

THE UNIVERCŒLUM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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

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The Principles of Nature.

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 partacles 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and immovable as they appear to the naked eye, are here being decomposed; new elements are being added or old ones withdrawn, and this hardest of all substances, except the diamond, is continually yielding to the laws of affinity—is continually undergoing *change*.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, *eremacausis*—an appropriate name, from two Greek words signifying *burning by degrees*. All substances containing nitrogen are subject in an eminent degree to *eremacausis*; 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 inertiae* of their molecules, and an instant decomposition is the consequence. As we do not admit *vis inertiae*, 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 partacle 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 HURLBUT 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 peaceably, 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 rocks 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 get their shoulders under it 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 necessities 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 necessities 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 Maonish:

"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 ecstacy, 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. Ambergrombie 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 visit his friends at the inn, he was killed in endeavoring to bring 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 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 mercies?

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 Borgia 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 toil, 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 chrysalis 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 incontestably 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 organisation 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. Suffice 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 SECTARISM.—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 CASKET 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 UNIVERCELUM.

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 abbe's told.

On Tintoretto's canvases 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 Seer 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."

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 island of Malta, spot flames a few years since in the neighborhood of a volcano which arose from the bottom of the sea; or some of our own navigators from Nantucket to the Azores, 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.