

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.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO MANHOOD.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

ARE we dwellers in the country? From that low-roofed cottage a youth is going forth, with lofty heart, to do and dare on the great battle-field of manly adventure. He has given ear to a father's counsel, he has knelt to receive a mother's blessing; he has smiled at the fears and regrets expressed by younger or tenderer hearts around him; for a sanguine spirit urges him on, and he sees already fortune and honors awaiting him in the distant city to which his eager footsteps tend. Not till the hour of parting has come and passed, does he feel how heavy the chain he drags who goes forth for years from all he loves on earth—not till the stately, branching elms which overhang the dear spot, have waved their last mute adieux to his backward glances—not till the stream which was the companion of his boyish pastimes has bent away from his rigid course and buried itself among the wooded hills, does he feel that he has shaken off the companionships and supports of his youth, and is utterly alone. Now nerve your quivering heart, young adventurer! Summon every thought of hope, and pride, and shame, and press sternly onward; for a feather's weight might almost suffice to dash all your high resolutions—to chase away the dreams of hope and ambition, and send you back, an early penitent, to that lowly home which never seemed half so dear before.

Are we dwellers by the sea-side? Here the sailor is bending the white canvass for a voyage—it may be around the world. Before he shall again drop anchor in the haven he deems his home, he may from his vessel's deck gaze on the peaks of the Andes, the sulphurous flames of Kirauea, or may thread with his bark the perilous windings of the forest-mantled Oregon—may survey the porcelain towers of Canton, or the naked site of Troy, whose very ruins have vanished, leaving no monument of their existence save in Homer's undying song.

Here, too, the emigrant is bidding adieu to the ungenial land of his birth and his love, and with his household gods around him, is seeking on a distant shore a soil on which his hopes may expand and flourish. There is sadness, there is anguish in the parting hour: the tree most carefully transplanted must leave too many fibres in its native soil: and the life long dweller in some secluded valley, who first finds himself confronted with a thousand leagues of raging brine, across which lies the way to his unknown future home, may well recoil and shudder at the prospect. But the hoarse order to embark is given and obeyed; the last adieux are looked from streaming eyes; the vessel swings slowly from her moorings; the young look out in wonder on the bleak waste of stormy waters, and turn inquiringly to those who are perchance as young in this hour's sensations as they. And so wears on the passage; and at length, amid new scenes, new toils, anxieties and troubles, the pilgrim finds that Care rears its eternal burden on Man wherever he is found—that Earth has no more an Eden. What reck it? The same blue heaven bends lovingly over all the children of men. New

scenes, new hopes, new prospects speedily dim the memory of keenest disappointments, of deepest regrets; and the heart, transplanted, sends out its tendrils in every direction, and learns to bloom and grow again. And thus do all of us, each in his appointed sphere and season, open new chapters in the great volume of Human Life.

But let us not contemplate only individual aspects. This Life of ours has grander proportions if we can but widen the sweep of our vision so as to reach its far horizon. Those daily acts, those common impulses which, viewed individually, and with microscopic or with soulless gaze, seem insignificant or trifling, take on a different aspect if regarded in a more catholic spirit. Those myriad hammers which, impelled by brawny arms, are ringing out their rude melody day by day, and contributing to the comfort and sustenance of Man—those fleets of hardy fishers, now chasing the whale on the other side of the globe to give light to the city mansion and celerity to the wheels of the village factory—those armies of trappers, scattered through the glens of the Rocky Mountains, each in stealthy solitude pursuing his deadly trade, whence dames of London and belles of Pekin alike shall borrow warmth and comeliness—let us contemplate these in their several classes, unmindful of the leagues of wood or plain or water which chance to divide them. Readily enough do we perceive and acknowledge the grandeur of the great army which some chief or despot assembles and draws out to feed his vanity by display, or his ambition by carnage; but the larger and nobler armies whose weapons are the mattock and spade, who overspread the hills and line the valleys, until beneath their rugged skill and persevering effort a highway of Commerce is opened where late the panther leaped, the deer disported—is not theirs the nobler spectacle—more worthy of the orator's apostrophe, the poet's song? Let us look boldly, broadly out on Nature's wide domain. Let us note the irregular yet persistent advance of the pioneers of civilization—the forest conquerers, before whose lusty strokes and sharp blades the century-crowned wood-monarchs, rank after rank, come crashing to the earth. From age to age have they kept apart the soil and sunshine, as they shall do no longer. Onward, still onward pours the army of axe-men, and still before them bow their stubborn foes. But yesterday their advance was checked by the Ohio; to-day it has crossed the Missouri, the Kansas, and is fast on the heels of the flying buffalo. In the eye of a true discernment, what hosts of Xerxes or Cæsar, of Frederick or Napoleon, ever equaled this in majesty, in greatness of conquest, or in true glory?

The mastery of Man over Nature—this is an inspiring truth, which we must not suffer from its familiarity to lose its force. By the might of his intellect, Man has not merely made the Elephant his drudge, the Lion his diversion, the Whale his magazine, but even the subtlest and most terrible of the elements is the submissive instrument of his will. He turns aside or garters up the lightning; the rivers toil in his workshop; the tides of ocean bear his burdens; the hurricane rages for his use and profit. Fire and water struggle for mastery that he may be whisked over hill and valley with the celerity of the sunbeam. The stillness of the forest midnight is broken by the snort of the Iron Horse, as he drags the long train from Lakes to Ocean

with a slave's docility, a giant's strength. Up the long hill he labors, over the deep glen he skims; the tops of the tall trees swaying around and below his narrow path. His sharp, quick breathings bespeak his impetuous progress; a stream of fire reflects its course. On dashes the resistless, tireless steed, and the morrow's sun shall find him at rest in some far mart of Commerce, and the partakers of his wizard journey scattered to their vocations of trade or pleasure, unthinking of their night's adventure. What has old Romance wherewith to match the every-day realities of the Nineteenth Century?

We are in no danger of estimating too highly the extraordinary character of the age in which our lot has been cast, and of the influences by which we are surrounded. The present is the proper theme of Poetry, the fitting scene of Romance. Whoever shall even faintly realize the mighty events, the stirring impulses, the lofty character of our time, is in no danger of passing through life groveling and unobservant as the dull beast that crops the thistles by the way-side. The Past has its lessons doubtless, and well is it for those who master and heed them; but, were it otherwise, the Present has themes enough of ennobling interest to employ all our faculties—to engross all our thoughts, save as they should contemplate the still grander, vaster Hereafter. Do they talk to us of Grecian or Roman heroism? They say well; but Genius died not with Greece; and Heroism has scarcely a recorded achievement which our own age could not parallel. What momentary deed of reckless valor can compare with the life-long self-devotion of the Missionary in some far cluster of Indian lodges, of Tartar huts, cut off from society, from sympathy, and from earthly hope? How easy, how common to dare death with Alexander! how rare to live nobly as Washington, and feel no ambition but that of doing good! Take the efforts for the elevation of the African race in our day—ill-directed as some of them appear—and yet Antiquity might well be challenged to produce any thing out of the sphere of Sacred History half so heroic and divine. Let us, then waste little time in looking back to earlier ages for high examples and deeds that stir the blood. Let us not idly imagine that the Old World embosoms scenes and memorials dearer to the lover of Truth, of Freedom, and of Man, than those of our own clime. Let us repel alike the braggart's vain-glory and the self-disparagement of degeneracy; yet cherish the faith that nowhere are there purer skies, more inspiring recollections, or more magnificent landscapes than those in which our own green land rejoices. Where shall the patriot pulse beat high if not on Bunker Hill or Saratoga? Where has Nature displayed her grandeur if not in the great Valley of the Father of Waters? Are not the scenes of Man's noblest efforts, of God's rarest earthly handiwork, all around and among us? Have not I listened to the roar of Niagara and stood by the grave of Mount Vernon?

Let me not be accused of dwelling too long on the visible and the palpable—on external Nature when my theme regards internal Man. No reflecting mind can hesitate to admit that to a great extent the circumstances shape the man. None of us would have difficulty in pointing out among his circle one at least who would be a Catholic at Rome, a Turk (if born such) at Constantinople, an idolater at Pekin—would it be as easy to instance one who would not be thus molded? As with the highest of all human affirmations—Faith in God—so with our lower deeds and developments. All know that the mountaineer is more hardy than the dweller in the vales beneath—the native of a rugged climate than he who is ripened beneath an equatorial sun. Have not the raw breezes from snow-clad heights been ever held an inspiration to the soul of Liberty? Is not the sailor oftenest born beside the heaving expanse which he chooses for his home? I would not explain all differences of character or capacity by the action of extraneous influences on the immortal spirit—the organs of the Phrenologist, the decree of the fatalist, the circumstances of the Owenite—and yet I shrink from the temerity of setting bounds to their sway. Though we

speak of the inscrutable ways of the Deity, we accuse only our imperfectness of vision. The eye of Faith, and not less that of Reason, recognizes in all His ways regular successions of effect to cause, from the warming into life of an insect to the creation of a world. If, then, we read that the son and heir of a wise and good ruler proved a weak yet bloody tyrant, let us not rashly infer the procession of Evil from Good. We have yet to be assured that the good king was an equally good father—that pressing cares of state, or possibly some defect of character, did not incline him to neglect the great duty of training up his son, and imbuing him with the seeds of all moral good. So with the reprobate and outcast scion of an exemplary house—we say, indeed, that his opportunities of good were equal to those of his brethren, and his temptations to wrong no greater than theirs; but how do we know? It were well for the safety of our ready and confident assertion if we had first assured ourselves that no inherent vice of physical organization—no bodily defect preceding the susceptibility to a moral impression—no silent, unnoted, but yet potent agency, has produced the disparity we observe and lament, before we had so positively concluded that men may gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles.

Yet let us not hotly and heedlessly pursue this truth till we lose ourselves and it in the mazes of error, the opposite of that we would dissipate. There is very much of human attainment dependent on circumstances; let us not forget how much also—I will not say how vastly more—depends on essential Man. There is a deplorably immense multitude who live but to eat bounteously and daintily—with whom the sum of life is practically to compass the largest amount of rich viands and gaudy trappings with the smallest outlay of effort or perseverance to procure them—this mass will be at Rome Romans, at Moscow Russians, and nothing more. There will be some small varieties or shadings of individual character, calculated to gratify by their study the minute curiosity of an entomologist, and interesting to him only. But let one of these ephemera be awakened, however casually or blindly, to the higher impulses, the nobler ends of our Being, and he is instantly transferred to a different world—or rather the world which surrounds him takes on a different aspect, and what before was bleak waste or dull expanse of wooded height and low herbage, assumes a deep spiritual significance. To his unfolding, wondering soul, Nature is no more a Poet's rhapsody, a Chemist's generalization, but a living presence, a solemn yet cheering companionship. No matter whether he be, in social position a peer or peasant, by birth Danish or Egyptian, one glance at the world within has placed him with those whose countrymen and brethren are all Mankind. He has no need now to change his daily pursuit or outward condition, for he has risen by inevitable force to an atmosphere of serenity, above the influence of merely external influences and petty limitations. He has not toilsomely but naturally attained a condition in which the soul no longer blindly pants for eminence or homage, but realizes intensely that nobly to Do for the sake of nobly Doing and its intrinsic results—rightly to Be for the sake of rightly Being—discarding "the lust to shine or rule," is the true end of life.

And here let me hazard the remark that our unquietness, our ant-hill bustle, is the severest criticism on our present intellectual condition and efforts. True greatness may be said to resemble the water in some perennial fountain, which rises ever and spontaneously, because in communication with some exhaustless reservoir more capacious and higher than itself; while the effort to be great is like the stream forced up by some engine or hydrant, which towers a moment unsteadily and then falls to water but the weeds by the way side. And thus our young men of promise, who would seem to be touched by a live coal from off the altar of Genius—whom we are led fondly to regard as the light and the hope of our age—the heralds and the hasteners of that fairer future which our hearts so throbbingly anticipate—seem for the most part to lack that element of natural quiet

ude, of unconscious strength, which we are rightly accustomed to consider a predilection and an accompaniment of the highest Manhood. Here in some rude hamlet—in some boorish neighborhood—there starts into view a rare youth, whom the Divine spark would seem to have quickened—who bids fair to freshen by at least a chaplet the dusty pathway of human endeavor. But forthwith the genius must be bandaged into rigidity—some education society, or kindred contrivance for the promotion of dullness and mediocrity, must take hold of him and place him in its go-cart—there must be tomes of word-knowledge and the petrifications of by-gone wisdom hurled through his cranium—he must be led away from all useful labor of the hands, and his already precocious intellect subjected to the hot-house culture of some seminary, no matter how unsuited to his mental or social condition; thus losing his independence, essential and pecuniary, and putting his whole life upon a single throw of the dice, and they so loaded that the chances are heavily against him. And this is called developing the man and making the most of his natural gifts, though it would seem quite as likely to blast them altogether. With new scenes and an utter transformation of attitude and aims, come strange and dizzying excitement, extravagant hopes, inordinate ambition, along with novel temptings to dissipation on the one hand, as well as to excessive study on the other. I will not say that the result of this course may not in most instances be satisfactory; I only urge that you put at hazard the youth whom *Nature* has marked for noble ends, trusting to make of him the man of profound acquirement, who after all may be worth less than the material out of which he was constructed. May we not rather trust something to *Nature*? Would we willingly exchange to-day the ROBERT BURNS she gave us for his counterpart educated in a University? would we not prefer that the poor, rudely-taught Ayrshire plowman had never seen Edinburgh and its cultivated circles at all?

And yet I have only taken hold of one corner of the forcing system. Its widest if not its worst evils are felt by those *cur impromptu* collegian leaves behind him—in the conviction impressed upon the youth left in the hamlet that they can never be anything but ox-drivers, because they cannot enjoy the advantages of what is termed a Classical Education. Thence the poison of disquiet and discontent—the irresolution to act worthily under a mistaken impression that adverse circumstances have forbidden that any thing shall worthily be done. I confess I look with anxiety on what seems to me the perverted aspiration so universal among us. There is an incessant straining for outward and visible advantages—to be Legislators, Governors, Professors, men, Teachers—there is too little appreciation of that greatness which is intrinsic and above the reach of accident. I am not insensible to the advantages of a systematic induction into all the arcana of Science—of a knowledge of Languages and a mastery of their vast treasures—the possession even of power and its honors. All these are well in their way, but they are not properly within the legitimate reach of all who feel that they have souls.

More intently than even these I would have our young men contemplate and be molded upon such characters and lives as those of our FRANKLIN, the penniless, active Apprentice, the thriving, contented Mechanic, the Peerless Philosopher, the idolized yet not flattered ambassador; our WASHINGTON, carrying the surveyor's chain through swamp and brier, forming with his own hatchet a rude raft for crossing the deep-shaded, savage-haunted Ohio; long and ably defending his country at the head of her armies; at length laying aside the cares of a Nation's destinies, resisting the affectionate entreaties of millions that he would continue to bear sway over half a continent, in order that he may enjoy for the brief remainder of an active, glorious life, the blessings of the domestic fire-side, the untroubled sleep which comes only to the couch of private life. There is here a sweet unconsciousness of greatness, that we realize and cling to at a glance. We recognize under every change of circumstance

the strong and true Man, superior to any freak of Fortune. No culture could have made these men more or less than they appear alike to us and to all observers. Is not the lesson they teach us at once distinct and invigorating?

Let me not be misunderstood. I value and prize Learning, Knowledge, Culture, while esteeming Self-Culture and Self-Development the sum of them all. I would have no youth reject facilities for acquiring them which may fairly and justly present themselves, so that he may embrace them without sacrifice of his proper independence or neglect of his proper duties and responsibilities as a son, a brother, a citizen. What I object to is the too common notion that the higher Education of the Schools is *essential* to his development and his usefulness in life, thus making the Circumstance every thing, the Man nothing. If I have not incorrectly observed, the effect of this prevalent impression is often to pervert and misplace the individual whom it specially contemplates, while it is morally certain to work injury to the great mass of his brethren by original condition. A youth in humble life evinces talent, genius, or the love of knowledge and facility for acquiring it, which are quite commonly confounded with either or both. Forthwith he must be taken hold of and transplanted, and stimulated to acquirement, in an atmosphere and under influences wholly different from those which have thus far nourished and quickened him. Now I do not say that this novel, stimulating process will necessarily milder or distort him—I do not say that he is inevitably thrust by it into a strange orbit for which he is unbalanced and unfitted—I do not say that he will be educated into flightiness or duncehood, though such cases may be—have been. What I would most earnestly insist on is this, that the continual repetition of this process confirms our aspiring youth in the mistaken impression that they can be nothing without a collegiate education and a profession, while it depresses and stunts the undistinguished many by a still keener humiliation. They had not hoped nor aspired to give light to others—they had presumed only to sun themselves in the rays of intellect which had burst on their own unnoted sphere. In the young aspirant to whom their village, their class, had given birth, they recognized with gladness and pride an evidence of the essential brotherhood of Man—a link between the lowliest and the most exalted. He has shed a redeeming halo of glory and beauty, of hope and joy, over the triteness and drudgery of their daily paths. But in the first moment of their fond exultation, the unfolding genius expands its new found wings and soars beyond their sphere, leaving them to gaze with sinking heart on its ascending, receding flight, troubled and depressed where they should have been assured and strengthened. As a farmer, an artisan in their midst, he would have been their glory and blessing—their “guide, philosopher and friend”—for there is nothing in the contact of true genius which discourages nor disconcerts; but he flies away to some distant city or seminary, and now he is no longer of them, but has visibly enrolled himself in a different class, whose members they may admire, look up to, and even reverence, but cannot clasp in the bands of a true and genial sympathy. There are too many folds of papyrus between his heart and theirs. What I would urge, then, is this, that the deep want of our time is not a greater number of scholars, professional men, pastors, educators, (though possibly there may be some improvement here in the quality;) the need of new, strong, penetrating and healthy men is felt rather in the less noticeable walks of life. We need to bring the sunlight of Genius to bear on the common walks—to dignify the sphere as well as facilitate the operations of the Useful Arts; to hallow and exalt the pathway of honest, unpretending Industry. It is here that the next decided movement is needed and will be made in the way of Human Progress—not a pushing forward of the vanguard, but a bringing up of the main body. The deep want of the time is that the deep resources and capacities of Mind, the far-reaching powers of Genius and of Science, be brought to bear practically and intimately on Agri-

culture, the Mechanic Arts, and all the now rude and simple processes of Day-Labor, and not merely that these processes may be perfected and accelerated, but that the benefits of the improvement may accrue in at least equal measure to those whose accustomed means of livelihood—scanty at best—are interfered with and overturned by the change. Not merely that these be measurably enriched, but that they be informed and elevated by the vast industrial transformations now in embryo, is the obvious requirement. Here opens a field for truly heroic exertion and achievement, far wider and nobler than that of any Political heroism of ancient or modern time, because its results must be deeper, more pervading, more enduring. I would insist then, that our youth of promise shall not be divorced from the physical toil, the material interests of our and their natal condition, while purifying themselves for the highest spheres of usefulness and endeavor. I would not have them, like Geography in our atlases, contemplate that hemisphere in which the greatest advances have already been effected, to the exclusion of that wherein the greatest triumphs yet remain to be achieved. I would not have them bedeck themselves in the spoils of by-gone victories, and forget that the adversaries, Ignorance and Obstacle, yet remain formidable and imminent.

But above all, I would have no youth feel that he is debarred the opportunities of a useful and honorable, if he please, a lofty and heroic career, because the means of obtaining a Classical Education are denied him. I will not point him to the many who have inscribed their names high on the rolls of enviable fame without such Education, for the logic therein implied might as well be used to reconcile him to the loss of an eye or an arm. I will not argue to him that circumstances are indifferent or unimportant; I have freely admitted the contrary. But I would urge to such a one that the *essential* circumstance is the awakening of the soul to a consciousness of its own powers and responsibilities, and that this is determined in the very fact of his seeking, with eye single and heart pure, a larger development, a more thorough culture. This point attained, let him doubt nothing, fear nothing, save his own steadiness of purpose and loftiness of aim. Be not discouraged, then, awakened youth, in some lowly cottage, some boorish valley, by the magnitude of others' attainments, the richness of others' facilities for acquiring and investigating, as contrasted with the seeming poverty of your own; but remember and be reverently thankful that the same high stars which, shining so brightly upon the palace, the university, the senate-house, have kindled the souls of philosophers, sages, statesmen, in times past, now look down as kindly, inspiringly on you; and in the fact that they have touched an answering chord within you is an earnest that their companionship shall nevermore be sullen or fruitless. From this hour shall all Nature be your teacher, your ministrant; her infinite grandeur no longer a barren pageant; her weird and solemn voices no more unmeaning sounds. Though they should come to you no more at second-hand from the lips of her Pindar, her Shakspeare, they can never more be hushed nor unheeded; they have passed from the realm of darkness, of doubt, of speculation, and become to you the deepest and grandest realities of Human Life!

[NINETEENTH CENTURY.]

THE MOST SOLEMN THING.—"Mother," inquired a little girl a few days since, "why is it that people say it is a solemn thing to die? It appears to me it is more solemn to live."

"Why, child?"

"Because it is only while we live that we do wrong; and to do wrong, I should think the most solemn of all things."

How far was that child from being right? Ought not people to be more careful how they live than when they shall cease to live?

Secrecy is the key of prudence, and the sanctuary of wisdom.

FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM.

The following article copied from the Boston Transcript, is worthy of very attentive consideration. We present it now, with a few appended remarks, on account of some very remarkable demonstrations connected with the prophecy, and also call renewed attention to those periods mentioned by Daniel and John the Revelator, relating to what has been always considered the downfall of Papacy. Here follows the article:—

"In the year 1792, there was reprinted in Boston, an unpretending little work, which had been originally published in London, nearly a century before, namely, in the year 1701, entitled, 'The Rise and Fall of Papacy, by Robert Fleming.' The cause of its republication was the astonishment and interest excited by the verification of its interpretations of prophecy in regard to the fall of the French Monarchy. We say interpretations of prophecy; for Mr. Fleming merely aspires to the rank of an interpreter of the mystical vaticinations of the author of Revelations. He assumes at the outset that Biblical students are agreed upon certain points; such as that Papal Rome is the Babylon of the Apocalypse; that the seven heads of the beasts are the seven forms of civil government that succeeded each other in the Roman nation; that the government of the Pope is the last of the seven. He then maintains, that the 1260 days spoken of under the several forms of '42 months,' 'a time, times and a half time,' &c., are to be taken for 1260 years. He holds that Anti-christ began his reign in the year 606—for the Papal form of government was to be the last of the forms, and the one immediately succeeding the kingdom of Orstro-Goths, the kingdom that was 'to continue but a short space.' In that year this kingdom passed away, and the title of Universal Bishop was given to the Pope, and soon after idolatry was publicly authorized in Rome. In this year it was first ordained that public worship should be conducted in Latin. From this time there was a commencement and gradual expansion of Papal power.

"On the subject of the outpouring of the vial he says 'There is ground to hope, that in about the beginning of another such century, (he wrote in 1701, a century before the time of which he speaks,) things may again alter for the better. For I cannot but hope that some new mortification of the chief supporters of Anti-Christ will then happen, and, perhaps the French Monarchy may begin to be considerably humbled about that time. * * But as to the expiration of this vial, I fear it will not be until the year 1794.' This was most exactly fulfilled in the revival of Protestant religion which succeeded that.

"From another course of remark he draws the conclusion in this more distant form: 'Therefore we may justly suppose that the French monarchy, after it has scorched others, will consume its fire and waste, till it has exhausted at last toward the end of this (that is, of the last) century.'

"These verified interpretations were considered so remarkable as to justify the re-publication of the book in 1792. But why is it, that a new edition has appeared at this time in the city of New-York? Mr. Fleming is right again. Fixing the commencement of the Papal power at 606, and making its duration 1260 years, he calculated we should find 'the beginning of the end' to be 1866. But the prophetic reckoning was according to the then existing mode, 365 days for a year: whereas actual time runs, according to the Julian mode, 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 57 seconds, for a year—making the number 1260 less by 18 years. So that according to Mr. Fleming, the real time for the fall of Popery to commence would be in 1848. Speaking of the Pope, he says:—'He cannot be supposed to have any vial poured out upon his seat so as to ruin his authority so signally as this judgment must be supposed to do, until the year 1848. * * * But we are not to imagine that this

cial will totally destroy the Papacy, though it will exceedingly weaken it." Fleming had previously assigned the commencement of this century, corresponding with Napoleon's attack upon the authority of Rome, for a great obscuration of Popery. By the fixing of the year 1848 for the vial that would greatly weaken, though not destroy its most remarkable, for never has the Papal authority been so near its downfall as within the last four months, when the Pope seemed to have lost all that prestige that surrounded him so far that the people were on the point of imprisoning him.

"But it is not in regard to Popery alone, that Mr. Fleming shows his acuteness of interpretation. Alluding to the destruction of the French monarchy by the former revolution, he says:—"This judgment will probably begin about the year 1794, and expire about the year 1848." Upon this, the New England Puritan remarks with no unwarrantable emphasis,—"Now here is something truly wonderful—that, writing a hundred years before the time first named, he should have fixed on 1794, for the era of the first French revolution, which was to begin the destruction of the French monarchy, and on 1848 as the year which was to finish it. A single correspondence between the prophecy and the fulfilment is wonderful: but such a double one, showing both beginning and the end, is still more so." Coupled with the prophecy in regard to Popery, it may well justify the attention that has been re-awakened to Mr. Fleming's remarkable work."

This is certainly saying much for the sagacity of Mr. Fleming's interpretation, but how much more does it say for the truth of ancient prophecy, and in addition to what we have a few months since heard of Rome, how striking are the developments more recently made, and which are of such a nature as to warrant us in the expectation of more of the like to come. Indeed, the very event of the succession of Pope Pius IX., to the Papal throne, of so democratic a character, and so disposed to hearken to the grievances of an oppressed people, is a singular demonstration in connection with Popery. Then the transactions of a few months since, so contrary to the supreme and absolute authority of Papal dignity; and more latterly, the news by the very last steamer, announcing to us the fact of an embryotic revolution in Rome!

Sometime ago, the newspapers circulated the following:

"UNPOPULARITY OF THE POPE.—In the drawing-room of an Italian gentleman, residing in London, where many of his countrymen are in the habit of meeting every week, was a statue of the Pope. At the last meeting of the Italians, the head of it was removed, and there was substituted for it the head of a boar."

This is certainly a confirmation of the old adage, that "straws show which way the wind blows."

More recently we are presented with the following:

"REVOLUTION IN ROME.—A revolution has taken place in Rome, following the assassination of M. Ressa, before reported. The mob, at the instigation of the Clubs, proceeded in a body to the Quirinal palace on the 16th, where they demanded a new ministry, the immediate declaration of war, &c. About one hundred of the Swiss guards resisted them. The diplomatic body also entered the palace to protect the Pope by their moral influence. Some endeavor was made to set fire to the principal gates, but a few shot from the Swiss caused the mob to retire. Shortly afterward the civic guard, the gens d'armes of the line, and the Roman Legion, numbering some thousand, invested the palace in order of battle, and commenced a fusillade against the windows. The Swiss were overwhelmed, and the Pope's secretary, Monsieur Palma, was shot in the breast. The attacking party, by their overwhelming force, compelled submission.

Negotiations were opened and a list of ministers, comprising the names of those who had got up the conspiracy, was sent to the Pope, who under the duress of arms and fear of personal anger, was compelled to submit to any terms they dictated.

The authority of the Pope is in fact now a nullity, is temporarily, perhaps permanently, destroyed. Civil power may be overcome for a time, and restored; but spiritual pretension, when once exposed and put down, is subverted forever."

It seems, in fact, that the authority of the Pope is a nullity, greater than ever, and more hopeless. He has been compelled to appoint a democratic ministry, to make concessions to a mob, and to restore tranquility by very loyally submitting to the new order of things. The French government also have felt called upon to intercede for the personal safety of the Pope.

We have no disposition to magnify items, but the above facts, taken in connection with Mr. Fleming's interpretation of Prophecy, are certainly very remarkable. If, indeed, Mr. Fleming is correct, as he may be, then we have a solution of that uncertain problem, *where to commence* the 1260 years. It has always been an obstacle in the way of settling definitely the time of the fulfilment of the many prophecies, the not knowing *where to commence* with the prophetic periods so plainly pointed out. No one can fail to be struck with the coincidence between the many specifications of time relating to the overthrow of the kingdom referred to. That papal Rome is referred to, there can be no reasonable doubt. What else can be meant by the "seven heads and ten horns," and the "seven mountains on which the woman sitteth," which is also declared to be "that great city which reigneth over the kings of the earth," mentioned with so many particulars by John and Daniel, to say nothing of the allusions of Paul, and the many coincident circumstances in the descriptions of these writers? We know how exceedingly uncertain and hypothetical it is to undertake to fix the meaning of prophecy; and the fancies and errors into which good and learned men have run, in this respect, should make us exceedingly careful, and generally, distrustful, in endeavoring to arrive at any thing like precision in fixing their application. But the Papists themselves acknowledge the above to be said of Rome, but they argue that it is said of *heathen* Rome. "But this (to use the language of Bishop Newton) cannot be; because it agrees not with several circumstances of the prophecy, and particularly with the woman's sitting upon the beast with "ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns," which must needs typify the Roman empire after it was divided into ten kingdoms; but the Roman empire was not divided into ten kingdoms till some years after it became Christian. * * The beast was to continue and prosper "forty-two prophetic months," that is 1260 years; but *heathen* Rome did not continue 400 years after this time. * * The ten kings with "one mind gave their power and strength unto the beast," and afterwards "hate the whore and make her desolate, and burn her with fire;" but never did any ten kings unanimously and voluntarily submit to *heathen* Rome, and afterwards burn her with fire.

From these and other circumstances it is justly concluded that not *heathen*, but Christian, not imperial, but papal Rome, was intended by these visions. The "seven heads," answer to the seven forms of government which successively prevailed there, "the ten horns," to the ten kingdoms into which the Roman empire was divided, and the "seven mountains" on which the woman sitteth, to the "seven hilled city" of Rome. Whatever there may be in the actual history of Rome to subserve the cause of doubt or obscurity in some particulars of this matter, all, I think, must allow that the *general* representative in these descriptions is quite too strong to be mistaken.

And now, as to the fulfilment of the prophecy of the overthrow of this great power, we need not remark, perhaps, that there is a most remarkable coincidence in respect to 1260 years. The "time, times, and a half," and "time, times, and the dividing of time," of Daniel; and the "forty and two months," "a thousand two hundred and three score days," and "time, times, and a half," of the Revelator, all mean the same thing. In the prophetic style, a time is a year, so a time, times, and a half, are three years and a half, and three years and a half are forty two

months, and 42 months (30 days to a month) are 1260 days, and this, in the prophetic style, is 1260 years.

But, I say, it has always been a mooted point with interpreters, to ascertain what time to *commence* the period; for if we knew when to commence it, we could know when to terminate it, and so ascertain the truth of the prophecy. It has generally been concluded that we ought to reckon from about the *eighth century*; because, not from the birth or infancy, but from the maturity, and power, and *reign* of the beast, is it most likely that the "holy city," whatever it was, was "to be trodden under foot," and the "little horn" to "wear out the saints of the most high," and they would be "given into his hand," these things implying absolute authority and tyranny, which could not be said of the birth or infancy of the beast. So interpreters have sought to fix upon the time, not when "the mystery of iniquity," which they have supposed to be the same thing, "began to work," but when it commenced in its authority, and power, and establishment. This, I say, they have generally supposed to be in the *eighth century*. "Several memorable events happened in that century. In the year 727 the Pope and people of Rome revolted from the exarch of Ravenna, and shook off their allegiance to the Greek emperor. In the year 735 the Pope obtained the exarchate of Ravenna for himself, and thenceforward acted as an absolute temporal prince. In the year 774 the Pope, by the assistance of Charles the Great, became possessed of the kingdom of the Lombards. In the year 787 the worship of images was fully established, and the supremacy of the Pope acknowledged by the second council of Nice."

There is, however, another event on record, still earlier than either of these, and which seems to be the *first* indication of the supreme power of Popery. In the year 606, by virtue of a grant from the wicked tyrant Phocas, the Bishop of Rome, first assumed the title of Universal Pastor, or University Bishop, and from thence commenced that supremacy and reign over others, which he has ever since continued to usurp. This is the event fixed upon by Mr. Fleming. This was not indeed the *temporal* or *kingly* power which answers to the generally understood sense of a "*horn*," in the language of prophecy, but still it approaches to it. It may be remarked, however, that a "*horn*," in Scripture, is frequently put for the symbol of *strength* and *power*, and from the well known analogy between that which in beasts is their greatest defence and strength, and the power and strength of people and kingdoms. Moses compares Joshua to a young bullock, and says that "his horns are like the horns of unicorns;" meaning that his strength and power shall be very great. So it is written "I will make the horn of David to bud;" that is, his power and glory to increase and flourish. So also, "the horn of Moab is cut off."

Whatever may be the necessities requiring us to consider the "little horn," of Daniel, in connection with this subject, an absolute temporal kingdom, it is perhaps unessential, so far as the general truth of the prophecy is concerned, whether we date at one time or another. That it was *about* this time is quite evident. We will suppose Mr. Fleming to be correct in dating the commencement of the Papal power in 606. It is certain, in that year, the supremacy of the Pope was first granted, and as Dean Prideaux says, in the connection with the fact of Mahomet retiring to his cave in A. D. 606 to frame his religion there, "Antichrist seems at this time to have set both his feet in Christendom together, the one in the East, and the other in the West."

And now, to 606, add 1260, and we have 1866. But, as Mr. Fleming says, the prophetic reckoning was according to the then existing mode, 365 days to a year; whereas actual time, according to the Julian mode, runs at some six hours more; making the time of reckoning less by 18 years. This taken from 1866, leaves 1848, the *present year*, for the termination of the 1260 years.

We will not say that Mr. Fleming is correct in this, but we do say that events seem strongly to corroborate it. But note, it was in 1701 that Fleming wrote, nearly 150 years ago. And he did not say that Papacy would be *overthrown* at this time, but only that "the *beginning* of the end" would probably take place in 1848. The fall of Papacy would *commence* then. Of course, as it commenced, in a small way, but did not come into power, before the period of 1260 years, it will continue some time after that period; it will after receiving its first blow, gradually fall away. And not *very* gradually, neither, if the continuing words of the same prophecy may be relied on. For Daniel says, after mentioning the "time, times, and a half,"—"And from the time that the daily sacrifice shall be taken away, and the abomination that maketh desolate shall be set up, there shall be a thousand, two hundred and *ninety* days." "The abomination that maketh desolate" is a proverbial phrase, and may apply to anything set up in the place of, or in opposition to, the worship of God, his truth, or government. But what are the 1290 days—30 days or years additional for? May not this mean the time which shall elapse during the *overthrow* of the Church? And again, in the next verse, "Blessed is he that waiteth, and cometh to the thousand, three hundred, and *five* and *thirty* days." Here 45 years more added, making 75, and this seems to be the conclusion of the whole. What may it mean but that then, which brings us to the first quarter of the 20th century, the most grand and glorious purposes will have been accomplished?

It may seem credulous to suppose that a power like the Catholic Church, which has existed so long, and so boastfully and strong, should be brought to its end thus speedily. But must not its end come *some* time? And are not these trying times? Look at the French Monarchy. It fell but yesterday, and this same Fleming foretold it to a year, by the aid of prophecy; and in connection, too, with this very prophecy of the downfall of Papacy. And who shall tell the fate of England? May not "a nation be born in a day?" Consider also the movements of the Jews toward a re-settlement in their own land.

It is worthy of remark that the restoration of the Jews is prophesied of to take place at, or about the same time of the overthrow of Papacy. Whether it shall be literally in their "own land," or whether a restoration to a *rational* and *spiritual* Christian faith and privileges, be meant by the prophecy, we will not say. Perhaps both may be included. But the prophecy is distinct, and its fulfilment is rationally to be looked for. It is referred to in other places, but its most distinct announcement is in close connection with the prophecy of Daniel concerning the end of these various revolutions, which should be in a "time, times, and a half;" and it is immediately added, ch. 12. "and when he shall have accomplished to scatter the power of the holy people (or, which is the same thing, chap. 11. verse 36, when the "indignation shall be accomplished,") all these things shall be finished." The prophecies imply a total cessation of this judgment upon the Jews, and in accordance with that passage of Paul to the Romans, chap. 11. 25, 26, "Blindness in part is happened to Israel until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in, and so all Israel shall be saved."

It is in accordance with these prophecies that a tradition hath long prevailed among the Jews, that the destruction of Rome and the redemption of Israel shall fall out about the same time.

What indeed may be signified by other expressions in connection with this prophecy, such as the "thousand years, during which Satan should be bound," "the first and second deaths," "the first resurrection," the "new heaven and the new earth," "the holy city, New Jerusalem;" &c.,—all of which are spoken of as coming to pass after the destruction of the beast, we will not pretend distinctly to define. But is there not reason to hope, that the end of the present state of things, theological and social, is nigh? that the fulfilment of a long train of ancient

prophecy is about to be accomplished? that the vast structure and government of the Roman Church is not only to be overthrown, but the Jews are to be converted, not to the *dominant* Christianity, which is another form of Romanism, and may indeed be included in the overthrow, but to a pure, and rational, and spiritual Christianity, and that, in fact, in the period of time mentioned by Daniel, after the 1260 years, which is only 75 years more, the whole face of society, at least in most Christian parts, shall be changed indeed into a "new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness?" We fondly hope so; nay, we expect it. Would to God we could labor more effectually for it, to bring in "the glory of the latter days," and to establish "the kingdom of God on earth, even as it is in heaven."

But we must not occupy more room here. We began by an allusion to Mr. Fleming's work on prophecy. Certainly he is remarkably correct in a three-fold instance,—not only in the expiration of the "vial," at about 1794, which was the era of the first French revolution, but in the final destruction of the French monarchy, in 1848, and in the "beginning of the end" of the Papal power itself in the same year.

We say, this is most remarkable. Writing as he did, nearly 150 years ago, and whether he was precisely correct, or not, in the application of the 1260 years, what does it prove but the undeniable truth of the prophetic power of Daniel and John, and thus the importance of those ancient Scriptures? We are not superstitious, but with some discrimination, why should we not assent to the supersensual, foreseeing power? Let us wait with patience and hope, and together labor for that grand accomplishment, whatever it may be, for human happiness, social harmony, and a true Church of Humanity and Deity. God hath determined it, and Nature will hasten it on. W. M. F.

THE TRUE MAN'S COURSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM.

BY CHARLES WORTH.

"Look not downward to thy happiness and wants, but upward to thy dignity and mission." SCHILLER.

WHERE is there a more noble sentiment than that, when we look at it through no false medium, and with undiseased eyes? What an ignoble life that is which is a seeking for *happiness* by *whatever* means, and without regard to harmony. It must ever be annoyed by a painful insufficiency; haunted by a still lingering unrest; a yearning of the soul for *more*. And such is the happiness most men seek, as let their disappointments tell, when they obtain it.

Our business is to make our happiness and wants harmonize with our dignity and mission; or rather, devote ourselves to the last, and the former will grow out of them without our care.

I would work out my destiny, whatever it be. I would be a martyr, if that is needful; though I think the age of martyrs is past—their mission accomplished. What the world now needs is, not to see men die for the truth's sake; but to see a higher thing; act it out in a heroic life—embody it in *being*. It is *easy* to go to the stake; (that is popular;) but to devote one's self to a life-long endeavor to the practical realization of a divine Ideal, is very difficult; and what few have yet done. Perhaps Jesus would have done it, had he survived the period of martyrdom.

ANGELS UPON EARTH.—In sickness there is no hand like a woman's hand—no heart like a woman's heart—no eye so untiring—no hope so fervent. Woman by a sick man's couch is divinity impersonated.

It is a waste of time to complain of other people's faults. The best thing we can do is to mend our own.

MANY MEMBERS, BUT ONE BODY.

In a certain grove, consisting of various kinds of trees, it happened that there arose a dispute between the leaves and blossoms on the one side, and the trunks and roots on the other side. It was a warm spring day, and the trees had recently put forth their leaves and flowers. Their fresh glossiness, the beauty of their colors, and the fragrant odors with which they perfumed the air, made them vain, and exulting in their trim array, they began to look down with contempt upon their neighbors, the trunks and roots, and addressed to them these reproachful words:

"How intolerable it is that we should be doomed to keep company with such low and vulgar associates! What a mistake Nature made in bringing the most beautiful and delicate of her children into such close contract with the most offensive! You spread your crooked and shapeless feet in the damp soil. You never enjoy the light of day in your subterranean retreats. Your companions, they are loathsome worms. You drink in, with your thousand-mouths, the rank moistures of the ground. You feed greedily upon offal and ordure. But we are the gay children of light. The brilliant sun cherishes us as his peculiar favorites. He covers us with a coat of many colors. The breezes fly to us from all parts of heaven, to borrow a portion of our sweetness, and bear away their spoils without diminishing our supply. Tribes of gay-coated insects flutter about us, and sip honey from our cups of silver and gold. Our drink is not like the gross fluids which support your coarse life. Ours is the delicate dew, doubly distilled by the hands of Night, or the pure showers poured from the clouds into our unexpected urns."

While such boastful words were uttered, the destroying worms were busily at work upon the roots, and the process of decay was gradually going on. Soon the leaves shrivelled, and the flowers withered and dropped off, and nothing but a dead stalk remained to cumber the ground.

Seeing this mournful result, some of the neighboring trees began to consider the matter. The roots now took their turn in casting reproaches upon their associates:

"What need have we of you, ye leaves and flowers? Nature must have been merely indulging her caprice when she hung such a puny race upon our giant limbs. We must delve, forsooth, that you idlers may sit aloft and play. While we are busy in the ground, exercising our strong sinews day and night, extracting, from the rank moisture and offensive odors of the earth, the aliment which is needed to support life, you are robed in your holiday suit, dancing with every breeze, and wooing every roving tenant of the air to sing you a song, while you repay him with fragrance. What good do ye do, ye painted, perfumed aristocrats? Must we toil without cessation, that you may live in luxury, and look so fine, and smell so sweet? Would that the wrath of heaven might attack you with blight, withhold the moisture which supports your vain life, and send its armies of devouring insects to knaw upon your beauty, and destroy your goodly array!"

No sooner was this foolish imprecation uttered, than the work of destruction actually commenced. The leaves opened their mouths, but no dews distilled into them. The caterpillar and his host went on with their ravages. The beauty and the pride of the trees were gone, and without these life could not long continue; and the roots at last were taught that they were not the only members essential to the life and health of the children of the forest. [CHRISTIAN INQUIRER.]

☞ To be unable to put up with bad or second rate personages which fill the world, does not betoken a very strong character; in commerce, small change is as necessary as pieces of gold.

THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

EDITED BY AN ASSOCIATION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1849.

THE WORD OF GOD.

Among professedly religious people, if a question arises with reference to any principle of morals, or theology, or relating to the things of the spirit, there is seemingly a great inclination to appeal for decision to the "word of God." To such an appeal, when it is accompanied by a truthful conception of what constitutes the word of God, there can certainly be no objection; and to the same authority would we most reverently appeal for a final decision of all questions that can possibly occur in any department of human thought.

But a serious question which we encounter at the outset is, What really is the authentic word of God? and where may we find it? The great mass of Christendom implicitly take it for granted that the word of God, "sufficient as a rule of faith and practice," is to be found in a collection of books written by different authors in different ages, and for different purposes, and by the authority of ecclesiastical councils bound in one volume and called "The Bible." Foregoing the exercise of our own independent reason upon this matter, we would of course have to receive the proposition upon the authority of men, in which latter case it would be unfair to make up our opinion until we had summoned the whole human race to give in their testimony. In this age of free and universal suffrage, it would be palpably inconsistent and presumptuous for any exclusive class of men to authoritatively decide what shall be considered the word of God to which all must bow, without giving all others the privilege of a representation in deciding this most important question in which all are alike interested. Summoning the whole human race to the polls, therefore, the Bible would be instantly voted down; for out of the eight hundred million of votes that would be cast, the statistics of Christendom will show that not more than three hundred million at most will be in favor of the Bible. In like manner the Koran, the Shaster, the Zend Avesta, and the sacred books of the Chinese and others, would be disposed of, and no choice would be made of any one book now claimed by any nation to be the word of God.

Still, it is desirable to have an established standard to which all nations can assent with one accord; and if the question as it relates to mere books is allowed to be entirely suspended for the present, we believe we can present some fundamental principles to which all will agree, and which, if their teachings are duly observed, will finally bring all to an agreement upon the main point at issue.

Let it be observed, then, that a word, if it means any thing, is an intelligible outer expression or manifestation of what is previously contained in the internal mind, or the source from which it flowed. It will be admitted by all Theists that God is the pervading Spirit of all Nature, and is the original Cause of all forces and motions, and consequently of all their resultant forms and developments, existing in the Universe. Hence it necessarily follows that all movements, forms, and developments throughout universal Nature, commencing with the lowest and simplest in the great unformed masses of planetary substance, and proceeding progressively to the higher and more complicated in the mineral, vegetable, animal, and human kingdoms, are definite, absolute, authoritative outer expressions or manifestations of what was first contained in the great Spirit or Mind of the Deity. Hence in the movements of the rolling planets; in the genial radiance of the sunbeam; in the flowing of every

stream; in the falling of every rain drop, in the growth of every plant, in the fragrance of every flower; in short, in every natural movement, form, principle and law, in universal Nature, ranging from the most comprehensive generals to the most minute particulars, we may see a definite and authoritative word of God, or an outward expression of what was first contained in the bosom of the eternal Cause.

The All of the teachings of this great Machinery of universal creation, through every minute portion of which the Deity is constantly expressing his internal thoughts or will, is summarily embodied and concentrated in that ultimatum of all material things—that miniature Universe—that child and perfect finite likeness of the universal Father, a perfectly organized, harmoniously constituted, and maturely developed Man. Such a man is pre-eminently the Word of God, being the ultimate and highest expression of the Divine Mind. He is the Divine *Logos* which was (undeveloped) in the beginning with God, and which was God,—and which has flown out through all Nature, and passed through all forms, motions, and conditions, until it again found a harmonious convergence of parts in the organization of the human spirit. See the marvellously comprehensive *correspondential* language which that spiritually enlightened man St. John applies to Jesus, who, owing to his mature and harmonious development, is by way of pre-eminence, called the "*Logos*" or "Word." (John 1: 1-3.)

If we would, therefore, appeal to the highest and most authoritative Word of God in the decision of any question, we must first see that the internal elements of our being are in harmony among themselves, and that we are in harmony and reconciliation with all things in the Universe without; and then we must turn our thoughts within, and calmly consult the intuitions of our own souls. But if owing to our inability to analyze our interior motions and promptings, the response which we receive is not so definite as could be desired, we should turn our attention to that analysis of ourselves which is presented in Nature without, the definite parts of which, with their laws of operation, can be understood more or less by every one. By pursuing this course every one may for himself, arrive at the deepest, most important, and most spiritualizing truths—truths relative to ALL THINGS concerning which it may be useful for him to inquire; and we can say with assurance that nothing could tend more to ennoble and exalt the character of man than a diligent cultivation of this system of interior and natural investigation.

At a future time we will probably give some examples of the all-comprehensive teachings of Nature as manifested and demonstrated by the science of Universal Correspondence. For we would here say, what we have not before said to our readers, that such a science has been discovered, mainly by an interior process, within the past few months, and its fundamental principles have been beautifully simplified and embodied in a diagram.

According to the foregoing principles, we may find many lofty and important representations of the word of God embodied in the books which collectively have been called the Bible. But the same may be said, more or less, of the sacred books of all nations, and of many books which are not generally esteemed sacred. In short wherever we find an expression of truth embodied in human language, we find a representation of the word of God, which however, has a previous and more living expression somewhere in Nature, or in the developed human soul. And wherever such representations of truth are found, whether in the Bible, the Koran, the Shaster, or even in more secular publications, they should be cherished with equal reverence, and the world should profit by their teachings.

Not until mankind in general agree upon the foregoing principles of investigation, can a general harmony of opinion as to the authoritative standard of faith, be expected to prevail, nor can sectarian discord, and corresponding social and national division and strife, be expected to entirely cease, until these principles are universally acknowledged.

W. F.

THE POPE—THE CHURCH—REFORM.

Our readers have already been informed of the flight of the Pope of Rome from his own territory and his own disaffected political subjects. We have mentioned this event as a very significant sign of the times, portending, among other things, the downfall of all ecclesiastical authority. By the last advices from Europe we perceive that the fugitive Pope is expected at Toulon in France. Our attention has been arrested by an account of the singular preparations made by the authorities of that city for his reception. It is as follows; the italicizing being our own:

"The moment the Papal colors shall be descried from Cape Capet, the admiral ship will fire six rounds, and all the chiefs of the service are to repair to their posts. The National Guards and troops of the garrison are to take arms and line the streets, on the passage of the *Chief of Christendom*. All the ships-of-war in the roads have been ordered to salute the papal flag with three consecutive salutes of *twenty-one guns each*, which are to be repeated by the batteries of the harbor. The civil naval and military authorities, and the clergy of the different parishes, are to meet the Pope, who will probably land in the *arsenal*."

"The chief of Christendom," the professed representative on earth of the "Prince of Peace," ushered, with popular approbation, into a Christian city, amid all the paraphernalia of war—honored with a display of all the horrible enginery of human murder! Can any thing be conceived of more seemingly incongruous and inconsistent? And yet, alas, this is but a general representation of the spirit of the predominant "Christianity" (!) of this, in other respects, enlightened age, not only in Catholic but Protestant countries! How notorious is it that the Professedly Christian pulpit throughout our own land, has, in general, connived at, and in many cases directly advocated, that existing state of things of which war, in certain contingencies, is a necessary part! And how seemingly reluctant the clergy, with few exceptions, are to move in the reform of evils of this nature! Nay, where do the great humanitarian movements of the day find their most formidable obstacles if not in the church? A superstitious theology, overawing the masses by professing to come directly from God, and to be of too sacred a nature to admit of any of the tests of rational investigation, has, under the control of a pampered priesthood, in every age, been the great drag-rope of all intellectual, social, and political reforms. Sunk into the easy arm-chairs of conservatism, from which it is not pleasant to be aroused, the clergy as a general thing, have not moved—will not move—in any thing relating to the progress—especially the mental and spiritual progress—of the race, until they are absolutely compelled to move by the force of a naturally advanced popular sentiment. Did not the Church compel Galileo to formally renounce the belief in a sublime truth of Nature now universally acknowledged? Has she not manifested a determined hostility to the equally sublime and demonstrable revelations of Geology? Has she not perseveringly ridiculed and sneered at the important and useful disclosures of Phrenology, and the more spiritual and spiritualizing revelations of human magnetism? And is she not now engaged in stigmatizing with the senseless epithet of "Infidelity," all the great efforts that are being made for the reform and re-organization of society? Did she not at first hold herself aloof even from the Temperance reform?—and is it not by the sheerest force of popular sentiment among "the world's people," that portions of her are now being aroused to a sense of the evils of American Slavery?

These, indeed, are pertinent questions, propounded in a spirit of candor and solemnity, and they demand direct and candid answers. And if these answers are in the affirmative, as they unavoidably must be, then we ask again, Can there be any element of sacredness, in the least possible degree requiring our reverence or our submission to its influence, in that which operates as such a formidable obstruction to the realization of the highest and holiest aspirations of man? We would advise all lovers of their

race, then, to lend no aid or countenance to the predominant church as it now is. In thus doing they would be laboring to perpetuate the reign of darkness and of death. Let them quietly withdraw from all existing institutions of this kind, and form for themselves a church, or social organization, by which their growing intelligence and the continually unfolding sentiments of their hearts, may be fitly embodied, and properly represented to the world around them.

Do not understand us from the above remarks, as having any hostility to the existing Church, (composed of the various denominations,) at least in the sense in which the word hostility would be generally understood. We consider the Church now existing as one of the natural stratifications in the great mental geology of the world, having its granite base in the lowest forms of original Heathenism, upon which base, as containing a germ of truth, all subsequent forms of religion have been progressively unfolded. We, then, consider the existing church as well enough for the age and circumstances which produced it—well enough for some classes of mankind even in this age—the same as we consider the various inferior stratifications of the earth well enough for the particular ages and conditions in the earth's formation, which produced them. But we contend that the stage of general and natural progress in this age, absolutely demands a higher mental stratification in the department of theology, as well as all other things; and it is in view of the hostility of the Church to the establishment of the new conditions in the mental and social world which the laws of progress now absolutely demand, that we would advise all philanthropic and progressive minds to disregard her influence, and proceed in the work of general reform as their independent judgments may dictate. We now demand a theology that will encourage progress rather than obstruct it; a theology which will furnish the desired light upon all possible subjects of individual and social action, and, whose benign influence will be felt in every possible department of human life. Such a theology the world, unfolding in intelligence and spirituality, will have, the restrictive measures of priests, councils, and Popes to the contrary notwithstanding.

W. F.

IRELAND AND THE CHURCH.

THE Freeman's Journal informs us, that besides paying "enormous rack-rents" and "heavy taxes" the Catholic people of Ireland have expended within the last thirty years in building churches, in building parochial houses, convents, monasteries, colleges, poor schools, and in support of their clergy, *twenty-five millions sterling*.

Add to this another item, which is, that the Episcopal church established in Ireland by law, receives annually from the State *five millions of dollars*, being more than ten dollars for every Episcopal man, woman, and child in that Island.

And still another item, which is, that *thirty millions of dollars* are annually taken from this poverty stricken and oppressed people, to support that part of the bloated and aristocratic Church of England, which is not in Ireland.

What a reckoning is here! In the first place, if we deduct for "colleges and poor schools," five millions sterling, so as to leave pretty nearly the amount which is paid directly for the support of the Catholic Church, we have *twenty millions sterling* for the last thirty years. This is about *one hundred millions of dollars*, or about three millions, three hundred thousand dollars, annually. This goes for the support of the Catholic church.

Add to this *five millions* annually for the Episcopal church on the Island, and *thirty millions* for the same church in England and other parts, and we have the enormous sum of at least *thirty-eight millions of dollars* annually, paid by the oppressed and starving population of Ireland for the support of the Church. And how much more, God only knows.

Which now is the worst evil, the Church or the potato rot, we make no question of. Who ought not to know, that if this

enormous sum paid for the church was used for providing the Irish people with homes and comfort, there would be no poverty, and more actual Christianity in the land!

It is with the hight of pleasure we hear of the flight of the Pope, and the downfall of all such establishments, and can but hope that Papacy is, even now, as good as ended.

The Episcopal church too, is about to be shaken to its center. Already has a fatal discussion commenced with respect to the union of Church and State, and by the way, there is an "eighth beast" spoken of by the Revelator, which Episcopal doctors have manifested some confusion about. He was "of the seven," and was to "go into perdition." Could they not stir their wits now in an interpretation?

Be it as it may, one certainly needs to stand out of all sects and parties, in these days, to see what is going on. It is very plain that the word is, "overturn, and overturn, and overturn, until he whose right it is shall rule."

W. M. F.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A DICTIONARY OF THE GERMAN AND ENGLISH LANGUAGES, indicating the accentuation of every German word—containing several hundred German synonyms, together with a classification and alphabetical list of the irregular verbs, and a dictionary of German abbreviations. Compiled from the works of Hefpert, Flugel, Grieb, Heyse, and others. In two parts: I. German and English; II. English and German. By G. J. ADLER, A. M., Professor of the German Language in New-York University. One large volume 8vo. of 1,400 pages. Price \$5.

This noble volume is alike a credit to compiler and publishers, each having excelled in making it one of the most creditable books ever issued from the American press. The publishers have used the finest paper in its issue, and secured the services of binders we have fully and satisfactorily tested—good enough for the hard usage of scholars and for the man of taste. The printing, in accuracy of type-setting and care in press-work, compares favorably with the best, if it is not really the best. This is but awarding the meed of praise we consciously feel to bestow upon the book. Mr. Adler has been the worker, the real hero in the enterprise. He is a compiler, to be sure, but if the student familiarizing himself with the book, does not find that he draws mostly from Mr. Adler himself, then are we mistaken. Perhaps I am overpleased with the book, having long looked for it; still I am well paid for the delay, and am fully satisfied Mr. A. has not been idle. The second part, which is of no great consequence to a student of German, is a reprint of Flugel, merely good enough. The real book is the German-English. Here is something, and about the only thing, expressly prepared for students of the German Language.

A text or school book of this sort, requires first, a full vocabulary; second, a full and clear definition, giving all the different shades of idea and feeling peculiar to Germans; third, such an arrangement of compounds as will relieve the learner from a terribly tedious and too often fruitless search; fourth, such an arrangement of the whole definitions as will assure the pupil that he has the right word and shade of meaning. All this has been done in this work; we care not where Mr. A. found all this matter; it suffices that he has found it; and by his knowledge of the wants of students he has produced one of the most satisfactory books for scholars and translators that can be found. If German authors now complain that their works appear faded when translated into English, it must be from want of soul in the translator, for here is the key to the requisite knowledge. Heinisus' and Hefpert's accentuations are used, and the synonyms improved: the latter are here to be found carefully and correctly applied; both new features in a book of this kind though no dictionary should be published without them. Synonyms are of incalculable value, though definitions in part supply their place. The list of abbreviations is more full and com-

plete than any thing of the kind we ever saw before in a dictionary. As a whole, we must say the book anticipates every want of the student of German, and will prove itself adequate to almost any conceivable want of the most advanced scholars, including those *self-teaching*.

Z. B.

"LABOR AND OTHER CAPITAL: the rights of each secured, and the wrongs of both eradicated." By EDWARD KELLOGG. New York, published by the Author, and for sale at 47 Stone-street.

We find on our table a neat octavo of the above title, consisting of 300 pages. We shall speak of its merits as soon as we have time to examine it, which we have not yet had.

We acknowledge the receipt of a printed sermon from Rev. T. W. Higginson, of Newburyport, preached on Thanksgiving Day. It is a spicy declamation on the "peculiar institution."

Original Communications.

CLAIRVOYANCE—ITS RELIABILITY.

I am not about to write a dissertation to convince the world of the science of Animal Magnetism, or of Clairvoyance, for enough has already been written to establish the claims of this subject in the minds of all those who are sincerely desirous to ascertain the truth respecting it. But having seen occasional statements in the *Univercelum* which seemed to me to be incorrect, and knowing that each writer is wholly and alone responsible for his own productions, I am prompted to give utterance to a few reflections, and state a few facts, as the result of ten years experience, that those who are seekers after truth, for the *truth's sake* may not be misled.

Clairvoyance, Clear-vision, mental illumination, or spiritual inductions—mean very nearly the same thing. An influx of truth, which is clearly seen, while there is an existing power to convey or explain it—is what is understood by *independent spiritual Clairvoyance*. It is of no consequence how these illuminations or inductions are brought about, whether through animal magnetism by manipulation, or whether they are spontaneous, provided we get an unfolding of truths, previously hidden from our view.

During the last two years I have been in the practice, more or less, of magnetizing persons, whom I found susceptible of magnetic influence. Among the great number of persons upon whom I have experimented, I have found few whom I could much affect, and still fewer susceptible of the third or sympathetic state—and the number extremely limited that could be thrown into the first part of the fourth or independent state. I have found from five to seven of the latter character, some of whom would at times go fully into the highest or spiritual state. I have not only had such persons under my control sufficiently to test their powers, but have had frequent and free access to other clairvoyants of the most exalted character now in existence. It is of those of the highest qualifications that I now propose to speak.

It has been the practice of many (some even among the writers for the *Univercelum*) to give the fullest credence to all that has been uttered by those mentally and spiritually elevated persons. This I conceive to be extremely erroneous, and so far as indulged in, has a tendency to mislead the mind, and retard the progress of philosophical truths which are so desirable for man's spiritual growth and happiness. The most exalted minds of which I have any knowledge, often make mistakes. And there is nothing strange in this, for he who looks for perfection, short of the Divine Mind, will find his mistake sooner or later.

And the statement is often made by another class of persons, who have not studied progressive principles closely, that if those clairvoyants who profess to give spiritual truths, are detected in errors, no reliance is to be placed upon them. It

is true that such persons are not well acquainted with the law of progressive development, or spiritual unfolding, and it is for those who give *too little*, as well as those who give *too much*, credit to clairvoyance that this article is written.

Would it be wise to say that because the sun is obscured it never *did* shine? or because a man has uttered one falsehood, there is no truth in him? With the same propriety might this be said as there would be in saying that all clairvoyance is false, if one mistake is made, or all true, if one truth is told. The greatest writers on moral, mental, and spiritual subjects the world has ever produced, have often mingled error with truth; but shall we reject all they have written on this account? Then why look for perfection from beings while in the flesh?

Those who have read Davis' philosophy are familiar with what he says in relation to the spiritual spheres. It appears that our present existence is but the first unfolding of the germ that is destined to pass through many more stages of progress. Now if any being in the flesh, or even in the second sphere, (which is as far as any clairvoyant may reach through magnetism) has arrived or can arrive at a state of *all truth and no error*, why the necessity of further unfolding? But has any one arrived at this point? Who answers?

From these considerations, it is evident, that we should be prepared to witness the unfolding of truth mingled with error (incident to our imperfect condition) from all classes of minds, clairvoyants, as well as others; and it appears to me, to be most consistent with true philosophy, to weigh and scan every thing presented to the mind, from whatever source,—test it, and try it, in the crucible of God's unerring laws. If it comes forth bright, it is as refined gold, and we should save it and cherish it. But if it comes forth dross, we should cast it aside with the great mass of error, and let it go through its various mutations until it comes out again;—it will be better next time.

Let it be remembered that all clairvoyants utter a mixture of truth and error—some of them much truth and little error. I have seen them in all imaginable conditions. I have known them to predict many improbable, and apparently impossible events, nearly all which did subsequently occur as foretold, while some others turned out entirely the reverse. Again, I have known them to be perfectly sure of certain future occurrences, professing to see clearly and understand the whole chain of causes leading to these results, when time afterwards proved they were entirely mistaken, and that nearly all they uttered was the result of misconception arising from an imperfect condition of the mind.

There is nothing mysterious in all this: it is easily accounted for. If we thoroughly understood the laws of animal magnetism, clairvoyance, and spiritual inductions, we should then, probably, be able to test the truth of these predictions at the time they were uttered. When it is considered that the human mind in search of knowledge is like a vacuum, it is easy to understand that, just in proportion to its opening, it will receive whatever is pressing around and is disposed to flow into it. Upon the degree of the elevation of the mind and development of the different faculties of the brain, and in fine, upon the physical structure and harmony of the whole being, depend entirely, the kind, quality, and amount of influx which the mind will receive. Allowing all these, and other things to be favorable in the highest degree to the influx of truth, and the mind at all times in the highest condition to receive it,—*even then*, we could not expect the utterance to be *all truth*, unless indeed, there was *all perfection*. But when, resulting from a purer life, the mind becomes thus elevated and opened, it is easy to conceive that if surrounded by favorable conditions, it may be spiritually impressed, by the minds of different individuals in a corresponding condition in the spiritual world, each in its peculiar sphere of morals, medicine, philosophy, &c. In cases like this there would

be less liability to error, and greater probability of truthful results. It is also true, that the same mind, on other occasions and under other circumstances, from some infraction of natural laws, which has disturbed the harmony of the mental or physical system, or from being surrounded by improper influences, might become unfit to receive those highly spiritual truths, and suited only to admit an influx from a much lower plane of thought, and consequently more imperfect and unreliable. The results in this case, might be all of one character, or of various kinds and characters, according to the desires or designs of those from whom the impressions were received.

Besides all this, when the mind is not sufficiently elevated to receive an influx of truth, it is liable to be influenced more or less by the whole surrounding community. He who investigates and reflects upon this subject, can not fail to perceive that the most elevated mind, (through the phenomena of animal magnetism or otherwise,) *may be* operated upon, at times, involuntarily, by the latent influence of surrounding company, or society, to such an extent that its whole statements, and predictions, shall have no foundation in truth,—and no one be aware of the fact, until time and circumstances develop it. It may also happen that the next time the clairvoyant is placed in this condition, his mind has emerged from these influences, and he reveals the whole secret of his former errors.

I must, however, bring this article to a close. I have extended it much beyond my first intention, but I do not see how I could well have said less, and explained sufficiently what I wished. I may refer to this subject again, as it is full of interest and instruction to those who desire to investigate and understand it. I have long waited to see these points discussed by some one of your editors or numerous correspondents, but as yet I have seen but little on the subject. It is but right and reasonable that the public mind should be disabused of its errors, be they in according *too much* or *too little* faith in the statements of clairvoyants, and be furnished with all possible assistance to guide it to a correct and reliable judgment. With a view to throw some little light upon this subject I intrude myself. Truth is what your readers want, and it has nothing to fear from investigation. To advance truth, and expose error, is the desire of the writer, and if he mistakes not, it is the desire of the editors and correspondents of the Univercolum.

In conclusion, justice compels me to say, that I have never yet discovered any important errors, or discrepancies, in the statements of clairvoyants, where *principles* were concerned, but entirely the reverse. Not less than five different persons have given precisely the same accounts of the spiritual spheres, even when some repudiated it in the normal state. When there is a want of agreement between the normal and abnormal state, it is because the animal powers or passions are strong, and do not harmonize with the spiritual.

LAZARUS.

REMARKS.

In the foregoing communication our correspondent says, "It has been the practice of many (some, even, among the writers for the Univercolum,) to give the fullest credence to all that has been uttered by" some clairvoyants. We know not upon what particular facts the writer bases this assertion so far as it relates to the writers for the Univercolum. Certain are we that the idea of the infallibility of clairvoyants, except in a very *contracted* sphere, in which sense even the *child* is infallible, has never been advocated, directly or indirectly, in the Univercolum. For our self personally, we can say that since we have had any considerable knowledge of clairvoyance, we have never entertained any opinion respecting its reliability essentially different from that expressed by our correspondent. Our motto from the first has been, "*if any thing will not stand upon its own intrinsic merits, let it be rejected.*" (See Introduction to Davis' Principles of Nature, p. xx.) Upon this point our editorial associates have fully agreed with us, and we can not comprehend

why there should be any effort, (as there apparently has been in some quarters,) to create a difference where no real difference exists. We have, it is true, expressed ourselves warmly in regard to the truthfulness and importance of Mr. Davis' book. We do still, and so we do, in a degree, in reference to "Combe on the Constitution of Man;" but we do not see how, according to any of the laws of language, one may eke out of such expressions the idea of *infallibility* in reference to either work.

Our correspondent has expressed general confidence in *good clairvoyants* so far as *natural principles* are concerned: so do we, but we go no farther; and we would moreover say that if any one implicitly proceeds to act, especially from motives of personal and pecuniary gain, upon any announcement involving important consequences in its truth or falsity, as given by *any* clairvoyant no matter whom, he will be extremely liable to disappointment. We have never known a case of this kind that was not an utter failure. For this there is a reason which will be obvious to any one who will duly reflect upon the subject.

W. F.

Poetry.

TIME---THE AUCTIONEER.

BY RALPH HOYT.

Upon the shattered parapet of some old tower he sprang,
And, planting his red signal there, his thundering call outrang:
Ye multitudes, give ear to me, this merchandise survey;
What bargains these for king and clown, what fortunes here to-day!
Oppression is all bankrupt now, and despot sway is done,
For in the chancery above, lo, Freedom's plea hath won;

The famished world hath payment claimed of its rightful debt,
And Sheriff Revolution hence has—Palaces to let!
All idle pomp, all princely state, all signs of royal rule
Are going, going, now! for man has spurned the kingly school;
And the stern lessons he has learned through many a weary page,
Matured to mighty deeds, have oped a grand Fraternal Age:

A tarnished bauble in his hand then lifted he on high,
And cried, Ye crownless Potentates, ye powerless Princes buy!
'Tis somewhat faded, it is true, but still it is a Crown—
I'll throw the iron scepter in—'tis going, going—down!
And here, the remnant of a Throne—Ye sovereigns of the soil,
Buy now the monster that devoured the products of your toil!

Once it was bright with burnished gold, with quaint devices
graced,

But long the luster has been dimmed, each emblem long defaced;
See Justice bearing broken scales, Honor and Truth seem dead;
Power has lost its thunderbolts; Mercy and Hope have fled!
How much the Antiquated Throne! who'll buy the regal seat;
What bliss to sit there and suppose an empire at your feet!

Ah! could they speak, whose once it was august thereon to reign,
What desperate battle would they bid for this old Might again!
I can not dwell, it must be sold, who makes it now his own?
Once, twice, the last, 'tis going, gone!—here, serf, ascend your throne!

Then at his hand a massive coil of ponderous chains I saw;
A sign that men would never more the car of bondage draw.

Here, here! again cried he aloud, ye kingdoms in decay,
Buy now a girdle for your realms, and hold them to your sway.
What hopeless thralldom for a world might these strong bands
secure,

So potent to subdue the great and crush the rebel poor.
Ye Cæsars, listen, ere too late, for soon shall all men hear
The final word to sell these chains to some brave buyer here.

Is there no Alexander now would grasp the globe again,
Ere my reluctant arm descend, and you lament in vain?
All going—going!—At the word the listless throng awoke,
And down irrevocably came the long impending stroke!
But lo, the old corroded links, drawn clanking up to sight,
Fell piecemeal, at the blow, to earth—no more to reunite!

Then burst one thundering peal of joy from all the gathered host,
Till mountain shouted to the sea, and coast replied to coast!
The woe-worn earth, so hopeful long, for that ecstatic time,
Put on again her Eden robes in every happy clime,
And down the sky a glorious zone the nations saw descend,
Expanding o'er remotest hills, where human homes extend,
Till full, within its glittering verge, it shut the world's wide span,
And bound, by lasting Christian Love, the heart of man to man.

"IF I WERE A VOICE."

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true.
I would fly, I would fly, over land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale, or singing a song,
In praise of the Right, in blame of the Wrong.

If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I'd fly on the wings of air;
The homes of Sorrow and Guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To save them from Despair.
I would fly, I would fly o'er the guarded town,
And drop, like the beautiful sunlight, down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to look up again.

If I were a voice, a convincing voice,
I'd travel with the wind,
And whenever I saw the nation torn
By warfare, jealousy, spite or scorn,
Or hatred of their kind,
I would fly, I would fly on the thunder crash,
And into their blinded bosom flash;
And, all their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them Christian Brotherhood.

If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I'd seek the kings of the earth:
I'd find them alone on their beds at night,
And whisper words that should guide them right,
Lessons of priceless worth;
I would fly more swift than the swiftest bird,
And tell them things they never heard—
Truths which the ages for aye repeat—
Unknown to the courtiers at their feet.

If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I'd speak in the people's ear;
And whenever they shouted "Liberty,"
Without deserving to be free,
I'd make their error clear.
I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
Rebuking Wrong on my world-wide way,
And making all the Earth rejoice—
If I were a voice—an immortal voice.

LET us learn to look at *aspects* less; and more at *prospects*;
leaving *retrospects* to their legitimate decay in the Past. C. W.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE WORSHIPPER OF MINERVA.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM.

AMID a throng of beautiful Grecian maidens at a brilliant festival, where the loveliest and richest of Athens were gathered, stood Penthea with downcast eyes, she alone wanting the charms of beauty. The wealthy Philostratus would willingly have robbed his only daughter in the richest garments and adorned her in the most costly jewels, but painfully conscious of her own defects Penthea refused to wear them, and strove only to avoid notice, by the simplicity and quietness of her dress and mien. She stood apart, and while the maidens in graceful figures waved to and fro to the most enchanting music, she strove to listen to the conversation of her father and the priest Alcmeon, who were discussing earnestly the politics of Athens. Yet her heart was heavy.

Then the young and handsome Thersites approached her. Life to him was a perpetual round of gay pleasure. He was like the bubble dancing on the surface of the stream, caring nought for what lay below. Why did he leave the gay circle to draw near to the neglected one? He plucked a beautiful bud from a rose vine which twined around the pillars of the porch, and offered it to her with words of graceful flattery.

Penthea raised her heavy eyelids and as she met his bright glance, the flutterings of vanity about her heart told that the poison was beginning its work. He led her to the dance; and although she moved awkwardly amid the graceful forms around her, still his eye followed her, and his every gesture was expressive of devoted admiration. The complicated figures, the ceremonies of the evening which she performed so awkwardly, seemed easy as breathing to him, and she caught something of his ease and pleasure. She felt that he was false and light, yet the surface was so fair and the atmosphere around him so fragrant with pleasure, that she dreamed on through the hours of the evening, bewildered in a maze of gratified vanity. The whole world of poetry and imagination on which she had fed her mind in solitude, became real to her and clustered around Thersites to hide his poverty of soul, until she believed for a moment that her life, too, might blossom out into beauty. As she turned to leave this scene of joy and triumph, the gay laughter of Thersites and his companions fell on her ear.

"You have indeed chosen among the graces," said one to him, Terpaichore has a new devotee."

"Laugh on," said Thersites, "if my future bride has not sacrificed to Venus, at least I have paid acceptable homage to Plutus. Beautiful maidens can be bought in the slave market, but the dowry of Penthea is well worth a few evenings of devotion."

Like a morning rainbow vanished the vision of love and beauty from the heart of the young girl, and by a strong effort, holding her feelings back in her heart, as one who dares not think, she walked by her father's side in silence through the beautiful moonlight, until she reached the quiet of her own chamber. She dismissed her attending slave, she barred the door, and then hiding her face in the folds of her white robe, she let the full tide of shame and disappointment flow over her heart. So she sat until the moon had crossed the whole circle of the heavens, and shone in upon her solitude. Its pure light fell upon the altar which she had erected in her chamber to the tutelary guardian of Athens; the chaste Minerva. Penthea arose, poured out some water and washed away the tears which had stained her face. She put on a robe of finest wool, bound her head with a chaplet of fresh flowers,

and lighted incense on the altar of Minerva. Then she knelt before it and prayed thus.

"Oh guardian goddess, a maiden heart chaste as thine own asks help from thee. In vain have I offered sacrifices to Venus—she refuseth me her gifts: give thou to me a greater gift."

The smoke of the incense arose and floated around her, and as she inhaled its perfume, she fell into a trance-like slumber. Then before the sleeping girl, severe in her beauty, and sublime in her power, rose the form of the virgin goddess; and the bowed maiden felt a deep awe in her heart as she heard these words:

"Thou askest my gift; it is a great gift, and it must be greatly worn. Maiden, thou askest a hard thing, but I give to thee Truth: henceforth no falsehood shall dare enter thy presence. And following this guide, thou shalt enter into all wisdom and all knowledge. Dost thou accept the gift?"

Penthea bowed her head in grateful awe. Then as the vision soared majestic into the upper air, a star dropped from heaven and fell into her lap. She awoke—the morning light shone upon the hills and sparkled on the white temples and pillars of Athens; the cloud of incense had rolled away, the chaplet of flowers had withered, the fire was dead upon the altar; but on the lap of Penthea lay a white and sparkling diamond. With deepest reverence she set the gem within a circlet of purest pearls, and placing it upon her breast, she sang her morning hymn to the gods, and went forth to join her maidens as they plied busily the distaff and spindle, the gifts of wise Minerva.

Clear and beautiful seemed the light of day, the path of life to Penthea. As she knelt for her old father's blessing, more clearly than ever before she read the deep reverential love for her in his heart, which looked to her as the light of his declining age. As the matronly Eudora beguiled the hours of toil by tales of the olden time—the fabled exploits of Theseus, the wondrous deeds of Hercules, or the varied events of the Trojan war,—they brought deeper meaning to the heart of her daughter.

When the sun began to bend his course downward, a troop of merry children came to the home of Penthea.

"Come with us," they said; "we go to seek lilies and violets. We love to have you with us. They say you are not beautiful, but you are good and patient with us."

Bidding two slaves to follow her, with baskets, to gather flowers for the evening worship, Penthea joined the merry troop, and the diamond on her breast seemed reflected back from the bright faces of her companions. She showed them the golden hair of Apollo as it streamed down the western sky, mingling with the sunset clouds; she took the grasshopper in her hand, and called them around her to watch the activity of the little insect, and to see how the gods had given it life and happiness; she twined the olive leaves into a wreath, and told them of the gifts of Minerva, who brought peace on earth. She gathered the acorns, and as the children tossed them into the air, she told them how the little nut was hidden in the ground, and month after month the rain and the sun nourished it, and the earth fed its tiny germ, until at last it grew into the branching and leafy oak. And as she spoke, the thought arose in her mind that the little ones before her, planted on the earth and nourished by heaven's light, might seem to die, but they, too, must expand and grow into beauty as sublime and glorious in comparison as the oak tree is to the smooth green acorn. As she mused on this thought, the children ran on before her with glad shouts; but they were suddenly hushed—then a murmur of voices arose, and they ran back to her exclaiming,

"Penthea, Penthea, here is a man murdered in the woods."

She hastened to the spot. On the ground lay, indeed, a young stranger, wounded and bleeding. His face was deadly pale, but Penthea could feel a slight beating of the heart. She raised his

head, brushed the clotted hair back from his brow, bade some of the children bring water from the brook, and others to summon the slaves who had lingered behind. She renewed her cares, and at last his eyes opened languidly, and a faint breath issued from his lips. The slaves hastily formed a rude litter of boughs, on which to lay the wounded man. The children thronged around, looking on him with wondering curiosity, but Penthea walked quietly by his side, bathing his brow, moistening his lips, and staunching the blood which, at every rough movement of the litter, still flowed from his wounds. A messenger had already informed the hospitable Eudora of their coming, and he was laid on a comfortable bed, while a physician was already at hand with the aid of his art. Recalled to life by these timely cares, the stranger was at length able to recall the past, and to tell his kind hosts that he was the son of Lysimachus, an old friend of Philostratus, and on his way to visit the world renowned Athens. He had been attacked by robbers, his slaves put to flight or killed, and himself left for dead: but summoning all his strength, he had, during the day, crawled as far as the grove where Penthea found him, when, utterly exhausted, he sank fainting on the ground.

By slow degrees health returned to Alcides. It seemed as if Penthea poured her own life into him, for night and day her skilful hands or her watchful care provided for his comfort or pleasure. Fresh flowers greeted his morning waking; the rarest fruits formed his repast; the softest airs lulled him to slumber; and all was the care of Penthea. Pure in heart, gifted with wondrous talent, beautiful and generous was Alcides. The woman's heart in Penthea acknowledged the claim, and not the false glow of vanity, but the warm tide of passion seemed poured through her life. Again she placed garlands on the altar of Venus, and though the diamond still sparkled on her breast, she longed to mix with the pearls which surrounded it the deep glow of the amethyst, sacred to passionate love. The keen eyed archer laughed at the mischief he had wrought, and as he saw the withered flowers on the altar of Minerva, and the fresh wreaths that entwined the image of his beautiful mother, he shook his bow in triumph, and defied her to match him with spear and distaff and helmet. Alcides, too, perceived the love of the maiden for him. Truth was the light of her breast, and she had not power to hide it. To a deeply grateful heart came the consciousness of her love; but he had a soul enamored of the beautiful. As a young artist, he worshiped the lofty and the true, as it came to him in forms of beauty and grace. He looked on the unsymmetrical form, on the pale cheek, the thin, irregular features of poor Penthea, and deeply as he respected her, he tried in vain to love. Yet he said to himself, "Shall the son of Lysimachus be ungrateful to her who has saved his life? She has wealth at her command, but I can give her a treasure richer than gold. I can give her—no, not love, but at least I will feign it. The devotion of my life shall be hers, and never shall she know that the deepest feeling man ever knew is not awakened in my heart. She will be happy, and gladly for her will I resign all hope of other love."

So he mused in the still night; and in the morning hour, when she came to bring the first greeting of the day, he prepared to say, "Penthea, I love you." She came, as ever, with slow step and downcast eye. The sleepless nights of restless passion gave unwonted pallor to her cheek, and languor to her eye; yet as she laid fresh flowers beside the cup from which he drank, Alcides renewed the vow in his heart; and taking her pale hand in his, strove to say, "Dear Penthea, I love you." But as he spoke her name, she raised her eyes to his. The full brilliancy of the diamond flashed upon his sight, and as his stammering lips refused to speak, the whole truth became clear to the heart of the unhappy girl. Unconsciously she faltered forth, "You can never love me," and from his heart seemed to echo, "never!" but his lips said:

"You have saved my life; you have been more than friend,

than sister to me. Oh that my life could repay you; how gladly would I give you all!"

"All but love!" sighed the heart of Penthea, and it echoed back from the heart of Alcides.

Fittingly flitted the color on the cheek of Penthea. The passion of woman struggled with the god-given strength and purity, but the God prevailed. She raised the diamond to her lips and kissed it. She staggered to her room, and waiting for no garland, for no lighted censer, she threw herself before the altar of Minerva, and prayed anew in her agony, "Oh, Minerva! thou hast given me a godlike gift, but it is too hard for me; take away from me the heart of a woman, for I cannot bear my lot."

But now rose up before the prostrate maiden again, the form of the virgin goddess: but instead of the frowning helmet, the olive wreath crowned her lofty brow. The owl sat upon her shoulder, and a scroll was in her hand. "Oh, daughter!" she said, "wouldst thou follow me and truth, and dost thou faint so soon? Dost thou not know that falsely I am called the cold and cruel goddess who knows not love? Heavily weighs the helmet on my brow, hard is it for me to sit alone among the gods, alone the unwedded goddess; for even Dian winds her arms about Endymion. But not for myself do I wear the heavy helmet; not for myself do I shine alone. It is for woman—for thee, my daughter—I alone preserve the image of the pure thought of woman—the beauty of truth—through which passion must pass into purest love. Through hard combats I maintain the eternal right of woman. When man, too, shall confess it; when woman shall be true to it, then shall be celebrated the marriage of Minerva and Eros—the highest wisdom and the purest love. Daughter, labor thou on the earth. It were a little thing to lie in the bosom of Alcides, though life flow by on rose-crowned wings. It is a great thing to consecrate thy life to truth; to keep thy woman's heart. Let it give thee warmth and love—sorrow if it must be so—but keep it pure for the highest, and if earth give thee no love to fill it, when ruthless Atropos cuts the thread of life, I will take thee, oh, daughter! to my bosom, and thou shalt shine a star in the kingdom of the Empyrean."

Like reviving cordial, the words of the goddess fell upon the heart of Penthea, and with cheerful courage she rose up and caught the last glistening of light on the shining chaplet of the goddess as she faded into the morning air. She wreathed her altar with the richest flowers, and taking from her bosom the precious napkin which had bound the wounded brow of Alcides, she laid it—her most precious gift—upon the burning censer. Day after day found her toiling for the good of others. She ministered to the wants of her aged father; she blessed the days of her mother; she directed the labors of the maidens, and lightened them with song and story; she gathered the young children about her, and taught them the wisdom of Gods and men; she went abroad in the wide kingdom of Pan, and talked with the spirit of every stream, with the soul of every flower; she learned to number the stars, and her ear caught the faint echoes of the song of wondrous harmony which they sing in their mystic revolutions. Then she turned to the lore of the schools; she sounded the depths of philosophy; she enriched her imagination with all the tales of poetry; she read the mighty pages of history. Every where the diamond threw its light, and every where fresh worlds of thought and beauty opened to her searching gaze. From Sparta, from the Ionian isles, from the Persian court, from distant Egypt—came strangers to see her, and to gather up some fragments of her wondrous speech. The sophist came to overpower her with his wily logic, but he could not bear the clear light of truth, and he found all his art had become but the simple speech of a child. The Egyptian priest with wonder heard her utter the truths hid beneath the mystic symbols of his creed, and the Persian found that Zoroaster had no doctrine unknown to this simple girl. In clear and beautiful language she poured forth her thoughts, and with

equal earnestness whether the schoolmen were there to hear, or but a little child asked her, "Who made the grass to grow? or why the beautiful flowers must droop and die?"

Yet whispered murmurs began to arise. She had looked through the forms of nature to the spirits enshrined therein: she now looked through the mystic forms of thought to the one great Spirit expressed in them. She spoke of the eternal principle of Wisdom expressed in Minerva, of Power in Jupiter, and carrying her thought still deeper, announced the sublime doctrine of the oneness of all spirit. The astonished listeners murmured that she denied the gods—the baffled sophists united with the ignorant and superstitious crowd to swell the cry of infidelity. Philostratus and Eudora were both dead—and gladly would the ambitious rulers sweep her rich inheritance into the coffers of the state. She heeded not the warning messages of friends; what the deep heart said to her, she poured forth in earnest speech, and when at last the armed messengers of the popular council came to bear the innocent maiden to prison, they found her amid a circle of children watching the bursting shell of a chrysalis, while to their simple hearts she told the precious truth symbolized by the beautiful insect as it rose from its tomb.

The Athenian people were not harsh, and the sunlight looked into her prison windows, and books and friends were not denied even to the infidel woman; but a life of intense thought had wasted her feeble frame, and as she lay on her couch the mantle of earth seemed already half stripped from her spirit.

To this prison came Philémon, the beloved pupil of Plato, asking entrance. Just returned from his Egyptian travels, he heard the fame of this wondrous woman, whose eloquence had enchanted the world, and he came to offer his tribute of veneration. She lay upon her couch exhausted with the excitement of a long conversation with her little scholars, and had fallen asleep. Philémon had heard of her want of outward beauty, but as now he gazed upon her face as thick coming thoughts even in sleep were mirrored there, he saw the truth of Plato's thought, when he spoke of the image of the soul which might be seen beneath the covering of the outward body. Beautiful was this image, and the philosopher gazed on it until the earthly faded away, and it seemed to him that a celestial spirit lay before him. Each day came the philosopher to listen to the words of the dying girl; and he talked to her of that mighty teacher whose works had long been her companions. She taught him a new lesson. He had learned from his master to respect man—she taught him to respect woman. He taught that God was Mind—she felt that God was Presence. So brightly shone the diamond in that prison, and filled it with warmth and beauty.

But the disciple of Plato, and the worshiper of Minerva, were to recognize a higher power; they now felt the truth of Plato's words, that souls which were created one, have become separated, and when they meet will know each other and unite. Their spirits flowed into one. Penthea knew her prison walls no more, and the disciple of Plato felt the truth of that eternal love which he had long believed.

At evening, Penthea lay exhausted by a severe paroxysm of pain—the struggle of the body to hold its empire over the soul. Philémon sat beside her, his arm supporting her head. He said, "Oh, Penthea, it is so beautiful to love you;" and she replied, "It is heavenly calm in your arms!" She grew more and more feeble. "How sweet and easy it is to die! Oh, Philémon, I shall wait hovering about you till your spirit come. Linger not long, dear Philémon. Has not Plato said that all eternal thoughts move in harmony, and their language is music? I hear it so gloriously full around me. I have lived for truth; it has brought me highest love. This, oh Philémon, is the marriage of Minerva and Eros."

Again she spoke. "When this body is useful no longer, place my ashes in an urn upon the shrine of Minerva, and let Truth be engraved thereon."

She was silent, and the rapt lover learned only from the changing light on her features how living was the soul within. Once she murmured "Farewell!"—he bent to kiss the pale lips that uttered it, and received her parting breath.

Philémon with reverent care, (for it had been the temple of a living soul,) bore her body to its funeral pile, and gathered its ashes in an urn sculptured by the mighty art of Phidias, and placed it by the shrine of Minerva. Not clad in sad garments but in flowing robes, and crowned with flowers, he knelt before the shrine: he prayed, "Oh, may her soul become a living spirit, to bless the world!" Even as he spoke, from the urn burst forth a fountain, and threw its sparkling waters high in the air, and Iris danced joyously amid its spray. As the Philosopher thanked the Goddess for this sign, a voice from the fountain said, "Thus shall I flow until a greater teacher than Plato shall arise, who shall utter a greater word than 'God is Mind.'" The Athenians said, "Beautiful fountain, thou shalt flow on forever, for there is none greater than Plato, and his word is the mightiest thought of God."

* * * * *

Many years flowed on the fountain, though its marble vase was broken. One day a plain man, worn with travel, stood in the public square at Athens, and spoke earnestly to the people—and, lo! many came running thither, exclaiming "Penthea's fountain is dried up." Then some remembered the words of the oracle, and exclaimed, "This Master is greater than Plato, for he has uttered 'God is Love.'" x.

THE DISCOVERY OF HERCULANEUM.

In the early part of the eighteenth century, (1711) an Italian peasant while digging a well near his cottage, found some fragments of colored marble. These attracting attention, led to further excavation, when a statue of Hercules was disintered, and shortly after a mutilated one of Cleopatra. These specimens of ancient art, were found at a considerable depth below the surface, and in a place which subsequently proved to be a temple situated in the ancient City of Herculaneum! This city was overwhelmed with ashes and lava during an eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, being the same in which the elder Pliny perished, who was suffocated with sulphurous vapors, like Lot's wife in a similar calamity. Herculaneum therefore had been buried 1630 years! and while every memorial of it was lost, and even the site unknown, it was thus suddenly, by a resurrection then unparalleled in the annals of the world, brought again to light; streets, temples, houses, statues, paintings, jewelry, professional implements, kitchen utensils, and other articles connected with ancient domestic life were to be seen arranged, as when their owners were actively moving among them. Even the skeletons of some of the inhabitants were found; one, near the threshold of his door, with a bag of money in his hand, and apparently in the act of escaping.

The light which this important discovery reflected upon numerous subjects connected with the ancients, has greatly eclipsed all previous sources of information; and as regards some of the arts of the Romans, the information thus obtained may be considered almost as full and satisfactory as if one of their mechanics had risen from the dead and described them.

Among the early discoveries made in this city of Hercules, (it having been founded by or in honor of him, 1250, B. C.) not the least interesting is one of its public wells, from which, having been covered by an arch and surrounded by a curb, the ashes were excluded. This well was found in a high state of preservation—it still contains excellent water, and is in the same condition as when the first females retired from it, bearing vases of its water to their dwellings, and probably on the evening that preceded the calamity which drove them from it for ever. [EWBANK'S HYDRAULICS.]

"LEND A HAND."

Heed the words, thou man of wealth!
Bring back the fading hue of health
In the poor man's sunken cheek—
Thou art strong, and he is weak;
He hath neither gold nor land:
Help to raise him—"lend a hand."

Heed the words, thou poor man!—thou
Who livest by thy sweating brow;
If a sinking brother need
Thy assistance, give him heed;
Thou may'st better understand
What his woes are: "lend a hand."

Heed the words, O thou in whom
The softer virtues live and bloom:
If an erring sister claim
Aid and pity in her shame,
Scorn her not, but ~~like~~ thy stand
On higher ground, and "lend a hand."

A SHIP AMONG ICEBERGS.

It is impossible to convey a correct idea of the beauty, the magnificence, of some of the scenes through which we passed. Thousands of the most grotesque, fanciful, and beautiful icebergs and immense ice-fields surrounded us on all sides, intersected by numerous serpentine canals, which glittered in the sun (for the weather was fine all the time we were in the straits), like threads of silver twining round ruined palaces of crystal. The masses assumed every variety of form, and size, and many of them bore such a striking resemblance to cathedrals, churches, columns, arches, and spires, that I could almost fancy we had been transported to one of the cities of fairy-land. The rapid motion, too, of our ship, in what appeared a dead calm, added much to the magical effect of the scene. A light but steady breeze urged her along, with considerable velocity, through a maze of ponds and canals, which, from the immense quantity of ice that surrounded them, were calm and untroubled as the surface of a mill-pond. Not a sound disturbed the delightful stillness of nature, save the gentle rippling of the vessel's bow as she sped on her way, or the occasional puffing of a lazy whale, awakened from a nap by our uncerimonious intrusion on his domains. Now and then, however, my reveries were disagreeably interrupted by the ship coming into sudden contact with huge lumps of ice. This happened occasionally when we arrived at the termination of one of those natural canals through which we passed, and found it necessary to force our way into the next. These concussions were sometimes very severe, and even made the ship's bell ring; but we heeded this little, as the vessel was provided with huge blocks of timber on her bows, called ice-pieces, and was besides built expressly for the northern seas. It only became annoying at meal-times, when a spoonful of soup would sometimes make a little private excursion of its own over the shoulder of the owner instead of into his mouth. As we proceeded, the ice became more closely packed, and at last compelled us to bore through it. The ship however, was never altogether detained, though much retarded. I recollected, while thus surrounded, filling a bucket with water from a pool of ice, to see whether it was fresh or not, as I had been rather sceptical upon this point. It was excellent, and might compete almost with the water from the famous springs of Crawley.

[BALLANTYNE'S HUDSON'S BAY.

A spare and simple diet contributes to the prolongation of life.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The marvellous communication of our friend in Auburn has been received. It shall be attended to as soon as will comport with the extreme caution with which all such things should be approached. Our friend Hine will please accept our thanks for his favor. We have one or two communications on hand which we have not yet decided to insert. We do not object occasionally to publishing articles presenting views differing from our own, but we wish our correspondents to confine themselves to the simple statement of their own views, and to avoid direct personal controversy with each other. [Ed.]

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