

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.

UPRIGHTNESS THE ONLY PATH TO SAFETY.

A SERMON

Delivered in the Unitarian Church, Southington, Ct., January 7, 1849,

BY J. K. INGALLS, Pastor.

[By request published in the Univercœlum.]

"He that walketh uprightly walketh surely."

Proverbs x. 9.

THERE are certain great laws or first principles which pervade universal Nature, and act with exceptionless uniformity. To these all worlds and beings are subject. The minutest particle of dust and the loftiest intelligence exist and act in conformity to their sway. The law of gravitation, if that be the proper term to signify the mutual attraction of all things, pervades the lowest and the highest orders of creation. The stone, removed from its resting place on the brink of the precipice, will assuredly tumble to the depths below. The tree, or fruit, or even animal is subject to the same law. Nor is this law varied for man, the lord of creation. Let him rashly tread the giddy height, and lose the power of self-balance, and he too, as well as all other material objects, will be hurled headlong down the steep declivity. To accommodate none does Nature suspend her laws, or ever excuse an actual violation.

Nor do these laws govern Man's physical nature alone. There is a unity in all, which secures a perfect system of correspondence that is discovered running through all the works of the divine Creator; so that similar principles, or the same in a higher form, may be traced in his social, moral, and intellectual being. It is for this reason that the most sublime truths in ethics may be illustrated and enforced by the most simple figures drawn from known operations in external Nature. It is indeed presumptive proof, at least, in favor of any hypothesis, if we can find a strict analogy for its support, under any one of the established laws. The whole method of figure and parable, which the received scriptures abound, is based on such correspondence.

In giving moral precepts, "the wise man" has drawn here a figure, forcible as it is simple, because appropriate to the subject of instruction. It comes under the law of gravitation. It is he who walks uprightly that walks safely. This is the posture in which he is least liable to lose self command, and in which he may exercise the powers of his frame to the best advantage. The application is readily seen. True to nature must be our moral walk, if we would securely tread the rugged pathway of human life. Indeed, this seems so plain, and the figure so pertinent, that the mere rehearsal should constitute a sufficient discourse. It would be so, would we rationally follow out and apply the truths involved; but it is so convenient and fashionable withal to have another do our thinking, that as great necessity exists for prolixity as though the subject was of the most complicated description.

What astonishment should we feel to observe a man passing in the streets, who seeks out props from among all objects, not

for the purpose of keeping his position upright, but to enable him to walk in an inclined one! It is no compliment to our judgment that we do not experience a like astonishment in view of the inconsistencies, both in theory and practice, of the popular systems of religion in respect to morals. For they seem to have been organized for the especial purpose of enabling men to set at nought all the laws of their nature, and yet escape the consequences. The object appears to be to devise a patent method, by which the favored mortal may walk, setting all laws of gravitation at defiance, and be saved from falling prostrate to the earth; and through which he may *evade*, not *obey*, those regulations of the infinite Ruler, on which depends not only his happiness, but his earthly existence. A case is fresh in my memory of an individual who was in the constant habit of purchasing magnesia to obviate the effect of his favorite food; yet discovered the greatest contempt for the poor Catholic who thought to buy indulgence of his priest. To my mind, however, one was just as gross in his conception of the relation of things as the other.

The man who uses the staff, not for the purpose of walking erect, but to aid him in keeping a horizontal position; the man who prepares medicine, and employs a physician, to enable him to violate the laws of his organization with impunity; he who fees a lawyer to devise how he may outrage the regulations of society and escape the penalties; and he, who is superstitious enough to pay his priest to save him from the consequences of heaven's violated moral requirements,—should be regarded as occupying corresponding planes of thought and action. The person who seeks aid from the staff, may find it in a certain sense; but not in respect to security and ease in the real action of walking. He who seeks relief from the nostrums and impositions of the healing art, may be relieved of his *money*, and, perhaps, from momentary pain; but his health will not be improved, or his constitution amended; and the effects of his intemperance, though checked or delayed for a moment, by such methods, will be as certain and as fearful. He who looks to the adept in the law-art for aid, may escape the penalties of man-made law; but he can not escape the consequences which in Nature follow the violation of the social principle. And the less guilty sinner, who pays his priest for pardoning his real or imaginary defections, may still his conscience by his course—may relieve his superstitious fear; but he can not *evade* the righteous retribution of heaven; the degradation of his moral nature, and all its susceptibilities of enjoyment, and capabilities of use, will as surely follow, as that a column will fall to the earth when it has lost its perpendicular.

It certainly seems as if the conceptions of men inverted the order of Nature, and every where arrayed man against his own health and happiness. No question is asked, how we may "walk uprightly;" but how we may outrage the fundamental principles of right, and be secure. The physician is not consulted to know how disease may be prevented, but how we may be safe in the violation and disregard of every law of health, and relieved from the pains Nature inflicts to restore a healthy action. He teaches not man how to live so as to be in harmony with Nature, but prescribes specifics to lull pain and palliate the consequences of her violated laws. The Law Professor is consulted

not to inform us how to give obedience to social law, and "live in peace with all men," but how we may be saved from the consequences of a violation. He instructs not men in the principles of eternal reciprocal justice, but lives by his ingenuity to wrest judgment from its legitimate course. The Preacher is not an instructor of the people in principles of right, their guide in the pathway of truth and holiness; but a trafficker in the souls of men, a scape-goat, who promises to bear, not the sins, but their consequences. The unsuspecting Catholic who pays his mite to his priest that the God of heaven may not visit upon him the fruit of his doings, and the victim of excitement, who kneels obedient to the nod of the more fashionable revivalist, expecting to escape from the just judgments of the divine government, are acting from equally erroneous and destructive views. The result in each case is the same, however the form may vary. I look upon this whole system of religion, as entirely opposed to the doctrines of natural and revealed morality, calculated to set at nought all moral principle, and to destroy all moral distinctions. For the surety is not promised to those who walk uprightly, nor the danger incurred by those who proceed heedlessly, as every one must see; but in obtaining or failing to obtain a subterfuge to prevent falling when every law of uprightness has been wantonly trespassed.

If the effects of sin can be obliterated by penance or confession, then it would be as safe to proceed unmindful of all principle, the safety depending less on the observance of law than of specified extraneous forms. How heedless are men of the dictates of reason! Unpracticed in tracing the relation of cause and effect, they do not discover the inseparable connection which naturally exists between all actions and their consequences. Hence they seek to change effects, without any effort to produce a change in the sphere of causes.

Any attempt to investigate the origin of such erroneous conceptions may be deemed unimportant; but to eradicate any evil, it is necessary to discover the fountain whence it proceeds, and address ourselves to the exhibition of the connection between evil and the cause, which only needs changing. From man's cupidity and misinformed selfishness has arisen this misapprehension. He is not satisfied in receiving his just deserts. The powers of invention being active, he strives to find some short-hand method of security. Uprightness will give safety at any time; he would discover some patent system, so as to enjoy it without being at any trouble to comply with the common requisitions upon which, alone, it depends. And inflated with the idea that he has found it, he goes on reckless of his course, only anxious to submit to the most approved formula. In this regard, however, there is an infinite variety, so that each one may suit his taste. And so each has his favorite scheme. The individual who distends his stomach almost to bursting, has his pill-box or panacea. He who violates civil regulations, fees a lawyer, while the superstitiously inclined purchase pardon of their priest; although in Protestant lands, we take the indulgence and hope for the pardon, without the expense or humiliation of confession. From selfishness and ignorance combined, proceed these wrong modes of action and reflection; a selfishness which would monopolize every advantage, an ignorance which sees not the prime relation between cause and effect.

True safety only consists with right action. This must be as true and reliable as the immutable laws of Nature. Whatever may be our speculations in respect to present or future condition, we must admit these fundamental propositions, or abandon all claim to moral science. If our present state is one of discipline for a higher sphere, whither we shall carry the treasures of a moral and spiritual nature realized here; and if there is an economy in Nature which makes even suffering subservient to the advancement of the individual and the race, there can be no evading the penalty of violated law, and no security against physical, social and moral ills, except by substituting a more harmonious action.

It is sometimes objected to the idea of universal progression, that it represents all alike safe, in obedience or disobedience to the divine laws. But this objection can only justly lie against the blank idea of an arbitrary salvation, which severs all relation between the present and the future, and suspends, at death, all connection between cause and effect. Progression is not inconsistent with the just punishment of transgression, and can promise no escape in time or eternity from the necessary consequence of evil-doing. The parental government involves the idea of advancement and disciplinary justice, which will keep the members in subjection, although every advance step may be connected with certain deviations. But will the prodigal son hence say, that inasmuch as he shall certainly return in humiliation and sorrow, that he is therefore safe in his wanderings, and that he will brave famine and all the terrible sufferings attendant on his devious way! And impressed with the principles I have endeavored to portray, will it be said by the suffering earth-wanderer, that since pain and sorrow have been instituted to correct his errors, and reform his habits, that hence he will taste of every bitter cup which transgression can mix, or reckless negligence and thoughtless indulgence force him to quaff? To my mind no religious conception awakens such powerful motives for the exercise of a proper caution, or so clearly teaches the danger of inharmonious conditions; in this respect it accords with the immutable laws of Nature, and the express declarations of accredited revelation.

But suppose the popular idea correct, that judgment is put off to the future; still, these first principles of justice being established, that judgment can give no security to the advocates of one or another creed. He alone will be safe who walks uprightly. So let us believe what we may, with regard to the time and place of the retribution of heaven, this fundamental particular must not be overlooked. We can not therefore regard ourselves safe in adopting all the creeds in Christendom, or in conforming to all the requisitions of the high priest of ceremonies, unless we keep our erect and straight-forward course in life, discharge with faithfulness the duties of our stations, and walk uprightly before God and man.

There is more sound philosophy, more consistent theology contained in our text, than may be found in all the religious creeds which have distracted the world. They have been instituted in ignorance, and are based on principles of ill-disguised selfishness; hence have all a scape-goat by which they intend to make up for a lack of adherence to principle, and deficiency in moral conduct. It should be remembered, that whatever our ideas may be in matters of theory and speculation, there can be no departure from the laws of Nature without concomitant suffering; that cause and effect are as certainly connected in morals as in physics, and that no invention can materially aid us in remedying the effects while the causes are unremoved.

The man who does a wrong action outrages a law of the Universe and of his own being, and though he may evade the penalties of human enactments, find momentary relief from pain, or still his darkened conscience, yet the legitimate effects of his sin will follow, in a manner and degree exactly proportioned to the extent of the violation. But how often do we see these plain principles left entirely out of the question, while every effort appears directed to the removal of effects! Had man walked uprightly there had been no broken bones to cure. Had he lived in accordance with the first principles of his nature, there had been no broken constitutions to prop up. Had he acted ever from dictates of truth and justice, there had been no place for the imposition of priests with their sale of indulgences, and absolution for sins that are past. Oh, blind infatuation, that has arrayed man against his own peace! When will he learn to do right and practice virtue as the only path of safety? When will society learn that equal and reciprocal justice to all her members can alone secure general prosperity and social harmony? When will mortals learn,

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what has been so long inscribed in the volume they profess to reverence, and from eternity in the very constitution of all things, that "wisdom's ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace?"

Let those who would be safe, deal justly. Let those who are fearful in spirit, practice goodness. Let those who are hopeful, know that this way alone is secure. "God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." "He that soweth the wind shall reap the whirlwind;" his labor shall be repaid with increase.

Pursuing the even tenor of our way, confident of safety while we act in accordance with the known laws of God, may we have practical demonstration of the assurance, that "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."

VIEW OF THE BIBLE.

NUMBER ONE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM,

BY W. M. FERNALD.

A GREAT discussion is going on in our day, and bids fair to become yet greater and more serious, respecting the divinity and truth of the Bible. This discussion has arisen from various sources,—from the growth of the natural and spiritual powers of the human mind—from the prevalence of unbelief from various causes—and from certain obstacles in the way of reform, which have been felt to have their deepest root in the Bible. Such as, the opposition to Anti-Slavery, Peace, Criminal Reform, &c., &c.

It must be confessed that the objections which have been made to the Scriptures, especially to the Old Testament, on this latter ground, are of high practical importance. Many of them are profoundly true. But is there not, in this, as in all other subjects of truth and importance, a danger of going too far, and in our zeal for modern reformation, overlooking the real truth and excellence there are in these ancient writings? And is it not desirable that we should have the most correct views attainable on this, as on all other subjects?

We propose, then, a brief view of the Bible, according to principles which we have fully settled in our own mind, and on which, therefore, we can speak with the confidence of truth. What is the Bible? and what is its origin, nature, and character? And here, we apprehend, in the very first question, we are introduced to the fundamental and chief error on this subject. *The Bible*, or *the Book*, by way of eminence above all others. Now, we will not dispute the eminence of the principles—the moral and religious principles—and these surely are greater than all other principles of Nature, notwithstanding the errors and enormities, both of a historical and moral nature, which are evidently mixed up with these sacred writings. But it is the idea involved in the term *Book* which presents to us the most capital error. Taking it all in all, and considering especially the teachings of Christ Jesus, we will not dispute that it may be the eminence, among all writings, but we hold an argument with the idea of the *Book*. It is not a book, but a number of books bound up in one volume. It is a book in the book-binder's sense, but in no other. It is by no means a book in the author's sense. A book, you know, involves the idea of a unity—a whole. To be sure, sometimes two or more volumes of the same work, from the same mind, on the same subject, are bound up in one volume. But the Bible is not a book even in this sense. It treats of many subjects, and is generally connected, as showing the ancient idea of the history of creation, and the coming in of better times for the world, through one who should arise in due season, to remove much of the then prevalent sources of evil—though the prophets who spake of these things do not seem to have had a clear idea of what was contained in the

burden of their prophecy. And after the appearance of Jesus the writings which followed, point to a similar improvement in the social and spiritual state of men. There is a general connection then, as there would be in the course of any such history. But I have no idea that these different writers ever contemplated a union of all their writings in one, as a connected whole—a finished perfection; much less do I suppose that these writings are the production of *one* mind, and that divine, who spake through these different individuals. But this last is the common supposition. The Bible is *God's* book. The Great Mind of the Universe has caused it to be written, and it is *the Book*—a compacted unity and perfect whole, for the regeneration and salvation of the race.

Now, there is no evidence that this is the case. We stay not here to decant on the many enormities of conduct which, in the Old Testament, are said to have been sanctioned by the Divine Mind; they are familiar to all. And besides, many of them could not be repeated with any good effect to promiscuous readers. But we simply speak of the Bible as a Book—as the production of one mind, and that divine. There is no doubt, in my mind, that the Bible contains high and divine inspiration—inspiration, as we shall remark hereafter, even from the heavenly world, conveyed through suitably expanded intellects in this. It contains true prophecy, and much spiritual instruction from this source. But it is mixed with much baser matter, and the simple truth is, the Bible is simply a collection of Jewish and Christian writings, written and published hundreds and thousands of years apart, embodying the best conceptions then attainable of the sacred themes on which the authors dwelt, but with no idea, on their part, or on the part of Deity, that they should ever be bound up in one volume for a perfected unity of divine truth, or appealed to in all after ages, for authority among men. "True, it is said 'the Lord spake,' and 'the Lord said,' &c.; but this is only a common form of expression among the ancients for representing any divine impulse with which they found themselves moved, especially when 'an angel of the Lord' impressed certain minds to do or to speak. True, also, it is said that the Scriptures were even collected by divine inspiration—that *Ezra* was inspired to collect the Jewish Scriptures, and so, by divine and unerring direction, we have even got collected for us, the true and inspired, and no others. But certainly there is no evidence of this in the books of the Old Testament themselves, and we know that the New Testament writings were selected out of many others by the Council of Nice, composed of very fallible and very imperfect men.

Now, the whole idea of the unity of the Bible, as the production of one Mind, or of many minds agreeing designedly in one object, and guided by Deity, must be given up as false. This is the first and most prominent error in regard to the Bible. It is the most bewildering. Of many a simple and honest mind, I venture to say, that on sitting down to the study of the Bible, let him only be released from this idea of its unity and completeness, and he will find much to enlighten him, much to exalt and expand, and inform his spirit, where before he only found a maze of obscurity. The parts cannot be reconciled with each other; there is not that perfect line of connection through its pages, which the common idea of its unity supposes; it is not, wholly and emphatically, *the divine* Mind which is expressed there, but *those human* minds, highly inspired, many of them, I grant, at times, even from a higher world than this, but which dwelt hundreds and thousands of years apart, and who indited their thoughts, which were gathered by those who came after them, and bound into an imposing volume dignified as *the Book*—the entire and only like product of the Divine Mind. The simple truth is widely different. Moses was doubtless a highly inspired man, and produced, by his qualifications, a code of laws, the best that could then be devised, for the Jewish people. Joshua, who followed after him, was well calculated to conduct the Israelites to Canaan; David was so constituted as to receive much influx from

the higher spheres, to commune with Nature, and to find occasion for devout praise and thanksgiving to the Divine Mind manifested through all; and he also mingled in his psalms of praise a prophetic foresight of good things to come, through one who should arise to bless the world with peace and righteousness. Isaiah overflowed with like prophecy; Solomon spake practical wisdom; Jeremiah spake truths of admonition, instruction and consolation to the Jewish people, and foretold their bondage; Daniel prophesied concerning the rise and downfall of kingdoms; Zechariah caught some very truthful impressions concerning him who was to come, which he represented under the figure of a "Branch"—a true Branch of the great tree or world of mankind; Jesus at last appeared, in due course of human development—Nature's highest Son, God's truest image. The writings of the New Testament are simply biographies of him, accounts of the acts of his followers, letters to the different churches gathered in his name, to one another, and the scattered Jewish tribes, also a foretelling of some important events yet to transpire.

Such is briefly the character of the different writings of the Bible; and so regarded, the student of their contents may gather much practical wisdom. He will make allowances for their errors, for the different circumstances under which they wrote, for the different ages of the world, and for the different mental constitutions of the writers. But let him take any other view—let him commit himself fully to the popular view—that it is a unit and a perfect production of one Divine Mind, and he will find confusion where he might find order, contradiction where he might find consistency, deformity where he might find beauty, and he will lose, almost entirely, that appreciation of its inspired contents which nothing but the natural view can give. It is this which has darkened the meaning of the holy word, elevated absurdities into divine truths, and cast down their true divinity into contempt and ridicule. The Bible is *not* one, but many; it is not perfection, but imperfection; and it is ours only to discriminate among its contents, and lose not, by false ideas of what its authors never professed, the divine and exalted truths which are treasure and salvation to us. Coming to the Bible as to a perfected unity of divine truth, we raise expectations only to be blasted among its crudities, errors, and enormities. Approaching it with such a view, is only blindly and fully to believe, or *as* blindly and fully to reject. Bigotry on the one hand, and unbelief on the other, are the necessary results of the popular view of the unity and perfection of the Bible.

This is the source of nearly all that sectarian strife which has existed among Christians. They receive the Bible as a perfected unity of divine truth, and as infallible, and man's only guide, and of course, when one takes the liberty to differ from another, as in such a heterogeneous mass he must, forthwith he is branded as a heretic or an infidel, for disagreeing on so perfect a Book—such a complete transcript of the Divine Mind. Whereas, if the truth was realized, that each book of the Bible rests upon its own foundation, that it is the product of the individual mind who wrote it, into whose mind indeed may have flowed very high truths from Nature and the spiritual spheres, yet that it is only a separate production, that there is no more connection among the different books than what the book-binder has established, and what necessarily exists from the natural course of progressive humanity, a history of which, in a religious aspect, these books verily are,—if the simple truth was thus realized, very little would have been the sectarian strife founded on a different reception and different interpretation of its contents. Men, then, would have been allowed to differ as they do about other books, and no damnatory consequences would have been the result.

But now, it is manifest, that regarding the Bible as a perfect whole—a unitary transcript of the Divine Mind, all who differ, in the least, most especially those who are most widely

apart, are involved in mutual strife, sometimes of the most bitter character, crimination and recrimination, and all about a book, or books, which were never intended to be to man such an infallible, unappealable, perfect and complete standard of decision.

Suppose, to illustrate the true character of the Bible, each book, instead of ever having been bound up into one volume, had been published and sent out alone, in a separate pamphlet, and so to have remained in the world, as so many separate books, which indeed they are. Do you imagine they would ever have had that influence in the world which now they have had? Manifestly not. Many of the books would have long since perished from the memory of man, as indeed many others have, of quite as important character and contents. There would have been no Bible—no *the Book*, in the unitary sense of Jews and Christians, as in fact now there is not, only that which some Ezra, and his followers, compilers and book-binders, have made up for our accommodation. And surely, it is an accommodation that we are thus enabled to peruse those ancient writings, containing as they do much of the sublimest and most spiritual instruction, with the history of that ancient and peculiar people. Ezra, be it observed, stands in the same relation to the Old Testament, that the Council of Nice does to the New; that is, he is to be regarded simply as the compiler and editor of the Old Testament Scriptures. We thank him for his editorial ability and general correctness; he has a perpetual claim on the gratitude of the Jews, for thus contributing to the preservation of their truly sacred writings; but we do not, can not, regard him as inspired to make an infallible collection, any more than the Council of Nice; and if he did, this has no bearing on the inspiration or infallibility of the writings.

Such, then, is the simple truth with regard to the Bible. Of course, after such an explanation, it will not require that we should say much in answer to that common objection to this natural view of it, that if we reject a part we may reject the whole. This proceeds from that unitary view of it which we have endeavored to correct. Considered in this light, we *do* reject the whole of it. We do not receive any part of it as true because it is a part—a part of the Bible, but simply because it is true to us. We do not reject the whole of a measure of coin because some counterfeit pieces are mixed with it. If indeed the measure was presented to us as containing *all* pure gold, we should reject the whole of it as such a whole; but on examining and finding some genuine coin, I trust we should not find it necessary to throw away the parts, because as a whole, there was much that was spurious. We would not, from the Bible, cast away the Golden Rule, because of the bloody laws of the Jews. So, while we retain a part of the Bible, and reject a part, we do it on the ground that the Bible is not such a perfected and infallible unity as *requires* the whole or nothing.

"But why should the Bible, as such, contain so much more that is excellent—so much more that is divine, and spiritual, and prophetic, than any other Book?"

We answer, while we do not set *too high* an estimation on the Bible, overlooking other books of immense moral value, and which have not derived their chief value from the influence of the Bible, that the Bible, as a collection of writings, has proceeded from the most singularly religious nation on Earth. We are *willing* to acknowledge a Divine Providence in the matter, as we do in all Nations, and in all doings of men. The Nations of the earth seem to represent the different and essential families of the human race, as the different members of a household family frequently represent, most prominently, the different elements of which the whole family is composed. The Jews represent the *religious* element among mankind, as the Greeks represent the element of the *fine arts*, and the Romans the *military* power, and the Americans the element of *civil liberty*. This, perhaps, is not so correct a classification as could be made according to exact science, but it answers the purpose. Now, the Jews, represent

ing the *religious* element of mankind, of course gave birth to some of the most religious writings. They were distinguished from the surrounding heathenism by the idea of One God, and a purer worship; and so, adoring the Infinite Jehovah, and being given to spiritual exercises, (despite of their disposition to sensuous observances) they gave birth to prophets who spoke great truths, men whose interiors became opened, into which flowed a direct influx from the spiritual world; they foretold, by this means, future occurrences to their Nation and the world, chiefly of an era of higher good, and greater peace and unity among men; and "in thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men," they became the subjects of many truthful impressions which were fulfilled to the uttermost, and thus they were peculiar mediums of the Divine Spirit. Let any family or nation, from generation to generation, and from age to age, so cultivate their religious and spiritual faculties, and they would rise to the same, even a greater height of spiritual insight and power. There are individuals now living, among the different nations, who by proper development and suitable circumstances, have attained to the same things.

The Jews, then, thus representing the religious element in the great body of Nations, as indeed each individual human mind is possessed of a similar division of essential elements of humanity, of course it is no wonder—nothing unnatural, that they should have produced the Bible, which, though "mixed with baser matter," still contains some of the sublimest principles of natural religion, the most beautiful and divine sentiments, the loftiest poetry, the truest prophecy, and the grandest expressions of praise and adoration to the Infinite One.

"Out of the heart of Nature rolled
The burden of the Bible old,"

and so do we render homage, and join with the sweet singer of Israel in saying—"How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!—Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SKETCH.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELOM.

BY A COSMOPOLITE.

"A CITIZEN of the world, eh?—and yet located in the town of— you say?"

"Yes indeed! I'm one of the world—live in the world—mingle with the world—trade with the world—and associate with the world. Am I not, therefore, a *citizen* of the world—a *cosmopolite*?"

"Well, well, I suppose you are, in the sense you have defined. But then, you know, cosmopolite properly signifies 'one who has no fixed residence: one who is every where at home, and nowhere a stranger.' But you live in the pleasant village of—and, I believe, remain mostly at home—do you not?"

"Taking the year together, it is true, I do. But this is neither here nor there. You allow me to be a citizen of the world in the sense I have defined, and this is sufficient for my purpose."

"Pray, what is your purpose? I can not imagine it?"

"In due time I will inform you if your patience can endure so long."

"I knew not before that there was ever any known, definite length to due time! Did you ever know of the like?"

"Not by practical knowledge, it is true. But then you know there may be *definiteness* to every thing, although many things having this quality are beyond our practical observation. All science is definite; yet our perceptions of it may be very indefinite. The distances of the stars are definite; but we can only approach that definiteness in our measurements. So, too, due time may be as well defined in its way, as these, or any thing

else that comes within the scope of human perceptions. Is it not so, friend?"

"Well, well, I see you must have every thing your own way, while your head is above the clouds—or rather among the stars—but I am disposed to think your argument rather *cloudy* after all—'tis too ideal—too fanciful. Why not stand on the *firm earth*, and look at *facts*, letting such *vagaries* alone?"

"All fancy is real, but has two characters—the truthful and the erroneous, the positive and the negative. The former is but another name for the true ideal. It seeks the higher forms and expressions of life, and deals with the more ethereal qualities of things. Positive fancy is, therefore, truth. If mine be *negative*, call it the negation of truth. But say not, friend, that all fancy is untruth. Imagination, too, is but the objective expression of the subjective life. The soul *images* itself, and we call it imagination. But because the image can not be *handled* or *seen*, we call it *unreal*! What are *dreams* but *realities* of their kind? Must every thing be gross and ponderable to be real? Is there nothing in this Universe but stones and trees and animals, and such other objects as the outward vision sees? Then, indeed, is the dogma of spirit and a spirit-land but fancy of the unreal sort. Thou callest me "*visionary*" and talkest of the "*firm earth*," and of "*facts*." Knowest thou not, there are *true* visions as well as false ones? Art thou not aware that the soul has its home as well as the body? And that it opens its eyes, as the great Father-spirit wills, to behold the glories of its inner world? What matters it if oft-times the eye thus opened, confessedly clogged by the grosser form, sometimes, by over-straining to get a fuller view of its object, sees falsely, and reports visions of the negative fancy?—Are, therefore, *all* visions of this sort? And what are the *firm earth* and the *facts* of which thou speakest? Callest thou that *firm* which in the comparison is evanescent. Will not the earth which thou callest *firm* fade away into mist, while its essence—its life-principle—the real earth, like the enfranchised human spirit, shall become immortal in the sphere of the ascended life? Have facts no soul? Is there nothing deeper than what thou callest facts? Has not the soul its facts, as well as the senses? Oh, friend, think of *thyself*! Art thou *all body*? Hast thou not a *soul* too? Which is most *thyself*? Is not thy body thy *covering* merely for *this* life, while the soul belongs to that which is permanent and immortal? And if thou sayest yea, talk not of fancy and of visions as of shadows and of fleeting forms—not of the *firm earth*, and of facts, as thou callest them, as the *only* or the *most* real things!"

"Come, come, thou art getting serious. Hast forgot thou art a cosmopolite—a citizen of the world?"

"I am a citizen of two worlds. The life of the senses is one—that of the soul is the other. Is not this a serious subject? Is it not also a cheerful one? I speak earnestly and seriously because of thy doubting spirit. Have *faith*, and I can be cheerful with thee; yea, my spirit will then recreate with thine, because thou wilt understand what the soul's recreation is, and how it can play in dalliance with its kind, as a relaxation from the tenseness of its working state. Thy doubts cause *thy* levity, to which I oppose a truly serious faith. And true faith is not partial—it embraces all elements; it is divinely eclectic. It embraces the austerity of the Puritan, and the almost opposite freedom of the Churchman. It puts all dogmas in the crucible of the spirit, and synthetically evolves what the world has already analyzed. It thereby avoids the extremes and the chaos of the analytical life, and reposes in the happy medium of true harmony and peace. While thou seest the world of sense, and hast a like religion; while the dogmas of sectarian creeds, and the formulas of sensuous worship, form the essence of thy faith, thy soul seems dead to the mystic element of the Universe, and derides the only *substantial* facts of eternal existence. While thou thinkest life is in thee, and that joy crowns thine existence, thy soul is but a barren desert, and thy life the radiation

of a highly fevered aura. Seek thou, then, the Eternal Good, —look deeper for it than the world of forms. Wouldst thou be grounded in the faith of immortal life, rest not in the mere announcement of the *fact*, while thy philosophy is vague, or, at best, one of mere sense. Awaken thy soul to the sight and the love of all beautiful forms, and let the soul of those forms flow into thy soul, that the strings of thy spirit-harp may be delicately tuned to the

"Music of the spheres,"

and that thou mayst ever go upward in the ascending life; for,

The globe in its pathway is held by the sun;
The sun in its turn by a mightier sphere:
The Universe gathers its parts into one
Grand union of Life—to the Deity near.

There are globes that are deeper than beam on the sight,—
The sight of the outward—the bodily eye:
There are eyes that behold the interior light
Of the spheres, to the spirit that ever are nigh.

To worlds such as these, in the spiral ascent
Of the outward and gross towards the innermost life,
Our own globe is linked, by the Deity meant
To outlive its evils—to end all its strife.

Then let us look through the dark clouds of the Past,—
Let the Present, though dismal, dim our vision no more;
The reign of subversion not always shall last,
Nor the surges of sin bound mortality's shore.

A MELANCHOLY REFLECTION.

THERE are in Europe about *thirteen millions* of paupers; *seventeen millions* who are in indigent circumstances; and *fifty millions* whom any remission of labor, or diminution of wages, would at once reduce to want. Merciful Heavens! if there were a Church in this land, or any thing like a Church of Christ, could such a thing be possible. But the Church, so called, is a little enclosure, chiefly of ceremonies and mystical theologies, leaving scarcely any influence for justice or charity, while society, rightly organized, would embrace both the church and the world.

Choice Selections.

LABOR A NATURAL REQUIREMENT.

WHETHER you contemplate man as it regards his physical, intellectual, or moral organization, we discover that he was designed by the Creator for active toil. The Great Architect of the world, then, has declared most fully, by providing labor for man and by fitting him, by physical and intellectual endowments, to perform it, the great truth that man was made for labor; and however it may be looked down upon by some, it still has the approbation of Heaven.

In the organization of human society it is one of the grand elements of happiness and wealth. The whole wealth of the world has been produced by a union of human labor with the original material which God has spread around us. The magnificent city, the vast shipping in our harbors and upon our rivers and seas, which bring us the luxuries of every clime, are but the productions of labor—the union of many hard strokes of the mechanic with the original material. The construction of the railway and the magnetic telegraph, by which distance is almost annihilated and the rich stores of wealth produced, are but the productions of labor. The great law of wealth, then, is the union of labor with the original capital which God has thrown around us and for which we are indebted to him.

Whether the exercise of any of the faculties and functions of this wonderful machine is more honorable than another, we shall not attempt to decide. It is sufficient for us to know that man's mental and physical powers were given to be used by him for some useful purpose in society, producing happiness and wealth in the world. To fulfil the purposes of the Author of our being, then, we must cultivate and enlarge our powers, and contribute our share to the general stock of wealth and happiness. If the position we have taken is true, that man was made for labor—that the Author of our being designed us to fill some place in the field of honest toil—it will follow, then, that labor, instead of degrading man and reducing him to the lower strata in society, is that which not only produces wealth, but that which ennobles and elevates him above the mere drones in the hive of this world, who are living upon the earnings of the hard toil of their fellow-men. Labor gives man a station in society truly dignified and respectable.

[MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.]

SOCIAL AFFECTION.

Society has been aptly compared to a heap of embers, which, when separated, soon languish, darken, and expire; but, if placed together, glow with a ruddy and intense heat—a just emblem of the strength, happiness, and the security derived from the union of mankind. The savage, who never knew the blessings of combination, and he who quits society from apathy or misanthropic spleen, are like the separated embers, dark, dead, useless; they neither give nor receive heat, neither love nor are beloved. To what acts of heroism and virtue, in every age or nation, has not the impetus of affection given rise! To what gloomy misery, despair, and even suicide, has not the desertion of society led! How often in the busy haunts of men are all our noblest and gentlest virtues called forth! And how in the bosom of the recluse do all the soft emotions languish and grow faint!

MARRIAGE.

LET not the most solemn engagement of life be an act of rashness and unreflecting passion. Let the future as well as the present be brought into the account. Let not the eye or the imagination be trusted. Let the young man or the young woman inquire, is this a friend with whom I would wish to spend, not only my youth, but my age, not only my health, but my sickness, on whom I can confide my trials, to whom I am willing to resign my character—who, if reverses should befall me, would help me to sustain hardships and distress, who will reciprocate my best feelings, who will walk with me to heaven? [CHANNING.]

VULGARITY OF LIFE.

MAN is self-inclined to give himself up to common pursuits. The mind becomes so easily dulled to impressions of the beautiful and perfect, that one should take all possible means to awaken one's perceptive faculty to such objects; for no one can entirely dispense with these pleasures; and it is only the being unaccustomed to the enjoyment of any thing good that causes many men to find pleasures in tasteless and trivial objects, which have no recommendation but that of novelty. One ought, every day, to hear a little song, to read a little poetry, to see a good picture, and, if it is possible, to say a few reasonable words. [GOETHE.]

"When a stranger treats me with want of respect," said a poor philosopher, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself that he slights, but my old and shabby coat and shabby hat, which, to say the truth, have no particular claim to adoration. So if my hat and coat choose to fret about it, let them; but it is nothing to me."

Poetry.

TO HESPERUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

"I see a star—Eve's first-born."—FELICIA HEMANS.
 "The glory of the sky."—SHILLERY.

SIBYL of Heaven! thy light appears to me
 Like Shelley's soul did when he lived on earth;
 Whose pensive splendor first was small like thee,
 But lit immensity in going forth;
 Who shone on Earth as thou in Heaven dost shine,
 The ISRAEL among the Gods Divine.
 For, as the Moon dissolves the raven night,
 And hides it from itself with her soft beams;
 So did his Song, with rapturous delight,
 Dissolve the soul to tears, which flowed, like streams,
 Into the barren heart, to cure life's pain,
 And green it, as the vales are greened by rain.

And as you climb, still burning as you rise
 The bending Heavens, so did he, singing, climb
 The MOUNT OF FAME with his sweet Melodies,
 Till, standing there upon its top sublime,
 He saw the gazing Nations look to see
 Him shine, as my fond soul looks up at thee.

And as you now look down upon the sea
 To see yourself, as ye are now in Heaven,
 The same bright star, whose image there must be,
 Unchanged, though troubled be that sea when driven
 By angry winds—so does he from above
 Shine in our hearts made stormy by his love.

And as the Moon upon that troubled sea,
 Which shows her face diaphanous, moves on,
 Unchanged, in her divine tranquillity;
 So does his spirit from above look down
 Upon our troubled hearts with pity, though
 His own is calm while looking on our wo.

THE MAIDEN'S VISION.

In the stilly arbor shadow,
 Where the autumn sunshine bland
 Flashes o'er the white grape-clusters,
 Like the gems on beauty's hand.

Sits a maiden musing lonely,
 Musing on the map of life,
 Spread before her spirit's vision,
 With its turmoil, sin, and strife.

But o'er all that solemn picture,
 Oftenest seeks her eye the place
 Where the shadows of the Future
 Tremble dimly on its face.

Sees she there a glowing vision—
 Truth and Beauty, Love and Peace,
 Like the bow from heaven glistening,
 Ere the tempest-echoes cease.

Drifting from the cloudy Distance,
 Comes a godlike form to see—
 Labor, with awart brow uplifted
 'Mongst the noble and the free—

Labor with brown hand achieving
 All that earth to man can yield—
 Looking upward, pressing onward,
 Never fainting in the field.

From Oppression's shattered dungeon,
 Lo, the prisoners sunward creep!
 While the Giant, bound and blinded,
 Hideth by the ruined heap.

See! another form of beauty,
 Bearing gifts and odors sweet,
 "Beautiful upon the mountains"
 Fall the stranger's shining feet.

Each wan captive's hand she taketh,
 Seraph-lipped she speaks again;
 Every ear the burden heareth,
 "Ye are brothers, ye are men."

And o'er all a sweet bird singeth,
 And the warbler none can see;
 But in dreams the trees of Heaven
 Are bending in such melody.

Hush thy breathing, careless gazer!
 Stay thy footstep wending nigh,
 Lest thou sway the web of beauty
 Hung before her raptured eye.

Say not that the bright Ideal
 Which her spirit treasures yet,
 In this world of doubt and darkness,
 Never, never may be met.

Know ye not that aiding angels
 Hover round the earnest heart,
 Gleams of heaven and hallowed breathings
 Of the true Life to impart?

Teaching thee the immortal Lesson,
 Faith in God and love to man;
 Lighting from the Source eternal,
 Fires which unseen wings shall fan!

Know ye not the soul illumined
 By this free celestial light,
 In another yearning bosom
 May the sacred flame ignite?

Till the wondrous radiance, spreading,
 Fills old Earth's benighted walls,
 And, like mists before the dawning,
 Error's dusky mantle falls!

Mock not, then, the maiden's vision,
 While *one* living spark is given,
 While within *one* human bosom
 Burns the infinite fire of Heaven.

H. L. B.
 [NATIONAL ERA.]

FORGIVENESS.

WHEN on the fragrant sandal tree
 The woodman's axe descends,
 And she who bloomed so beautifully,
 Beneath the weapon bends,
 Even on the edge that wrought her death
 Dying she breathes her sweetest breath,
 As if to token in her fall
 Peace to her foes and love to all.
 How hardly man this lesson learns,
 To smile and bless the hand that spurns;
 To see the blow, to feel the pain,
 And render only love again!

THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

EDITED BY AN ASSOCIATION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1849.

NOTICES.—We have sent bills to those subscribers who have not paid. Our terms being in advance, we shall be obliged to strike from the list such as remain unpaid at the end of three months.

BELA MARSH, 25 Cornhill, Boston, is the New-England Agent for the Univercælum. Subscribers to the "Rationalist," in Boston and vicinity, can remit to him.

THE ROAD TO TRUTH.

On all the great leading subjects which engage human thought, such as science, art, politics, philosophy, religion, &c., &c., there is at present an almost infinite diversity of opinion and feeling among mankind. There are perhaps no two persons who think in all respects precisely alike upon any great subject, and especially upon its minuter ramifications. Each person is thoroughly, and in general, honestly, confirmed as to the truth of his own peculiar shades of thought, and the falsity of all thoughts decidedly differing from his; and each one dogmatically proclaiming his own views as *alone* true while all views differing from his are set down as necessarily false, an almost universal antagonism has arisen between the mental interests of mankind, accompanied with mutual alienation of feeling, and social and party strife. Thus the great Brotherhood of mankind, which should be a unity in all its various aspects and pursuits, is divided and distracted, and is the scene of perpetual warfare among its various parts. Thus instead of mutually assisting each other, and bearing each other's burdens, men are laboring for the advancement of their own personal or party views and interests, and mutually throwing obstructions in the way of each other; and thus the great body of Mankind is necessarily and seriously impeded in its progress toward a higher plane of thought, and a more elevated and harmonious social condition.

The existing diversities in human opinions, therefore, can not but appear as a great evil, and the origin or occasion of almost all other evils: and the inquiry what are the grand causes of these diversities, and what is the path by closely following which the minds of men may always arrive at truthful, and hence harmonious and unitary conclusions, is one which must possess the deepest interest to the true philosopher and philanthropist.

The great evil referred to originates, we think, in a radical defect in the common modes in which men receive their impressions. On some particular subjects, and those, too, sometimes, of the highest importance, a large portion of mankind have no original and independent thoughts of their own. They content themselves simply with impressions entailed upon them as sacred, by their ancestors, without for once inquiring into the validity of the authority on which such impressions are based. They thus thoughtlessly and tamely submit to be chained to the marble monuments which creed-makers and ecclesiastical councils of former and darker ages have erected to perpetuate the memory of their own spirit and their own crude thoughts. The opinions of such persons are really dependent upon the fortuitous circumstances of their birth, and the consequent influences to which they were subjected in their childhood. If they had been born and brought up in Constantinople, they would have been Mahometans, or if on the banks of the Ganges, they would have been devout worshippers of Brahma, Vishnou, and Siva.

Among those who receive their most characteristic impressions in this way, are nine-tenths of the sectarian religionists in our own as well as in all other countries. Who can deny these statements? And who can fail to see in them an all potent reason for an entire abandonment of all hereditary influences so far as they affect the formation of established opinions?

But not to dwell upon this source of diverse and hence erroneous impressions, we proceed to consider another important source of the same evil, as consisting in the very *superficial* and *sensuous* mode generally prevalent, of observing all physical and mental facts and phenomena. Exteriorly viewed, facts and manifestations, even of a comparatively plain character, often wear as many different aspects as there are different minds to view them, or different circumstances under which they are viewed. The inferences derived from these facts and phenomena are of course correspondingly different, though each person will be sincerely and most firmly convinced of the truth of his own inference, and of the falsity of all inferences which differ from his.

Such, then, being the grand sources of the antagonisms and consequent errors both of thought and action, existing in the world, the important question arises, How are these evils to be remedied? and in what path must we travel in order to arrive at generally truthful, harmonious, and unitary conclusions on all subjects? We are aware that this question covers a vast amount of ground, but if the reader will look at it carefully he may find the answer to it much more simple than he anticipates. It may be presented in a simile which will represent the false as well as the true mode of investigation. Suppose the traveler in a northern clime perceives a cluster of shaggy vegetation protruding through the deep and frozen snow, and is desirous to investigate this phenomena in vegetable existence. We will suppose him to be an extreme representative of that class of persons who believe nothing but what distinctly addresses itself to the senses. Seeing that all those vegetable forms are *distinct* from each other, and that no connection is *apparent*, he concludes that no connection exists, but that they are absolutely distinct and separate plants, bearing no relation to each other, and having nothing in common—a conclusion which to the *merely* sensuous observer would be confirmed by the variety of their external *shapes*. With these impressions, suppose this man desires either to cultivate or to destroy these vegetable forms; he will if entirely true to his *merely exterior* and sensuous mode of receiving impressions, address himself entirely to the exterior forms as they appear above the snow. If his desire is to destroy them, he will simply cut them off even with the surface through which they protrude; or if on the other hand he desires to make them grow more thriftily, his mode of treating them will be equally external. For the moment he begins to inquire about their invisible roots, or whether they may not be all connected with one common trunk and one common root, he abandons the *merely exterior* and *sensuous* method, and adopts another and a totally different process of seeking and receiving impressions.

Here, then, is a fair, though we grant an *extreme* representative of that large class of minds which rely for their impressions almost exclusively upon the evidence of their senses. They view facts disconnectedly, conceiving very little of their relations to each other, or of the laws by which they are governed; and by different minds of this class even the *facts themselves* are viewed differently. And their measures for the cultivation of the desirable, or for the destruction of the evil conditions existing in society, are as *superficial*, *unwise* and *entirely* powerless as were the measures of the man we have supposed, with reference to the cluster of vegetation. Here, then, we have a fair representative of one great cause of the diversity of opinion existing in the world, and of the utter impotency of any generally prevailing religious doctrine, code of civil laws, or existing social institution, to reform the evils of society, and to supply man with a sure guide to general elevation, harmony, and happiness.

But to change the illustration, we will suppose that this same cluster of vegetation is viewed by a mind who pays little regard to mere external appearances, but is disposed to look into the invisible essences, causes, and principles of things. To him the diversity of the merely external *shapes* of these vegetable productions, imports little or nothing beyond the mere fact of an *entity*; and even their manifest disconnection upon the *surface* is no sure evidence of a disconnection beneath the surface through which they protrude. He therefore forms no decided opinion as to the nature of those vegetable manifestations, their relations to each other, or as to any measures which should be instituted with reference either to their cultivation or extermination, until he can trace the external forms to their internal causes, or *roots*. Therefore gradually removing the snow which conceals all but their extreme ends, he finds that they one after another converge in one common trunk having one common root, and that they indeed belong to one and the same tree. He now understands their nature and their relations to each other, and also the principles which govern them, and the resources upon which they all depend for existence, as he could not have understood them before; and he is now able to proceed *understandingly* in any measures he desires to institute in any way affecting them. If he perceives that the tree is one that produces evil fruit, and should hence be destroyed, he does not commence the work by lopping off, or suppressing the growth of, the extreme branches, but lays his axe at the *roots*. If the tree is such as will bring forth good fruit, his efforts to make it produce more abundantly will also be applied at the *roots*.

Now there is no established form or condition in Nature or in human society, which does not involve within itself the principles of the *tree*, having its roots, its trunk, its branches, its twigs, its blossoms, its fruit. The Universe as a *whole*, indeed, involves the same principle, and so must all its definite and corresponding parts. And in order that we may obtain the truth in reference to the nature, relations, and principles of things existing in the world and in human society, or in reference to *any* subject of human contemplation and inquiry, we must pursue a course analogous to that which we have supposed this latter individual to have pursued with reference to the cluster of vegetable forms which only *superficially* appeared. We must commence with the external and tangible *fact*, and trace it to its interior and invisible causes and principles of existence, being careful to lose no link in the chain of inquiry. In that way the nature of the fact itself, and its relations to other facts, may be understood as it could not be understood by a merely external view; and the additional knowledge in relation to the nature of the fact, will lead to additional knowledge of interior principles; and so proceeding alternately from externals to internals, and from internals to externals, making the one a test of the other, the investigation may go forward until the *whole* truth shall be absolutely and positively known.

By carefully pursuing this mode of reasoning, the truth with reference to all important subjects of inquiry may be obtained in an absolutely reliable form, by every intelligent mind; and not until men generally forsake their attachment to the merely sensuous processes, and adopt this mode of investigation, will there be any general harmony in the conclusions to which they will arrive. All the great social, as well as all other, problems of the day must be solved by this process of reasoning, and upon this process must all practical rules of social policy be based. The great evils existing in society can no more be destroyed by merely external appliances than noxious trees can be destroyed by cutting off, or restraining the growth of, some of their remote twigs: and if we desire other and more natural conditions to obtain, we must first prepare the ground, plant the *germ* being sure that it is of the *right kind*, and then see that it grows up naturally and progressively until the mature tree is unfolded.

We should add that another important element of true reason-

ing, is a due regard to *natural correspondences*. We mean, of course, correspondences in the different degrees of the development of interior and eternal Principles, and not in mere external and evanescent forms. These correspondences run through the whole Universe, from the very roots of the great Tree of creation to the unfolding of its highest and ultimate productions. And by arriving at an adequate knowledge of the interior nature of these principles in any stage of their unfolding, we obtain a measuring line by which all other things may be estimated and their general principles understood.

If the reader will peruse the foregoing with care, and patiently and thoroughly reflect upon it, the principles we have therein endeavored to present may assume an importance which the merely superficial reader would not even think of. Suffice it to say that there is no department of human thought or action, individual or social, to which they may not be applied with profit; and that their general practical application is absolutely essential to general human elevation and harmony, and to the reform of the world.

W. F.

INSPIRATION.

If Zera Colburn could tell what the square root of 106,929 was, sooner than a penman could write down the figures, which square was 327, was not this as much inspiration—mathematical inspiration, as it was moral inspiration to tell in a moment how man should act in a given case, or to see all the moral laws in a twinkling? And yet we exalt the one to a supernatural height, and rank the other in the common category of natural things! So the God men worship would appear to be moral, but not mathematical, or at least, not capable of inspiring the mathematical faculties of his creatures, while supernaturalism is connected only with his moral manifestations, and what physical performances are recognized in the theology of the day. So inconsistent is man—such is man's reason, while forbidden to think out of a certain prescribed circle. What havoc of the mental faculties is the theological training of the times!

W. M. F.

SPIRITUAL ORGANIZATION.

We are apt to become skeptical as to the existence of spiritual beings in perfect form and substance, which we can not see. It is only necessary to reflect that the common atmosphere around us is matter of some kind; and were a being to be made even of substance so dense, it would be invisible to us. But again, there are substances of a much lighter nature. Hydrogen gas is twelve times lighter than the atmosphere. Let us suppose a being constituted of this. It would be utterly invisible to our senses. Why then will we doubt because we can not see? The eye of the spiritual body is much finer than the eye of such a body would be. The electrical organization is as substantial as a solid rock.

W. M. F.

LITERARY NOTICES.

WESTERN QUARTERLY REVIEW:—The first number of a new Quarterly of the above title, has been lying on our table for some weeks. It is published in Cincinnati by J. S. Hitchcock, 147 Main-street, at three dollars per annum in advance. It is filled with important and interesting articles written generally in the spirit of the true philosophy, and characterized by a lofty, genial, and humanitarian bearing. We suspect that some of our friends of the "Brotherhood" of Cincinnati, which was established some two years ago upon principles unfolded through *psychological mediums*, have a hand in the conduct of this Magazine, though neither the name of the editor, nor that of any of the contributors, appears to be given. Be that as it may, however, there is much in the publication which is highly commendable not to say admirable, breathing as it does a true system of

social reform, and occupying a plane of philosophical and spiritual thought much above the sensuous and worn-out systems of the sects and parties of the day. It is embellished with a likeness of William D. Gallagher the poet, and contains articles on "The Youth of Christ," "The Land Question," "Ethology," "Neurology," "Change," "Review of the free soil movement," "A Philosophical Sketch," (copied in this and last week's numbers of the *Universe*.) besides several meritorious poems, reviews, &c. We sincerely hope that the *Western Quarterly* may be well sustained, as its publication will do much good.

HOW TO BE HAPPY; an Admonitory Essay for General and Family Perusal, on Regimen, Expediency, and Mental Government, by ROBERT JAMES CULVERWELL, M. D.

Such is the title of a neatly printed octavo pamphlet sent us by the publisher, J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall. It is a clear and well written essay on the necessity of obedience to the physical and organic laws, in order to secure that grand and ultimate object of all aspiration, HAPPINESS. We commend it to the attention of our readers. Redfield has also published from the same author, "A GUIDE TO HEALTH, OR WHAT TO EAT, DRINK AND AVOID." Orders for either of these Pamphlets received at this office. Price 25 cents each.

HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE for February comes to hand filled, as usual, with important and instructive articles. Address, Freeman Hunt, 142 Fulton-street, New-York.

BRO. GUILD:—We think your articles upon the genealogy, birth, &c., of Jesus, will be acceptable to our readers. But you did not send us the conclusion of Number Four. We will probably publish your First Number next week. We have not yet had time to inform yourself with reference to the questions which you ask, but will do so as soon as possible, and give you their answers.

LIFE INSURANCE.

The public attention is at present directed to this subject with a deep and still increasing interest; and now that the CHOLERA seems to threaten us with invasion, it is certainly the part of wisdom to consider the importance of making some provision for the helpless and unprotected in the event of death. The great uncertainty which attends not only existence itself, but all the concerns and dependencies of life—the vicissitudes of fortune and the fluctuations of business—are so many finger-posts, pointing solemnly to the necessity for some remedy. In the present state of society this remedy is only to be found in Life Assurance.

The grand object of exertion directed to a merely pecuniary end,—at least with such as have any means beyond their daily necessities—is to accumulate something for the support, education and establishment of their families, after they shall have closed their earthly labors. But success does not always attend the best directed and most vigorous exertions. A man may lose in a single moment the fruits of a life of toil. Riches may, and do daily take to themselves wings and fly away. But Life Assurance may be resorted to, to displace the unpromising chance by a perfectly reliable position—a great and beautiful certainty. By the payment of a small annual premium which might be abstracted, even from a small income, without being greatly missed,—and which would not supply a tithe of the extravagance of most men,—we may secure to our families such a sum as will save them from want, and possibly from degradation and ruin. What good father—what tender and loving husband can be insensible to the advantages which his family might derive from this measure? or who would hesitate to deny himself any little selfish indulgence for the purpose of accomplishing so great a good? It is but common kindness—nay, it is the simplest form of justice toward those we are,—by our relations social and do-

mestic pledged to support—that we leave no laudable and available means unemployed which may render absolutely certain their provision for the future.

While speaking in this behalf, we would call attention to the peculiar claims of "THE CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY." To those of our friends who desire to avail themselves of the advantages of Life Assurance, on the best plan, we most cordially recommend this company; and for the satisfaction of those who may desire further information, we copy the following from an article published by the Company:

CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

This institution has a perpetual charter, and the principle of insurance is strictly mutual.

The subject of Life Insurance,—its history,—the principles by which it is governed,—its adaptation to provide for all the various situations in life,—its beneficial tendency, the provision it affords for those dependent upon our exertions during life; the considerations of *prudence*, and the incentives to *duty* that it presents to embrace its provisions, are now attracting public attention, and rapidly securing public favor. It is now reduced to the principles of a *science*, established by experience and observation upon the laws of nature which govern mortality; *by which*, the average duration of human life has been ascertained and demonstrated; and *from which*, a tariff of annual premiums upon different ages is deduced, that enables Companies, in consideration of the receipt of those annual premiums, to guaranty the payment of a certain stipulated sum, on the death of the party assured,—thereby securing to every individual who embraces its provisions, the benefits of an *average duration of life*. By this means, the value of the *future exertions* of an individual, *for the whole average duration of human life*, may be secured to his family, should he die the next week. The extent of this value may be estimated by the individual himself, as the circumstances of the future wants of his family, or his ability to pay a small or larger annual premium, may dictate. In this manner also he may make Life Insurance a *savings institution*, to accumulate such a sum as he may deem sufficient to give his family a comfortable independence in the event of his death. Life Insurance substitutes the certainty of a patrimony, for the uncertainty of life, in which to acquire it; and from being received with prejudice and even with apprehension at first, it has steadily and gradually risen into favor and confidence, and the general conviction of its usefulness is attested by the fact, that in all countries, that class of men most distinguished for intelligence and prudence, are those most frequently insured, and for the largest sums.

The many calamities which have been averted by Life Insurance; the many families it has saved from the misery of suddenly descending from a position of comfort, to become partakers of the voluntary aid of friends, or of the slight provision afforded by private or public contributions, and the great protection it has been to creditors, whose chief security has rested on the continuance of the lives of their debtors, must have placed its usefulness beyond all question. If each who knows that on his care alone depends the protection of the widow and the orphan, would imagine the scene of death embittered by the reflection that out of his superabundance he had failed to do an act of justice and humanity for those who had claims on his affection; and that instead of leaving a memory to be revered, he could only be referred to as one whose selfishness, carelessness, or inhumanity had been the means of exposing to the mercy of the world those who should have had his first consideration; surely none, who has the ability, will fail to exercise it. Even the sum of five hundred dollars, which might be obtained at a trifling sacrifice, would assist a poor widow to support herself and family, who would otherwise be plunged in the greatest misery and want; and when we reflect that want is too frequently the fore-

runner of crime, how much it behooves every parent to lay by something, though small, to provide against such a calamity.

The period of health, it must be recollected, is the only time when life can be insured at a moderate rate, as the tables are calculated for unexceptionable lives: for should disease make its appearance, an additional premium is always charged, and the life may probably be rendered altogether uninsurable. Let it not be thought that even one day's delay is justifiable. Postponement can effect nothing to counterbalance the risk of disease or death. A practical illustration of this is seen in the documents of this Company. Of the nine members who have died since its organization, *five* have been suddenly, and *almost instantly*, deprived of life by fits or casualties. As no one, then, has any assurance that his existence will continue another day, procrastination is as inexcusable as it is unwise. A Life Insurance, once commenced, is an earnest of fortune; and should future prosperity or other reasons, render it no longer necessary, the insured has wisely secured himself against the mischances of life. The Policy is still of value, and the money which has been paid in premiums would most likely have been expended in some other way, leaving no beneficial results behind. A prosperous business may have rendered his early care to provide against premature death unnecessary; yet no selfish regret is justifiable on that account, for the very act of his insuring his life may have encouraged his industry and prudence, and laid the foundation of his affluence: for it should be borne in mind that a person insuring his life acquires thereby a species of *property*, which he must naturally feel an interest to preserve, and thus his best energies become aroused, habits of industry, prudence, and economy are encouraged, and he necessarily becomes provident and successful.

Persons may be insured for one year, for any given number of years, or for life. Insurance may be effected on two or more joint lives, also on a single life, payable when the party shall arrive at a given age, or at his death, if it should happen in the mean time.

An Insurance in this Company is the unfortunate and provident man's wealth, as by the charter of the Company the amount may be secured to his family beyond the reach of any and all his creditors. Creditors may insure their debtors for a term of years, or for life, at a low rate in the aggregate, as *all the profits are divided annually* among the insured.

Persons making *voyages* to any foreign port can be insured against the *dangers of the sea only*, at a very small per centage; this is a new feature of Life Insurance, originating with this Company.

Insurance may be made payable on the attaining a given age, or sooner in the event of death.

All premiums amounting to *fifty dollars*, and upward, on Policies, running five years or more, may be paid *one half in cash*, the remainder in notes bearing interest at the rate of six per cent per annum, which notes, it is expected the dividends will cancel.

All claims on Policies will be paid three months after notice and proof of death; and in all cases will the entire amount of the profits standing to the credit of the assured on the books of the Company, be paid in Cash, deducting the amount of notes given for premiums.

A dividend from the profits on last year's business was declared on the first day of February, 1843, and fifty per cent of the premiums paid on policies was credited to the assured, for which scrip has been issued.

The assured, on the surrender of the Policy at any time after a term of years, will receive its equitable value in cash.

Heirs at law, and persons entitled to property of any description, on their attaining the age of twenty-one, or any other particular age, but to whose families such property would be lost should they die before that period arrives, may secure the full

value of such property by assuring the amount of it upon their own lives during the term that must elapse before possession can be obtained.

The following is from the Boston Daily Journal:

"We well remember that in our boyhood we saw, for the first time, 'Life Insurance' on the door of an office in the city of New York, and were startled at the **presumption* which these words seemed to imply.

We say *presumption*, for at first thought we supposed some fanatic or speculator had presumed an interference with the prerogatives of the Almighty, with a view to enhance his pecuniary interests by preying upon the credulity of the ignorant and unwary. We doubt not that others have experienced similar feelings; but we have reason now to rejoice that Life Insurance is better understood, and is hailed by thousands as the messenger of relief. Thanks to that man with whom an institution originated that is destined to secure from penury and want the widow and the orphan, whose kind and considerate husband and father had, while in health, secured, to be paid at his death, a sum adequate to their necessities. In our opinion the day is not far distant when Life Insurance will be more generally embraced than any other Insurance now extant, and millions yet unborn will echo praise to the founder of Life Insurance. Few men are secure from the vicissitudes of business, and none can say but they may be cut off in an unpropitious moment in their pecuniary affairs, or lose their health with the loss of property, which would render it impossible to secure a policy to their family.

We therefore most cheerfully recommend to every husband and father to avail himself of Life Insurance while in the enjoyment of good health.

With a view to encourage Life Insurance, the Legislatures of several of our States have enacted laws very liberal to the widow and orphan.

And it only requires that the husband and father should embrace the institution to secure, beyond a contingency, such a sum as he may see fit to be paid to his heirs at his death. We have within a few days been favored with the prospectus of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, a neat little pamphlet, which might interest every family in the community. It contains much valuable and important information upon Life Insurance, contrasting the difference between the strictly mutual principle and the stock principle, as established in part or exclusively by other companies according to their judgment or wish.

The Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company is organized upon the mutual benefit system; and from our acquaintance with several of the Directors, and from the highly respectable references given here, we do not hesitate to recommend this Company to the patronage of the public.

We find the advantages and inducements held out by this Company very favorable to the assured. The charter is perpetual; this is all important in Life Insurance. Credits upon premiums liberal. Late annual dividends of profits to the assured, fifty per cent, for which scrip has already been issued, and partaking as it does of the Savings Bank principle, can not fail to receive, as it justly merits, a large share of public favor."

The rates of premium will be in the same proportion for any sums exceeding One Hundred Dollars, and not exceeding Five Thousand Dollars.

Persons who desire to effect an insurance on their lives, should address S. B. Brittan, (the authorized agent of the Company) at this office, who will be pleased to give further information, and will furnish pamphlets (gratis) containing the rates of insurance, &c., &c., to those who call at 235 Broadway, or by mail, if written for post-paid. Also, blank forms of application will be forwarded to any part of the country, and applications for insurance will be received and policies obtained. Will the reader have the kindness to call the attention of his friends to this subject.

Miscellaneous Department.

A PHILOSOPHICAL SKETCH.

[CONCLUDED.]

Heaving a sigh of deep emotion, the old man raised his face toward Heaven, clasped his clammy hands with emphasis, fell on his knees, and poured out his soul to the God of the Race.

"Oh, our Father in Heaven, hear now the prayer of thy stricken servant. Thou, who dost attract saints by thy goodness and entice sinners by thy love—be thou gracious to that little angel who has thus honored the Charity of thy Gospel in this honest ministration to the wants of thy unworthy servant. Oh, follow her through the devious path she may be called to travel, and keep her ever in the hollow of thy hand. Preserve her long to be the model of her sex, and a blessing to the unfortunate; and when she may be called to exchange spheres, may she be one of thy brightest angels and a ministering spirit to multitudes who need the consolations of thy grace. Oh Father, remember us all—forgive our sins, and fit us for that moment when fear comes like a whirlwind upon the doubting soul. Amen."

"Amen," joined the son, and after a few words concerning the incomparable goodness of Helenia, and the consumption of the food she had left, they departed.

Mr. Goodloe was a man of great sternness, and equal mildness. Nothing could change a course of action that he had resolved upon as the right course, except a convincing him of his error. He was firm almost to obstinacy, the consequence of a thorough conviction that every one must act on his own responsibility, according to the light he has, and should not listen to any advice to change unless a reason was given. He was generous and affectionate. He never indulged anger or bitterness, and no one could say that he had ever spoken an unpleasant word. In person he was of the ordinary height, symmetrical proportions, and full chest. His eye was dark and sparkling, and his countenance always illuminated by the benevolence of his heart. He was about forty-five years of age, though one would not judge his years above thirty-five, so well had he fortified himself by a virtuous life.

Mrs. Goodloe was a woman of the most enchanting manners and the highest imaginable goodness. She was a person of beautiful countenance, light complexion, elegant form, and the most graceful bearing. Her eyes were blue, and in conversation they displayed in their glowing depths a heart of unflinching excellence. She was but two years younger than her husband. They had been married twenty years, and had three sons, two older than Helenia and one younger.

About two miles from the Lake where they resided was a village, as the Yankees call it, or a town as it is denominated in the South West, of about three thousand inhabitants. About six miles in the opposite direction was another town, somewhat larger, and ten miles to the eastward was another of about two thousand people. The Lake at the time of which we are now writing, had become a place of much resort in the summer season, by merchants, professional men, and men of business, for the purpose of recreation and health. About the Lake the summer was one continued gala day, and to look only on that scene, one would think the Earth a paradise indeed were it not for an occasional consumptive in search of better health. In consequence of being brought in so close contact with the villagers, the people about the lake had imbibed the town spirit, and adopted the most approved style in all their conduct. The Society of the Lake was therefore proverbial for its aristocracy—surpassing even their models, and taking the lead in all that was gay and gorgeous. The Lake farmers had gradually been supplanted by men of wealth and leisure who wished for the most

pleasant residences; for the reader should know that a farmer or laboring man of any kind cannot support the faintest shadow of aristocracy; those who have become rich from the labor of others can only afford this style of life. Those people had their fine houses and gardens, their gilt walls, damask curtains and tapestry, carpets, with velvet cushioned sofas, ottomans and sofas, and rosewood furniture. They had their stables and carriage houses well supplied with servants to wait at their calling and run at their bidding. They were extremely religious—that is, were members of the Church, and wished it understood that they were of the most orthodox faith. They were strict on the Sabbath, and never failed to ride in fine carriages, with genteel horses driven by a man employed for this duty, who was not permitted to enter the church himself but must hold the horses without, and be ready to wheel them home at a moment's warning. Their servants are never permitted to sit with them at table, nor in the same pew at church, under no circumstances; and when they come to the table, as evidence of their subjection and to make them feel their inferiority, all the luxuries must be first removed, and only a few of the coarsest articles of diet left for them. This was so general a custom that the cooks knew their duty, and needed no admonition on this subject. Judge, therefore, of the surprise one of them would feel when being employed by Mr. Goodloe—they were called to the same table at which he sat, and were permitted to eat freely of anything of which he partook. This was a course unheard of before by them, and they hardly knew to what it could be attributed. Mr. Goodloe always permitted all about his house to be equal members of his family, and have the same access to all privileges. This course was but poorly calculated to make him friends in that neighborhood, and, indeed, he was not thought worthy of that society, and all the perked up ladies spoke of his family with contempt, having forgotten the many acts of charity they had done them in periods of sickness and affliction.

At one time the people about the lake become very religious. One of those periodical excitements called revivals, prevailed, and there was a general "outpouring of the spirit." A celebrated revivalist had visited the neighboring village, and the people were "rebuked of sin" and reminded of "judgment to come." The minister had succeeded in making the people, far and near, feel something of the brotherhood of the race, and to forget, for the time, all clannish sectarianism, and look only to a "godly life and conversation" as the standard of excellence. They had gone so far as to get an idea that servants had souls to be saved or lost, and to take an interest in their eternal "welfare." As evidence of this they appointed a meeting especially for servants, promising to be with them and labor for their salvation. But they did not propose to exchange places by driving them to the church, and stand without to hold the horses while they worshipped. No, for once, the horses could stand without holding.

In order to keep up the religious spirit a system of prayer meetings was instituted, embracing all of every denomination. Mr. Goodloe had never engaged very spiritedly in the ordinary forms of religious worship, and indeed was thought somewhat heretical in his opinions. However, the people thought it a duty to labor with him, and as he always pretended a high regard for religion, they thought they would give him an opportunity to "show his hand," and unite with them in the "good work." Accordingly, several of the leading personages addressed him a polite note informing him of what they were doing, and inviting his co-operation in "imploping heavenly aid." To this Mr. Goodloe promptly replied, telling them frankly of certain obstacles preventing a "union in spirit" with them. Among other things he said with emphasis, "God is the Father of the Race, and in His sight all are equal. Man is constantly attempting to create inequality among his fellows, and to divide the people into ranks and classes between which all sociability

a interdicted. I see Christians doing their full share in this work of moral and social death. I see Christians forbidding their servants to sit with them at table, and making them stay without to hold the carriage horses while their masters worship within. I cannot unite either in opinion or feeling with persons of such practices, and there can be no true worship without such a union. When I see Christians treating all as equals, and making no distinctions where wickedness has made differences;—when I see them abolishing the odious name of servant and admitting all under their roof to the full privileges of the family, then I can unite with them in worship, and then I will be happy to join them in elevating the soul to the great Center Spirit, that we may be more and more like Him who is the common Father of us all." This reply created much confusion among the devoted neighbors. It opened to them truth they had not before discovered, and the struggle was immediately created between pride and conscience. This principle they saw would outlive all their display and reduce all to the same level. This would be a horrible consequence and altogether insupportable.

The antagonistic feeling being thus awakened, the revival spirit died away, and to Mr. Goodloe's plain talk is chargeable the loss of many a soul that would probably have been "converted," at that periodical "outpouring of Divine Grace," had it not rallied the "old man" in the heart and thus turned aside the "shower of mercy." But Mr. Goodloe did not feel condemned, because he thought that conversions to such pride would only make them more the children of the Devil than before. But for this Christian act Mr. Goodloe was marked by those he so faithfully reproached as one to be dreaded, avoided and abused on every possible occasion. Only a few rods from his residence lived a light complexioned, smooth-faced clergyman, who took occasion to solemnly warn a young man—the friend of both parties—against associating with Mr. Goodloe's family, as he was not thought to be strictly orthodox, and a young man would not gain friends by keeping such company. This conduct he did not regard for a moment, as he was independent, and scorned the friendship of those who would listen to such cowardly advice.

We must now return to the old blind beggar.

He traveled on a few miles after the abrupt departure of Helenia and stopped for the night. He found nothing congenial in the family whose roof sheltered him, and consequently was doomed to a gloomy silence. He, however, had an interesting topic for reflection, furnished by the little girl who gave him food and staid not for his blessing. Something mysterious seemed to hang upon his spirit connected with her. He had a presentiment that he must meet her again, and that her father and mother were of great interest to him. Accordingly in the morning he said to his son—

"We must travel back the way we came, for an undefinable something draws me in that direction."

"Why, father, perhaps we shall meet with better people if we continue on; and you know we are in search of your former friend, whom we wronged, and we may lose time by turning back."

"Ah! my son" and he clasped his hands, with emphasis indicating the deepest emotion, "My son, I am warned that my time is at hand; my search is about to be crowned with success, and I am soon to depart to another sphere."

Accordingly they turned back, and in the afternoon came to Mr. Goodloe's gate, entered and proceeded along the walk toward the house.

"My son," remarked the old man, elevating his head more than usual, "Where are we? What place is this? so perfumed with such heavenly odors, so musical with the breezes and the foliage?"

"Father, it is a most charming place—much like your account of Paradise."

"Ah! we shall hardly be welcome here. Those who can keep such a garden and live in such style rarely feel disposed to speak a kind word to the poor and miserable. Their presence, clean and sacred, must not be invaded by the unfavored and beggarly. But we must eat or starve, and may be we shall get a morsel here."

They passed on, and arriving at the kitchen door, knocked. Mrs. Goodloe opened the door, and seeing who were present, exclaimed—

"Oh! pity, pity! walk in, walk in and rest you—poor old man!"

"The Lord is good to the merciful!" exclaimed the old man, manifesting the deepest emotion occasioned by the warm reception.

"You are hungry, I know," said the good woman, and she proceeded quickly to set the table and load it with such dishes as were at hand.

They sat at the table, and while eating conversed concerning their situation, the causes of his blindness, and the length of time the beauties of the Earth had been a blank to him.

After concluding dinner, the old man thanked the good woman, and was about to depart when she pressed him to be seated and rest himself, adding that he could remain several days to repair his garments and revive his energies.

The old man called his son to his side, and taking his hand, said, "My son, my son, I have been wandering about the Earth these twenty years, and never have met such a reception from a fellow-being."

"That is true, father," replied the son, "we have never seen the like of this. I understand now what you meant in your descriptions of a True Brotherhood among men. I have now seen an example, and believe your anticipations will be realized."

"Yes, my son, there is that in the heart of man which, when developed as it will be at a future time, shall banish all poverty and woe from the Earth."

This conversation surprised Mrs. Goodloe, and passing suddenly from the room called Helenia, who was in the garden training some of the vines.

As Helenia entered her mother took her by the hand, and said,—

"Here, my daughter, is a poor, old blind man, who, though ragged and unclean in his external garments, has a clean heart within; and though blind, and as one would suppose, ignorant, is really wise and a minister of truth."

"Oh, mother, have you given them something to eat?"

As Helenia spoke, the old man started and exclaimed, "What voice is that? I have heard that voice before!"

"Yes, father," replied the son, "it is the voice of that little angel that left us all her dinner yesterday, and ran away."

"Come here, come here, my daughter," said the old man, the tears streaming down his cheeks in profusion.

She came, and the poor blind man laid his withered hands upon her head, and elevating his sightless eyeballs toward Heaven, poured out the gratitude of his soul and blessed her young spirit. His son shared also in pronouncing the blessing, and his own tears testified that he was the son of the blind old man. Mrs. Goodloe and Helenia were not unmoved at this affecting scene; but passing it off as soon as possible, they proceeded to repair the tattered garments of the beggars and give them ample changes of linen. In a short time they were comparatively well clad, in spite of the old man's objection to receiving so much at their hands.

At evening Mr. Goodloe came in from his labor, and being informed of what had occurred and in what character the strangers appeared, he bid them be at ease and feel at home as long as they should choose to remain. The white locks of the beggar, his benevolent countenance, and the gravity of his manners, with the evidence of refinement seen in his conversation, excited Mr. Goodloe's respect for him, and they spent the evening in

the most interesting conversation. There seemed to be a harmony of opinion and feeling between them, and consequently a congeniality of spirit that made their company mutually pleasant. The conversation of the evening was upon religious matters;—such as the relation of the Divine to the Human Spirit, the condition of the soul after death, and obligations that should be felt and fulfilled between man and man.

The old man uttered many novel though deeply interesting doctrines. He said that the evidence he possessed of the truth of his views were in his own soul—in his own intuitive perceptions. Says he,

"I am no logician nor profound investigator of intricate subjects, but *feel* truths spiritually rather than perceive them intellectually. I feel a doctrine to be true and can no more doubt it than I can doubt that which comes most palpably to my senses. You will not, therefore, ask me for proof; for unless you feel with me, I cannot convince you. When, therefore, I tell you that all things are really the same thing; that mind and matter are the same though said to be so different, you will not press me for the proof. I see that there are degrees of attenuation from the coarsest forms of matter up to the Divine Mind—the Governor of all things. Mind has been called immaterial; but it is as much material as any thing else; it is a more attenuated form of matter—more attenuated than the material of our organs of sight, which accounts for the imperceptibility of the soul by the physical eye. The eye can see every thing on the same plane with itself, but cannot look above; the mental eye only can see spiritual things. Here you may call me a materialist, but if you mean one who believes in annihilation, I must correct you, for nothing is annihilated—nothing can be annihilated. The form of things changes, but nothing is lost.

"But," said Mr. Goodloe, "will not our spirits so change their forms as to lose their identity, and therefore, meet a fate as dark to itself as annihilation?"

"No," replied the old seer. "The great law of Progress is constantly evolving higher manifestations—rolling up, in the perpetual convolutions of creation, higher forms. This you see to be the case in the physical world, and one consideration convinces me that the work of elevation is going on in the mental world, that does not destroy identity. Gross matter we see changes forms, so that one is entirely lost in another. But this change occurring in the mind is one of advancement to higher planes, so that the individual of to-day is not the same as he was yesterday, although the identity is preserved. The tree, for instance, does not change any quality, but lives its time, dies, and is merged into other forms. Not so with a soul—it refines and exalts itself perpetually while in the body, unless weighed down too heavily by antagonistic influences, and at death enters upon the purely spiritual sphere, in which it continues to advance with no obstruction to all eternity. God is the Creator of Spirituality from whom radiates the spirit of all things—of Archangels, Angels, Glorified Spirits, and men, down through the whole mental world, and still on through every form of grosser matter, penetrating and pervading the whole creation, including what is commonly termed the animate and inanimate—the spiritual and material. This Divine Spirit is that which gives life to the plant, and continually combines, dissolves, and recombines the gross material substances."

They discussed various subjects at different times, for the sketch of which we have not space. One evening they inquired into the qualifications essential to a successful investigation of truth. Said the old man,

"We must, above all, purify our hearts and exalt our souls, if we would know the truth in spiritual things. The low-minded are not to be trusted on this subject; but the purer an individual is, the more confidence we can have in his intuitions. He is nearer the source of all Truth, enjoys a wider mental vision, and consequently can see more of that which is invisible to the physical sight.

"But alas! alas!" continued he, clasping his hands in an agony of painful emotion, "how can I commend myself as a pure-minded man? How can I feel confidence in my own intuitions? I confess that there is a deep stain upon my soul that no repentance can wash away"—and he relapsed into a deeply meditative mood, exhibiting evidence of having some dread act pressing upon his mind. Mr. Goodloe saw his embarrassment, and said;

"You give evidence of having sincerely repented of any faults you may have committed, and, therefore, you may, at present, be the purest man on earth, even if a hundred deeds of the darkest dye once sullied your soul."

At this period of the conversation, the name of Mr. Goodloe was pronounced by one of the family, which the old man had not before heard, although his son had known the name from the first day of their arrival. As if he had a dread of hearing the name of the kind family, he had not inquired for it; but now, that it was mentioned in his hearing, he started as if a momentous thought had struck his attention.

"That name! it has been the evil genius of my life,—the thought of it has daily filled this poor heart with grief and made every muscle of this feeble frame tremble under a conscious load of guilt!" and the old man paused a moment in silent but most earnest meditation, while the family looked surprised at this mysterious being of mysterious troubles, while the son seemed to wonder what the stranger would think of his father's trouble. Finally the old blind man collected himself, and inquired if the name he heard pronounced was Goodloe; and being informed in the affirmative, he asked if it was the name of the family by whom he was entertained. In receiving a like reply, he elevated his head of silver locks, and clasping his hands, thus spoke: "Is, then, the great desire of my heart to be now gratified? Is the object of twenty years of search to be accomplished now on the eve of my life? Oh Lord who hast brought thy wicked servant safely through this world of tribulation, support him now in this crisis and give him grace to do his duty as a sincere penitent, that he may obtain an absolution for his sin, and find an eternal rest for his soul."

As he ceased the quick tears followed the furrows of his cheeks, and his heart beat with deep emotion. The sympathies of the family were highly excited, and Mr. Goodloe asked what there was in his name that gave him so much trouble.

"We have been trying to comfort you, it seems that even our name is a poisoned arrow to your spirit."

"No," said the old man with much composure, "your name is that of an individual for whom I have grown grey in seeking, and the presentiment that my mission is nearly completed is a source of satisfaction to my mind."

"We are extremely sorry," said Mr. Goodloe, "if any thing connected with us has been the cause of so much grief, and of such a bitter pilgrimage to you. We beg of you to give yourself no more pain on our account, if, indeed, it can be possible that we are the offenders, we will try to repair the wrong so far as possible."

"Oh, my God," ejaculated the old man, "the wrong is here," smiting his breast. "It has furrowed my face, whitened my locks, and I have no doubt that these sightless eye-balls would now be transparent as glass and see with youthful vision, had my soul escaped that dreadful wrong. But it has followed me with ten thousand whips, lashing me round the world and driving me rapidly down to the grave. Let us now be brief and to the point. Answer me;—Did you ever live on Long Island?"

"I did, when a boy."

Here the old man exhibited emotion, and his son having a premonition of what was about to be developed, covered his face and began to sob most bitterly; for who could feel the weight of the old man's grief so well as he who had been eyes to

the blind pilgrim, and had guided him round the earth in search of one whom he had wronged?

"Is your name Edward Goodloe?"

"It is."

"The name of your father and when you were separated from him?" inquired the old man, quick as the increase of his emotion.

"My father's name was Albert Goodloe, and I was sent away to learn a trade when ten years old."

"No, no, no; that was not the name of your father!" exclaimed the blind beggar, springing toward Mr. Goodloe, and falling on his knees before him, crying, forgive the wrong I have done you; as God has long since forgiven me!"

"What means this humiliation?" interposed the good man, "arise and let us talk of your troubles."

"Ah, I do fear they will seem to you like your own troubles when I shall tell you the story of our misfortunes. Will you forgive me let what will be recorded against me?"

"I will—I forgive any one who ever did an act or cherished a thought against me. I am here happy and fortified against the common accidents of life, and of what consequence to me are past transactions? What you have done that has affected me I know not nor care not, as far as I am concerned."

"Ah, but your noble companion here, and your most excellent little daughter will feel the deepest chagrin, when I tell them that the real family name is not Goodloe."

"Oh, what can be in the name?" interrupted Mrs. Goodloe, "we are here enjoying every thing that heart can desire, and can we not be as happy with any other name? and if we were miserable, would a name increase or diminish our woe?"

The old man seeing so much indifference manifested by all concerned, became more quiet and proceeded calmly to tell them that his own name was Albert Goodloe, that the name of their ancestor was Bainbridge, who died while his son, that is now before me, was but one year of age, leaving me his sole executor and the guardian of his only child. I was his best friend, as he thought, and being about to leave the world he solemnly entrusted to me the care of his child—the mother having died a few weeks previously—that was now to be left without a friend to protect, support or instruct it. I undertook the charge, but my God! how was I tempted, and how I yielded to the tempter! With his son he gave me the absolute control of a fortune of twenty thousand dollars which was to be preserved for the benefit of the orphan; and though he provided a large salary for me both in consideration of friendship and of service in the charge of his son, I removed from Maine to Long Island among strangers, where I called the child my son, and converted his fortune to my own use. But lest the son might hear of the circumstances and cause me trouble when he should be older, I sent him away to learn a trade under a man whom I made my confidant by a sum of money. He was to take steps to make the child believe his parents were dead. This plot succeeded, and no circumstance ever created the least apprehension in my mind of a detection. But my God! the day of judgment came and I was my own severest judge. After the plot was carried out and myself relieved from all anxiety in relation to the robbery, the time for reflection arrived—when in the possession of wealth I could not avoid the constant thought of the means by which I obtained my estate, of the violation of my charge and of my great wrong toward the child. I began to be greatly troubled in my feelings and my mind was turned to religious thoughts, to the nature of the human spirit, the means of its development and its condition after leaving this sphere. I, therefore, began to abhor wrong, and to despise my wealth and curse the mode in which it was acquired. My duty was revealed to me in this crisis, to wind up my business, reduce all my property to ready money, and as a penance to walk about the country in search of

the one I had wronged. My wife died about this time and I proceeded to discharge my duty as I understood it. I traveled five years, and feeling wearied and being somewhat relieved from my trouble, I settled down and married again. The kind son whom you see here, was the happy fruit of this wedlock. My wife died within one year and my mind was again turned to the dark evil of my life, and I was again led to break up my residence and resume my pilgrimage. My boy was disposed of for several years; but when I became blind I returned to him, and having expended all my own means, I was forced to beg my way or settle down in some employment. My good son readily agreed to share my lot, and guide my footsteps wherever I should choose to go. Since that time I have been traveling and now the object of my pursuit is found. Oh, my God! I never conceived so great goodness as I find manifested in the man who was my victim when a child. I have never received so great kindness from any as from the one whom I have so doubly injured! I feel a higher veneration for man, and in this instance am ushered into a brighter hope for the future of Humanity. This is all I have to say on this subject save that here is the money that is your due. I saved enough from the wreck to discharge this obligation if I should find you. Here it is, take it—it is yours; and he handed out drafts on one of the best banks of New England for thirty thousand dollars which he tried to induce Mr. Goodloe to receive. But it was firmly refused. He would neither receive it himself nor permit it to be deposited for the use of his daughter and son. He told the blind beggar that he was rich enough, his children would always have enough, and the old man might keep it for the benefit of his son, who had undergone such privations and hardships in guiding him about. But the son and father both spurned it with indignation, and the amount could not be disposed of, until, by general agreement, it was set apart for the establishment of an Academy in that section of country.

Few individuals can be found so conscientious as to carry about their persons such an amount, and beg their way through the world. Few, indeed, but would be tempted to invade the treasure while becoming weak with hunger and weary with the toilsome march. But the old man guarded the sacred treasure with a holy trustfulness, stimulated by an indefatigable presentiment that the man to whom it was due would be found.

But we will conclude. The blind beggar and his son were not driven from Mr. Goodloe's house, but on the contrary were, in a measure, compelled to remain by the solicitations of the philanthropist. It seemed as if a new principle was reduced to practice in this case; for notwithstanding the old man had wronged his present benefactor most grievously, yet it was all forgiven and a kindness extended toward the offender that no amount of money or period of service could purchase.

It was thought by many strangers that the poor blind man was the patriarch of the family, for he was served with more than filial affection. Many of the neighbors thought Mr. Goodloe somewhat insane in pursuing such a course, and those who believed him sane, thought it was a pernicious example to set the world,—that of returning such a kindness for so great wrong—it being the same as offering a premium for crime. But the pure intentions of Mr. Goodloe did not tell him thus, and whom shall we consider truthful if not those whose conduct exhibits the holiest motives?

After a few years the old man died, leaving his son, who was worthy of his noble sire, a member of the benefactor's family.

The son had now become a man, Helena had become a woman, and a more perfect couple never lived nor united in wedlock.

[WESTERN QUARTERLY REVIEW.]

PEOPLE use Truth as they do money and trinkets; put it in their pockets; and not as they do food, incorporate it into their system for nourishing and perpetuating it. c. w.

VIRTUE ALONE IS BEAUTIFUL.

"HANDSOME is that handsome does—hold up your heads, girls," is the language of Primrose in the play, when addressing her daughters. The worthy matron was right. Would that all my female readers, who are sorrowing foolishly because they are not in all respects like Dubufo's Eve, or that statue of Venus which enchants the world, could be persuaded to listen to her. What is good looking, as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good? Be good, womanly, be gentle—generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well-being of those around you, and, my word for it, you will not lack kind words or admiration. Loving and pleasant associations will gather about you. Never mind the ugly reflection which your glass may give you. That mirror has no heart.—But quite another picture is given you on the retina of human sympathy. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace "which passeth show," rests over it, softening and mellowing its features, just as the full, calm moonlight melts those of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness.

"Hold up your heads, girls," repeat after Primrose. Why should you not? Every mother's daughter of you can be beautiful. You can envelope yourselves in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty, through which your otherwise plain faces will look forth like those of angels. Beautiful to Ledyard, stiffening in the cold of northern winter, seemed the diminutive, smoke stained women of Lapland, who wrapped him in their furs, and ministered to his necessities with kind and gentle words of compassion. Lovely to the homesick Park seemed the dark maids of Sigo, as they sung their low and simple songs of welcome beside his bed and sought to comfort the white stranger, who had "no mother to bring him milk, and no wife to grind him corn"—O! talk as you may of beauty as a thing to be chiselled upon marble or wrought on canvas—speculate as you may upon its colors and outline, what is it but an intellectual abstraction after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind—looking through outward environments it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness.

This was well understood by the old painters. In their pictures of Mary, the virgin mother, the beauty which melts and subdues the gazer is that of the soul and the affections—uniting the awe and the mystery of the mother's miraculous allotment with the inexpressible love, the unutterable tenderness of young maternity—Heaven's crowning miracle with nature's sweetest and holiest instinct. And their pale Magdalens, holy with the look of sins forgiven, how the divine beauty of their penitence sinks into the heart! Do we not feel that the only real deformity is sin, and that goodness evermore hallows and sanctifies its dwelling-place. [J. G. WHITTIER.

THE TONGUE.

A good story is told of *Æsop*, the famous fabulist, and one of the "seven wise men of Greece." *Æsop* was sold as a slave to *Xanthus*. One day, his master, desiring an entertainment for his friends, ordered *Æsop* to provide the best things the market afforded. *Æsop* therefore made a large provision of *tongues*, which were served up with a variety of sauces. When dinner came, the first and second courses, the side dishes, and the removes, were all tongues. "Did I not order you," said *Xanthus*, in a violent passion, "to buy the best victuals the market afforded?" "And have I not obeyed your orders?" said *Æsop*. "Is there any thing better than tongues? Is not the tongue the bond of civil society, the key of sciences, and the organ of truth and reason? By means of the tongue cities are built, and governments established and administered; with that men instruct, persuade, and preside in assemblies; it is the instrument with which we acquit ourselves of the chief of all our duties, the praising and adoring the gods."

"Well, then," replied *Xanthus*, "go to market again to-morrow, and buy me the worst things you can find. This same company will dine with me, and I have a mind to diversify my entertainment."

Æsop, the next day, provided nothing but the very same dishes: telling his master that the tongue is the worst thing in the world. "It is," said he, "the instrument of all strife and contention, the fomentor of law-suits, and the source of divisions and wars; it is the organ of error, of lies, of calumny, and blasphemy."

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