

# THE UNIVERCŒLUM

AND

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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

VOL. III.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1849.

NO 25

### The Principles of Nature.

#### IMPRESSIONS IN A TRANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM.

(Concluded from page 372.)

ANOTHER point I will mention here. It may be asked why Nature does not now produce and bring forth animals as she did at first? The answer is plain: the earth is not now as it was in its original state. There is no dead matter now capable of producing by any other law save that of producing from seed; for this first matter expended all its power in the first production, and that production did not restore this power by its death, but gave it other powers, namely, to produce other substance. There were as many as six different changes before animals began to display intelligence. This intelligence at first was very limited. But as the food which the animal relished best was the cause of the first glimmering of intelligence, so by continuing to eat of that same kind of food, his intelligence naturally increased. Here again may be found a mark of the wisdom of God, in adapting the laws of Nature to those things which Nature has produced, and to bring about the great end for which the earth was organized. This was his glory; and in order to this, we see that spirit in man must be the inevitable result. Of what utility is this spirit, or how can it glorify him unless it first knows from whence it came and to what end it was made? Hence the necessity of a direct revelation from God to man through his spirit, for He can reveal himself no other way. And here again we find man adapted to this great end. God has given him powers of reason by which he may discover an overruling Being in those things which he sees.

I will step aside from the tenor of my remarks to speak of the manner in which God always has made revelations to man by his spirit, and I will prove my position by the revelations that have been made in all ages of the world. He never has, neither can he do it, by any other process than by disengaging the spirit from the body. I admit, however, that individuals may not know whether they are in the body or not, but from the peculiarity of their situation at the time, we must come to the conclusion that when they were in the spirit they were absent from the body.

I will now speak of the peculiarities of man, and of the necessity of his having this spirit in order, not only for his own good, but were it not for that it would be impossible for Nature to go in her course. This may be a startling idea, but it is nevertheless true. I have remarked in some of my papers, that the earth grew larger, and that it attracted things just in proportion to its bulk. Now take away man's intelligence, and how long would he live?

The heat from the inner portion of the earth recedes, and therefore we find it cold, and snowy, and stormy, before which man could not stand [were it not for his intelligence.] Besides there are very many kinds of cattle which could not live were it not for the intelligence of man to take care of them. The en-

largement of the earth, then, would cease in the course of time, or at least it would increase so slowly, that the great laws of Nature could not be observed.

Again we find the adaptation of Nature's laws in man's organization. Every bone, ligament, and muscle, acts in its own proper place and time. Here let me speak again of the food we eat, and of its tendencies, (let him that reads consider). Nature has been faithful in her work, and are we not under obligation to be faithful in the performance of our duty to ourselves? I will begin with our food. It is known that there is a certain amount of poison in our food. Now that poison is put there for our good. Were it not for this, the joints in our bodies would become dry and immovable. The oily substance that we find in our joints, proceeds directly from the poison in the food we eat. Now if this poison be taken in too great, or too little quantities, we feel its effects immediately. Therefore to grind and bolt our flour too closely, will have a tendency to destroy the health of the consumer.

In certain climates it is necessary for man to subsist on different from what they use in other climates. Here again is the necessity for man's intelligence in order to preserve his health. He that goes on regardless of his own judgment, must suffer the consequences. I have a very distinct view of the anatomy of the human body, but I am not capable of going into the investigation of so great a machine, to show all its parts and how it is put together. Nor is it necessary for my present purpose. But I will try and show what is necessary for the good of this great machine, and the sphere in which Nature has adapted it to move. Here let me be understood. In the first place that the law of progression is a fixed and unalterable law. We may disregard that law, but it remains unaltered. Let the reader bear this in mind as he proceeds with the perusal of these manuscripts, and he will the more easily understand what he reads. I speak entirely from this principle through the whole of my papers. It is in fact one of Heaven's first laws. The throne of God (or administration of His government) is also governed by this law.

Now let us contrast the original state of man and his present state, with what he might have been. To do this we must show in the first place what he might be. It is contended by many that in Adam's sin man became utterly depraved. This doctrine is erroneous. It cannot be proved by any authority whatever. But the truth of the matter is just here. God has done for the human family all that he could do. He has provided a means of progression beyond what man has ever looked for. Now if man had followed in the path marked out by the great God, he would now be holy, upright and perfectly happy. It is thought by many that partaking of the tree of knowledge was a sin. By partaking of the tree of knowledge man was to become like God, knowing good from evil. Did this make man totally depraved? No. A man is wicked in proportion to the lessons taught him by those most nearly connected with him. This is what makes a man do wrong, but knowing good from evil does not affect him either way. To know good from evil is to become intelligent, and just so far as we become intelligent, just so far we become like God. Man's sin, then, consists in doing that which he knows to be wrong. For instance, if I take a vial of poison and I know

its contents will produce instant death—if I take it into my system, I become my own murderer. So if I eat anything that is not wholesome, I so far destroy my own life, and am my own torturer. It became necessary, therefore, that man should know good from evil. Here is nature's adaptation in promoting progression.

I will now prove that man is not what he might have been.—We find that at a very early day the intelligence of man told him that if he eat of certain kinds of fruit it would do him injury. We find he did partake of that fruit, and the mind became dull and listless. He lost the relish he had for communion with that holy and all intelligent God who was till that time his Instructor to lead him on to perfection. It is said that God thrust him out of Paradise. This is not so. He lost all relish for holy things, and therefore lost his high and happy station. There was no curse pronounced upon him except this—by constantly disobeying the laws of his being labor became a burthen to him, and he has construed this into a charge upon God when it was the result of his own wrong doing. It is also said that a sword was placed between man and paradise. That sword is nothing more than the effect produced by the constant practice of doing wrong.

Let me examine the other side of the question a little while. Let me follow the history of the world, and we will find that when men lived in accordance with nature's laws, the sword set to guard the garden of Eden was removed, for such men have always had intercourse with spirits and were consequently happy. The curse pronounced against the evil doer is rather a blessing. I mean the alledged curse, that we should get our living by the sweat of our face. Now let me introduce one argument against this doctrine: Suppose man had never partaken of the forbidden fruit, how would he have got his living? That is, if it is a curse to eat bread in the sweat of his face because he partook of the forbidden fruit, would God have conveyed to him his food, fed it to him and chewed and swallowed it for him? If so what kind of being would man have been? I will tell you. He would have been a monument of perfect stillness, without motion and without life. Is it then a curse to labor?

Again. Did nature adapt herself to the principle of slavery? Did she say that a part of the human family should support the other part? Or has she ever adapted herself to the wants of those who would thus oppress their fellow men? She has indeed adapted herself to man's natural wants, but not to his artificial wants. If we examine this matter candidly, we shall find that the development of the human mind depends entirely upon the creature himself. Here lies the cause of all the misery in the world. But for this, the earth would be a universal Paradise. Then let light and truth be disseminated. Throw your old worn out systems of theology to the moles and bats. You talk about men worshipping Idols. Those you denounce are far the most consistent beings. They do as well as they know how, while you do not. Man is the noblest work of God; and to destroy his physical being is to blot out the image of God which is in him. Nature designed that this image should grow brighter and brighter. It is not the fault of nature that man does not reflect the image of God in his person; the fault is in man himself. Now has God indeed done all for us he can do? Let the judgment of the reader answer this question. My heart is pained when I hear men charge God with being the author of all their suffering. I wish I could use language to impress this idea upon the mind of the world, and thereby wake them up to this subject. For this one thing is certain, that in order for the full development of the mind of man, he must first learn his state and standing as to the spiritual world. But this will do for this time.

I will now proceed to notice more particularly the design of nature in the vegetable world and of the mineral kingdom. Let it be understood that nature is all the while laboring for the de-

velopment of mind. She has no other object in view, nor can she have any other. That the mind of man may be improved by studying her laws, cannot be denied. I will therefore introduce a few thoughts upon this subject, and then leave it for the consideration of the reader.

First, I will notice the motion of the earth, forming night and day. Now a man sleeps much the best in the dark, and sleep is also necessary for the development of mind, and without this man would become weary of life. Next to this I will notice the attractive power of the earth, without which it would be impossible for us to stay on it: we should in a moment be left in the midst of space where we could not subsist. Next I will notice the mineral kingdom. Without this man could not subsist long on the earth. Next in order is the animal kingdom. Here we find very great enjoyment and derive great benefit. And last but not least is the vegetables found all over the earth. Now these things are all governed by the laws of nature to the end that the mind of man might be more fully developed. Each plant bears seed after its kind, and thus continues a source of constant blessing to the human mind. Now what could nature do more? Man has only to observe these laws and be happy.

We find the seed of different plants disposed of in many different ways, yet all tending to the same end. The meanest plant we know, if we only study its nature, we will at once discover that it was created for the same great end. The fragrance of the blossoms distil health in the atmosphere, and one cannot but exclaim, Oh, how wonderful are Thy works! We find the weeds in our gardens are designed for the good of man in supplying the life of smaller animals. Each plant is designed for its own particular sphere. The seed of the thistle is prepared with wings to convey it to other parts, so that it may germinate. It is carried in the air until it is caught or entangled by some heavier material with which it may come in contact. And so we might go on and enumerate things of both vegetable and animal properties. But enough has been said to illustrate my views on these points.

I have shown how vegetation exists and how animals subsist. I will now proceed to speak more fully of man. I have shown how he exists as an animal. I have also spoken of his spirit. I now further say that his spirit, or vital, or intelligent part, is an organization of itself, independent of the body. In order that I may be properly understood, I will say in the first place that the spirit or principle of intelligence cannot be brought into existence except the seed of intelligence be first planted in the earth. I have already shown that man is of the earth. Now this seed is planted in him, and it grows. Its growth, therefore is dependent upon the body. But it is not thus dependent for life. The body may die, but this independent Spirit cannot die. It passes into another state of existence, so that in this sense it is independent of the body—that is, for life. I will further say that this same spirit may be separate from the body while the body yet lives. For proof of this, I will refer to the apostle Paul, to Peter, to John the Revelator, to Zachariah, to Joseph and to many of the ancient worthies who talked with angels. Now it is a fact that gross matter cannot see and hold converse with spirits. Can a man see the air? He can see and feel its effects when it is set in motion. Neither can a man see spirits.

Then how is it that a man may see angels? To deny that a man can see angels would be denying more of the Bible than I dare presume to deny. How then can a man see and talk with angels, except by getting out of the body? That is by the spirit leaving the body when the body is asleep? It leaves the body, but the body still lives. It is said by many that the body must be raised up before the soul of man is complete. This idea is very erroneous. The spirit or soul of man, as I have said before, is an organization separate from and independent of the body. The body having done its part, it is laid aside as a useless incumbrance. Methinks I see the spirit of my sainted mother who



laid aside her clay some 18 months ago, clapping her hands in another sphere of existence and rejoicing that she had passed this vale of tears. I sometimes wish I was with her.—Thrice happy spirit! Yes, I do, I long for your society. Be thou my guardian angel! I would that your form could be perceived by mortal eyes. Oh let me indulge in these blest thoughts.

Could I but get the ear of my old venerable Father, I would tell him that my mother yet lives. I would tell him that I love to meditate on the glory of the midnight heavens, because it is the abode of my mother. Yes, I would tell him that I have held sweet converse with her, and forgot that I was mortal. But he will not hear me—he repulses me—I am to him as one forsaken of God, or hater of truth. He sees me on the broad road to destruction. Everything I do or say is criticized by the rule of creeds. While on the other hand I see him without a light, grovelling amid the darkness and rough and thorny paths of bigotry. He sees the road to happiness through the forms and ceremonies of a misguided Priesthood, who for a pretence make long prayers and rob the widow; who preach for hire and upon whom I look with pity. While I denounce them, I pity. Of all the people in the world, the time will come when the Priest will be the most to be pitied. Yes, I see my father thus set about with darkness and confusion. But I cannot help him. Gladly would I lead him into the light—galdly would I set his foot on the rock of ages, for which I have heard him pray so many times.—But, ah me! I cannot. While I look forward and see the redemption of my race upon principles of righteousness, he looks downward and rakes in the mire of superstition. This manuscript is to him downright blasphemy, and as much as I despise deception, I am obliged to make him think that I am not writing, or rather I dare not let him know it. So if this comes to the eyes of any one who wishes to know what they contain, let him for once imagine a boy not yet eighteen years old, on Sunday while wandering in the woods or the fields, now and then sitting down under the cover of some ambush and taking from under the paper in the crown of his hat a manuscript, and at the same time watching to see that he is not discovered, and writing a few words in it upon the corner of his hat, with a pencil. If he does not find the sentences well connected, let him remember that the author was unlearned. As I am watched more closely than ever, I shall abandon this manuscript. But I will try to find time to explain the manner in which I became acquainted with these truths, and also of a certain prophecy which may be found among my papers. I will now stop for a while. I will hide these papers under the lining of my trunk, and if I die, I hope that in some future day the lining will be so worn as to show them, and they will be brought to light. I beg however that if they be found they may not be destroyed until my friends are made to know their contents. I see my brother coming this way, I must stop.

Nov. 11, 1847. Under pretence of writing a letter to E. L., I have the privilege of a room by myself. I have written the letter. He lives in C— county, Michigan. I will now take a sheet of paper and give a more detailed account of the manner of my getting hold of the principles found in my manuscripts. I was wishing to become a Preacher. So I applied to the Pastor of the church to which I belong, to give me some instruction.—He accordingly hears my lessons, and gives me such information as he thinks best. I asked him one day how I should go to work to prove the doctrine of the Trinity against the Arian. After giving me such information as he saw fit, or was able to give, he asked me how I would go to work to prove the existence of God, without the use of the Bible. I had never read any works on this subject; I was therefore obliged to answer him as best I could. I told him the works of nature were sufficient to prove the existence of an overruling God. He said I must have something better than that. I took the question home and pondered

over it. I would not ask assistance, being determined to answer it myself. I am a mechanic. My father is poor, and I am obliged to labor for my living. Such was my anxiety that I was unable to attend to my work. My nights were spent in wakefulness, having doubts and fears alternately. Sometimes I would doubt the existence of God, then of myself, until I finally gained the information I wanted.

The story is simply this. On the 16th of September I went to my dinner with a troubled mind. My brain felt hot. I ate but sparingly. After dinner I strolled into the pasture back of the house, walking with my hat in my hand. The cool breeze fanned my brow. I wandered until the bell reminded me that it was one o'clock. I returned towards the shop. While on the way I stooped and sat down. I then and there began to doubt the existence of God—then the existence of matter—then of myself, of my power and ability to move, and at the same time attempted to move my hands but could not, and immediately mother appeared to me. She appeared kind, and with a tone such as she never used before, she called me by name. I remarked that she looked different from what she used to look. She told me that she enjoyed her state better than she did before she died, though she regretted her mis-spent time. Yet she was comparatively happy, for she had nothing there to trouble her, and that she was capable of knowing more than she could know in her former state. That she had been watching me for some time, and had been anxious to tell me many things, and as this was the only opportunity she had ever had or would have for some time to come, she would now tell me. She then told me as nearly as I can remember what you will find in these manuscripts, and furthermore that within fourteen years there would be a book introduced from a source to which men would hardly look.—They would not expect it, but it would come. She also said that the same book would create the greatest revolution ever known to the world.

After much other advice which I have not time to write, she remarked that father was fretting about me, and I must go and be a dutiful child. That all things would turn out for good in the end, yet not without giving me much pain. "Now," said she you have become convinced there is a God, you need no longer doubt your own existence. Move your fingers a little, and then you can get up. Remember what I have told you; go in peace." When I returned to the shop it was almost night, and father scolded much on account of my absence.

This must suffice for the present. If I live I will tell more of what I saw and heard some day. It is now almost midnight. I leave these papers in the bottom of my trunk under the lining, until the coming of the great reformation. Yet I would that all men knew and could see what I have seen. The pure love of God fills my soul, and will till death.

## NOTE BY THE PUBLISHER.\*

The reader may be gratified by a few words in further explanation of the vision above mentioned.

The appearance of his mother's countenance was so much changed—we might say improved—that he did not at once recognize her. She had died after years of lingering illness, and was of course much emaciated. Now she looked youthful and fresh with immortal life. She was accompanied by other spirits, some of which he did not know. He recognized among them an aged christian woman who had left this world not long before, and whom he had well known. He was not more alarmed

\* By "the publisher" is meant the one who transmitted to us the manuscript of this account, a gentleman residing in Akron Ohio, and of whose veracity we have testimonials abundantly satisfactory. The gentleman did not signify to us whether he desired his name to be published with this account or not, and hence we withhold it until it is called for by the public, or until he signifies his desire to have it disclosed.—[Ed.]

and startled by the appearance of these persons or the conversation of his mother, than if all this had occurred in a dream, which indeed the vision seemed much to resemble, except that the circumstances were not such as to induce sleep. The instant his mother ceased her conversation, he became conscious of being in the same position—sitting erect; with open eyes, as when she appeared to him. His unwillingness to have his name appear in this narrative is because of the painful delicacy he feels for his father who yet lives, and retains his strong repugnance to the sentiments which he knows his son has ever since entertained, although he is not convinced of the source from whence they were obtained. He is now aged and infirm, and his son is unwilling to add to his afflictions by any unnecessary exposure which shall identify him with circumstances and opinions so obnoxious to his feelings. Yet that son does not feel at liberty wholly to suppress any longer the publication of these papers. Already years have passed away, during which he has suffered much persecution for his defense of what he believes to be truth as carried out in the practical reforms of the day.

It is hardly necessary to add that he was found not to be a suitable candidate for the christian ministry. His vision spoiled him for that work, as it is understood and managed in the churches of this age.

It may yet appear that it has more than once happened that the stone which Scribes and Priests have rejected, God has nevertheless chosen. We ought to sympathise with the noble wish of Moses "Would God that all the Lord's people were Prophets."

We do not feel called upon to indorse or disown the Philosophical or Theological principles set forth in the narrative. We are content to "tell the story as it was told to us." "He that hath a dream let him tell his dream, and he that hath my word let him speak my word; what is the chaff to the wheat; saith the Lord."

### Selections.

#### THE CHARACTER AND EXTENT OF MIRACLES

What are the characteristics of Bible miracles? Are there any facts elsewhere and to day, of a like character?

Bible miracles consist of prophetic dreams, allegorical visions, insight, second sight, voices from heaven, communion with spirits, the healing of diseases by the effort of the mind, and the like. We can readily recall instances of each of these kinds related in the Bible and generally believed. The distinguishing feature of facts like these has a peculiarly *intuitive*, spiritual aspect. This spiritual, intuitive phase is characteristic of the wonderful works recorded in the Bible. For instance, prophetic vision, insight into character, and the like, are not an exercise of an *optic* apparatus of the body, nor an inductive process of the mind, but an inward consciousness, a spiritual perception of future events, individual character, &c. If the visions be symbolical, the interpretation must be made through a similar intuitive power. Instance Joseph's dreams, and those of Pharaoh. Says Joseph, "It is not in me (to interpret them). God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace." That is, it is by an intuitive power that I obtain the key to explain these symbols, not by a process of reasoning. Jesus' prophecy of his resurrection, and the denial of Peter, were spiritual perceptions, not logical inferences. So was it with the insight manifested by Jesus into the minds of persons, *divining* their thought knowing them by a divine, intuitive process; not *guessing* at them, and divine only in the sense of being a nearer approach to the absolute knowing power in God than inferential action.

Voices from heaven, and communion with spiritual beings related in the Bible have the same characteristic spirituality. Voices from heaven. What does that mean, but that they were

especially, addressed to the interior sense? speaking "*within*" the soul, not made by physical ears? "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" penetrated to the deep places of that great misguided soul, with their warning pathos, as no words could. The thought was not muffled by flesh and blood. Moses and Elijah appeared on the mount nearer to those uplifted beholders than when man meets man, more radiant than the physical eye could appreciate, and the voice from the cloud spake to their *souls*.

Again, the healing power as exercised by Jesus and the apostles was not the result of examination into the structure and functions of the human body, the discovery of the qualities of mineral and vegetable agents, and the application of them to disease, but the application of the might of the spirit through "*faith*" by which the disease was removed. Throughout all the wonderful works recorded in the Bible, we can trace this characteristic feature.

Now are there any facts in "*profane*" history (skeptically so called,) which corresponds to these in the sacred "*books*" in their characteristic features? I ask this question with the design, mainly, of leading other minds to search, and I propose to adduce only a few such facts as have come under my immediate knowledge and observation, referring to other sources likewise.

Prophetic dreams are not confined to Scripture history. Probably such are known to many of the readers of these remarks. Such have been published in the *Univercelum*. I know of a lady who dreamed that the husband of the woman with whom she boarded, then at sea, would bring home a work-box, which she distinctly saw in her dream, and described upon waking. In a few weeks the Captain arrived with the identical box which answered to the one seen in the dream. The same lady often dreamed of going down stone steps, which was symbolic of sickness in as many weeks as steps. Mad at the bottom typified the severity of the sickness. Once she dreamed of seeing stone steps which she ascended on a golden wire. It was subsequently revealed to her in an induced somnambulant state, that the golden wire was emblematic of a railroad over which she was to go in a certain direction. She went and was restored to health.

I know of a person who often can tell the exact time when a friend at a distance is thinking of her, and has verified it.

There was a fireman in Boston who, it is said, was almost always conscious when a fire broke out, before the alarm was given, and not unfrequently reached the fire before the bells struck. Some persons receive mental impressions so definite that they are induced to follow them. This is common among the Quakers, who are led by their religious philosophy to look for such. I heard not long since, of one of the most worthy clergymen in this State who had gone some distance on a journey, when he was so impressed with the impulse to go home that he gave up his intended tour and returned. He found a family very dear to him, sadly bereaved and desiring much his sympathy and consolation.

The interesting accounts published in the *Practical Christian* of Schaske, the wonderful descriptions of character from holding letters written by different individuals, by Miss Parsons of Boston, as published in the *Univercelum*, go to show that intuitive perception did not die with the Bible Jews.

I am personally acquainted with cases of prophetic vision. One of the death of an acquaintance was foretold and came to pass. Another, a prophecy of the commencement of the restoration of a paralysed limb. Several weeks previous to a specified time, it was written, signed and sealed that at *that* time the limb would show signs of reanimation. On that day it was fulfilled.

Again, numerous instances are on record of intercourse with spirits. Brainard in his Missionary tour among the Indians, tells of an Indian priest, who said that he used to have seasons when the Great Spirit appeared and talked with him, and he could see a great deal; his brother Indians looked all light so that he could see them. Brainard called it the work of the Devil,



and after the priest became converted to *Missionary* Christianity he had no more visions!

I am acquainted with a person who in a state of momentary insensibility to external things, during a severe sickness, heard a "voice,"—a command which, when she revived, she attributed to one of the bystanders. The command was told them. They heard nothing, they had not said anything of the kind. Subsequently, in a state of induced somnambulism, the same person discovered that the "voice" came from "heaven"—that it was an impression from the spirit-land. Many cases of spiritual communion are well known to me, and others, no doubt, can affirm the same. I must hasten to consider the healing power which is so prominent in Bible miracles.

In all ages disease has been removed by laying on of hands. Valentine Greatrakes was noted in his day, in England, for curing maladies in this way. So were Mesmer and Maximilian Hell in Paris. The cures performed through the agency of what has been called Animal Magnetism, Mesmerism, Pathetism, &c., have the same spiritual characteristics we recognise in the Bible cures, in a greater or less degree.

In this age, in this country, cures of this kind are so numerous, so well authenticated, so firmly established, that no candid man who investigates will dispute them. If human testimony is good in the case of Bible cures, it is good in cures outside of the Bible. Such cures have come under my own personal experience. I know that a palsied arm has been restored. I know that a loss of voice has been cured, rheumatism and gout relieved. In New England, no person has effected so many cures in this way perhaps as La Roy Sunderland. He has lectured all over the Northern and Middle States. He does not hide his deeds in a corner, and there are multitudes who can testify to his healing power. He heals the sick by means of sympathy and will. He is no miracle worker in the theological sense of that term. He claims no supernatural power. His works testify to his going about doing good. Every body can get at facts upon this subject. I can only refer to one or two my own eyes have seen.

A young lady in this town cured of cough of two years standing, by Mr. Sunderland, from the time the state of sympathy existed. A member of my own family remarkably relieved of an intense headache of long standing, and much benefited in general health under the spiritual, mental and physical power exerted by the same philanthropist.

The cures of this kind are multitudinous, and it is a matter of surprise to me that they have not been made more a matter of exposition in the *Univ. Cosmos*, devoted as that paper is to kindred subjects.\* A. J. Davis recommends drugs, but rarely, if ever, cold-water or Pathetism.

These cures are undeniable facts. All I desire at this time is to call the attention of people to them in order to compare their characteristic features with those of the Bible. No sensible man attributes these modern cures and phenomena to a supernatural agency in any special sense. Certainly no good man would forget that God is in all, that it is only in obedience to his will, in harmony with his laws, that these things can be done. But they are no more *supernatural* than growing wheat and the magnetic power which we make our news-boy. Is there any more reason for calling the wonderful works in the Bible supernatural than those we see and hear of to-day? Are they not in their essential characteristics alike? As the Bible men, through "faith" by will, did mighty works, have not men in all past ages done the same, may not the same be done now? Is it not done now in the same way? Seek and answer each one for himself.

\* We acknowledge that more might be said in our columns upon this subject with profit. The only reason why we have not heretofore made it more prominent, is because our minds, and apparently the minds of our readers generally, have been more strongly attracted to other subjects.—*Ed. Uniters.*

In denying the supernatural theory, I do not deny the historical facts, nor invalidate them. I believe that these facts will be found coexistent with the human race, that they are a part of the economy of God and the nature of man; consequently divinely natural. Protestants call such phenomena works of darkness and of the devil when witnessed in heathen lands, in the Roman Catholic Church, under the reign of Allah, when recorded in the Koran and in Persian Bibles, or when their honest neighbors testify of them to-day; or perhaps they deny them outright. But God and human nature are in Hindostan, and in all books, herewith as to-day. The divine light cannot be eclipsed by the clouds of dogmatism. The *Word* from the beginning to the end is manifest. Negation does not destroy it. It cannot be hooped in the hoghead of any *ism*. There is a light which lighteneth every man. It shines for all. Wherever man has dwelt, God has with him, and there has been developed the same spiritual nature. Philosophy will seek truth not only in Bible miracles, wrought 2000 years ago, not only in Catholic, Mahomedan, Brahman and Mandom miracles, but in human miracles the world over, in all time, to-day. "Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." H. O. S.

Concord, N. H., March 26, 1849.

### A GLANCE AT THE WORLD.

MORE than three-fifths of the race of Man are idolators, though we are near the terminus of the sixtieth century of his history, and of the nineteenth century of the Christian Era. Nearly sixty generations of men—numbering forty thousand millions, have lived and died, since Jesus Christ "brought Life and Immortality to Light through the Gospel." There are now one thousand millions on the earth, of whom]

630,000,000 are Idolators,  
100,000,000 " Mohammedans,  
6,000,000 " Jews,  
264,000,000 " Nominal Christians.

A few Millions more than *one-fourth* have nominally recognized Jesus Christ as the Saviour of Mankind! Of these,

130,000,000 are members of the Roman Church,  
56,000,000 " " " Greek Church,  
8,000,000 " " " Armenian Church,  
70,000,000 " " " nominally Protestants.

There are then 194,000,000 bearing the Christian name, to whom the Bible is a sealed Book, and only about one fourth of the population of the Globe who are permitted to read, and are favorable to its circulation. Of these, not more than 40,000,000 are professors of any kind of Christianity—one-sixth of nominal Christians—one twenty-fifth of the population of the World. Of these not more than 25,000,000—one tenth of nominal Christians—one fortieth of the entire population, are the evangelical followers of Christ. Therefore we have reason to believe, that at this very hour thirty-nine fortieths of mankind possess unregenerate hearts! In this condition do we find the world, having passed through the revolutions of nearly six thousand years.

It is now nearly half a century since the commencement of the Modern Missionary Effort. The following table exhibits the brief results of what has been accomplished these fifty years among the heathen:

2,000 Missionaries,  
7,500 Assistants,  
4,000 Churches,  
250,000 Converts,  
3,000 Missionary Schools,  
250,000 Children and Adults belonging to them.  
200 Dialects into which the Bible is translated.

32,000,000 of Bibles scattered over the Earth in languages spoken by 600,000,000!

Only one-fortieth of mankind have felt in their hearts the

power of the Gospel—the remaining thirty-nine fortieths are “aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, strangers from the covenant of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world; Eph. ii. 12.” When we consider that thirty-two millions of Bibles are abroad in the earth, translated into languages spoken by 600,000,000; let us not forget that only one in thirty one, on an average, have in their hands the Bread of Life; that 968,000,000 are destitute; and that to 400,000,000 the Bible is a sealed book this very hour. When we consider that several hundred thousand have been rescued from Heathenism in the last fifty years, 200,000 of whom perhaps are now alive, let us not forget the millions that have perished in their sins, and the millions that have been heathenized during the same period.

Heathenism has been on a terrible increase for centuries. It is a startling fact that the disparity between the friends and the foes of Christianity, between the disciples of the Saviour and unconverted men, is greater, vastly more so at the present time than it was fifty years since.

Such, indeed, is only a “glance at the world,” a mere *coupe d'œil* upon this vast missionary field—this terrific moral harvest which so deepens, and widens and waves in the distance!—J. L. Batchelder.

### IMMUTABILITY OF THOUGHT.

A CASE occurred in a town in Germany, a year or two before my arrival at Gottingen, and had not then ceased to be a subject of conversation. A young woman of four or five-and-twenty, who could neither read nor write, was seized with a nervous fever; during which, according to the asseverations of all the Priests and Monks of the neighborhood, she became *possessed*, and, as it appeared, by a very learned devil. She continued incessantly talking Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, in very pompous tones, and with most distinct enunciation. The case had attracted the attention of a young physician, and, by his statement, many eminent physiologists and psychologists visited the town, and cross-examined this singular case, on the spot. Sheets full of her ravings were taken down from her own mouth, and were found to contain sentences coherent and intelligible, each for itself, but with little or no connection with each other. Of the Hebrew a small portion only could be traced to the Bible; the remainder seemed to be a rabbinical dialect. All trick or conspiracy was out of the question. Not only had the young woman ever been a harmless, simple creature, but she was evidently laboring under a nervous fever. In the town in which she had been residing for so many years, as a servant in different families, no solution presented itself. The young physician, however, determined to trace her past life, step by step; for the patient herself was incapable of returning a rational answer.—He at length succeeded in discovering the place where her parents had lived, travelled thither and found them dead, but an uncle surviving; and from him learned that the patient had been charitably taken by an old Protestant Pastor, at nine years old, and had remained with him some years, even till the old man's death. Of this Pastor the uncle knew nothing, but that he was a very good man. With great difficulty, and after much search our young medical philosopher discovered a niece of the Pastor's who had lived with him as housekeeper, and had inherited his effects. She remembered the girl; related that her venerable uncle had been too indulgent, and could not bear to have the girl recoded; that she was willing to have kept her, but that after her patron's death, the girl refused to stay. Anxious inquiries were then, of course, made concerning the Pastor's habits, and the solution of the phenomena was soon obtained; for it appeared that it had been the old man's custom for years, to walk up and down a passage of his house, into which the kitchen door opened, and read to himself, with a loud voice, out of his favorite books. A considerable number of these were still in the

niece's possession. She added that he was a learned man, and a great Hebraist. Among the books were found a collection of Rabbinical writings, together with several Greek and Latin Fathers; and the physician succeeded in identifying so many passages with those taken down at the young woman's bedside, that no doubt could remain in any rational mind, concerning the true origin of the impression made on her nervous system.

This authentic case furnishes both proof and instance that relics of sensation may exist for an indefinite time, in a latent state, in the very same order in which they were originally impressed; and, as we cannot rationally suppose the feverish state of the brain to act in any other way than as a stimulus, this fact (and it would not be difficult to adduce several of the kind) contributes to make it probable that all thoughts are, in themselves, imperishable; and that if the intelligent faculty should be rendered more comprehensive, it would require only a *different* and apportioned organization, *the body celestial* instead of *the body terrestrial*, to bring before every human soul the collective existence. And this—this, perchance, is the dread book of judgment, in whose mysterious hieroglyphics every idle word is recorded! Yea, in the very nature of a living spirit, it may be more possible that heaven and earth should pass away, than that a single act or a single thought should be lost.—Coleridge.

### PHRENIC CULTURE.

It must be apparent to all, even to the most common observer, that these are not common times; a great change is in progress, and men are beginning to act on principles more accurate and more enlightened. But still the style of thought is more becoming the period of immature life than that of vigorous manhood. Men still require to be educated in a system of philosophy which will point out the necessity of discarding completely those narrow and limited views which have so long harassed and perplexed them. Such a system of philosophy is ours. All other studies are insignificant when compared with this—the study of man. With this key what bright prospects open!—Who can predict the effect when man's capabilities shall be drawn forth—when his happiness shall bear some relation to his power of attaining it? As yet we scarcely know these capabilities; as yet we are only on the threshold of investigation; as yet we have done little more than act as pioneers; we have opened the shaft, discovered the mine; but the amount of treasure cannot be estimated. Nevertheless, we are justified in suggesting as probable what we cannot predict with certainty.

Glance for a moment at the achievements of some of our modern philosophers! How have these victories been gained?—They have resulted from superior *organism*—from trained organism. If this be true—and who can doubt it?—consider the thousands, nay, millions, that are allowed to live, grow up to maturity, shrivel and die at an advanced age, enveloped in their native rust, without an attempt to train, without an effort to afford the natural stimulus to their famishing organs. Is this right? Is this state of moral and intellectual abortion to continue? No! The multitude must be roused from their lethargy—they must be taught to think and judge for themselves—to put forth their giant power, the most distinguishing characteristic of their species.

Look at the cerebral mass of a great character, and witness the astounding results of its action! Think of the cerebral mass of the famishing millions, and estimate, if you can, the results which might be obtained if each brain were trained, if each individual were placed in that situation and calling which nature intended. Estimate, if you can, after the lapse of a few generations, the acquirements, the position, the intellectual and moral grandeur, of such a race. If, then, we have even now but a faint idea of man's endowments—if they are now comparatively unknown and unexplored—if we are, after a lapse of so many



ages, only commencing the study, what better guarantee can we have of the fact that humanity must advance—that as years roll on, and one generation succeeds another, man will gradually remove all impediments to his happiness, and assume that position for which his organism fits him? *Our race is in a transition state*; but the course is *onward*, and the boldest and most enthusiastic thinker does not possess data by which he can predict the attainments of any given period: this is a secret, a germ in the womb of Time, to be evolved by man himself: his destiny is to grow in the proportion he ascertains and obeys the laws governing his structure. Extravagant and speculative as it may appear, we triumph in the idea of such an approaching consummation. We hold no dispiriting views—we look on man as only just emerging from a degraded position, although the impression which a retrospect of his past existence conveys, is humiliating in the extreme. We augur more favorably for his future progress, and dare picture in the distance his future destiny.

High moral and intellectual pre-eminence is now the exception, and not the rule: man could soon reverse the picture. The brain can be improved by judicious training; and remember the neglected training of one individual brain may exert an influence over several generations. We would wish to fix our position on this enlarged view; we would consider this question as philosophers and philanthropists, not as sectarians—not as affecting the individual, but as appertaining to man in the aggregate.

The laws of organic life are, like all the other laws man has discovered, invariable. The same causes always produce the same effects.

Observe individuals possessing superior brains—members of nature's aristocracy. Why do they differ from the greater portion of their race? Compare the distinguishing characteristics the elevated grandeur, the high moral and intellectual attainments of the one, with the grovelling debasement, the notorious animal exhibitions of the other. What causes have conduced to produce this difference? Have we discovered the cause? Can we apply the knowledge obtained? If we can who will limit the application? Why may not *the race* ultimately become partakers of the same improved organism? Reasoning as philosophers, we have everything to hope for, and nothing to regret but the continuance of apathy and ignorance. We pity the man with his cold withering calculations, placing limits to man's progression, fixing his race to the narrow confines suggested by his own limited power, and mapping out its future career by the experience of the past, the perverted activity, the monstrous prostitution of mere animal powers.

If we are asked, has man unlimited powers? we answer, we know not their limits, and, therefore, cannot set bounds to his progression. If the few have gained their position by any ascertainable means, we cannot see why the many may not reach the same standard. If the stimulus have been applied to some, and such astounding results have been obtained, we cannot see why the mass of men should not be elevated by the same vivifying process. The fact of human progression can be ascertained from history; but the laws of human progression are not understood, and their deduction from the study of materiality is not believed. It is too much the custom to lower, to degrade, to under-rate man; to speak of his proneness to vice—his innate depravity—his grovelling tendencies, but not of his *inherent power to become virtuous*; to refer to his derelictions from a standard of morality, as so many proofs of a sinful constitution, instead of tracing effects to causes, and becoming convinced that all these manifestations depend on, and are necessary results of ignorance, and a total disregard of important physiological truths. It is our duty to insist on this—to cast new light—to teach that man is to be elevated not by vainly theorising, but by adopting vigorous and efficient measures based on the laws governing

his organism. Let the rising generation be educated in physiological truths; let them not only be taught the best means of preserving and improving the constitution transmitted to them, but instructed in Cerebral Physiology; and above all, impressed with the important fact, that the formation of the brain of their descendants can be calculated with mathematical precision, provided science be consulted, provided intellect be the guide, and not mere blind animalism. These are truths of more importance to the individual and to the race, than a knowledge of the fooleries and absurdities of modern society—more worthy of their attention than the derogatory employment of copying the last ridiculous fashion, or the studied forms and monstrous attempts to attract the attention of the vulgar and the *pseudo* refined.

When high moral worth and intellectual superiority shall be the standard—the eminence to which all shall aspire—the ornaments of the present age will be considered the vulgarities of that which is to come. The improved organism, the inevitable result of consulting the natural laws, will give improved tone, and there will be a natural, unstudied gracefulness and simplicity of manner and character far more enticing, far more beautiful than the unnatural, nonsensical perversions alluded to.

### SCRAPS--FROM JEAN PAUL.

THE sun is like God, sending abroad life, beauty, and happiness; and the stars like human souls, for all their glory comes from the sun.

Does not the echo in the sea shell tell of the worm which once inhabited it? and shall not man's good deeds live after him and sing his praise?

The mind makes all the beauty on earth, as the sun all in the heavens.

What is the universe but a hand flung in space pointing always with extended finger unto God?

The pitying tears and fond smiles of woman, are like the showers and sunshine of spring; alas! that unlike them, she should often miss her merited reward—the sweet flowers of affection.

How like rain is the human heart—having no beauty in itself, but beneath the smile of God, showing forth with all the rainbow's glory; or how like a star, which, though but dust, can yet be cherished into a semblance of the fountain of its light.

The songs of birds, and the life of man, are both brief, both soul-filled, and both as they end, leave behind whispers of Heaven.—*Literary American.*

### A NEW RACE.

A HITHERTO unknown race of people has been discovered, it is said, in the interior of Africa. The men are tall and powerfully built, standing seven to seven and a half English feet in height, and black in color, although destitute of the usual character of negroes, in features. Mehemet Ali sent an expedition up the "White Nile" in search of gold, and there found this new race of people—1500 of whom armed to the teeth, came down to the shore of the river where the vessel lay. The name of the kingdom occupied by the people is Bari, and its capital Patenja. They raise wheat, tobacco, &c., and manufacture their own weapons.

DOING GOOD.—He is indeed the wisest and happiest man, who, by constant attention of thought, discovers the greatest opportunities of doing good, and with ardent and animated resolution breaks through every opposition that he may improve those opportunities.

# THE UNIVERCELUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

EDITED BY AN ASSOCIATION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1849.

## OUR FOURTH VOLUME.

Our next number will complete the half year and the third volume of our publication. The succeeding number will commence volume fourth. We are authorized to say that not the slightest fear needs be entertained that our publication will not be continued. Pecuniary responsibility adequate to all possible contingencies, has been assumed for its continuance. But the brethren who have thus pledged themselves that the paper shall be sustained, have already sacrificed much in the cause of the Spiritual Philosophy, and it is not proper that any farther sacrifices should be imposed upon them. As now is a convenient time to subscribe for the paper, will not each of our present patrons make all suitable efforts to procure at least one additional subscriber? This every one might do without much inconvenience or exertion; and the result would be that all our past liabilities would be immediately cancelled, our paper would be entirely relieved from embarrassment, and certain desirable improvements in its philosophical, reformatory, and literary character, would be immediately made.

We take this occasion to render our heartfelt thanks to those who by donations, have generously responded to our call for assistance. May they have their reward.

To this we are compelled to add the EARNEST REQUEST, that those who have not paid up their past dues for subscription, will remit the same to us IMMEDIATELY WITHOUT FAIL. This we believe all would do cheerfully, if they properly appreciated our wants.

W. F.

## HEAT WITHOUT LIGHT--THE LATE RIOT.

HEAT is the primary principle in Nature. It is the ultimate origin of all force and life, whether existing in the outer Universe, or in vegetable, animal, or human organizations. Its main action is to produce an *expansion* in all substances in which it inheres. This expansion when not governed by any directing forces superadded to those of heat, is comparatively lawless, and coming forth, as it does, through the most direct channels, and attacking surrounding objects that are most exposed to its action, irrespective of their character, it often leads to catastrophes, such as earthquakes, volcanic explosions, and conflagrations.

LIGHT being an immediate and distinct outgrowth from heat, is in a sense, reactive to the expansive force contained in the latter. It is consequently *attractive*, from which, again, necessarily arises the fact that it proceeds in *direct lines* from its source, or from the object which reflects it, to that which attracts and receives it. Its regular lines of motion constitute the *laws* of its operation; and these, modifying the expansive influence of heat, cause specific determinations of substances to which light by its affinities attaches itself, and these substances, by mutual attractions around a common center, and by the *distributive* forces of electricity, form various organizations, having within themselves the power of growth and self-sustenance. And no regular organization in any kingdom in Nature,—no organization of any kind—can occur without the presence of some degree of light, or of its natural correspondent.

The human soul, and consequently human society, being a reproduction upon a higher plan of development, of all preceding things, has also its primary principle of heat. This, indeed, is

the fundamental essence of its life, and is the origin of all force and impulse. When existing independent of its next succeeding elaboration, which is *light* or *intelligence* (unfolded by the lessons of experience and inductive reasoning) it is blind and lawless, and if its expansive tendencies are restrained beyond the natural limits of its forbearance, it will burst forth in mutiny, riots, and mobs, and thus produce earthquakes, and kindle consuming fires of contention, in society. From the very fact that light does not exist in a sufficient degree to produce a directing, attractive, organizing, and conservative influence, it not unfrequently happens that these social outbursts are as deleterious to the interests of the insurgents as they are to the peace and quietude of the community in general, and are productive of no possible good except as they tend to stimulate the development of that light which lays their *causes* open to view so that these may be removed and their *effects* may cease.

We desire to impress it upon the reader's mind that the principles of heat and light, known as impulse and intelligence in man, are identically the same principles with those which we call heat and light existing in Nature without. They are different only in their degrees of development, and in their forms of manifestation, (the same as are the corresponding notes in the different octaves in music,) but in their fundamental nature and laws they are not different.

Let us now inquire, what is the present state of society with respect to the distribution of heat and light, or its lower impelling and higher directing (or intellectual) influences? The merest glance will discover that there is little harmony or co-operation between them, but that their operations are for the most part directly antagonistic. With the facilities afforded by wealth, one class have acquired a distorted education, often relating prominently to the arts of trade and trickery, and have surrounded themselves with those outer conveniences and systematic arrangements which correspond to the effects of *light*, being actuated more or less by the motive of maintaining a *distinction* from the poorer and less educated classes. With this motive operating upon their minds, they have no active desire for the elevation of the poorer classes, but all their efforts tend, consciously or unconsciously to themselves, to perpetuate existing conditions, and even to reduce the lower classes to a still more abject state of servitude and ignorance. By their present credit system, and their false mercantile, commercial, and professional relations, sanctioned as they are by the tacit benedictions of a blinded and pampered priesthood which preaches merely against external sins, but looks not to internal causes, they are interlocked and withed together as one mighty mass which rests with a crushing weight upon the bodies and souls of the laboring and less educated classes, repressing their aspirations and neutralizing their efforts for the improvement of their estate. Upon this state of things the wealthy class as a class, (with individual exceptions of course) desire that no considerable innovation should be made, but as a general thing, new plans for social improvement, however well conceived, are met by them with unbounded contempt. We might here offer many illustrative examples, but we forbear.

The consequence of this crushing of the masses, and repressing of their aspirations for easier conditions, is to generate among them the fermentations of discontent. To prevent this from bursting forth to the prejudice of the interests of the wealthy and more intelligent classes, the external restraints imposed upon it are increased, without any effort to remove its *causes*. Thus the pent up *heat* of passion and impulse existing among the masses, continually accumulates *expansive* force, and is constantly liable to burst out in riot and disorder, at any point of *excitement* which may draw its power to a focus. The more naturally crafty among the lower orders, organize themselves into barbarous bands of thieves, watch stuffers, and pocket book droppers, while the more stupid class, priding themselves upon their



physical force, and assuming the name of the "b'hoys," the "killers," or some such barbarous cognomen, are ready for a row whenever they can possibly frame a pretence.

In the light of the foregoing we have a few words to say to those in power. We mean the wealthy and intelligent in society, and the law-makers of the city, the state, and the nation. We would say to them: You are, or at least may be, the *light* of the world, while the lower classes are its *heat* and *life*. It is in your power to shape the tendencies and destinies of these masses according to the requirements of natural law; and unless you do this, the most terrible catastrophes are not unlikely to befall you from the riotous outbursts of that continually *expanding* impulse in the masses, by which they demand a more propitious condition, and which your unnatural policy now is to *restrain* rather than direct. And in order to prevent destructive explosions from these increasing fires pent up in the bosom of the masses, two things within your power to accomplish are necessary. One is, the general diffusion among the people, of knowledge relative to the nature of man, his relations to external things, and the laws which govern his being; and the other is, the establishment of those outer social organizations and arrangements which will give to every man and woman a means of comfortable support, and a sphere of action and basis of development according to his or her specific affections and qualifications.

If you ask in sincerity how these things may be accomplished, you may gain much light by an impartial consideration of the answers which will be given you by the various reformers of the day; and by exploring the archives of Nature, you will find a code of laws written by God's hand, which will infallibly direct you aright in all your proceedings. If you do not obtain the requisite information to direct you in this matter, it will be because you do not in the proper spirit make the inquiry. But if you settle down supinely upon the conclusion, that nothing of the kind proposed, can or should be done, you will find sooner or later to your cost, that the whole work will be accomplished without you.

The foregoing train of reflections was excited by a painful occurrence which affords a powerfully illustrative example. We refer to

#### THE RECENT RIOT IN NEW YORK.

The circumstances of this truly tragical occurrence were briefly as follows: Some months since, there was a controversy in the public papers between Mr. Forrest and Mr. Macready, the former an American and the latter an English tragedian. Of the nature of this controversy we can not speak, as we paid no attention to it. Suffice it to say, that when Mr. Macready appeared before an audience in the Opera House in Astor Place, on Monday evening of last week, a gang of disorderly persons, assuming an enthusiastic friendship for Forrest, and an indignation against his rival, Macready, attempted by hisses, and missiles thrown from the gallery, to drive the latter from the stage. The play was broken up, and Macready was obliged to leave the house.

On Thursday of last week, it was announced in handbills that Mr. Macready would again appear at the Opera House, in the evening. There were also bills posted to the purport that the officers and crew of the British steamer lying in port, would be present to defend Mr. Macready, but it is presumed that these bills were the work of some designing person or persons for the purpose of inflaming the excitement. Early in the day it became evident that if the Opera House was opened, a tremendous disturbance would ensue. Observing the indications, the lessee of the house, as it is stated, applied to the Mayor for advice as to whether he should proceed to open it. He was advised to proceed, and promised protection by the available civil and military force of the city of New York. The police force was increased, and a body of soldiers were called out in anticipation of

the impending riot. In the evening, a body of from fifteen to twenty thousand persons assembled around the Opera House, some forty or fifty of the riotously disposed having, by means of tickets many of which were purchased by a single designing individual, effected an entrance. When Mr. Macready appeared, these commenced disorderly proceedings, but were soon secured by the police stationed in the house, and confined in a vault under the stage.

Meanwhile the desperadoes assembled on the outside, were employed in throwing stones and brickbats through the windows, breaking through the thick pine boards by which the latter had been barricaded, smashing the magnificent chandelier, and endangering the lives of the audience, one of whom, indeed, was killed. The police force made ineffectual attempts to repress the mob, but were beaten back with stones and brickbats. The military stationed on the ground, were still more severely beaten, and many of them were badly wounded. When they could stand their ground no longer, the order was given them to fire. Three rounds were then fired, (the first over the heads of the crowd) and twenty-one persons were slain and many more wounded. The mob then gradually dispersed, and through the vigilance of the police and the threatenings of the military, the riot has not been again renewed.

Let us now seriously inquire, What was the *cause* of this lamentable disturbance? Not the controversy between Forrest and Macready, for that was the mere *occasion*—the mere *pretence*.—We must look for the real cause in that which produced, or allowed to be produced, this immense magazine of human passion, ready to be ignited (as we see it was) by a single spark. We would say to the dominant classes of the city of New York and of the nation—by your unwise neglect of the interests of the lower classes; by refusing to properly foster the development of their moral and intellectual faculties, and to use your means to place them in situations which would afford a reasonable gratification of all their natural wants; by the restrictions you have imposed upon their aspirations in your land monopolies, and in building up a monied tyranny over labor; and by assuming an aristocratic exclusiveness over deserving poverty—by these and similar measures which you have almost insensibly fallen into, you—you have caused the accumulation of this combustible material; and now that it bursts forth on a most trivial occasion, you are driven to the miserable expedient of bayonets and bullets, to repress it!

For the sake of the safety and happiness of all parties, then let legislators and capitalists, and all men of mind, take immediate measures to diffuse that *light* which will direct and organize the materials enlivened and set in motion by this mass of *heat*. Let the public lands be made free to actual settlers, and let all intelligent men, poor or rich, labor for the establishment of Protective Unions, and associations for co-operative labor, mutual improvement &c., looking to the emancipation and elevation of the producing classes; and let all clergymen, instead of preaching the blind dogmas of their various sects, labor to diffuse among the people a true knowledge of their physical, mental, and moral nature, of their relations to each other and to outer things, and of the *natural laws* by which they are governed both individually and socially. Such alone are the conditions (stated in very general terms) on which some of the direct catastrophes may be avoided in future. By the restrictions imposed by the present social and theological systems, the aspirations of the masses may be restrained for a time, but it will be like the obstruction of a stream which does not prevent the waters from accumulating, and finally by one mighty effort, all barriers will be swept away, and disorder will for a time reign triumphant. How much better it would be to pursue now a judicious course of *channeling*, and thus lead forth the stream in a thousand gentle rivulets to fructify the whole land and make the earth rejoice!

W. F.

## THE ANNAVERSARY MEETINGS.

Owing to physical indisposition and other causes, we were unable to spend so much time in the attendance of the anniversary meetings last week as we could have desired to spend. The meetings for the formation of the Phrenological Society, of which we spoke in our last, received our first attention, as we are convinced that the exposition of the true nature of man and of his relations to external things, must lie at the basis of all successful movements for general reform. Without an extensive knowledge upon this point, the reformer must necessarily labor more or less in the dark, and his measures will be one-sided and often in violence of some of the fundamental principles of human nature. And whatever may be said of Phrenology as a science abstractly considered, it cannot be denied that it has at least been the vehicle for the unfolding of a more thorough and rational conception of the nature of man and of the laws of his being, than ever could be reached by the old systems of metaphysics. Those who have perused that admirable work, "Combe on the Constitution of Man," are especially prepared to appreciate this remark. And we believe that the Fowlers, the apostles of Phrenology in America, by their varied labors and widely circulated publications, have done an infinitely greater service to mankind, than all the clergymen and metaphysicians on the globe, by the promulgation of cast-iron creeds and theories, could have done in the same length of time. And though we would go for some modification—*development* perhaps we should rather say—in prevailing Phrenological theories, we believe there is yet in that science a mine of inexhaustible riches which has been comparatively untouched; and by the discovery of the natural order of sequence in the faculties, and their groupings to form the great leading affections by which the mind is characterized, we believe that a system of education may be constructed by which man may grow up physically and mentally, from infancy to full maturity, by the same natural and harmonious gradation by which the oak grows up from the acorn. Then man will be perfect, harmonious, and Christ-like, and society will be a heaven. We hope for a suitable opportunity some time in the future, to properly unfold our views upon this subject, in the light of the science of universal correspondences, or Pantology. By the Society proposed to be formed, and for which a constitution will soon be reported, much may be done in the development of the resources of Phrenology, and in the diffusion of the useful instructions which it affords. But we must proceed to speak of a meeting of the

## UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS.

One of the meetings of this body, we attended in the Minerva rooms on Thursday evening of last week. The audience appeared to be composed of very intelligent and respectable people, though it was not crowded. When we entered the hall, Mr. C. A. Dana was giving an account of Associative movements in France. Having recently returned from Paris, where he had resided for several months, he could speak of these from personal observation. We took no notes of what was said, and we must hence give our report from memory. He stated in substance that the socialist spirit in Paris was much more extensively prevalent than was generally supposed. The laboring classes resorted to association as a means of relief from the horrible oppression and want to which they were otherwise subject. The Associationists were mostly of the more intelligent classes of mechanics, and were generally peaceable, orderly, and highly respectable, having been greatly slandered in the reports of conservative journals. They were, however, not disposed to submit to unjust oppression, and were somewhat revolutionary. He gave detailed accounts of several associations in different departments of industry, which were in a very prosperous state, their members usually working only ten hours a day, and receiving compensation which enabled them to live in comparative ease—

whereas, for individual employers the operatives were required to work thirteen hours a day for a much smaller compensation, and with no certainty of permanent employment even at that. Among these Associations, he instanced that of the *saddlers*, numbering some hundred members, and which, after paying each person for work done, had at the end of the first year, a surplus of profits in their treasury of from *twelve to fifteen thousand dollars* which they divided among themselves. This, certainly, is a practical demonstration of the advantages of associated labor.

Mr. Dana was followed by Mr. W. H. Channing, in an eloquent and fervent speech, principally relating to the signs of the times, and designed to encourage Associationists to a warmer zeal and more vigorous action. His remarks were frequently interrupted by bursts of applause.

Following Mr. Channing, Dr. Elder of Philadelphia, came forward and made a quaint and amusing speech of three quarters of an hour. We have room only to report the following: Dr. E. stated that in the Moyamensing district of Philadelphia, a benevolent individual procured a room for the purpose of seeing what could be done for the lowest order of females. Rag pickers and bone pickers and others of no possible skill or contrivance, and who had been living mostly on soup furnished gratuitously by some benevolent association, were, to the number of some seventy or eighty, invited to come in, and because they had no skill adequate to a higher employment, were set to work sewing carpet rags. At first they made poor work even at that, but by showing and practice, they were soon enabled to make each fifteen cents, and finally from twenty-five to thirty cents per day. As soon as they could make the former sum, they unanimously resolved to receive no more soup on gratuity—not said Dr. E., from the native impulse of each mind, but because there was in that mass a *highest* mind, which, associated as they were, spread its thought through all lower minds like a contagion. They soon began to exchange their tatters for decent garments, and in every aspect, improvement was distinctly visible.

The manager at length discovered that they could save considerably more by procuring a loom to weave up their rags into carpets. By a contribution from each person of two or three cents a-day, a loom was soon procured. But here occurred another difficulty; it was found that no one among the number could weave. And the doctor quaintly remarked that this part of the project would have been entirely frustrated had it not been for the *Devil*! for through some "remarkable providence" that personage had put it into the mind of a negro to commit a crime for which he had been sent to the State's Prison, where he had learned to weave; and of his services they availed themselves! The conclusion upon the minds of the audience seemed to be that even the Devil may be made to work in a good cause, if he is rightly managed.

After Dr. Elder closed, Mr. Brisbane was called for, who had just returned to this country, having been expelled from France for making a speech at a socialist meeting. He arose amid tremendous bursts of applause, and proceeded to give an interesting though in some respects sad, account of affairs in Europe. It being late, we were obliged to leave before he concluded his speech. Altogether the meeting was one of great interest and profit.

W. F.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

The Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich—a long vacation pastoral. By ARTHUR CLOUGH.

This is the most fresh and refreshing book that we have met with for a long time. Since we first revelled in the rich luxuriance of Bailey's *Festus*, no new poem has so enchained our attention. But this writer has a sanity and due balance of mind which are worth far more than the brilliant but erratic flights of *Festus*. Under a simple but graceful garment of fiction, the



author gives us his thoughts on the greatest subject of our day—the relations of work and beauty, especially as affecting woman's destiny; and his views are marked at once by firmness, boldness, and a wise moderation which forgets not the worth of past institutions, but would build, like the true architect, a structure both for use and beauty. The poem contains some touches of satire, but not a taint of bitterness—wit without frivolity, and humor without coarseness. And all is told in homely but expressive hexameters which cling to the memory with the tenacity of a mountain song. There are passages of exquisite beauty too. The description of bathing at sunrise is one: and the interview between the two lovers is at once original, natural, and very beautiful. The simile of the arched bridge is too perfect in its place to be torn from its context, but would be enough of itself to stamp the author a poet. And the allegorical explanation of the old familiar tale of Leah and Rachel, gives a wonderful charm to the narration.

We cannot compare the book with others, for it is peculiar both in its design and execution. It has not the exquisite melody of Tennyson's *Princess*, but who would have it at the expense of the honied gall which fills that book? We hope that all who admired that smooth tongued satire on woman, will find a corrective in this manly and true hearted poem. The description of a "beau" offering "unneeded arms" is admirable, and matches well with the indignant exhortation to "alabaster women set on mantel-pieces in glass cases." This book is yet extremely rare among us: will not some of our enterprising publishers give us a fair and handsome edition of it, not forgetting to send a generous per centage of the profits to the author for the copy right? We predict for it not a sudden rush of popularity, but an earnest welcome to all true hearts, and a lasting place among the "books which are books."

x.

**AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.**—This popular Journal, edited by the Fowlers, and devoted to an exposition of Phrenology, Physiology, Physiognomy, Magnetism, and allied subjects, with the practical instructions which each affords, has reached its eleventh volume. It has an extensive circulation, and when we contemplate the good it has already done in introducing man to an acquaintance with his own nature and the natural laws which govern it, we could wish that it were received in every family in the United States. It speaks truths which may be recognized and appropriated by every intelligent mind, though some minds may be disposed to account for these truths on a different basis from that afforded by the peculiar themes to which it is specially devoted. The Phrenological Journal is published monthly in a neat pamphlet form of thirty-two octavo pages, being frequently embellished with wood-cuts, at one dollar a year, payable in advance. Address Fowler & Wells, 129 Nassau st., N. York.

W. F.

## READING-ROOM COLLOQUY.

### "PRO AND CON."

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM.

**CONSERVATIVE.**—(Reading a newspaper.) Ha, ha, ha! True—that's very true! **PROGRESSIVE**, here's something for you; listen! (Reads.) "Once upon a time the oysters in a certain river-bed began to have a great regard for economy. Communist ideas having spread among them to a great extent, one of the number who belonged to this party proposed as a measure of public utility, that instead of their going to the ruinous expense of providing a shell for each oyster, they should provide one large shell capable of sheltering all the oysters in the bed. To this a certain old settler, a very grave and respectable old gentlemanly oyster, replied: 'My friends, yield to Providence. Depend upon it, if Nature had ever intended that we should all live in one shell, we would certainly have found ourselves now existing in such a relation; but the contrary is evident to every

one of you. In all my experience—and I may safely affirm that I am the oldest inhabitant of this extensive mud-bank—I have never seen more than one oyster in any single shell.' At the conclusion of this address, the whole bank resounded with applause, and the communists were forever silenced. How unfortunate it is, that Nature did not, at first, discover and act upon the excellent idea suggested by the communist oyster!" There you have it, friend **PRO**; what do you say to that?

**PROGRESSIVE.**—It is very amusing, certainly—a very ingenious fable. But I can show you that it is made up of the very essence of sophistry, and that it adds another to the many instances of misrepresentation to which I have before called your attention.

**CON.**—Sophistry—I don't see any sophistry about it; I think it a perfect illustration. A parallel case, sir,—a parallel case!

**PRO.**—The point intended to be established by it, is, that the socialists teach a doctrine which is opposed to the principles of nature, or, which would establish relations among mankind to which there cannot be found a parallel in nature. And here, *entre nous*, let me remark, that it pleases me exceedingly to find that our opponents are turning their attention to the operations of nature, in order to seek correspondences upon which to found a system of social order. Let them continue their researches—they will not seek in vain!

**CON.**—Ah, indeed! I should think they had found enough already among the community of oysters—eh? Ha, ha!

**PRO.**—No, sir; that was but a partial exploration, and the result shows us how liable we are to fall into error in taking a partial view of any subject.

**CON.**—Well, sir, give us your explanation. You profess to take a general view of Nature—what are the correspondences which you find?

**PRO.**—It has been a common remark, that all the various passions, affections, qualities, &c., of mankind, are typified, each respectively, in different species of the lower animal creation. Thus the lamb is an emblem of innocence; the wolf of rapacity; the ox of meekness; the lion of majesty; the goose of folly; the owl of wisdom; the parrot of garrulity; the peacock of vanity; the mule of obstinacy; the elephant of sagacity; the fox of cunning; the beaver of mechanical ingenuity; the bee of economical industry, and, I might add, the oyster of absorbing supineness. And, thus we might proceed over the whole animal creation, and find in the most prominent characteristic of each animal, a correspondence to a like quality manifested by mankind. So also with the different classes in society. The more ignorant of the non-producing, absorbing class, have a fit representative in the oyster, while the intelligent operative class are properly represented by the bee. So the correspondence is perfect, and the teachings of Nature evident, that if we would act economically and intelligently, we should follow the example set us by the bee, and live in Association; but if we would live stupidly and uselessly, let us withdraw, each within his own shell, and cry-down the associationists as persons likely to disturb our repose.

**CON.**—Ah, the bees are Fourierites, truly; I didn't think of that.

**PRO.**—Yes; and you might add the ants, and the beavers. So you see how partial and limited was the view of nature taken by the writer of that fable, and how utterly mistaken he is when he exclaims—"How unfortunate it is that Nature did not, at first, discover," &c.—whereas it is plain that Nature herself has established, to govern the social relations of the more intelligent of the animal kingdom,—the very system which we advocate. You understand me?

**CON.**—Oh, yes; I see, I see. (Glancing his eye over the newspaper.) Ah, what is this?—something about stocks. (Reading.) "Pennsylvania bonds—Treasury notes—Erie Railroad—N. Y. State Stocks—hum—um—um."

**PROGRESSIVE** shrugs his shoulders, settles down in his chair, and soon loses himself, (in more senses than one,) in the pages of the "Nineteenth Century."

H.

## Poetry.

## ATALA'S PRAYER.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M.D.

"Alas! to die so young, when my heart is so full of love!"  
CHATAUBRIAND.

Abba! when the morn is breaking  
Through the Portals of the sky,  
And the dappled Fawns are waking  
In the *Reed-Isles* where they lie;  
When the Roe-buck gazes wildly  
At the Hunter in the even,  
And the milky Moon looks mildly  
From the azure depths of Heaven;  
When the Turtle Doves are mourning  
In the *Rose-Isles* of the sea,  
And the stars above are burning—  
Lift my spirit up to Thee!

Abba! when the Fowls are laying  
In the Fountains far away,  
Where the Purple Hills are waving  
In the Sunny Isles of Day;  
When the Mocking-birds are singing  
By the river-banks at noon,  
And the Violet-bells are springing  
From the *Rose-Hills* in June;  
When the Pigeons all are feeding  
On the beech-mast by the sea,  
And my bosom shall lie bleeding—  
Lift my spirit up to Thee!

Abba! when the Reed is broken  
That has borne me up when young,  
And the last sad word is spoken  
That shall tremble on my tongue;  
When the Roe-buck comes to wander  
From the Green Hills far away,  
And my breaking heart grows fonder  
For the Sunny Isles of Day;  
When my Forest Home is taken,  
And the Stranger bids me flee;  
Abba! call me, Thy Forsaken—  
Take my spirit home to Thee!

*Villa Allegra, Ga, March 13, 1849.*

## AGAIN IT IS SPRING.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM.

BY STELLA.

HEAR the voice of music ringing,  
Where the woodland choir are singing;  
See unnumber'd flowrets springing  
From the brown unseemly sod.  
Earth grows brighter every hour!  
Whence this beautifying power?  
Who instructs the bird and flower?  
Nature answers, "It is God!"  
In her most profound recesses,  
Wisdom plans, and love caresses,  
Beauty, life, instinct impresses  
Throughout earth and ocean broad.

Where the forest birds are singing,  
Late the leafless boughs were swinging,  
Wearing then an aspect drear,  
All unsightly, bare, and sere!  
Now those russet boughs are seen  
Clad in robes of living green!  
Who thus clothes the forest tree?  
Nature answers, "Deity."

Lo! the hills where flocks are grazing,  
Various hues their slopes adorn,  
There ten thousand gems are blazing,  
Kindled by the beams of morn.

Not a trace doth now remain,  
Of bleak winter's dreary reign!  
What, this gladdening change hath wrought?  
God's all vivifying thought.  
Breathing forth the soul of gladness,  
He hath banished gloom and sadness,  
Painted earth in thousand dyes,  
With his "ray brush" of the skies.

## LINES TO FRANK.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM.

BY S. H. LLOYD.

I LOVED thee, like a timid fawn,—  
Thou nestled on my breast,  
And sought thy shelter from the storm,  
From tumult and unrest;—  
Thou had'st no thought I did not know:  
For none thou hid'st from me,  
And not a thought within me rose,  
I could not speak to thee.

And yet we seldom spoke our love,  
Unless the eyes can speak;  
Those dewy orbs of mellow light,  
That glistened on thy cheek.  
How oft thereto I've turned my heart,  
As upward to a star,  
From which thy soul seems beaming through,  
A torch-light from afar.

Those orbs, how still and silent now,  
That once in beauty rolled,  
That heart that beat beneath thy breast,  
How tranquil and how cold!  
The dew of death is on thy lip,  
And mantles on thy brow,  
And all the scenes that fancy wrought,  
Have faded from me now.

Green be the grass that lowly bends  
Above thy silent bed,  
And soft the winds that kiss the flowers  
That bloom around thy head;  
While oft in thought my heart will roam,  
Where love and sorrow meet;  
And seek thee in the violets' breath,  
That blossom at thy feet.

And see thee in the silent stars,  
With chaste and beaming eyes,  
And hear thy footsteps when the dew  
Is falling from the skies;—  
All beauteous things shall speak of thee,  
Because to thee allied,—  
And where fond mem'ry builds her tent,  
I will with thee abide.



## Miscellaneous Department.

From the Quaker City.

THE ENTRANCED;  
OR THE WANDERER OF EIGHTEEN CENTURIES.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

(Continued from page 383.)

THE ARISEN WASHINGTON.

LUCIUS saw a light, which shone from a narrow window, stuffed with rags and straw, across a bye-way of the city, not far from the Capitol.

Ascending a stairway whose every board creaked and moaned beneath his tread, Lucius came into a small dark room, where the atmosphere was heavy with the breath of a dying man.

A wasted form was stretched upon a miserable bed. A tattered coverlet thrown aside by lean and wasted hands, which picked incessantly at this covering of rags, revealed a muscular chest, whose bones only clad by the sallow skin, resembled the bones of a skeleton. The pillow was overspread with masses of dark brown hair, wet with the dew that came thickly in the twilight of death. And thrown boldly into view, by this loosely scattered hair, appeared an emaciated face, whose sunken cheeks and prominent brow, seemed only to increase the intense brightness of its large glittering eyes.

The place was dark, and yet not altogether without light. An aged woman, whose grey hairs were veiled in a shawl, which fell from her forehead to her waist, held a small lamp, near the bed, and with a bleared and apathetic eye, watched the last struggles of the dying man.

A chair stood near the bed, and upon it books and loose sheets of paper were piled in confusion, as though the hand of the dying had been laid upon them in the midst of a spasm. There was no fire in the small stove near the hearth.

It was altogether a cheerless place. A bed, a chair, a stove, naked floor and walls, an aged woman watching, and a young man dying: that was all that Lucius saw as he entered the room.

And as Lucius drew nigh on tip-toe, the aged woman, attracted into confidence, no less by his humble garb than his youthful countenance, told the story of this death-bed in a few words, broken by many sighs and bursts of tears.

The young man was a stranger. He had come on foot across many a weary mile of mountain and plain. A child of the poor, and full of thoughts which would not suffer him to rest, until he had written them on paper, he had journeyed to the Capitol, with the hope that some great man would smile upon him, and give him bread in exchange for the work of his brain. He had hired the room of the aged woman. She had heard his footsteps on the stairs morning and evening, but never seen him, save when he came to pay her the little sum for which she rented the room.

"And to-night I heard a groan, and came up stairs and found him as you see. God help me! Is it not a pitiful sight? Has he a mother far away, think you? Maybe a sister is writing for him now, in some distant place?"

Lucius made no answer, but said in a low voice, "It is good for me to be here!" and knelt beside the bed.

For the place where genius dies is sacred in the eyes of Angels.

And while Lucius was kneeling, the dying man spoke to him, in a low voice, which was faint and broken with the tremor of death:

"Weep not for me, for I am poor," he said—"Poor in this world and its goods, I feel that I am going home to the mansion

of my Father, who has called me early from this earth. Besides, I have no business in this lower world. The man whose main and sole object is to make money out of the sufferings of his fellow-men—he alone hath the right to live, he alone can possess the means of life. But I—forgive me, for the dream is past—I came to this Capitol of a great land, thinking much good of my fellow men, and wishing with all my soul, to take my pen, the instrument of their welfare. And now I am dying. The heart within me is broken. Broken every cord and tie of life. And the soul which could not live in the air of the world, will find space for its wings, in the calm atmosphere of eternity. Weep not for me! For had I lived, I would have called Vice by its proper name, even though it wore a Senator's cloak, and called Crime by its title, although it sat upon a President's Throne. I would have spoken for man, even though he wore the fetters of a slave, and hid himself from day, in the felon's cell. And men would have cursed me, and blasted my heart with their scorn, and given my memory, as an offering at the anointed wrong. But now I die unknown—I die free—and happy—O, do you not hear those songs, which angels are singing? Hark!"

Reaching forth his wasted hands, he looked upward with his glittering eyes, and in a moment fell back, beautiful and dead.

As the light fell upon his fixed eyeballs and livid cheeks, a smile hung around his lips, as though a spirit had kissed him, ere he died.

Lucius kneeling by the bed, with his head buried against the ragged covering, gazed long and ardently into the face of the dead youth, murmuring these words, which he had heard in the tomb of Washington:

"If within the borders of this land, there shall be found one man, dying by the pangs of hunger, or beneath the lash of oppression, I am permitted to inhabit his form"—these were thy words, O Washington," said Lucius, gazing in the face of the dead.

Even as he spoke, the aged woman went sadly from that room, which, long the abode of want, was now the chamber of death. Ere she closed the door, she cast one glance back into the place, and by the waving light, saw the golden hair of Lucius touch the brow of the corpse. For Lucius pressed his lips to the lips of the dead.

When the aged woman returned, both Lucius and the corpse were gone. The bed was there, still bearing the print of the dead man's limbs; and not far away, the dying lamp shed its last and feeblest ray.

But Lucius and the corpse had disappeared.

Then the aged one, impressed by a fear, which crept through her every vein, sank on her knees, exclaiming:

"God be merciful! For this night, with living eyes, I have looked upon Spirits from the other world."

\* \* \* \* \*

Day was breaking over the great dome, but the shadows still rested upon the grounds beneath the Capitol.

And there, by the fountain which tinkles evermore among the trees, stood Lucius, still clad in the blouse of labor. By his side was a young man, poorly attired, but with warm color on his cheek, and a full deep light in his eyes. He passed his hand over his broad pale forehead, turning aside thick masses of brown hair, as though he was endeavoring to recall some picture of memory. There was a strange doubt upon his face—a doubt which seemed to struggle with glorious hope.

"It seemed to me that I was dead," said the young man.

Then Lucius kneeling on the marble pavement, lifted up his eyes, and said:

"Welcome to thee, O Washington! Thou hast come again to earth, to look upon the fruits of thy labors. Together we will go forth, and survey the land."

And the doubt passed from the young man's brow. His form

seemed to dilate and grow even within its faded garments. There was a light in his eyes, and a look upon his face, as though a voice from Heaven had that instant spoken to his soul.

It was indeed the Spirit of Washington, returned from eternity for awhile, to inhabit a human form.

"Come—in this form which only an hour ago imprisoned a suffering soul—in this form so long dedicated to hunger and despair—will I make my pilgrimage over the New World.

And from that place, Lucius and the Arisen Washington went forth together.

Shall we look upon the sights which they beheld, and hear again the words which were spoken in their ears?

[The conclusion of this tale, we believe, is yet to be written. We shall be happy to lay it before our readers as soon as we receive it.—*Ed. Univerc.*]

### VISIT TO THE COLISEUM.

ONE night or morning I was suddenly awakened by a furious rain, and as it died away, I saw by the light in my window, that there was a small moon. It was a joyful discovery. I had been repining at my not having made the famous trip to the Coliseum by moonlight some time previously, and I could not remain another month. I sprang eagerly out of bed, and thrust my head out of the window. It was a singular wild-looking night, presenting the aspect of black clouds fringed with narrow strips of moonshine, and the glimmer of a few stars through the crevices, contrasting with the gloom like the light in a picture of Rembrandt; the sort of nocturnal weather in fact that one thinks of child-stories of conjurers and evil spirits—such as one would fancy should have succeeded the storm in which the hero of Burns escaped from the witches. My watch was paralytic; the Roman clocks, with dial plates of twenty-four hours, commencing and changing with Ave Maria or twilight, are a complete puzzle to a stranger; and in blissful ignorance of the hour, I hastily equipped, and succeeded in waking the porter. He rubbed his eyes, then stared at me as if to detect insanity, muttered some very significant words about robbers, as if to give fair warning, and seeing me resolute at length unbarred the street door. Assassinations, though much diminished, are not even so rare as they might be in Italy. By our joint calculations it was somewhere between midnight and daylight, and though I knew that since the poet's famous description this moon excursion had become quite fashionable, yet the adventure all alone, at so very late an hour, when I came to reflect upon it, in the cool street, seemed to have about it something of danger as well as romance, and I comforted myself with the companionship of a respectable stick, my tried friend in the Alps. I turned for a moment for one earnest gaze at the Column of Trajan, then by a winding way escaped from the houses of the modern city into a kind of common, surrounded with ruins—the site of the ancient Roman Forum, and passing beneath the Arch of Titus along the edge of the Palatine Hill and the Palace of the Cæsars, I presently reached the Arch of Constantine, when just before me, like some immense towering fortress, more impressive in the stillness and gloom of night, was the Coliseum.

By this time the moon shone out, and there remained but a few flitting clouds, that seemed determined to rain, and floating in mid air like spirits, filled the earth beneath with changing lights and shadows. It seemed more impressive and less like day than the glare of a full moon in a cloudless sky. I appeal to all poets, and tender people too, if moonlight is not improved by being a little damp? The face of nature like the human face, is doubtless, more interesting after weeping.

The world is already familiar with the ordinary daylight description of this wonderful structure, and most are likely aware that it is a slightly oval amphitheater, more than a hundred and fifty feet high, and estimated to have originally covered about

six acres of ground, and to have been furnished with seats to accommodate more than eighty thousand spectators—that it was commenced by Vespasian and finished by Titus, in the latter part of the first century, by the labor of Jewish captives; and that for four succeeding centuries it was the scene of gladiatorial combats, and other bloody spectacles of the taste of a warlike and cruel people. To the modern visitor one of its most touching associations arises from the circumstance that it was the spot where Ignatius of Antioch, and multitudes of the early Christian martyrs, were thrown to wild beasts. Majestic as its ruins now are, it is said but about two-thirds of the original pile remain. It endured the devastating changes of a fortress in the middle ages and served as a quarry for several palaces, till about a century since, with a view to its preservation it was solemnly consecrated by Benedict XIV. to the memory of the Christian martyrs who had perished there. The arena is now ornamented with rude representations of the Saviour's passion, a pulpit in which a monk occasionally preaches, and a cross in the center, for each kiss of which an indulgence is promised for two hundred days.

I never felt more vividly the fitness of the midnight hour for lone contemplation. Above were but the moonlit sky and the silent stars; and around, frowning more grimly in the gloom of midnight, like desert piles in the city of the dead, were some of earth's proudest monuments. How eloquent was that stillness! The watch-dog had forgotten to bay "beyond the Tiber." Not an echo died upon the breeze that whispered plaintively amid the leaves of the ivy and the ilx, and the crumbling arches on the Palatine Hill. The owl had ceased her wail in the buried mansions of Augustus, and the damp vaults of the "golden house" in which Nero had one revealed. Where cohorts in shining armor had gathered, with their eagles proudly waving, and music and the shouts of assembled nations had rent the air at the elevation of the triumphal arches of Titus and Constantine, was now not a human voice nor a habitable dwelling.

If with the waving of a hand the spirits of the mighty dead could have been summoned from their graves to gaze upon the little that remained of what had once been their pride, what a lesson would it have been upon the vanity of human ambition! Yet who can estimate the sum of mortal agony which these few relics had cost.

The busy fancy had conjured up strange phantoms. It needed little effort to fill again the seats of the deserted Coliseum with a multitude rising like a forest on a mountain side—to picture the tyrant emperor, the Roman guards, the vestal virgins, and the senators in the sumptuous seats, nearest the arena, and the various ranks in their costumes, receding away to the slaves far above—the hush of suspense—the advance of a bearded tottering old man, just torn from the parting embrace of a venerable matron, and a trembling maiden, and toward whom every eye is directed—the glaring eyes and roar of the hungry beast—the moving of the lips, and the upward look of that meek face, as if in faith he saw the martyr's crown—the terrific bound—the victim quivering beneath the jaws of the furious beast on the sand—the spouting gore staining the white locks—the demon gaze of the multitude mingled here and there with a compassionate face, in tears, and the cruel, drowning shouts of thousands of heathen voices. It was but an idle dream. The dimness of night and the silence of desolation was around me. I heard but my breath and the beating of my own excited heart.

Both my imagination and my feet had travelled a good distance for so late or early an hour, and I naturally began to think of returning. Walking round to the side of the Coliseum, toward the Arch of Constantine, and casually looking homeward, I perceived a real human being, that was no optical illusion, making directly toward me, in the shape of a tall figure, that with a little feeding would have done for the English horseguards. He wore a cloak and slouched hat, fit for a representation of Guy Fawkes, or the picture of the assassin, and was dressed



inferiorly in white (a discovery for painters), which with advancing steps, by moonlight was particularly effective. I then recollected the porters warning, and determined to sound his intentions by taking a little circuit. He closely followed. Just as I began to think seriously of showing my defenses, and demanding explanations, unexpectedly I stumbled upon one of the pope's sentries, whom I succeeded in puzzling with bad Italian till my interesting and possibly harmless follower had passed—Presently day began to break and I returned to my hotel.—*Dr. Carson's Loiterings in Europe.*

### THE STUDENT'S TRICK.

A young man of eighteen or twenty, a student in university, took a walk one day with a professor, who was called the student's friend, such was his kindness to the young men whom it was his office to instruct in the various branches of learning.

While they were walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to a grave subject, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in the path, which they supposed to belong to a poor man who was at work close by, and had nearly finished his day's work.

The young student turned to the professor, saying:

"Let us play the man a trick, we will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind those bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them."

"My dear friend," said the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and you may give yourself a much greater pleasure. Put a dollar into each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves."

The student did so, and then placed himself with the professor behind the bushes close by, through which they could easily watch the laborer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express.

The poor man finished his work, and came across the field to the path, where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on the coat he slipped a foot into one of his shoes; but feeling something hard, he stooped down and found the dollar. Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance, he gazed upon the dollar, turned round, and looked again and again; then looked round him on all sides, but could see no one. Now he put the money in his pocket and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but how great was his astonishment when he found the other dollar! His feelings overcame him, he fell upon his knees, looked up to Heaven and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife sick and helpless, and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty, from some unknown hand, would save from perishing.

The young man stood there deeply affected, and tears filled his eyes.

"Now," said the professor, "are you not much better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?"

"O, dearest sir," answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson now that I will never forget. I feel now the truth of the words which I never before understood, 'It is better to give than to receive.'"

### POVERTY AND ITS REMOVAL.

AFTER all the special efforts to remove Poverty—the great work is to be done by the general advance of mankind. We shall outgrow this as Canibalism, Butchery of Captives, War for plunder, and other kindred miseries have been outgrown. God has general remedies in abundance—but few specifics. Something will be done by diffusing throughout the community principles and habits of economy, industry, temperance; by diffusing ideas of justice, sentiments of brotherly love, sentiments and ideas of religion. I hope everything from that—the noiseless and steady

progress of Christianity; the snow melts not by sunlight, or that alone, but as the whole air becomes warm. You may in cold weather melt away a little before your own door, but that makes little difference till the general temperature rises. Still while the air is getting warm you facilitate the process by breaking up the obdurate masses of ice and putting them where the sun shines with direct and unimpeded light. So must we do with Poverty.

It is only a little that any of us can do—for anything. Still we can do a little, we can each do something towards raising the general tone of Society; 1st, by each raising himself—by industry, economy, charity, justice, piety—by a noble life. So doing we raise the moral temperature of the whole world, and just in proportion thereto; next, by helping those who come in our way, nay, by going out of the way to help them. In each of these modes, it is our duty to work. To a certain extent each man is his Brother's Keeper. Of the powers we possess we are but Trustees under Providence, to answer for the benefit of men, and render continually an account of our stewardship to God. Each man can do a little directly to help prune the world of wrong—a little in the way of remedial Justice, so doing, he works with God, and God works with him.—*Theodore Parker.*

"THE FABLED UPAS TREE."—What passes with most as a fable is after all a reality. Brooke's Journals of a residence in Borneo are entitled to all credit, for their author ranks already as one of the most remarkable men of the age—having, by his individual enterprises put in train a series of events resulting in the conquest and the probable civilization of the savages of that Island.

While making geological examinations in search of coal, he, with his friends, discovered an isolated upas tree, nearly forty feet high. Its trunk was almost straight, its bark smooth and a red tan color, and its head a dense mass of dark green glossy foliage. The ground beneath its shade is crowded with tombs, yet vegetation flourishes luxuriantly round its roots.

In tapping it, no bad effects were experienced from the effluvia. But on cutting it to obtain a portion of the wood, bark, and juice, a man was so much stupefied that he was obliged to desist. It is ascertained that the bread fruit tree, the mulberry, and the cow tree of South America, belong to the same natural order as the deadly Upas.—*N. E. Puritan.*

WINTER IN SPITZBERGEN.—The single night of this dreadful country begins about the 30th of October—the sun then sets, and never appears till about the 10th of February. A glimmering, indeed, continues some three weeks after the setting of the sun; then succeed clouds and thick darkness, broken by the light of the moon, which is as luminous as in England, and during this long night shines with unfading lustre. The cold strengthens with the year, and the sun is ushered in with an unusual severity of frost. By the middle of March the cheerful light grows strong.—Arctic foxes leave their holes, and the sea-fowl resort in great numbers to their breeding places. The sun sets no more after the 11th of May; the distinction of day and night is then lost. In the height of summer the sun has heat enough to melt the tar on the deck of ships; but from August its power declines, it sets fast. After the middle of September, day is hardly distinguishable, and by the end of October takes a long farewell to this country; the earth becomes frozen, and winter reigns triumphant. *Scientific American.*

THERE is no destruction worse than to overpraise a man; for if his worth prove short of what report doth speak of him, his own actions are ever giving the lie to his honor.

THE honest man will rather be a grave to his neighbor's errors than expose them.

## THE STARS.

GREAT diversity of opinion exists among astronomers as to the diameter of the stars. If (says M. Arago) we should take for their discs such as they appear to the naked eye, certain stars would be 9,000,000 leagues in diameter—equal to 27,000 times greater than the sun—and the most moderate calculation will be 1,700 millions. Herschel's last calculation was that Arcturus, had a diameter of nearly four millions. If the apparent diameter of two seconds and a half, assigned by Herschel to the Goat, was real, the mass of that star must be more than 14,000,000 times greater than that of our sun. But there is no certainty in this, nor anything to question that our sun is a star.

Halley, the friend of Newton, believed that all the stars were of the same magnitude—that of our sun; and that difference of distance only caused the apparent difference of size. The number of stars visible by means of a telescope of twenty feet of focal distance, may be more than five hundred millions. It is affirmed by Arago that there are certainly stars in the firmament whose distance from the earth is 344, and even 990 times greater than the stars visible to the naked eye. See what a conclusion this leads us to! It is admitted that light with the velocity of 77,000 leagues a second, takes three years to reach us from the nearest star. And there are stars 344, and even 990 times more remote. Then there are stars whose light does not reach us until after two thousand seven hundred years,—an infinity in distance as it is in numbers.

## DESPISE NOT SMALL THINGS.

THE Quarterly Review says, that the possibility of a great change being introduced by very slight beginnings, may be illustrated by a tale which Lockman tells of a vizier, who, having offended his master, was condemned to perpetual captivity in a lofty tower. At night his wife came to weep below his window. "Cease your grief," said the sage: "go home for the present, and return hither when you have procured a live beetle, together with a little ghee, (or buffalo's butter,) three clews, one of the finest silk, another of stout pack-thread, and another of whipcord; finally, a stout coil of rope." When she came again to the foot of the tower, provided with these things, he instructed her to touch the head of the insect with the ghee, to tie one end of the silk thread around him, and place the insect on the wall of the tower. Seduced by the smell of butter, which he conceived to be in store somewhere above him, the beetle continued to ascend till he reached the top, and thus put the vizier in possession of the end of the silk thread, and he drew up the pack-thread, by means of the silk, the small cord by means of the pack-thread, and by means of the cord a stout rope, capable of sustaining his own weight—and so, at last, escaped from the place of his duress.

## LIEBIG WHEN A BOY.

LIEBIG was distinguished at school as "a booby," the only talent then cultivated in German schools being verbal memory. On one occasion being sneeringly asked by the master what he proposed to become, since he was so bad a scholar, and answering he would be a chemist, the whole school burst into a laugh of derision. Not long ago, Liebig saw his old school master, who feelingly lamented his former blindness. The only boy in the same school who ever disputed with Liebig the station of "booby," was one who never could learn his lesson by heart, but was continually composing music, and writing it down by stealth in school. This same individual, Liebig lately found at Vienna, distinguished as a composer, and conductor of the Imperial Opera House. His name is Reuling. It is to be hoped that a

more rational system of school instruction is now gaining ground. Can anything be more absurd and detestable than a system which made Walter Scott and Justus Liebig, "boobies" at school and so effectually concealed their natural talents, that, for example, Liebig was often lectured before the whole school on his being sure to cause misery and broken hearts to his parents, while he was all the time conscious, as the above anecdote proves, of the possession of talents similar in kind to those he has since displayed?—*Scientific American*.

## 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.

## THE UNIVERCELM

AND

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

THIS Weekly Journal differs in character, in some important respects, from any periodical published in the United States, or even in the world. An interior or spiritual philosophy, comprehensively explaining the character and operations of natural laws, accounting for their exterior phenomena and results, and showing the tendencies of all things to higher spheres of existence, is the basis on which it rests. It is a bold inquirer into all truths pertaining to the relations of mankind to each other, to the external world, and to the Deity; a fearless advocate of the theology of Nature, irrespective of the sectarian dogmas of men; and its Editors design that it shall, in a charitable and philosophic, yet firm and unflinching spirit, expose and denounce wrong and oppression wherever found, and inculcate a thorough Reform and reorganization of society on the basis of NATURAL LAW.

In its PHILOSOPHICAL DEPARTMENTS, among many other themes which are treated, particular attention will be bestowed upon the general subject of

## PSYCHOLOGY

or the science of the human Soul; and interesting phenomena that may come under the heads of dreaming, somnambulism, trances, prophesy, clairvoyance, &c., will from time to time be detailed, and their relations and bearings exhibited.

In the EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, a wide range of subjects will be discussed, the establishment of a universal System of Truth, the Reform and reorganization of society, being the ultimate object contemplated. A. J. Davis, whose disclosures

## FROM THE INTERIOR STATE

have done so much for the cause of social, psychological, and spiritual science, will continue to make The Univercelum the vehicle of his highest intuitions.

The paper also has a department for GENERAL MISCELLANY, devoted to moral tales, items, and other light reading of general interest.

THE "UNIVERCELM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER," is edited by an Association, and numbers among its correspondents writers of the first order of talent. It is published every Saturday, at 131 Nassau-Street, New-York; being neatly printed on a super-royal sheet folded into sixteen pages. Price of subscription \$2, payable in all cases in advance. For a remittance of \$10, six copies will be forwarded. Address, post paid "UNIVERCELM," No. 131 Nassau-Street New York.



# THE UNIVERCŒLUM

AND

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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

VOL. III.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1849.

NO 26.

### The Principles of Nature.

#### CHANGE.—A SCIENTIFIC PAPER.

The universe is full of change; there is no such thing as *rest* in the whole cycle of nature, but motion, eternal motion, is the property of every created molecule. The solid adamant, the compact, impenetrable agate, are never in their particles at rest! Their aggregates, or compound atoms, appear certainly so to the glance, but still a close investigation only convinces us that motion or action is the universal law. Place a diaphanous piece of agate under a high power of the microscope, and this change will be observed. Each space between the particles of the agate will be seen to be charged with a fluid whose atoms are in continual motion. We see that this little space is a laboratory, wherein nature is continually engaged at synthesis and decomposition. The little atoms of agate, solid and immovable as they appear to the naked eye, are here being decomposed; new elements are being added or old ones withdrawn, and this hardest of all substances, except the diamond, is continually yielding to the laws of affinity—is continually undergoing change. But of all created things, none suffer such rapid change as ourselves. It appears as if the Deity had stamped in nature his will, that he who of all creatures contained alone the spark of his Divinity, should suffer correspondingly the most rapid change in his organization; for we believe that man alone, of all living creatures, is subject to the quickest and greatest changes. The dumb animals suffer changes in their systems in many respects similar to man, but not so rapid, as the artificial stimulus which he continually resorts to, contributing greatly to the rapidity of the metamorphosis of his tissues. Even those who do not stimulate their systems, (and they are very few,) are still subject to this rapid change, as this tendency is a hereditary transmission from their ancestors. You are well aware that the slightest habit almost, will be transmitted more or less to your children. The man who is in the habit, although not to excess, of drinking alcohol in any of its various enticing forms, will transmit to his children maladies, the effects of his own disturbed organization. These effects will be manifested in quite a number of forms; the worst of which is consumption, although it may be modified to scrofula, or general weakness of the system, or extend to the cerebral mass, and result in idiocy or madness. The delicate organization of the system is quite easily disturbed, or an abnormal action created in some of its functions. A momentary paroxysm of anger often changes the chemical properties of some of the fluids, and these communicate to the delicate fibres—which are at that time providing them with substance and life—an organization which being deformed, must result in disease. The slightest affection of the mind exerts a corresponding effect upon the vital functions; for you should recollect that the strongest trees grow from minute seeds, which are scarcely worthy of notice from their insignificance. The great fault of those who study natural phenomena is, that they do not deem minute things worthy of their notice. Who would for a moment suppose that the slight mental affections which pass over the mind many times a day, could in the least

derange or modify the actions of the physical functions? Yet still it is so, for not a shade of passion—not an affection of grief or of joy—not a slight regret, or the mere intrusion of a sentiment—but which exerts a corresponding change upon the organism; for this change is an almost simultaneous result of the affection and must ensue as certainly as that the string of a guitar vibrates in giving sound. We are all cognizant of instances where the hair has suddenly become grey from the effects of fright—where syncope has ensued, and often such severe physical disturbances as to result in speedy death. Still with these great changes presented to us, we do not take cognizance of the same in a milder form, as if they did not affect the functions correspondingly.

With each moment of time there is a change in the system, each effort bringing us a step nearer the final one which results in death. It is true that the organs possess the power of continually regaining their vitality and their substance, but with each effort they lose a portion of this sustaining power, perceptible to us only in the lapse of years, and sadly observed in the advancement of old age. It is then that we recognize the vast changes which have been silently going on through life, and which have been bearing us on rapidly toward death—toward that change when this vast ocean of oxygen with its powerful affinities will come in full play, and the whole mass of organs, which for so long a time imparted to us our sensations of grief and joy, sorrow and happiness—will become rapidly oxydized, will form gaseous combinations, and in their invisible state pass off into the air. It is an interesting thing, this change! to trace its many strange ways of accomplishing the great end which God willed it, is among the most interesting and instructive tasks which can occupy the mind of man; for in tracing change in all organizations, we only trace the path which leads from birth—from first synthesis—to the grave—to final decomposition.

In tracing the great changes of the stellar worlds and systems, we only follow a cycle whose term is millions of centuries, but which leads the mind into the unfathomable depths of eternity, till its finite faculties give out in the awfulness of the vast profundity. But it is on this little planet that we must take cognizance of change, for here we have it directly around us and within us—we ourselves being the objects of its most rapid operations. 'Tis true that change is observed amid all the stellar groups, perceptible even to the great penetrating power of Ross' great mirror; and that even amid these cognate spheres, we observe the same eternal motion, tending as upon earth, to a definite end and period of time; but vast and extending in their operations, as is their vastness extended beyond earth. With us the cycle of change is but a few years, while with those mighty congeries the human intellect is lost in taking cognizance of a single change, such is its eternity.

It is an alarming thing to look upon changes as they actually ensue, if we feel induced to be alarmed at the *eremacausis* of the vital organs and the rapid approach of death. We all look toward the hour of death with mingled feelings of dread and joy; with the former, because none of us *know* what is in the future; and, with the latter, because the time is approaching when the little ills and troubles of this ever-changing life will



cease altogether. Still could we philosophize correctly, this idea of death should not cause us one moment's uneasiness; for in taking cognizance of the changes around us, that nature is making a continual effort at regeneration, and that the bright and the beautiful are invariably the result of transformation from the dark and corruptible—we should look up, and not even *hope* but *feel assured*, that the same law of regeneration is fixed in the immortal spirit; and that from its corruptible temple in this changing sphere, it will be transformed into the beautiful and glorious of a correspondingly brighter one.

As we previously asserted, it is an alarming thing to those who view the final change in a trembling mood, to notice the rapidity of those within us. From the moment of birth although the regenerative power of the system is daily strengthening, we commence the race toward the hour when the contest between the vital powers and the oxygen of the air,—the power of chemical affinity—will terminate in the favor of the latter; and nothing is so full of deep instruction as that of tracing these curious and continual changes in their upward course to manhood, and their downward one to that moment when the organs themselves are dispersed and form new affinities with other similar forms, or have in their wondrous caprice given birth to organizations in the frail and lovely flower which blooms in the prairie, or the poisonous plant which in ever so small a quantity causes a cessation of life in themselves.—These changes should constitute one of the first lessons coming within our preception, for the investigation of ourselves, together with other organizations, is the most important of all studies, and will contribute further toward our knowledge of future existence than any other branch of human inquiry. It is a glorious thing to follow out this *change* in its ceaseless task upon this little globe; but more glorious the eternal sphere beyond us; for in doing so the mind is forced to desert the little trifles around it, and to take its flight alone through the boundless depths of space; to leave its earthly chains, and free as thought sweep through the silent abyss where nought but worlds are the subjects of this change.

The "fixed" stars whose glittering orbs have been gazed upon by the ancient Chaldean, and whose rays still pour down from the same apparent spot—surely *they* have escaped this law of change! But upon applying observation and experience to reason, we discover that even *they* in their aggregates, are the creatures of change. Upon taking cognizance of these congeries of suns, with their systems of planets wheeling around them, we see that each cognate group is in continued change, not one moment in the same spot in the heavens, but bearing onward in its cycle whose ultimate term is millions of centuries; still this group of worlds to us is stationary, so minute is the brief time which the mind of man can in its utmost strength, grasp and comprehend! In studying the correlations of these heavenly spheres, their reciprocal relations to each other, and the whole congeries about them—we are struck with this change, the constant influence of which is even perceptible to us. Even the "fixed stars" which we have believed *invariably* stationary are constantly governed by changes, which are as constant in their operations as they are vast and incomprehensible. Although apparently fixed since the first gazers took cognizance of them, still modern observation has discerned that they are ever moving; not so much with respect to each individual world, as whole groups, which in mighty zones, consisting of innumerable worlds, are pouring their glittering bodies through the vast abyss of space, but subject to the same invariable laws which govern matter on this planet of ours.

To elevate the mind and to soar into the depths of space where eternal silence reigns; to leave molecules and elements, and to view worlds and worlds till the mind is overwhelmed with their innumerableness, is only worthy of the first minds of the age. We again leave the vast subject, and settling down upon this little globe of ours, taking cognizance only of *change* as

it transpires about us. Still if the subject were taken up methodically, it would consume pages in tracing the correlative reliance of one upon the other; but drawn off without regard to scientific arrangement, and merely with a view of attracting the popular attention, we hope a page will illustrate our subject of *change* among the elementary matter on this earth.

We have urged the fact previously, that the molecules constituting all matter, are in a constant state of change; they are at no moment at rest, but moving in a task whose destiny is organization, they are even fulfilling it. The busy bee proverbial for its constant industry, may not be inaptly compared to elementary molecules; but industry, ceaseless and eternal, appears to be the task of these constituents of matter.

We all know what is meant by the term combustion. We daily observe that when a body is burned it gradually disappears from the sight; that its constituents combine with the oxygen of the atmosphere and with each other, and fly off mostly in an invisible state. During life the functions of the body are continually in a state of combustion from the hour of birth till final decomposition is over, and its elements are dispersed again into the air. This slow combustion is termed by the greatest mind the world ever gave birth to, *cremation*—an appropriate name, from two Greek words signifying *burning by degrees*. All substances containing nitrogen are subject in an eminent degree to *cremation*; and consequently all vegetable and animal ones particularly. There is a class of phenomena where catalysis is the cause of decomposition, or where the elements of a compound are held together by such a feeble affinity, that the least disturbing force causes their separation. Let anything whatsoever destroy the *vis inertia* of their molecules, and an instant decomposition is the consequence. As we do not admit *vis inertia*, we must look to this rapid decomposition in the motion or change of molecules. These being held together by an affinity exceedingly feeble, as is nitrogen with all substances, it requires but the smallest circumstance—often but the mere mechanical disturbance among their particles—to communicate this disturbed action rapidly to the others, and a decomposition in many compounds is caused by a mere touch,—such, for instance, as causes the sudden separation of the constituents of Chloride of Nitrogen, Iodide of Nitrogen, Fulminate of Silver, etc. While in others, and these are the organic compounds, the condition of disturbance of their molecules, and their re-arrangement in new groups, is in the contact of some substance which is itself in that state. This rapid change we recognise conspicuously in all contagious and epidemic diseases. If we apply a piece of flesh in a state of decomposition to that which is fresh, we observe that the latter will soon become affected; its molecules will commence arranging themselves in other and simpler groups, and decomposition will soon have been communicated to the fresh from the tainted flesh.

If a small quantity of yeast, which is vegetable matter in a state of decomposition, be added to any fluid containing saccharine matter, the moving molecules of the yeast will communicate their motion to those of the fluid, and rapid fermentation will ensue. It is so with the system during epidemics and contagions. Malaria is small particles of organic matter in a peculiar state of decomposition. These particles are inhaled with the air in which they are floating, and coming in contact with the lungs, communicate their molecular motion to the blood. This passes through its peculiar change, and an epidemic or contagious disease is the consequence.\*

Thus we see that irrespective of the internal change which is constantly going on in the system, it is continually liable to meet with external causes whose influences are more strongly felt. Every change without the system is felt more or less

\*Let the reader think of this. He may find in it a true theory of the causes of epidemic diseases. Consequently a true theory of the means to avoid them.—[ED. UNIVERCELM.]

within it. If the air change in its density, or its disturbance be greater or less, or its electrical condition in the least altered, a corresponding change takes place in the delicate organization of the system. Although change is constantly at work amid the minute fibres of our organization, still this is accelerated, retarded or modified by these external changes; and therefore after all, we are but the playthings of invisible forces; subject to change hourly from health to disease, or from buoyancy to depression, as may change the idle winds.

The great subject of CHANGE has been, as yet, scarcely touched upon; for in taking cognizance of it we review the whole operations going on in the organic world, from the minute groupings or disturbances of a molecule, to the convulsions of the earthquake, or the fury of the hurricane. We have learned that change is ensuing constantly and everywhere; that nothing is free from it, but that every sphere and its satellites, and every partake of matter ever created, is the servant of change. Then why should we complain of change as it bears us to the grave? This change is a necessary end, having for its ultimate the regeneration of matter and the progress of mind. Would it be wise that matter should stagnate, and the mind be imprisoned forever upon this most sterile of planets? This could not be, otherwise there would be no regeneration—no creation of new forms—no beauty from deformity—no fragrance and loveliness from putridity—no change.—[WESTERN QUARTERLY REVIEW.]

### THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

THE present chapter is devoted to a general survey of the rights of woman—the rights of one half of the human race—and which I do not propose to treat as the “better half” but rather as the equal half of mankind. I shall not mock woman with fulsome adulation, lest I should offend her pride—nor yet withhold from her appropriate praise, lest I should offend her sense of justice. Man surely makes no humiliating concession when he admits her to be his equal—and her proper ambition may well be satisfied without aspiring to be his superior. Woman is deprived of her natural dignity when the laws depress her below the condition of man—and she may be treated as an usurper when she aspires to dominion over him.

Man was not “born to command,” nor woman “to obey.” They were not wedded to each other by human laws, nor by the Church, but by the law of their natures, whose ministers are the common sentiments and affections of their minds—and which consecrate their union, demand its sacred inviolability, and admonish them perpetually to love honor and cherish each other so long as they both shall live. By these neither is commanded to obey the other, but only the Creator's laws.

But woman is to be regarded not as the companion and equal of man, but as the same intellectual being as himself, possessed of the same sentiments and affections—the same emotions and wants, and consequently the same natural rights.

One need but to hint to “ears polite” that woman is powerful in intellect, noble in sentiment, and that she aspires to the perfection of her being, by all the means allotted by the Creator for the attainment of true excellence and happiness—and all this and much more will be conceded before it is half expressed. I shall take this concession from the cultivated and polite, and treat it as though it were made in good faith. It ought not to be regarded as “small talk,” nor construed tenderly, as though made “to please the ladies;” since, if we set about it, we can prove that this concession, although made in the spirit of gallantry, might well have been dictated by a sense of justice.

Inquire of the physiologist whether woman hath the same cerebral organization as a man; he will answer that her brain and nervous system are the same in structure, and execute the same functions.

Inquire of the phrenologist, and you will be informed that as in man, so in woman, by means of the brain, all mental powers

are manifested; that these powers have their respective seats in distinct parts of the brain, and that not one of them which is found in man is wanting in woman; that these powers, whether of sentiment, intellect or passion, act very indefinitely in the different individuals of the human race, whether male or female—but that they are common to man and woman, who have therefore one common nature.

Consult the writers upon natural law as to the derivation of human rights, and the most approved of these will state that they emanate from the natural wants and emotions of mankind.

What, then, let me inquire, necessarily follows from these premises? Nothing less than this. That the rights of man and the rights of woman are precisely one and the same; the “lord of creation” is just as well off as the lady of creation, and not one whit better.

You have now the concession of gallantry, the testimony of the physiologist, the demonstration of the phrenologist, and the authority of writers upon the natural law, all establishing the rights of woman upon the same foundation as the rights of man. You present these to the British or American magistrate, and demand that the same legal protection shall be afforded to one as the other—nay, that the very laws shall not be made for man or woman—but for mankind; that all rights are human rights and pertain to human beings, without distinction of sex; and he will be filled with surprise, if not with horror. What then is the difficulty? Nothing less than this. That the laws of England and America, touching the rights of woman, are at variance with the laws of the Creator; and the question is, which shall stand?

It would be going too far to say that the laws of these countries do not recognize the rights of woman at all; for they do acknowledge and protect the rights of a single woman or “spinster,” as these laws politely term her. But marriage forms an astonishing legal era with this same “spinster;”—she becomes most emphatically a new creature after this event—a being of the law's own creation—a monster, (pardon the word,) whom nature disowns—a fictitious being, breathing a legal not a moral atmosphere. She is courted and wedded as “an angel,” and yet is denied the dignity of a rational moral being ever after. I am aware that this is bold language, and I propose to demonstrate its truth and justice.

We have before seen that marriage is a natural institution, proceeding necessarily from the organization and condition of the sexes, and that the law of their natures demands an union for life. This union is necessary for their happiness, and as it is dictated by the desires and sentiments of their common nature, to live in the married state is a sacred right. I have before shown that man was ordained by his mental constitution to live in human society—and this being so, he must enter the social state with out surrendering any of his rights, since the designs of nature all harmonize with each other. The foundation was thus laid for asserting that woman by entering the married state, doth not properly surrender any right whatever.

My argument is this, that woman's mental forces and wants are designed to have a free and harmonious exercise and gratification—and while single, her rights to this extent are conceded to her—that marriage results from her mental constitution, and is necessary to her happiness, so that she has a right to live in the married state; having such right she can demand its enjoyment.

[JUDGE HOLBURN ON HUMAN RIGHTS.]

So much injustice and self-interest enters into the composition of the passions, that it is very dangerous to obey their dictates; and we ought to be on our guard against them, even when they seem most reasonable.

Absence destroys small passions, and increases great ones: as the wind extinguishes tapers, and kindles fires.

While the heart is still agitated by the remains of a passion, it is more susceptible of a new one, than when entirely at rest.



## POWER OF THE MASSES.

I THINK something will be done in Europe for the organization of labor, I don't know what; I don't know how; I have not the ability to know; and will not pretend to criticise what I know I can not create and do not at present understand. I think there will be a change in the form of society; that able men will endeavor to remove the cause of crime, not merely to make money out of that crime; that intemperance will be diminished; that idleness in rich or poor will be counted a disgrace; that labor will be more respected; and that institutions will be founded which will tend to produce these results. But I do not pretend to devise these institutions, and certainly shall not throw obstacles in the way of such as can or will try. It seems likely that something will first be done in Europe, where the need is the greatest. There a change must come. By and by, if it does not come peaceably, the continent will not furnish "special constables" enough to put down human nature. "If the white republicans can not make a revolution peacefully, wait a little and the red republicans will make it in blood." "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must," says mankind first in a whisper, then in a voice of thunder. If powerful men will not write justice with black ink on white paper, ignorant and violent men will write on the soil in letters of blood, and illuminate their rude legislation with burning castles, palaces, and towns. While this social change is taking place never so peacefully, men will think the world is going to ruin. But it is an old world, pretty well put together, and with all these changes, will probably last some time longer. Human society is like one of those enormous boulders so nicely poised on another rock that a man may move it with a single hand. You are afraid to come under its sides, lest it fall. When the wind blows, it rooks with formidable noise, and men say it will soon be down upon us. Now and then a rude boy undertakes to throw it over, but all the men who can set their shoulders can not raise the ponderous mass from its solid and firm-set basis. [THEODORE PARKER.]

## MEN WHO WORK.

MEN who do all the work of the nation—and yet, with it all, are always poor! Women who work—women who labor for the comfort and luxuries of the rich—and yet are always poor! Listen to a free and out-spoken word, from one who, born with the masses, can never forget his duty to his sisters and his brothers, who compose the great family, whose father is God.

Why are you always poor? Why does work,—work without end or rest,—always leave you in the ditch of life, exposed to the pang and insult of want, to the hard necessity of a life of misery and a death of friendless despair? Why does not your work furnish you with a home? Why always working, are you always but a step in advance of starvation? Why do you, who produce everything that society needs for its comfort, or craves for its luxury, always find yourself—not destitute of luxury or comfort—but of the commonest articles of food and of clothing? Of roof, shelter,—of a home?

Because there is gliding between you who produce and the consumer of that which you produce, an Idle Man, who, working never himself, lives by laying a tax upon both producer and consumer. Not only lives but riots in wealth, builds his fine mansions, drinks his flavoured wine, and wears his elegant apparel. The Idle Man is often called Capitalist; very often Employer; not unfrequently does he appear in the shape of the Money Broker and Note Shaver.

The Idle Man, doing nothing himself, lives sumptuously, while you, who do all the work, are starving. He lives, he riots in wealth, on the false pretence of distributing your produce to the consumer. For the mere agency he is paid with the fruits of fifty, yes, seventy-five per-cent of all your work.

Does it appear as an iron fact to you that, while this Idle Man this mere agent, continues in his present position, that you must continue in your present degradation!

How should you get rid of him? Form at once, in every city, town and hamlet of the United States, associations for your own preservation. Establish stores governed by these associations, where you may buy the necessaries of life; in other words, interchange all the fruits of your labor, at a price which, being only a small advance upon actual cost, will enable both producer and consumer to live, and to live well.

Combine with brethren of your own trade. Work together—appoint your own agent, and share the profits of your united labor. Deal only with similar combinations, composed of your brethren of all other trades, of all other pursuits of labor. Have nothing to do with any political party, only so far as it will bow to your ends; that is, to the ends of honest work,—work blessed by God, in the example of Jesus, who for your sake became a worker at the carpenter's bench.

And let no time be lost in the accomplishment of this great thing. For you, brothers and sisters, all revolutions are in vain. For you, political parties are as barren of good as the ashes of Tartarus are of fruits and flowers. You must work for yourselves, and work by—combination.

COMBINATION! ASSOCIATION! These are the words of the last Gospel which God has uttered to man. The Combination of Labor, until labor produces capital. The Association of workers for their own good, until every worker is a capitalist.

In France, brothers and sisters, the workers have set up a glorious example. There they have found the Revolution of February and the murder of June alike fruitless in good. There, leaving parties to capitalists—and party is always but the hired lawyer of Capital—they have organized associations of all the workers of labor. Saddlers, tailors, carpenters, masons, have already joined themselves into companies in Paris; all other branches of work are hastening to follow their example. Soon the workmen of Paris will have common warehouses, or temples for the fair exchange of the necessaries of life, and soon the Idler, the Agent, the Employer, will be classed with the highwayman of a previous century. Shall you hesitate to begin the great work? [QUAKER CITY.]

## BENEVOLENCE AND HUMANITY.

YOUTH is the proper season of cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happiness is to depend on the connections which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire betimes the temper and the manners which will render such connections comfortable. Let a sense of justice be the foundation of all your social qualities. In your most early intercourse with the world, and even in your youthful amusements, let no unfairness be found. Engrave on your mind that sacred rule, of "Doing all things to others, according as you wish that they should do you." For this end, impress yourself with a deep sense of the original and natural equality of men. Whatever advantages of birth or fortune you possess, never display them with an ostentatious superiority. Leave the subordinations of rank, to regulate the intercourse of more advanced years. At present it becomes you to act among your companions, as man with man. Remember how unknown to you are the vicissitudes of the world; and how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men once looked down with scorn, have risen to be their superiors in future years. Compassion is an emotion of which you ought never to be ashamed. Graceful in youth is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Let not ease and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in selfish enjoyment. Never sport with pain and distress in any of your amusements; never treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

[BLAIR.]



## Psychological Department.

## VISION AND DREAMS.

THE following is from "The Philosophy of Sleep," by Macnish:

"A sufficiently striking instance of such coincidence occurs in the case of Dr. Donne, the metaphysical poet. Two days after he had arrived in Paris, he was left alone in a room where he had been dining with Sir Robert Drury and a few companions. Sir Robert returned about an hour afterwards. He found his friend in a state of ecstasy, and so altered in his countenance, that he could not look upon him without amazement. The Doctor was not able for some time to answer the question, *what had befallen him?*—but after a long and perplexed pause, at last said, 'I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you, I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms. This I have seen since I saw you.' To which Sir Robert answered, 'Sure, Sir, you have slept since I went out; and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake.' Donne replied, 'I cannot be more sure that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you; and am as sure that at her second appearing she stopped, looked me in the face, and vanished.' It is certainly very curious that Mrs. Donne, who was then in England, was at this time sick in bed, and had been delivered of a dead child, on the same day, and at about the same hour, that the vision occurred."

"At Newark, upon Trent, a curious custom, founded upon the preservation of Alderman Clay and his family by a dream, has prevailed since the days of Cromwell. On the eleventh of March, every year, penny loaves are given to those who apply for them in commemoration of the Alderman's deliverance, during the siege of Newark by the Parliamentary forces. The origin of this bequest is singular. During the bombardment of Newark by Oliver Cromwell's forces, the Alderman dreamed three nights successively, that his house had taken fire, which produced such a vivid impression upon his mind, that he and his family left it; and in a few days the circumstances of his vision actually took place, by the house being burned down by the besiegers."

"Dr. Amhercrombie relates the case of a gentleman in Edinburgh, who was affected with aneurism of the popliteal artery, for which he was under the care of two eminent surgeons. About two days before the time appointed for the operation, his wife dreamed that a change had taken place in the disease, in consequence of which an operation would not be required. On examining the tumor in the morning, the gentleman was astonished to find that the pulsation had entirely ceased; and in short, this turned out to be a spontaneous cure. To persons not professional, it may be right to mention that the cure of popliteal aneurism, without an operation, is a very uncommon occurrence, not happening, perhaps, in one out of numerous instances, and never to be looked upon as probable in any individual case."

The same author adds, "the case of Mr. M—, of D—, is one of extraordinary coincidence. This gentleman dreamed one night that he was out riding, when he stopped at an inn at the road-side for refreshment. Here he saw several people whom he had known some years before, but who were all dead. He was received kindly by them, and desired to sit down and drink, which he accordingly did. On quitting this strange company, they exacted a promise from him that he would visit them six weeks from that day. This he promised faithfully to do; and bidding them farewell, he rode homewards. Such was the substance of his dream, which he related in a jocular way to his friends, but thought no more about it, for he was a person above all kinds of superstition. The event, however, was certainly curious enough, as well as melancholy; for six weeks from that very day on which he had engaged to meet his friends at the inn, he was killed in endeavoring to spring his horse over a five barred gate."

## PRESENTIMENTS.

D. P. Thomson of the Green Mountain Freeman, in an interesting article on Presentiments, relates the following anecdote:

"It was once our fortune to be thrown into a social circle, in which were the near relatives of some of those who perished in the conflagration of the Richmond theatre, in 1812, which so widely scattered the weeds of wo among the first families of Virginia. Two or three remarkable instances of presentiments were told us as having been felt and avowed previous to the fire by those who became victims, but we have treasured up one more peculiar than the others, because instead of being followed by the death of him who was the subject of the premonition, it was the direct means, in all human probability, of saving him and a family of accomplished daughters from destruction. The play announced for that night was an attractive one. The gentleman to whom we allude, had proposed to his family to attend the theatre with them, and several times through the day, spoke of the pleasure he anticipated in witnessing the performance. But towards night he became unusually thoughtful; and, as the appointed hour drew near, he took a seat with the ladies, and commenced reading to them a long and interesting story, evading all conversation about the theatre. This he continued until interrupted by one of the wondering circle, who suggested that it was time to start. Again evading the subject, he went on reading till he was a second time interrupted, and told they must go immediately or they should certainly be belated. Finding he could not put them off till too late to go, as he hoped to do, he turned to them and earnestly asked it as a favor that they would all forego the promised pleasure of the play-house, and remain with him at home through the evening. Though deeply surprised and sorely disappointed, yet they dutifully acquiesced; and in the course of the evening, while engaged in their quiet fireside entertainment, they were aroused by the alarm of fire; and in a few minutes more by the appalling tidings that hundreds were perishing in the flames of the burning theatre, in which, but for the request which had seemed so strange to them, they too would have been found to be numbered among the victims. The next morning the gentleman told them, in explanation of his conduct the evening before, that as the hour set for the performance approached, he became unaccountably impressed with the idea or feeling that some fearful calamity was that night to fall on the company assembled at the theatre; and that the premonition, in spite of all his efforts to shake it off, at length became so strong and definite, that he secretly resolved to prevent them from attending; and would have done so, even to guarding the doors of his house with loaded pistols."

## ROGER BACON—A PROPHET.

In the works of Roger Bacon, who wrote in the 13th century, may be found an anticipation of the invention of a steamboat, locomotive engines on railroads, the diving bell, the suspension bridge, and, it might almost be said, of the recent events of St. Jean d'Acre. His own words are these:—

"Men may construct for the wants of navigation such machines that the greatest vessels directed by a single man, shall cut through the rivers and seas with more rapidity than if they were propelled by rowers; chariots may be constructed which, without horses, shall run with immeasurable speed. Men may conceive machines which could bear the diver, without danger, to the depth of the waters. Men could invent a multitude of other engines and useful instruments, such as bridges that shall span the broadest rivers without any intermediate support. Art has its thunders more terrible than those of heaven. A small quantity of matter produces a horrible explosion, accompanied by a bright light; and this may be repeated so as to destroy a city or entire battalions."

[BOSTON INVESTIGATOR.]

# THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

EDITED BY AN ASSOCIATION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1849.

## CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

WITH this number closes the third volume of the *Univercælum*. Our paper has now been before the public for about eighteen months. With the measure of good which, if we may judge from the numerous testimonials, it has already been instrumental in accomplishing, we have abundant reason to rejoice. A publication of the general character which it sustains, is now decided to be essential to the supply of a public demand—a demand, by the way, which is constantly increasing; and in this we have an earnest of the paper's future success, so long, of course, as it remains true to the principles on which it was originally founded, keeping pace in its editorial conduct, with the requirements of all those principles of *progress* involved therein. An appeal to all the friends of the paper for efforts to extend, so far as possible, our list of subscribers, will of course be understood in the above. The prospectus for our forthcoming volume, will be found upon our last page.

## ORDER OF THE WORLD.

ONE would think there *was* no order, from one point of view. We talk of Providence, and are so accustomed to referring every thing to the Deity, good, bad, and indifferent, that we commonly lose sight of the stupendous jargon in this world of ours. Now, were it possible to put God out of mind, and then to look upon the world, what would be the conclusions of our reason? Should we so readily sing with the poet—

"All discord, harmony not understood?"

But we would by no means draw from this the conclusion that there is no God. God is a *word*—Good is the meaning. But how does Good operate? Let us suppose, for a moment, that our term God were invariably rendered *Good*; for this surely is its only meaning; now, when we look upon the world, and consider its confusion, how will we think of the Infinite Good as operating? How will we speak of it? Will we look on vast armies marching for conquest, and murdering the human race by ten thousands; upon slavery of the negro races because they are weaker, ignorant, and poorer; upon injustice mountain high, and private iniquity in its myriad forms of wretchedness and horror—will we look upon this spectacle and say reverently, behold the Providence of Good? Would we say, Oh Good! we thank thee, we praise thee for all thy meracles?

But it is replied, men do not say so now. They distinguish between the good of God, and the evil of man. But I ask, Do they not recognize a *Providence* in all? And do they not say, God overrules, and permits, and causes the wrath of man to praise him, and a hundred such expressions? In short, if we give up the idea that God has nothing to do with the mighty convulsions of the human world, the raising of armies, the conquering of nations, the despotism of mankind, the immense iniquity that overruns the world, we might as well remove the Almighty from our conceptions. For man would become then quite an important agency—indeed, something or all of the attributes of the Devil would be affixed to him in the united capacity of the human race, and a second omnipotence would ascend the throne of the world.

We instinctively shrink from these conceptions. Good or Evil, God or Man, Right or Wrong, it is evident that the

parts are contained in the whole, and if so, to the Supreme Mind must be attributed all. Timid reasoners may shrink from this conclusion too. Where are we, then? Just in a miserable strife of words. We know not God, and have generally no conceptions of his Providence. We make him a separate personality, disconnected from the Universe; we give to man *free will*, that is, a will over which the Supreme Mind can exercise no control; and in trying to erect a theology, we make infinite havoc of all reason and all Nature.

But we commenced with the Order of the World. Who can look abroad upon this world's infinite admixture, and see universal order in it? And yet we are told that "Order is Heaven's first law." Surely, then, disorder is the second! The fact is, men are so stultified with theology, that they can not take the first step to extricate their reason. Is not Order progressive? and Good too? I do not mean that the Eternal Good—the invisible, uncreated Essence, is different now from what it was yesterday, and from eternity. And, not I would say, *impersonated*, because person suggests an existence separate from something else, or some other person, but *individualized* in all Nature, do the principles of Good and Truth exist, and they *can not*—that is the word—manifest themselves equally and alike, under every condition.

Every thing is for the best. That is hard to learn, but we must learn it to find peace in our souls. Passing strange is it that men will ascribe to the God of Nature, earthquakes, pestilence, and commotions dire, and see nought but goodness in them, and yet, when a moral or mental world is presented, say that the free agency of man is alone sufficient to account for the existing abominable evils.

"If plague's or earthquakes break not heaven's design,  
Why then a Borgin or a Cataline?  
Who knows but He whose hand the lightning forms,  
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms,  
Pours fierce ambition in a Caesar's mind,  
Or turns Young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?"

\* \* \* \* \*  
Account for moral as for natural things;  
Why charge we heaven in those, in these acquit?"

Now, is there any order in the natural world? Who does not know that storms and tempests are just as necessary to preserve the equilibrium of the physical elements, as temptation and trial are for the development of man's moral nature, and of course, transgression and sin? Did I say sin was necessary? Yes, and am obliged to mean what I say. This may not be called *practical*, but don't let us be frightened. If martyrdom was necessary—if the crucifixion of Christ was necessary, we might as well give it up in "all are but parts;" and in the mighty whole, I apprehend, sin is but a name expressive of a profound fact. Sin is inharmony—disorder. It is analogous to physical disorder. No man can take the advantage of this teaching, and say then he will sin. Who would raise an earthquake on his own responsibility? Who would produce pestilence, or the cholera? Let not man presume to do evil that good may come. Penalties are the state of such disorder.

I have said, Order and Good are progressive. No doubt, there will come a time when there will be no earthquakes, nor pestilence, nor storms. The Earth is progressing, with its sister planets, in one grand course of increasing refinement and perfection—the elements are acting and re-acting—equilibrium is preserved, and eventually serenity. So in the mental world. The Eternal Good works through it, producing Order and Harmony. But all is not Harmony now. Prospectively it is, presently it is not. All therefore is not God, or Good. Prospectively it is, presently it is not. We are not born a thousand ages hence. We must bide our time. Ask those in Heaven how it looks on Earth. No doubt, they see God as we see him not; they see ends where we see only causes. Could the Eternal Good have made a heaven on Earth? We are approximating to it. The Divine Nature has its conditions. Is not God bound



to Right? Is He not therefore bound to Law?—the law of His own necessity?

There are intermediate spirits to help us in our difficulties; the whole space between us and God is so occupied. But even they can not do all things we would. Order has its conditions; in our atom of reasoning we would hasten the divine results; in our crude notions of a Deity, we would suppose Him able to do all things, unqualifiedly. Would not this involve all manner of absurdities?

How much better adapted to reconciliation is it, to conceive there is no power able to help us in all our conditions, only with reference to a final end! There is a theistical fate which has reference to results, much more calming to our troubled souls, than the prevalent theological expectancy. We thus learn quiet and contentment. We have nobody to look to but the *Eternal Good*, and this operates, not presently only, but as embracing all things.

Foolish and vain are we, then, to be unbelieving at the present disorder. All is progression.

"From seeming evil still *educing* good,  
And better still, and better thence again,  
In infinite progression."

The Social world partakes of the same conditions. Who can believe that *this* is the order to which we are ultimately to arrive? We had almost said, if men would give up practising and go to speculating, they would learn better things. Good speculating is the *fore-runner* of good practice. I have no idea of submitting to Providence, as it is called, in this hurly-burly of society, as though this was all that was designed. I own no such Providence. Providence is progressive. God is in all, not in parts only. He is eternally active—eternally, to our comprehension, developing. Good from eternity, operating through certain conditions, *manifesting*, not acquiring, more and more of the divine order and harmony.

"See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,  
All matter quick, and bursting into birth."

See through this maze of human strife and toll, all *mind*, creative of its destiny. Such is the basis of a social regeneration, which, carried to the most Utopian extreme, so be it, order, is as sure and certain of realization, as the gradually progressive crystal through all the stages of its infinite metamorphosis, to the very head of Humanity itself. W. M. F.

### A TRUE BASIS OF REFORM.

WHATEVER theory of creation is adopted—whether that of progressive development, or that which supposes man to have been originally produced by an immediate interposition of Divine Power, the fact cannot be disputed that man is created, *physically* at least, out of materials of the Universe previously existing in lower forms. Geology incontestibly proves that man was the last being of importance that was created, a course of preparation for his advent having been previously instituted and carried progressively through all the lower classes of organic beings, and through all the periods producing the various stratifications of rocks, from the granite upwards. Even the allegorical history of creation ascribed to Moses, represents man as the last formed, and as formed out of the dust of the earth. If additional confirmation of this idea were required, it is found in the fact that all the (so called) ultimate chemical elements of his physical system are found in the very rocks on which he treads.

Such is true relative to the *physical system* of man. In the perfect organization of his *spiritual system*, perhaps other sources of being and power were superadded, the nature of which it is not necessary now for us even to attempt to explain. Sufficient to say that in man, existing on this earth at least, the physical and spiritual are connected with each other in the most intimate manner, and reciprocally act upon each other, so that whatever affects the physical must in a greater or less degree, affect the spiritual.

Composed, then, as man is physically, of the elements of the outer Universe, he is affected physically, and consequently mentally and spiritually, by all the influences which ascend from the same universal realm of inferior being from which he himself *ascended*, and for which he maintains a constant affinity. Thus if it is true that mind has power over matter, it is true in an almost equally important sense that matter has power over mind; and all the true interests of man, physical, mental, moral, and spiritual, are involved in a due knowledge and careful observance of all the influences of those general laws, principles, and operations of that great realm of inferior Nature of which he is an ultimate part, and with which he is inseparably associated. And as with the individual so with society, and the whole aggregate mass of mankind.

We have offered the foregoing remarks for the purpose of re-enforcing an idea to which we attach great importance. It is that the constitution of man with relation to outer things and to all general *natural laws*, should be carefully studied as the first step looking toward thorough reform, whether of individual character or society. We feel a pressing necessity that this idea should be more generally understood, and its importance more fully appreciated. Partial views on this subject among professed reformers, are always necessarily accompanied with fancies and one-sided notions, and consequent antagonisms with other reformers, who are perhaps equally well meaning and judicious with themselves. Each sees in the peculiar idea or movement which he proposes, a panacea for all the ills of humanity, and each fails, (as indeed he ought to fail) to make more than a very small portion of the world receive his distinctive notions—not understanding the *causes* of which he perhaps becomes censorious and unkind. In this *partial* knowledge of the laws of Nature as relating to the wants of the whole man, or in other words, of the constitution of man in relation to outer things and influences, originate all the neutralizing antagonisms existing between the various reform movements of the day; and they never can unite and co-operate as one harmonious body with common objects and ends, except on the basis which we have proposed.

But it will perhaps be said by some, that the idea of a comprehension of all general natural laws and influences relative to the human constitution, is too far above the masses, and therefore impracticable. We have no sympathy with any such notion. Even if the knowledge proposed were available to no more than one in ten thousand, that one, if he has the tact and disposition, can exercise a salutary influence, which so far as it goes, will be in all respects *pure and true*, upon all others in his community. Besides general laws, and truths of whatever kind, when *sufficiently* generalized, may be *truly* understood even by the humblest capacity; and from the basis of a true *general* understanding of the all of things, the mind may progressively and *truly* unfold to an understanding of *particulars*, even to all eternity. And every new unfolding of the mind will be an acquisition to valuable practical knowledge, and yet the individual will not be required to abandon one single idea previously learned, or to rectify any movement based upon it, on the ground of its being wrong.

We would then recommend a systematic study of the human constitution and of the natural laws by which it is governed, as the *sine qua non* of all extensive and permanent success in any reformatory enterprise. So far and so fast as *light* is generally sought on this subject, light will most assuredly be given. And above all let no *true* ideas that may be expressed upon this subject, be set down as "too far above the masses" to be *practical*—at least until it can be shown that the Deity himself, the Source of all truth, is too highly exalted—too far removed above general comprehension—to be of any use to mankind. The fact is that all true ideas, however exalted and removed from the possibility of *full present* realization, will in the hands of individuals who do adequately understand them, admit of ultimate



simplifications which are *immediately* practicable, just as the Almighty power of the GREAT MIND, descends through successive stages from the very Heart of the great Universe, until it manifests itself in the minute outer forces and movements with which we are every day coming in contact.

The foregoing remarks are of a general character, and may serve as an introduction to something more specific on the same subject, that may be offered hereafter. W. F.

### THE PEACE MOVEMENT.

THE New York Tribune publishes the following letter from an English gentleman now in Paris, to a friend in this country. We hope the appeal to Americans which it contains, will be duly responded to. If a goodly proportion of the leading minds of the various civilized nations could be enlisted in the objects of the Peace Congress, the period when nation shall no more rise up against nation, would be near at hand.

PARIS, April 25, 1849.

You have doubtless heard from other quarters of the remarkable progress which Peace principles have made and are making in Europe. The Congress held at Brussels was in all respects a remarkable and most gratifying demonstration. The moral agitation which has been carried on since then, in England, has furnished evidence no less decisive and satisfactory, of the deep hold which this subject is gaining upon the public mind. We have therefore every encouragement to go forward, and though we are quite aware that in France the circumstances are very different from what they are in England and even in Belgium, yet we have every reason to expect that the Congress to be held here in August next will, in many respects, surpass in importance and interest any step yet taken in connection with the Peace movement.

There are here earnest and devoted men, who have become thoroughly persuaded of this great idea of international peace and universal Brotherhood. But every thing we heard before our arrival at Paris, and every thing we have seen since, concurs to impress upon our minds more deeply the conviction, that the success of a peace demonstration in this city will, to an extent that it is scarcely possible to overrate, depend upon our friends in America. The sympathy and admiration felt for your country in France is so deep and general, that the presence of a large delegation from the United States would be the best imaginable security for a cordial and enthusiastic welcome of our Congress, on the part of the French.

Whenever we mention our expectation of this, the impression it makes on the minds of men of all grades here, is marked and instantaneous. It is therefore with feelings of anxiety which it is impossible for me adequately to describe, that we make our appeal to you. We are convinced that the very highest men in the State here would become interested and absorbed in the movement, if a deputation adequate to the occasion, in numbers and respectability, were to come over from the United States.

Lamartine has assured us in a conversation we had with him three days ago, that he will go himself to Havre, to receive and welcome you on your arrival. I wish I knew what were the fittest words to employ to convey to you and the friends of Peace in America, the sense we entertain of the unspeakable importance to our sacred cause of the course you may pursue in the present crisis.

The deep and irrepressible solicitude I feel on this subject prompts me to say, with an earnestness that may seem almost too importunate, that the friends of Peace in Europe beseech their brethren in America to lose no time, spare no effort, shrink from no sacrifice, which may be necessary to secure for their country a large, dignified and impressive representation at the Congress of the two Worlds, about to be summoned in the name of Reason, Religion, and Universal Humanity.

**INFLUENCE OF SECTARIANISM.**—We recollect seeing it stated in an exchange paper some time since, that the officers of the Penitentiary in Philadelphia objected to the admission of "religious papers" into that prison for the use of the convicts, "because the papers quarreled so much!" The officers of that prison doubtless argued on natural principles, that the wranglings of sectarian editors, and of the clergy, would, according to the law of sympathy or imitation, tend to beget the spirit of wrangling and contention (of which murder, indeed, is only the climax) in the bosoms of those convicts who perused their publications. They were certainly justified in their decision to keep away from the convicts all influences of this nature. But what a sad though just commentary upon the existing sectarian influences! And yet each one of these sects supposes that by the prevalence of its own peculiar and strife engendering doctrines, the world is to be reformed!

We certainly do not believe that the world will ever be truly reformed without the prevalence of true religion; but true religion and modern sectarianism we should feel inclined to place in altogether different categories. W. F.

**ANOTHER ITEM TO PATRONS.**—Just as this number is going to press, a decision has been announced to us by its proprietors that hereafter the last two pages, or at least portions of them, will be devoted to such ADVERTISEMENTS as may be deemed consistent with the spirit and objects of the paper. It is hoped that our patrons will readily accede to this, when it is reflected that the pecuniary assistance thus afforded in our present straitened condition, will enable us to carry on the work with more vigor and cheerfulness than we otherwise could.

**TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.**—Our readers must excuse the non-appearance of the usual quantity of original matter this week. The fact is we have now very little original matter on hand; and this announcement we intend as a broad hint to our contributors and associates.

We are thankful for the promise of our friend J. D. P. of Akron, O. We are convinced from past facts that our readers, as well as ourselves, would be pleased to hear from him as often as possible. We have had other promises which we trust will not be forgotten on the part of those who made them.

The letter from La Roy Sunderland will appear in our next. Also the favor from our valued correspondent "H."

C. J. A., and V. N., are informed that we can no longer furnish the first and second volumes of the *Univercelum* either in sheets or bound.

V. N., is informed that a supply of Davis' Revelations is constantly kept on hand by Lyon and Fishbough, at this office, the lowest price by the quantity (invariably cash,) being \$1.34 per copy. Retail \$2. Davis' Chart, which is both "useful and beautiful," may also be ordered from this office, the lowest cash price by the quantity, being \$1 per copy. Retail \$1.50.

**WRIGHT'S CASSET** is now preparing a complete list of all the periodicals published in this country and in Canada. Its editor requests all publishers of magazines and newspapers, to forward specimen copies of their publications to the address of "Wright's Casket, Philadelphia."

In our next we will endeavor to give a condensed reprint of the life of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, with a likeness.

HARMLESS mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits; wherefore jesting is not unlawful if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality or season.

SOME minds are proportioned to that which may be dispatched at once, or within a short return of time; others to that which begins afar off, and is to be won by length and pursuit.

## Poetry.

## SONNET—THE GOSPEL OF LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSCELM.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M.D.

"Love one Another."

A myriad choir of mightiest thoughts immortal,  
 In thunderous song from God's great throne sublime,  
 Uttered in worlds through heaven's crystalline portals,  
 Are echoing now through all the courts of time!  
 From out the Old Eternities, far-sounding,  
 I hear the Primal God-Voice mutely roar—  
 Breathing through Heaven, with myriads now abounding,  
 New light-invested worlds forevermore.  
 What is God's Gospel? Heaven's Divine Evangel?  
 But that each man should love his fellow-brother?  
 Earth would be Heaven—each Man would be an Angel—  
 Were they thus kind on earth to one another.  
 These were the truth's which fell from Christ's pale lips,  
 When his earth-quaking death turned Heaven to Hell's eclipse

## THE LEGEND OF ST. MARK.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

THE day is closing dark and cold,  
 With roaring blast and sleety showers;  
 And through the dusk the lilacs wear  
 The bloom of snow instead of flowers.

I turn me from the gloom without,  
 To ponder o'er a tale of old;  
 A legend of the age of Faith,  
 By dreaming monk or abbees told.

On Tintoretto's canvass lives  
 That fancy of a loving heart,  
 In graceful lines and shapes of power,  
 And lines immortal as his art.

In Provence (so the story runs)  
 There lived a lord to whom, a slave,  
 A peasant boy of tender years  
 The chance of trade or conquest gave.

Forth-looking from the castle tower,  
 Beyond the hills with almonds dark,  
 The straining eye could scarce discern  
 The chapel of the good St. Mark.

And there, when bitter word or fare  
 The service of the youth repaid,  
 By stealth, before that holy shrine,  
 For grace to bear his wrong, he prayed.

The steed stamped at the castle gate,  
 The boar-hunt sounded on the hill;  
 Why staid the Baron from the chase,  
 With looks so stern and words so ill?

"Go bind yon slave, and let him learn,  
 By scathe of fire and strain of cord,  
 How ill they speed who give dead saints  
 The homage due their living lord."

They bound him on the fearful rack,  
 When, through the dungeon's vaulted dark,  
 He saw the light of shining robes,  
 And knew the face of good St. Mark.

Then sank the iron rack apart,  
 The cords released their cruel clasp,  
 The pincers, with their teeth of fire,  
 Fell broken from the torturer's grasp.

And lo! before the Youth and Saint,  
 Barred door and wall of stone gave way,  
 And up from bondage and the night  
 They passed to freedom and the day!

Oh, dreaming monk! thy tale is true—  
 Oh, painter! true thy pencil's art;  
 In tones of hope and prophecy  
 Ye whisper to my listening heart!

Unheard no burden'd heart's appeal  
 Moans up to God's inclining ear,  
 Unheeded by his tender eye  
 Falls to the earth no sufferer's tear.

For still the Lord alone is God!  
 The pomp and power of tyrant man  
 Are scattered at his lightest breath,  
 Like chaff before the winnow's fan.

Not always shall the slave uplift  
 His dusky hands to Heaven in vain;  
 God's angel, like the good St. Mark,  
 Comes shining down to break his chain!

Oh, weary ones! ye may not see  
 Your helpers in their downward flight;  
 Nor hear the sound of silver wings  
 Slow beating through the hush of night!

But not the less gray Dothan shone,  
 With sunbright watchers bending low,  
 That Fear's dim eye beheld alone  
 The spear-heads of the Syrian foe.

There are, who, like the Bear of old,  
 Can see the helpers God has sent,  
 And how life's rugged mountain side  
 Is white with many an angel tent!

They hear the heralds whom our Lord  
 Sends down His pathway to prepare;  
 And light, from others hidden, shines  
 On their high place and prayer.

Let such, for earth's despairing ones,  
 Hopeless, yet longing to be free,  
 Breathe once again the Prophet's prayer;  
 "Lord, open their eyes that they may see!"

[NATIONAL ERA.]

## FORGIVENESS.

"How beautifully  
 Falls from human lips that blessed word  
 Forgive! Forgiveness, 'tis an attribute  
 Of God—a sound that opens Heaven—  
 Renews on earth lost Eden's faded bloom,  
 And throws again hope's halcyon halo o'er  
 The waste of life. Thrice happy he whose heart  
 Has been so schooled in the meek lessons of  
 Humanity, that he can give it utterance—  
 It imparts celestial grandeur to the  
 Human soul, and maketh man an angel—  
 It turns the roughness of the world aside  
 And fills the earth with joy."

## Miscellaneous Department.

## THE SPHERE OF POETRY.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

We have, if not a school of criticism, at least some vagrant critics—machinists of Parnassus, who maintain that poetry with a purpose is no poetry at all! that Imagination is a creature too ethereal, fantastic and flighty, to consort with such a staid undorned matron as Morality, and reason has simply nothing to do with rhyme, except to manage the square and dividers! These gentlemen banish every thing from their test of poems, which on the whole, comes to mean any thing, to have a ray of moral truth or a gleam of heart-warmth in it, for the blessing of man. A cold, still glitter of pure fancy, with, at the most, but a touch of vague sentiment, makes to them, the beauty of poetry; and a mechanical agony, without moral power or suggestive cause, to make men better for the reading, is its only passion.

Any thing didactic is prose from that very fact, whatever delicate form it takes to insinuate its fine lesson. Just from that moment when a man strikes out the faint hint of a moral, or gives the least pointing of his Imagination to a beneficent purpose, he has crossed the long unsettled boundary between poetry and verse, and precipitated his work to the flats of unrythm'd thought. Our iceberg critics will have nothing but a modest rollick with the muse, on the strength of a cup of iced Helicon;—with any amount of reflected moonlight and sepulchral witch-fire, that will glitter without warmth. Love, beyond a silly sentiment of girls and boys for one another, is too glowing and human for their use, and philosophy, though clothed in the firmit of a boundless fancy, and rhymed to the tune of the Morning Stars, must give place, before their judgment-seat, to the quaint croakings of a "Raven," or some phosphoric ghoul-scene from "the limbo of lunary souls."

Against this estimate of the sphere of poetry we protest, against it and against all the narrow theories expressed or practised, which elbow this fine moralist from the field of our warm sympathies and hearty endeavors.

The Poet has a worthier purpose for his art than to sing soft ditties to the moon, or to moon-struck misses. He will sing love, but it shall be manly, womanly, pure, and worthy of beings who are souls withal. But let him not stand there in that one circle, nor yet waste his generous heart on the cold other extreme, in fancies that seek only to be brilliant. Let him speak out from his own human heart to the hearts of men, his brethren, and be, verily, what his name indicates, a Maker, to supply the wants of man with such high solace as he can create.

God gives the Poet's soul a nobler sense of truth and harmony, to his nerves a keener thrill of joy and suffering than to others, and weaves through his whole being those fine chords of sympathy which vibrate to the slightest breath of love and beauty. He sees before his fellows can, the want which is in every thing discordant, and the lurking beauty or worth in what is grossly ill, and yet more than all others, the perfection of the perfect, the sweetness of the sweet, the good in all.

The poetic faculty is the demand which rouses the perfecting power, it is God in the soul crying with a low but earnest voice—"More Good, more Beauty." It seeks completer harmony and finish every where; to the good which has delighted it, it adds a higher form, and to the ill, suggests a fair opposer. Rather than demanding separation from the moral element, the poetic is itself a semi-moral one, and asks for its complete development a mastering influence of the proper moral nature.

He needlessly deprives himself of the strongest weapon of power and effectiveness, who divorces his work from the noblest sympathies of our being. All our hopes and fears, our doubts

and longings and despairs; our victories over the invisible fear, doubt, terror, anger, and heart's agony; and over the stubborn elements in which we work with mind and body, are fitter themes to shape into life-tragedy, poem and canticle, than all the visions of unlearned Romance.

It is the poetic element—the love of beauty which from the very wilds of barbarism allures man into the glowing thought-world, and iron-armed activities of civil life. The savage with his plumes and gaudy beads is a rude lover of beauty—is less a savage for that love, and led by the growing sense of that fair presence, one by one his rude ways vanish, the chase, the cabin, and the horrid strife; and the hoe and loom, the cottage and the speaking page displace them in his history; beauty and comfort bless him in his new estate. He is the cruel savage still, in many ways, but in all, to which he has gone forward by the impulse of that first love of harmony, he is better: and that is much.

Strange, then, if poetry, which is the tongue of this progressive force, should have nothing to do with human progress. Nay, it is there that it should speak, and be the clarion of reform, as well as the mild solace of sad hours, and the love-flute of sweet homes. Cold-blooded criticism, and mistaken theories, have kept it back from that field, where it is pre-eminently in its vocation, side by side with all the agencies that seek wisely the regeneration of Humanity. In the fore front of the march of man to his new good and harmony, the Poet's soul should blaze like a banner of fire, startling old midnight to its starless center. His voice should marshal the sacramental host to the bloodless strife, and endless victory of Good. His harp should ring out clear and loud, the highest tones of liberty and right, the purest lay of love and tenderness, the keenest utterance in rebuke of wrong. Let his song be a voice of hope and cheer, to the depressed, a prophecy of boundless benefits, and a sweet soothing to inevitable wars.

The poet, conscious of his high vocation, will not spend his vigor upon low pursuits, twanging his idle harp to an everlasting prelude, but ablaze with the fine lightnings of genius in contact with the iron bosom of wrong, he will flash out the burning truths of God, till they set the world aglow; and the sharp clang of his steel harp-strings will shake down the bastiles of old falsehood with a thunder-fit. Not less complete will be the low soft strain of his pity, making the wide wail of hungered souls articulate. O, to be a voice of man's dumb want, to shape the wordless prayer of suffering hearts, and thus bring healing to their pangs in their very utterance, is it not better than to have sung the Iliad?

When Poetry shall have completed the new tendency which she has taken, and become a right evangelist, and teacher, as well as cheerer and comforter, her powers will find their best expression, and her work be filled with an immortal fire which shall be blest where it is praised, and win to her fair brows a crown of love's own lilies to glorify her laurel. [LADY'S WRATH.

ANECDOTE.—The following anecdote was told by a Senator of Berne, Switzerland. Two neighboring farmers had a dispute respecting the right to some adjoining property, which they could not compromise, and an action was brought to determine it. On the day appointed for the trial, one of the farmers, having dressed himself in his best clothes, called upon his opponent to accompany him to the judge. Finding his neighbor at work on his ground, he said to him, "is it possible you can have forgotten that our cause is to be decided to day?" "No," said the other, "I have not forgotten it; but I cannot well spare time to go. I knew you would be there, and I am sure you are an honest man, and will say nothing unfairly, and justice will be done." And so it proved, for the farmer who went to the judge stated his neighbor's claims so clearly, that the cause was decided against himself; and he returned to inform his opponent that he had gained the property.



## THE SUPREME POWER.

"It has been as beautifully as truly said, that the undevout astronomer is mad." The same remark might with equal force and justice be applied to the undevout geologist. Of all the absurdities ever started, none more extravagant can be named, than the grand and far reaching researches and discoveries of geology are hostile to the spirit of religion. They seem to us, on the very contrary, to lead the enquirer, step by step, into the more immediate presence of that tremendous Power, which could alone produce and can alone account for the primitive convulsions of the globe, of which the proofs are graven in eternal characters, on the side of its bare and cloud piercing mountains, or are wrought into the very substance of the strata that compose its surface, and which are also day by day and hour by hour at work, to feed the fire of the volcano, to pour forth its molten tides, or to compound the salubrious elements of the mineral fountains, which spring in a thousand valleys. In gazing at the starry heavens, all glorious as they are, we sink under the awe of their magnitude, the mystery of their secret and reciprocal influences, the wildering conceptions of their distances. Sense and science are at war.

The sparkling gem that glitters on the brow of night, is converted by science into a mighty orb—the source of light and heat, the center of attraction, the sun of a system like our own. The beautiful planet which lingers in the western sky, when the sun has gone down, or heralds the approach of morning—whose mild and lovely beams seem to shed a spirit of tranquility, not unmixed with sadness, nor far removed from devotion, into the heart of him who wanders forth in solitude to behold it—is in the contemplation of science, a cloud-wrapt sphere; a world of rugged mountains and stormy deeps. We study, we reason, we calculate. We climb the giddy scaffold of induction up to the very stars. We borrow the wings of the boldest analysis and flee to the uttermost parts of creation, and twinkling in the vault of night, the well instructed mind sees opening before it in mental vision, the stupendous mechanism of the heavens. Its planets swell into worlds. Its crowded stars recede, expand, become central suns, and we hear the rush of the mighty orbs that circle round them.

The bands of Orion are loosed, and the sparkling rays which cross each other on his belt, are resolved into floods of light, streaming from system to system, across the illimitable pathway of the outer heavens. The conclusions which we reach are oppressively grand and sublime; the imagination sinks under them; the truth is too vast, too remote from the premises from which it is deducted; and man, poor frail man, sinks back to the earth, and sighs to worship again, with the innocence of a child or Chaldean shepherd, the quiet and beautiful stars, as he sees them in the simplicity of sense. But in the province of geology, there are some subjects in which the senses seem, as it were, led up in the laboratory of divine power. Let a man fix his eyes upon one of the marble columns in the Capitol at Washington. He sees there a condition of the earth's surface, when the pebbles of every size, and form, and material, which compose this singular species of stone, were held suspended in the medium in which they are now imbedded into the solid, lustrous, and variegated mass before his eye, in the very substance of which he beholds a record of a convulsion of the globe.

Let him go and stand upon the sides of the crater of Vesuvius, in the ordinary state of its eruptions, and contemplate the glazy stream of molten rocks, that oozes quietly at his feet, encasing the surface of the mountains as it cools with a most black and stygian crust, or lighting up its sides at night with streaks of lurid fire. Let him consider the volcano island which arose a few years since in the neighborhood of Malta, spout flames from the bottom of the sea; or accompany one of our own navigators from Nantucket to the Antarctic ocean, who, finding the

center of a small island, to which he was in the habit of resorting, sunk in the interval of two of his voyages, sailed through an opening in its sides where the ocean had found its way, and moored his ship in the smoldering crater of a recently extinguished volcano.

Or, finally, let him survey the striking phenomenon which our author has described, and which has led us to this train of remark, a mineral fountain of salubrious qualities, of a temperature greatly above that of the surface of the earth in the region where it is found, compounded with numerous ingredients in a constant proportion, and known to have been flowing from its secret springs, as at the present day, at least for eight hundred years, unchanged, unexhausted. The religious of the elder world in an early stage of civilization, placed a genius of divinity by the side of every spring which gushed from the rocks, flowed from the bosom of the earth. Surely it would be no weakness for a thoughtful man, who should resort for the renovation of a wasted frame, to one of those salubrious mineral fountains, if he drank in their healing waters as a gift from the outstretched though invisible hand, of an every where present and benignant Power.

[EDWARD EVERETT.]

## THE ATMOSPHERE.

The atmosphere rises above us with its cathedral dome arching towards the heaven, of which it is the most familiar synonyme and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the Apostle John saw in his vision; "a sea of glass like unto crystal." So massive is it that when it begins to stir it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests like snow flakes to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile that we have lived years in it before we can be persuaded it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass yet a soap-ball sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it with its wings. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us; its warm south wind brings back color to the pale face of the invalid: its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow, and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even in north blasts brace into new vigor the hardened children of our rugged clime. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of the clouds that cradle near the setting sun. But for it the rainbow would want its triumphal arch, and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers or errands round the heavens. The cold ether would not shed its snow feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall—hail, storm, nor fog diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tamed unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things. Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and without warning plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers; so that the shows of evening gather by degrees, and have to bow their heads, and each creature spare time to find a place of rest and nestle to repose. In the morning the garish sun would, at one bound, burst from the bosom of night and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his approach, and then another, and by-and-by a handful—and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eye-lids open, and like man, she goeth forth again to her labor until the evening.

[LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.]

One reason why we meet with so few people who are reasonable and agreeable in conversation is, that there is scarcely anybody who does not think more of what he has to say, than of answering what is said to him.

## CURIOUS FACTS IN NATURE.

ALMOST all animals come into the world with clothing adapted to their condition. Man is an exception, because he can clothe himself. He is not however the only exception; nor is he the only animal that clothes itself. The Larvæ or grub of that species of moth which is called the "clothes moth," manufactures, as soon as it comes into the world, a coat for itself of hair or wool, and for the protection of its tender skin lines it with silk. This is a curious and singular fact. If this coat were natural it would increase with the insect's growth; but it is artificial, and some provision, therefore, must be made for its enlargement, as the grub increases in size. If additional length only were required, the task would be easy; the covering being cylindrical, all that would be necessary, would indeed very easily be effected, by adding a ring or two at the top or bottom. But the coat must be widened, and this is an operation which is not easily performed; but the little insect, as if it had learnt the art of tailoring, accomplishes its object with equal ease and success. It begins as an experienced workman would do, by making two slits one on each side, and then introduces two slips of the same material to fill up the same space; but it foresees—or acts at least as if it foresaw—that if the slits were made on each side from one end to the other at once, the coat would fall off; it proceeds therefore, with caution, and at first slits its garments on each side only half way down, and when it has completed the enlargement of that half, proceeds in like manner to enlarge the other. What more could be done by a tailor? And be it observed that this operation is performed, not by imitation, for it never saw the thing done; nor by practice, for it is its first attempt. The facts are curious and worthy of attention.

## ELECTRICITY OF A TEAR.

We tremble when the thunder-clouds burst in fury above our heads:—the poet seizes on the terrors of the storm to add to the interest of his verse. Fancy paints a storm-king, and the genius of romance clothes his demons in lightnings and they are heralded by thunders. These wild imaginings have been the delight of mankind:—there is subject for wonder in them:—but is there anything less wonderful in the well authenticated fact, that the dew-drop which glistens on the flower, that the tear which trembles on the eyelid, holds locked in its transparent cells an amount of electric fire, equal to that which is discharged during a storm from a thunder-cloud?

Faraday has shown by the most conclusive experiments, "that the electricity which decomposes, and that which is developed by the decomposition of a certain quantity of matter are alike. What an enormous quantity of electricity, therefore, is required for the decomposition of a single grain of water? We have already seen that it must be in quantity sufficient to sustain a platinum wire 1-104 of an inch in thickness, red hot in contact with the air, for three minutes and three-quarters. It would appear that eight hundred thousand charges of a Leyden battery, charged by thirty turns of a very large and powerful plate machine, in full action—a quantity sufficient, if passed at once through the head of a rat or cat to have killed it, as by a flash of lightning—are necessary to supply electricity sufficient to decompose a single grain of water; or if I am right to equal the quantity of electricity which is naturally associated with the elements of that grain of water endowing them with their mutual chemical affinity.

[SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.]

THE man of genius and the virtuous man always suggest to our fancy a larger portion of talent and a still more perfect line of conduct than they display to our observation; indeed it may be pronounced, that if there are any who can not imagine something beyond the excellence which they see exemplified in practice, such persons are wholly unable to appreciate its real worth

## HEALTH OF CHILDREN.

Rising early is a habit of high importance to fix in children and, in forming it, there is far greater facility than in other cases. There is a natural propensity in children generally to early rising, which needs only to be gratified and encouraged. They usually retire to bed some time before their parents, and at daylight, or at least sunrise, are generally awake and anxious to rise. Many of them are actually bred up with difficulty to the habit of taking morning naps, which when once formed, generally prevail through life. Let this father deny himself so far as to retire early, and become an early riser also. His health, enjoyment, and usefulness, he may depend upon it, will be perceptibly benefited. And this may be connected with another preventive of disease—active employment. The morning is the season for activity; the frame, invigorated by repose, is prepared for exertion, and motion gives pleasure. The pure atmosphere, so much more bracing than at other hours, so much sweeter and more exhilarating than the air of a confined chamber, has been prepared to be breathed, and, like all nature's medicines, it is superior to any which science can produce. Early rising and early exercise might more properly be called food than medicine, as they are designed for daily use, and to protect us from disease rather than to remove it. Every thing, except mere sloth, invites us, nay, requires us, to train up our children to use them. The morning is the most favorable season for exercising the frame, as well as for making useful impression on the mind and heart; and whoever tries to conduct the education of his child independently of this practice, will lose some of the most favorable opportunities. [DWIGHT'S FATHER'S BOOK.]

## CORRECT SPEAKING.

We advise all young people to acquire in early life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and to abandon as early as possible the use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live the more difficult the acquisition of such language will be; and if the golden age of youth—the proper season for the acquisition of such language—be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language he reads instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best speakers and writers of the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and habituate himself to their use—avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast which bespeak rather the weakness of the vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind. There is no man, however low in rank, who may not materially benefit his financial condition by following this advice, and cultivating at the same time such morals and manners as correspond in character with good words.

BE COURTEOUS.—It will never do you any harm. Even if you are dealing with those who are unworthy of respect, or who cannot appreciate it, it is altogether best that you should maintain self-respect. Be courteous at all times, in all places, on all occasions, and with all persons. If you are writing a review, a critique, a reply or rejoinder, or whatever else, you will be the gainer by courtesy. If you are a mechanic or merchant, you will do well to be courteous to your customers. If you are a teacher or a physician, be courteous towards your pupils or patients. If you are an office seeker you will probably try to be courteous. If you are a lawyer, or a politician, you will lose nothing by being courteous to your opponents. If you are a minister, it will do you no harm to be courteous in the pulpit and out of it. If you are the head of a family you will be the more respected and loved, and all the more worthy of it.