

# 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.

#### LIFE—IDEAL AND ACTUAL.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

A DISCONTENT with the Actual is the mainspring of most that is noble in human endeavor. It spurs the traveler into the darkest dens of African barbarism or Tartar cruelty, and sends the Missionary to spend his life rapidly in sickly Burmese huts or frozen Esquimaux lodges,—joyfully dying that those he never saw till now may live forever. The same spirit is now lighting the dens of loathsome vice with the unwonted presence of angel purity and pity, and braving the filth and noisomeness of prisons, heedless of aught save the human hearts there shackled and pining for sympathy and freedom. Not even the scaffold's grim appointments can repel its fearful approaches, for wherever it sees Humanity, however scorched and ulcerated, however defiled or blasted by sin's ravages, it recognizes the lineaments of a brother.

But a revolt against the tame insipidity of common life impels to evil as well as good—hurls the warrior, the slayer, the pirate, on his fell career, and blackens earth with carnage and ruin. It is not enough that man, as he is, should act up to the standard of his aspirations, for these also need to be corrected and exalted.

Two antagonistic thoughts—Self and All—lie at the bottom of the many warring tendencies in the breasts of mankind. Their symbols may be found in the geocentric and heliocentric theories of planetary motion. The advances of the former appeal with success to the human senses uninstructed by Science—to our eyes to bear witness that the Sun *does* truly move around around the Earth—to our position and that of all unfixed, gravitating bodies, to prove that the Earth is a vast plane and does *not* turn over day by day. The evidence for this theory is such that its truth may be said to be intuitively perceived by every infant. But by-and-by comes along the Astronomer with his telescope, the Mathematician with his Geometry and Algebra, and reverses this conviction, enlarging the bounds of the visible Universe and developing Laws of which the child knew nothing. Yet by far the larger portion of mankind still live and die, as *all* formerly lived and died, in the undoubting belief that the Earth is daily circled by the Sun and Stars.

So with human character and effort. The child is born a citizen of the great Commonwealth of Man, but his entrance to it is through the narrow gate of the Family. His practical education there, during the most impressible and important period of his life, stamps into his mind three cardinal maxims, namely,

1st. To take special good care of himself in all cases, and shape every thing he can control to his own enjoyment or uses.

2d. To bestow whatever he does not thus need, or can not make available to his personal ends, on the narrow circle by which he is surrounded.

3d. To give all beyond this—his blessing for instance—to the general good of mankind.

Who can fail to see that the soul is distorted, shriveled, dwarf-

ed, by this schooling?—that the boy becomes a selfish, sensual, grasping man—in fact, only a politer beast of prey? The influences most immediately surrounding him from the cradle have all tended to this. *Me* and *thine*—the former to be prized and treasured—the latter to be acquired or left to take care of itself—are the first distinctions impressed on his unfolding intellect. All within this narrow tenement, within these encircling fences is *ours*, to be guarded, tolled for, beautified; all without is *others'*, to be obtained, envied, or disregarded. The stranger child who oversteps that magic ring in search of some fruit or herb, which, though enjoyed to satiety by us, would be luxury to him, is to be saluted with a stone or mastiff for his depraved temerity, and driven back to sate his gnawing hunger on the nettles of the highway. Now I am not quarreling with this as a fault of the individual, or a wanton exhibition of churlishness. On the contrary, I recognize it as a necessary feature of a system—necessary while the system shall endure. I am but regarding it in the light of its influence on the molding of Human Character. And in this light I do not hesitate to say that the Family and Social influences surrounding our youth are most unfavorable to the development of manly, generous, sympathizing natures. These influences tend to educate the human race into two classes, thieves and constables—to foster an eternal antagonism between Wealth and Want—and throw every one into the attitude of a scout in an enemy's country, pressing cautiously forward with eyes piercing the thickets around him and rifle in the hollow of his arm. Here and there an individual triumphs over all these influences, by the force of rare qualities or a singularly happy training, and shows us what Mankind might be, give them but fair play. But a *race* of Heroes of Humanity—a People elevated to Love and Universal Blessing—such as we have not and can not expect until the influences which overshadow Childhood, our modes of training youth for Manhood, are radically changed.

And a race of Heroes was never more needed on earth than now. The old manifestations of Heroism have become effete or abhorrent, but the Nineteenth Century has need of many a Hercules, a Hector, an Achilles, who shall be all its own. Its Patriotism demands relief from the vain boasters, the self-seekers, the noisy braggarts, who, reckless of general misery and ruin, would fain involve nations wantonly in butchery and deadly hate, that they may chance to riot in the spoils of the universal devastation. Its religion pleads for release from the stifling bondages of Cant and Formalism—from sour asceticism and a pestilent wrangling on points of non-practical belief. It protests against laying emphasis on any article of a creed which can not be embodied in a life. Its Philanthropy, pointing to new, vast, slightly explored fields inviting effort for Human Well-being, calls on the generous, the hopeful, the ardent, to engage heartily in the work of securing to the next generation a better world than that which we received from the last.

Ah! if we had but a few regiments of life-enlisted volunteers in the service of Humanity, who, having first graduated their own physical wants to the standard of real necessity, should consecrate all their powers, mental and physical, to the persistent, unwearied, unshackled increase of Human Happiness and diminution of the causes of Suffering, the world could not remain

where it is, but must move forward swiftly to that fairer future which can not be merely a Poet's dream. The history of Lot's sojourn in and escape from Sodom is not without its enduring lesson. States, cities, communities, are preserved from destruction, so long as preserved at all, by so much virtue as they embody; when that wanes to insufficiency, the remnant may escape or linger, but the destruction of the depraved mass is inevitable. And, as the absolute lack of moral good is inexorable ruin, so is its unusual prevalence the sure occasion of strength and prosperity. There is no habitable portion of our globe where a thoroughly virtuous population might not re-constitute the Garden of Eden.

But to the formation of such a people, few influences conduce, while those which forbid it are incessant and innumerable. There has been little systematic training to heroism of any sort since the days of the Spartans. Our children are steeped in selfishness from their cradles, and nine-tenths of them are practically taught to dread Useful Labor as odious and degrading, and to regard idleness, with sensuality and ostentation, as the *summum bonum* of life. I know that something different from this is stolidly dealt out, though never pointedly, consistently taught, from the Catechisms; but I am speaking of the every-day lessons, and not those which are inculcated only on Sunday, if ever. How many children in a thousand, whether rich or poor, are taught to regard virtuous poverty in humble garb as *really* more to be honored and desired than wealth undistinguished by worth? How many are taught to heed God's appointment, "Six days shalt thou labor," as plainly directed to them, and by them to be joyfully and faithfully obeyed, irrespective of riches or station? How many are early taught that they can have no right to squander on their own appetites or pride that which the law of the land says is theirs, but for want of which another suffers? What reverend monitor now says, habitually and earnestly, and not unheededly, to the child of affluence and luxury, "Sell all thou hast, and give to the Poor, then follow Him whose only personal disciples were the poor?" Alas! the flower of life is cankered in the bud, and what should be beauty and fragrance is turned to deformity and death!

—Next to the lessons of infancy come those of the School, with its constant bickerings and ardent, envious rivalries for advancement and honors. All is intensely individual—egotistic. The schoolboy's triumphs are won *over* and not *for* his comrades. His glory is their mortification and shame; his disasters the theme of their undisguised, unchecked exultation. Thence he passes into some sphere of active life, and finds the same law every where prevailing, and producing its natural results. The brilliant leader at the bar makes a rapid fortune, but the unknown hundreds of middling counselors are left to starve; and the popular physician who is supposed to cure every body dooms his fellow practitioners to that consumption for which Falstaff could "get no remedy." Every where the victor in the grand battle of Life advances to grasp the laurel over piles of unheeded corpses. He can not afford to calculate too nicely the moral nature and consequences of each act—he must live; and the more flagrant and palpable the guilt of the felon whom the lawyer's skill saves from justice, the more brilliant is that lawyer's triumph, the more extravagant his fee,—the more rapid his march to fame and fortune.

And perhaps the most imperative of the influences of practical life to narrow and distort the man is that exercised by Trade. To obtain More for Less—this is the aim and impulse of Trade. The game of the counter, like that of the boxing-ring, places two persons opposite each other at proper distance, and bids them shake hands and begin. That each may be gainers by the bargain is of course practicable; (though which of them naturally cares for this?) that both may be honest men is freely conceded. The criticism impeaches not the men but the attitude in which they are pitted against each other. Where Wealth is the object of general and eager desire, where Labor is loath-

ed and Luxury coveted—it is too hard on frail Human Nature to place it where a slight departure from rectitude may win its thousands. The temptation may be resisted—it doubtless often is; for Trade has furnished its full quota of the upright and more than its share of the benevolent of our race; and while these may probably have owed to Commerce the means of being liberal, I doubt whether any have been indebted to it for their integrity. Of that, a man must carry all into a life of buying and selling that he expects to bring out again, and he can hardly afford to commence business on a small capital either. If a man of unsettled or weak principles ever trafficked five years without becoming a rogue, he must present a striking evidence of the sustaining, saving mercy of an overruling Providence.

The position and sphere of the independent, virtuous, contented Farmer has from earliest time been pointed at as one of the most fortunate, and healthful, mentally as well as physically, that Earth can afford. Living in the immediate and visible presence of the all-embracing Heavens, directly dependent on the Author of all for whatever blesses him, he would seem to be marked out for integrity and elevation of sentiment. Nature will not be cheated; whoever shall undertake to palm upon her a single bushel of chalk for lime, for instance, will find her incapable of relishing his ingenuity. So much for so much, is her invariable law; no shams nor appearances avail any thing with her—even her children the crows are not half so often taken in by them as the contrivers imagine. With unequalled advantages for the maintenance or attainment of health and vigor, with a thousand silent preachers of the blessings of Temperance, Exercise, Justice and Truth, constantly attending him, the Farmer's character would seem insensibly, irresistibly molded to probity and honor. In his vocation, a bow and a smirk avail not; that which comes not from the core is nothing and passes for nothing. Only where he ceases to be a worker and begins to be a trader in other men's labor or the fruits of his own, does the temptation to injustice and incincerity begin. Living ever in the presence of Heaven, and in direct, visible dependence on its free bounties, we should say that the Farmer's bearing should ever tell of the free, bland breezes, and his countenance reflect the stars.

And yet, on practical acquaintance, we find him quite another being—narrow, prejudiced, and selfish; perverse, sensual, and depraved; a foe to other men's good and his own. And not this merely, but his sons have no love for his vocation; they too generally escape it when they can, or embrace it only because they have not the ability or detest the study necessary to make them any thing else. From the noblest and richest rural homestead, you will see the youthful heir eagerly hieing to the distant city, there to consecrate years to the exhibition of sarisnets to simpering, shopping misses, or to the service of some six-by-eight subterranean money-changer's den, which a hedgehog would disdain to inhabit. Where one youth is heartily seeking the Farmer's life from choice, there are forty striving or pining to escape it. Thus are our cities overgrown and bloated with a redundant, thriftless population, who, having no legitimate sphere of exertion, underbid each other for employment, and are often driven by want and despair into depraved and forbidden courses. Talent, knowledge, and skill, which are greatly needed in the sphere of rural life, crowd and jostle each other on the city's pavements, and often sell to Capital for a month's livelihood some happy invention or combination which should have insured a competence for life. Alas for human frailty, beset by ravening hunger or pinching frost!—full-pursed depravity is enabled oft to drive harder bargains than these!

Facts abundantly indicate that the actual position of the cultivator is not what it might and should be. He ought to be, by science and wisdom, the master of the elements, yet is, through ignorance and imperfection, their slave. The floods which should fertilize his soil, often wash it away, and with it the fruits of his labor. The winds which should drive the plough through

his naked fields, or spend their force in smoothing away any undesired irregularities of surface, do far oftener prostrate his granaries and fences. The electric currents, which should push forward his vegetation with a rapidity and vigor unimagined save by the initiated few, are left to shatter his house or barn, perhaps only destroying therewith his annual harvest, perhaps finishing himself and his labors. Instead of being, as in Manufactures or Navigation, the director and controller of the blind forces of Nature to his own use and profit, the Farmer allows these to escape him in uselessness or mischief, and feebly, inefficiently supplies their place by overtaxing his own sinews. Hence weariness, disgust, and meager recompense; hence the accomplished or longed for escape of countless thousands from the paltry drudgery of the hoe and spade to the larger hopes and more intellectual sphere of effort elsewhere afforded.

It is the mission of our age to regenerate and dignify Agriculture, by rendering it practically an intellectual and expansive vocation. Within its sphere lie yet unfolded the germs of future conquests far mightier and nobler than those of any Cæsar or Napoleon. These petty, cramped enclosures, these deforming, dwarfing fences, which render the landscape so insipid and characterless, yet shall be swept away by the genius of improvement, through the application of the truths of Science to the daily economies of life. Then the brook shall no more brawl idly down the declivity while the laborer delves wearily yet ineffectually by its side, and man will no more stoop doggedly to burdens which the free breezes would gladly bear to their appointed destination. We stand but on the threshold of the world of Science made practical, and our vision rests on and is bounded by its application to Manufactures alone. Wondrous as is the progress which half a century has witnessed in this direction, it is as nothing to what remains to be accomplished for the whole circle of Human Industry, and especially in the department of Agriculture, to which nearly all the Natural Sciences, as well as Mechanical forces, shall yet advantageously minister. The farmer of the coming age—master and manager of steam rather than tyrant of enslaved, toil-worn, hungry beasts,—shall not need painfully to heave the ponderous rock from its base, but will rather, by some simple chemical solvent, pulverize it to fertile dust where it lies. To his informed, observant mind, the changes of temperature, the succession of calm and storm, shall bring no surprise, no disaster, being unerringly foreseen and profited by like the rotation of the seasons. For his behoof the plow shall pursue its unguided, resistless course across the spacious landscape, and the following seed shall fall regularly into its appointed place, without need of special oversight or guidance. The inequalities of surface and of soil shall disappear before the steady, unexpensive action of natural forces thereon; steam giants shall loosen and deepen the soil to any extent desirable, sweeping down forests as a fire does the dry grass of the prairies, and extracting roots like a tornado. There is no practical limit to the powers at all times presenting themselves to do the bidding of Man, had he but the talent and genius to adapt and apply them. Nature wills that the plow, the scythe, the axe, the harvest-wain, shall move forward on their proper errands, as irresistibly, inexpensively as the saw, the thistle, the shuttle, and with equally beneficial results. Actually, the capacity of human labor to produce fabrics has been increased some twenty-fold within the last century, while in its application to rural pursuits it has not been more than doubled, if so much. This disparity is not necessary, but factitious, and must be overcome. Half a century will suffice to bring forward Agriculture to the point which Manufacture has now reached, banishing forever the still lingering fears of occasional famine, and rendering Food as abundant and accessible as the common elements.

Yet the Farmer's vocation needs something more than increased efficiency and mastery of Nature to reconcile it with a lofty and generous ideal. We need a change in the man himself, and

in those circumstances which vitally affect his character. He is now too nearly an isolated being. His world is a narrow circle of material objects he calls *his own*, within which he is an autocrat, though out of it little more than a cipher. His associates are few, and these mainly rude dependents and inferiors. His daily discourse savors of bees and swine, and the death of a sheep on his farm creates more sensation in his circle than the fall of a hero elsewhere. Of the refining, harmonizing, expanding influences of general society, he has little experience. For extensive travel or intercourse with minds which have profited by a large comparison of nations, climates, customs, he has but rare opportunities. The family circle, precious as are its enjoyments and healthful as are its proper influences, is not alone sufficient to form the noblest character or satisfy all the aspirations of the human heart. The lofty, ingenuous soul revolts at the idea of wearing out its earthly career mainly in the rearing of brutes and the composting of manures, shut out from all free range of congenial associates and obedience to nobler impulses. It feels that a human life is ill spent in the mere production of corn and cattle. Hence our youth of largest promise too generally escape from the drudgery of their paternal acres to court the equally repulsive slavery of the office or the counter—not because it is preferable in itself, but because it gives scope to larger hopes, suggests larger possibilities, and at all events is supposed to afford larger opportunities for observation, for intellectual development, and a choice of companions. Here is one cause of the inferior development and progress in Agriculture, as compared with other departments of industrial effort. The genius and intellect which should have taught us to "speed the plow" with Titanic energy has been attracted to other vocations, leaving that of the old patriarchs as sterile as some bald mountain on which every rain levies tribute to fertilize the surrounding valleys. Not till the solitary farm-house, with its half-dozen denizens, its mottled array of mere patches of auxiliary acres, its petty flock and herd, its external decorations of piggery, stable-yard, etc., making it the focus of all noisome and villancous odors, have been replaced by some arrangement more genial, more expansive, more social in its aspects, affording larger scope to aspiration, and a wider field for the infinite capacities of man's nature, may we hope to arrest the tendencies which make the farmer too often a boor or a clod, and the cultivation of the earth a mindless, repugnant drudgery, when it should be the noblest, the most intellectual and the most desired of human employments.

But in truth the whole atmosphere of our better education, the influence of our higher seminaries, tends to unfit our noblest youth for lives of peaceful industry, and win away their affections therefrom. The young man acquires or is given an education, as it is technically called, in order that he may be something else and better than a farmer. The mother's darling, the hope and pride of the family, must be fitted for some career less insignificant and slavish than that of his progenitors. So the cracked sugar-bowl is relieved of its slowly gathered dollars, and the budding genius is sent to the academy and thence to college, not to the view of his becoming a larger, better man in an abstract sense—still less with the remotest notion of making him a better farmer—but purely that he may escape his father's groveling, despised vocation, and become something nobler and more exalted than a tiller of the soil. His first lessons of contempt for all the ways of manual industry are therefore taken by the paternal fireside; and these are quickly reinforced by those of the University, with its courtly airs and lily fingers. With all the wisdom hoarded in and dispensed from those classic halls, the wisdom of God in making Man dependent for the satisfaction of his most inevitable wants on his habitual toil—the wisdom which decrees, "*In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread*"—is not perceived and acknowledged. Under the auspices of a President and Faculty, whose lives have almost necessarily been given to books, to ideas and words to the exclusion

of manual exertion—with whom the extraction of roots has uniformly been a mathematical, never a horticultural process—half of whom are paying, through dyspepsia, gout, or nervous derangement, the penalty of violating the law aforesaid—the youth enters upon his new career. Should he cherish some lingering regard for that wise ordinance which demands labor of all as the *inexorable* condition of health and vigor, he speedily succumbs to the *genius loci*—the atmosphere and the sentiment which surround him. The student in one of our popular colleges must be daring and wilful who would venture even to saw and carry up his own wood, however convinced of the wholesomeness and necessity of such occupation. But instead of work he is admonished to avail himself of that vague, illegitimate something—or more commonly nothing—termed (after the similitude of Bottom's dream,) Exercise, which to a prisoner chained to a dungeon-wall, is very commendable. And thus, giving some ten hours a day to study, as many to food and rest, and the balance to recreations which are recreations only and hardly, the divorce of Learning from Labor—of Science from Practice—of Man the Thinker from Man the Worker—is rendered complete, and the educated youth goes out into the world to preach, or plead, or physice, with such success as may attend him, but with an implanted, usually inveterate repugnance to regular Manual Labor in all its departments—a feeling that his position is above it and that he would be more degraded by descending to it—a fixed resolution to avoid it evermore if possible. The evil consequences of this mistake are more numerous than could be compressed into a volume. The young physician or attorney who has spent his last shilling, and perhaps incurred onerous debts in pursuing his studies, must not devote his leisure hours, while awaiting the slow approaches of business, to downright, practical labor in the fields or workshops around him, where other men work and earn, although his circumstances pressingly require and his health might be re-established by such a course. Should he do so, he would be adjudged sordid or mean-spirited, and his attempt to establish himself professionally a conceded failure. But far worse than this are the jealousy and aversion aroused in the breasts of the working class by the visible repugnance to and disdain of their pursuits by the educated, and the desire evinced to keep the intellectual distinction of caste as broad and rigid as possible. Hence in part, the failure of the liberally educated to exert their due influence over the opinions and course of the more numerous classes—the want of any quick and cordial sympathy between the learned and the unlearned, as members of the same social body. In fact, the common impulse of the larger mass is to oppose rather than support whatever the more fortunate and better informed appear to favor—a most deplorable and calamitous impulse, especially in a Republic. We must learn to vanquish this, and the removal of its cause is its only effectual remedy.

[NINETEENTH CENTURY.]

## NEWSPAPERS.

THE following, from the Liverpool Mercury, is not inapplicable to many persons in this part of the world, and to such we recommend its careful perusal: "Every subscriber thinks the paper is printed for his special benefit; and if there is nothing in it that suits him, it must be stopped—it is good for nothing. Some people look over the deaths and marriages, and actually complain of the editor if but few people in his vicinity have been so fortunate as to get married the previous week, or so unfortunate as to die. An editor should have such things in his paper, whether they occur or not. Just as many different tastes has he to consult. One wants stories and poetry; another abhors all this. The politician wants nothing but politics; one must have something smart; another something sound. We only wish that every man, woman and child, who reads his paper, were compelled but one single month to edit one."

## A GOOD MOVEMENT.

A LARGE meeting, composed mainly of members of and seceders from the Society of Friends, was recently holden at Waterloo, N. Y., for the purpose of organizing a religious and moral compact upon more genial and reformatory principles than those recognized by the sectarian denominations of the day. We are much pleased with the address which they have put forth to the world, which we give below, copying from the New-York Tribune. It fully explains the objects which the organization contemplates. The general spirit which it breathes is destined to embodiments in many other forms; and we shall yet witness the grand and sublime spectacle of the refined and ascended emanations of all classes, parties, sects and organizations in any way seeking the good of man, converging to one grand focus and uniting their various abilities and means for the furtherance of all good objects united in one—the complete emancipation and highest elevation of the whole nature of man. May Heaven hasten this consummation, of the approach of which we now have so many pleasing indications. [Ed.]

### ADDRESS TO REFORMERS.

*To all Earnest and Devoted laborers in the various Humanitary Reforms so conspicuous in the present day, the Yearly Meeting of Congregational Friends sendeth greeting.*

BELOVED FRIENDS: Assembled, in obedience to the call of duty, for the promotion of pure and undefiled Religion throughout the world, our souls have been stirred by an earnest desire to strengthen the hands and encourage the hearts of those who, in the midst of obloquy and reproach, are struggling, through the various Reformatory Associations of the present day, to abolish the giant evils which have so long cursed and degraded the human family. Having broken the ties of party and sect, under a solemn conviction that they are incompatible with the freedom of the soul and a mighty obstacle to the progress of the human race in knowledge and goodness, we have been drawn together for our spiritual strength and elevation, and by a common sympathy in every work of practical righteousness, and a common desire to find a basis of union for all these friends of God and Humanity—a common platform, on which they may meet in perfect harmony with the laws of their being and the equal relations which our father in Heaven has established for them. Such a basis of universal fellowship we have sought, not in creeds and forms, but in love to God, and in those principles of FUNDAMENTAL MORALITY which are the elements of all true religion, and which are so clearly set forth in the precepts and so beautifully illustrated in the life of Christ. While your Associations are devoted each specially to one or another of the various branches of Reform, ours is designed to embrace them all in one common Brotherhood, and to open a channel through which those engaged in one department may help those who are toiling in another, and receive and impart the strength which is derived from communion with God and with kindred spirits. Standing upon this platform, we rejoice to greet you as fellow-laborers with us in the great work of Human Redemption and Salvation, and to tender you our hearty God-speed in the work to which you have been called.

In the field of moral no less than in that of physical effort, there is an absolute necessity for a division of labor—a necessity arising on the one hand from the magnitude and variety of the work to be accomplished, and on the other from the great diversity of gifts in the different classes of the human family. The attention of one class may be particularly called to the evils of Intemperance; another may be inspired to do battle with the gigantic sin of Slavery; a third to denounce and express the atrocities and crimes of War, and another for the Abolition of the Gallows and the adjustment of the whole penal code to the Christian law of Forgiveness; another may be called of God to arrest the tide of Sexual Impurity; the province

of others may be to seek a remedy for the blighting evils of Poverty, to protest against the tyranny of Wealth, the monopoly of Land, or to harmonize the relations of men in Industrial Associations; another class may be impelled to labor for the restoration to Woman of the Inalienable Rights of which she has been so long despoiled; others may seek the overthrow of a despotic and mercenary Priesthood, to call mankind away from reliance upon empty forms and the observance of holy days, and to consecrate all time to the service of God; and still another class may devote their energies to Physiological Reform, or to the sacred work of Education. But, as all moral evils spring from the same root, so is the work of abolishing them essentially one work. Hence, we exhort the friends of Reform, in whatever portion of the moral vineyard they are called to labor, to remember that they are one Brotherhood, and should therefore be of one heart and of one mind. We are deeply impressed with the conviction that not only is an earnest devotion to one philanthropic enterprise consistent with a hearty interest in every work of Reform, but that our usefulness and efficiency in our several spheres will be proportioned to our just appreciation of the labors of others and to our diligence in cultivating the spirit of Universal Unity. The narrow bigotry which leads us to form an exaggerated estimate of our own immediate labors and to undervalue the toils and sacrifices of others not less devoted than themselves to the welfare of mankind, is at war with the whole genius of Reform and a mighty hindrance to our moral and spiritual growth. The friends of Humanity, of every class, should sedulously cultivate the spirit of harmony and mutual co-operation, so beautifully described by one of the prophets of Israel: "They helped every one his neighbor; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage. So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheneth with the hammer him that smote the anvil, saying, it is ready for the soldering: AND HE FASTENED IT WITH NAILS THAT IT SHOULD NOT BE MOVED." (Isaiah xlii: 6, 7.)

We admonish you, beloved fellow-laborers, to be steadfast and immovable in your adherence to fundamental principles, to Right and Truth in opposition to the maxims of a worldly expediency. Be true, under all circumstances to your highest convictions, to the voice of duty in your own souls. Let no temporary good, no impatience for immediate results, tempt you to swerve from the line of strictest Rectitude. Remember that duty is yours, while consequences are God's. Enter into no compromise with the evils which you seek to exterminate. While you deal kindly and patiently with those who set themselves in opposition to the cause of Reform seeking to win them to the right way in the spirit of love, we exhort you also to be bold and fearless in proclaiming the Truths you are set to defend. Let your rebukes of sin be tempered with kindness, but give no place to that false charity which shrinks from the utterance of an important truth from the fear of giving offence.

We entreat you also to be faithful to the Truth in dealing with the corrupt parties and sects which lend their influence to sustain injustice, oppression and crime. The Church which sanctions or apologizes for Slavery and War, or which neglects or refuses to take the side of the oppressed and down-trodden, is controlled by the spirit of practical infidelity and atheism. The Ministry which is zealous for creeds and forms, but utters no efficient testimony against the popular sins of the age, is not a Christian but an infidel Ministry; and we counsel you, by your reverence for God, and your love for man, to lend it no support. Be not deceived by the potent wiles, nor awed into submission by the anathemas of such a Church and such a Ministry. Though the hosts of sect and party are encamped on every side, be not dismayed nor disheartened, for in the conflict with unrighteousness "one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." The advocates and apologists for Sin may seek to overwhelm you with the waves of popular indignation; you may be denounced as heretics, fanatics, and infidels; but remember for

your consolation that such has been the fate of Reformers in all past ages, and that even JESUS of Nazareth, in whom there was no guile, was charged with blasphemy and doomed to suffer an ignominious death upon the cross.

In thus addressing you, we obey the holiest impulses of our nature which are ever prompting us to deeds of charity and benevolence, and to manifestations of sympathy for all who are sincerely concerned for the welfare of man. The religious association in which we are united assumes no ecclesiastical authority, neither does it, as such, set up any claim to your veneration as a Divinely constituted body. Your reverence is due to the manifestations of the Divine Will in your own hearts, not to organizations, which, however holy in their origin and purposes, are but the instrumentalities adopted to the present condition and wants of mankind.

A deep sympathy for you under the manifold trials and discouragements which throng your pathway, and an ardent desire that you may prove faithful even unto death, constrains us, as your equal brethren, to offer you these words of admiration and cheer. Receive them we pray you, in the spirit of Love, and so far as they shall be found to accord with your own highest convictions, let them be duly impressed upon your minds and hearts.

Finally, dear friends, be vigilant in the work to which you are called; and may the God of truth inspire you with wisdom and strength, and crown your labors with glorious success.

Signed on behalf of the Yearly Meeting of Congregational Friends, held near Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y., from the 4th to the 6th of the Seventh month, 1849.

THOMAS MCCLINTOCK, } Clerks.  
RHODA DE GARMO. }

### THE SHAKERS.

THE following testimony to the character of this body of Christians is found in the Report recently made to the New-York Legislature by the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the subject:

On examining the schools at Watervliet, a mode worthy the imitation of the best society was presented; a full and excellent library of the most approved books was found; a thorough education for the business man is there imparted, by teachers competent for the task. The scholars, both male and female, seemed highly pleased with their situation, and were in the apparent enjoyment of all the pleasures of youthful life. Their workshops and manufactories, it is truly believed, surpass in mechanism any similar establishments in the country. Brooms, herbs and garden-seeds are the principal articles of sale. These have a world-wide fame. The total number of acres of land held and owned by the three communities of Shakers in this State, is about ten thousand, but a fraction over ten acres to each person; not one-fourth the quantity held by the Papal Indians of this State, against which not a murmur has ever been uttered. The only remaining subject of consideration is that of the right of legislative interference. Your Committee are clearly of opinion that our written Constitution fully and unequivocally settles this question. That the Quakers are a religious society no one has presumed to doubt. That their principle of religion and mode of worship may be sneered at, scorned, or regretted; that from without the pale of their community all may unite in the mortification that such a strange, innocent and deluded people should exist, may readily be conceded; but that they are inhuman, and do not possess moral feelings, all must deny. Hence the panoply of our laws are over them, and they must be allowed, unmolested, to enjoy the free exercise of their religious devotions.

There are relapses in the distempers of the soul as well as in those of the body: thus we often mistake for a cure what is no more than an intermission or a change of disease.

## WISCONSIN PHALANX.

MOST of our readers have heard from this experimental germ of a better Social Order, which was started five years since by a small band of pioneers from Southport, Wis., who struck off into an uninhabited township, 35 miles from a grist-mill, and lived in tents until able to fabricate a rude dwelling of timber. The undertaking has of course encountered many discouragements and trials from inexperience, deficiency of means, inadequate buildings, &c., and is about to reorganize and thus endeavor to escape some of its chief difficulties. It has 1,793 acres of good land, all paid for, with improvements valued at over \$20,000. The township, (Ceresco) is still mainly controlled by the Phalanx. Mr. Chase gives the following summary of the results of Associated effort:

[TRIBUNE.]

"For five years past there have been about thirty families and about one hundred and sixty persons living here in as close proximity as practicable with the distinct family circle, and there has never been a quarrel among the children to enlist the feelings of the parents—not a quarrel or difficulty among the women (to the credit of their sex be it said,) not a quarrel among the men, nor a single law-suit, either here or in the town, during the whole term of five years. Not a member who does or has used ardent spirits during the time, and no place where it is kept or sold in the town—not once in a week can a profane word be heard where more than a hundred persons assemble at their meals three times a day. Scarcely a member can be found who now uses tobacco, although most of them have been habitual users of the filthy weed, and many have quit the use of pork, tea and coffee since here. And now for infidelity, of which the clergy accuse them. There is not a single member who does not believe in a spiritual life, and that life depends for happiness or misery more or less upon the life in the body, and not one who does not believe that all the crimes will meet with a full reward. Once more: the number of newspapers taken by the members average about five to each family, a number which cannot be equaled by taking a circle, without selection, containing the same number in any part of the State. With these conditions attained as they are and have been in this case, and in no other in the State, can any person say they have failed? If so, in what? Not a single member has been sued since here; can that be equaled? not a case of assault and battery or of drunkenness; can this be beat? If so, say they have failed to realize a better state of society around them. But they have had no Priest, Lawyer or Doctor—this is a great change; but they would have had all if there had been business for them. But there has been no failure and no chance for a failure where all the conditions like the pecuniary one are above par. The society may be disorganized from choice, but those who have combined for the social advantages will reorganize and perpetuate the bonds of union on a much higher plane, and soon be ready to receive and unite with their brethren from all parts of the country, here in Ceresco, to make and enjoy a higher and better mode of life."

## TWO CHRISTIANS.

Two good men on some occasion had a warm dispute; and remembering the exhortation of the apostle, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," just before sunset, one of them went to the other, and knocking at the door, his offended friend came and opened it, and seeing who it was, started back in astonishment and surprise; the other, at the same time cried out "The sun is almost down." This unexpected salutation softened the heart of his friend into affection, and he returned for answer, "Come in, brother, come in." What a happy method of conciliating matters, of redressing grievances, and of reconciling brethren?

Cunning and treachery proceed from want of capacity.

## PSYCHOMETRY.

Under this head, Dr. Buchanan is giving a series of interesting articles in his "Journal of Man." What he calls Psychometry (soul-measuring) consists simply in detecting the distinctive points in the character of persons, by holding an autograph or a letter of said persons in the hand, or placing it on the forehead, abstracting the mind, and watching the spontaneous internal impressions. It is found that the leading characteristics of the persons whose autographs or letters are examined, are thus sympathetically reproduced in the minds of those who are properly susceptible. Several very interesting examples of the power of delineating character by this process, as given by a lady in Boston, were published in the first volume of the *Univercœlum*. Our readers will be interested in the perusal of the following, which we extract from among other striking examples given in the May number of the "Journal of Man."

"A letter on public business, relating to the war, written by a distinguished old General, was placed upon the head of F. R., a young gentleman of education and talent. His remarks were: 'I feel pleasant, self-satisfied—it excites the occiput and crown of the head—I could make a good fighting man now. I would like to see it going on. I feel older than I was just now, feel like an old man, in fact—yet I feel that same disposition to see fighting going on. I know who it is, from my feelings—it is General ——. There is no use guessing any more about it.'

Having thus truly detected the authorship of the letter, with so much certainty, that he refused to say anything more, I next placed upon his forehead an autograph from GENERAL WASHINGTON, he immediately proceeded as follows.

"I feel a greater sensation in the perceptive organs over the eyes, a swelling of the nostrils and a feeling of defiance. I should judge he was a man of intellect. Certainly, when he took a course, he would pursue it to the end. Nothing can alter his determination, neither persuasion nor force."

"What pursuits and sphere of life is he fit for?"

"For a statesman—bold, independent and straightforward. He would make a good soldier, too, if he had an opportunity—a good commanding officer, who could plan well and perceive advantages." "What of his moral character?" "He is a great man. He has a great deal of what I call force." "How does he compare with other men?" "He has a great deal more force—greatly excels them in power—he is still planning, but on a larger scale—he thinks more profoundly, acts from greater motives and on a larger scale. He is superior to the ordinary run of great men—might be estimated among the first class—a much greater man than Jackson, because he had more intellect, but he would resemble him in force of character. I feel the excitement extending back from the perceptive over the moral organs and crown of the head. I consider him a great patriot—let justice be done though the heavens fall."

"What is his appearance?" "Tall, commanding, he would look more like my idea of GENERAL WASHINGTON, than any one else."

"MADAME DE STAEL—by Miss S. W."

"What do you think of this person?" "I should think it is a person of very high intellect, indeed." "It does not seem to be a male; but if it is a female, it is a very uncommon person. If it's a female, she is very masculine."

"Give me a positive answer." "I think it's a female; she's a tremendous thinker. It's a very haughty person—very dictatorial; there is very great strength of mind. She is very fearless indeed. She'd make a good president, or a good queen; any one would fear her, yet would respect her. Every thing that she said would be law. I wouldn't dare disobey."

"What are her chief aims?" "She's a very great writer—a very powerful woman."

"What of her moral character?" "I should think more of her mind—her intellect—than of her morals. She is a very hard person to understand. She wouldn't condescend to notice common people. I don't think she is remarkably conscientious. I don't think there's any spirituality about her, at all. She thinks too much of worldly things. Her mind is wholly upon literary pursuits—nothing else. I think she's sincere. She might be rather satirical. She'd tell you just what she thought, whether you liked it or not. She is dignified, retiring, cold, distant. I never could get acquainted with her; I never should try to. Every body would respect her—every body would want to know her—very few would take any step toward intimacy with her. It seems as though my head would burst with thinking. She would think a great deal of having a high reputation; she desires fame; she's not very easily excited."

"What is her reputation?" "She is by no means a cypher in the world's estimation. She has a high reputation. She is deserving of it."

"Is she living, or dead?" "I can't tell. She never thought of death. I can only think of her in the world. I'm in doubt about it." "Why?" "I don't like to think of her as being dead. She would die like a hero—she wouldn't be afraid to die."

"Can you say any thing more of her moral character?" "There seems to be a vein of selfishness. She would do good when it came in her way, but would not put herself to any inconvenience. She would not be self-sacrificing. I should not fancy her in the domestic sphere. She might be harsh, jealous, irascible."

"What sort of a wife?" "Not affectionate—determined to rule."

"Is she American or foreign?" "I think she is a foreigner; certainly a most manly personage."

"What is the style of her writings?" "There would be a great deal of vehemence and loftiness: noble, rather pompous—no, not so much in writing as in common conversation. Her thoughts are perfectly natural, she writes without restraint. I can see her pen fly. I never knew such a woman; there's nobody on earth I can think of, that seems like her."

"Can you compare her to no one?" "No; I can compare her to some I have read of in novels, to *Ma chere Mere*, in 'the Neighbors,' one of those masculine women."

"You can't say whether she is living or dead?" "I think she's dead." "Why?" "I don't know; I don't like to think of her as dead. There's nothing heavenly about her. She's better fitted for this world, than for that holier sphere. She's not so moral as she ought to be; she has some morality without any religion."

"Have you heard of Madame de Stael?" "Yes." "How would the character suit her?" "I think it is her—yes, I know it is."

HARRIET MARTINEAU—by Mrs. W.

"This is a lively person—very thoughtful, accustomed to think, of great intellect and good morals, happy, calm; it affects the forehead. What is the reputation of this person? It ought to be high—he is deserving of it. Is it a gentleman or lady? I think it is a gentleman, but I think there is a great deal of gentleness about him—a great deal of tenderness of feeling. What degree of acquired knowledge? He is acquiring every day and has acquired a great deal. What of his pursuits? I think he is very benevolent, a literary man, must be a writer, he is a great thinker, has great ideas, he is so very pleasant in his manners, very warm, ardent, sincere, his ideas are very brilliant, he is pure-hearted; his motives are good, he is at peace with himself. To which is he better adapted, the sphere of a man or woman? He is very delicate, very sensitive—he has deep feeling, sympathy—he is a true christian. He is better fitted for a woman, but has great energy. I should like to be with this person, she is humble. I do not know whether it is a gentleman or a lady. She is like a pearl."

ROBERT FULTON—by Mrs. P.

"I feel it up my arm—makes it ache—feeling of stupor has gone off; feel very cheerful—like the writer very well—pleasant, cheerful fellow—imaginative, kind-hearted; seems a young man, not attained to what he might be—full of high hopes of achieving fame in some way, by doing good to his country. He is full of patriotism—not old enough yet to have lost his joyousness, and become disappointed at all. He will be successful."

"He is dead! There is a feeling of indescribable sadness, as if some one had been cut down in the bloom of youth, with bright prospects before him. He was full of noble feeling—had fine intellectual capacity—full of beauty. I feel that he was too young to have achieved much; he had a consciousness of power, but was too young, or else had been carried away, and not turned his powers to account. I feel as if he had died before he accomplished anything. I feel as if he had difficulties, and did not realize his dreams. He was rather a disappointed man. He died, disappointed, in the midst of his undertaking—disappointed in men, disappointed in life. He has left some fame—not what he might have left if he had lived and justice had been done him. He was an American—a northern man—dead some twenty years—belongs rather to the past than the present."

## MODERN MIRACLES.

A DUBLIN correspondent of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, writes the following concerning the "virtue" which, on certain occasions, went out from Father Mathew, and of cures wrought upon those who had faith in him. We have no doubt in the correctness of the statement, from its analogy to many things which we ourselves have witnessed. Whilst it removes reasonable doubt of many things recorded in the New Testament, it at the same time shows that the power of working miracles is of itself no absolute proof of infallibility.

[ED. UNIVERC.]

"Father Mather first visited Dublin for the purpose of giving the pledge, I think about ten years ago; he made 70,000 converts in about three days. He stood on the steps of our stately Custom House, and surrounded by a vast multitude anxious to change their ways or satisfy their curiosity. Among them were great numbers of the lame, the halt and the blind, who came with the same faith and the same infirmities as in the days of the Apostles, fully expecting to be healed. I saw them appealing to him for assistance, and endeavored to open the way for some of them, that they might get whatever consolation he could give. He did not repel them, though he disowned the power they attributed to him, and after a time the afflicted ceased to flock to him in the expectation of miraculous cures. I am personally acquainted with an accomplished and excellent woman, a devout Roman Catholic, who went to him for his blessing, as it was customary for multitudes to do who had no special intention in taking the pledge. She was at the time and for some years before, greatly afflicted by epilepsy. She dates her perfect cure from her interview with Father Mathew. I have no doubt of the fact—which I attribute to the curative power of faith in diseases of this kind. Faith is wonderful. I have heard on excellent authority, of another lady, (still a lady,) well known to some friends of my own in the county of Kildare, who had been a cripple for some years. She earnestly entreated that Father M. would visit her when in that part of the country. He did so, and "She arose and ministered unto him,"—and I have heard, has been well ever since. I believe that miracles of this kind can be truly told by the devout of all creeds, and of many quakeries. I know some staunch mesmerists who are ready to believe and to tell stories as amazing as any in bible or breviary. I leave it to divines and philosophers to explain these matters. It is far more than I pretend to do."

# THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

EDITED BY AN ASSOCIATION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1849.

## BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS.

THESE organizations are becoming quite common, as may be judged from the reports found in various papers, throughout the country. And, while they supply a want, they teach men the importance of united efforts. We are free to confess, however, that to us, some things about them are a little inexplicable; others, certainly, objectionable. We are not acquainted with any rule of arithmetic which will enable us to multiply \$250 by any given number, and dividing by the same, realize \$600. The greater share of this quotient must have resulted from some source not laid down in the proposition. There is but one *alchemy* by which such transmutation can take place; that of the broker and the banker, who, by a *legalized* process, coin sweat and tears and blood into gold. If these associations are conducted on just principles, they will give back ultimately to each what has been contributed. Justice does not recognize the taking from one and bestowing on another. It is difficult to see the right of building even a Home, from the products of another man's labor, whether it result as *forfeiture*, or *premium*, extorted by existing inequalities, monopoly of the soil and the currency.

Besides, let not poor mechanics think, that a machinery which will give such results, will be left in their hands by "Wall street." These unions will become a staff in the hands of capital to extort from labor this hundred and forty per cent in some half dozen years; for who can prevent men, who add "house to house and field to field," from putting their capital into these institutions? Were there not most unjust relations between capital and labor already, they would be uncalled for. How shall we remedy these conditions by extending them! If we have realized this great per centage, it must have been from some persons more unfortunate than ourselves. Ye who complain of oppression, and organize to escape it, beware how you tamper with the "thirty pieces of silver" for which your brother is sold; lest, in emancipating yourself, you have enslaved him. It may be said that the increase is saved in rent; and that the premium will correspond to the rate of rents and usance. Now if this were absolutely the case, and none who joined the organization used their *increase* as new outlay to realize again and again their one hundred and forty per cent, but only to build dwellings for themselves, the objection would have less weight; but even then, it might be inquired, why not use the true and equal method, in preference to the unjust one with the pretence that it will produce the same results?

There are two distinct objects to be attended to by the Association—providing the members with dwellings, and the equalizing of the burden of rent, under which at present they unjustly suffer. To secure these desirable ends, let any given number of homeless individuals associate themselves, and agree to raise so much, yearly, monthly, or weekly, towards building houses for all. When enough is raised to build a home, let it be given by seniority, lot, or some other method previously agreed upon, to one of the members, he paying no premium, but a *rent* equitably adjusted as may be. This will accelerate the increase, or lessen the amount of contribution, as the body may decide. Thus one after another will be supplied with homes, and feel no heart-yearnings against each other in consequence of advantage gained through management, or the possession of ready money. But suppose some are unable to go on with their

contributions, should they therefore forfeit their means, which have been actually paid in? Certainly, no! This is no guarantee association, and all contributions, whether small or great, should be refunded ultimately, with utmost strictness, though not with increase. The reason why the first one occupying should be required to pay no premium, but only rent, is that by the time others shall be provided, his house will need repair, and if he share equally with them the burden under which they suffer, till the time of their deliverance, it is all justice can require of him.

Suppose, for instance, a dozen mechanics associate. Their average rent is a hundred dollars a year. The average cost of their houses is one thousand dollars. They pay, in weekly or monthly dues, an average of one hundred dollars a year; *each paying in proportion to the value of the house he wishes to secure.* In a year they may have a house reared, and some two hundred dollars in the treasury. A. moves into this house, and pays a hundred dollars a year, no longer to a landlord, but to the general fund. At the end of the second year, they will have two houses, and five hundred dollars. In six months more, the contributions and rents will raise it to twelve hundred, giving three houses. In a little more than three years the fourth house can be finished, and A. B. C. and D. provided with comfortable homes. In four years and three months, six houses may be reared. In five years, seven. In six years, nine. And in seven years and four months, the whole number may be emancipated from the thralldom they have so long suffered under. This is a mere mental approximation, computed as the pen has been flying, but will be found nearly correct; enough so to illustrate the working of the thing. But suppose, they should not feel able to keep up so large a contribution for that length of time, but might make it for one or two years. Then, let the rent on the houses go to diminish the contribution. The second year it would be but ninety dollars, &c. On the sixth year, only fifty dollars. On the tenth year, it would only be some ten dollars, at the end of which each one would be furnished with a house, as by the other plan, with less actual outlay, though in longer time, in which, of course, the balance is paid to landlords for rent.

The benefit of the organization consists chiefly in this, that it enables us to use the weapons of an unjust system to emancipate ourselves from it. Not being able, alone, to provide ourselves with shelter, at once, and ground down by a system which, by its onerous exactions, forever keeps us unable, we may at the same time by combination of means, elevate one from the condition, and make him assist us out of it; the power growing stronger to raise us, and that weaker which would keep us down, with the elevation of every member, until the whole body is redeemed. So praiseworthy an object is heaven-wide from that grovelling spirit which only asks, of every movement, "how much can be made out of it?" So far forth, it is most just; carried one step farther, to be used as an investment for income or speculation, and it stands upon the same basis with all other schemes which put in one man's pocket the product of another man's toil, without equivalent. To use arms for the purpose of self-emancipation, is one thing; to use the same arms, when freed, to subject others to wrong and slavery, is quite a different thing. The advantage is to be regarded entirely of organization, and nothing referred to any supposed power of increase in the capital employed; for mark! how much greater the advantage, was capital once denied this murderous power! In that case, each man would have in ten years or less a house of his own, simply for the amount which he now pays in rent; so that he is actually compelled by existing conditions to build, every ten years of his life, a house as good as the one he occupies, and give it to the landlord, who uses that again as a new investment, for extracting from the products of labor, other and other houses, in duplicate ratio.

If we would flee from any evil, let the nature and basis of it be well investigated, and the *natural* remedy applied. Let

wrong be overcome by right, not a more cunningly devised wrong. It is easy to conceive how an association might work to better advantage for some, on the basis, we suppose, generally adopted; but not how it may work without wrong to any. Let this be remembered, that just forms are always most simple, and that it is only fraud which seeks to mystify, by formulas and arbitrary involutions, the real operation of a plan. Human right and brotherhood dwell not in labored schemes, in political or social or financial jugglery. He that runs may read. The veriest dolt can feel the wrong; how few can trace the process, mystified and legalized to the popular eye, by which it is inflicted! O, could we infuse more faith into the souls of men, more trust in the right, equal, true, and natural, the regeneration of the world were complete. They now prefer to trust in institutions they do not understand, and set those up for wise men and rulers, who have cunning enough to turn them to account, and throw around them the garb of false learning, and influence of renowned "talent for expedients." But "figures will not lie," after all; and those who believe, and allow themselves to be governed, according to these fallacies, must even "foot the bill." Hard indeed, does it come on the laborer and the suffering poor; but will they, otherwise, ever come to leave their faith in Mammon and Imposture, and believe in God and Nature!

J. K. L.

## GOD AND CHRIST.

### REPLY TO THE "CHRISTIAN FREEMAN."

In an article published in the first number of our present volume, we offered a brief exposition of our views relative to God and Christ, by way of correcting some intimations concerning our faith, given by our friend Cobb, Editor of the "Christian Freeman." We took the ground that God is an Infinite Man, and that Christ, being a harmoniously developed man, and hence being a just representative of human nature, was therefore a finite God. Bro. Cobb republishes our article on this subject, for which we thank him, as we believe his readers will generally understand it, in all its essential features, whether he fully comprehends the meaning of some expressions or not. To our exposition, Bro. Cobb appends the following remarks and queries, of which we omit the introductory paragraph personally complimentary to ourself, and which of course is duly appreciated.

"God is an infinite man. What is the meaning of this? Does it mean that God is the aggregate of humanity? If so, then our brother is not a *Pantheist* but a *Humanist*. Or otherwise, if Bro. Fishbough means by an infinite Man, just this and no more, that God is an infinite being, with the perfections ascribed to him by the Scriptures, why should he seek to make us wonder by his new and unnatural use of words? If this is the idea, we may dismiss this branch of the subject with the remark, that we prefer not to speak in an unknown tongue.

"Christ is a finite God. And what is this? All Unitarian Christians understand that Christ is a finite being, and that though the Scriptures ascribe to him some of the names of the Deity, it is simply of his God-sent mission, and the manifestation of God through him. Is this what Bro. Fishbough meant to express? Then why need he so scrupulously act the 'spiritual philosopher,' as to employ terms so unusual? We apprehend that much of the modern transcendental and spiritual philosophy, if thoroughly analyzed and translated, would turn out like the name of the Yankee mother's son in Mexico. The old lady read in the paper of a transaction, in which was one concerned of her own name, prefixed by a long string of Spanish *Don Pedro Quixijessimos*, and on her hearing remarks of some listeners as to the identity of the youth referred to, she raised her spectacles and exclaimed, 'I want to know if that is our Ben?' The good mother's own darling Ben came well nigh being con-

sealed from her observation, by the encumbrance of so many strange titles.

"But when Bro. Fishbough has conveyed back to us our old ideas in a new combination of words, in respect to Christ's bearing the image of God, being the *Logos* or *Word* of God developed, &c., he leaves us in the dark as to the degree of authority which, in his opinion, we should attach to his teachings, the reason of that authority, and the nature of the evidence as to what were his words and his works. Does he believe in the simple New Testament account of the 'works of Christ?' Or has he other and more reliable sources of information concerning him? Will he answer these questions directly, unequivocally, and in good old English? It may be, after all, that we shall be found agreeing in the faith of 'Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God by signs and miracles which God wrought among the people by him,' whom the people crucified, and whom God, raised from the dead on the third day! Till we obtain an answer to these inquiries, we forbear further remarks on the foregoing editorial of 'W. F.'"

Bro. Cobb asks if in saying that "God is an infinite Man," we mean that "God is the aggregate of humanity?" Certainly we believe no such thing. We marvel that Bro. C., after reading our article carefully, could have asked such a question. We distinctly spoke of God as being "in the beginning" of universal creation, possessed of "Infinite Intelligence," and as being (that is in "the beginning," and consequently before any creatures whom we know as "human beings," could have existed) actuated "by affections which are represented in a finite degree by those which dwell in our own bosom," his grand and ultimate aim being to produce intelligent, individualized entities "like unto himself,"—in other words to produce children, who of course would bear the "image" of the Father. For the accomplishment of this grand end, we contended that "intermediate processes were instituted, such as the creation of suns and systems and worlds, our own planet, with its mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, being among the number." The higher developments in all cases, even up to man, grow immediately out of the lower, by a "law-regulated" energy which went out from God in the beginning." Can Bro. Cobb suppose that we meant to teach that the Universal Father was composed of the aggregate of his own children, none of which latter existed as individualized beings, until after the lapse of untold millions of ages after the first effort of creation was put forth?

Let Bro. Cobb truly conceive what Man, the "child" of God, is, as to all his properly developed affections and principles of wisdom; and then let him magnify that man to infinitude, ascribing to all the affections their proper spheres of action, according to their degrees of development, and then he will have our idea of God the "Father" of man.

We do not derive our highest ideas of God from the Bible. The ideas set forth respecting him even in the New Testament, though correct so far as they go, are meager and imperfect, whilst the views given of him in many passages of the Old Testament, however they may be mystified and apologized for by sectarian theologians, are absurd, and to our apprehension, revoltingly blasphemous. We go to the boundless fields of space—to the innumerable and illimitable vortices of worlds; to those stupendous and infinitely complicated yet harmonious operations which pervade and vitalize alike the most inconceivable worlds, and the most minute particles of matter—above all to the profoundest and most sacred depths of our own soul—for our conceptions of the Divine Father of all races of beings, both on this planet, in this solar system, and in all others. We do not, then, Bro. Cobb, ascribe to God simply the perfections which are ascribed to him in a number of books written in the dark ages of the world, and collected and canonized by human wisdom (or perhaps caprice) notwithstanding these may have embodied the highest intuitions—inspirations—that were possible in the ages which produced them.

We believe that Christ was pre-eminently the "child" or "son" of God, and hence in principle a "finite God," simply because the record of his life and teachings so far as it goes, shows him to have been a *harmoniously* developed man, and as such, a true undistorted, though perhaps still miniature representative of Human Nature, which we have shown to be a finite reproduction of the Divine, its Father. But Christ was the "Son of God" in no other sense than an equally perfect representative of the true human and consequently of the true Divine nature, would be; and it is expressly said by St. John, that "to as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God;" (John i: 12) that is, the sons of God in a different sense from that in which they were before,—in the same sense in which *he* was, for he made them *like* himself. Being thus the *first* who arrived at the stature of a "perfect man" which was the ultimate embodiment, outer expression, or "*Word*," of that Love, Wisdom, and Energy, which "was in the beginning with God and was God," he was thus the Head, or Brain, or Mind, of the great Body of humanity, and the exemplar and captain of salvation, to lead all in the unity of faith unto a perfect (social) man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of his own being: (Eph. iv: 13) On this ground we stated our belief that the "whole human race will yet grow to the stature of Christ," in which case men in general will be able to perform if necessary, all the works which Christ did, and perhaps much more beside." And when society is so organized as to secure the carrying out, in all the relations of mankind, of the spirit exemplified by Christ, (which as a general thing is certainly impossible under present conditions) then, of course, Christ in *principle*, will again exist on the earth. His soul will animate the social body as the mind animates the body of individual man, and the kingdom of heaven exemplified in his harmoniously developed love and wisdom, will be established with power. This will be a glorious realization of the coming of Christ predicted by St. John, and for which thousands are now anxiously waiting without understanding its precise nature. For the establishment of this organization and the ushering in of this kingdom, all who admire the principles of Christ should now labor, instead of spending their efforts for the building up of mere sectarian interests, and in the advocacy of theories of supernatural dispensations from the Deity such as can never be assimilated with the rational nature of man or made truly practical.

We wish it borne in mind that in exalting Christ to the dignity of a finite God, we are only exalting *Human Nature*, of which Christ was a full representative. It is certainly hope-inspiring, and encouraging to all holy impulses and actions, for every man to be able to look upon Christ as a *BROTHER*, and feel that in his own soul are all the elements which if fully and harmoniously developed, would make him equally perfect with Christ himself. In no other point of view can Christ be our exemplar.

As to the "degree of authority" which we would attach to the teachings of Christ, we would say to Bro. Cobb, that that is just equal to what we would attach to the teachings of any other man who is, or may be equally perfect, and well qualified to teach; and the "reason of that authority" to us consists altogether in the qualifications of the teacher as these appear to our own best judgment in view of all the evidence in the case. We would not rest that authority altogether on the workings of miracles, or on the power of prophecy, because these qualifications have been more or less exhibited among all nations and in all ages, and are quite common even at the present day. Our own reason and intuition, which must be emancipated from the oppressing thralldom in which it has been enslaved by a bigoted and restrictive theology, must be the ultimate criterion by which we must judge of the qualifications and teachings of every man. If we adopt any other criterion, then belief at once becomes dependent upon the fortuitous circumstances of birth and early education, and will vary according as a man has been reared in

America, Turkey, or Hindostan. According to these principles we would judge of the historical records of the sayings and doings of Christ, much as we would judge of any other history, written by equally honest and well qualified men, making allowance of course, for the degree of inspiration which the evangelists were capable of receiving, which, however, did not render them absolutely *infallible* as their contradictions on minor points clearly show.

If Bro. Cobb does not think it would be *dangerous*, he will please lay the foregoing remarks before his readers. W. V.

## MAHOMET AND HIS WORK.

MAHOMET was no imposter, as Christians find it very convenient to call him. He was one of the most fully inspired men the world ever knew. He was a great-souled and true-hearted Reformer, who appeared when he was needed. Christianity was corrupted, the people were sinking lower and still lower into degradation, the Roman Empire was passing into oblivion, and the spirit of Humanity seemed to be winging its flight from the earth. At this important juncture, this extraordinary man appeared among the truest people that then inhabited the world—a people who had maintained their freedom longer than any other—to save them from the moral desolation and physical destruction that seemed to await mankind.

His father died while the noble son was an infant, and he was intrusted to an uncle, who took him, while a boy, on a mercantile voyage to Mecca. His uncle introduced him to a noble and rich widow, Kadijah, as a suitable youth for her factor or clerk. Mahomet succeeded so well in pleasing her that she made him her husband, and placed him at ease among the great of the land. He was still a youth, but a youth of extraordinary parts—else, when raised to such affluence, he would not have retired from the world to commune with his own soul, and derive Truth from a higher source. He soon felt himself spiritually exalted, and conceived the idea of rescuing his idolatrous countrymen, and bringing them to a knowledge of the true God.

He spent nearly twenty years in preparing himself for his mission. He was patient and punctual in attending upon the ministrations of the spirit, and at the proper time announced himself to the world as the prophet of one only true God. He was an inspired man let sectarians say what they will. His spiritual vision was opened, and a better future was indistinctly revealed to his mind. He was above all his nation in every excellence of character, and being nearest the foot of the Eternal Throne, was a divinely commissioned prophet to his people. He was a prophet according to natural law—in the same manner as others before and after him have been prophets, by reason of his moral and intellectual superiority. He was a model of goodness, and herein is the reason of his inspiration. All the Arabian authors give unbounded praise to his piety, veracity, justice, liberality, clemency, humility, and abstinence. His charity, say they, was so conspicuous, that he had seldom any money in his house—keeping no more for his own use than just enough to maintain his family. "God," says Al. Bokhasi, "offered him the keys of the treasures of the earth, but he would not accept them." There is not the least imputation against his moral character. Though he obeyed the custom of his people as to polygamy, yet it does not appear that he was a sensual man.

Mahomet was a brave and indomitable spirit. He felt that he had a divine mission to fulfil, and no earthly power could stay his hand. His relatives, at one time, attempted to dissuade him from his purpose, telling him that all the great of the land were enraged because he denounced their idolatrous worship, and would crush him and his household. But the noble man, supported by an insuppressible energy, replied in a tone of defiance to the world, for God was with him. He told them that if they set the sun against him on his right hand, and the moon on his

left, he would not abandon his work. He did promulgate his doctrines in spite of persecutions and banishments. But he waxed mighty and returned to his native country in triumph.

To show that Mahomet was actuated by good motives and must be conceded an apostle to his people, let us look at the principal points of faith and practice enjoined in his book, the Koran. These are,

1. Belief in God. 2. In his Angels. 3. In his scriptures. 4. In his prophets. 5. In the resurrection and the day of judgment. 6. In God's absolute decree and predetermination, both of good and evil. These were his articles of faith, which are not far behind Calvinism, at least. The rules of practice are, 1. Prayer, under which are comprehended those washings or purifications required before prayer. 2. Alms. 3. Fasting. 4. Pilgrimage to Mecca.

Mahomet understood the true mode of disciplining the spirit. In this his followers have the advantage of Christians, for he taught that the practice of religion is founded in cleanliness, well knowing that a pure spirit could not inhabit a corrupt body. Cleanliness, according to the Koran, is one half of the faith and the key of prayer, without which it will not be heard by God. This cleanliness embraced four degrees. 1. The cleansing the body from all pollution and filth. 2. The cleansing of the members of the body from all wickedness and unjust actions. 3. The cleansing of the heart from all blameable inclinations and odious vices. 4. The purifying a man's secret thoughts from all affections which divert their attendance on God: adding that the body is but the outward shell in respect to the heart, which is the kernel. "And for this reason he highly complains of those who are superstitiously solicitous in exterior purifications, avoiding those persons as unclean who are not so scrupulously nice as themselves, and at the same time leaving their minds lying waste, and overrun with pride, arrogance and hypocrisy." This system of discipline is adequate to the redemption of any soul.

Prayer he called the pillar of religion, the key of Paradise, and accordingly prescribed five daily prayers. Even the Catholics, who are the most devoted people on earth, can not take up such a cross as this.

The Mahometans were superior to Christians of our day in another respect—they never addressed themselves to God in sumptuous apparel, but laid aside their costly habits and pompous ornaments, if they wore any, when they approached the divine Presence, lest they should seem proud and arrogant.

But let us copy a passage or two at random from the Koran. The following is the expiation for false swearing: "God will not punish you for an inconsiderate word in your oaths; but he will punish you for what ye solemnly swear with deliberation. And the expiation of such an oath shall be the feeding of ten poor men with such moderate food as ye feed your families withal; or to clothe them; or to free the neck of a true believer from captivity: but he who shall not find wherewith to perform one of these three things, shall fast three days."

Let the following on temperance and gambling suffice:

"O true believers, surely wine, and lots, and images, and divining arrows, are an abomination of the work of Satan: therefore avoid them that ye may prosper. Satan seeketh to sow dissension and hatred among you by means of wine and lots, and to divert you from remembering God, and from prayer: will ye not therefore abstain from them?"

In one respect Christians might imitate the Mahometans to great advantage, to wit: in freeing their slaves when they become true believers. This is enjoined by Mahomet, but it is not practiced by Christians!

I have mentioned these things to disabuse the reader's mind as to the Arabian prophet, to show the goodness of his heart, the purity of his system, and to prove that he was no imposter. No man ever was an imposter who came with truth on his lips and blessings in his heart. Mahomet, we repeat, was an apostle

of God; he was a messenger from Heaven to man—a bearer of the Gospel from the great Center of Truth.

It is not contended that he did not teach errors also; for we can not predicate perfection of any thing this side of Deity himself, and as long as there is imperfection there must be errors. But he was a true reformer of his age—an apostle to his people.

I have no doubt that he believed himself appointed and sustained by the Infinite; for no one who did not feel a mightiness within was ever found to break from all existing customs and attempt to reconstruct the religion as well as the character of his nation. Mahomet was surrounded while a youth with all that could charm and quiet a young spirit not upborne by an extraordinary power. But he obtained a glimpse of the future, and heard a "still small voice," bidding his soul awake to love and duty.

L. A. HINE.

The foregoing interesting article from our friend Hine of Cincinnati, would, perhaps, have been better adapted to another page in our paper, but it was received late, and we have been obliged to place it where it stands. We are happy in being able to announce to our readers that Bro. Hine has given us reason to expect weekly contributions from him.

## CHANGE OF TITLE AND EDITOR.

### VALEDICTORY.

It may not be known to most of our readers that this paper was some time since transferred by the Association which instituted it, into the hands of two worthy individuals interested in reform. These brethren have been for sometime contemplating a union of the paper with the "Harbinger," an Associationist Journal formerly published in this city, but which for several months has been suspended. In case said union took place, it was proposed to change the title of the paper, and also its Editor. We have not before been authorized by the proprietors to announce these contemplated changes, and not until the present number was all in type and nearly ready for the press, were we informed when it was to take place. We therefore crowd out a couple of paragraphs to give place to the simple announcement, that this is the last paper our readers will receive with the title of the Univercolum.

The next paper issued from this office will bear the title of

### "THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE."

and its editor will be WILLIAM H. CHANNING—a brother long and favorably known to the reform community, and every way worthy of confidence and esteem. What is to be the precise character of the "Spirit of the Age," can best be stated by our worthy successor.

The writer of this, has had the principal editorial charge of this paper for about seven months. I have labored according to the best of my ability, with limited resources and under the most depressing circumstances, for the promotion of that cause which is and ever shall be, nearest and dearest to my heart. But from numerous outer disturbances, I have been compelled to leave many things which I commenced, in an unfinished and comparatively crude state. I hope, however, through some channel, to be able hereafter to unfold several subjects broached, or merely hinted at in the columns of this paper, in a light in which their importance will be much better understood and appreciated. For the present, however, I fear I shall be compelled to labor in a manner very different from that to which all my higher feelings and affections would incline me, and for a while will not be privileged to commune much with the believers in the Spiritual Philosophy. In bringing this hastily written article to a close, it only remains for me to bespeak a kindly reception of such a paper as I suppose the "Spirit of the Age" will be, and bid my readers an affectionate Farewell.

WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

## Poetry.

## TO THE SISTER OF THE EARLY CALLED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCÆLUM,

BY STELLA.

GRIEVE not thus for her departed,  
Early though her exit be,  
Oh! thou fond and loving hearted,  
She is not removed from thee,  
Though her presence *seems* conceal'd,  
To the outward unrevealed.

Trust me, she is ever near thee,  
Nearer even than before!  
Shall not this assurance cheer thee,  
And induce to weep no more?  
Hist! her spirit speaks to thine,  
Prompting it to thoughts divine.

Thou shalt meet her form no longer  
'Mid those scenes with sorrow rife,  
But affection, purer, stronger,  
Based upon the inner life,  
Shall subsist 'twixt her and thee,  
Than an earthly love could be.

When the night's broad curtain closes,  
Day excluding with its care,  
And the breath of blooming roses  
Mingles with the silent air,  
Then her presence sweet to thee,  
As the perfumed air shall be.

Yield her form to earth's caressing,  
In that dark and lonely spot,  
Nor indulge one thought depressing,  
There thy sister slumbers not!  
She is with thee evermore,  
Nearer than in days of yore.

Lo! the home of "many mansions,"  
In our very midst it stands,  
Glorious in its vast proportions,  
City fair, "not built with hands!"  
Though to mortals unrevealed,  
Not from spirit-sight concealed.

There are those have penetrated  
Far beyond the beaten track,  
To the spirit world translated,  
And have brought us tidings back;  
Joyful tidings! which to learn,  
Makes our hearts within us burn.

Many thoughtless minds neglect them,  
Nor perceive their import vast,  
Many doubting ones reject them,  
Priceless pearls behind them cast,  
But a simple-minded few,  
Feel and know that they are true.

In the spirit's deep recesses,  
Burns a spark of Deity,  
Which enlightens, and impresses  
Truths our senses would deny:  
Ever may that living light  
Guide us in the path of right!

## BIBLIOLATERS.

BY JAMES R. LOWELL.

Bowing thyself in dust before a Book,  
And thinking the great God is thine alone,  
O, rash iconoclast, thou wilt not brook  
What gods the heathen carves in wood and stone,  
As if the Shepherd who from outer cold  
Leads all his shivering lambs to one sure fold,  
Were careful for the fashion of his crook.

There is no broken reed so poor and base,  
No rush, the bending tilt of swampy blue,  
But he therewith the ravening wolf can chase,  
And guide his flock to springs and pastures new;  
Through ways unlooked for, and through many lands,  
Far from the rich folds built with human hands,  
The gracious foot-prints of his love I trace.

And what art thou, own brother of the clod,  
That from his hand the crook would'st snatch away,  
And shake instead thy dry and sapless rod  
To scare the sheep out of the wholesome day?  
Yea, what art thou, blind, unconverted Jew,  
That with thy idol-volume's covers two  
Would'st make a jail to coop the living God?

Thou hear'st not well those mountain organ-tones  
By prophet ears from Hor and Sinai caught,  
Thinking the cisterns of those Hebrew brains  
Drew dry the springs of the All-knower's thought,  
Nor shall thy lips be touched with living fire  
Who blow'st old altar coals with sole desire  
To weld anew the spirit's broken chains.

God is not dumb that he should speak no more;  
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness  
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor;  
There towers the mountain of the Voice no less,  
Which whoso seeks shall find, but he who bends,  
Intent on manna still and mortal ends,  
Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore.

Slowly the Bible of the Race is writ,  
And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone;  
Each age, each kindred adds a verse to it,  
Texts of despair, of hope, or joy, or moan,  
While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,  
While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,  
Still at the prophets' feet the nations sit.

[ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.]

## FORGIVENESS.

THE sting of slander, like a poison'd dart,  
Burns in the wounded soul, and rankles there,  
Turning life's brightest hour of happiness  
To gloom. The holy image virtue wears  
Droops like a smitten flower beneath its weight,  
And innocence laments. A friend of mine,  
Whose heart was sinless as a new-born babe's,  
Whose songs were music to the raptur'd ear,  
Lay on a couch of death! The hectic flush,  
Her low, sweet, trembling voice, her pallid cheek,  
Presaged the change her soul was making for  
The skies. Slander had brought her there. And when  
Her spirit burst its chains, she breathed on all  
A full forgiveness.

## Miscellaneous Department.

## THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

A TRUE STORY.\*

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

I will tell a true story, not without signification.

In a city, which shall be nameless, there lived long ago, a young girl, the only daughter of a widow. She came from the country and was ignorant of the dangers of a city, as the squirrels of her native fields. She had glossy black hair, and gentle beaming eyes, and "lips like wet coral." Of course, she knew that she was beautiful; for when she was a child, strangers often stopped as she passed, and exclaimed, "How handsome she is!" And as she grew older, the young men gazed on her with admiration. She was poor, and removed to the city to earn her living by covering umbrellas. She was just at that susceptible age, when youth is passing into womanhood; when the soul begins to be pervaded by "that restless principle, which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union."

At the hotel opposite, Lord Henry Stuart, an English nobleman, had at that time taken his lodgings. His visit to this country is doubtless well remembered by many, for it made a great sensation at the time. He was a peer of the realm, descended from the royal line and was, moreover, a strikingly handsome man, of right princely carriage. He was subsequently a member of the British Parliament, and is now dead.

As this distinguished stranger passed to and from his hotel, he encountered the umbrella girl, and was impressed by her uncommon beauty. He easily traced her to the opposite store, where he soon after went to purchase an umbrella. This was followed up by presents of flowers, chats by the way-side, and invitations to walk or ride; all of which were gratefully accepted by the unsuspecting rustic. He was playing a game for temporary excitement; she with a head full of romance, and a heart melting under the influence of love.

Lord Henry invited her to visit the public garden on the 4th of July. In the simplicity of her heart, she believed all his flattering professions, and considered herself as his bride elect. She therefore accepted the invitation with innocent frankness. But she had no dress fit to appear on such a public occasion, with a gentleman of high rank, whom she verily supposed to be her destined husband. While these thoughts revolved in her mind her eye was unfortunately attracted by a beautiful piece of silk, belonging to her employer. Ah, could she not take it without being seen, and pay for it secretly, when she had earned money enough? The temptation conquered her in a moment of weakness. She concealed the silk, and conveyed it to her lodgings. It was the first that she had ever stolen, and her remorse was painful. She would have carried it back, but she dreaded discovery. She was not sure that her repentance would be met in a spirit of forgiveness.

On the eventful 4th of July, she came out in her new dress. Lord Henry complimented her upon her elegant appearance; but she was not happy. On their way to the garden, he talked to her in a manner which she did not comprehend. Perceiving this, he spoke more explicitly. The guileless creature stopped, looked in his face with mournful approach, and burst into tears. The nobleman took her kindly, and said "My dear, are you an innocent girl?" "I am, I am," replied she with convulsive sobs. "Oh, what have I ever done or said, that you should ask me that?" Her words stirred the deep fountains of his better nature. "If you are innocent," said he, "God forbid that I

should make you otherwise. But you accepted my invitations and presents so readily, that I supposed you understood me."

"What could I understand," said she, "except that you intended to make me your wife?"

Though reared amidst the proudest distinctions of rank, he felt no inclination to smile. He blushed and was silent. The heartless conventionalities of life stood rebuked in the presence of affectionate simplicity. He conveyed her to her home, and bade her farewell, with a thankful consciousness that he had done no irretrievable injury to her future prospects. The remembrance of her would soon be to him as the recollection of last year's butterflies. With her the wound was deeper. In her solitary chamber she wept, in the bitterness of her heart, over her ruined air-castles. And that dress which she had stolen to make an appearance befitting his bride. Oh, what if she should be discovered? And would not the heart of her poor widowed mother break, if she ever knew that her child was a thief? Alas! her wretched forebodings were too true. The silk was traced to her; she was arrested on her way to the store, and dragged to prison. There she refused all nourishment, and wept incessantly.

On the 4th day, the keeper called upon I. T. H., and informed him that there was a young girl in prison, who appeared to be utterly friendless, and determined to die by starvation. The kind-hearted old gentleman immediately went to her assistance. He found her lying on the floor of her cell, with her face buried in her hands, sobbing as if her heart would break. He tried to comfort her, but could obtain no answer.

"Leave us alone," said he to the keeper. "Perhaps she will speak to me, if there is none to hear." When they were alone together, he put back her hair from her temples, laid his hand kindly on her beautiful head, and said, in soothing tones, "My child, consider me as thy father. Tell me all thou hast done. If thou hast taken the silk, let me know all about it. I will do for thee as I would for a daughter, and I doubt not that I can help thee out of this difficulty." After a long time spent in affectionate entreaty, she leaned her young head on his friendly shoulder, and sobbed out, "Oh, I wish I was dead! What will my poor mother say, when she knows my disgrace?" "Perhaps we can manage that she never shall know it," replied he; and alluring her by this hope, he gradually obtained from her the whole story of her acquaintance with the nobleman. He bade her be comforted, and take nourishment; for he would see that the silk was paid for, and the prosecution withdrawn. He went immediately to her employer, and told him the story. "This is her first offence," said he; "the girl is young, and the only child of a poor widow. Give her a chance to retrieve this one false step, and she may be restored to society, an useful and honored woman. I will see that thou art paid for the silk." The man readily agreed to withdraw the prosecution, and said he would have acted otherwise, by the girl, had he known the circumstances. "Thou should'st have inquired into the merits of the case, my friend," replied Isaac. "By this kind of thoughtlessness, many a young creature is driven into the downward path, who might easily have been saved." The good old man then went to the hotel, and inquired for Henry Stuart. The servant said his lordship had not yet risen. Tell him my business is of importance, said Friend H. The servant soon returned, and conducted him to the chamber. The nobleman appeared surprised that a plain old Quaker should thus intrude upon his luxurious privacy; but when he heard his errand, he blushed deeply, and frankly admitted the truth of the girl's statement. His benevolent visitor took the opportunity to "bear a testimony," as the Friends say, against the sin and selfishness of profligacy. He did it in such a kind and fatherly manner, that the young man's heart was touched. He excused himself by saying, that he would not have tampered with the girl, if he had known her to be virtuous. "I have done many wrong

\*This story is compiled in a little work entitled "The Power of Kindness," published by Fowlers & Wells, from which we copy it.

things," said he, "but thank God, no betrayal of confiding innocence rests on my conscience. I have always esteemed it the basest act of which man is capable." The imprisonment of the poor girl, and the forlorn situation in which she had been found, distressed him greatly. And when Isaac represented that the silk had been stolen for his sake, that the girl had thereby lost profitable employment, and was obliged to return to her distant home, to avoid the danger of exposure, he took out a fifty dollar note and offered it to pay her expenses. "Nay," said Isaac, "thou art a very rich man; I see in thy hand a large roll of such notes. She is the daughter of a poor widow, and thou hast been the means of doing her great injury. Give me another."

Lord Henry handed him another fifty dollar note, and smiled as he said, "You understand your business well. But you have acted nobly, and I reverence you for it. If you ever visit Englann, come to see me. I will give you a cordial welcome, and treat you like a nobleman."

"Farewell friend," replied Isaac. "Though much to blame in this affair, thou, too, hast acted nobly. Mayest thou be blessed in domestic life, and trifle no more with the feelings of poor girls; not even with those whom others have betrayed and deserted." Luckily, the girl had sufficient presence of mind to assume a false name when arrested; by which means her true name was left out of the newspapers.

"I did this said she, 'for my poor mother's sake.' With the money given by Lord Henry, the silk was paid for, and she was sent home to her mother, well provided with clothing. Her name and place of residence remain to this day a secret in the breast of her benefactor.

Several years after the incidents I have related, a lady called at Friend H.'s house, and asked to see him. When he entered the room, he found a handsomely dressed young matron, with a blooming boy five or six years old. She rose to meet him, and her voice choked, as she said, "Friend H., do you know me?" He replied that he did not. She fixed her tearful eyes earnestly upon him, and said "You once helped me, when in great distress." But the good missionary of humanity had helped too many in distress, to be able to recollect her without more precise information. With a tremulous voice, she bade her son go into the next room for a few minutes; then, dropping on her knees, she hid her face in his lap, and sobbed out, "I am the girl who stole the silk. Oh, where should I now be if it had not been for you?" When her emotion was somewhat calmed, she told him that she had married a highly respectable man, a Senator of his native State. Having a call to visit the city, she had again and again passed Friend H.'s house, looking wistfully at the windows to catch a sight of him; but when she attempted to enter, her courage failed.

"But I go away to-morrow," said she, "and I could not leave the city without once more seeing and thanking him who saved me from ruin." She recalled her little boy, and said to him, "Look at that old gentleman, and remember him well; for he was the best friend your mother ever had." With an earnest invitation that he would visit her happy home and with a fervent "God bless you," she bade her benefactor farewell.

"My venerable friend is not aware that I have written this story. I have not published it from any wish to glorify him, but to exert a genial influence on the hearts of others; to do my mite towards teaching society how to cast out the Demon Penalty at the voice of the Angel Love.

**MACHINE IN THE HUMAN FRAME.**—Very few, even mechanics, are aware how much machinery there is in their own bodies. Not only are there hinges and joints in the bones but there are valves in the veins, a forcing pump in the heart and other curiosities. One of the muscles of the eye forms a real pulley. The bones which support the body are made precisely in that form has been calculated by mathematicians, to be strong for pillars and supporting columns—that of hollow cylinders.

## CLASSES IN RUSSIA.

The nobles number about 800,000 (including those in Poland, Finland, and the Baltic provinces,) and are divided into some fifteen different classes. Some of the nobles are hereditary, and others have received their honors as a reward of their merits. It has been the policy of the emperors, ever since Peter the Great, to create as many nobles as possible, in order to weaken their power. Many of these nobles are exceedingly poor, but very proud, disdaining all manual labor, and looking with contempt at a merchant, however wealthy. They wear a badge, which designates the exact order of nobility to which they belong, on the left breast of their coat, and to this the common people pay the greatest deference. The son of every noble is also a noble. Many of these nobles are exceedingly refined in their manners. Most of them speak French (which they learn in childhood,) and many speak it better than Russian. This custom was set by Peter the Great.

Of the merchants there are 3,000,000. They are divided into three guilds, according to their property; but each man may estimate his property at what he pleases. Those who are worth \$10,000 may enter the first guild; those worth between \$1,000 and \$10,000 may enter the second guild; and those worth under \$1,000 belong to the third guild.

The clergy form a class by themselves, and marry among themselves, like the tribe of Levi among the Jews. The number of men belonging to this order is 102,000, but their entire families number half a million. The bishops are taken from the order of monks, and are unmarried. All the rest of the clergy must be married: and they cannot marry a widow, or be married the second time. This latter rule makes them take good care of their wives. They are readily known by their long beards and black dress. They are not much respected, except in their official capacity, for they are extremely ignorant, and many of them are very low in point of character. Avarice and intemperance are common vices among them. The most opprobrious epithet one Russian can bestow upon another, is to call him *the son of a priest*.

There are 48,000,000 serfs in Russia, of which 20,000,000 belong to the crown, and 28,500,000 to the nobles.

The serfs are bought and sold with the land. Some of them are mechanics, but the greater part are farmers. Each serf has as much land as he can cultivate, the use of which he pays for in money or in kind. These rents are very reasonable, and many of the serfs become very rich, for their property is sacredly protected. There is no country in the world where a man can rise so rapidly as in Russia. The lecturer mentioned the case of a man, who has risen from the condition of serfdom to be the owner of 100,000 serfs. In Peter the Great's day, the highest offices in the army were open to the serfs.

The dress of the serfs, for the most part, is very rude. They live in a cabin fifteen or twenty feet square, containing one room in the center of which is a table, and around the sides is a bench which, being turned over at night, forms their bed. This cabin is kept intensely hot by a stove, but the injurious effect of so great a heat is counteracted by the smoke which is produced by shutting off the flue when the wood becomes charred.

There are 1,800,000 Jews who live in the western part of Russia. They are confined mostly to Poland. The reason of there being so many Jews in this country is, that Kosimer, the King of Poland was married to a Jewish lady, (by the name of Esther, as the Jews say,) through whose influence his kingdom was opened as an asylum to the Jews, when they were persecuted by every other nation. The Jews are very poor and ignorant though better educated than the mass of the Russians. They are known by their peculiar dress and dark complexion. Many of them, especially the women, are extremely handsome.

Our motto should be—*Kind feelings, kind words, and kind acts.*

## MISTAKES OF THE RICH.

The Egyptian King who, swollen with grandeur, ordered a colossal staircase built to his new palace, discovered to his chagrin, that it required a ladder to get from one step to the other. He had forgotten that a King's legs after all are as short as a beggar's. Aggrandize as you may, the limits of our senses check us miserably every moment. You call yourself proprietor! Houses and pictures outlive you, and after taking your will of them for a short time, you are carried out of your own door feet foremost, never again to enter it. "Proprietors," you were perhaps, of farms and castles, estates and mountains; but now you own nothing but a hole in the ground, six feet by two!

The artist who visits your gallery while you live and own it, enjoys it more than you.

You are rich enough to dine twenty-four times a day, but you must eat sparingly even once. Your cellar is full of exquisite wine, but you can only drink one bottle yourself; and to use your store, you are obliged to call around you your friends, relatives, parasites, a little world who live upon your substance, and who, instead of being grateful, are likely to make you a return of envy. You have thirty horses in your stable; you can mount but one, or ride but two or four.

Rothschild is forced to content himself with the same sky as the poor newspaper writer, and the great banker cannot order a private sunset nor add one ray to the magnificence of the night. The same air swells all lungs, and the same kind of bloods fills all veins. Each one possesses, *really*, only his own thoughts and his own senses. Soul and body, these are the only property which a man completely owns.

*All that is valuable in this world is to be had for nothing.* Genius, beauty and love, are not bought and sold. You may buy a rich bracelet, but not a well turned arm on which to wear it, a pearl necklace, but not a pearly throat with which it shall vie. The richest merchant on earth would vainly offer his fortune to be able to write a verse like Byron. One comes into the world naked and goes out naked. The difference in the fineness of a bit of linen is not much. Man is a handful of clay, which turns rapidly back again to dust, and which is compelled nightly to relapse into the nothingness of sleep, to get strength to commence life again on the morrow.

## ILLUSTRIOUS EXEMPLARS.

INDUSTRY in humble and laborious occupations has been honored and exalted by the world's greatest benefactors—as may be seen in the following paragraph from the pen of the Rev. T. Spencer.

"In early life David kept his father's sheep, his life was a life of industry; and though foolish men think it degrading to perform any useful labor, yet in the eyes of wise men, industry is truly honorable, and the most useful are the happiest. A life of labor is man's natural condition, and most favorable to health and mental vigor. Bishop Hall says 'Sweet is the destiny of all trades whether of the brow or of the mind. God never allowed a man to do nothing.' From the ranks of industry have the world's greatest men been taken. Rome was more than once saved by a man called from the plough. Moses had been keeping sheep forty years before he came forth as the deliverer of Israel. Jesus Christ himself, during the early part of his life, worked as a carpenter. His apostles were chosen from amongst the hardy and laborious fishermen. From this we infer that when God has any great work to perform, he selects as his instruments those who by their previous occupation have acquired habits of industry, skill and perseverance; and that in every department of society, they are the most honorable who can earn their own living by their own labor. [SCIENCE AMERICA.]

## SERMON MANUFACTURE IN ENGLAND.

In England there are persons—generally deposed clergymen or superannuated schoolmasters—who make a business of writing sermons for the ministers of the various sects, who thereby save themselves this labor, and gain time for hunting, attending race courses, &c. A good composer can command about five English shillings per sermon, and the Rector can well afford this, as his living comes by tithes, out of the public. Some sermon-makers can earn twenty or thirty pounds per year by the business. No matter what are their private doctrines or characters, be they infidels or knaves, if they can but write sermons conforming to the standard doctrine of the Church, and they are tolerably well written, so as to be read without difficulty, they are sure to find clerical purchasers. Rev. Dr. Trusler made quite a fortune a good many years ago by having a *fac-simile* of a sermon composed by him, engraved on copper-plate, from which he took a great many impressions and sold them all over the kingdom to clergymen, who preached them to their congregations as their own.

The eccentric but pious Rev. Rowland Hill tells, in his *Village Dialogues*, (vol. ii: 137,) a pretty anecdote illustrative of the danger of too many clergymen purchasing copies of the same sermon for delivery. It is as follows:

"An egregious blunder once happened even in the famous University of Cambridge, at what is commonly called the Sound church; Dr. Trusler has a notable sermon on these words, 'See that ye fall not out by the way.' And so it fell out that it was preached by different ministers in the same Sound church three Sundays running. The clerk on the fourth Sunday admonished the preacher not to give them a fourth edition of 'See that ye fall not out by the way,' for that parish was all very peaceable."

The reply was, that he had no other in his pocket, so that the people must hear that or none. The reader would not dispute the probability of this anecdote if he knew after what sort of a fashion the churches in and about the neighborhood of the English Universities are unfortunately served.

## PITY AND CHARITY INCULCATED.

The very pirate, that dyes the ocean wave with the blood of his fellow beings, that meets with his defenceless victim in some lonely sea, where no cry for help can be heard, and plunges his dagger to the heart pleading for life—which is calling upon him by all the names of kindred, of children and home to spare—yes, the very pirate is such a man, as you might have seen. Orphanage in childhood, an unfriended youth, an evil companion, a resort to sinful pleasure, familiarity with vice, a scorned and blighted name, seared and crushed affections, desperate fortunes—these are steps which might have led any one among us, to unfurl upon the high seas the bloody flag of universal defiance—to have waged war with our kind, to have put on the terrific attributes, to have done the dreadful deeds, to have died the awful death of the ocean robber. How many affecting relationships of humanity plead with us to pity him? That head, that is doomed to pay the price of blood, once rested on a mother's bosom. The hand that did that accursed work, and shall soon be stretched, cold and nerveless, in the felon's grave, was once taken and cherished by a father's hand, and led in the ways of sportive childhood and innocent pleasure. The dreaded monster of crime, has once been the object of sisterly love and all domestic endearment. Pity him then. Pity his blighted hope and his crushed heart. It is a wholesome sensibility. It is reasonable; it is meet for frail and sinning creatures like us to cherish. It foregoes no moral discrimination. It feels no crime; but feels it as a weak, tempted, and rescued creature should. It imitates the great maker; and looks with indignation upon the offender and yet is grieved for him.

[REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.]

## LITERARY NOTICES.

"THE PRISONERS' FRIEND, a monthly magazine devoted to criminal reform, Philosophy, Literature, Science, and Art." Such is the title of a periodical owned and edited by CHARLES SPEAR of Boston. The title is sufficiently explanatory of its general objects, which we believe are well subserved by the matter which usually appears in it. The main portion of its labor is that which looks to the removal of the causes of crime by mild and gentle means, and the institution of a more genial criminal code—one that would not aim to crush, but to reform and elevate the criminal. The "Prisoner's Friend" takes strong ground against Capital Punishment. It perhaps gives more information than any other publication, respecting that unfortunate class of our fellow beings who are victims of circumstances, hereditary imperfections, and false training. Besides it gives forth much miscellaneous matter that is of interest. Terms, \$2 a year. Address Charles Spear, Boston.

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## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

## CHANGE OF TITLE AND EDITOR.

No more papers will be issued from this office under the title of the *Univercælum*. The next and future numbers will bear the title of

## THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE,

and its editor will be

WILLIAM H. CHANNING.

For explanations, see the Editorial columns.

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