptics. They stand around the Bible like a party of surgeons with their dissecting knives around a corpse, and they leave it a mangled body, hewn in pieces, from which the soul has escaped!

The man of wide literary culture will not thus insult the word of God, but will learn its true value. His researches in all domains of learning, will only make him humble. He will at last feel that truth, the reception of which is the birth of greatness,—that the human soul is encompassed by mystery which it cannot penetrate. When he has ranged through the vast area of physical science, and followed its diverging paths until they all run into darkness; when he has reflected upon the problems of philosophy, and they conduct him to a point where he can no longer reason, but only bow his head to worship; when the history of the race lies like a chaos before him, and he is forced to confess that, without an idea of Divine Providence, it can never be filled with light and beauty; when he has surrendered his imagination and his heart to the witchery of the poet, and in his highest moments of transport heard only smothered and inarticulate voices from the eternal deeps, then only can he return, and humbling himself like a little child, sit down at the feet of Jesus.

INDEX TO PHYSIOGNOMY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM,

BY J. W. REDFIELD.

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In the field of Nature the student finds ever and anon land-marks by which he is able to calculate his progress, to assist his memory, and to estimate more fully what lies before him. The principles of order in the mind must agree with those in nature; and hence the great importance of observing those periods of rest and recreation which are afforded in all truly scientific investigations.

The faculties which we have treated in the preceding numbers complete *a series*, as the reader will see by turning and looking back upon the ground which he has gone over. We have given the indexes of eight faculties—and these eight are a scale in the harmony of the mind, as eight notes are a scale in the harmony of music. We have already said that the hand is an index, not only of the mind, but of the whole Book of Nature; because there is a correspondence between the faculties which perceive and the objects perceived; and because in his physical organization, which is an image of the mind, man is a microcosm. Hence the indexes of the eight faculties of which we have treated relate not only to a scale in the harmony of the mind, but to a scale in the harmony of the grand system of the universe. It has been seen that Weight and Lightness constitute Equilibrium, that Number and Size constitute Proportion, that Form and Shape constitute Symmetry, and that Fluidity and Density constitute Individuality. Under the general head of the "Index to Physiognomy," we will therefore call Individuality, Symmetry, Proportion, and Equilibrium.

The First Chord.

The index of Density is the length of the metacarpal bone of the thumb: the index of Form is the length of the first or inner metacarpal bone of the hand: the index of Size is the length of the last or outer metacarpal bone of the hand: the index of

Weight is the length of the outer bone of the fore-arm, called the ulna: the index of Fluidity is the length of the olecranon, or end of the outer bone of the fore-arm: the index of Shape is the length of the inner bone of the fore-arm, called the radius: the index of Number is the length of the eight bones of the wrist: the index of Lightness is the extent of the space between the metacarpal bone of the thumb and the metacarpal bone of the hand.

The reader will perceive that in following this order he returns to the same part of the hand from which he started; and if he will take pains to reflect he will see that this is the order of matter and its essential attributes. First, to the bodies which are most *dense*, as mercury, gold, lead, copper, belong especially form, size and weight. Next, to the bodies which are most *fluid*, as liquids, substances in solution, electricity, and air, belong especially shape, number, and lightness. The attributes of matter are precisely these, and no more---so that this harmonic number in the order of the mind is not arbitrary but strictly natural.

The two parts of the scale---first, Density, Form, Size and Weight---and second, Fluidity, Shape, Number and Lightness, constitute what we have called the First Chord, viz: Individuality, Symmetry, Proportion, and Equilibrium. These correspond to the four notes belonging to each chord of a musical instrument:—and it may be seen in the sequel that there is a beautiful correspondence between the ancient harp and the whole mind, so that we may suppose the harp was intended to be an expression of the soul, as indeed *all* instruments of music are.

To the highest degree of Individuality belongs the most perfect Symmetry, Proportion, and Equilibrium. The combination of the curved and straight line, or of form and shape, constituting symmetry, belongs in the highest degree to the human body: also the unity of parts, or the combination of number and size, constituting proportion, belongs in the highest degree to the human body: also the combination of weight and lightness, constituting equilibrium, by which a body may poise itself on a small base, belongs in the highest degree to the human body: so that we call man an *individual*, thereby recognizing the fact that individuality is the perfection of matter and the consummation of the material laws. Hence, in following nature, we showed first the indexes of the faculties of Weight and Lightness, which relate to the laws of matter, and lastly the indexes of the faculties of Fluidity and Density, which relate to the individuality of matter.

The Most Simple Science.

Density and fluidity, form and shape, size and number, and weight and lightness, or, in other words, the states, qualities, properties, and laws of matter, are the rudimentary or first and most simple objects of science; and the faculties which perceive these are the rudimentary or first and most inferior scientific faculties. Animals in the lowest plane of conscious intelligence are particularly remarkable for the possession of these faculties, because they are deficient or entirely wanting in faculties of a higher order; and in their physical organization the material attributes to which these faculties relate are particularly exhibited. It has been seen that equilibrium, or a perfect medium between the extremes of weight and lightness, belongs to *water*, and in this element exist those animals which exhibit in a characteristic degree the faculties and physical attributes of which we are speaking.

In the structure of fish and the amphibia there is a greater degree of density or compactness---a greater degree of roundness or of the curvilinear outline which constitutes form---greater size---and greater weight, than in the structure of other animals. The reason why the bodies of many fishes seem to be lighter than those of land animals, by rising to the surface when dead, is that they contain a large quantity of oil. This is particularly the case with those which require to be much at the surface for the purpose of breathing, e. g. the cetaceous animals; and what examples of size and weight are these monsters! In water animals of all kinds, except in those which have an exceeding degree of vitality, the indexes of weight, size, form and density are very great, as in the seal, the walrus, the turtle, the otter, and amphibious birds. The elephant, with his round figure and immense size, may be almost regarded as a water animal, and he has the index of these faculties very large.

In the structure of shell-fish, and all kinds of molusca, there is exhibited a greater degree of fluidity, of shape, of number of distinct parts, and of lightness, than in other animals. Many of them are transparent or semi-transparent, and so fluid that when dried there is scarcely any thing left. Their figures present straight lines and angles, with abundance of sharp points, and their shells are the work of crystalization. Their numbers are like the sands of the sea, and the members of each individual animal seem to have separate identities, like offspring from a parent, so that when one is destroyed another may grow in its place. And, aside from their shells, which are rather habitations than clothing, they are of a much lighter substance than animals on land.

Thus we see that in the lowest plane of the animal creation are exhibited the correspondences of the first scale in the order of the mind:---and as water corresponds to truth, as before seen, so the inhabitants of the water may be said to correspond to the most inferior objects of science, and to the lowest plane of the scientific faculties.

Aquatic animals, which are a medium between the cetacea and shell-fish, are those covered with scales. They possess nearly an equal degree of density and fluidity, of form and shape, of size and number, and of weight and lightness, and are therefore admirable examples of Individuality, Symmetry, Proportion and Equilibrium, so that in these respects they are models for their rivals, the almost equal variety of vessels with which man navigates the waters.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM.

You have heard of the Philosopher's Stone, and of its wonderful power of transmuting the common dust which people tread upon into precious treasures. But I dare say that in all your reading and converse with scholastics you have never yet learned what this philosopher's stone is. Perhaps the true explanation of its being unknown to the world, is that the philosopher in whose possession it is has yet himself to be discovered. On second thought, however, this cannot be; for it would be tantamount to saying that there are no philosophers in the world. Undoubtedly the philosopher's stone belongs to all who are capable of *proving* themselves philosophers---and these, I will venture to say, are by no means rare; for to

"wear a precious jewel in his head,"

whereby he may convert the mere objects of sense into the highest wisdom, a man has but to be what Nature has made him.

First then, let me tell you what seems to me the essential requisites of a philosopher, and you shall judge for yourself whether I am right or not. They are, 1st, Love of Truth, and 2d, Simplicity.

I take it that there is no essential difference between a lover of learning and a lover of truth---at least, I assert unequivocally that one who does not sincerely love truth cannot be a true lover of learning, since there is no real learning which is not strictly true. No doubt there is a great deal of lumber stored up in men's minds which they call learning, but which in fact is only

"such stuff as dreams are made of"—

the material with which they rear the "air castles" called the-

ories, and the "temples of fame" which, when simple truth is sought for,

"Are melted into air, into thin air."

There can, indeed, be but one opinion as to *love of truth* being essential to a philosopher: but as a man may so easily suppose that in seeking truth he is governed by the love of it, when in fact he is impelled by the love of honors and distinction, it is still doubtful who your philosopher is. It is for every man to judge himself in this matter, to examine his own heart thoroughly, and ascertain whether he loves truth for its own sake and the good it may enable him to accomplish, or whether he loves it for the sake of himself and the honors it may confer on him.

Thus much for love of truth, the first essential of a philosopher. As to the second, SIMPLICITY, this necessarily follows from the first.

Simple truth is unmixed, unadulterated, natural---and the mind cannot desire truth for its own sake without looking at it *as it is*, and cannot look at truth as it is without being *itself simple and true*. But if truth be sought for the sake of robbing it of the honor that is due to itself, or so that men may honor themselves more than truth---if it be coveted like gold and silver for the sake of selfish advantage and the power to lord it over others---it becomes mixed with every thing that is false and unnatural, contaminated with every thing that is selfish and artificial, adulterated with every thing that is finite and sensual, and can no longer be recognized as simple truth.

Is it not most clearly so? A philosopher can no more be wanting in simplicity than he can be wanting in honest love of truth---for sincerity and simplicity are inseparable. Accordingly, in all ages the wisest philosophers have been the most simple and child-like of men. What admirable examples of this have we in Socrates, Copernicus, Bouillaud, Newton, and very many whom we might mention.

But all these are lost sight of in the effulgence of the most illustrious example of simplicity, as well as of wisdom, that the world ever knew. His was truly the wisdom of the serpent, and the harmlessness of the dove---the wisdom that charms the simple, and the simplicity that is charmed by truth. He could see nature no otherwise than it is, for he was perfectly sincere, loving truth for its own sake and the good of mankind, and not for the sake of himself and worldly honors. He sought the virtue and happiness, not the homage of mankind; and was therefore simple and true, and in perfect harmony with nature. Hence, when a mere child, he confounded the lawyers and doctors by opposing the simple truths of nature to their artificial subtleties and dogmas---and the doctrines which he taught, though contrary to the theory and practices of mankind, are the most simple and natural that the mind can conceive of. As they were simple in principle so were they easy in practice:---he might well say "my yoke is easy and my burden is light." And why was it that as he grew in stature he grew in wisdom, and in favor with God and man, except that he preserved his simplicity and love of truth? The principles and laws of the spiritual and material world, so simple and yet so grand, are hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed to babes.

Little ones, ere they have learned that the knowledge they acquire is to serve as a weapon of offense or defense against others, to promote their own private advantage, or at all events to subserve some selfish end, love truth for its own sake and its natural use, and receive it in all simplicity of mind. They are indeed philosophers until we have made them sophists---and if we would take them for our teachers instead of sophisticating them with our arbitrary and selfish doctrines, we should neither be fools ourselves nor make our children such.

Now tell me, if your judgment does not agree with mine, in respect to the essential requisites of a philosopher? and if you do not heartily sympathise with me in these sentiments?---for the confirmation of another mind is a great strengthener of one's own convictions. To be sure truth is its own proof, being seen in its own light if seen at all; but though self-evident it receives a kind of confirmation in its reflection from different minds. I hold it to be as simple a truth as any, that truth may be seen by more minds than one or two, and indeed by all minds which combine the essential requisites of a philosopher just stated. One who possesses these requisites is Nature's child, and free to all her treasures. There is no temple of hers too solemn or too sacred for him to enter---so that we may say with the Scottish bard,

"Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire---
'Tis a' the learning I desire."

But, from the commencement of this article, you might expect me to speak more particularly of the philosopher's stone. You may find it in the possession of a little child---where the alchymists, who, with the flame of self-love, amalgamate the true with the false in the crucible of their own minds, never seek it---for, as I before intimated, to discover the philosopher's stone we have but to discover the philosopher. I will tell you, shall I, how it came into the possession of the child?

He was one day walking by the sea-shore, thinking of his littleness, wondering at the infinite expanse spread out before him, and the unfathomable depths beneath, and wishing that his vision might reach the one and fathom the other. While he thus desired and thought he stooped to a white stone that lay in the sand, undistinguished from countless others except that it seemed to be his own---and holding it before his eyes, lo! what a vision of vastness and beauty presented! The stone itself became translucent, first upon its circumference, through which he saw the heavens, the whole material universe: next, as the translucency extended toward the center, he beheld heaven with its countless myriads of bright and flaming spirits:---and then a beautiful opalescence appeared in the center, and in that focus of transcendent brightness, in the midst of the heaven of heavens, he beheld enthroned the Infinite and Eternal.

The little philosopher found himself in possession of the greatest imaginable treasure, by means of which he could have whatever he desired---for what could the soul desire but its own spiritual food? and what could it enjoy that it did not love? He possessed the key to all knowledge---the magic word that could command the doors of all the treasures, both of the material and spiritual creation, to fly open---and being free to use it what could he wish for more? When once he had seen through this stone he could see nothing without it---for what others looked upon as mere earth to be trod upon, as common ore to be converted into the rod of oppression and the engine of death, as precious metals to be made the instruments of pride and tyranny, or as isolated objects to be held as exclusive property, he beheld as objects of nature, the beginning and end of which is Love, and as

"parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

The objects of sense, which to mankind in general seemed nothing else, the philosopher's stone transmuted into the highest and most spiritual truths---and what appeared before the eyes of others as realities, he perceived to be mere fancies or castles in the air, which, when the touch-stone was applied to them, were instantly dissolved.

I have only to say further, that whoever is able to *prove* himself a philosopher, which he must do by showing that he loves truth for its own sake, and that he is simple by receiving for truth whatever is simple and self-evident, is possessed of the Philosopher's Stone, or of the gift of REASON. J. W. R.

TO KNOW JESUS as the Son of God, is not to understand what theologians have written about his eternal generation, or about a mystical, incomprehensible union between Christ and his Father. It is something far higher and more instructive. It is to see in Christ, if I may so say, the lineaments of the Universal Father. It is to discern in him a godlike purity and goodness.

Choice Selections.

SONSHIP.

We make resolutions, and break them,—ascend a few steps, and then sink even lower than before: it would seem as if we must needs give up; but softly, invisibly, mysteriously, is infused within us the hope of amendment, of recovery,—the spirit to try again! What should we do, if, after our failures, we were debarred from this wonderful panacea of trying again? It is very touching,—it brings both smile and tear, to see this eternal hope, which always soars, like a white dove, from under the shadow of every disappointment, so white, so fresh, as if its wings were cleansed anew, in the darkness out of which it came; the hope that is like a courageous word, like a suddenly thronging thought of spring-time, like a walk in the cool air on an autumn mountain-side; the hope that something yet will be, that the ocean of futurity is yet filled with pearls for the successful diver, that nature is yet rich, and God lavish, as of old, and one's meed not utterly overdone. And whence this continually reviving hope in ourselves? It comes from the quiet patience of God, his infinite toleration: he seems to sit serenely above, and, half smilingly, watch us at our game of life, which to us, indeed, is no game, but a battle-field, where one must do or die. It would be well, indeed, if we should copy after some of this gentle forbearance: we do not tolerate each other's faults,—do not give each other leave nor scope to try again. Singular, that the all-perfect is the least exacting, and God should be the only truly tolerant being in His universe.

This fact of man's working out of him what God works in him, lets us into the secret of all spiritual power. There is no limit to the son's power but the Father's revelation. Jesus acted spontaneously on the faith of the sovereignty of mind over the body, of the magic of a strong mind upon a weak one, whose secret lies in the conscious action and energy of spirit; for the Father giveth to the son like powers to himself. Do you reject the sonship of the human race, because it makes man equal with God? Yet man, Jesus argues, can do nothing, unless God give unto him; and can only work truly in so far as he sees and repeats the Father's workings. God giveth to the spirit of man the power of awakening life, and the authority of judgment, that he judges as God judges; and so this humanity is to be honored, even as the Father who originated it. He who does not reverence his own nature, does not reverence God. As God works in the soul, imparting strength, infusing hope, awakening, encouraging, the giver of life, and the just discerner, so are we bound in word and act to be quickeness of life, the inspirers of hope, the judge of evil, powerful and pure, because our individual supremacy is not our object, but the supremacy of the Eternal goodness.

The sonship of the soul in God is indeed the primal truth. Jesus asks Nicodemus, very pointedly, if he is a "Master in Israel," and has not learned this initiatory fact, of the inspiration of the individual soul. Man is the recipient of God: in the reach of thought, in the expansion of love, we imbibe His nature. Thence the sublimity of thought, thence the sadness of deep emotion. It is as if the finite bowed before the infinite, as if the stream of time ebbed at the overflowing of the eternal ocean.

> "Can such things be,
> And overcome us, like a summer's cloud,
> Without our special wonder?"

But what proofs of this? "If I bear witness to myself," said Jesus, "my witness is not true." If man says he is the son of God, the doubter may ask for his credentials. If the rose lift its head, and aver, I am the queen of the flowers, the favorite of summer, the bride of the nightingale, its compeers have a right to say, Bring your witnesses. Great claims need broad testimony.

Now, what witnesses does Jesus produce? His life and his Father. What he does, and whence he is. It is the appeal of a noble, I had almost said a proud spirit, using the word in its loftiest sense, as consciousness of greatness. The notion of individual supremacy a feeling of pretension, founded on one's possession more or less over his fellow, is certainly as paltry as it is absurd. If we give wing to our fancy, and see our earth spinning like a child's ball, on its path in infinite space, and to this plaything of an earth, the mounts and vallies, in proportion as the inequalities on the surface is to the globe of an orange, and seek to descry the insect tribe of man, creeping on the outside of this ball, and then recollect the still minuter distinctions that separate one individual of these from another, we may easily conjure up a picture, at which, perchance, the angels laugh. But one fact redeems the human race from this insignificance, and makes it peer with the powers of heaven; and that lies in its origin. Man is great, because greatly born: seen in the "grinding press of worlds," he is indeed an insect, a fly upon the wheel; recognised as the imbiber of the life of God—he, too, is a god, and may assert, with dignity, the highest claims.

Jesus refers to his works as testimony to his divinity: "My works bear witness to me." What man is, is testified by what he does. It is like the appeal to single combat. If your cause is good, prove it by your prowess, and God show the right. The sonship of human nature is established by the life of humanity. Love, generosity, heroism, hope, every virtue, every aspiration, partakes of the infinite, and is necessarily divine. Has a man but a single virtue? That virtue bears witness to his high origin; for all virtues are one in kind, are more or less partial developments of the divine element. The proofs that human nature is the offspring of God, lies in that nature itself, in its power and its hope, its tenderness and its heroism, its courage and despondency. The witness that you and I are, through our humanity, children of God, lies in what we are and do. Let us not shrink from the ordeal, fearful as it seems: if it does not lie in our love and endurance, our mental and moral strength, then is it borne witness to in our self-reproach, our regrets, our aspirations and endeavors. That which I do, said Jesus. Opposed, disliked, martyred, and yet he toiled and hoped, and knew, that the infinite would triumph. What was this but the fact of his divine origin asserting itself? His life bore witness to his parentage, and so convincingly, that men made up the verdict, and said, He is the first-born, the inheritor of the Father's likeness. But the youngest born is not less the son than the highest. He who has received least of the divine nature, may appeal to the workings of that nature, in proof of its divinity Is man the son of God? Yes: his life, his deeds testify unto him. His conflict with evil, his sovereignty over matter, the power that survives defeat, the hope that triumphs above failure, the faith that conquers death. His witnesses gather like angel spirits, "thronging in the blue air;" they come from every scene of love, ministering to woe,—of weakness, struggling with oppression:

> "From the dust of creeds out-worn,
> From the tyrant's banner torn:"

and from those myriad acts of high devotion and generous sacrifice, that carry the glance far downward into the great heart of humanity:

> "I alit
> On a great ship lightning split,
> And speeded hither on the sigh
> Of one, who gave his enemy
> His plank,—then plunged aside to die."

Is human nature so august, so sacred? Let us remember its crime and hate, its error and folly. We will not hide our eyes to these: a Judas is not less a fact, in the history of the race, than a Jesus: man is poor, weak, slavish, but who sits thus " judgment upon him? It is he, himself: humanity judges humanity. We are at once the accused, and the accuser: admit

the one, we must admit the other. If humanity is sinful, low, frivolous, it is also a contemner of the frivolous, a despiser of the low, an abhorrer of the sinful: son of God, and son of man: son of fear, limitation, error: son of aspiration, judgment, and faith.

What other witness does Jesus call? His Father. God must have borne witness to him, in his consciousness: in sublimest silence does spirit testify to spirit. Jesus knew the power within—his evidence is the loftiest: "What I do, and what I know." But ye do not perceive divinity in my life, he says, Ye do not recognise it in kindred consciousness,—then in the third and last place, there are your scriptures, history, and prophecy,—they testify unto me. All lofty and holy writing testifies to the authority and dignity of the human soul, to the divine hope, and divine faith in humanity,—that which it can be, and do; and, therefore, to Jesus as the son of humanity. Ah, no redeemer comes unforetold: no great and loving spirit takes flesh, in order to succor and bless his race, but he finds many who have waited patiently to see his glory: no star, not even in the horizon of intellect, arises, but there are brows that have grown pale in watching for its coming. Genius foretels genius; virtue is the precursor of a noble line, since God is inexhaustible, and man's hope unfailing. Is man's life, is his consciousness, insufficient proof of his sonship? Then let the record of the wise and good speak, let the aspirations and judgments, the hopes and convictions, that make holy the writings of genius, utter their word: they testify to humanity's origin in God. Let us not sever ourselves from the bright and holy ones of our race: around them should we gather in reverent joy: they bring news of home: they tell the latest message from the Father. Let us listen to what they say, out of their varied experience: they speak for us: they tell the secret of our own hearts, which we, perhaps, are too dull to comprehend, or too dumb to utter. I am glad, Jesus announced himself so fearlessly to be the son of God: his attestation goes to enrich the testimony, that is borne to the sonship of man, from the presence of spirit in consciousness, the life and deeds of humanity, and the record of the wise and good. [Studies in Religion.

GOVERNMENT.

I have spoken of Religion; I pass to Government, another great means of promoting that spiritual liberty, that moral strength and elevation, which we have seen to be our supreme good. I thus speak of government, not because it always promotes this end, but because it may and should thus operate. Civil institutions should be directed chiefly to a moral or spiritual good, and, until this truth is felt, they will continue, I fear, to be perverted into instruments of crime and misery. Other views of their design, I am aware, prevail. We are sometimes told, that government has no purpose but an earthly one; that, whilst religion takes care of the soul, government is to watch over outward and bodily interests. This separation of our interests into earthly and spiritual, seems to me unfounded. There is a unity in our whole being. There is one great end for which body and mind were created, and all the relations of life were ordained; one central aim, to which our whole being should tend; and this is the unfolding of our intellectual and moral nature; and no man thoroughly understands government, but he who reverences it as a part of God's stupendous machinery for this sublime design. I do not deny that government is instituted to watch over our present interests. But still it has a spiritual or moral purpose, because present interests are, in an important sense, spiritual; that is, they are instruments and occasions of virtue, calls to duty, sources of obligation, and are only blessings when they contribute to the health of the soul. For example, property, the principal object of legislation, is the material, if I may so speak, on which justice acts, or through which this cardinal virtue is exercised and expressed; and property has no higher end than to invigorate, by calling forth, the principle of impartial rectitude.

Government is the great organ of civil society, and we should appreciate the former more justly, if we better understood the nature and foundation of the latter. I say, then, that society is throughout a moral institution. It is something very different from an assemblage of animals feeding in the same pasture. It is the combination of rational beings for the security of right. Right, a moral idea, lies at the very foundation of civil communities; and the highest happiness which they confer, is the gratification of moral affections. We are sometimes taught, that society is the creature of compact, and selfish calculation; that men agree to live together for the protection of private interests. But no. Society is of earlier and higher origin. It is God's ordinance, and answers to what is most godlike in our nature. The chief ties that hold men together in communities, are not self-interests, or compacts, or positive institutions, or force. They are invisible, refined, spiritual ties, bonds of the mind and heart. Our best powers and affections crave instinctively for society as the sphere in which they are to find their life and happiness. That men may greatly strengthen and improve society by written constitutions, I readily grant. There is, however, a constitution which precedes all of men's making, and after which all others are to be formed; a constitution, the great lines of which are drawn in our very nature; a primitive law of justice, rectitude, and philanthropy, which all other laws are bound to enforce, and from which all others derive their validity and worth.

Am I now asked, how government is to promote energy and elevation of moral principle? I answer, not by making the various virtues matters of legislation, not by preaching morals, not by establishing religion; for these are not its appropriate functions. It is to serve the cause of spiritual freedom, not by teaching or persuasion, but by action; that is, by rigidly conforming itself, in all its measures, to the moral or Christian law; by the most public and solemn manifestations of reverence for the general weal, for the principles of virtue. Government is the most conspicuous of human institutions, and were moral rectitude written on its front, stamped conspicuously on all its operations, an immense power would be added to pure principle in the breasts of individuals.

To be more particular, a government may, and should ennoble the mind of the citizen, by continually holding up to him the idea of the general good. This idea should be impressed in characters of light on all legislation; and a government directing itself resolutely and steadily to this end, becomes a minister of virtue. It teaches the citizen to attach a sanctity to the public weal, carries him beyond selfish regards, nourishes magnanimity, and the purpose of sacrificing himself, as far as virtue will allow, to the commonwealth. On the other hand, a government which wields its power for selfish interests, which sacrifices the many to a few, or the state to a party, becomes a public preacher of crime, taints the mind of a citizen, does its utmost to make him base and venal, and prepares him, by its example, to sell or betray that public interest for which he should be ready to die.

Again on government, more than on any institution, depends that most important principle, the sense of justice in the community. To promote this, it should express, in all its laws, a reverence for right, and an equal reverence for the rights of high and low, of rich and poor. It should choose to sacrifice the most dazzling advantages, rather than break its own faith, rather than unsettle the fixed laws of property, or in any way shock the sentiment of justice in the community.

W. Ellery Channing.

Three days of uninterrupted company in a vehicle, will make you better acquainted with another, than one hour's conversation with him, every day for three years. Lavater.

THE UNIVERCŒLUM
AND
SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1848.

THOUGHTS
ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE CHILD.

I attended, a few days since, the funeral of a little child. It was the youngest of a family of beautiful children to whom I became warmly attached in past days. It lay in its tiny coffin robed in emblematic white, with its little hands folded upon its breast, amidst a cluster of half-blown rose-buds, and seemed the very image of quietude and peace. It did not appear like a body from which vitality had departed, but like a marble child, fresh from the creative hand, waiting the inflowing Divinity that should fill its veins and quicken its senses with human life. Lying there in its little bed, it seemed to rest so sweetly that the heart grew still and the lip mute, fearing to wake it to the world's unrest and tumult from its deep repose.

I was pained by the words of the officiating clergyman. They did not seem to touch the gracious springs of sympathy in the surrounding hearts. They seemed to irritate wounds they ought to have healed. He did not seem to speak from living knowledge but from traditionary faith: his words were not the tones of authority but the sayings of a scribe. As I noticed the disquiet and inattention of the people, I contrasted the consolation that might have been given with the feeble attempt at it, and the whole scene seemed to transform itself as my thoughts deepened, until the place changed to Bethlehem, and my bereaved friends to certain Israelites whose babe had died, and lay in its little bier before me, and in the place of the preacher stood a man, coarsely clad, his locks wet with night dews, for he had no place to lay his head, but with a light in his eye that was calmer and more intense than the shining of stars, and with a smile upon his majestic face that impressed all beholders, and awed them into reverence, and filled them with adoring love. I asked his name of a bystander, and in a whisper he informed me it was Jesus, a certain peasant from Galilee, who was loved and followed by many of the common people as a teacher sent from God, but who was excommunicated and read out of fellowship by the Rabbis and Chief Priests, because he taught the "latest form of Infidelity." He told me no more, for Jesus began to teach them, and his subject was the death of the young child.

"Let not your hearts be troubled," thus began the Teacher, "for the little child is not dead. It does not even sleep. It has arisen from its outward body, as the golden lily springs from its seed beneath the waters. There are two worlds around you. Both are visible to the Son of Man which came from heaven and is in heaven. One world you see with your senses. It is the world of death. It is full of beauty, but its loveliness is transient. In it live the youngest children of my Father. But they only live in it for a time. After a few days they lay off their visible bodies and go up into another world. It is the world of Immortality. There the life is not transient but perpetual. There dwell the elder children of the Father's house, and in it there are many mansions.

"When this little babe was born, you, its parents, gave it its bodily form, but it was quickened by the Holy Ghost. Within the beautiful body dwelt the beautiful spirit, but its wings were folded, and its affections were unwakened, and it slept. As it lay upon its mother's bosom life flowed into it from that mother's life, and so its eye grew bright, and its form lovely, and its senses were quickened, and it had the form of being that belongs to the sparrow and the rose. That life, the life of the senses, is perished now. But while the body grew with life from its mother, the spirit grew also with life from our Father—even God. So there was a form within a form, a life within a life—within the quickened body slumbered a child-angel with closed eyes and folded wing.

"Its mother sang to it and its eyes opened, and its affections budded, and it looked up and laughed and smiled. Its father caressed it, and it thought and wondered, and began to observe the things that were nigh to the unfolding sense. And Angels, invisible to mortals, hovered over it, and infused their pure thoughts and loving desires into its young soul; and so the child grew lovely, and, while its mother slept, over its pillow brooded a guardian spirit whose wings of love were stretched over it, but whose eyes beheld the face of the Father in heaven.

"At last Death came. The life of the body died. The link that bound the young Angel to its material counterpart was rent in twain. Then the mother and the father took the cold body, and wept over it, refusing to be comforted because it was not. And the house grew still, and they left them alone with the dead. But while the body grew cold the Spirit Guardian who beheld the face of my Father, took the young spirit into its arms, and said to the weeping mother, 'suffer the little babe to come unto me and forbid it not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' And the child opened its eyes on the new world of its home, and looked up in the face of the Angel and rejoiced, and so the young child liveth, and it is well with it, and she groweth glad and beautiful in the house that is eternal in the heavens. Therefore, O ye mourners, love on, for the child is alive, and ye shall go to her again. If it were not so I would have told you. One by one, ye too, shall depart to this world whereof I speak. Happy are ye who shall enter it from calm death beds, with loving friends around to comfort you, and console. I too depart to it, but the cup that is for me is bitter, and the baptism is of blood, yet a little while and ye shall see me no more."

Then said the Scribe, "all this is speculation. How knowest thou this? art thou wiser than Moses, and greater than our Father Abraham?" But Jesus answered and said, "The carnal and sensual man knoweth not the things of the spirit, for they are spiritually discerned—howbeit, he that liveth in love shall know the truth, and it shall make him free from the fear of what man or death can do to him;—and blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

So Jesus departed, and they laid the beautiful body in the tomb, and after many days the parents were comforted, and when one said to them, "the child is in the grave," they answered, "nay, nay, she is with Christ in Paradise."—But the vision passed away—I remembered that Jesus had been gone from us these eighteen hundred years. Yet still as I went home the Lord seemed to stand before me, and like a breath of music, like the odor of spring-time roses, came that thought of the young child, with Christ in Paradise. T. L. H.

Strike but Hear.—So said one of the wisest of the Ancients: so we repeat. We are smitten in our business relations, and feel the pressure of unaccustomed want; we are smitten in our social relations, and friends, dear to the heart, forsake and betray us: we are assailed in character, and those who oppose us seek to destroy that reputation which is so precious to the upright mind: we are assailed by others, who brand us as infidels, and seek to separate us from the "Communion of Saints." We know all this. We feel it most acutely—did we not suffer from it we should be either more or less than men. But no denunciation, no suffering, no extremity of distress shall cause us to cease our labors for the spiritual enlightenment and social elevation of the Human Race. Strike, O misguided Brothers, if you will, but you *must* hear. Every wrong that you inflict upon us shall give us a clearer vision to see Truth, a stronger and more loving voice to utter it. From that Eternal World that surrounds us with its guardianship and its sanctity, there comes to us a joy and a peace that you know not of. Strike but hear! T. L. H.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S JOURNAL
OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND ART.

It is the design of the projectors of this new Periodical to cover a broad and general want of the age, by combining the Gems of Science with the Flowers of Literature and the Curiosities of Art, in such an attractive form as will tend to develop and perfect not only the Reason but the Taste, by investing Truth with all her native charms, to which Fancy is but the subsidiary aid and ornament. There is no periodical in the country, if there is any in the world, that covers the ground which this is intended to occupy. There is no publication devoted to the tastes, intellectual development and character of the young, which combines the graces of polite Literature with a systematic and consecutive course of teaching in the Arts and Sciences. But this will more clearly appear as we unfold the distinctive features of the proposed work.

Considering that the science of Nature---a comprehensive knowledge of the forms and existences which are spread abroad throughout the Universe—and of the beautiful laws which govern their phenomena, and regulate their action—must lie at the basis of all education, properly so called, we shall in the first place endeavor to make our periodical a lucid expositor of this science. There will be three principal Departments. In the First we shall commence an initiatory course of teaching in the Physical Sciences, the facts and principles of which will be regularly unfolded, from the laws that are manifest in the concretion of a rock up to those which mold a Sphere, or balance and regulate the motions of a Universe.

The Second, or Literary Department, will contain papers on Archæology and Political Economy, Sketches of Travels, and of the Biography of such eminent persons as furnish the best examples for the young—interesting points of History, instructive Parables, Dialogues and Dramatic Sketches—also specimens of Poetry suited to the development of all the varieties of style in reading and speaking. Among these will be a series called "Songs of Nature," which we trust will form a very interesting feature of the work.

The Third Department will contain papers on the Fine and Useful Arts; accounts of all great Discoveries, Inventions and application of the Mechanical Laws to the manufacturing interests and industrial employments of mankind. And in addition to these, each number will contain a Synopsis of the History of the World for the current month, which, in this age of revolution and progress, must be invested with a deep and thrilling interest and importance.

The Young People's Journal will be embllished with an elegant Frontispiece, and a series of Original Engravings, illustrative of the Natural Sciences and the Mechanic Arts; and every effort, within the utmost limit of our capacity, will be employed to render it the most attractive and instructive magazine of the age.

In its scope, tendency and aim, the Young People's Journal will be circumscribed by no collision of party or sect, but it will be our constant care to keep it free and universal as the principles of Nature and of Truth: and we shall ever study to quicken the moral sense, and to encourage the practice of the essential principles and sublime duties of Christian ethics.

But while it is our intention to furnish a progressive course of reading, commencing at the very bottom line, and unfolding into an expansion only limited by our means and resources, we shall, as far as possible, without dilution, avoid the dry and formal phraseology of the schools, and we hope to show, in the beautiful mysteries we shall unfold, that Truth is not only stranger but far more attractive and charming than Fiction.

We have already engaged the assistance of writers who combine the most enchanting graces of style with profound scholarship; and we shall have access to the best scientific publications, both of this country and Europe, and thus command all new and important discoveries, and every thing that marks the progress of Truth and the development of Mind.

By a careful perusal of the above, it will be seen, that, if we are enabled to accomplish our purpose, we shall have no rival, perhaps no competitor in this country. With a deep sense of the labor and responsibility of such a work, yet with a serene faith, not only in our ability to please, but—under the direction of Wisdom—to impart a substantial blessing to the rising generation, we commend our enterprise to the special attention of Youth, Parents and Guardians, every where. But above all do we ask the co-operation of Teachers, *for it is our first object to establish it as a Reading Book in Schools.* It is a fact that must be evident to every intelligent Instructor, that the progress in this department of education has not kept pace with other reforms of the day.

The same old book, read from day to day, from year to year, and from one generation to another, will weary and at length disgust the most zealous scholar. But a monthly periodical such as we propose to make the Young People's Journal, would furnish to the student at school and to families a continued succession of interest and delight. Thus presented, Truth would never lose its power to captivate and govern the mind, nor would Beauty and Sublimity pall upon the mental taste; but the mind and heart would be constantly open and interested in the continually changing series of readings. Much of the indifference to Literature and mental cultivation may be imputed to the distaste acquired at school through the injudicious mode of drilling the pupil perpetually in the same reading exercises. But here is a remedy for the evil. One Number of our Magazine may be mastered in the course of the month. With each succeeding number the student will be furnished with new lessons of increasing interest. And besides the mere practice in Elocution, much scientific and other valuable information will have been acquired. Indeed, while the scholar is learning to read, he will cultivate a taste for what is refined and elegant in Literature, and acquire a comprehensive knowledge of the Arts and Sciences.

Another important feature of our plan is comprehended in the design to render the Journal a familiar Manual of Science and Art, for Mechanics, Farmers and the Operatives, whether male or female, in all the industrial departments. Embodying as it will courses of reading, disrobed, as far as may be compatible with scientific instruction, of all dry technicalities it will be a pleasant relief from their daily toils, and we humbly hope to subserve important interests in the intellectual expansion and elevation of thousands. We respectfully but earnestly appeal to the industrial classes to aid in the circulation of this work. All who have the ability to perceive the innate beauty and dignity of true and honest labor, will readily discover that their interest and happiness is identified with this enterprise, as it aims at the development of the *general mind.* It is only in this way, that we may rationally hope to exalt and dignify the common Humanity. Thus, the Laborer is to be invested with a higher power, and elevated to his natural position of equality, with those who now stand above him, only because they are more enlightened and refined. We are beginning at last, to be sensible that the only intrinsic difference in the classes of men, consists in their different degrees of mental and moral development. Hence to Reform the world, we must Develop the world. Not its physical strength and resources alone, but its moral forces and intellectual faculties; for we are strong only in virtue, and Mind is, and must continue to be, the presiding power of the Universe.

Though designed especially for the Young and rudamental minds, our Magazine will neither be puerile nor childish, but we shall endeavor to make all its articles lucid and attractive; and while it is thus adapted to the wants of the many, we hope

to gain for it an interest, even with persons of the finest taste, and the highest intellect.

The Patrons of the Univercœlum, at least those who are alive to the importance of early impressions, and are conscious of the wants of the rising generation, will require no apology for the length of this article. Nor will it be necessary to urge the claims of the Young People's Journal, when it is known that Mrs. Frances H. Green, is to be its Editor. This Lady is not only pre-eminently qualified by her scientific attainments and the splendor of her genius to conduct a work of the character proposed, but with the Readers of this paper her peculiar claims to favor will be promptly acknowledged. From the commencement of our enterprise she has labored untiringly with mind and heart, and pen,—and without the promise or expectation of any pecuniary return. Her articles have occupied a large space in our columns; and whether considered in respect to their literary character and brilliancy, or the pure and exalted sentiments they contain, they have contributed, at least, as much as those of any other writer, toward the acquisition and maintainance of the high character which our paper has hitherto sustained. We are quite sure that the readers of the Univercœlum, will be moved to encourage her in the commencement of a great and arduous enterprise, especially, as by so doing, they may be furnished with a work far outweighing in its intrinsic importance, the trifling sacrifice at which it is obtained.

The Young People's Journal will be published Monthly, at No. 235 Broadway, by the undersigned, at the low price of One Dollar per Annum, payable on delivery of the first number. We desire our Readers, old and young, male and female, and especially all Teachers and Post Masters to act as Agents. Let each one send as many names of subscribers as possible, in the course of the ensuing month. The subscription price need not be forwarded until the first number is issued.

S. B. Brittan.

THE TRAVELING SEASON.

Those who travel for pleasure during the summer months should not neglect an excursion up the Hudson River. Several thousand persons pass daily, to and from the cities of New York, Albany and Troy, furnished with all the accommodations which the most elaborate taste and lavish expenditure can provide. The diversified beauty and grandeur of the scenery, the numerous objects of interest along the shore, some of which are identified with great names and thrilling memories—indeed, all things combine to render this great thoroughfare one of the finest in the world. An excursion north or west, to Saratoga, Lake George, or Niagara, presents great attractions, and at this season there is a mighty tide of life setting that way.

Our friends and others who may be seeking health or pleasure in that direction, and may have occasion to stop in Albany, would do well to inquire for the "Eagle Tavern." This House is conveniently situated, and is admirably managed by the proprietors, Messrs. Houghton and Acker; and we hazard nothing in saying that those who call there will be entertained in the most agreeable manner, and on reasonable terms. A personal acquaintance with the gentlemanly proprietors of this House cannot fail to induce the most favorable opinion of their character and claims to patronage. We knew Capt Houghton when he commanded the most beautiful of the floating palaces on the River; and we also know that, in every capacity he has been a special favorite with the traveling public. We cannot, in this place, perform a more important service for our friends, who may pass that way, than by recommending them to the polite guardianship of the Captain. S. B. B.

The most important rule of morality is this: Never do an injury to any one.

WATER.

This is one of the elements without which we could not exist. Neither animal nor vegetable life could possibly continue without water. Now the rains descend from heaven, and the dews fall lightly on the parched earth, causing it to bud and bring forth, that it may give "seed to the sower and bread to the eater." The earth is arrayed in all her charms. Everything is bright, and beautiful, and joyous. The fountains send up their crystal waters beneath the cool shade, or, bursting their chains in the everlasting hills, pour out their contents to irrigate the plains and vallies below.

We hear the music of ten thousand voices, and nature, animate and inanimate, unite in swelling the great anthem of praise to Him who formed "the heavens, and the earth, and the fountains of waters." The chiming of the little rill trickling from rugged rocks and mountain steeps, is borne along by the passing zephyr; the faint murmuring of the distant waterfall comes to us on the evening breeze, and the soft low music of rippling streams falls soothingly on the sense, as they meet and their voices mingle into harmony. And then comes the solemn bass in Nature's anthem—the utterance of the Thunders—the din of Cataracts, and the hollow voices of assembled Oceans. All Creation is vocal. But once let the order of Nature be disturbed; let the natural process of exhalation by which our earth is watered and, fertilized be interrupted, and the scene would speedily be changed. The pale hues of death would steal over the bright and beautiful things of earth; the sweet spirit of the sounds and the odors would evanish, and all Nature would be silent from mourning. S. B. B.

THE NEW CREATION.

"All things," said Swedenborg, "stand prepared and ready, and await the light." Enigmatical as this may seem, it contains a truth that reaches out into infinitude. The earth is prepared for a new creation of Hearts and glories, and fruits. The animal kingdom is prepared for a transformation into types and species of a lovelier and finer form. Institutions of Church, state and society, having fulfilled their use, having developed new and higher systems within themselves, are to pass away and give place to the Divine Creator. And Man having passed through the rudimental and materialistic portions of his progress, draws nigh the time when the spiritual shall be unfolded in its turn. The Light is breaking. The higher spheres of being are infusing their high and perfect wisdom into the intellect and heart of man. "Let the earth be glad. Let the inhabitants thereof rejoice before the Lord, for he cometh. to judge the world with righteousness; and the people with her truth."

M. M.

The light of science is insufficient, and the perceptive powers of man too feeble, to enable him to understand all the secret and mysterious operations that are going on around him. The machinery of nature is so exceedingly complicated, and its movements so profoundly intricate, as to perplex the wisest philosopher.

A friend at Chester, (A. Pratt, M. D.,) is entitled to our profound acknowledgments for his interest in our behalf. To his suggestion we can only say that, as there exists a great diversity with respect to the ability and the disposition to aid in any enterprise, we may not venture to make figures for others. We are satisfied to leave the way, manner, etc., to the individual decision of our friends.

W. T. Jones, Napierville, Dupage Co. Ill., will perceive that our terms are not changed. Those who feel moved to respond to the Circular refered to, will confer a lasting obligation, which we shall hold in grateful remembrance.

Poetry.

WEETAWEE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM,

BY FANNY GREEN.

The last military adventure of Major Church, who, it will be remembered, was an officer who greatly distinguished himself in King Philip's War, was an attack on Penobscot. In this expedition he took many prisoners; and among them the daughter of Castine, a French gentleman who had married the daughter of a Penobscot Sachem, with whom he had also entered into a military alliance, adopting the habits of the natives, among whom he chiefly resided. It may be added, that though the young captive of Church was treated with no marked unkindness, she soon pined away, and died.

—

Evening o'er Pettiquamscot threw
Her robe of many brilliant dyes,
Till bay, and wood, and streamlet, grew
Bright as the Western Paradise
Where the Great Spirit liveth. There
He sits forever, throned in light,
Upon a full-orbed living sun,—
And dark-eyed maids, with jeweled hair,
Are bending round the blessed one—
And rainbow drapery floateth o'er
Th' enameled walls, and star-gemmed floor—
Softening the radiance, and the might,
Which, else, might blind the looker on.

The sinking sun bent o'er the wave
With fervid kiss and smile,
And back the grateful waters gave
His glorious image, with a thrill,
Joyous and tender, trembling still,
Like the young bosom where Love's sun,
Through mist and cloud hath just shone out—
And shadows vanish, one by one—
As if its joy were half a doubt—
Its new-born hope a wile.

The clouds were glorious. Castle, fane,
And city, loomed out from the sky,
With gold and purple banners, high
Floating amid their spires, and flinging
Radiance on all, beneath—around—
From clouds, and wild-birds, nest-ward winging,
To mountain brow, and desert ground.
Others, like crested ghosts of slain
And mighty heroes, from the main
Stood leaning to the occident—
Their brows enwreathed with diadems
Of burnished gold, and living gems—
As if the master-passion moved
The spirit still, to deeds it loved,
While warring through the world they went—
And the dark spoilers had been far,
Where all the sparkling treasures are,
Whence Iris gems her shadowy arch—
And robbed the richest casket there;
Then, on their back triumphal march,
Had woven the gems among their hair,
And flung the rest, profuse, on air.
All splendid colorings came and went—
As stooping mountains, light, or gray—
In gloomy grandeur, threatening, bent,
Or sailed on ether far away.

Robed in Nature's peerless charms
Lovely Pettiquamscot lay,
Clasping in her sea-girt arms
All the pleasantness of May.
Leafy tree, and tinted flower,
Shadowy vale, and rock-built tower,
Fashioned by the Great Builder's hand,
And forest arch, and vine-wrought bower,
Were scattered o'er the land;—
While Ocean, with his dimpling isles,
Softening his rough cheek with smiles,
Like a wearied warrior slept—
One hand upon the slackened rein,
That rested on the flowing mane
Of his right gallant steed—
Ready to wake at sound of strife,
To all his wild, terrific life,
And high heroic deed.
The stir of woods, and murmuring bees,
And nestlings chirping in the trees,
Were mingled with the dreamy tones
Of brooks that well nigh slept,
And sighing winds, and tender moans
From haunts where wild doves wept.

But there was one who lingered not
To mark the glory of the sky,
Or loveliness of that wild spot—
For death was in her stony eye—
Her hands were clasped—her brow was cold—
Her sands of life were nearly told—
And she came there to die.

O none may ever think to know
The griefs, the pangs, the links of wo,
That festered in her sinking heart,
And killed the chords that would not part—
And crushed the hopes that still must be—
'Till life became a mockery,
Save some poor child who e'er hath slept
Beneath a parent's eye,
Where every tear that childhood wept
The hand of love would dry;—
But torn at once from friends and home,
Hath knelt in some proud tyrant's dome,
Crying for liberty—or death—
But is compelled the boon of breath
To keep—while every fount of joy
The chain would poison, or destroy.

Such was the fate of Weetawee—
Erewhile as blest as child may be.
Her father was a chieftain high,
Her brethren warriors strong—
Like a fair dream her life went by—
Nor stayed the vision long—
Her mighty father, proud Castine,
Penobscot's sachem, long had been
Marked by the Christian hero's eye,
As one of prowess, wild and high,
A bold and desperate foe;
For the strongest warriors feared to die,
When woke his bended bow.

The Christian sought Penobscot's shore—
Her chieftains fell—to rise no more—
Their hunting-grounds, and hope—and might—
He wrested from the strong;—
And if he trespassed nature's right,
May God forgive the wrong!

They sleep, alike, with clod-wreathed brow—
The conquered, and the conqueror—now.

Poor Weetawee!—Her brethren fell—
Her sire was far away—
And from her home—O, sad to tell!
The child was torn away!—
Her native land, so glad and free—
The streams and wood-wreathed mountains,
Where, moment-like, her hours would flee—
The silvery lakes and fountains,
That mirrored oft her light canoe—
Or with their mystic warblings, threw
O'er her young soul the poesy
Of ardent nature—all must be
As they had never been—No more
Her truant foot would thread the shore,
Where oft at early dawn she flew,
Fleet as the wind—pure as the dew—
With joyous carols, wild and high,
Daring the lark to rivalry—
Till the sweet minstrel of the sky,
Amid her sunny drapery,
Hath paused from her own song, to hear
Numbers that witched her willing ear:—
That song is mute—it e'er must be—
The bird-like song of Weetawee!

The captive girl had never met
With one unkindness that should wet
Her dark eye with a tear;
But what was kindness, from the hand
That tore her from her native land,
And made her green life sere?
Where was her mother?---where were all
That could her loving heart enthral?
Where was her noble father?---When
She thought of him her heart would burn,
And leap as it would burst---
Her cruel bondage she would spurn---
And then essay to fly---and *then*---
Look on the chain accurst!---
'Till misery each poor comfort stole---
And fetters clanked within her soul.

Behold her now on yonder rock
Whose battlements have met the shock
Of elemental strife,
Learning all violence to mock,
Since first the world had life.
The craggy capital and brow
With lightnings have been wreathed;
Yet they are strong and haughty now---
And standeth firm the rugged base,
Though there the waves found warring place,
Fore'er, since Ocean breathed.

She standeth on the shelving hight
In her last hour---alone---
While o'er her brow the mellow light
From the rich West is thrown---
One long look toward her native land
Went o'er the slumbering sea---
With straining eye, and lifted hand,
And supplicating knee,
She breathed her last farewell, to all
Whose yet-unsevered ties enthral
Her soul's new liberty.

She turned her slowly---and sat down---
Looking with tearful eye,
Afar away o'er hill-top brown
To the south-western sky.
A cloud of dark hair floateth o'er
Her marble cheek and brow---
Humble, and sad, and weak, no more---
She is a princess now---
The spirits of her mighty sires
Are gathering around---
Now wake her eyes' long-dormant fires---
She feels her chain unbound---
And list! the wild death-numbers flow
In music solemn, sweet, and low;---
And ah, a sad, heart-breaking tale
Is breathing in that plaintive wail!

* * * *

The numbers cease. The head is low
Upon her icy breast---
And from its last of earthly wo
Her soul hath gone to rest.

POOR MAN'S EVENING HYMN.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

God of the poor man! hear us,
Thou giver of all good!
At this our meal be near us—
Bless, bless our humble food.
We have been toiling through the day,
Sleep hangs upon each brow,
But through the dim night hear us pray,
Look down, and bless us now.

God of the poor man! heed us,
As thus on bended knee,
For all thou hast decreed us:
We praise and glory thee.
The hands that made the wealthy,
Unmake them at thy will;
They make us strong and healthy,
May we remain so still.

God of the poor man, listen,
To those whose all is gone
To those whose eyelids glisten,
With sorrow, deep and lone:
Oh answer, we beseech thee,
Their broken, anguished prayer:
Let their dark woes first reach thee,
Then beam on us now here!

God of the poor man! lowly
His heart with love doth beat;
He hath no gift more holy,
To deck thy mercy seat:
Take it, or Father, though it be
Shaded with earthly sin;
Nought else hath he to offer thee—
Oh! make it right within.

God of the poor man! shining
Amidst his little cot,
Though fortune be declining,
With thee how bright his lot!
Guard now the night before us,
Let quiet slumber come;
Spread, spread thy mantle o'er us,
And bless the poor man's home.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE MAN THAT KILLED HIS NEIGHBORS.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

Founded on Fact.

It is curious to observe how a man's spiritual state reflects itself in the people and animals around him; nay, in the very garments, trees and stones.

Reuben Black was an infestation in the neighborhood where he resided. The very sight of him produced effects similar to the Hindoo magical tune, called Raug, which is said to bring on clouds, storms and earthquakes. His wife seemed lean, sharp and uncomfortable. The heads of his boys had a bristling aspect, as if each individual hair stood on end with perpetual fear. The cows poked out their horns horizontally, as soon as he opened the barn-yard gate. The dog dropped his tail between his legs, and eyed him askance, to see what humor he was in. The cat looked wild and scraggy, and had been known to rush straight up the chimney when he moved towards her. Fanny Kemble's expressive description of the Pennsylvanian stage-horses was exactly suited to Reuben's poor old nag, "His hide resembled an old hair trunk." Continual whipping and kicking had made him such a stoic, that no amount of blows could quicken his pace, and no chirruping could change the dejected drooping of his head. All his natural language said, as plain as a horse *could* say it, that he was a most unhappy beast. Even the trees on Reuben's premises had a gnarled and knotted appearance. The bark wept little sickly tears of gum, and the branches grew awry, as if they felt the continual discord, and made sorry faces at each other behind their owners back. His fields were red with sorrel, or run over with mullein. Every thing seemed as hard and arid as his own visage. Every day, he cursed the town and the neighborhood, because they poisoned his dogs, and stoned his hens, and shot his cats. Continual law-suits involved him in so much expense that he had neither time nor money to spend on the improvement of his farm.

Against Joe Smith, a poor laborer in the neighborhood, he had brought three suits in succession. Joe said he had returned a spade he borrowed, and Reuben swore he had not. He sued Joe, and recovered damages, for which he ordered the sheriff to seize his pig. Joe, in his wrath, called him an old swindler, and a curse to the neighborhood. These remarks were soon repeated to Reuben. He brought an action for libel, and recovered twenty-five cents. Provoked at the laugh this occasioned, he watched for Joe to pass by, and set his big dog upon him, screaming furiously, "Call me an old swindler again, will you?" An evil spirit is more contagious than the plague. Joe went home and scolded his wife, and boxed little Joe's ears, and kicked the cat; and not one of them knew what it was for. A fortnight after, Reuben's big dog was found dead by poison. Whereupon he brought another action against Joe Smith, and not being able to prove him guilty of the charge of dog-murder, he took his revenge by poisoning a pet lamb, belonging to Mrs. Smith. Thus the bad game went on, with mutual worriment and loss. Joe's temper grew more and more vindictive, and the love of talking over his troubles at the grog shop increased upon him. Poor Mrs. Smith cried and said it was all owing to Reuben Black; for a better hearted man never lived than her Joe, when she first married him.

Such was the state of things when Simeon Green purchased the farm adjoining Reuben's. The estate had been much neglected, and had caught thistles and mullein from the neighboring fields. But Simeon was a diligent man, blessed by nature with a healthy organisation and a genial temperament; and a wise and kind education had aided nature in the perfection of her goodly work. His provident industry soon changed the aspect of things on the farm. River-mud, autumn-leaves, old shoes and old bones, were all put in requisition to assist in the production of use and beauty. The trees with branches pruned, and bark scraped free from moss and insects, soon looked clean and vigorous. Fields of grain waved where weeds had rioted. Persian lilacs bowed gracefully over the simple gateway. Michigan roses covered half the house with their abundant clusters. Even the rough rock, which formed the door-step, was edged with golden moss. The sleek horse, feeding in clover, tossed his mane and neighed when his master came near; as much as to say, "The world is all the pleasanter for having you in it, Simeon Green!" The old cow, fondling her calf under the great walnut tree, walked up to him with serious friendly face, asking for the slice of sugar-beet he was wont to give her. Chanticleer, strutting about, with his troop of plump hens and downy little chickens, took no trouble to keep out of his way, but flapped his glossy wings and crowed a welcome in his very face. When Simeon turned his steps homeward, the boys threw up their caps and ran out shouting, "Father's coming!" and the little Mary went toddling up to him, with a dandelion blossom to place in his button-hole. His wife was a woman of few words, but she sometimes said to her neighbors, with a quiet kind of satisfaction, "Everybody loves my husband, that knows him. They can't help it."

Simeon Green's acquaintance knew that he was never engaged in a law-suit in his life; but they predicted that he would find it impossible to avoid it now. They told him his next neighbor was determined to quarrel with people, whether they would or not; that he was like John Lilburne, of whom Judge Jenkins said, "If the world was emptied of every person but himself, Lilburne would still quarrel with John, and John with Lilburne."

"Is that his character?" said Simeon. "If he exercises it upon me I will soon kill him."

In every neighborhood there are individuals who like to foment disputes, not from any definite intention of malice or mischief, but merely because it makes a little ripple in the dull stream of life, like a contest between dogs or game-cocks. Such people were not slow in repeating Simeon Green's remark about his wrangling neighbor. "Kill *me!* will he?" exclaimed Reuben. He said no more; but his tightly compressed mouth had such a significant expression that his dog dodged him, as he would the track of a tiger. That very night Reuben turned his horse into the highway, in hopes he would commit some depredations on neighbor Green's premises. But Joe Smith, seeing the animal at large, let down the bars of Reuben's own cornfield, and the poor beast walked in, and feasted as he had not done for many a year. It would have been a satisfaction to Reuben if he could have brought a law-suit against his horse; but as it was, he was obliged to content himself with beating him. His next exploit was to shoot Mary Green's handsome chanticler, because he stood on the stone wall and crowed, in the ignorant joy of his heart, two inches beyond the frontier line that bounded the contiguous farms. Simeon said he was sorry because his wife and children liked the pretty creature; but otherwise it was no great matter. He had been intending to build a poultry yard, with a good high fence, that his hens might not annoy his neighbors; and now he was admonished to make haste and do it. He would build them a snug warm house to roost in; they should have plenty of gravel and oats, and room to promenade back and forth, and crow and cackle to their hearts' content; and there could enjoy themselves, and be out of harm's way.

But Reuben Black had a degree of ingenuity and perseverance which might have produced great results for mankind, had those qualities been devoted to some more noble purpose than provoking quarrels. A pear tree in his garden very improperly stretched over a friendly arm into Simeon Green's premises. Whether the sunny state of things there had a cheer-

ing effect on the tree I know not; but it happened that this overhanging bough bore more abundant fruit, and glowed with a richer hue, than the other boughs. One day, little George Green, as he went whistling along, picked up a pear that had fallen into his father's garden. The instant he touched it he felt something on the back of his neck, like the sting of a wasp. It was Reuben Black's whip, followed by such a storm of angry words that the poor child rushed into the house in an agony of terror. But this experiment failed also. The boy was soothed by his mother, and told not to go near the pear tree again; and there the matter ended.

This imperturable good nature vexed Reuben more than all the tricks and taunts he met from others. Evil efforts he could understand, and repay with compound interest; but he did not know what to make of this perpetual forbearance. It seemed to him there must be something contemptuous in it. He disliked Simeon Green more than all the rest of the town put together, because he made him feel so uncomfortably in the wrong, and did not afford him the slightest pretext for complaint. It was annoying to see everything in his neighbor's domains looking so happy, and presenting such a bright contrast to the forlornness of his own. When their wagons passed each other on the road, it seemed as if Simeon's horse tossed his head higher, and flung out his mane, as if he knew he was going by Reuben Black's old nag. He often said he supposed Green covered his house with roses and honeysuckles on purpose to shame *his* bare walls. But he didn't care—not he! He wasn't going to be fool enough to rot *his* boards with such stuff. But no one resented his disparaging remarks, or sought to provoke him in any way. The roses smiled, the horse neighed, and the calf capered; but none of them had the least idea they were insulting Reuben Black. Even the dog had no malice in his heart, though he did one night chase home his geese, and bark at them through the bars. Reuben told his master the next day, he swore he would bring an action against him if he didn't keep that dog at home; and Simeon answered very quietly that he would try to take better care of him. For several days a strict watch was kept, in hopes Towzer would worry the geese again; but they paced home undisturbed, and not a solitary bow-wow furnished excuse for a law-suit.

The new neighbors not only declined quarrelling, but they occasionally made positive advances toward a friendly relation. Simeon's wife sent Mrs. Black a large basket full of very fine cherries. Pleased with the unexpected attention, she cordially replied, "Tell your mother it was *very* kind of her, and I am very much obliged to her." Reuben, who sat smoking in the chimney corner, listened to this message once without any manifestation of impatience, except whiffing the smoke through his pipe a little faster and fiercer than usual. But when the boy was going out of the door, and the friendly words were again repeated, he exclaimed, "Don't make a fool of yourself, Peg. They want to give us a hint to send a basket of our pears; that's the upshot of the business. You may send 'em a basket when they are ripe; for I scorn to be under obligation, especially to your smooth-tongued folks." Poor Peggy, whose arid life had been for the moment refreshed with a little dew of kindness, admitted distrust into her bosom, and the halo that radiated round the ripe glowing cherries departed.

Not long after this advance toward good neighborhood, some laborers employed by Simeon Green passing over a bit of marshy ground, with a heavy team, stuck fast in a bog occasioned by long continued rain. The poor oxen were entirely unable to extricate themselves, and Simeon ventured to ask assistance from his waspish neighbor, who was working at a short distance. Reuben replied gruffly, "I've got enough to do to attend to my own business." The civil request that he might be allowed to use his oxen and chains for a few moments, being answered in the same surly tone, Simeon silently walked off, in search of a more obliging neighbor.

The men, who were left waiting with the patient suffering oxen, scolded about Reuben's ill-nature, and said they hoped he would get stuck in the same bog himself. Their employer rejoined, "If he does, we will do our duty and help him out." "There is such a thing as being too good natured," said they. "If Reuben Black takes the notion that people are afraid of him, it makes him trample on them worse than ever."

"Oh, wait a while," replied Mr. Green, smiling, "I will kill him before long. Wait and see if I don't kill him."

It chanced, soon after, that Reuben's team did stick fast in the same bog, as the workmen had wished. Simeon observed it from a neighboring field, and gave directions that the oxen and chains should be immediately conveyed to his assistance. The men laughed, shook their heads, and said it was good enough for the old hornet. They, however, cheerfully proceeded to do as their employer had requested. "You are in a bad situation, neighbor," said Simeon, as he came along side of the foundered team. "But my men are coming with two yoke of oxen, and I think we shall soon manage to help you out." "You may take your oxen back again," replied Reuben; "I don't want any of your help." In a very friendly tone Simeon answered, "I cannot consent to do that; for evening is coming on, and you have very little time to lose. It is a bad job any time, but it will be still worse in the dark." "Light or dark, I don't ask *your* help," replied Reuben, emphatically. "I wouldn't help you out of the bog, the other day, when you asked *me*." "The trouble I had in relieving my poor oxen teaches me to sympathise with others in the same situation," answered Simeon. "Don't let us waste words about it, neighbor. It is impossible for me to go home and leave you here in the bog, and night coming on."

The team was soon drawn out, and Simeon and his men went away, without waiting for thanks. When Reuben went home that night, he was unusually silent and thoughtful. After smoking a while, in deep contemplation, he gently knocked the ashes from his pipe and said, with a sigh, "Peg, Simeon Green *has* killed me!" "What *do* you mean?" said his wife, dropping her knitting, with a look of surprise. "You know when he first came into this neighborhood, he *said* he'd kill me," replied Reuben; "and he has done it. The other day he asked me to help draw his team out of the bog, and I told him I had enough to do to attend to my own business. To day my team stuck fast in the same bog, and he came with two yoke of oxen to draw it out. I felt sort of ashamed to have *him* lend me a hand, so I told him I didn't want any of his help; but he answered, just as pleasant as if nothing contrary had ever happened, that night was coming on, and he was not willing to leave me there in the mud." "It was very good of him," replied Peggy. "He is a pleasant-spoken man, and always has a pretty word to say to the boys. His wife seems to be a nice neighborly body, too." Reuben made no answer; but after meditating awhile, he remarked, "Peg, you know that big ripe melon down at the bottom of the garden? you may as well carry it over there, in the morning." His wife said she would, without asking him to explain where "over there" was.

But when the morning came Reuben walked back and forth, and round and round, with that sort of aimless activity, often manifested by hens, and by fashionable idlers, who feel restless, and don't know what to run after. At length the cause of his uncertain movements was explained, by his saying, in the form of a question, "I guess I may as well carry the melon myself, and thank him for his oxen? In my flurry down there in the marsh I didn't think to say I was obliged to him."

He marched off toward the garden, and his wife stood at the door, with one hand on her hip, and the other shading the sun from her eyes, to see if he really would carry the melon into Simeon Green's house. It was the most remarkable incident that had happened since her marriage. She could hardly believe her own eyes. He walked quick, as if afraid he should not be able to carry the unusual impulse into action if he stop-

ped to re-consider the question. When he found himself in Mr. Green's house, he felt extremely awkward, and hastened to say, "Mrs. Green, here is a melon my wife sent you, and we reckon it's a ripe one." Without manifesting any surprise at such unexpected courtesy, the friendly matron thanked him, and invited him to sit down. But he stood playing with the latch of the door, and without raising his eyes said, "May be Mr. Green ain't in, this morning?"

"He is at the pump, and will be in directly," she replied; and before her words were spoken, the honest man walked in, with a face as fresh and bright as a June morning. He stepped right up to Reuben, shook his hand cordially, and said, "I am glad to see you neighbor Take a chair. Take a chair."

"Thank you, I can't stop," replied Reuben. He pushed his hat on one side, rubbed his head, looked out of the window, and then said suddenly, as if by a desperate effort, "The fact is, Mr Green, I didn't behave right about the oxen."

"Never mind, never mind," replied Mr. Green. "Perhaps I shall get into the bog again some of these rainy days. If I do, I shall know whom to call upon."

"Why you see," said Reuben, still very much confused, and avoiding Simeon's mild clear eye, "you see the neighbors about here are very ugly. If I had always lived by such neighbors as you are, I shouldn't be just as I am."

"Ah, well, we must try to be to others what we want them to be to us," rejoined Simeon. "You know the good book says so. I have learned by experience that if we speak kind words, we hear kind echoes. If we try to make others happy, it fills them with a wish to make us happy. Perhaps you and I can bring the neighborhood round, in time. Who knows? Let us try, Mr. Black, let us try. But come and look at my orchard. I want to show you a tree which I have grafted with very choice apples. If you like, I will procure you some scions from the same stock."

They went into the orchard together, and a friendly chat soon put Reuben at his ease. When he returned home, he made no remarks about his visit; for he could not, as yet, summon sufficient greatness of soul to tell his wife that he had confessed himself in the wrong. A gun stood behind the kitchen door, in readiness to shoot Mr. Green's dog for having barked at his horse. He now fired the contents into the air, and put the gun away in the barn. From that day, henceforth, he never sought for any pretext to quarrel with either the dog or his master. A short time after, Joe Smith, to his utter astonishment, saw him pat Towzer on the head, and heard him say, "Good fellow!"

Simeon Green was far too magnanimous to repeat to any one that his quarrelsome neighbor had confessed himself to blame. He merely smiled as he said to his wife, "I thought we should kill him, after a while."

Joe Smith did not believe in such doctrines. When he heard of the adventures in the marsh, he said, "Sim Green's a fool. When he first came here he talked very big about killing folks, if they didn't mind their P's and Q's. But he don't appear to have as much spirit as a worm; for a worm will turn when it is trod upon."

Poor Joe had grown more intemperate and more quarrelsome, till at last nobody would employ him. About a year after the memorable incident of the water melon, some one stole several valuable hides from Mr. Green. He did not mention the circumstance to any one but his wife; and they both had reasons for suspecting that Joe was the thief. The next week, the following anonymous advertisement appeared in the newspaper of the county:

"Whoever stole a lot of hides on Friday night, the 5th of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish te be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction a secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement of course excited a good deal o remark. There was much debate whether or not the thief would avail himself of the friendly offer. Some said he would be a greenhorn if he did; for it was manifestly a trap to catch him. But he who had committed the dishonest deed alone knew whence the benevolent offer came: and he knew that Simeon Green was not a man to set traps for his fellow creatures.

A few nights afterward a timid knock was heard at Simeon's door, just as the family were retiring to rest. When the door was opened Joe Smith was seen on the steps, with a load of hides on his shoulder. Without raising his eyes, he said in a low humble tone, "I have brought these back, Mr. Green. Where shall I put them?"

"Wait a moment, till I can light a lanthorn, and I will go to the barn with you," he replied. "Then you will come in, and tell me how it happened. We will see what can be done for you."

Mrs. Green knew that Joe often went hungry, and had become accustomed to the stimulus of rum. She therefore hastened to make hot coffee, and brought from the closet some cold meat and a pie.

When they returned from the barn she said, "I thought you might feel the better for a little warm supper, neighbor Smith." Joe turned his back toward her, and did not speak. He leaned his head against the chimney, and after a moment's silence he said in a choked voice, "It was the first time I ever stole anything; and I have felt very bad about it. I don't know how it is. I didn't think once I ever should come to be what I am. But I took to quarrelling, and then to drinking. Since I began to go down hill, every body gives me a kick. You are the first man that has offered me a helping hand. My wife is feeble, and my children starving. You have sent them many a meal, God bless you! and yet I stole the hides from you, meaning to sell them the first chance I could get. But I tell you the truth, Mr. Green, it is the first time I ever deserved the name of thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," said Simeon pressing his hand kindly. "The secret shall remain between ourselves. You are young and can make up for lost time. Come, now, give me a promise that you will not drink one drop of intoxicating liquor for a year and I will employ you to-morrow, at good wages. Mary will go to see your family early in the morning, and perhaps we may find some employment for them also. The little boy can at least pick up stones. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee. It will keep you from wanting to drink anything stronger to-night. You will find it hard to abstain, at first Joseph; but keep up a brave heart, for the sake of your wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When you feel the need of coffee, tell my Mary, and she will always give it to you."

Joe tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. He was nervous and excited. After an ineffectual effort to compose himself, he laid his head on the table and wept like a child.

After a while, Simeon persuaded him to bathe his head in cold water, and he ate and drank with a good appetite. When he went away, the kind-hearted host said, "Try to do well, Joseph, and you shall always find a friend in me."

The poor fellow pressed his hand, and replied, "I understand now how it is you kill bad neighbors."

He entered in Mr. Green's service the next day, and remained in it many years, an honest and faithful man.

If this life be indeed a shadow, and the next the reality; if the reserved inheritance of the future be all that sanctifies the gift of the present, and if the assurance of that be all that saves this from being the mocking pageant of a motley show, a glittering, tinselled cheat, where we play at being, but are not; no loftier labor may occupy our maturest speculative and reasoning powers, than the consideration of that state, its materials, its modes, its promises. E. F.

"THE REPUBLIC."

We are not about to furnish an essay on the most approved system of government, but simply a passing notice of a Cooking Stove, bearing this name---the best (the Ladies being judges) which has thus far presented its claims to a place in the Kitchen department. It is manufactured by our friend, George E. Waring, Stamford, Conn., to whom all orders may be addressed.

We have been intending, for some weeks, to acknowledge the reception of one of these stoves, but have delayed doing so on account of absence from home, and the many and pressing demands on our time and attention. But we are now prepared to give the testimony of a practical housekeeper, which should be considered the best evidence of the superior merits of this new invention. From the following testimony it is safe to infer that the Ladies will defend "The Republic." Ed.

A HOUSEWIFE'S OPINION.

Having had considerable experience in regard to the merits and capabilities of various kinds of stoves, I may be permitted, at the risk of transcending my "appropriate sphere," to say a word of commendation for Mr. Waring's new Cooking Stove. In the first place its external appearance is very agreeable and inviting; and this is by no means unimportant; for the ministry of the Beautiful, even in the common and familiar implements of daily use, is not without its good effect. The castings are remarkably smooth and fine, and the stove, when neatly kept, though especially designed for the kitchen, would not be out of place in any ordinary sitting-room. So much for the *outside*; but of its interior properties, since they are founded on deeper and more intricate laws, it may not be so easy for the "weak woman-hand" to attempt a discussion: however, in my homely way, I will speak a word of these also.

There have been so many aspirants for culinary favor from time to time presented to the world, with such an array of merits, whether fancied or real, set forth with all the pompous art of puffery, that it really seems difficult to say an honest word, honestly, without incurring the suspicion that there is a selfish motive lurking at the bottom of one's theme; but at all risk of this kind, I proceed with the subject.

The conveniences for baking, boiling, broiling, and frying, are certainly *unrivaled*; and in addition to the usual appurtenances, there are two nice tin ovens, of different sizes, a most important feature to the good housekeeper, who has to cater for delicate palates. Thus, while all the other processes are quietly going on, as genuine a roast can be obtained as ever graced the commodious fires of the pilgrims themselves. The heat of the oven is so finely tempered, that the most delicate biscuit, and pastry, will come out unscared, while large loaves of cake, and brown-bread, will be as evenly and thoroughly done as in a brick oven. The fixtures are numerous, convenient, and finely finished; and I think that all housekeepers who are so fortunate as to make the experiment, will agree with me in saying that they never knew *any* stove, where so much can be done at once, and so well done, with so very moderate an expenditure of fuel, as in this. Indeed I have been persuaded, ever since it came into the house, that the "nutmegs," and "cucumber seeds," out there in Connecticut, cannot be *all* "wooden;" for I have the happiness to say that they have sent us at least one genuine article.

Trusting that no evil minded or too sensitive fellow citizen will be disposed to lynch me, for talking of stoves at this glowing season, and begging all who reject the thought of them as particularly ungenial at this time, to remember that wintry days are coming, I now close, hoping that all good husbands will anticipate a Christmas offering, by presenting every good wife with one of Waring's Stoves---and believing that they will best shew their patriotism in standing by "The Republic." F. H.

THE CONSCIOUS AND UNCONSCIOUS.

With whiz and glare the rocket rushed upward, proclaiming to all men, "Lo, I am coming! Look at *me!*" Gracefully it bent in the air, and sprinkled itself in shining fragments; but the gem-like sparks went out in the darkness, and a stick on the ground was all that remained of the rocket.

High above the horizon a radiant star shone in quiet glory, making the night time beautiful. Men knew not when it rose; for it went up in the stillness.

In a rich man's garden stands a pagoda. The noise of the hammers told of its progress, and all men knew how much was added to it day by day. It was a pretty toy, with curious carving and gilded bells. But it remained as skill had fashioned it, and grew not, nor cast seed into the future.

An oak noiselessly dropped an acorn near by, and two leaves sprang from the ground, and became a fair young tree. The gardener said to the hawthorn, "When did the oak go above you?" The hawthorn answered, "I do not know: for it passed quietly by in the night."

Thus does mere talent whizz and hammer, to produce the transient form of things, while genius unconsciously evolves the great and the beautiful, and "casts it silently into everlasting time." L. Maria Child.

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THE UNIVERCŒLUM
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