

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.

REVELATIONS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM.

[Introductory to a record of what was shown to a young man in a trance.]

THIS is an age of Infidelity. This startling fact is certified by the whole body of preachers and religious editors throughout the land. Multitudes of thinking men have lost all confidence in the religious institutions, ordinances, creeds, and ceremonies of modern Christianity. These things are no longer treated with the respect of former years. Even the sacred secrets of the pulpit are invaded by curious eyes, and the clergy are familiarly approached, and unsparingly criticised, like any other class of men. The progress of science and knowledge has made men daring, and they presume to speculate upon those awful mysteries which have effectually been hidden from ages and generations, of the common people. Miracles and Inspiration do not escape the profane scrutiny of Philosophy. It is even proclaimed publicly, and without fear, that all that has been done may be done again—that the very highest gifts and graces ever possessed or claimed by mortals, may be enjoyed now, in even greater fullness and freedom. Some of the most profound thinkers of this age insist that in accordance with the great law of progress, which bears equally on the human race as on every other department of the Universe, it is to be expected that spiritual illumination shall keep pace with intellectual light and knowledge.

Now two questions present themselves. First, wherein consists the Infidelity of which we speak? It is not Infidelity as to the true, the good, the right; for after these, multitudes are seeking with increased earnestness and hope of attainment. But it is Infidelity as to the corrupt, debasing, superstitious, bigoted Churchianity, which in every country and every sect, has usurped the place of Divine truth and pure humanity. Men are seen turning away in crowds with unspeakable disgust from the ridiculous fooleries of man worship, and asking with great earnestness after the way of life.

Of course, this defection from the ranks of the "Sacramental host of God elect," as the Churches style themselves, calls forth from them the strongest expressions of horror and alarm. But Protestant as well as Papal thunder is fast losing its terrors, and men are beginning to understand that they have certain "inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Freedom of conscience, and of speech, are boldly claimed as among the birthrights of man. The Infidelity so much denounced, actually indicates a spirit of inquiry and range of investigation, that will most assuredly lead to glorious discoveries and rich enjoyment of truth, whatever incidental errors or evils may mark their progress.

2d, Why should not the Inspiration of ancient days return to us? Not only the Bible, but all profane History, shows that in former times men claimed and enjoyed familiar intercourse with

the spirits of the unseen world. "Prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men spake as they were moved of the Holy Ghost." No doubt much traditional error and misrepresentation has been mingled with the truths thus learned and taught; but still all scripture given by inspiration, is profitable. The Bible nowhere teaches that Divine Influx of Inspiration was to be confined to ancient times. On the contrary, Peter quotes and applies in part to his own times, the ancient prophecy of Joel. "It shall come to pass in the last days, I will pour out of my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophecy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." There is nothing in the circumstances of Peter's times to show that the power of prophecy was exhausted then—while many things in modern times seem to teach that Christ's still more wonderful prediction is about to be fulfilled. "Hereafter ye shall see heaven open and the angels of God ascending and descending on the Son of Man." In every age since the apostles' days, devout men and women have claimed communion with the spirit world, and scarcely a century has passed since Europe was startled by the wonderful disclosures and superhuman powers of Emmanuel Swedenborg. Notwithstanding the mortifying fact that a Prophet hath no honor in his own country, and among his own people, and Swedenborg was not an exception to this remark, yet of late years, the revelations of this gifted seer have steadily gained ground, and are rapidly acquiring a hold upon the public confidence. The no less astounding revelations of Nature, as shown in the wonderful Book dictated by A. J. Davis in the city of New York, have contributed powerfully to fix the attention of thinking men upon Swedenborg's revelations, as well as to excite expectation of still further discoveries in the same great field of truth.

Measmerism—as it is nick-named, or spiritual science, as it should more properly be called—has for years been placing before the public a series of facts of the most surprising character and eminent utility, and these facts are at length beginning to be admitted and respected. It would be difficult at present, perhaps ever, to set bounds to the discoveries which may be made through clairvoyance, when carried to the highest degrees of which it is capable. We may at least congratulate ourselves that the way is being opened for a full and free investigation of man's higher nature and immortal destiny. It is not necessary to disparage or despise the truths revealed on these subjects in the Bible, while we may safely claim that the Revelations of that Book, do not by any means exhaust these subjects.

In the mean time some straggling rays of light come to us through individuals, whose external claims to our notice or confidence the world may slightly regard. It was always so indeed. The ancient Prophets, now so profoundly venerated, were in their own day lightly esteemed. They were for the most part very plain, unpretending men, and it is surprising with what easy credulity their claims are now admitted, while their successors possessing equal claims, and revealing truths even more important, are denounced as lying imposters.

But two thousand years make a great difference in such matters, and the sanction of long usage, and the example of one's an-

ORPHIC TRUTHS.

EXTRACT FROM A MANUSCRIPT WORK, ENTITLED "MICRO-URANOS,
OR THE LITTLE HEAVEN."

[ORIGINAL.]

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

MAN is a compound being of soul and body. His body is a vitalized unit, resulting from the aggregation of its manifold parts, which is the expression, or manifestation, of the relations which the soul sustains to Nature, to Man, and to God. The power of this expression, or manifestation, is precisely in proportion to the vitality of the Organic and Animal Man, resulting from the reciprocal vital action of each part. The organs of Animal Life connect him with the External World. The organs of Organic Life assimilate the nutritive edibles of the world, by the vitality inherent in each organ, in his body, or aggregate unitary whole. This compound nature in unity constitutes the normal evolution of his individual life in Time. His first transmutation takes place at birth; the last, at death. But, from his birth to his death, there is a manifest difference in the capacity of these two lives, (the Organic and the Animal,) to manifest themselves in the normal state, which connects him with Nature, with Man, and with God. It is the most perfect in his Manhood.

Now, in passing from his infancy to his old age, he is not only, through his Organic and Animal Life, a *Numeral*, but a *Functional Man*—that is, he is a *Número-Functional being*—because, as I have before said, he is an unit of an aggregation of organs all at work, within themselves, to build themselves up into the Perfect Man. When they are all healthy, and perform their various offices uninterruptedly, (and in the time prescribed by the Diet) they maintain themselves, and Man, through them, in a normal condition. They not only maintain the Organic and Animal Life in a healthy condition, but they enable these two Lives to manifest the innate desires and aspirations of the soul in a normal manner. As long as this is the case, there is a synchronico-musical relation kept up between them, which evinces itself in the harmonious relations which subsist between the soul, (which presides over them) and the external world. The expression of vital relation between the various organs of the body, (which is the innate language of the pure life,) is rhythmical. Man is a triological unity—he is made up out of soul, body and spirit. This *tripartite* nature of his being was fully recognized by St. Paul. Now, it is plain that whenever any discord takes place in the melodious relations which subsist between these organs during their normal functional action, which constitutes the unity of the two Lives, (the Organic and the Animal,) a corresponding abnormal action *must* exist in the soul—as it is *only* through a healthy body that the soul can be *truly* manifested. It is in this state that the *true* Physician can see the necessity in Nature of a Medical Botany, which shall so correspond with his abnormal condition, as by a *SCIENTIFIC COMBINATION*, will restore it back to its primitive normal condition again. Then will the soul be manifested in its true nature as before. It is by the functional inequality of all the organs of Organic and Animal Life, that the Harmony of the unitary Man is made up. It is by maintaining this perfect state that he can act out the will of God upon the earth—or, in other words, live out the pure *excellent* life.

Now, it is worthy of remark, that the progressive increase in functional perfection of all these organs of Organic and Animal Life, down to their decrease and dissolution, is typed in the menstrual changes which takes place in the pale-faced satellite of the Earth—the Moon. Thus, Man has his beginning or transition of being in time, at birth, which corresponds with the first phase of the Moon; his period of increase from infancy to youth, which corresponds with her apogee, or full, his period of decrease in old age, which corresponds with her change from her

apogee back to New Moon again; and his end, or euthanasia—metamorphosis, called death, which corresponds with her return upon herself back into New Moon again, in an everlasting round of changing, (still remaining the same sweet Moon, as Man the same being,) forever typing, through all time, his progression and declension. Thus, Man becomes hierarchialized among his peers in Time.

Man's nature is also typed by the Morning, Noon, and Evening of the day. The Morning answers to his youth; the high Noon, (which is the luminous apogee,) to his Manhood; and the Evening, to his decline. So, the various seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. The reason of this is, because there is a definite relation subsisting between the body of Man, (which is the image of the Body of Heaven,) and the *Sacred Numbers* of the Sun and Moon,—the heavenly "*Signs, and Times, and Days, and Years*" of the "*Father of the Ages*." Read what the prophetic scriptures of the inspired Daniel say of the astronomical cycles. The "*time, times, and the dividing of time*" make *forty-two prophetic Moons*, or 1260 days or years. God created the world in *six days*. A thousand years to Him are as one day. The sun-clad woman of the apocalypse, who was pregnant with the *Divine promise* of the ever-blessed Messiah, trod, in her travail, through the tardy ages, up to her consummated glory in the Heavens, with the "*Moon beneath her feet*."

Thus the Moon was made her minister during the long lapse of ages in which the unborn "*desire of the Nations*," reposed in her bosom. But when his final transmutation takes place in his ULTIMATE STATE, his soul, in harmony with the *Universal Soul*, shall enjoy an eternal youth, above sickness, in the Paradise of God. He shall there undergo no more transmutations, nor be liable to those diseases which are incident to a life susceptible of change in time. This is the difference between the Present and the ULTIMATE STATE of Man. The formula of his life consists in an eternal aspiration, or ceaseless desire, to assimilate itself to the *Infinite source* of all things. As subterrestrial radii in all their manifold ramifications, are the types of the capillary arborescence above; so is the Organic Life of Man the rudimental correspondence of the sensitive and affective life-tree, which has its roots anchored deep down within the soul.

It is, therefore, obvious that Plato and Pythagoras were both right in supposing that Man was a *Diapason*, made up out of a diatesseron, or soul, and a diapente, or body. He is a *Micro-Uranian* harmony, made up out of all the micro-cosmic harmonies—a harp of a thousand strings, which, when stricken by the hands of the angels, make such music as doth "*please the ear of God*." Christ was a living *Lyre of God*—a luminous *Diapason*—whose epiphany-harmony was consummated at his glorification, when he became the immortal Sun of Melody whose golden radiance now fills the world with the *Divine day of Song*. When he arose from earth he trod with light-ensandaled feet upon the lucid diapason of the stars, in melody to Heaven.

THE great leading distinctions between writing and speaking is that more time is allowed for the one than the other; hence, different faculties are required for, and different objects obtained by each. He is probably the best speaker who can collect together the greatest number of apposite ideas at a moment's warning; he is probably the best writer who can give utterance to the greatest quality of valuable knowledge in the whole course of his life.

A TRUE laborer earns that he eats, gets that he wears, owes no man hate, envies no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content under his own privations; and his chief pride is in the modest comfort of his own condition.

WHAT a stimulent kindness is to the most stubborn or dull disposition.

Selections.

STUDY A CHILD'S CAPACITIES.

If some are naturally dull, and yet strive to do well, notice the effort, and do not censure their dullness. A teacher might as well scold a child for being near-sighted, as for being naturally dull. Some children have a great verbal memory, others are quite the reverse. Some minds develop early, others late. Some have great powers of acquiring, others of originating. Some may appear stupid, because their true spring of character has never been touched. The dunce of a school, may turn out in the end the living, progressive, wonder-working genius of the age. In order to exert the best spiritual influence, we must understand the spirit upon which we wish to exert that influence. For with the human mind, we must work with nature, and not against it. Like the leaf of the nettle, if touched one way, it stings like a wasp; if the other, it is softer than satin. If we would do justice to the human mind, we must find its peculiar characteristics, and adapt ourselves to individual wants. In conversation on this point with a friend who is now the principal in one of our best grammar schools, and to whose instruction I look back with delight,—“Your remarks,” said he, “are quite true; let me tell you a little incident which bears upon this point. Last summer, I had a girl who was exceedingly behind in all her studies. She was at the foot of her division, and seemed to care but little about her books. It so happened, that as a relaxation, I let them at times during school hours unite in singing. I noticed that this girl had a remarkably clear, sweet voice;” and I said to her, “Jane, you have a good voice, and you may lead in the singing.” She brightened up, and from that time her mind seemed to be more active. Her lessons were attended to, and she soon gained a high rank. One day as I was going home, I overtook her with a school companion. “Well, Jane,” said I, “you are getting along very well; how happens it, you do so much better now than at the beginning of the quarter?” “I do not know why it is,” she replied. “I know what she told me the other day,” said her companion.

“And what was that?” I asked.

“Why, she said she was encouraged.”

Yes, here we have it—she was encouraged. She felt that she was not dull in everything. She had learned self-respect, and thus she was encouraged.

Some twelve or thirteen years ago, there was in the Franklin school an exceedingly dull boy. One day the teacher, wishing to look out a word, took up the lad's dictionary, and opening it found the blank leaves covered with drawings. He called the boy to him.

“Did you draw these?” said the teacher.

“Yes, sir,” said the boy with a downcast look.

“I don't think it well for boys to draw in their books,” said the teacher; and I would rub these out if I were you; but they are well done. “Did you ever take lessons?”

“No, sir,” said the boy, his eyes sparkling.

“Well, I think you have a talent for this thing; I should like you to draw me something when you are at leisure, at home, and bring it to me. In the meantime, see how well you can recite your lessons.”

The boy felt he was understood. He began to love his teacher. He became animated and fond of his books. He took delight in gratifying his teacher by his faithfulness to his studies; while the teacher took every opportunity to encourage him in his natural desires. The boy became one of the first scholars, and gained the medal before he left school. After this he became an engraver, laid up money enough to go to Europe, studied the works of the old masters, sent home productions from his own pencil, which found a place in some of the best collections of paintings, and is now one of the most promising artists of his

years in the country. After the boy gained the medal, he sent the teacher a beautiful picture as a token of respect; and I doubt not, to this day he feels that that teacher, by the judicious encouragement he gave to the natural turn of his mind, has had a great moral and spiritual effect on his character.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

The effect of exercise, is, by frequent contraction of the fibres, to brace the muscles and render them stronger, and generally to give more strength to the organs.

Nothing evidently can be more suitable to the organization of woman. Her tissues are soft and flexible; exercise renders them more firm and resisting; her fibres are thin and weak; exercise increases their size and strength; they are moistened with oils and juices; exercise diminishes the superabundant humidity.

In regard to strength in general, it may be observed that, in the present state of society, we have less need of it than the people of ancient times. Muscular strength is a kind of superiority no longer in such favor, and the aim of gymnastics is consequently nothing more than to endow the body with all the strength, vigor, and activity, compatible with health, without injury to the development of the intellectual faculties.

The constitution of women, indeed, bears only moderate exercise. Their feeble arms cannot support severe and long continued labor. It renders them meagre, and deforms the organs, by compressing and destroying that cellular substance which contributes to the beauty of their outlines, and of their complexion. The graces accommodate themselves little to labor, perspiration, and sun-burning. We must not, however, conclude from this that females should be kept in a state of continual repose, or that the delicacy of their organization prevents their taking exercise.

It is a fact that labor, even the most excessive, is not so much to be feared as absolute idleness. The state of want which forces some women of the lowest class to perform labors that seem reserved for men, deprives them only of some attractions. Excessive indolence, on the contrary, destroys at once health, and that which women value more than health, though it never can subsist without it, namely, beauty.

The more robust state of health in females brought up in the country, is attributable to the exercise they enjoy. Their movements are active and firm; their appetite is good and their complexion florid; they are alert and gay; they know neither pain nor lassitude, although they are in action without cessation under all kinds of weather. It is exercise which gives them vigor, or health, and happiness—exercise to which they are so frequently subjected, even in youth.

Mothers and teachers, therefore, instead of fearing that their children should fatigue themselves by exertion in active sports, should subject them early to it. They will thus give them more than merely life and instruction; they will confer on them health and strength.—*Lady's Book.*

FRIENDSHIP.—Smooth and cheerful of aspect are the familiarities of daily life, but who can mistake their roving glances for the steadfast, tearful, unfathomable eyes of friendship? There was an everlasting truth in the words of that woman, who, when asked why her love and interest clung so closely, so obstinately, so unceasingly, around one whom the world neglected and who perchance deserved its neglect, said, for all answer, “I have wept with him.” And who questions the eternity of a tie thus cemented? We are joined together as by nails, which pierce while they unite, but which cannot be extracted without shivering the wood they have penetrated.

There are moments when the soul expands, as if it wanted elbow-room in the little house it inhabits; and it is then that a man feels surprised—amazed at his ever having committed a mean or cruel action.

INFLUENCE OF MIND UPON BODY.

THE blighting influence of too premature intellectual education, it would be well for every parent to mark well. The hot-bed system of education, which is too prevalent among us, is a crying evil. There is nothing so injurious to the physical health and vigor, as the forcing prematurely the mind, while the body is in its youth, and weakened by the demand upon its strength for growth and development: it does much towards filling the churchyard with the youthful dead.

Youthful prodigies of learning are too often youthful prodigies of disease. Premature and forced exertions of the mental faculties must always be at the risk of the physical constitution. Parents urged by an ambition for their intellectual progress, are extremely apt to overtask the minds of their offspring, and thus, too often, not only defeat their own aims, but prepare the foundation of bodily infirmity and early decay. Such a course, too, is repugnant to the plainest dictates of nature, to be read in the instinctive propensities of the young, which urge so imperiously to physical action.

"We have frequently seen in early age," observes a French writer on health, "prodigies of memory, and even of erudition, who were, at the age of fifteen or twenty, imbecile, and who have continued so through life. We have seen other children, whose early studies have so enfeebled them, that their miserable career has terminated with the most distressing diseases, at a period at which they should only have commenced their studies."

While excessive mental activity and the yielding to the more powerful passions, are destructive of health and tend to shorten life, the indulgence in the gentler emotions and moderately exciting passions, exerts a most beneficial influence on the physical system, stimulating the languid energies of the body to renewed exertion, greatly exciting the circulation, and giving vigor and tone to all the corporeal powers and functions. Thus hope, moderate joy, the pleasurable sensations which arise from the exercise of the social affections, friendship, gratitude, benevolence, and generosity, the practice of the thousand agreeable courtesies of life, the interchange of friendly sentiment, conversation, and all the refined charms and pleasures of society, serve not only to humanize the mind, but to promote the health and vigor of the body: "To be free-minded," says a great master of the human mind, (Lord Bacon), "and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat, sleep, and exercise, is one of the best precepts of long lasting. As for the passions and studies of the mind, avoid envy, anxious fears, anger, fretting inwards, subtle and knotty inquisitions, joys and exhilarations in excess, sadness not communicated. Entertain hopes, mirth rather than joy, variety of thoughts rather than surfeit of them, wonder and admiration, and therefore novelties, studies that fill the mind with illustrations and splendid objects, as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature." The proverb, "laugh and grow fat," implies a wise philosophical precept. Laughter is a good physical exercise, and exerts a beneficial tendency upon the health. Mirth and cheerfulness of mind exert a tonic influence on the system. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones." The body of the restless and irritable in mind wastes away, while that of the contented and undisturbed, gives evidence, in its fair round proportions, of its thriving and healthful existence. We do not question but that the rates of mortality in different professions and occupations of life, are influenced by the various degrees of mental activity which they may require for their proper exercise. The politician hurries through an excited and turbulent life, while the philosopher, calm and contemplative, enjoys a lengthened existence. The speculating merchant, while he credits himself with the results of his successful ventures, must balance his profits with loss of health and days; his tranquillity of mind leaves him with every

freighted ship, and many a "pound of flesh" is bartered away for money lent; while the agriculturist continues on from year to year in one unvaried routine of existence, sows his seed and reaps his harvest, his mind only clouded by a rainy day, and his feelings never excited beyond the emotion caused by a trespass, and lives his life of threescore years and ten.

Of the influence of mind upon body, which obtains so extensively, it behoves the physician to avail himself in the treatment of disease. He must at times throw aside the pestle and mortar, and avail himself of remedies not acknowledged by the colleges in their Pharmacopœias. As mental causes are so rife in the production of disease, so mental influences are frequently powerful in its cure. Numerous cases of disease have been effected by remedies perfectly powerless in themselves, as far as their direct action upon the body is concerned. When the body is diseased, its operations are more dependant upon, and are placed more within the control of the mind, than in health. The epicure, with a stomach enfeebled by over-labor, and digestion impaired by indulgence, finds his appetite improve, and his capacity for food increase, by attention to style and elegance in the serving of his dishes, while a plain and inelegant simplicity which appeals only to the grossness of a hungry appetite, fails to excite a desire, if it does not produce a positive disgust. In sickness, the delicate fastidiousness of the patient, often interferes with the operation of a nauseous medicine, and frequently great anxiety for a peculiar operation of a remedy prevents its action. In fever, the symptoms increase in intensity by the most ordinary excitement of the mind. Often, the confidence inspired by the gold-headed cane and wise Burleigh nod of the physician, exerts a more excellent influence than the most efficacious of remedies. When the body is weakened by disease, and the powers of life almost stilled, a sudden arousing of the mind will give renewed vigor to the wasted frame, cause the blood to course more freely through the veins, and bestow the physical energy of health upon a system suffering previously from the debility of disease.

Haller quotes a case of gout cured by a fit of anger. The severest tooth-ache not unfrequently departs, upon the approach of a dentist armed with a formidable wrench. The most whimsical remedies have proved efficacious in cramp; and many other diseases have been unable to resist a necklace of toads, rings of coffin nails, and such epicurean niceties as gladiator's blood, raw liver, and vultures' brains. Intermittent fevers have been cured by the swallowing of live spiders, of the snuff of the candle, and by charms of various contrivance. We doubt whether such remedies would prove equally efficacious at the present day; but assuredly, human nature is not so far changed, as to be insensible of the same mental effects as those to which such cures are traceable.

ENIGMA.—Nine-tenths of the miseries and vices of mankind proceed from indolence and idleness. Persons who have naturally active minds,—whose 'quick thoughts like lightning are alive,' are most perniciously affected by the evils of sloth. The favored sons of genius, endowed with great original powers, were not made for repose; indolence will quickly 'freeze the genial current of the soul,' and if left idle long, they perish from inaction, like a cipher corroded and destroyed by rust. But the active occupation of the faculties is a safeguard against three great evils, vice, penury, and desponding gloom. Says Colton, "Ennui has made more gamblers than avarice, more drunkards than thirst, and more suicides than despair." If we would be both useful and happy, we must keep ourselves industriously and virtuously employed. Old Dumbiedikes was wise in charging his son to 'be eye sticking in a tree when he had naething else to do.' Count de Caylus, a French nobleman, being born to wealth and princely idleness, turned his attention to engraving and made many fine copies of antique gems. One of the nobility demanded from him a reason for this procedure: 'I engrave, that I may not hang myself.'

Psychological Department.

A SPIRITUAL WARNING.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCOELUM.

THE readers of the *Univercoelum* may perhaps find the following unvarnished recital interesting. Its accuracy I can pledge my word for, as the facts I have had an opportunity of personally investigating, and of their truth I am convinced, though I take the liberty of changing the names of the parties introduced, and abstain from giving my own, merely premising that the truth of what I am about to write can be guaranteed by those whose position and public character are such as would stamp the fidelity of the statement and silence every doubt.

The scene of the tale I am about relating is laid in the town of Chester, in England, and the date is about twenty-two years ago.

An English clergyman recently married, went with his bride to spend a few weeks in the quaint old Town above alluded to, and whilst there was joined by an old college friend, whom we will call Mr. Allen—the clergyman's name being Palmer. After Mr. Allen had been with them some little time, occupying lodgings in a house immediately opposite to that in which Mr. and Mrs. Palmer were also lodging, one summer evening just as twilight was deepening into night, he and his two friends were returning into town from a long country ramble, and walked up the long street leading to their homes, and on that side on which Mr. Palmer's house stood.

On the opposite side of the road, Mrs. Palmer suddenly espied a person walking just abreast of themselves, bearing so remarkable a resemblance to Mr. Allen, that she exclaimed and drew their attention to it. Her husband immediately saw him, and was also struck with the singular *fac simile* the stranger's appearance presented to that of their friend;—but singular to say Mr. Allen, though repeatedly asked, insisted that he saw no such being, and the more his friends rallied him, (they thinking he was joking or unwilling to admit resemblance,) the more earnest he became in his denial of the presence of such a person as the one referred to.

In time they reached home, the opposite person still walking as they walked. When at the door the party paused, and to the amazement of Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, (Mr. Allen still persisting there was no one there,) the stranger paused at the opposite house in which were Mr. Allen's lodgings, and rang the bell. The door was speedily opened by the landlady. It closed, and then a light was seen passing by the staircase window, which also fronted to the street. Singular to say, Mr. Allen saw the opening of the door, the landlady, the passing of the light, but persisted in denying that he saw any person such as was spoken of by the others.

For the first time a conviction came over Mrs. Palmer that this was some phantom or being of another world, charged with some mission of interest to the one he so wonderfully resembled, and in this view entreated and finally persuaded Mr. Allen not to return to his own lodgings that night, but to remain with them until morning: nor would she allow him or her husband to cross over and enquire, as they wished to do, what the meaning of it all might be. As she became very much agitated, and at length hysterical, and as her husband was himself impressed with a feeling that something more than mere alarm was working within her, in a short time Mr. Allen determined upon accepting the invitation; and after a prolonged conversation on the singular occurrence of the evening, they retired, Mr. Allen sleeping in a room prepared for him there.

Early in the morning he arose determining to go over to his rooms and ascertain the result, and have a laugh against Mrs.

Palmer and her fears. On reaching the hall door he found Mr. Palmer just starting on the same errand, and the two accordingly crossed the way and entered the opposite house.

The landlady had just begun to open the shutters, and her first exclamation was, "Why, Mr. Allen, how did you get out of the house so early this morning without my seeing you?"—thus plainly showing she had no idea but that the one she had admitted into the house the preceding evening was Mr. Allen himself.

They ran up stairs without any reply or inquiry, and reached the door of the room.

At first it would not open, something seeming to resist from the inside; but after after a few efforts, it burst open, and they both entered the room. For a few moments a cloud of dust obscured the sight, but soon they distinguished the candle on the table properly extinguished, and the bedstead and bedding *one unshapen and crushed mass*. An immense oaken beam in the old fashioned ceiling immediately over the head of the bed, had fallen from its place, crushing the bed, &c., into a perfect mass of splinters—the ceiling being very high, and the beam of immense weight. *Had the occupant of the bed been there, nothing would have saved him from instant death.*

The landlady, who slept in a remote part of the house, was not disturbed by the noise. The three other parties concerned, were all six years ago, living. I heard the story from the lips of the clergyman himself, who is a rector of a large living in the neighborhood of London; and for the truth of all this I can vouch, as the most rigid inquiries have been instituted concerning this remarkable and apparently whimsical interposition of supernatural guardianship.

I have often theorized upon the probable cause of the watchfulness of the soul taking so strange a shape, and I have invariably found matter for much interesting speculation. The fact of Mr. Allen seeing the material things, as the opening of the door, the landlady, the passing light, and yet not seeing the spiritual being that seemed so material to his companions, is I believe, unprecedented, and is very interesting, and would go to prove, I think, the existence of some division of inner nature that I have not often heard dwelt upon.

However, such are the facts, and if the readers of the *Univercoelum* will think upon them, and make any suggestions founded upon the principle seemingly involved, I for one will read them with great interest.

MARVELOUS COINCIDENCES.

ONE of those remarkable cases of presentment, or "second sight," that have occurred at intervals to the confusion of all human speculation in every age of the world, has just been brought to our knowledge in this city. The daughter of a highly respectable family, a child of some twelve years, who has been ill of fever for some days, told her parents in a paroxysm of delirium on Monday evening, that her brother, who was on board the packet ship *Devonshire*, coming from London, was then within twenty miles of home, and had with him sundry presents for them, specifying among other things, five books with red covers, gilt edges, &c. The vessel arrived the next morning, and the return of the brother with the specified presents verified the truth of her marvelous impression. When the brother entered her chamber she recognized him at once, and on the instant interrogated him concerning the presents which she said she had dreamed of; when he confirmed her prediction in every particular. She then immediately relapsed into delirium.—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

Woe to that church which looks round for forms to wake it up to spiritual life. The dying man is not to be revived by a new dress, however graceful.—*Channing.*

THE UNIVERCELUM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

EDITED BY AN ASSOCIATION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1849.

SPIRITUALITY AND REFORM.

A SUPERFICIAL reader of our paper would not perhaps readily discover the connection between the anthropological and spiritual theories and facts which it constantly labors to set forth, and the reform and harmonious organization of society which is also so frequently urged in its columns. A few remarks explanatory of this connection, therefore, appear to be called for, to the end that our course and general objects may hereafter be, if they have not heretofore been, understood and appreciated by all readers of our journal.

It will be acknowledged at once by all persons of ordinary reflection, that the mind, or spiritual nature, exercises constant control over the outer movements of the body. It is the mind, then, or the spiritual organization of which mind is a manifestation, that is the primary source of all outer action; and according to the established laws of causation, the outer action must always precisely *correspond* to what was elementarily involved in that peculiar condition of the mind, or the internal affections, in which the prompting to the act originated. Those who are characterized by gross interior affections or imperfect mental developments, will as to their general course of life, invariably exhibit outer actions correspondingly gross and imperfect; while the contrary course of action may always be expected of those of high toned interior development. These ideas are so self-evident, and the facts establishing them are so universally observed, as to need no illustration.

As, then, the mind or spiritual nature is the source of all physical action, an understanding relative to the nature, properties, and laws, of that great source of impulse, is certainly necessary to a proper guidance and regulation of those impulses to which all outer acts must necessarily correspond. And the more one is informed relative to his own interior nature, and the more his affections are placed upon things specially relating thereunto, the more elevated and refined, as we may naturally suppose, will be the whole course of his outer life. Man needs that knowledge of his spiritual existence that will impress him with an adequate sense of its unspeakable dignity and value, and of the eternal consequences which are involved in its due development and its proper action upon the outer. This knowledge will at once make him superior to every thing gross and groveling; and scorning those mere evanescent and sensuous gratifications which necessarily infringe either upon some element of his own nature, or upon the rights and interests of his fellow man, and thus produce inharmony and suffering, he acts with that dignity, moderation, and lofty aim, which are becoming to a citizen of the vast Universe, whose companions are the angels, whose Father is the all pervading Spirit, and whose brethren are universal humanity. Such will naturally be the case with those in whom a true spirituality is unfolded to the highest possible extent; and with the less developed it will be proportionately so. As the element in man which aspires to a communion with heaven and with all its high and holy beings, is incomparably the most lofty and Godlike of all the elements of his nature, so it acts as a guardian angel to all the other elements, constantly directing and stimulating them to high and holy manifestations.

It may moreover be remarked that one spiritually developed to any very high extent, will not be inclined to *superficial* views relative to existing evils, either in personal character or social conditions. The principle that the "real reality" is the interior

and invisible, of the truth of which his own internal discipline has rendered him deeply conscious, is by him always applied in the judgment of human character, and in the estimation of false conditions existing in the world. Consequently he never grows harsh or sensorious on merely beholding outer manifestations of evil. He always looks at the actual interior *causes* of the evil, over which *individuals* have no absolute control, and directs his efforts to the removal of those causes, rather than resorting to superficial palliatives and irritating denunciations.

And here we may incidentally suggest to some professed reformers, that a little higher degree of spirituality—a little more knowledge of the invisible causes and principles which have produced and which govern existing evils, would save them from much personal denunciation against the prominent actors in the evils which they deplore. For instance we recently read an editorial in one of our exchanges, in which the writer in general terms denounced the rapacity of landlords, and the extortions which they practise upon their tenants. It occurred to us that he might have been much better employed in denouncing the general system of things which divides mankind into landlords and tenants, and advocating those social changes which will secure to the latter the possession of their own habitations, than to indulge in hard sayings against a class of individuals who exist as a necessary part of the present social organism, and who, considering all their temptations to extortion, *can not be expected* to be universally free from that sin. It is in the *system*, and not in the *individual acts*, that the great evil lies; and despite of all palliatives and personal denunciations, the evil will *necessarily* continue until the whole system is changed. Similar remarks may be made relative to the present oppressions of the laborer by the capitalist; the extortions of money lenders; the tyranny of slaveholders, and indeed all the existing evils by which society is at present afflicted. The evils themselves, we repeat, lie in the *systems*, and not in the *individuals* who merely give outer expression to the internal principles which the systems involve, and of which individuals there necessarily will be some in the imperfect stage of growth to which the Race at present has attained. And could one fully appreciate all these insidious causes which have from the very birth of these individuals been in operation to place them in the tyrannizing situations which they now occupy, he would be prepared to speak of them in tones of moderation and charity, and direct his whole efforts to the demolition of the *causes* which so long as they exist must inevitably produce results similar to what he deplores. A high toned spirituality and its necessary concomitants, would always direct reformers aright in their proceedings relative to these evils.

By the aspirations of a high toned spirituality, moreover, one is brought into communion with the celestial harmonies of the higher world, and thus is enabled to labor intelligently for the establishment of a heaven upon earth. And having that universe of peace, and harmony, and thought, in his own soul, which he prizes unspeakably above all earthly things, and of which nothing earthly can deprive him, he has courage and strength to meet all the earthly privations and sacrifices incident to the most unreserved devotion to the cause of truth and philanthropy. Such are the tendencies of the true spirituality based upon Reason and Nature. Of the so-called spirituality taught in many of the churches, which is mostly based upon a blind belief in that which no one pretends to reconcile with rational principles, and which hence engenders little more than superstition and intolerant feelings in the human soul, we have nothing at present to say.

We have spoken of an elevated spirituality as governing the perceptions of *individuals*, and directing all their actions in respect to themselves and mankind at large. But society is composed of individuals, and when fully organized is, in principle, *one man*. Consequently, without an elevated spirituality, society is wanting in one of its highest and most practical elements.

the same as is the individual man—an element, indeed, which must govern all others before true harmony and happiness can exist to the full extent. Without this, the aspirations of men will be sensual, and their measures for mutual good superficial, and too deeply tinged with selfishness. But diffuse through society that lofty spirituality which will bring mankind sensibly in connection with heaven, and the very principles of heaven will thrill through the whole social body as by *sympathy*; and there will be one unanimous and co-operative effort to conform the government of earth, to the model of the government or kingdom of heaven.

It is in view of these considerations, together with others which might be mentioned, that we would put forth our first and best efforts to diffuse in the world a knowledge of the interior nature and capacities of man, and of that high destiny of the soul, the very contemplation of which dignifies and purifies all its present affections and aspirations. But in laboring for this end, we would offer *facts* and *natural principles* which the soul itself may internally digest and incorporate with its rational powers; and hence the *psychological* character which we have given to our journal, and which we intend that it shall hereafter sustain. And by introducing plain facts and principles which every one may investigate for himself, instead of arbitrarily appealing to antiquated authorities, we rejoice to know that many who before were skeptical as to a spiritual and immortal existence, have been brought to rejoice in the rational belief of the endless perpetuity and progression of the human soul: and these with one accord are now inquiring, "What shall we do in order to successfully begin our heaven here on earth?"

We are earnest in the advocacy of general reform and reorganization in society, because such is the natural counterpart and outer expression of the interior and spiritual principles which we are endeavoring to set forth. It is the body of which our psychological philosophy is the soul; and it is in accordance with all true philosophy that the soul and body must each be healthy and well developed, and also must co-operate in harmony, in order to the advantageous manifestation of either. By harmonizing the individual life and actions, and also harmonizing all outer relations in society, interior harmony and spirituality will be greatly promoted. This, again, reacting on outer things, will produce in them a corresponding improvement; and by these perpetual and mutual reactions, the course of endless progression in individual man and society, will be greatly accelerated.

In the light of the foregoing remarks we trust that the connection between an elevated spirituality, and universal outer reform, in individuals and society, will be distinctly perceived; and those who fully comprehend us will see the propriety of always dealing with the causes of existing evils, rather than denouncing and superficially laboring to destroy their mere outer effects.

W. F.

THE LAW OF SYMPATHY.

DR. SNEW, the apostle of Hydropathy in America, has recently produced a very readable pamphlet of ninety-eight pages, on the "causes, prevention, and cure of CHOLERA"—a copy of which we have just received from the publishers, Fowlers & Wells. Without for the present attempting to decide upon the merits of the peculiar theory of Dr. Shew and his class of practitioners, farther than to express our belief that it contains much important truth, we would lay before our readers the following extract from the pamphlet before us, showing the influence of *sympathy* in producing disease. Our readers may therein find an illustration of a principle whose effects are manifest in an almost infinite variety of ways, not only on the physical but spiritual constitution of man. The extract affords additional illustrations of the truth of views presented in our articles entitled "DEGRADING INFLUENCE," and "ELEVATING INFLUENCES," pub-

lished in the fourteenth and fifteenth members of our current volume. An important hint is thereby afforded as to the absolute necessity of some concerted efforts of society to establish those outer conditions, and scenes, and circumstances, that by this same law of sympathy will universally react healthily upon the minds and bodies of men, and thus preserve them from all social, moral and religious, as well as bodily disease. The extract follows:

W. F.

"What may be called sympathy in the human constitution, should throw light on the causes of cholera and other epidemic diseases. At the venerable old Cathedral of Notre Dame, in Paris, it was found necessary to allow no person to go upon its towers alone. Every one must have a companion, because it became generally understood, that nervous people were very apt to throw themselves off. So, too, over the top of the Fire Monument, in London, there was put an iron rack work, so that people could not precipitate themselves from that height. In some hospitals, hysteric fits have caused the same symptoms in others; indeed, we see this thing often exemplified. You have heard of the account of the poor-house for children, at Harlœm, in Holland, where a girl from some cause, fell into convulsions, or a kind of convulsive disease, and which, being witnessed by the other children, communicated itself to nearly all of them. And the learned Boerhaave could find no other mode of putting a stop to the disease, except by preparing red-hot irons in the presence of the patients, at the same time declaring most solemnly, that any one who should manifest the least symptom of the disease, should be forthwith burnt to the bone. Other nervous diseases, as the St. Vitus's dance, have been known to become epidemic by sympathy.

"When the cholera raged before in Europe, it is said that the intrepid gayety of the French seemed at first to brave off the terrible disease. Amid the festivities of Mid-Lent, the streets and Boulevards were thronged as is usual on such occasions, and the people in great numbers amused themselves by looking at the caricatures in the shop windows, the subject of which was the cholera morbus—a strange subject, certainly, for caricature, and such as none but a Frenchman could have conceived of. Now, at this very time, the cholera broke out in such terribleness as has seldom if ever been equaled elsewhere. As ever, there were here various causes at work, but one among the rest, doubtless, was the effect of sympathy in looking at those strangest of all exhibitions, the caricatures of cholera morbus.

"The religious epidemics, as they may not be inaptly termed, should be mentioned in this connection. In one part of the country, persons are struck down, as it were dead, by the inscrutable power of God, as is believed. Every one has seen these things among that worthy denomination, who do more to spread the gospel every where than any other, the Methodists. Among the colored people we see, under a state of excitement, the audiences often become affected with violent spasmodic motions of the head, limbs, and other parts of the body. Years ago, in the Southwestern States, there was a prevailing religious excitement in which the subjects were affected with what was denominated the "jerks." People would gather themselves together in large circles for prayer, when one after another would become affected, until all experienced those particular symptoms which were regarded as the most positive and indubitable evidence of the operation of the Holy Spirit in the soul. Even wicked young men, scoffers of religion, who entered these circles in a spirit of derision, intending to practise a deception upon the religious, were astounded and confounded to find themselves affected in the same way. Such became often powerfully impressed, and in many instances went away converted, as they believed. The eccentric Lorenzo Dow saw, in some of the Southern States, one of the Carolinas, I think, people become

affected with what he called the "kicks." Where the meetings were held, saplings were cut off, breast high, for the people to hold upon when they were affected with the "kicks;" and their motions were so energetic, that the ground about these saplings looked as if horses had been there, stamping at flies. The really pious, he says, were not affected by the symptoms; it was the lazy, lukewarm professor, who was most subject; and those who wanted to get the "kicks" to philosophise upon, were not affected at all. How much the principle in question had to do in the causation of the Salem witchcraft, I will not assume to determine. I mention all these things in no spirit of irreverence, but merely because they are calculated to throw light upon the subject of the causes of epidemic diseases."

THE PREVISIONS OF ORVAL.

The following article originally appeared in the New York True Sun, and is republished in Fowlers' Phrenological Journal for May. Our readers will perceive in it an interesting instance of modern prophecy, portions of it having already been most signally fulfilled. Whether the remaining portions are destined to fulfilment, time alone will determine.

"It is now some six months or more since, on the occasion of the tumults and massacres in France, we stated them as the continued fulfilment of most remarkable prophecies that have long been known to exist in Europe, and which have fixed public attention as direct and unmistakable evidence of the existence of the gift of at least 'second sight' in these latter days. The work in question, or at least the copy we have seen, is of ancient date, and of French phraseology, and unquestionably of a time long anterior to the remarkable events of which it most accurately foreshadowed the details. The same work has now attracted the attention of Blackwood's Magazine, and a writer therein testifies to having seen a translation in print in 1839.—The work itself is entitled 'Les Previsions d'Orval.' 'Certain Provisions revealed by God to a Solitary, for the consolation of the children of God.' The 'solitary' was the inmate of a religious institution in the diocese of Treves, on the frontiers of Luxembourg, and there printed, in 1544. On the approach of the French revolutionary army at the close of the last century, the monks gave copies of the book to Marshal Bender, by whom they were circulated. The portion of the prophecies prior to the advent of Napoleon do not appear as yet to have been preserved.—We have not room for extended extracts, but that portion in relation to Napoleon commences as follows:

"At that time a young man, come from the country beyond the sea, will show himself strong in counsel. But the mighty to whom he gives umbrage shall send him to combat in the land of captivity. Victory will bring him back. The sons of Brutus will be confounded at his approach, for he will overpower them and take the name of Emperor. Many high and mighty kings will be sorely afraid, for the eagle will carry off many sceptres and crowns. Men on foot and horse, carrying blood-stained eagles, and as numerous as gnats in the air, will run with him throughout Europe, which will be filled with consternation and carnage,' etc., etc.

"In this strain the career of Napoleon is accurately marked out to his overthrow, the return of the 'Lily,' the elder Bourbons, described. Their overthrow, and the installation of the younger branch, "The cock shall efface the white flower," and the overthrow of Louis Phillippe, are given as follows:

"The king of the people shall be seen very weak; many of the wicked will be against him; but he was ill seated, (mal assis); and behold! God hurls him down. Howl, ye sons of Brutus!—Call unto you the beasts that are about to devour you. Great God! what a noise of armies! A full number of moons are not yet completed, and, behold, many warriors are coming. It is done!

The Mountain of the Lord hath cried unto God for the land of the foreigner; and behold! God is no longer deaf. What fire accompanies his arrows! Ten times six moons, and yet again six times ten moons have fed his wrath. Woe to the great city! Behold the kings armed by the Lord! But already hath fire leveled three with the earth; yet the faithful shall not perish; God hath heard their prayer. The place of crime is purified by fire. The waters of the great stream have rolled on towards the sea all crimsoned with blood. Gaul, as it were dismembered, is about to reunite. God loves peace. Come, young prince, quit the isle of captivity. Listen! from the lion to the white flower! come!"

"The facts are well substantiated that these most remarkable predictions have been in print for years long anterior to the events predicted; and the events of the year 1848, after a prophecy of three hundred years' standing, have been fulfilled to the month, with accuracy that may well startle the most skeptical as to those of the year 1849. The computation by 'moons,' allowing thirteen to the year, fixed the time for each occurrence with marvelous accuracy. The 'cock' supplanted the 'lily' in 1830, at the expiration of the 'eighteen times twelve moons' fixed for the duration of the restored Bourbons; and the date of the overthrow of the 'cock' was completed with equal punctuality, in February last. 'A full number of moons,' within which many warriors are to arrive at Paris, or the 'great city,' evidently mean a year, and the fearful events of June last, and the concentration of troops by Cavaignac, may be hoped to be the fulfilment of that portion; but three months yet remain of the year, in which the most fearful results may be looked for. We would again impress upon our readers that we ourselves have seen in print these remarkable prophecies before their fulfilment, and when such events were highly improbable.

"A writer in Blackwood refers to still other prophecies, of which he was cognizant many years since. One of the most remarkable was in German, running thus. 'I would not be a king in 1848. I would not be a soldier in 1849. I would not be a grave-digger in 1850. I would be anything you will have me in 1851.'

"The fulfilment of these forebodings has been fearful in the first year, and the remainder may not be less accurate in the result.

"It is to be mentioned that the Solitary of Treves prophecies the restoration of the French monarchy under the 'lily,' which is represented by Henry V., or the Duke of Bordeaux. The pre-existence of these extraordinary writings is not to be questioned. We have given only short extracts from a mass of highly interesting matter, well worthy the most serious attention."

EXISTING SOCIETY.

CLERGYMEN, moralists, editors, and other leaders of the public mind, in laboring for the improvement of the condition of mankind, are, by the course which they too generally pursue, unconsciously contributing to the perpetuation of a general system of things, from which must necessarily flow, to a greater or less extent, the various inequalities, vices, and miseries, which all now deplore. Many of them do not seem to entertain a thought that a radical change in the whole social system is necessary, but all their ethical teachings are aimed at the improvement and elevation of man upon the system of things that now prevails. Such is the tendency of most of our current and so called moral literature. The effect is to reconcile superficial minds with the principles of the existing social state, and to induce the employment of mere palliatives and anodynes, for a deeply rooted internal disease. Would that our moral and political physicians would grow sufficiently wise to know that the disease can never be cured short of a thorough renovation of the whole system!

W. F.

GALLERY OF OLD MASTERS.

NO. 56. "THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT—BY MURILLO."—The prominent characteristics of this picture are graceful and life-like action, elevated expression, and lucid silvery colors, with an air of repose, giving to the whole that religious aspect for which this great Spanish master's works are so highly celebrated. The impression produced by the general effort is extremely pleasing, there being sufficient of literal nature to make it readily comprehended: and hence the great popularity of this painter's works. Unlike those masters who presented nature in a more abstract and idealized form, he addresses us at once,—I should say, he attracts us, and, as if by a charm, holds us until the soul is filled with his refining thoughts. Nor is he so natural as to become common-place and insipid; his interpretations of nature are imbued with a spirituality which find a response from our purest affections.

The painting illustrates an event in the history of Christ, which is universally familiar. In the center of the picture is the mother of Jesus seated on an ass, with her infant on her lap. Her eyes are cast downward, as she tenderly watches each motion of her beloved child. The emotions of a fond mother contemplating her innocent offspring, are clearly depicted in that beauteous face. Her attention seems wholly absorbed—nay, her inmost soul appears to hold communion with the very spirit of the child. Her left hand lies open, deferentially, on his lap, and her right arm encircles his waist with maternal fondness. The artist has made the mother an embodiment of confiding simplicity, in the care of her guardian angel, while the child casts its eyes upward in the face of the mother with an innocent loveliness.

The Angel leads the way, with one hand pointing onward, and the other holding a chord attached to the animal. His eyes dwell upon the objects of his errand, while he wends his way, inspiring a confiding, reverential feeling to Mary and Joseph. The latter follows with staff in hand, while his countenance bespeaks a faithfulness and acquiescence, which the occasion would naturally require. Above are seen infant angels of most surpassing beauty. Their airy lightness is elegantly portrayed, and the inexpressible ease is a repetition of that happy quality, which characterises each figure on the canvas. Finally, the work should be seen and *studied*, to be truly understood. It is full of meaning, soul, and beauty. Good pictures are like good people, the more intimate we become with them, the more evident is their intrinsic worth.

LIBERAL LECTURES IN BOSTON.

Among the lesser movements tending to liberalize theology in Boston, we have been very much gratified by the two lectures recently given by Rev. James F. Clarke, at his usual evening service, on Confucius and Zoroaster. These lectures, we hope, are but the commencement of a series illustrative of the past beliefs of the human race. Mr. Clarke has not, perhaps, the vivid imagination, and the metaphysical genius, to represent the whole meaning of the mystical mythologies of the ancient world, but his large and universally tolerant spirit, his single-hearted love of truth, his genuine love of humanity, and his pure and earnest spirit of devotion, eminently fit him to accomplish the object he has in view, of leading his hearers to feel the brotherhood of man in every climate and in every age, and to recognize in the religions of antiquity, dawns of that great light of truth, which he believes rose at the birth of Jesus, and is destined to extend over all the earth. He is one of those true men whom we delight to honor, and although he clings to many things which we do not recognize as true, with the tenacity of a strong and affectionate nature, and has perhaps a stronger sympathy with what are called the Evangelical doctrines, than any other Unitarian, yet, if not the pioneer, he has always been found laboring faithfully, in every good reform, and has done more than

any Boston minister to break down the barriers of sectarian bigotry and exclusiveness.

We will not do injustice to his interesting and eloquent lecture on Zoroaster, by attempting an abstract. He gave an account of the sources of information in regard to Zoroaster, and of the heroic labors of the devoted Du Perrin, in bringing to Europe the sacred books of the Zendavesta, and then read a summary of the doctrines of the book and compared them with Christianity. His language was clear and forcible, and we could only regret that every seat in the chapel was not filled, to partake of so rich a treasure of thought and information. If our clergymen, especially in the country where their audiences have fewer opportunities of intellectual improvement, would thus vary their public services by lectures on topics not immediately connected with sectarian doctrines, how much good might they effect, and what a new interest might they create among their hearers.

x.

We commend attention to the article commencing on our first page. It is well written and may be perused with profit. Besides, it is introductory to some highly important revelations given to a young man while in a trance, by the spirit of his deceased mother. We are aware that the idea of such a spiritual apparition will be scoffed at by some into whose hands this paper will fall. But in the light of principles unfolded in our last number, under the head of "SPIRITUAL IMPRESSIONS," we think it really involves no very profound mystery. Besides, innumerable instances of similar phenomena might be cited, the same being corroborated by the most indubitable evidence. The believers in the Bible who would scout the idea of this alleged apparition, should consider that they are at the same time, in effect, scouting the idea of the apparition of Moses and Elias on a certain occasion.

We would say, that the introduction to the record of the young man's impressions, which we publish in this Number, was written by one who for fourteen years was a Presbyterian Clergyman, but who of late years has sought and found better things. From testimonies, as well as from internal evidence, we have the fullest confidence in his veracity. His name will be given when called for. We shall next week publish the first half of the young man's testimony. As a literary production, it makes no pretensions; but our readers may find in it some singular confirmations of the general principles of the New Philosophy. w. r.

"THE PHONETIC MAGAZINE." This monthly publication, devoted to general literature and the language reform, and which seems to be well conducted, is printed altogether in the phonetic characters. Of the general merits of this system of writing and printing, we spoke last week. The Phonetic Journal is edited by Elias Longley, and is published by Longley and Brother, Cincinnati, O., at one dollar per annum.

HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE for May is before us. Its principal articles are, "The British Empire in the East, Part II;" "Debt, and Finances of the States of the Union, with reference to their general condition and prosperity;" "Commerce of Central Africa;" "Insurance: its history, legal philosophy, and morals;" "The manufacture of iron in Georgia;" "Decisions of French Tribunals of Commerce, affecting the rights of American Consuls and Shipmasters;" "Fields' Poems," and "Ocean Steamers." Freeman Hunt, 142 Fulton Street.

MR. J. D. PICKARDS, of Akron, Ohio, will hereafter act as our agent for that town and vicinity. We should have mentioned this before, but it was crowded out of our mind by other things.

OWING to circumstances entirely beyond our control, we have for a series of weeks been late in the mailing of our paper. We have now, however, a pretty certain prospect of being earlier in our issues hereafter, and hope our distant patrons will excuse our tardiness in the past.

Poetry.

THE PLEIADS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM.

DEAREST of all the stars in heaven,
The gentle "seven sisters" shine,
And as I look to them at even,
I long to call them wholly mine.

From the calm vale my gaze they meet;
I see them on the mountain side;
They shine upon the town's dark street,
Upon the ocean's flowing tide.

They rise upon the winter night,
Rise on my life's cold wintry sky,
And with their pure and living light,
They draw my wandering thoughts on high.

Faith bids me lift my thoughts above;
Hope guides me on my toilsome way;
The path is cheered and warmed by *Love*,
And *Patience* bides the perfect day.

Industrious *Labor* will fulfil
What *Courage* bids me aim to do;
With gentle *Constancy* I still
May the true path of life pursue.

Thus shall life's winter still be blest,
Though storms may howl about my path;
The "Seven Stars" in Heaven still rest,
And will outlive the tempest's wrath.

* * * * *
Yes, all is lost—for these may change,
Can I no steady end pursue;
In vain do we life's ocean range,
Without the pole star *Truth* in view.

Shine on my life, thou glorious star;
All others shall around thee shine,
And hailing their bright beams afar,
I will adore and make them mine.

LABOR.

BY MRS. FRANCIS OSGOOD.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us!
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us!
Hark!—how creation's deep musical chords
Unintermitting goes up into Heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship"—the robin is singing,
"Labor is Worship"—the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from out nature's heart!
From the dark cloud flows the life giving shower;
From the rough sod grows the soft breathing flower;
From the small insect the rich coral bower;
Only man in the plan, e'er shrinks from his part.

Labor is life!—'till the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth:

Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth!
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens,
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens,
Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world syrens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow,
Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow,
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Droop not tho' shame, sin and anguish are round thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chain that has bound thee!
Look on yon pure Heaven smiling beyond thee!
Rest not content in thy darkness—a cloud!
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly!
Labor—all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

"MAY WE NOT MEET AGAIN?"

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM.
BY MARY CAMPBELL.

"MAY we not meet again?"—High tones of feeling
Sacred and soft, are stealing o'er my sense,
And thy bright face its tenderness revealing
Smiles on me now with holy innocence.

When last we met, Oh! in that happy hour,
A holy memory on my spirit fell—
A whispering voice, a deep mysterious power,
From that abode where we were wont to dwell.

"We may not meet again"! not here—but yonder!
In that blest Land, where soul communes with soul,—
Where wide-spread beauties we will love and ponder,
'Till earthly grief has lost its dark control.

"We may not meet again"! Clouds brood and thicken,
And sadness chains devoted spirits fast,—
No joy apart, that can our lone hearts quicken;
We *will* be happy in the life long past.

"We may not meet again". Zанome, why should we?
Would not our meeting be, alas to part?
The pain of parting chills Life's current in me,
And drives these yearnings back upon my heart.

Brooklyn, April 20 1849.

TRUE LIFE.

A life of beauty lends to all it sees
The beauty of its thought;
And fairest forms and sweetest harmonies
Make glad its way, unsought.

In sweet accordancy of praise and love
The singing waters run,
And sunset mountains wear in light above
The smile of duty done!

Sure stands the promise; ever to the meek
A heritage is given;
Nor lose they Earth who single-hearted seek
The righteousness of Heaven.

Miscellaneous Department.

From the Quaker City.

THE ENTRANCED;
OR THE WANDERER OF EIGHTEEN CENTURIES.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

(Continued from page 350.)

THE MEN OF FEBRUARY.

Now Lucius passed on through the streets of Paris, and every where beheld the faces of the dead. It was as though the Angel of Death had overshadowed the city, and with a breath withered ten thousand of the living into dust.

In an open space, near a Royal Palace, a group of men were assembled with torches in their hands. The earth beneath them was slippery with blood. They were encircled by bodies of the slain, piled up in heaps, like bales of merchandise, before the door of a warehouse.

And the first of these men, whose high forehead and large beaming eye attracted every gaze, was a Historian and a Poet—a Poet of the Heart, in his History; and the Historian of the Heart in his Poetry. The voice of Prophecy, uttered years before, from the cedars of Mount Lebanon, had designated this Man, as one destined for a great work, not only for France but for the world.

He was called LAMARTINE.

And the second, was a man of robust form, and a face at once florid and comely, lighted in every lineament, by the indications of an unfaltering will. For many years, this man had stood up before the King, and told the Old Man that the Iron Door was crumbling fast, for the Hundred had rested their united weight against its bars.

And the People knew him as their Tribune, LEDRU ROLLIN.

And in the shadow of his stalwart figure, stood a man of insignificant form, but of a lofty forehead, and eyes that flashed steadily, with the light of a great Soul. This was LOUIS BLANC, who had put the agony of the poor on paper, and printed it in a book, which spoke to all kings, in a voice more terrible than the tread of the armies, which were gathered at the infernal feast of Waterloo.

There was a Woman by his side, who had written down the shames and wrongs which her sex had suffered at the hands of a remorseless civilization. And as the world would not hear of woman's wrongs from a woman's lips, she had been forced to speak in the name of a dead martyr, and therefore she was called GEORGES SAND. There was an Author—dressed somewhat gaily—who had spoken to the People, in the parables of fiction, and crushed the Living Corpses of Loyals, by evoking from the abysses of ages, a sad and terrible spectre; the Wandering Jew. This EUGENE SUE, was at one time a man of fashion and of pleasure, but the voice of the People's woe, had pierced the twilight of his voluptuous chamber, and he had obeyed that voice, and arisen and said to Rich Men, "Ye must have a care for these starving ones, or they will have a care for your throats!"

And with these Prophets of the Poor, were gathered certain other people, belonging to that singular order of human beings, who seem to have the form without the soul of humanity; who will adore God or bow down to the Devil, as they are paid; who will either howl with the sufferers or cry hail to the oppressors as they are directed by their faith in Gold their Saviour.

Among this class stood prominent a certain one, named THIERS, who had helped the Old Man in his infamy, and was now willing—for a proper price—to aid the People in their regeneration.

And these persons, assembled by the light of torches, in the open space before the Royal Palace, were conversing earnestly

together, as Lucius mounting over the piles of dead, drew nigh and listened to their words.

"What form of government will be best for France, now that the Old Man is gone?" asked one.

"We will have Two Chambers," suggested another.

"And a President; yes, a President who will embody the dignity of France in his own person?" asked a third.

"The President will have Ministers," continued a fourth—"Ministers must be paid."

"There will be excellent salaries," said Thiers, skipping about, for he was an exceeding little man. "We can govern nine-tenths of France by giving offices, and palaces and titles to the one-tenth. 'Tis a glorious revolution!"

But Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, Georges Sand, and Eugene Sue, listened in silence. Lucius much desired to hear them speak, but while the Men of Money were conversing, they never once unclosed their lips.

"And I, also, have a plan for the government of France," said a shrill voice, and every one in the group, started in surprise, as a man utterly unknown to them, stood in their midst.

Lucius looked upon this stranger and saw that he was clad in neat attire, but with a sack-cloth hanging from his shoulders, and a white cloth bound about his mouth and lower jaw.

And he raised his thin fingers, now to the sack-cloth, endeavoring to keep it upon his shoulders, and now to the white cloth which seemed about to fall from his face. Even as Lucius looked, drops of blood started through the white texture of this cloth, and dripped, one by one, and drop by drop, on the breast and the head of the unknown man.

Above the bandage, spotted with blood, appeared a forehead heavy and bold, with eyes discolored and bloodshot, glimmering from the shadow of prominent brows.

"I too have my plan for the government of France," said this man, "But stay—I have left it at home. Have you no messenger whom I may send for it?"

And they all looked upon this man in wonder, but not a voice replied.

Then the Unknown bent down, still clutching the white cloth with one hand, and pointed with the other to the body of a dead lacquey, which, attired in the royal livery, lay at his feet.

"This is my messenger," he said, and placed the dead lacquey on his feet, supporting his body against the heap of corpses. "Go thou to my home"—he whispered in the dead man's ear—"and bring to me my plan for the government of France!"

But the dead man stirred not, and some of the spectators shuddered, and others laughed, while Lucius drew nearer, awaiting anxiously the end of all this.

The Unknown fixed the cloth about his face, and taking tablets from his breast, wrote upon one, "Thou livest," and pinned the tablet to the breast of the dead lacquey.

"Now do thou depart, and do this work for me," said the Unknown, while fire began to burn in his eyes. "Can it be that thou dost not hear me? Away, I say—do this message—have I not placed thee upon thy feet, and written on thy breast 'Thou LIVEST!'—what say ye my good friends!" he continued, turning to the astonished group—"Saw ye ever a dead man so obstinate, so stupid, before?"

Murmurs now arose, murmurs of laughter and fear, and Thiers said with gravity, "This man with the white cloth is mad!"

However, the Unknown, without heeding their murmurs, began to strip the gay livery from the dead lacquey, while the blood continued to fall drop by drop from the cloth which bound his jaw.

"Dost thou rob the dead?" said Lamartine.

The Unknown answered not, but kneeling in the midst of the group, began to attire the dead lacquey in plain apparel, which he had taken from the body of another corpse.

Then writing another tablet, "I swear thou livest," and fixing it upon the breast of the dead, he placed him on his feet again, saying,—"Now depart and do my work!"

Every eye beheld the lacquey, attired in plain garments, with the words, "I SWEAR THOU LIVEST!" glaring from his pulseless breast; and every eye also beheld the Unknown, with the blood dripping from the white cloth which bound his jaws, while a sad fire began to flame from his blood-shot eyes.

And the dead Lacquey stirred not.

"By all the oaths which I have broken in eighteen years," said Thiers, "This man of the white cloth is mad!"

But the Unknown raised his hands, spotted with blood, and said to the spectators, in a mild voice—

"Is it not enough to drive a man out of his senses? Saw ye ever so foolish a dead man? Attired in royal livery—he moved not. Lo, I have dressed him in plain apparel, and written, "I swear thou livest!" on his breast, and yet he will not budge an inch! And thus it is, that my plan for governing France is lost to you, my beloved friends."

As he spoke, Lamartine gazed fixedly upon his forehead, and into his blood-shot eyes, and uttered a deep sigh. Then Lamartine whispered in the ears of Rollin, and Blanc, and Sand, and Sue, and they all joined hands and stood apart, leaving Thiers and his companions to converse with the Unknown.

Lucius never once removed his gaze from this scene, which, lighted by torches, had a vague and spectral look.

Once more the Unknown stripped the body of the dead man. It lay there, cold and stiff, with the light shining upon its bare limbs and leaden eyeballs. Then while the blood continued to drip through the white cloth, the Unknown drew from the shadow of his sack-cloth a galvanic battery, which he applied to the corpse.

And the body of the dead man started up in horrible convulsions, flinging abroad his arms, while sparks of fire were emitted from his eyeballs, and his face was distorted in hideous laughter.

"Now, depart and do my work!" said the Unknown, as the dead man stood erect, ghastly and quivering—"Bring for me this plan of mine, for the government of France!"

But as he spoke, the dead man fell to the earth, and was stiff and cold again.

Then cried Thiers, skipping to and fro like a dancer, "By these eighteen faiths, which I have professed in eighteen years, this man with the white cloth is possessed of a devil!"

The companions of Lamartine were silent and pale. As for Lamartine, he surveyed the forehead of the Unknown and sighed; he looked upon the blood-spotted cloth and shuddered.

"He is mad, by our lives he is mad!" shouted the companions of Thiers.

The unknown arranged the sack-cloth on his shoulders. He held the cloth about his jaw, by the outspread fingers of his right hand. The blood started between each finger and pattered upon his breast. There was blood in his eyes.

"And am I mad?" he said in his shrill voice—"Then what are ye? Behold, the social system of the world is a corpse. Ye have taken this corpse, and clad it with royalty, and bade it, 'Go, and do our work!' But it moved not at your bidding, although you swore that it was alive, and even pinned 'Thou livest' upon its dead breast. Then ye have stripped the royalty from its limbs, and clad it in plain republican gear, and said 'Now depart and work for us!' Has it moved one inch for all your bidding? Has the republican attire given one throb of life to its limbs? Yea, ye have even affixed to this corpse some republican constitution, which proclaimed 'I swear thou livest!' But still the dead is dead, and it mocks you with its leaden eyes. And last of all, with the galvanism of some bastard Philosophy, ye stir the corpse into a horrible but momentary life, and say, 'Depart and work!' But ere your words are cold, the convul-

sions cease; the dead body is at your feet again, sneering in your faces, with a marble scorn. Am I mad? Am I possessed of a devil? Then what are ye, my beloved ones?"

"What art thou?" cried Thiers.

THE NAME OF THE UNKNOWN.

The Unknown placed both hands upon the cloth, and endeavored to quench the blood, which now poured in a stream. When he spoke again his voice was thick and almost inarticulate:

"When you can put life into the veins of that corpse," he muttered, "then talk of giving heat and motion to the carcase of a dead social world."

The white cloth fell; with it the lower jaw, hideously shattered, sank on the stranger's breast; he stood before them baptized in his own blood.

Then, while the hearts of all were cold with fear, Lamartine said solemnly:

"It is Robespierre."

"Who," shrieked the terrible phantom, as he placed his foot upon the breast of the dead man, "Who shall give life to this corpse? I attempted it some years past, and in the effort made my name infamous through all time. Who shall give life to it now?"

There was silence, and men heard the beatings of their hearts, when a mild voice exclaimed,

"Jesus of Nazareth."

Robespierre, bathed as he was in his own blood, turned and saw the face of the speaker. It was Lucius, the Arian.

Then his eyes, so hideous to look upon, became clear and luminous, and he turned to the throng, saying, as the blood ceased to flow, and his face, which seemed re-created, was agitated by a subdued smile—

"Ye have heard!" and then he departed into the shadows, and no one dared follow Robespierre to his resting place, beneath the guillotine.

But the eyes of all were now centered upon the face of Lucius, who said to them all, "why do ye stand in silent wonder here, when the Arian Gospel is abroad? Come with me!"

And they followed him.

He led them through Paris, up a dark stairs, into a deserted garret.

It was strewn with books and manuscripts.

"Here the Harbinger of the Arian Gospel thought and wrote for thirty-five years. Read!"

And Lamartine, and Sue, and Sand, and Blanc, and Rollin, bent down and read the words of the Harbinger.

But Thiers and his companions, seeing that no provision was made by the Arian Gospel, to provide them with titles and palaces, at the expense of the poor, departed, cursing bitterly.

Then said Lucius unto Lamartine:

"Read! What is true, is of Christ! What is not true, belongs only to the weaker part of man, his mortal body. Yet read, and learn, for in the pages of the Harbinger ye may see the face of the Arian Lord!"

Whether Lamartine and his companions heeded what was written—or whether they were too weak for their great work—is it not recorded in the History of the year 1848?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DEBTS OF HONOR.—It is said of Charles James Fox, that when a tradesman called upon him with a bill, and found money before him, he congratulated himself that he should be paid, but was told by the gambling statesman that the whole was bespoken by debts of honor. "Then," said the tradesman, throwing his securities into the fire, "I'll make mine a debt of honor." "I thank you for your confidence," was Fox's reply, "and here is your money."

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MERCY.

Those who contend we excel our forefathers in humanity and charity, will be surprised to hear that the Compagnia della Misericordia, the most conspicuous, even in the present day, for those virtues, has existed for six hundred years within the walls of Florence. It was established in 1240; and its origin was extremely curious. At that period of the Republic, when the citizens were acquiring immense profits from the manufacture of woolen cloth, the city-porters were numerous, and usually took their stand round the church of the Baptistery, near the cathedral. In fact, for the most part they lived there; and during the intervals of work, they ate their meals and drank their wine, or played at various games, either on the piazza, or in the sheds erected for their accommodation. One among them, Piero di Luca Boorsi, an old and devout man, was highly scandalized at the cursing and swearing of his companions. Therefore, as their elder, he proposed that he who should hereafter take God's or the Virgin's name in vain, should be mulcted to the amount of a *crazia* (three farthings); and that the said *crazia* should be dropped through a small hole into a certain box, so that an end might be put to such a vain and sinful conversation. To this the porters agreed, and the difficulty of conquering a bad habit caused the box to be well nigh filled. Piero then reminded them that, for the benefit of their souls, the contents of the box ought to be employed in acts of charity, and made the following proposal: "Let us," said he, "purchase with part of this money six litters, to serve for the six divisions of the city, and let us in turns attend with them. Thus we shall be in readiness to carry to their houses, or to the hospital, all those who may be taken with sudden illness, or who fall from a scaffolding, or otherwise be grievously injured in our streets, and stand in need of their fellow-creatures' assistance; and we will also carry to the churches the bodies of such as may fall down dead, or be slain, or be drowned; and let us agree that for each several journey of this sort, the porters shall receive a *giulio* (sixpence) from the box." This not only met with approbation, but each individual took an oath to observe it. Their labors began, and they pursued them with so much diligence and charity, (says their chronicler,) that every man in the city greatly applauded these porters, sometimes offering them three *giuli*, as a present, for a single journey; but this the old man, Piero, would not allow, bidding them perform their duty cheerfully, and without bribes, and to wait for their future reward in eternity.

Such was the commencement of the Misericordia, a society that has never relaxed in its zeal, through so many centuries, and under all the changes of government. Whatever enemy entered Florence, these Brothers and their property were always respected. The French, their last invaders, did more,—they intrusted them with a set of keys to the city-gates, that they might not be impeded in their labors; and Napoleon was preparing to establish a similar institution at Paris, when his own downfall put an end to the scheme.

After Piero's death, the porters were desirous of hiring an apartment, where they might hold the meetings of their new society. For this purpose, as their funds were inefficient, they appealed to their fellow-citizens, and placed at the door of the Baptistery a painting of a dead Christ, with the box at the foot of it, bearing this inscription,—"*Fate elemosine per i poveri infermi e bisognosi della città.*" It was on a 13th of January, and the people, eager to evince their gratitude, and to encourage them, flocked from all quarters to that church-door, with their alms; and before the day ended, the box could not contain the offerings, so that the money lay heaped on the lid. From this contribution, more than one apartment was purchased, not hired; and the porters continued unweariedly in their works of benevolence, till at the end of a few years the archbishop convened

them before him, and blessed them. The benediction was "in honor and glory of the most Holy Virgin, and of St. Peter Martyr, and of St. John the Baptist, and in reverence of St. Tobias, their protector; and masses were ordained, with litanies and prayers, for the souls of all benefactors to the institution." How agreeable to read of an archbishop's exercising his divinity in the cause of humanity.

The porters would by no means consent to admit the other workmen of the city; upon which the latter formed a separate society of their own. They were afterwards united together, under the title of "La Compagnia della Misericordia," on the 2d of October, 1423, and governed by eight captains, a notary, and a purveyor. It also appears that during the contentions of the Guelph and Ghibellini, the society experienced a slight division, which however soon ceased,—a rivalry in deeds of pure good-will could not but allay the fury of party spirit.

No men ever deserved the gratitude of their country more than these Brothers, for their conduct in the times of the plague. Florence was visited by this scourge no less than eleven times in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. At some of those periods, especially in 1348, as many as six hundred persons died, day after day, within the walls. There is undeniable evidence, in the archives of the institution, confirming Landini's account of the intrepidity of the Brothers, at every several period when the black banners were unfurled at the "Tribunale di Sanità." They bore the sick to the hospitals, and the dead to the sepulchers; and as they journeyed through the streets, they were preceded by one ringing a bell, warning the people to escape from their approach, lest the infection should be spread by them, while they dared it for the welfare of the community. Notwithstanding their exposure to infection, it appears they suffered in a less degree, proportionably to their numbers, than the more cautious citizens. This is a proof that a sound courage is the best preservative against the plague, as well as against every other species of disease; and it gives me pleasure to add, that when the typhus fever raged in Florence, about eight years ago, not one of the Brothers was attacked by it, though they not only removed the sick from their houses, but in many instances attended them as nurses. As an instance of the grateful feelings of the Florentines, we are told that, after the last severe visitation of the plague in 1633, when it came to the turn of the Misericordia to go to the cathedral and render thanks to God, the populace crowded the streets through which they were to pass, and all the bells in the city were ringing, while from every side and from every window, there were shouts of "Viva! viva la Compagnia della Misericordia!"—as if, continues Landini, the health of the citizens, one and all, depended on the charity and diligence of those Brothers.

The company consists of three orders; the first in rank is that of the "Capi di Guardia;" their number is seventy-two, of whom fourteen are noble, and thirty are priests, including the grand duke and the archbishop. The second order, called "Giornanti," consists of twenty priests, and one hundred and five laymen; and the third, the "Stracciafoglio," of one hundred and eighty, of whom thirty are priests. These, together with the supernumeraries, amount to about 1200. Four "Capi di Guardia" and fifteen "Giornanti" must be in attendance. At the sound of their bell, which can be heard in every part of the city from the top of that beautiful tower designed by Giotto, they never fail in assembling more than a sufficient number of the Brothers. It tolls once for the removal of the sick, twice for a common accident in the streets, and three times for death. A "Stracciafoglio" is promoted to the honors of a "Giornante," and finally those of a "Capo di Guardia," in recompense for diligent attendance; and negligence is punished by degradation. There are no fines. It costs about six crowns to be enrolled, in which sum is included the purchase of the dress.

SNOW CRYSTALS.

Snow, examined with the aid of a microscope, exhibits structures of exquisite beauty, regularity, and endless variety, though it sometimes presents no peculiarity of form, but falls in very minute globular particles. Commonly a snow-flake consists of a series of crystals formed independently in the upper regions of the air. These are united in groups while descending through the atmosphere, by agitations striking them against each other. The flickering and gradual descent of the flakes is owing to their great extent of surface in comparison with their volume. A number of brilliant icy specks, or points diverging from a common center, resembling stars having so many rays, apparently wrought with the nicest art, is the usual form of the crystals, which are for the most part hexagonal, presenting a nucleus with six divergences. This stelliform shape is the ordinary appearance of snow.

Dr. E. D. Clarke, speaking of the breaking up of the winter season at St. Petersburg, remarks: "Snow, in the most regular and beautiful crystals, fell gently on our clothes and on the sledge, as we were driving through the streets; all of them possessed exactly the same figure and the same dimensions. Every particle consisted of a wheel or star, with six equal rays, bounded by circumferences of equal diameters; they had all of them the same number of rays branching from a common center. The size of each of these little stars was equal to the circle presented by dividing a pea into two equal parts. This appearance continued during three hours, in which time no other snow fell, and there was sufficient leisure to examine them with the strictest attention." A microscope applied to a flake of snow will unfold this mode of structure, as well as other varieties in our climate; but it is in the polar regions that snow assumes its most beautiful and varied forms. Scoresby has figured ninety-six varieties, distributed into classes of lamellar, spicular, and pyramidal crystals. Upon examining some snow which fell at Yverdon, in Switzerland, in 1829 and 1830, M. Huber Burnand found its crystals to consist of stellar plates with six rays, along each of which filaments were disposed after the form of feathers, and these also had finer filaments similarly arranged. He observed that in the former year almost every day the crystals presented a new variety of shape, sometimes resembling parallel fillets, leaves, and spines, with a rosette termination.

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

According to all authorities upon the subject, the bottom of the sea has inequalities like the surface of the land, and if dried up, would present similar features of valleys and plains. It is covered almost throughout by an immense quantity of testaceous or shell-fish, intermixed with the sand, and in the Adriatic Sea, the bottom is composed of a compact bed of shell, several hundred feet in thickness. In other parts, enormous polypi are attached to the rocks, and in the Red Sea, the bottom is a perfect forest of sub-marine plants and corals, branching out to a great extent. In other seas, the basin is a bright, sandy plain, extending for hundreds of miles without any material intervening object. The depth of the sea varies greatly in different parts; in some places no bottom has yet been found, although it is not supposed to be bottomless. The greatest depth has been conjectured to be about 36,000 feet. Capt. Scoresby, in the Greenland Seas, was unable to touch bottom with 1,200 fathoms, or 7,200 feet of line. According to the celebrated Laplace, who is generally correct in his statements, its mean depth is about two miles; allowing the generally received estimate of the proportion of water to the land—as three is to one—to be true, we have on the earth about two hundred and eighty millions cubic feet of water.—*Dollar Newspaper.*

It is a false idea that religion requires the extermination of any principle, desire, appetite, or passion, which our Creator has implanted. Our nature is a whole, a beautiful whole, and no part can be spared.—*Channing.*

REMOVAL OF OUR OFFICE.

HEREAFTER, until farther notice, all letters, remittances, communications &c., intended for this paper, must be addressed (post paid) 131 Nassau street, our office having just been removed to the latter place. Our City patrons who call for their papers, at the office, will according call at the latter place hereafter.

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FROM THE INTERIOR STATE

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