

THE UNIVERCŒLUM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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

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The Principles of Nature.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE,

BY T. L. HARRIS.

EVERY period in History has some peculiar characteristic distinguishing it from all other times. The idea which is uppermost in the individual mind, the sentiment that is deepest in the individual heart, is sure to manifest itself in the actions of the man—in his words, his deeds, his life. So the idea that is uppermost in the people's mind, the sentiment that is strongest in the people's heart, will manifest itself in the deeds of the Nation; will utter itself in its literature, and impress its image on its life and law. This principle and feeling, which lies back of our words and doings, and yet prompts them, and governs them, and guides them, we call THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

The word and the cause of the word, the act and the cause of the act, are two distinct things; one is visible and concrete, the other invisible and abstract: one is a secret spiritual force, the other an open material manifestation. Yet there is an intimate relation between the act and that which prompts it, and from observing the one we gain an insight into the character of the other. The voice and the soul, the heart and the hand are contiguous; a word of scorn falling from the lip reveals to us the presence of a feeling of malice and hatred within it, and the act of charity and beneficence dropping unsought and in silence, like flowers from an angel's hand, is an index to treasures of love and sympathy hidden deep within the heart. Passing from the instance to the aggregate we find, in the general character of a man's deeds and words, a revelation of his principles and feelings, and hence we judge of the spirit by the life. Thus the acts, the words of the manly, God-like Jesus, were different from the sentiment and idea by which they were suggested and brought forth, but still we can gaze through the deeds of the life to the spirit that prompted them. Those actions of power and those words of eloquence, all become luminous and oracular as we gaze; and shining and speaking through them all we both see and hear that internal spirit of world wide benevolence and intensest love.

The spirit of a man is revealed through his language and his performance, and so the Spirit of an Age is manifested through its aspirations and endeavors. The acts of the Age, like those of the individual man, are colored by the tint of its mind, and stamped, like its coin, with its image and superscription. Thus there was a time when Religious Obligation was the idea, and Religious Enthusiasm the sentiment of Christian Europe; and that idea, that sentiment, embodied itself in cathedrals and monasteries, in religious organizations, whose power was felt in every flanelet, yet whose influence encompassed the earth. It embodied itself in gigantic monuments, triumphs of Architecture—the despair and wonder of succeeding times:

They wrought with sad sincerity,
Themselves from God they could not free,
They builded wiser than they knew,
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

The Spirit of that wondrous Age incarnated itself in its music, its philosophy, its art, its literature, its whole life. Under its influence we see Europe changed into a camp: its soldiers

enlisted for a holy war. They march, with the cross on shield and banner, with Religious enthusiasm flaming in their hearts and the priestly blessing on the brow, to expel the Saracen from the Holy Land. The war-cry "Remember the Holy Sepulchre," bursts from the lips of that countless host. The great sentiment which animates them precipitates them upon the East, bears them up in defeat and on through victory till Palestine is annexed to Christendom, and mass is said, and "te deum" sung in the valley of the sepulcher and on the hill that bore the cross.

So, too, the Revolutionary period in our own National History had its own peculiar Sentiment, its own great Idea. The Spirit of the Age was patriotism, love of country, of its liberties and rights. Long before the passage of the stamp act, long before the first blood at Lexington, the idea and sentiment that finally found vent in armed resistance, was living though latent in the Nation's heart. Those abstract ideas of national freedom and inviolability, that were destined in coming years to rouse a World to arms, rested in the hearts of our Fathers, like thunder in the summer's unclouded sky. Liberty was but a sentiment, Nationality an unborn idea. And yet the Spirit of the Age was already born, and in its own great hour it armed a Nation and kindled it into invincibility. It nerved the strong arm of Warren; it inspired the glowing tongue of Patrick Henry; it linked the Thirteen Colonies into one Free Confederation; it changed peasants into heroes, raising with their naked breasts a bulwark and shield against invading despotism. It nerved the brave men who stood in the trenches at Bunker Hill, and crossed the Delaware at Trenton, and left their bloody foot marks in the snows of Valley Forge. It trembled on the lip of Washington as he knelt to the God of Freedom in the forest, and stood sublime, unmoved, in the midst of treachery, disaster and defeat. It brooded over that gathering of care worn men who signed the Declaration of Seventy Six. It triumphed at last when our country took its place among the Nations, united, orderly and free. Patriotism, Love of Country and its Rights, was the Spirit of that Age; and the whole conflict, from the first resistance of the stamp act to the surrender at Yorktown, was but the struggle of that Spirit to embody itself in our Nation's Institutions, and incarnate itself in our people's life.

Our own time, like these departed eras, has its pervading sentiment, its distinguishing Idea. It is not a mere enthusiasm in favor of a Sect, it is not even an absorbing love of one Nation and its individual glory. It is holier than the first of these and grander and more generous than the last. The Spirit of our Age is Philanthropy: Its Idea is Universal Brotherhood: Its Sentiment is humanitarian Love.

The Spiritual Nature of Man—that Nature which was manifested in the character and actions of the Holy One of old—that which shines in the philosopher's wisdom and the confessor's faithfulness, in the martyr's heroism and the mother's love, that Nature which makes this frail mantle of the flesh all luminous with a splendor that is not its own, the glory of undying Mind; that Nature which like God is immortal and passes from the earthly conflicts of virtue to its heavenly victories—that Spiritual Nature has reserved for our time its divinest manifestations. As men begin to grow up into this higher mode and manifestation of being, their ideas and feelings arise into a higher worth, and hence the idea of our time, is the idea of Universal Brotherhood. With our moral advancement, our insight into the realities of Nature has grown more deep and accurate;

In all of woman born, in the high and low, in the rich and poor, in the learned and unlearned, in the joyful and sorrowing, in the virtuous and vicious, in the civilized and barbarian, we begin now to recognize one common Humanity, we see the beaming of one common Intellect, we feel the throbbings of one great kindred Heart. It is my brother who stifles in the hold of the slave ship—my brother who toils in the coal mine with marred visage and crouching form—my brother who groans there in that green Isle with the skeleton hand of Famine clutching at his heart-strings—my brother who lies in that pool of blood, pierced by the musket shot, spattered with human gore—my brother who kneels in that noisome prison cell wrestling with the twin demons of remorse and despair—my brother who writhes and struggles, in his terrible agony, in the vortex of infamy and sin: in the grief of the outcast I see a brother's misery, in the wail of the perishing I hear a brother's cry.

This fact, this truth of Human Brotherhood, has never before been felt by any considerable portion of the race. In every Age a few superior in moral culture to their fellows have felt it and lived it out, but in our time the hearts of the many respond to what was once considered the dream of the few. That sentiment begins to make itself felt in our era as a quickening, agitating, reforming power, and hence we begin to see the manifestations of a Philanthropy that is beautiful as heaven, and un-falling as Providence, and that circles Humanity in its golden zone. This power of Love, this quickening spirit of Affection, mighty and world-wide is its influence: it is the Spirit of the Age. Let us, to-night, glance at some of the manifestations of this benignant spirit; let us see how it begins to leaven all classes, and to remold all institutions and break up the ancient landmarks of intolerance, and unite men and women, out of every creed and party in one common cause.

We see this humanitarian sentiment cradled in the very bosom of the Sectarian Church. Christians of strictest and sternest creed, those who hold that all disbelievers or misbelievers are in peril of endless torture, have stood for ages beholding the myriads of Heathendom die without a knowledge of the Cross; seen it with folded hands, and tearless eyes and icy hearts. But their souls kindle at last with the sentiment of Brotherhood, the Spirit of the Age. The cry goes up through their churches: "Here are our brothers and our sisters perishing in our sight, let us go out and save them." And see, England and America are organized into Societies. Strong men, tender women, leave home and friends and all that makes life dear and beautiful; and they cross the ocean, and they dare the perils of the wilderness, and are smitten and smite not again, and return the blessing for the curse and they hold neither life nor wealth nor happiness of any worth, if it be needed as a sacrifice upon the altar of philanthropy. The unhealthy tropics are gladdened by their presence, and their shrines arise amid the polar snows. There is no danger they dare not brave, no peril they refuse to undergo, and their theme is Love Eternal, shining transfigured from the Sepulcher and from the Cross. I may differ, many may differ from the speculative opinions which direct these labors, from the peculiar mode in which their enterprise is molded—but let me bow down this night in reverence before the Idea which prompts and animates: the sentiment of Philanthropy, the Spirit of the Age.

But the Spirit of the Age goes forward, over another field, to a more manifest triumph. From the ocean waste goes up the groan of the captive, dying heart-broken in the hold of the slaver. The ocean path between the eastern and western continent is thronged by caravans of robbers, having ships instead of camels, plowing the seas instead of the sands, bearing children from their mothers, and wives from their husbands, and friends from friends, to die of home sickness and a broken heart, beneath the lash of the task master, in the yet unpolluted empires of the west. And the slave pleads for liberty; he pleads with his clasped hands, and his streaming eyes, and his quivering and bleeding heart: and this new-born Christ of Humanity, this strong and loving Spirit of the Age hears him in his desolation and his grief. And the slave trade is declared piracy; and nation after nation and isle after isle gives liberty to the captive, and ere long the stain of oppression shall be obliterated from

the earth and the last of the stricken ones shall lift his voice in the universal jubilee.

And see another wonder-work of this heroic Spirit; this benignant friend of liberty and men. Here are the victims of the slavery of the Soul. Here are those whose very hearts are corroded with the disease of sin, foul, loathsome sin. Corrupting with licentiousness, delirious with intemperance, their lips livid with curses, their brows knit with hate, they lie in the sewers of the great Babylon of civilized life, stifling in the foul and vitiating atmosphere. Once they were so full of all beauty and purity, and joy, and now so marred with agony, so clothed with guilt, that the very friends who loved, the mothers who bore them, know them no more for ever. But one has not forgotten them—the good Spirit of the Age. He invites tender women, warm-hearted men, to minister to them in their sickness and their ruin. Societies are organized for the reform of the criminal; for the moral culture of the outcast: for securing friends to the friendless, and homes for the shelterless, for restoring the outcast to virtue and humanity and heaven. This invisible Christ of Humanity, do not the hearts of the philanthropic burn within them as he communes with them by the way? He builds an asylum for the Orphan, he takes the pale motherless ones to his bosom, he lays his invisible hand upon the head of the stricken daughter of infamy, saying, sin no more for thy sins are forgiven thee, and he finds the wanderer in the land of his exile and desolation, and leads him home, and over his return to love and goodness there is joy in heaven.

But, behold! the Spirit of the Age goes on to sterner conflicts. Here are sanguinary laws, vindictive penalties, wrought into the codes of Nations. The institutes of the peoples are written in human gore, the mandate, "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," is woven into the statutes, and the gallows and the guillotine arise like altars to the spirit of Revenge and Retaliation. Men are imprisoned not to be reformed, but to be deformed more hideously. Women and children, victims of the oppressions of the strong, are lashed into madness as with scourges of scorpions. And in the midst of this potent Barbarism the Christ of Humanity, the Spirit of the Age, assaults the Spirit of the Laws—entrenched as it is in hoary institutions of oppression. A voice wells up from all pure hearts and loving natures; it gathers strength as it sweeps along the land; like a mighty rushing blast, it shakes our courts of justice and our halls of legislation, proclaiming that all Revenge is Crime, that Love is the fulfilment of Laws, that Reformation is the divinest Retribution, and that Mercy to the criminal—that mercy that purifies and redeems him—is better than the sacrifice of his blood. Hate and Love, when these grapple, then no doubt rests over the final triumph. Already the gallows and guillotine, sanguinary laws and vindictive punishments, are passing away. We begin, our legislators begin, to see that all restraint upon man should consult his good, that the penalty of law should work not like poison, but medicine, the medicine of the soul, restoring the soul to moral sanity, eradicating the leprosy of evil, calming the fevered passion, extracting the sharp arrow of grief, making the cell of the convict a place of hope and reformation, where Angels minister to him through the wise sanctions of the Law.

Thus, too, the Spirit of the Age is a Spirit of Peace. The old, time-worn, grief-worn Earth, as it turns upon its axis casts a bloody shadow far out into the Universe. Through the gates of the Past comes to us the din of battle and the clash of arms; we see the smoke of burning cities: we hear the cries of the helpless and despairing ones, abandoned to a lustful and blood-drunk soldiery: we gaze upon the ghastly myriads whose bones are bleaching upon the fields of ancient battle: we behold the vision of desolated empires and ruined homes. As we gaze, the earth and the sea give up their dead: that spectral army is numberless as the sands: its serried files stretch outward from earth to the very stars, and one voice comes from every lip, in all that ghastly host: "We were victims to the lust of power, the avarice of fame."

But the Spirit of the Age is here to whisper: "Peace on earth and good-will to man." It forms its leagues of Universal Brotherhood; it links nation to nation with blessed amities; it

fills the hearts of men with emotions of fraternal love: it tells us that all wars and fightings are of our lusts; it commands us to lay aside sword and shield, and trust in the power of goodness, the omnipotence of love. The storm of war beats around us now, I know, but for all that the Age of Warfare is almost ended. The Spirit of Retaliation and Revenge is cowering before the Spirit of Forgiveness and Peace. It learns us that the victories of Peace are more honorable than the triumphs of the battle-field: it prophesies that the Nations shall yet be enfolded in one Brotherhood of Love.

"Down the dim Future, through long generations,
War's echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease,
And, like a bell, with solemn sweet vibrations,
I hear at last the voice of Christ say, Peace.
Peace, and no longer from those brazen portals,
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies,
But beautiful as songs of the Immortals,
The holy melodies of Love arise."

But the Spirit of the Age has yet before it its last and most arduous struggle; its most glorious and final triumph. There is an evil among us that nurtures vice, and perpetuates misery, and increases oppression and encourages crime. It is the evil of Social Anarchy. Labor has no protection. The weak are devoured by the strong. All wealth, all power centers in the hands of the few, and the many are their victims and their bonds men. Millions of men and women this day, ask work and cannot have it—ask bread and cannot obtain it. They perish by the way-side with fields around them ripening for the harvest: they die in their miserable huts while the shout of revelry comes from the neighboring palace: as if in mockery of their dying groans. The earth seems laboring under a curse. Trade, labor, are monopolised. This man is rich enough to build a house of golden ingots and pave its floors with gems, while thousands perish of hunger in the streets. Men, because of poverty, are forced into evil. Children are educated into crime. Unbounded wealth, won without effort, demoralizes the rich. Extreme poverty, hopeless, irremediable, degrades the poor. Vice is becoming more profitable than virtue, and fraudulent bankruptcy more gainful than honest dealing. Under the existing Social Order, the rich grow richer, and the poor poorer, every day. The system of Commerce is rotten to the core, and the tendency in civilized Europe is to the despotism of gold.

But in the midst of fraud and want, and tyranny and antagonism, we see the dawning of a better state. The Spirit of the Age is yet to embody the principles of Justice and Brotherhood into all the laws which regulate society and government and life. From every workshop and hamlet and city in Christendom, the cry of Institutional Reform goes up to Heaven. The philanthropic spirit of our times demands Universal Unity and Absolute Justice; labor for all who can labor; just remuneration for all who toil; protection for the infirm; education for the ignorant; remedial influences for the physically, the morally diseased. It demands, in a word, that Humanity shall be organized as a Brotherhood: having a Social Order that shall guarantee to every man those social and moral and mental and physical blessings which are the birthright of the race. It asks that the principles of eternal justice shall be woven into the fabric of Society, and Institutions be reared up that shall make practical application of the great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." These are the tools which call forth the energies of the Spirit of the Age; these the labors to which the true and faithful and heroic are incited; and he who strives for the actualization of these great Ideas, and he alone, is faithful to God and Humanity in his day and generation.

IT HAS BEEN satisfactorily demonstrated, that light in its progress through space, consists of minute waves; and that those waves vary in extent, according to the color of the light. Those of red light are so very small that more than forty thousand of them are contained in one inch of space. Light is known to move at the rate of 200,000 miles in one second of time; consequently the number of waves which the human eye encounters in one second of time, while looking at the luminous red object, is no less than 8,000,000,000!

INDEX TO PHYSIOGNOMY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERGCEUM,

BY J. W. REDFIELD.

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There is no simple primary truth in nature that is not perceived by a distinct faculty of the mind. The combinations of these elementary truths are perceived by corresponding combinations of mental faculties. The successions in the onward course of Nature, and all the countless changes of circumstances and things which come under the cognizance of the faculties, are perceived by like successions and changes in the mind's interior history.

To be able with our internal perceptions to trace the constant changes and unfoldings of the mind, and the stirring events that are going on within us, would add vastly to the delight which is awakened by what we are able to perceive through the external senses. The pleasures of the former would be as much greater than those of the latter, as the mind is superior to the body. The effect of such anticipations should be a higher enjoyment of every truth which we may discover in our slow and patient study, and a higher appreciation of it for its own sake, and for the sake of the grand results to which it leads.

INDEX OF FLUIDITY.

By fluidity we do not mean any quality, property, or law of matter, like form, size and weight, but a state of being. To know what fluidity is, it is requisite in the first place to know that it is not the condition of particles in relation to each other which is necessary for their free motion, nor yet the capability in matter of flowing freely. That it does not mean the former is evident from the fact of our speaking of this relation of particles to each other as the necessary condition to fluidity—and that it does not mean the latter is evident from the fact that the capability of particles of matter to move upon each other, exists in their tendencies toward a center, and to fill a vacuum. It is impossible to give any other true definition of fluidity, than that it is a state of the existence of matter.

There are four fluids, or elements, as we call them in popular phrase—air, electricity, substances in solution, and liquids. These may have been the original four elements of the ancients, properly enough called air, fire, earth and water. The faculty of Fluidity relates to these. Its index is the process of bone called the olecranon, forming the elbow. It is hooked, and the end of it falls into a cavity of the upper arm. When it is long it more than fills this cavity, and causes the arm to be somewhat bent, so that it cannot be fully straightened. This indicates that the faculty of Fluidity is uncommonly large.

Persons who present such an appearance of the arm from this cause, manifest an unusual sensibility to fluids. In the natural healthy state of their systems they will be more penetrated by wind than people in general. They are uncommonly alive to the action of electricity, and to the magnetic influence of other people. They dread the smallest shock of an electrical machine, and, other things being equal, are easily mesmerised. They experience such a sensibility to water that they dread its action on the skin at the same time that they show a great partiality to it. It is in fact injurious for them to continue in a bath for the usual length of time. They cannot say, like many others, that they experience no various effects from the various articles of food they eat, or that it is just the same with them whether they drink tea or coffee or do not. They are physically and mentally conscious of very different effects, from the different articles which are used for food and drink. They are intoxicated with what would not seem to effect other persons in the least

The smallest dose of medicine affects them, and many things act on them medicinally which are chewed and eaten by others with impunity.

This is the description of a person who has a very great deal of the faculty which perceives and gives sensibility to fluidity—and as persons in their ordinary state answer more or less to this description, they have more or less of the index of the faculty. It should be observed also that this faculty in relating to electricity, relates to light and heat, and that those who have it strong show an uncommon sensibility to light and the degrees of temperature. It is greater in women, as a general rule, than in men, and children have relatively more of it than older people. It is generally stronger in near-sighted people than in others, and it is particularly so in albinos.

Birds have this faculty and its index very great. They are natives of the atmosphere, and are influenced by its electrical states in an astonishing degree. They are very sensible to changes of temperature, and change their residence, as a general rule, with the change of climate and seasons. They are always very fond of the vicinity of water, of flying over it or of skimming its surface; and many of them are aquatic. Some of them possess a remarkable susceptibility to the fascinating influence of the snake. Being so highly sensitive to the action of fluidity, they are admirably covered with thick down and feathers. These being non-conductors, shield them from heat and electricity, while they exclude water, and do not allow the winds of heaven to "visit them too roughly." It is easy to see that the index of fluidity is larger in birds than in any other animals. The wing, as they ordinarily carry it when standing, is bent at an acute angle, and is much crooked when they fly.

Animals of the cat kind also have the index of this faculty very large. The elbow in them is thrown more backwards, causing the fore leg or arm to be placed farther under the body than it is with most quadrupeds. In bringing their bodies close to the ground in watching and creeping for their prey, this bend of the elbow is particularly required, which shows the harmony of the index of the faculty with the action of the faculty itself. They glide along like air or water, and practice with their eyes the kind of charm on others, which themselves are subject to. They show very great sensibility to the influence of water, and fear to get wet. They avoid a wind as if it bore pestilence on its wings. Like birds they are shielded from the elements by a non-conductor, their fur resembling feathers not only in this, but in texture and appearance. They possess likewise great sensibility to light, and are hence capable of seeing in comparative darkness. They cannot bear a strong light in their eyes, and are capable of shutting it out by a contraction of the pupil—but that they are partial to light in the degree that they are sensitive to it, is proved by their love of lying down in the sun, when other creatures seek the shade.

The fondness of birds for bright sunlight is still greater. They show the highest degree of sensibility to it, brightening and darkening in their spirits with the slightest variations of light and shadow. The reason why they see best in a strong light instead of being blinded by it, is the great convexity of their eyes, or near sightedness. The faculty of Fluidity tends to produce this by causing the humors of the eye to be fuller than ordinary. Hence it is that children, albinos, and persons who have more of this faculty than common, have generally a greater degree of convexity of the eyes. Were it otherwise, they would receive pain rather than pleasure from the light of day, and would have to keep the company of cats, instead of that of their own kind. As birds feed mostly on insects, grains and very small objects, their eyes need to be microscopic—the carnivorous animals on the contrary live upon larger animals, and are therefore provided with another means of avoiding the pain of strong light. The eagle, the hawk and the vulture, are both near-sighted and far-sighted, and they require to see their prey afar off. They can diminish the convexity of their

eyes at pleasure. His majesty the eagle, can look the King of Day in the eye unabashed, and very near-sighted persons can for an instant do the same.

INDEX OF DENSITY.

Density, as well as fluidity, is a state of the existence of matter. All substances have some degree of density, or in other words, their atoms have some degree of proximity to each other. By this relation of nearness all particles of the same kind, however numerous they are, form one simple substance. All substances too, from mercury which is the most dense to caloric which is least so, have some degree of fluidity. This is *suspended* in most very dense substances by crystallization—but mercury is fluid; and other metals and all kinds of crystals are, by the action and presence of heat, liberated from the enchantment which light has wrought upon them. Thus we see that in nature, whatever is spell bound is put into that state by the action and presence of light, and that whatever is released from that state, is liberated by the action and presence of heat—the former produces rigidity, and the latter relaxes, as we see by the comparison of winter and summer, and of our feelings at these two seasons. Light is the immediate cause of freezing, and of every degree of rigidity in the human system, as much as it is the immediate cause of these in the freezing or crystallization of water. And heat is the immediate cause of activity and of every degree of relaxation in the human system, as much as it is the immediate cause of these in the melting of ice.

These are the real agents in Mesmerism—light produces the spell, and heat dissolves it. This is the reason why the eye, which not only receives light, but emits it, as we see in the serpent and the cat, is the instrument of fascination, making the body for the time inanimate, but "full of light," and the mind clairvoyante, like a clear stone or crystal. This is the reason why persons in this state see light in the brain, and rays passing here and there, and from one to another. This is the reason why persons sometimes become clairvoyante by looking into stones, objects which the potent enchanter, the Sun, has crystallized; and why they think that it is in these they see visions of the distant. This is the reason why mesmerised persons are able to see objects in the room, to tell the hour by a watch, to read a book, etc., not by the stomach, as is supposed, but by actual light in contact with the optic nerve, spite of the closed lid and bandages.

There are those called sensitive persons possessing so high a degree of the faculty of Fluidity, that they are capable of seeing in the dark far better than owls, and are able to perceive flame from magnets, light from crystals, and luminous appearances over graves. The owl has no more of this faculty than other birds, but as the index of it is so great, perhaps it was a mistake to say that the "sensitive persons" just referred to, can see better than he. It may be with his large mysterious eyes he sees as many marvels, as many sprites in grave yards, and as many ghosts haunting old ruined towers, as other people. An owl, sitting on a grave, by moonlight, is a very natural association. The reason why this bird, in exception to the generality of his tribe, is able to see in the dark, better even than a cat, is that he is not near-sighted like other birds.

All substances, it was said, possess some degree of fluidity, as well as some degree of density. They are fluid by natural right, as we may say. The most solid metals and rocks, might be as free to move as is mercury—but they are charmed and made rigid by the sun's rays. The firm foundation of rocks under our feet is enchanted, and we are held from the "waters beneath the earth" by a potent spell. The caverns paved with precious stones, and frescoed with shrubs and flowers of perennial growth, where are altars, and censers, and crystal cups, and all but priests, that neither move nor change—and where sparkling gems and diamonds look through the fretted rooflike stars in the sky—are fairy palaces. The ice mountains of the poles, with spray and vapor wrought into beautiful but unfruitful veg-

etation, are enchanted castles. And the green earth, our garden of Eden, with its trees, and flowers, and fruits, extracted, like the gems and frost-work of the fairy palaces and enchanted castles, from transparent water and clear sunlight—and where the Lord God walks in the cool of the day, when the magic stars shine out above us—is our Paradise of Enchantment. The stars impose stillness and silence upon us, as they fix upon ours their radiant orbs. The flowers charm us as they look up with their soft eyes into ours. The eyes of myriads of insects, and the myriad eyes of one, fascinate us beyond the power of sign or utterance, till our own eyes again impress us with their meaning, and make us read the book of nature with clairvoyante vision. The shining metals, and gold above all others—and the sparkling stones, and diamonds most of all—attract us with a wizard power, and hold us bound, alas! by a too potent spell. Through these, Selfishness works its evil charm upon the Heart that is made to love—and so the serpent, the type of selfishness, practices his wicked charm upon the bird, the type of pure affections.

To return now to the subject of Density. All objects which have more density than fluidity, are those to which the faculty of Density particularly relates, and to which we apply the word. The index of the faculty is the length of the metacarpal bone of the thumb. This is the thick part of the thumb, forming part of the palm of the hand. When we wish to judge of the density of substances, we naturally press them in the hand against the index of Density. We do this, for example, when we wish to try the hardness of an apple, or of an unripe peach—but if these substances are of that degree of consistence which is compatible with their being dissolved or melted in the mouth, they have more relation to the faculty of Fluidity, than to that of Density, and are brought in connexion with the index of Lightness, with which Fluidity has a very close relation. It is very evident that the fluidity and lightness of matter, have an intimate connexion—so too have the two faculties which perceive these. Hence a very mellow peach, or other fruit, is encircled and pressed with a pleasant gratification, or unction, as we might say, within the space between the thumb and fore-finger, which space is the index of Lightness, as we have before seen.

Persons who have this bone of the hand long, pay more attention to the density of bodies than do those who have it short. They show a greater sensibility to hard inert things, as those who have much of the faculty of fluidity, show a greater sensibility to the action of fluids. They cannot bear to lie down or to sit upon anything that is compact and hard, and are adverse to hard food. In the proportion that they perceive density, they are sensible or tender to it, and in this proportion are they partial to it. But this partiality is necessarily shown through the medium of what will prevent the infliction of pain from contact. Hence those who are so tender to hard bodies, like to receive blows upon a padded vest or a coat of mail. This faculty has the effect also of making men more material and sensual—of making them particularly sensible of gross material things; and if they have but little of the faculty of Fluidity, they are not capable of being led through the medium of the higher elements to the spiritual.

The sailor in all these respects manifests less of the faculty of Density, and more of the faculty of Fluidity, than the landsman, and we see why it should be so. There is the same difference between the Germans and the French. The English manifest one about as much as the other. Men have more of the faculty and index of Density, as a general rule, than women; old people have much more of it, relatively, than children. Young persons are not so encased in the material and hard; and as they have more of the faculty of fluidity, so have fluids a great preponderance in their bodies.

Animals which have much of the index of this faculty are provided against pain from contact with dense bodies, and for the pleasure which blows from such substances may afford them,

by coverings of shells and scales like coats of armor, and of callosities and coarse hair. The turtle, the armadilla, the alligator, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hog, the sloth, the bear, the woodchuck, etc., are examples. They are subject to violent contacts, and both give and receive heavy blows, and apparently with hearty good will. But beneath their hard covering they possess the greatest tenderness to dense bodies, with much less sensibility to fluids. The coarse-haired animals are not to be charmed or looked out of countenance, and they do not change color like many of the feathery and fur-clad animals. Both these effects are produced by light, air, water, and the other elements; and it is a similar influence which makes a man change countenance, and which makes him change complexion. The fluids, and especially light, which produce every shade of color from fair to black, in a still greater degree produce perfect white, as we see in birds and animals with soft fur, which change to white in winter, and as we see in albinos. It should be observed also that albinos, whether of the African or European race, have fine soft hair like fur, or the down of feathers.

INDIVIDUALITY.

This is not a single faculty of the mind, but a result of the union of the two faculties just described. One in whom these are strongest and most nearly equal, has the strongest perception of the individuality of persons and things, and has the greatest power of recognizing whomever, and whatever he has ever seen before. His recognition of himself as an individual, is also present and abiding.

The individuality of anything depends upon the union of fluidity and density. It will appear how truly the faculties which perceive fluidity and density constitute the perception of individuality, when we reason upon the subject. The identity of matter is substance itself, of which we predicate form, size, weight, etc. We are capable of defining and representing these attributes of matter, but how shall we describe matter itself? A knowledge of what matter is must consist in the most simple idea of what is material—and that seems to be the occupation of space. We cannot express this first and most natural idea better than by the words *fluidity and density*. The first is necessary to the occupation of space, for matter could not occupy space unless it were free to obey its own tendency to fill a vacuum. The second is necessary to the occupation of space, for if matter were not governed by its own tendency toward a center, it would be immeasurably diffused, or more properly speaking, would be nowhere. Thus fluidity and density, may and must occupy space, and what may and must occupy space, may and must be matter itself. Fluidity and density were defined to be states of the existence of matter; and these two constitute a full state of being. Now the difference between "being" and a "state of being," is precisely the difference between matter considered in connection with its qualities, properties and laws, and matter considered abstractly.

We recognize the identity of matter in air, electricity, water, and the ocean of dense lava beneath us. But there is a higher individuality than is expressed in the mere identity of matter. There is the individuality of organized forms, which are in fact the only forms, since all else may be said to be "without form and void." The individuality of organized forms is expressed first in the mineral, next in the vegetable, next in the animal creation, and last in man.

This results from the mutual action of fluidity and density upon each other. The former is free to obey its tendency to fill a vacuum, else it would not occupy space; and the latter is governed by its tendency toward a center, else it would be "everywhere and nowhere." Thus the freedom of fluidity is controlled by the necessity of density, and becomes itself a necessity—and the necessity of density, is controlled by the freedom of fluidity, and becomes itself free. Thus we have the necessity of freedom, and the freedom of necessity; and we see that whatever may be, must be, and that whatever must or ought to

be may be—the only sense in which all things are possible with God. From this mutual action of fluidity and density upon each other, results solidity, density being bound by fluidity, and fluidity being held by density. Light exerts its spell upon dense substances, making them crystals; and these hold in bondage the light of crystalization.

Thus are formed organic substances, the beginning of which is seen in solid crystals—the next degree in crystals containing water of crystalization—the next degree in vegetables, containing not only water but electricity—the next degree in animals, containing not only water and electricity, but air, the breath of life—and the last degree in the mutual blending of all these fluids in a body, in which fluidity and density are equal. This last and highest, is man. In him is consequently centered Individuality, and from him it descends through all orders of the animal creation, to vegetables, through all orders of the vegetable creation, to minerals, and through all orders of the mineral creation to separate fluidity and density, which are not created but belong to “chaos and old night.” The work of creation, we see, depends upon the action of the sun’s rays; and Wisdom, by which it is said the worlds were made, corresponds to Light.

Choice Selections.

PRACTICAL RELIGION.

RELIGION is wholly a practical matter,—a thing of the life. It is not a theory, it is not a doctrine nor a system of doctrines. The object of religion is to draw us nearer to God, to bring us into harmony with God, to render us more like the Divine Being. Now, God is a being of purity, righteousness, and goodness; and if we would grow into harmony and likeness to God, we must become pure, good, and righteous in our actions and in our lives. Thus must Religion be a practical matter.

And this is what Jesus made Religion to be. He numbers among his followers “not every one that saith unto me Lord! Lord! but he that doeth my Heavenly Father’s will.” His precepts are all practical. He did not require his followers to offer sacrifices; to go through certain rites, and forms, and ceremonies; to keep this or that day in the week; to believe in this or that theological doctrine; to hold this or that system of Theology. He says nothing about any of these things. But he does require us to love one another,—to give to him that asketh,—to love even our enemies. Blessed or happy he declares the pure in heart, the meek, the merciful, and the devoted lover of righteousness or right-doing, to be. And he sums up all his precepts with the exhortation, “Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect.” He most solemnly declares that doing good, that practice, is the only sure basis of Religion. “He that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not,” he says, “is like a foolish man, who built his house upon the sand.” Thus does Jesus make his Religion wholly a practical affair; and thus is Christianity a thing of the life.

There are many who seem to mistake Theology for Religion. Now, Theology, as we have said in the former discourse, is but the Philosophy of Religion. Theology is Spiritual Science, treating of the nature and laws of spiritual existence; while Religion is the Art that applies these laws to our characters and lives.

Now, it is evident that the part of Spiritual Science or Theology that treats of the nature of Spiritual Existences, has little or nothing to do with Practical Religion; and yet there are those who make their vain speculations about the nature of God, of man, and of Christ, as laid down in creeds and catechisms,—speculations purely philosophical in their character, and which have nothing to do with life and practice,—to be the very sum and substance of all Religion; and regard themselves as really religious, on account of their belief in certain Theological speculations, when they are only dogmatic, opinionated, or notional.

As well might a man imagine himself to be a skilful artist because he has certain notions in regard to the nature and origin of colors, or the different theories of art, as fancy himself to be religious because he has certain philosophical or perhaps very unphilosophical notions about the nature of God, of Man, of Christ, &c. What have the wisest speculations and the most plausible theories about these subjects to do with good deeds and a good life; that is to say, with the Practical Religion of Jesus? What have the doctrines of the Trinity, the Deity of Christ, Election, Reprobation, and Atonement, to do with Practical Christianity, with the application of spiritual principles to the conduct and the life, in which, as we have seen, Religion alone consists. There are humble and pious people, of pure and Christian spirit, and holy, righteous, and benevolent lives, who have no understanding of and no acquaintance with any of these doctrines. Again: *There are men who profess to believe and receive all these doctrines, whose spirit is impure, treacherous, and malignant; whose lives have no resemblance to that of Christ.* And yet some insist upon a belief in these Theological notions, not only as a part of Religion, but as the most essential part of it. As well might they insist that a correct belief and perfect understanding of the nature of fire and iron was the all-essential thing to make the smith a good workman. A man can be just as truly religious without these Theological doctrines as with them. That part of Religious or Spiritual Science, then, that treats of the theory of Spiritual Existences, which many regard as absolutely essential to Religion and of all importance, is in reality of the very least importance, because it has little or nothing to do with Practical Religion. The only part of Religious Science which is of real and vital importance is that which can be applied to the regulation of the life; that is to say, the practical principles of Religion. As we have before said, Theology is the Science; Religion the Art. Theology discusses the nature of what is divine and spiritual. Religion is the Divine and Spiritual manifested in life and action. Theology, or Religious Science, is the mere Theory; Religion, or Morality, the living, practical Reality. Religion is the ever-growing, ever-blooming flower, replete with fragrance, light, and beauty, while Theology, or Religious Science, is but the botanist’s poor and meager description and analysis of it. Religion is the application of divine and spiritual truth to man’s whole existence; it infuses pure and righteous influences and a spiritual power into the hearts of men, and thus elevates, refines, and spiritualizes their whole lives; raises them nearer to God; makes them more like to God, and thus brings down the Kingdom of Heaven—a spiritual principle and a spiritual life—to earth. Thus is Religion a practical influence, a thing of the life. It may be called, too, a saving influence, or the power of Salvation,—the power that would save men from sin and evil, by thus bringing them nearer to God and goodness.

[RICHARDSON’S THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.]

IMMORTALITY OF MAN.

WHY is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off, and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festivals around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties—forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an alpine torrent upon our hearts! We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean—and where the beautiful beings that now pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever.

[G. D. PRENTICE.]

MONEY-POWER.

THERE is another side to this picture of the Money-power. Reformers are copious upon the abuses of which it is the root and main-spring. If we consider the Money-power attentively, we shall see that, although it has wrought much good, it is a two-edged instrumentality. Has it propelled that enterprise which has explored the earth, and tamed the elements, and developed countless forms of use and beauty? So, by these very pursuits, has it sensualized man, and, obscuring every high ideal, closed him in with an iron materialism. It has excited in him an insatiable lust for gain, which has overleaped every moral restraint, and violated every right. It has preserved peace, when peace has been its interest; but, for the same reason, it has been the prime agent of strife. Indeed, its synonyme is,—“the sinews of war.” And it has caused the most abominable wars; for they have been urged in the light of better conceptions. There was something noble in old battle. A gallant spirit throbbed in the bosom, and generous blood gushed from the veins, when sinews were braced against equal sinews, when Hector met Achilles, and it was fair fight, and the best had it. But there is not even the grandeur of evil in the wars of the Money-power. When a nation, cradled in the light of civilization, with all the amenities of culture around it; nurtured by martyrs whose blood has sealed the truth; taught by prophets whose kindling vision has made the future beautiful; baptized into the holiest influences of religion—when such a nation, smitten with avarice, throws off its purple and fine linen, and becomes a mighty man of war against some poor and timid people, because of their soil or their treasure, the conflict which it wages is not only wicked but mean, and differs from old battle as Milton’s Satan differs from Mephistopheles.

The Money-power, upon the issue of taxation, has striven for liberty. Does it strive for liberty now? I will not drive the question into specifications too delicate for the present occasion, but I ask, are “the sinews of war” also the sinews of freedom? Is the Money-power leagued on the side of the oppressed, with that great force which throbbed in Hampden’s heart, and spoke from Sydney’s scaffold, and rocked Faneuil Hall?

The Money-power!—let some of its works bear witness to it. They do testify, in ancient blood-marks on the soil of Peru, in fresh bones that lie drifted in the jungles of India. They shriek from the middle-passage of the slave-ship, they groan in cane and rice fields; and sharp-faced men, and brutalized women, and dwarfed children, in mines and factories, say—“We, too, could speak with our white lips, but we dare not!”

Do not accuse me of over-heat, or fanaticism. I have made no home-specifications, let my words suggest what they may. In the prosecution of my design, I have simply demonstrated that we have not yet attained the highest practical manifestation of power. In human conduct, Might is not yet Right. The Money-power cannot effect this identity; because, as I have said, it sensualizes man. It wins him to embody his highest ideal of excellence in a material good. Dazzled by this, he has no spiritual prospect. To him, there is no reality in this doctrine of abstract right. It is all fine talk. It is poetry. He does not know that, in so styling it, he renders it the highest compliment; for truth, in its most original expression, is always lyrical. It is the prime mark of insanity, to treat the unreal as if it were actual; therefore, he who sacrifices his interest to the right, is, in his eyes, foolish and fanatical. He is unconscious that he is the monomaniac, the one-idea man—that there are other realities than those that he knows. But he sees as far as he can. He is deficient, not in motive, but in original power. Inwardly smitten by sensuality, he says and does only the sensual. We must explain a good deal of human conduct in this way. Many things are done which are not violations of individual conscience, but come from a lack of moral spontaneity.

A young man goes into the world with every fresh and generous feeling. His notions of rectitude are high—his integrity unimpaired. He takes his place in life. He becomes engaged in business. How soon he deviates, not from conventional, but from absolute right! How soon it is evident that interest has warped him! And yet, there is no apparent struggle in his bosom with the dictates of conscience. Every thing is done as a cool, calm matter of course. It is evident that love of money has worn away, or petrified, those delicate fibres which once were so quick in his bosom. He may have yielded gradually—but he yielded. It was a potent, all-absorbing charm that mastered him. And, now, his is not a wilful shutting of the eyes, but narrowness and dryness of vision.

Another enters the political arena. His theory is based upon the grandest premises. His heart throbs with humane sentiment. Liberty, equality, the rights of man, are staple themes of his eloquence. But how soon the patriot has become a partisan,—the philanthropist a demagogue! How crookedly his legislation compares with his profession! We must explain this, by considering the center from which he acts, the elevation of his view, and the scope of his horizon. We must consider how thick the Money-power has breathed its spell upon him; and not interpret his career as a direct, conscious, wilful violation of right.

This, then, is the effect of the Money-power upon individual character. It sensualizes it, makes a material excellence the highest ideal, makes gain more desirable than goodness, interest a quicker motive than principle, and our rich men our first men. And if so with individuals, as an inevitable consequence so it is with communities, with nations. A people whose vision is narrowed to a consideration of mere material good, and whose action is from this spring, will not and cannot identify Might with Right.

But there is another, or, rather, there is a more radical cause of the separation of the Money-power from the right. The Money-power is nourished by and nourishes selfishness; which is the master-sin of the universe, the life of all wrong. Selfishness! which says—“Mine!” “Mine!” “My will,” “My interest,” “My possession.” It can never go beyond the limits of the individual and the sectional. It is absorbent and not diffusive, planetary and not heliacal. In fine, there is no principle in it; and though it may furnish occasion for, it never can do a work of principle. It is mercenary and mean—acts from the motives of punishment and reward—never cherishes the grand conception of doing right for righteousness’ sake. Christianity, the great Reform movement, aimed directly at this general obstacle to human advancement. It rebuked it by the sublime exhibition of self-sacrifice; and in its Author’s life and law, enunciated the only element in which Might and Right became identical—Love! Love, over-sweeping all selfish considerations, and conquering that narrow, sectional, personal sentiment which has kindled all wrong between man and man. “If each man loved all men,” says Schiller, “then every individual would possess the world.” And beautifully has he contrasted Love and Selfishness. “Egoism,” says he, “erects its center in itself; Love plants it beyond itself, in the axis of the eternal All. Love intends unity: Egoism is solitude. Love is the co-ruling citizen of a flourishing republic; egoism, a despot in a desolate creation. Egoism sows for gratitude; Love is willing to reap ingratitude. Love bestows, Egoism lends—the same in the sight of the judging truth, whether it lends on the enjoyment of the present moment, or on the prospect of a martyr-crown—the same whether the interest falls in this life or in the other.” Involved with this Egoism then, unbaptized by this Love, the Money-power cannot identify Might with the Right.

[E. H. CHAPIN.]

FOLLY does not always end with youth, nor wisdom always begin with old age.

THE UNIVERCELUM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1848.

AN EXPERIMENT AND ITS RESULTS.

Is Social Reorganization practicable? Is it possible to harmonise the interests of the Employer and the Employed? Can the wealth, virtue, happiness, and longevity of all classes in Society be increased by co-operative labor? These are questions that begin to be every where asked among us. Now theoretically they admit of but one answer, and that is affirmative, but the world, like the doubting Apostle, will not believe without a practical demonstration. A Township has never yet been organized on the principle of Unity in Association, and therefore we cannot give, as yet, a tangible demonstration of the practicability of our theories. But enough experiments have been worked out on a small scale and in a partial manner, to convince all candid minds of the practicability of at least a partial co-operation. We publish the following account of an experiment in a French Mechanical Establishment, extracted from the North British Review, not on account of any splendid result attending it, but because it will be new to our Readers; and we would urge upon all of them this question—If a partial association for mechanical purposes alone increases the income of all concerned in it thirty-three per cent., how much will be the increase of production and consequent multiplication of wealth, comfort and happiness, in a system of Social Unity embracing all classes, and extending through all the relations of life? Is not the time drawing nigh when this problem can be practically answered?

II.

ASSOCIATED LABOR.

There is in Paris, now or lately occupying the house, 11 Rue Saint Georges, a master house-painter, named Leclaire. On an average M. Leclaire employs two hundred workmen. For some time after commencing business, he proceeded on the same system with regard to his workmen which he saw others practicing—"a system which consists," to use his own language, "in paying the workman as little as possible; and in dismissing him frequently for the smallest fault." Finding this system unsatisfactory, he altered it; adopted a more liberal one of wages; and endeavored, by retaining good and tried workmen permanently in his service, to produce some stability in the arrangements of his establishment. The result was encouraging; but still, from causes which were inevitable—among which he specifies the listlessness of even the best workmen, and the waste of material occasioned by their carelessness—his profits by no means answered his expectations; while his position as a master was one of continual anxiety and discomfort. He resolved, therefore, on a total change of system. A reading and intelligent man—he had heard of the speculations regarding the applicability of the co-operative principle to business; a firm and enterprising man, he was willing to try the experiment at his own risk. Accordingly, having made certain necessary preparations, he announced to his workmen, in the beginning of the year 1842, that, during that year, he was to conduct his establishment on the principle in question; in other words, he was to assume them all, for that year, into partnership with himself, and form of his establishment a little industrial association, of which he should be the chief.

The details of his scheme were as follows: All the employers of the establishment—M. Leclaire himself included—were to be allowed regular wages as in other establishments, each according to his rank and position—M. Leclaire a salary for the year

of 6,000 francs, (\$12.00) which was about the sum to which he considered himself entitled for his services; his journeymen in the ordinary wages of about four francs a day (\$4.50 a week) in Summer, and three francs a day (\$3.38 a week) in Winter; the foreman and clerks proportionably more; the apprentices proportionably less. These fixed allowances were to be totally independent of the success of the experiment; as regarded his men, M. Leclaire guaranteed their payment. But, if the experiment should succeed, then, after the sum-total thus expended in wages had been deducted, and after all the other expenses of the establishment had been paid—such as rent, taxes, material, as well as the interest of the capital invested,—there would still remain some surplus of clear profit. Now this surplus more or less, M. Leclaire undertook to distribute faithfully among all the members of the establishment, each sharing in the ratio of the fixed allowance—that is, receiving exactly that proportion of the profits that he received of the total wages-expenses. Thus, supposing the business of the year to yield in all £4,200; supposing the total wages-expenses to be £2,000, and the outlay in rent, taxes, material, interest, bad debts, &c., to be £2,000 more; then there would remain £200 of surplus profits, to be divided among all concerned. Of this sum each would receive that portion which he received of the wages-expenses; consequently, M. Leclaire's own share (£2,000 : £200 :: £240 : £24) would be £24. In the same way the share of a journeyman, whose total amount of wages during the year had been £40, would be £4; of a clerk or foreman, whose had been £60, the share would be £6; of an apprentice, whose wages had been £4, the share would be 8s. Even those workmen who should have been but a few weeks in the establishment were to receive in the same equitable proportion; the value of every man's services, and consequently his title to a share in the profits, being always measured by the amount he had earned in wages.

These arrangements having been agreed to, and some other stipulations having been made, the chief of which was that M. Leclaire was still to retain the usual rights which belong to a master—was, for instance, to have the sole charge of the purchase of materials, the undertaking of commissions, &c. the experiment was fairly and faithfully tried. The result was most satisfactory. "Not one of his journeymen," we are told, "that had worked as much as 300 days obtained less than 1,500 francs, (£60) and some considerably more." According to a table now before us, the average wages per day of a journeyman house-painter in Paris is three and a half francs; for 300 days at this rate the return would be 1,050 francs, (£42) therefore it would appear that a steady journeyman in M. Leclaire's establishment earned that year about 450 francs, or £18, more than his brethren in other establishments. On the supposition, which also seems the correct one, that M. Leclaire paid his workmen, in respect of their fixed wages, at the usual rate, this sum of £18 would represent exactly what the workmen gained by the change of system. For M. Leclaire, himself, the gain was of course proportionate. To the £240 which he had allowed himself as his personal salary, he would add about £100 as his proportion of the profits; beside which, it is to be remembered, he drew the interest of his invested capital. Even as a private speculation, therefore, the experiment was successful—a success which is to be accounted for by the superior zeal and carefulness produced among the workmen by the sense of common interest and responsibility, or, as the French express it, *solidarité*. Every boy, for instance, who emptied a pot of paint into the kennel, injured himself and his comrades; and although he might not care for his own loss, his comrades would take him to task for theirs; hence an advantage in the system not possessed by that of piece-work. Morally, also, the effects of the experiment were admirable; and, upon the whole, so decided was the success, that M. Leclaire continued the system on trial during the following year, and so far as we are aware has kept it up ever since.

BENEVOLENCE.

ONE of the noblest traits of the human character, is that feeling which regards with a kindly interest the welfare of others—which goes forth to the unfortunate and suffering of earth with the voice of love and the acts of kindness. There is a nobleness, a dignity and expansiveness in that spirit, which breaks away from the bonds of selfishness, and rises from a state of coldness and indifference, to carry its message of good will to men, and breathe an earnest prayer for humanity. Benevolence is indeed a divine and God-like attribute. It is the likeness of that spirit which moved upon the face of the waters, and called forth light from the bosom of chaos. It is the same principle which is so beautifully manifested in all the works of Nature—which appears in the garment of loveliness that clothes each material form—which is seen in the smile of love that seems to rest upon the earth, and shines in the softened radiance that beams from the heavens.

Shall not this principle, then,—so divine and exalted in its nature—be cherished in the hearts of men? Shall it be suffered to smoulder and die, buried in indifference, suppressed by selfishness, or contracted with bigotry? Nay. Such is not the office of this gift. It was imparted to be exercised, strengthened and improved. Its office is to strew blessings in the pathway of life—to lessen the severity of human ill—to relieve the wants and alleviate the sorrows of man. It was given us to kindly watch over the interests of others—to listen to the prayer of the destitute and the moan of the distressed, and to shed light, hope and joy in the despairing bosom.

But let us be careful that we do not degrade this quality. We are not to imagine that benevolence consists simply in the gift of "silver and gold" to the weeping applicants for charity. Nay. That principle may seek another and a higher manifestation. It can spread its light upon the countenance, and shine in every act of life. We may see it in the smile that cheers the hopeless, in the look which bears joy to the sorrowing, in the word which gives encouragement to the depressed; and above all, we may see it in the earnest and zealous effort to disperse the moral darkness of the world, to unclasp the galling chains that have weighed down the soul, and remove the heavy burdens that have wearied and oppressed humanity. E. P. A.

THE CLERGY AND REFORM.

A SOMEWHAT SINGULAR objection was made to the preacher Z. Baker, of Fourth-street congregation; "he appears so much like a mechanic!!" Would it not be better for all preachers not only to appear but be mechanics; to become the friends of mechanics—and advocate the rights of working men more, and let self become less. It would be a great relief to mankind, for working men are the principal supporters of the clergy. The clergy get too much, considering the toil and sweat of those who pay them. There is no good reason why the clergy should not work a part of the time. They would have better health, possess more vigor of mind, and what is of some consequence, know better how to sympathize with those for whom they labor;—besides, they could earn a portion of what others are overtaken to procure for them, and thus gain health and vigor, and relieve suffering, overtaken humanity at the same time. Soft hands are not a credit to any body. We believe the position of the clergy is such as to present one of the most formidable obstacles to the reformation of the world, that the world has ever witnessed, or that exists. We are not sure that it may not be necessary to break up the relation this class of men hold to community, ere the full reform can work out its mission. If they were disposed to work for man, like Paul or Howard, the necessity for such a change would not exist. Here lies the diffi-

culty; they know that the hold they have upon men is the key to their treasures, and they will not very willingly give it up.

It is said that so long as men are willing to allow this state of things, no one need interfere—it is their own business. We dissent from this view. What is the high living of one man to the scanty fare of hundreds of families? This is the true state of the case; and if men do not know or realize it, it is high time it was shown them;—besides, every true man desires the progress of the race, and therefore he cannot well afford to see them detained in their course merely to gratify the appetites, whims and selfishness of one class of men at the expense of another. Lazy priests have too long fattened upon the hard-earned substance of the starved laborer. We object not to these men having livings, if they will make themselves useful—really serviceable to their equal brothers. The sin of which we complain is, that they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, for other men's shoulders, while they, effeminate souls, will not raise a finger to help. These things are not said for all the clergy, though they will apply in the general sense. Would that that zealous "tent-maker," Paul, could make our city a visit. He would make some of the *professed followers* of a hard working Master take off their gloves. Z. B.

FORMS OF GOVERNMENT.

THE various Forms of Government are, says Universal History: "*Monarchy*, where one individual rules, but subject to limitations defined by laws, and whose power is divided with a Senate, a Diet or Parliament—*Despotism*, which knows no law save the arbitrary will of one individual, is considered by some as a corruption of Monarchy—*Aristocracy*, in which ancient families exercise by birthright the supreme power, either in a whole body, or by a select number from among them—*Timocracy*, where the laws define that possessors of property are alone eligible to office—*Oligarchy*, where the chief power, either by law, by descent, or by accident, is confined to a very small number of men—*Democracy* is, in accordance with the old signification of the word, that form of government in which every citizen partakes of the supreme power, and is called *Ochlocracy* when, in consequence of injurious laws or violent commotions, the power which legally belonged to all citizens has been transferred to the populace alone. *Theocracy*—signifying the government of a state by the immediate direction of the Deity."

Madame de Staël says, "Liberty is older than Despotism." History does not corroborate this remark. Ancient records inform us that the oldest form of government was patriarchal, which in itself carries the germ of despotism. The kind of government to which the world is now tending may be called *Theocratic*:—not the *Theocracy* as it has been understood and practiced, viz: the government of a state by a cunning priesthood, who, on the pretence of being under the immediate direction of the Deity, impose laws that have no higher origin than their own selfish desires, but the *Theocracy* that springs from the universal belief that *God is Love*, thereby causing each individual to feel the spirit of *Liberty, Equality and Fraternity*. The masses are then under the immediate direction of the Supreme Power, and the state is guided by Divine principles. Happiness is thus secured, and man makes progress on the high road of his moral destiny. E. E. D.

SOME READERS of this paper inquire how we can afford to publish so large and handsome a paper for so low a price? It can only be done on condition of a large circulation, and we hope every reader who feels that he is getting a large paper at a small price, will relieve himself or herself of the obligation to it, by obtaining a new subscriber to the paper. This will be the best way to pay us for our work, and easiest for the reader. Will you think of it?

Psychological Department.

THE MYSTIC.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

I ONCE knew a man, whom they styled a visionary. He was pale-faced, thoughtful, with light hair and a large development of intellect and moral sentiment. The scenes among which he was bred were well calculated to develop a temperament at once romantic and enthusiastic. His soul had yearned for a food which the supplies of every day life did not furnish.

In a confidential moment he imparted to me some occurrences of his history. "I am not dealing," said he, "in fanciful vagaries. Voices from the spirit-land have been heard by human souls. Behmen and Swedenborg, Tasso and Cowper conversed with the denizens of that world. By common souls these are called *thoughts*; but to others they are *spirit-speech*. The two are but one; for all thought is but the result of influx from the interior sphere.

"Bursting forth from a slavish theology, I sought to learn secrets of spiritual reality. The barrier between the outer and inner world was broken through. Thoughts became voices. Oh that I had had a guide during that fearful season.

"A grievous yoke was on my neck, and I sought to shake it off. But a superhuman force pressed it heavily down. I resolved to obey the spirit-voices which had commanded me to visit the Eastern States, and accordingly went thither. My destination was a little village in M. A religious sect with which I had been connected had here a little society. The mandate came, to reprove them for their carnal self-exaltation. For doing so a torrent of hatred was poured out. I suffered a cruel agony. But visions appeared of a consoling nature.

"On a dark night, after I had retired sorrowful and heavy, a vivid light illumined the apartment. In the center was a luminous Essence. A voice addressed me: "Behold! the Church! fear not! your deliverance is near! The Lord careth for you."

"Having fulfilled the errand, my directors sent me to B., a place some distance off. Again did anguish, still more terrible, come upon me. I cried out; but was not set free.

"One afternoon, I remember it as well as though it were yesterday, I was returning from the village to my lodgings, and was assailed by another of my invisible tormenters. A voice entered at the back of my head, coursed down the spine till it reached the heart, (sensorium) when it entered with words. "Do what you will," said the evil one, "strive as you may, it will not avail you. You cannot help yourself; I will crush you down. I recognised this spirit by its harsh, rugged feeling, for I knew where it dwelt in human flesh. With all my might of soul I cried out—"Get behind me, Satan! I will obey God." It fled, and though afterward the man published me to the world as insane, treacherous and wicked, the spirit has never since afflicted me.

"Half rejected by certain professed friends, I journeyed to a relation's house, some miles distant. My spirit had not where to be at peace. I was worn out. Neither men nor demons would let me rest. It was New Year's morning. I was rapt in deep contemplation. Another visitant now accosted me. "Your labor availeth nothing; you are exhausted and need repose. I come to offer it. Leap with me beyond the pale of Christianity; and in the bosom of infidelity you will find a home, a shelter and rest." Wounded and bruised as I was, how tempting the offer! But I rejected it. Peace came to my heart. A happy day dawned, and I returned to the converse of men. Severe was the discipline of my school. I suppose that I am now more sober and rational.

"Many call this insanity. It may be so; and then how true the adage, "we have all been crazy once." But I call this a poor explanation. What is it to be insane? What philosophy

can explain the phenomena? It is not imagination, but actual reality.

"Presentiments and warnings have often been given which are confounding to sensual reasoners.* The Scriptures, the legends of the ancient nations, the traditions of the vulgar, all relate such circumstances. We have instances daily before our eyes. When the cannon exploded on the national steamer Princeton, many warnings from the spirit-region preceded the disaster. Had they been heeded, the statesmen of America had not been laid weltering in gore. Before you impute insanity to me, show what these things mean."

Here he closed his relation; I was silent, for a deep awe pervaded. Reader, these are facts.

A. W.

*One forenoon in April, 1845, the writer was felling a dead pine in a piece of woods near So. Orange, Ms. It was leaning against another tree. As he was at work, a forcible impression, like a command, directed him on a sudden,—"*stand back!*" He did so, and continued to recede till the force of the mandate ceased. At that very instant, the top of the tree, several feet in length, fell heavily upon the ground, *directly along his footsteps*, burying itself in the earth. Had he not obeyed as exactly as he did, he would have been crushed. [PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN.]

INSTANCES OF PRESENTIMENTS.

I HAVE HEARD of several cases of people hurrying home from a presentiment of fire; and Mr. M. Calderhood was once, when absent from home, seized with such an anxiety about his family, that, without being able in any way to account for it, he felt himself impelled to fly to them and remove them from the house they were inhabiting; one wing of which fell down immediately afterwards. No notion of such a misfortune had ever before occurred to him, nor was there any reason whatever to expect it; the accident originating from some defect in the foundation.

A circumstance exactly similar to this, is related by Stilling of Professor Bohm, teacher of Mathematics at Marburg; who, being one evening in company, was suddenly seized with a conviction that he ought to go home. As, however, he was very comfortably taking tea, and had nothing to do at home, he resisted the admonition; but it returned with such force that at length he was obliged to yield. On reaching his house, he found everything as he had left it; but he now felt himself urged to remove his bed from the corner in which it stood to another; but, as it had always stood there, he resisted this impulse also. However, the resistance was vain; as it seemed, he felt he must do it; so he summoned the maid, and, with her aid, drew the bed to the other side of the room; after which he felt quite at ease, and returned to spend the rest of the evening with his friends. At ten o'clock the party broke up, and he retired home, and went to bed and to sleep. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a loud crash, and on looking out he saw that a large beam had fallen, bringing part of the ceiling with it, and was lying exactly on the spot his bed had occupied.

One of the most remarkable cases of presentiment I know, is that which occurred not very long since on board one of her Majesty's ships, when lying off Portsmouth. The officers being one day at the mess table, a young Lieutenant P. suddenly laid down his knife and fork, pushed away his plate, and turned extremely pale. He then rose from the table, covering his face with his hands, and retired from the room. The president of the mess, supposing him to be ill, sent one of the young men to inquire what was the matter. At first Mr. P. was unwilling to speak; but on being pressed, he confessed that he had been seized by a sudden and irresistible impression that a brother he had then in India was dead. "He died," said he, "on the 12th of August, at six o'clock; I am perfectly certain of it." No arguments could overthrow this conviction, which, in due course of post, was verified to the letter. The young man had died at Cawnpore, at the precise period mentioned.

Poetry.

AN INDIAN POET.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCEUM,

BY FANNY GREEN.

ERE on the distant echoes died the strain,
Uprose a minstrel. In his eloquent eye
The light of a strange beauty woke and burned.
His mantle, belt, and moccasins, were wrought
With touch more delicate, and finer skill,
Than his companions knew of—for his heart
Had dwelt with Beauty, and knew all her forms,
Where they are loveliest, in sweet Nature's home.
The outline of his features was so fair—
So unlike all his brethren, that it seemed
The mental darkness, in its falling off,
Had robbed them of their harshness.

Black as night
Over his ample brow the long hair streamed,
And swept athwart the brilliance of his eye,
Like midnight shadows over some high star.

For him sweet Nature in her thousand moods
Had voices, which she utters night and day,
But to her favorite children. The still Noon,
And purple Morning with her singing birds—
The deep and solemn Midnight—the great Sea,
With his far-reaching pinions spread serene,
Boundless—fathomless—illimitable—
Or lashed by storms to madness—the blue Sky
In whose expansive depths his spirit bathed,
As in the Infinite. All these he loved,
And read their mysteries, and ever made
Their poetry an element of life.

Nor these alone; but insects, birds, and flowers,
The whispering sea-shell, and the pebble mute—
Shadows, and mosses, and the wreathing smoke—
Nothing was mean, or void of interest;
For every form of Nature imaged forth
The all-pervading SPIRIT—FATHER—GOD.

Blest with a happier fortune he had made
A name to live, eternal as the stars;
And yet, in some more genial, happier sphere,
The fervid soul of Genius shall come forth,
From the long twilight of this lower life,
Into the perfect morning, and compete
With brother-angels, for the highest crown.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF NATIONS. AN ANTICIPATION.

Suggested by Beranger's "Saint Alliance des Peuples."

THE wars had ceased: the weary nations furled
Their tattered flags, and sheathed their blunted swords;
And, sick of blood, the decimated world
Counted its scars, its glories, and rewards:
A little whisper, raised in doubt and fear,
Made an appeal to all the suffering lands;
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands!

Old men, left childless and disconsolate;
Widows forlorn, and maidens sorrow-crowned;
The children loitering at the cottage gate;
The young men mournful, gazing on the ground,
Joined in the cry, lamenting, yet of cheer—
Repeating ever: Oh, ye ruined lands!
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands!

The plowman, singing in the early morn,
Stopped in his task, and shuddered to behold—
Through the long furrows for the future corn—
Half-buried skulls projecting from the mold;
Bones of his brethren scattered far and near;
And sadly gazing sighed, Unhappy lands!
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands!

The whisper spread—it gathered as it went—
From crowd to crowd the aspiration flew;
Distracted Europe stanchd the wounds that rent
Her bleeding bosom, pierced at Waterloo;
Her wisest sons, with voices loud and clear,
Took up the words and bore them o'er the lands:
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands!

Why should ye drag, said they, the furious car
Of blind Ambition? Why, with sweat and toil,
Follow the panting demi-gods of War,
And with your blood make runnels through the soil?
Long have ye suffered—long in mad career
Borne fire and sword and sorrow through the lands:
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands!

Sheathed be the sword for ever—let the drum
Be schoolboy's pastime—let your battles cease,
And be the cannon's voice for ever dumb,
Except to celebrate the joys of peace.
Are ye not brothers? God, whom ye reverse,
Is he not Father of all climes and lands?
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands!

The words grew oracles; from mouth to mouth
Rapid as light the truthful accents ran;
From the cold Norland to the sunny South—
From East to West, they warmed the heart of man;
The prosperous people with a sound of cheer
Passed the glad watchword through the smiling lands!
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands!

They spread, they flew, they fructified apace:
The spear and sword hung rusting on the walls,
Preserved as relics of a bygone race
When men went mad, and gloried in their brawls:
Peace, the fair mother of each bounteous year,
Dropped corn and wine on the prolific lands.
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands!

England forgot her deeds of battle done;
France blushed at "glory" gained in fields of gore;
German, Italian, Spaniard, Pole, and Hun
Taught Kings a lesson and were foes no more;
Knowledge achieved the circuit of our sphere,
And Love became the gospel of the lands—
When that alliance holy and sincere,
Had joined all hands.

WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives,
Who thinks most; feels the noblest; acts the best.
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest:
Lives in one hour more than in years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.
Life is but a means unto an end; that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God.
The dead have all the glory of the world.

Miscellaneous Department.

From the German of Heinrich Zschokke.

FOOL OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

[CONTINUED.]

I heard with real transport the eulogies passed upon the good Olivier. I knew him again with all his virtues. They particularly praised his beneficence. He was the founder and improver of a school for soldier's children, and had gone to great expense on account of it. He had done much good in secret; always led a simple and retired life; never gave way to the extravagance or dissoluteness to which youth, beauty, vigor and health invited him. Yes, the officers assured me, he had had a signal influence in ennobling the tone of the corps,—in improving their manners as well as enlarging their knowledge. He had even read lectures upon various subjects, useful to the warriors, until he was silenced."

"And why silenced?" asked I with some astonishment.

"Why, even in these lectures," answered one of my neighbors, "he discovered some symptoms of his mental disorder. No Jacobin in the French National Convention ever raved so vehemently against our monarchical arrangements, and against the various European Courts and their politics, as he did at times. He said, openly that the people would sooner or later help themselves—themselves and the king—against ministerial domination, priestcraft, and pecuniary exactions. He thought that the revolution would spread inevitably from nation to nation, and that in less than half a century, the whole political aspect of Europe would be changed. But enough: the lectures were forbidden, and very properly and justly. Even so madly did he declaim at times, that he assailed the nobility and their prerogatives. If any one reminded him, that he himself was a baron, he would answer, 'You are silly to say so; I am a plain man of sense, and have been from the cradle no better than our sutler there!'"

"But that was only a preliminary symptom of his derangement," interposed a young lieutenant. "The most decided act of craziness was, when, falling in with Lieut. Col. Baron Von Berkin, he saluted him with a box on the ears, and then threw him down stairs; afterwards, however, he did not dare to fight with him, by which means he offended the whole officer-corps."

"Yet he was always a good fighter; one who had little fear for the naked sword," said I.

"Until then, we had supposed him such; but as I said before, his whole nature changed. When he went out to the place where they ought to have fought, he appeared without a sword, and with only a whip in his hand, and said to the Lieutenant-Colonel, in the presence of all of us, 'You silly fool, you, if I should really tear you open with my sword, what good would it do you?' And as the Colonel, no longer able to contain his wrath, drew his sword, the Major calmly bared his breast, held it up to him, and said, 'Are you anxious to become an assassin?—strike then!' We here interrupted the conversation, and desired him to fight the Lieutenant Colonel as duty and honor commanded. Then he called us all fools together, whose maxims of honor, he said, belonged appropriately to the Mad-house or to the House of Correction. This confirmed our opinion that he was not altogether right in his upper story. One of us insulted him, but he took no notice of it, and only laughed. We repaired to the General, and frankly related to him the whole proceeding. The General was grieved, and the more so, because that very day he had received an Order for the Major from the Court. He enjoined us to say nothing—he would settle all—the Major must give satisfaction. The next morning at parade, the General, according to command, handed over the Order with a suitable speech to the Major. He did not take it,

but answered in respectful words, that "he had fought against Napoleon for the sake of his country, and not for a little bit of ribbon. If he deserved any praise he did not wish to wear it on his breast, as a show to the eyes of everybody." The General was almost startled out of his senses. But no prayers nor menaces could move the Major to take the royal distinction. Next, the officers stepped forth and declared that they could no longer serve with him unless he rendered some satisfaction. The affair came to trial; the Major was imprisoned; and was only released by the Court. Then his malady broke out in its fullness. He suffered his beard to grow long like a Jew's—wore ludicrous dresses—married to spite his relations, a quite ordinary, yet pretty girl—a foundling, for whom he had already had the affair with the Lieutenant-Colonel—thought himself, for a long while, miserably poor—and finally did so many foolish things, that he was exiled by royal command, under strict guardianship, to his own estate."

"Where is he now?" I asked.

"Still at his own estate, in Flyeln, in the castle of his deceased uncle—distant it may be, ten hours from this. For a long year no one went to him without permission—even the management of his business was taken away from him. It is now restored to him, though he must still render a yearly account. He does not venture to stir a step beyond his domains. He has solemnly excommunicated the whole world, and does not permit relatives, acquaintances, or friends to come near him. They have now, for a year or more, heard nothing of him."

THE VISIT.

From all the tales of the officers it was clear, that the unfortunate Olivier, after the loss of his understanding, would always remain a good-natured fool; and that probably the wild spirit of freedom, which for some years had been the fashion in Germany, had seized him more vehemently than it ought, or had at least given a color to his phantasies.

All this caused me great apprehension. I could not get to sleep for a long while in the night. When I awoke in the morning was already late; but I felt myself refreshed and strengthened. The world appeared to me in a serener light than on the previous evening, and I resolved to seek my much-to-be-pitied friend in his place of exile.

After I had casually surveyed the lions of the place, I flung myself into a wagon, and drove all night and the following day, towards Flyeln, to a seaport in the neighborhood. The village of Flyeln lay yet ten miles distant from this town. The post-master when he heard where I wanted to go, laughed and reminded me that I was going on a useless journey. The Baron, he said, did not permit himself to be seen by strangers. I also learned that he had not improved in the condition of his mind, but that the good man had become firmly persuaded that the whole world during the last century had turned crazy, and that the remedy was to go forth from Flyeln. In this belief—all the world holding him, and he holding all the world, to be senseless—he separated himself altogether from other men. His peasants find themselves none the less well off on account of it, for he did much for them. But in return they must obey his whims in the smallest particulars, wear trousers with long jackets and round hats, suffer their beards to grow long, and then all people, especially upon the grounds of Flyeln—even the most important personages. Aside from these crack-brained notions, he was one of the most sensible men in the world.

Notwithstanding the warning of the post-master I continued the attempt, and went on towards Flyeln. Why should it trouble me to go ten miles for nothing, when, for the sake of Olivier, I had already ventured so far out of my way? Nor had I reason to fear that I should be turned back, since he had not suffered in his memory. The road was a miserable untravelled route, sometimes through deep sand, sometimes through newly dug brooks and miry ground, sometimes through rough defiles; and more than once my wagon was like to have upset. But, about

one hour's ride from Flyeln, the land began to rise. The fields stood in excellent order upon a wide plain; on the right, an oak forest stretched in the distance, with its dark green leaves, like an immense bower; while on the left, an endless sea, a broad heaving mirror, with its shining clouds, completed the panorama. The village of Flyeln peered out of the fruit trees, willows, and poplars before me; in front, rose a large old structure, the castle, encompassed by a wood of wild chestnuts; and behind, nearer the water, lay the village of Lower Flyeln, also attached to the domain of Olivier, picturesquely relieved by rugged ranges of rocks, which with woody cliffs, projected like little peninsulas far into the sea. Fishermen's boats with sails swarmed upon the shores, a ship was riding upon the ridge of the sea, while clouds of white sea gulls fluttered upon the air.

The nearer I came to the village and castle, the more picturesque and cheerful grew the scenery. It possessed the peculiar charms of a country bordering the sea—those which spring from the mingling of the beauties of landscape with the majesty of the ocean, retired and peaceful cottages, contrasting with the stormy elements. At any rate, the place of exile selected by my friend had attractions enough to have induced any one to prefer it to the liberty of living in bustling cities.

In the fields, as well as in the gardens, I soon discovered the famous Flyeln beards. Even the hotel-keeper before whose inn I reined up and alighted was profusely covered with hair about his chin and mouth. He returned my greeting in a friendly manner, but seemed to be rather astonished at my arrival. "Dost thou seek the proprietor?" he asked me courteously. I permitted the somewhat unusual *thou* to pass with a smile, answering simply yes. "Then I must inquire concerning thy name, rank, and dwelling-place. These must be announced to Mr. Olivier. He does not willingly receive travellers."

"But he will certainly receive me! Let him be told that one of his eldest and best friends, in passing by, wishes to speak with him for a little while. Let nothing further be said to him."

"As thou wilt," replied the host; "but I can anticipate the answer."

While the hotel-keeper was looking for a messenger, I went slowly through the village, direct toward the castle, to which a foot-path that ran between the houses and a fruit garden seemed to invite me. But it led me astray to a building which I took for a wash-house. On one side beyond a meadow flowed a pretty broad brook over which the high and dark wild chestnuts of the ancient homestead of the Baron flung their shadows. I determined upon the hazard of introducing myself to Olivier unannounced. I had purposely concealed my name from the hotel-keeper, in order to see whether Olivier would recognize me when he should meet me. I crossed over the meadow—and found after long seeking, a bridge over the brook, and a path that led through the underbrush towards the wild chestnuts. These overshadowed a spacious round plot near the castle, ornamented with green turf. On both sides rustic chairs were placed under the broad branches of the trees, and upon one of the benches sat—I was not overcome—Olivier. He was reading a book. At his feet a child about three years old played in the grass. Near him sat a beautiful young woman with an infant at her breast. The group was not a common one. I stood still, half hidden by the shrubs. None of them looked towards me. My eyes hung only on the good Olivier. Even the black beard which twined about his chin, and by means of the whiskers, connected with the dark locks of his head, became him—and as to his dress, though it was peculiar it was not odd. On his head he carried a neat cap, with the shade turned against the sun; his breast was bare or covered only with wide overlapping shirt collars; a green jacket buttoned tight in front, with lappets reaching down to his knees, loose sailor trousers, and half-boots completed his attire. He was dressed much in the same way as the peasants, only more tastefully and with finer stuffs. His mien was quiet

and thoughtful, and he looked like a man just entering his fortieth year. His beard gave him an heroic aspect and bearing. He stood before me as I would imagine one of the noble forms of the middle ages.

In the meantime, the messenger of the tavern-keeper came from the castle to the circle of trees. The young fellow took off his beaver and said, "Sir, there is a stranger on his journey here, who wishes to speak with thee. He says that he is one of thy oldest and best friends."

Olivier looked up and inquired, "Journey? Is he on foot?"

"No, he came with the post!"

"What is his name? Who is he?"

"That he won't tell."

"He must let me alone. I will not see him," cried Olivier, and made a sign with his hand to the youth that he should depart.

"But you must see me Olivier," cried I, stepping forth, but first bowing courteously to the young woman. He, without moving, even without returning my salutation, stretched his neck towards me, surveyed me for some time with a sharp glance, looked grave, threw his book down, then approached me, saying, "With whom am I speaking?"

"What, Achilles no longer knows his Patroclus?" replied I.

"Yes!" he exclaimed, greatly amazed, while he spread out his arms, "welcome, noble Patroclus, though in a French frock and with powdered hair." Then he fell upon my bosom. In spite of his sarcastic speech both he and I were moved, and gave way to tears. An interval of twenty years melted away in the embrace. We breathed again as we had upon the shores of the Leine or at Bovenden, or amid the ruins of the old castle of Gleichen.

Thereupon, with eyes sparkling with joy, he led me to the charming young mother who modestly reddened as he said to her, "See, this is Norbert,—thou knowest him already from many of my stories!" and to me, "That is my dearest wife."

She smiled with the veritable smile of an angel, and said with an air and voice more kind even than her words, "Thou noble friend of Olivier, thrice welcome! I have long since desired the pleasure of thy personal acquaintance."

I would have said something complimentary in return for this fine speech, but I confess that the familiar *Thou* which greeted me, unaccustomed to hear it spoken from such lovely lips, and in so unrestrained a manner, quite deprived me of self-possession.*

"My gracious lady," I stammered finally, "I have—by a roundabout way of more than forty miles—purchased cheaply the happiness—you and your husband—my oldest friend—"

"Hallo, Norbert," interrupted Olivier laughing, "only one word in the beginning, a request,—call my wife as thou callest thy God, simply *Thou*. Do not disturb the plain customs of Flyeln with the fooleries of a German master of ceremonies and dealer in compliments; it makes a disagreeable discord in our ears. Imagine to thyself, that thou art two hundred years, or two hundred miles, away from Germany and Europe, and living again in a natural world,—somewhere, if you please, in the good old times of the *Odyssey*."

"Well, Olivier, you have managed to be *Thou* and *Thou* with so worthy a woman that no one need be requested twice on that score; and as to thee, Baroness, then—"

"Once more hold!" cried Olivier laughing loudly between each word, "thy Baroness agrees with *Thou*, about as well as thy French frock and shorn beard agrees with the name of Patroclus. My peasants are no more bond-servants but freemen; I and my wife are no more nor less barons than they are. Call my Amelia, as everybody names her here, Mother—the noblest title of a wife—or at most madam."

*The Germans only use *thou* to persons with whom they are on intimate terms.

"It appears," I interposed, "you good people have here in the midst of a kingdom, founded a new republic and abolished all nobility."

"Right—all but the nobility of sentiment," answered Olivier "and in that respect thou findest us in this land more extensively aristocratic than in thine own Germany. For with you nobility of mind is of little worth, and nobility of birth is falling into the mire where it properly belongs."

"Pardon me, but thou art somewhat Jacobinically inclined," responded I; "who told thee that nobility of birth was sinking in public opinion among us?"

"To this!" he exclaimed, "must I teach thee, then? I knew, some years ago, a poor ragged Jew, that you pious Christians would rather have had not born than born. He chafed so much money together, however, that he soon took his letters from the post-office under the address of a nobleman."

After some years he was a rich man, and the courtly Germans readily conceived that the fellow must have sprung from some high birth. All addressed him from that time forth as a nobly-descended Banker. But the secret of it was, that the Banker with his ducats, helped the finance minister and the prosperity bringing war minister in their straits for money. Forthwith then, the useful Banker was addressed and designated as the most nobly born Baron. This illumination of the Germans—this mockery of nobility, has spread in a few years much further than thou believest. But I hope as nobility of birth comes to be regarded among you as worthless, nobility of mind will be much more legitimate and sufficient."

The Baroness, in order to put her infant to rest, and to prepare a chamber for me, left us with the children. Olivier led me through his garden, whose beds were filled with the choicest flowers. About a fountain, there stood on high pedestals of black stone, white marble busts with inscriptions. I read there: Socrates, Cincinnatus, Columbus, Luther, Bartholomew, Las Casas, Rousseau, Franklin, and Peter the Great.

"I see thou still livest in good company," said I. "Is there among the living any more worthy than thy excellent wife, with those two curly Amoretas, or among the dead any more honorable than these here?"

"Did'st thou, then, doubt my good taste?"

"No, indeed, Olivier; but I heard that thou had'st completely retired from the world."

"Only because I love good company, which is nowhere more scarce than in your assemblages of people of ton!"

"Still, thou wilt grant it possible that good company may be found out of Flyeln?"

"Certainly Norbert, but I will not waste time and money in going to find it. Let us however break off from this topic. Ye Europeans have so frightfully departed from the holy simplicity of nature, both in great things and small—for more than a thousand years have so much resembled sophisticated brutes, that the unnatural has become your nature, and ye no longer comprehend a plain man. Ye are such corrupters of the human race that a healthy being must dread to be among you. No thou noble Norbert, let us quit this subject! Thou would'st not readily understand me if I spoke. I value thee—I love thee—yet I pity thee."

"Pity? Why?"

"Since thou livest among fools, and must remain among them, though against thy conscience."

From these words of Olivier's, I inferred that he had gone over to his fixed idea. It was uncomfortable for me to be with him. I wished to draw him to some other subject, looked anxiously around, and began, as I happened to remark his beard, to praise it, and especially since it was so becoming.

"How long since thou hast suffered it to grow?" asked I.

"Since I returned to my senses, and had courage enough to be reasonable. Does it really please thee, Norbert? Why not wear thine own so, too?"

I drew my breath, and said, "If it were the common custom, I would with pleasure."

"That's it! While Folly is the Fashion, every vestige of Nature even upon the chin, must be rooted out with brush and razor—thou hast not the courage to be reasonable even in a small matter. This ornament of man, mother Nature has not given in vain, any more than she has the hair on the head. But man, in his foolishness, imagines himself wiser than his Creator, and first smears his chin with soap, and then slicks it with a knife. So long as the nations have not altogether departed from Nature, they stick to the beard. Notwithstanding Christ and the Apostles wore it, Pope Gregory VII. put it under ban. And still the clergy held to it for a long while, as do the Capucins at this day; but when some old fops began to be ashamed of their grey hair, they began to destroy that on their chins, and to confine that on their heads in a peruke. When people became accustomed to belie themselves in all things else, they sought to belie their age. Old men frisked about with blond hair and smooth chins, like young girls, and that, also, made them effeminate in disposition; and other men followed their example, not having the courage to abide by the truth. Compare the heroic form of an Achilles, Alexander, or Julius Caesar, with one of our modern Field-Marsals or Lieutenants, in their untasteful uniforms; one of our exquisites, with his neck-cloth and walking stick, to an Antinous; thyself, O Councilman Norbert, with a Senator of old Greece or Rome! Must we not laugh, to split our sides, over the caricatures that we are?"

"Thou art right, Olivier!" said I, interposing, "who will deny that the old Roman or Greek dress is more graceful than ours? But to us in the North—we Europeans—a close dress is proper and needful; we should feel somewhat uncomfortable in the beautiful flowing robes of an Oriental or a Southron."

"Look at me, Norbert," said Olivier, laughing, as he placed himself before me, drew his cap on one side of his head, stuck his left arm jauntily on his hip, and continued, "I, a Northlander, in my close, convenient, and simple dress, do I compare disadvantageously with an old Roman citizen? Why does the Spanish, Italian, and German costume, of the Middle Ages, still please us? Because it was beautiful. An Austrian knight, in his helmet, nay, a hussar, would even now catch the eye of a Julius Caesar. Why, oh ye stiff gentlemen, do ye not follow better models, as our women have already begun to do, since they have cast aside trains and powdered toupees? Should ye once come to be ashamed of being caricatures externally, perhaps ye would get nearer to Nature internally. There is some truth in the proverb that 'dress makes the man.' And I tell thee, Norbert, my Amelia has found me handsomer, since I have only cropped my beard with the shears, and not destroyed it; yes, I believe since that time, her affections have grown more ardent, for her cheeks lean no more on a soft woman's face, but upon a man's. Women ever like a manly man."

As Olivier spoke he became quite excited. In fact, he stood before me as a hero of the earlier times, as if an old portrait had stepped out from its frame alive, as a being of that elder world, which we admire, but cannot restore.

"Really, thou almost convertest me to an honest beard," said I to him, "and I should profit by it, if thou did'st, since three times every week I should escape the torture of the barber."

"Friend," exclaimed Olivier, laughing, "it would not stop with that. The beard draws many things after it. Only fancy thy figure, with its crisp beard, and the three-cornered peaked hat on thy head, like a Jew—thy powdered pate, with a rat's-tail in the neck—and thy French frock, with skirts that stick out behind, like a swallow's tail! Away with the nonsense! Clothe thyself modestly, becomingly, warmly, comfortably, in good taste, so as to please the eye, but not to distort the sublime form of man. Banish all superfluity. For what is superfluous is unreasonable, and what is unreasonable is against nature."

As we continued our dispute on this point, the Baroness sent

a servant to call us to dinner. I followed Oliver silently, with my head full of thoughts which I did not dare to utter. In the whole course of my life, it had never happened to me to hear so philosophical a fool. I was hardly prepared to make a reply to his remarks on European habiliments; for what he said seemed to be right. The old saying is not without meaning, that "Fools and children often speak truth."

THE FEAST.

In consequence of Olivier's liking for the old Romans and the Homeric Greeks I was troubled, on my return to the castle, as to his dinner. For to infer from his cap, beard, and appearance, in other respects, I could hardly do otherwise than expect a deportment at table which would be highly uncomfortable to me—that I should at least be obliged to take my soup either stretched out in the Roman fashion upon couches, or tailor-wise, and in good Oriental fashion, with my legs crossed under each other.

The amiable Baroness met us and conducted us into the dining room. My anxiety was removed as soon as I caught sight of European tables and chairs. The guests soon arrived; they were the maid, the servant, and the secretary of the Baron. An active young chambermaid remained without a seat, and waited as a Hebe, at the feasts of the Patriarchs. The Baron, before we sat down, briefly said grace. Then began the work of mastication. The food was excellently prepared, but in a simple style. I remarked that, except the wine, all the dainties were products of their own soil or of the neighboring sea; and all the foreign spices were wanting, even pepper, in the place of which there were salt, cummin and fennel.

The conversation was quiet, but sociable, and related chiefly to rural affairs, and the events of the immediate neighborhood. The people behaved themselves, in the presence of their master, neither bashfully nor immodestly, but with great circumspection. I felt myself among these good-looking and bearded men, with their brotherly and respectful *thou*, I must say it somewhat odd and ludicrous, and I sat there, with my powdered head, stiff pig-tail, French frock and smooth chin—there, in the midst of Europe—as if in a strange world. It pleased me, that as different as I was from them, and as often as between the *thous*, especially when speaking with the Baroness, I slipped in a *You*, no one burst into a laugh.

After a half-hour the servants left us, and we then protracted the feast, and under the influence of the old golden Rhine wine, grew unreserved in conversation.

"I perceive," said the Baroness gaily, while she placed before me a choice bit of pastry, "that in Flyeln, thou missest the Hamburg or Berlin cooking."

"And I perceive, my amiable friend, that an eulogium—so much deserved—of Flyeln cooking, is due from me, which I can give, to the disadvantage of Berlin and Hamburg kitchens, without being obliged to indulge any flattery. No, I have learned for the first time in my life, how luxurious a feast can be dished up from our own domestic products, and how easily we may dispense with the Molluccas."

"Add to that, friend Norbert," said Olivier, "and with the Molluccas, the torture of the brain, and those foreign vices which spring from irritated or exhausted nerves in a sickly body."

"Without healthy flesh and blood,
Neither mind nor heart are good."

"The most of Europeans are at this day self-murderers—murderers of soul and of body—by means of cookery. What your Rousseaus and Pestalozzis correct, ye destroy again with coffee, tea, pepper, nutmegs and cinnamon. Live simply, live naturally, and two-thirds of your preachments, books of morals, houses of correction, and apothecaries, might be spared."

"I grant it," said I, "but that was long since settled; yet—"

"Well then," cried he, "even in that consists the irredeemable foolishness of the Europeans. They know the better way

and avoid it; they abominate the worse and pursue it. They poison their meats and drinks with expensive poisons, and keep doctors and apothecaries to restore them to health, in order to renew the poisoning. They foster a premature ripeness in their young men and maidens, and afterwards mourn inconsolably over their ungovernable impulses. They incite, by means of laws and rewards, to the corruption of manners, and then punish it with the gibbet and sword. Are they not altogether like idiots?"

"But dear Olivier, that has been so from the earliest times!"

"Yes, Norbert, from the earliest times—that is, as soon and as often as men passed a single step from Nature towards barbarism. But we should be warned by the sufferings of our ancestors, to be not only as wise, but more wise than they. Otherwise, of what use is knowledge? Him I regard as the wisest man, who, to the innocence and purity of a child of Nature, joins the manifold knowledge and endowments of the age. Dost thou concede this?"

"Why should I not?"

"Well, thou dost grant this; yet thou makest not even a beginning of improvement in thy house and inward state."

"That is still possible under certain circumstances. Meanwhile, let me tell thee, Olivier, that we, artificial men, as well as the more simple men of Nature, are bound by the hard-to-be broken bands of custom. Our fictitious being becomes itself a kind of Nature, which cannot suddenly be laid aside with impunity."

"Formerly I thought the same, Norbert. I have been persuaded to the contrary by experience. It costs only a single grievous moment—a strong heart; the first struggle against the frenzy of mankind will break through all to happiness and quiet. I hesitated long: I contended long in vain. A mere accident decided me; yes, it decided my own fortune and the fortune of my chosen friends."

"And that accident, tell it me quickly," said I, for I was curious to learn what had worked so powerfully upon the determination and understanding of my friend, as to draw him over to such odd caprices, and such a fanciful life and conduct.

He arose and left us.

"Not so, friend Norbert," said the Baroness, while she looked at me silently for some time; and there lay in the soft smile of her eyes a question that went to my heart, "Thou feelest pity for my husband?"

"Only for the unfortunate, and not for the happy do we feel pity," answered I with an evasion.

"Doubtless thou knowest that he is abandoned by his relatives, scorned by his acquaintances, and regarded by all the world as a crazy man."

"My sweet friend, subtracting from his code somewhat that appears a little extravagant to me, which with more prudent circumspection might be avoided, in order not to give offence—subtracting this, I find nothing in Olivier which is worth condemnation or disdain. Indeed I know much too little of him."

"Dear friend," she continued, "and dost thou not regard public opinion?"

"Not at least so far as it concerns Olivier," replied I, "for I know how public opinion of Jerusalem once condemned the Innocent One to the cross: and that public opinion calls the destroyers of the people Great; that it holds wisdom as foolishness; and adorns the high priests of folly and wickedness with the surnames of Most Holy."

"I rejoice," said the Baroness with animation, "that thou hast won the love of Olivier; thou art a noble man, worthy of his friendship. Believe me, Olivier is an angel, and yet they thrust him out of human society, as a criminal or a bedlamite."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIBERTY HYMN.

BY J. G. FORMAN.

Sung at the Universalist Reform Association, Boston.

Joy to all lands possessing
 Light from the Source above;
 That share the gracious blessing
 Of Gospel truth and love.
 Joy that the world is waking
 From its lethargic sleep,
 And signs of good are breaking
 Across the mighty deep.

The rule of iron ages,
 Of carnal power and might,
 Of Kings and worldly sages,
 Is yielding to the Right.
 Far o'er the heaving ocean,
 Across the bounding sea,
 We hear the glad commotion
 Of Truth and Liberty.

While the good news doth cheer us,
 O, let us not forget
 The sighing millions near us,
 In cruel bondage yet.

The power of truth awaking
 Hearts that are true and brave,
 Shall yet succeed in breaking
 The fetters of the slave.

While every heart rejoices,
 The cheerful-song we'll raise,
 And glad and cheerful voices
 Shall hymn our Maker's praise.
 The prayer of Faith ascending,
 Shall fill our hearts with love,
 And mercies, richly blending,
 Flow from the Fount above.

THE MASTER OF US ALL.

THAT beautiful incident of "the master of us all," which occurred while the angry populace of Paris were unhousing royalty in the palace of the Tuilleries, was the best contradiction that could be offered to the charge of infidelity, or want of religious sentiment, against the French people. The captors of the Tuilleries were sun-burnt, toil-hardened men, excited almost to phrenzy by a triumph which warmed the remembrance of the many wrongs they had borne, and in the heat of their success, they fell upon the splendid decorations of the king-abandoned palace, the throne, furniture, pictures and statuary, dashing them in one expiating pyre.

In the very midst of this scene, while bayonets were flashing and fierce oaths uttering against royalty, a dust-begrimmed artisan cried out from a corner of the throne-room, "brothers! make way, this is the master of us all." On the shoulder of that artisan was borne an image of Christ—the infuriated mob saw and acknowledged it. The fierce men who, an instant before, were swaying in their work of ruin like a chafing tide, paused, fell on their knees, and with uncovered heads, and mute lips, watched the image as it passed. Not an eye was tearless in all that vast throng, and as the artisan with his image went out from the palace, the crowd in the street bowed their uncovered heads, repeating, "this is the master of us all."

How deep was the religious sentiment that could in an instant be called up at the sight of a dumb statue, to quell the fierce passions of such a mass. Well has it been said, that "if in a former revolution France denied a God, in her last revolution she found and acknowledged a Christ."

[N. Y. SUN.]

TRIFLES.

How many thousand things in this world have been embalmed in history, which philosophers account as silly; economists, as a waste of means; utilitarians, as useless, if not worse; moralists as wicked; and everybody regards with some sort of animadversion. The ice palace of the Russian emperor; the French bastille; the Mormon temple at Nauvoo; American slavery, &c., for instance.

But be it not mine to regret the folly or crime of man; but warning out of each fact of history, and every passing event, a lesson which shall more than pay principal and compound interest, for its original cost.

Let all follies and errors suggest to me their opposite wisdom; all vices impel me to their counter-virtues; all meannesses and depravity incite me to heroic nobleness and aspiring goodness. Let my life be the alembic, or cupel in which all these base metals shall be transmuted to silver and gold.

The foulest swamp may be drained and cultivated, so as to become the richest soil for the agriculturist and floriculturist.

[CHARLES WORTH.]

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