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

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The Principles of Nature.

THE INSPIRATIONS OF COMMON LIFE.

A Discourse

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Minister of the First Independent Christian Society. Delivered in the Coliseum, Sunday Morning, November 24, 1848.

"The true light lighteth every man that cometh into the world."
JOHN'S GOSPEL, 1: 9.

It is a beautiful truth that all of the material universe ministers to our material necessities. Our systems are built up, nourished, sustained and perfected by contributions from all of the three great kingdoms of visible nature. The plants and minerals and animals, the earth, the air, and all gaseous and electric substances, the heat and cold, the night and day, the sunbeam and the dew-drop, all wait upon us like ministering spirits—all contribute their choicest influences to create, perfect and harmonise the human frame.

And it is also a truth, still more beautiful, that all of the visible forms and forces of Nature combine together to instruct and unfold and elevate and harmonize the inward, the spiritual form, faculties and life. The beauty, the order, the harmony, the influences of the visible creation, are all suggestive of a higher beauty, order and harmony, which as yet "eye hath not seen nor ear heard." Even material objects aid in spiritual culture. Acting on us from without they develop sensation, and through sensation understanding, and through understanding intuition and religious faith. God speaks to us in the song of birds and in the flow of waters, in the infinite beauty and universal harmony of creation. All of the influences of Nature are spiritualising and peaceful. The sun and stars, the cool air and the flowing waters, incite us to peace and virtue and a boundless love. In the remarks that are to be presented, then, you are not to understand me as undervaluing the religious influences of the outward and material creation, as suggesting to us wisdom, and inciting us to virtue and inward beauty. I bless God for the revelations of the world without, while I call your attention particularly to the inspirations of the world within. I design to present a few thoughts this morning, on the influences of the Spiritual Universe upon the Human Soul;—The Inspirations of Common Life.

Man belongs to two orders of being. He is the connecting link between the material and the spiritual universe. Below him are animals, birds, plants, minerals, and he in his physical form partakes of their qualities, and is with them of a common nature. Above him are angels, arch-angels, saviors, prophets, the spirits of just men made perfect, and in his inward being he partakes of their nature, he shares in their divine perfections and their immortal life. And here mark the great law of reciprocal and universal benevolence that pervades the creation. As our physical necessities are ministered to by every part of physical nature, so our spiritual requirements are supplied by the ministry and solicitude of the entire spiritual universe. As all earth nourishes the body so all heaven nourishes the soul. As

we have faculties to see and feel the objects and influences of earth, so we have faculties to see and feel the objects and influences of heaven. As there is light for the outward eye, and music for the outward ear, and supplies for all outward wants in the outward world, so there is light for the inward eye, music for the inward ear, and supplies for all inward wants in the inward universe.

We are immortal men. Heaven surrounds us. Angels are our ministers. At death we lay off this gross outward form, and find ourselves immediately in a higher and more magnificent dwelling place. The same divine influences that act on us after death, act on us before death. "The true light lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

We are alike yet different. We have one common nature, but its manifestations are various. One is fitted to teach the world of beauty, another of harmony, another of wisdom, another of endurance, and another of a boundless virtue. There is a diversity of gift and of operation—but one spirit in all. No matter how limited be our sphere, or how incomplete our powers, in appearance, we have all a work allotted us—we are all designed and fitted to do good—to teach the world in some way—to let our light shine—to promote the best interests of humanity—to aid in advancing the human race to its final unity and perfection. And God is not partial. We are all ministered to by visible nature. We all are enriched with heavenly inspirations.

There is a perpetual effort on the part of all spirits in heaven to infuse their love, their wisdom, their beauty, their harmony, their courage, their power into the hearts and minds and lives of men. Though we be friendless and houseless and penniless, though we inhabit dungeons and be marred with wrong, yet heaven encircles us, and angels are our ministering spirits. Let me proceed to shew the manner in which divine inspirations and heavenly influences descend into the minds and works of men. Let me shew how heaven inspires us through the passion for BEAUTY, for HARMONY, for WISDOM, and for VIRTUE. Let me trace the method by which God educates, from an inward influence, the ARTIST, the LYRIST, the PHILOSOPHER and the PHILANTHROPIST.

The ARTISTIC type of mind is fitted to perceive the beauty, the grace, the perfection of objects. It is not philosophic, to scan their origin and arrangement, and ultimate condition. It is not eminently philanthropic to see the uses for which they are designed, but it sees, as I have said, their BEAUTY—their delicacy, their perfection of form and grace, and color and outline. Now the artist is instructed from the outward world—in the magic play of sun and shade—in the magnificence of the heaven and the grandeur of ocean—in the sublimity of the mountain and the quiet beauty of slope and rivulet and plain—in the forms of flowers and birds and children—in the wondrous hues of sunset and of morn—in the endless combination of visible objects he finds a Universal Beauty. He sees creation as an incarnation of the BEAUTIFUL. Thus the visible world is the instructor of the Artist, and suggests through the senses the idea of perfection.

But there is for the Artist a higher inspiration. In his moments of intensest and highest life there seems to open in his soul a new and transcendent faculty, which, as it were, perceives

the very essence of the beautiful. He sees forms that are the embodiments of ideal excellence, features that breathe a divine sweetness and radiate a blinding glory. Before the mind's eye there sweep landscapes, and there tower palaces and there kindle splendors, and there glide divine forms and there beam celestial countenances, such as belong not to earth, but exist alone in heaven. Dim and shadowy are at first their spiritual features, but at last they become definite in form and outline. The outward eye grows blank and the outward universe invisible, in these moments of artistic inspiration. For the soul is absorbed in the lessons of Art and in the visions of Beauty that flow from the thoughts of ministering spirits, and are mirrored upon the mind from the over-arching heavens. There are pictures of the old masters and the new, that are inspirations of the Beautiful—first pictured on the mind by angels, and then transferred to the canvass and the coloring of earth. True art is ideal—a shadow of the Beautiful made perfect in the heavens. True art is essentially Religious and Spiritual. We stand before the glowing canvass where some mighty master has portrayed Jesus, or Mary, or John, and we are awed and spell bound—it is not paint and canvass to us. It seems an angel, gazing down from the parted clouds of heaven. God speaks to us through Art—in the Revelations of the Beautiful. The divine form of Jesus, that no combination of flesh and blood and marble could imitate, breaks in upon the soul like the divine word preserved in human speech. True and authoritative is the divine beauty and goodness of Jesus revealed through Art—as the same beauty and goodness is preserved through the traditions and the parchments of man.

We go to the New Testament, and fancy that all we can learn of Jesus and heaven and humanity is there recorded. But I am not sure but that the revelations of spiritual beauty, made through Art, are as elevating and purifying as the revelations of the same excellence preserved in speech. If we could see Jesus, his presence, his holiness, his inward beauty would inspire us with a love and virtue that no traditionary record could create. And when I see his spirit—transfigured as it were—through the breathing canvass, it lifts me above my sensuality—it animates me with lofty intuitions—it has a measure of the influence of a personal appearance.

Behold the debauchee, with every pulse throbbing with passion and every sense stimulated to madness. He enters into the secret pavilion of his luxury and his vice. And lo! he looks up and beholds upon the wall the suffering Christ of Raffaele; tears on the cheek flowing from "the depth of some divine despair;" purity on the brow visible like a crowning halo: love written legibly in every feature and every line. With what strange magic does that divine face appal, and thrill and move him. How calm grow the billows of his passion as with the voice "peace be still," great thoughts of holiness and heaven, of death and judgment and immortal life crowd in upon him. He bursts into the tears of penitence: he falls upon the knee of confession, and rises up to a new and better life. Immortal Goodness, revealed through the inspirations of the Beautiful, has a power on many minds that no cold manuscript can rival. An angel descends upon its influence to trouble and yet to heal the bitter waters of the soul.

The true artist is an inspired, religious man. The retina of his mind is impressed with images of the divine forms and faces of Heaven—where beauty of soul and feature are one. His art, in its highest expression, is the transfer to breathing and glowing canvases of ideal images, that impress the beholder with the sweetness of love and the beauty of virtue. His mission is to reveal the great truth that beauty and goodness are the same in original essence and final ultimate; to fill the homes of men with pictured revelations of the grace and beauty and divinity that is yet to be revealed; to surround us with angelic forms and features whose divine tranquility shall infuse calm into

the soul, and whose ineffable spirituality shall allure to virtue and dissuade from sin.

Beside the Artistic type of mind, and kindred to it, is the LYRICAL. To this class belong the grand old masters and composers, such as Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven. As the Artist sees creation as an embodiment of Beauty, the LYRIST feels the universe to be an expression of HARMONY. He transfers to human tongue those infinite melodies evolved by worlds in their motion, by angels in their communion.

The sense of Harmony is educated by the outward world. The Lyrist is instructed by the flow of waters and the sigh of winds, the moan of the surf and the rustle of the pines upon the hillside. All these are reproduced in melody—in fancy we hear the waters glide and the winds murmur—we listen to the song of birds and the whisper of the leaves. The Lyrist is also educated by the passions of the visible things around him. Anger has its voice, fear its murmur, desire its expression, disappointment its plaint. And these reproduce themselves, and speak and murmur in his lay. But the Lyrical Artist has a higher inspiration. The mightiest of composers, Beethoven, was physically deaf—he heard nothing of the sounds of this outward universe. The inward ear alone was open. He listened to the aspirations of yearning and ascending spirits. He heard the voice of love as it flowed through the depths of the inner life. He caught the gladness that leaps from the spirit as it breaks at last into the order and the peace of heaven. In his wondrous works music becomes a revelation. As we listen to him, we hear strains that came to his ear from the valleys of paradise and harps of fire. HEAVEN AND HARMONY ARE ONE. The thoughts, the feelings, the actions of the redeemed spirits all move in melody. Inaudible to these constraining senses, it is yet revealed to the inward ear. God reveals his laws through music. The laws, the order, the harmony of heaven is all revealed to him who can interpret the oratorios of Haydn and the symphonies of Beethoven. Charles Fourier deduced his stupendous system of social order from his analysis of the lyrical harmonies. We listen to the music that is suggested by material objects, and hear the flow of waters and the song of birds. We listen to the music that is suggested by human passions, and we hear the various voices of fear and hate, of joy and sorrow, of happiness and love. But when we listen to spiritual music—to the translated harmonies of heaven—then we are spell-bound with adoration. Now we hear the whole burden of spiritual aspiration and endeavor, then we are thrilled with the burden of the joys and glories that are yet to come—and then again, we find in it prophecies of universal peace, and are inspired with enduring and martyr courage. In their moments of Lyrical Inspiration the mighty masters heard the voices of the spiritual universe, and their music is an echo of the harps of seraphim. Music utters the infinite longing and aspiration of our souls after inward perfectness and outward unity. Music also reveals the joy that fills the spirit in its final perfection—the ascending scale of its triumphs and beatitudes in its everlasting march from glory to glory. St. John tells us that he heard the harps and voices "ten thousand times ten thousand"—the expression of the harmonies of the immortal world. The great Lyrists kindle with a kindred inspiration. They transfer to the outward senses the revelations that have been sounded on the inward ear.

How can we account for the beneficial influences exerted in innumerable instances by the Catholic Church, upon the worshippers according to its ritual? Not by the worth of its dogmas: for who was ever benefited by the belief in an innate depravity or in the infallibility of councils?—or endless suffering for virtuous heretics or unbaptised babes? Or who was ever elevated by enslaving his reason and conscience at the bidding of creed or hierarchy? The answer to the question is plain. The Church, while it refused to receive divine inspirations flowing through the Reason, yet welcomed and appropriated divine

revelations made through the perceptions of Beauty and Harmony. The church has taught the soul through music. With vast volumes of melody, rolling through the ear upon the soul, it has quickened man's desires for virtue and holiness, nerved him to heroic battles against wrong doing, and called into action the divine elements and energies of his hidden and immortal life. For true art is always suggestive and ennobling, and he who drinks in the deep, articulate meaning of its utterances, is made thereby a purer and a better man.

A third type of mind is the **PHILOSOPHICAL**. Souls there are that look on the Universe as the embodiment of a divine and infinite Wisdom. These men evolve ideas, truths, principles. Their work is not the creation of beauty nor the expression of harmony, but the classification of ideas and the evolution of truths. They are instructed and made wise by outward nature. By the processes of an inductive philosophy they decompose the minerals and they harden the liquids—they classify and systematise the forms and forces of Nature—they search out the secrets of creation and development—they number the stars—they dissect the body of the Universe as the skilful anatomist analyses the human form.

But the great Thinkers have their inspiration from within as well as their education from without. They learn from the influx of wisdom as well as from the inductions of investigation. Socrates had his guardian spirit—Plato beheld a divine Archetype—Jesus was instructed by Moses and Elias—and true men in all time receive ideas from the presiding minds of an inward universe. There have been through all time two religions—one of inspiration, the other of tradition—two philosophies, one material, the other spiritual—one the result of insight and intuition, the other the result of sensation and induction. One of these has been the outgrowth of minds who have merely reasoned from sensuous objects, the other has been the product of spirits kindled with intensest inspiration. Whence came the idea of God's unity and omnipresence—of the spirituality of man—of human divinity and immortal life? Whence came the great thought that the spiritual universe is within the natural as the spirit is within the form? Whence came the knowledge that heaven is around us and the angels our ministers? These all came as the result of intellectual inspirations. Men saw these things by a sense above sensation, and a reason above understanding. These things flowed into the open spirits of the pure as the knowledge of the outward world flows in through the physical senses. It is said that God never inspires men now, though he once did in bygone ages. Foolish and impious thought. God is omnipresent—he is here. The advance ideas, the new truths of our time come to us from God out of heaven. The true light is not local or particular, it is common and universal. It "lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

The canon of Truth is not yet completed. The record of revelation is not and never will be closed. Truth is infinite. The soul is finite. God will always have in reserve some higher and more perfect revelation. Hereafter, when you and I tread the stars together, we shall look back to our present state as one of earliest and rudest childhood—but in that splendid futurity we shall be pupils and learners still. Truths that belong to the senses are revealed through the senses. Truths that transcend the senses are revealed through the soul. We are thus filled with the wisdom that flows from above as well as instructed by the observations that are deduced below.

Once more. The fourth order of mind is the **PHILANTHROPIC**. The Artist is inspired with the idea of the Beautiful. The Lyrist is inspired with the idea of the Harmonious. The Philosopher is inspired with the idea of the Truthful. And the Philanthropist is inspired with the idea of the Good, and the Holy, and the Right.

All outward nature teaches us the lesson of a continual goodness, but church, state and society falsify its inculcations. We

calm and harmonize our natures, we go out among the lovely and the loving objects of the visible earth, and—we know not how—they have a voice that penetrates the soul. The purity of creation rebukes and shames us for our sinfulness. The tranquillity of Nature invites to inward peace. The virgin freshness of an unpolled Universe—the holiness that mirrors itself in the works of God, all teach us the lessons of inward purity and outward goodness. Nature excites in the soul longings for infinite perfection—it invites us to love—it suggests the impulses and the deeds of virtue.

But the voices of the material universe are falsified by the unholy voices of custom and selfishness and conventionality. We make merchandise of the pure forms and substances of earth—we traffic and contend around them until they cease to instruct us—they invite us to selfish engerness and dispute. I thank God then, that we have voices that learn us of goodness, and incite us to excellence, not alone from the outward world but from the world within.

We are replenished in our failing love from the exhaustless fountains of the Infinite Life—the virtue, the tender solicitude, the gentle and loving spirit that pervades the heavens, flows from the souls of the angels into our tempted natures. There are times when we are inspired and quickened with the life of an inflowing goodness. That true light, that lighteth every man, informs us of the True, the Holy and the Right. Grand and wondrous thought. It is God and his angels who breathe their peace and holiness into our tempted natures. He who lives a divine life, performs a divine action, breathes a divine feeling, is inspired of God. It is Heaven that educates the soul and ennobles the life. When these clear perceptions of the just and right, these promptings to serene virtue, these impulses to benevolence and holiness descend upon us, they are influences of virtue from the spiritual universe. It is the descent of the Holy Ghost. It is the spirit that rested on Jesus in his baptism—it is the promised Comforter that shall guide us into moral and spiritual truth.

Our spiritual perceptions are four-fold. The **ARTISTIC**, the **LYRICAL**, the **PHILOSOPHIC**, the **PHILANTHROPIC** types of mind all blend together in a full and rounded nature. Earth and heaven, observation and intuition—each flower of the field—each angel in the higher spheres becomes to us a teacher of the Beautiful, the Harmonious—the Good and True. We are all gifted with the faculties of the Artist, the Lyrist, the Philosopher, and the Philanthropist. We are all required to stand in this four-fold relation to God and man: As **ARTISTS** we should conform our thoughts, our feelings, our lives, our expressions, our natures to the archetype of a perfect and spiritual Beauty. As **LYRISTS** we should modulate our deeds and words and beings to inward Harmony, we should seek to enter into harmonious relations with our fellow men. Our life should flow like the rhythm of some great anthem—swelling daily into higher actions of heroic faith and excellence till it blends with the music of heaven in its close. As **PHILOSOPHERS** we all should ask and seek and labor for Truth—we should seek the knowledge of ideas and principles—we should follow the dictates of wisdom—we should solve the secret of our being, and grow up into the assured knowledge of God, and Heaven, and Nature, and Immortality. As **PHILANTHROPISTS** we should seek to live and embody the infinite goodness—to be in all things loving and forgiving, temperate and chaste—to spend our days in love to God and love to man.

Thus Beauty, and Harmony, and Wisdom, and Goodness, should be incarnated in our characters, wrought out in our actions, wrought into our lives. Thus we should become perfect as our Father is perfect. Thus become like the angels beheld by Jacob in his vision—ascending in continual desire for the inspirations of the Beautiful, the Harmonious, the Holy and the True—and descending on missions of wide-spread beneficence to our fellow men.

The Physician

CHOLERA;
ITS CAUSES AND CURE.WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM,
BY A. J. DAVIS.

On Saturday night, the 16th of October, I awoke from a sweet and natural sleep with the impression, deep and strong upon my mind, that I must write an article concerning pestilential or Asiatic cholera. The impression was truthful and authentic,—and I internally resolved to investigate the whole subject on the subsequent morning. Immediately after breakfast I proceeded to the investigation. I desired to ascertain the origin and history of cholera; and its causes, character, symptoms, and cure. In order to obtain this highly important information, I retired from surrounding objects and influences, and elevated my mind to a higher and more perfect state: and while thus situated, I scanned the whole ground occupied by the disease heretofore and at present.

This interior mode of obtaining knowledge, independent of books and popular education, is but little understood, even by those who have most reflected upon and read concerning its novel and multifarious manifestations. The power to investigate the pathological condition of one or every individual under treatment at the *Hôtel dieu* in Paris, or to grasp, within the brief period of ten minutes, all the information necessary concerning the number of cases of cholera in the hospital at St. Petersburg or at Berlin, or in all of Russia, is certainly a new and astounding phenomenon. But the mode by which this knowledge is obtained, and by which the phenomena are developed, require an illustration according to the actual occurrences. I will explain.

Previous to commencing the investigation on Sunday morning, I committed to my stomach a less than usual quantity of nourishment, abstemiousness being necessary to an easy passage into the superior condition. About twenty minutes after breakfast, I seated myself at my writing table, and became wholly absorbed in the desire to acquire the information. Soon my mind became intensely positive over every other portion of my being; it absorbed its rudimental essence, or the sensation pervading the organism, into its self, and my body was quite insensible to external objects, and influences, and disturbances—all of which I avoid, so far as possible, previous to inducing that spiritual composure which necessarily precedes the superior condition. Divested thus of that sensation which intimately connects mind with the physical organism, and that with surrounding substances, I was living no longer in the body but in the spirit. Now a soft, clear, mellow, penetrating light, emanated from my head in every direction, and almost immediately concentrated at about six feet before me—on a plane horizontal with that region designated by phrenological writers as being the location of the faculties or organs of perception. And here I will state, for the first time, that atmospherical electricity is a medium of sight to the spiritual eyes, on the same principle and by the same laws as is atmospherical light a medium of sight to the natural eyes. And the silvery light which proceeded from my mind, pleasingly blended with the atmospherical electricity which pervades immensity; and this passed to and through each and all objects and substances occupying the space between my house in Williamaburgh, and the hospital in St. Petersburg, in Russia.

I have said, that the lower contains the higher, undeveloped, and that the higher comprehends and pervades the lower; so with electricity. It is generated by chemical action and decomposition in the most interior departments of the earth, and, when developed, it permeates and penetrates, unobstructed, the most compact material substance or organization in being. Therefore

no mountain, nor other obstacle, could prevent the passage of the electric medium which was the vehicle of my spiritual perception; nor could any thing resist its instantaneous penetration and permeation, or retard its rapid progress toward the scene of my desired investigations, which, be it remembered, was located where existed the causes and developments of epidemic cholera. Though wonderful, it is nevertheless true, that the electric fluid shot in a straight line through the great mass of matter which lies between the eastern and western hemispheres of our earth, owing to its spherical form or rotundity. And within the brief period of twenty seconds, from the moment my intellectual perceptions were opened and enlarged, I was in close sympathy, (even to the disappearance of distance itself,) with those localities where exist partial or complete symptoms of the disease under consideration. I saw the various modifications of the original type of Asiatic or epidemic cholera represented in nineteen undoubted cases in all of Russia, eleven of which were in the hospital at St. Petersburg. Seven of the number at the hospital were convalescent, or nearly so, and the remaining four were either dead or dying. I saw that the pestilential character and tendency of the disorder had abated in violence in almost all parts of Russia, and that, (excepting in Berlin,) there were no substantial indications of the advancement of the disease any farther west on the continent of Europe. I saw that in the whole of Russia, since the latter part of the month of October, 1846, there had occurred, including all the forms and phases in which the disease is capable of developing and manifesting itself, two hundred and ninety thousand and twenty seven cases, and one hundred and sixty six thousand, six hundred and seventy deaths—showing a defective and inadequate mode of medical treatment.

After making all necessary observations concerning the history of the disease, and satisfying myself as to the means prescribed by nature for its prevention or effectual cure, the electric light, or rather my spiritual perceptions, returned to, and retired within me. And as the mellow light re-entered my mind, and through it my organization, the latter was restored to its ordinary condition of life and sensation. I arose from my chair, twenty minutes after passing into the superior condition, with the whole scene daguerreotyped upon my memory. I continued thoughtful and abstracted until about four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, when my brain was relieved of its congested and over burthened state, by a copious bleeding at the nose. Thus I obtained all the information requisite to the construction of the following article; and in this way do I always perceive and receive whatever I feel moved to seek. I will now proceed with what I was then and am now impressed to say concerning this most formidable enemy to individual life and health, and to public safety.

1. ITS HISTORY. The disease under consideration is called Asiatic cholera, because in the year 1817 it originated in Jessore, which is in that portion of Asia known as Hindoostan. Its first form and manifestation of symptoms were representative of a sudden and severe bilious colic, which rapidly increased in quickness and intensity until it ultimated all the concomitants of the more familiarly known epidemic cholera. It continued to afflict the inhabitants of Jessore, and contiguous towns and cities, more or less, according to the revolutions of the seasons, and variations of the temperature of the atmosphere, for about ten years, when it proceeded westward; and in the year 1828 it was developed in many portions of Russia. The disease was new to medical practitioners, and, notwithstanding their individual and combined exertions, it marched onward and westward, and at length appeared in England. This was about three years subsequent to its first appearance in Russia. This caused its first appearance in England to be chronicled in 1831; but I can safely affirm that the undoubted precursors of the Asiatic pestilence were manifested ten months previously, in the form of general tendencies to influenza, intermittent fever, bilious and

hepatic disorders, and flatulent dysentery. In England, the disease seemed to encounter but few if any obstacles to its advancement westward. True, medical science rallied all its available forces to the combat, but though at first it was partially effective, at length it seemed only to subserve the progress of the enemy by weakening, with experimental and debilitating treatment, a line of individual constitutions,—which with a succession of adequately predisposing causes and complaints, opened a path through Montreal and Quebec, for its passage into America. This was in the year 1832. It prevailed in Europe and America during the summer and autumnal months.

2. ITS CAUSES. In the chapter on Consumption, I have said, "To understand the cause and nature of disease, some universal and unequivocal standard must be ascertained, whereby to measure and represent that just condition of body and mind termed health. It will be universally conceded, I think, that the *true standard* and representative of health is HARMONY, that *all else* is disease and discord. . . . There are three general causes of disease. 1. Hereditary or constitutional predisposition. 2. Accidents of life, or repeated changes in the organic or mental temperature. 3. Voluntary or unexpected exposure to disturbing social circumstances, and atmospherical vicissitudes." My object in re-stating the foundation-causes of all human constitutional disturbances, is to impressively define, in the mind of the reader, what constitutes the parent cause of the disease in question.

Those who have in their possession thorough, or even but partial information concerning the diseases of India, fully comprehend what influence predisposition, occupation, food, and climate, in a state of partial or complete combination, have upon the development of organic and functional disturbances. The diseases of India, are almost entirely produced by the three general atmospherical conditions, which are the distinguishing characteristics of the whole peninsula, viz: a hot season, a rainy season, and a cold season. Those complaints which are not *produced* by these conditions are *developed* by them, especially among persons belonging to the Army and Navy. Natives of India, and those who were born amid surrounding mediums and conditions indigenous thereto, and who are consequently acclimated, are seldom the subjects of those diseases to which the European Army is ever exposed. And there is a manifest difference in the susceptibility of individuals of different nations, who join the European regiments, and sojourn in India; for statistical statements, and pathological and clinical observations, arranged and communicated by appointed physicians and surgeons of the Army and hospitals, prove that the young are more frequently the victims of eastern disorders than those that have passed the age of twenty-five; and that the Irish soldier is more susceptible than the Scotch, and the latter more than the English.

The diseases of India—those that are induced principally by diet and climate, are hepatitis or inflammation of the liver, abdominal inflammation, dysentery, paroxysmal, intermittent and remittant fevers, encephalitis or inflammation of the brain, rheumatism, syphilis, indigestion and cholera. The primary or developing causes of these respective complaints are to be found in the elements constituting the atmosphere, the equilibrium and temperature of which are quite frequently disturbed. The hepatic or liver complaints, prevail during the hot season; the fevers and paroxysmal symptoms, together with encephalitis, indigestion, and rheumatism, during the rainy season; and the dysentery, and other abdominal disturbances, and their ultimate form, which is *cholera*, during the cold season! Remember, I have said that the primary or developing causes of these complaints are to be found in the elements constituting the atmosphere of India. I do not mean by this, that liver disease is confined entirely to the hot season, fevers to the rainy, and cholera to the cold, for clinical observations and statistical statements made by the presiding regimental surgeon at the hot stations—such as the Madras, Bellary, Trichinopoly, Nagpoor, and other

stations near the alluvial plains and marshy shores of the Bay of Bengal—prove that the hot stations are the healthiest generally. But I mean that the sudden changes in the temperature of the atmosphere, are uniformly followed with the development of new symptoms or diseases—generally arranging themselves in the order and form of those various complaints already mentioned.

It will be seen by this, that there are three specific conditions into which the elements and substances of the enveloping atmosphere resolve themselves, and that each resolution is attended with corresponding changes in the human organization. And this leads to a plain solution of the causes of cholera, or to a knowledge of those influences which are intimately engaged in its development in individuals having local weaknesses and a constitutional predisposition. The cause of the epidemic cholera is bosomed in the constituents of the atmosphere. I will state the reasons.

It is not known to scientific men, but it is nevertheless true, that there are two sources of atmospherical electricity: one is the great mineral laboratory in the earth in which we live; the other is the great, stupendous material Universe. The former is the inferior and lowest source, the latter is the superior and highest source. The Mineral substances in the earth generate the grossest form of electricity, which ascends through the vegetable and animal organizations, that exist upon the earth, into the lower strata of the atmosphere. But the Material Universe—I mean all the innumerable systems of suns and planets that inhabit immensity—all these together generate the most perfect forms of electricity, which descends through all things, and constitutes the upper strata of the atmosphere; for be it understood, that the enveloping atmosphere of our earth, as well as of all other earths, has successive stratifications corresponding to the coatings of an onion, or to the geological formations of our globe. The electricity of the earth is local, but the electricity of immensity is universal.

Chemical action in the earth is incessant, and, notwithstanding the perpetually progressive refinement and ascension of its electrical productions, there is a kind of gross electrical element locally evolved in various portions of the earth. This local or chemical electricity is seldom in a state of equilibrium. I must defer the particular explanation of the causes of this, to some future article, but will now state two reasons, as a basis upon which to rest the mind: first the irregular deposition and dissimilar arrangement of Mineral particles or substances in the earth; second the unequal exposure of the earth's surface to the sun. The frequent and sudden destruction of the electrical equilibrium of the atmosphere, is constantly throwing the human system, as well as all other systems, into three electrical conditions, viz: a negative state, a transition state, and a positive state.

Here I perceive it is necessary to remark, that *magnetism* is only a higher form of electricity. I depend for demonstrations but little upon what has been fragmentarily ascertained through chemical experiments. I refer to them never for the purpose of supporting any hypothetical theories, nor to establish favorite conclusions (for I have *neither* of such to illustrate or defend,) but I refer the reader to them simply as lights, to guide his mind into the *truth* asserted. I would therefore say, that whatever light has been developed by the experiments of Galvani, or Volta, or Sir Humphrey Davy, or by Franklin, or by Zutter's or Liebig's more recent discoveries in galvanic and voltaic electricity, independently illustrates the above assertion, that Magnetism is a higher and gentler form of the electric medium.

Although chemical action is constant in mineral combinations, electricity is not constantly given to the atmosphere, owing to attractive and retaining substances in the earth. In such cases, the gross portion of the electrical element in the atmosphere becomes refined, and the temperature is essentially changed. Now the hot season in India or in America, and in every portion of the eastern and western hemisphere, is entirely owing to a por-

ture or *magnetic* state of the atmosphere; the rainy season to a *transition* or *indefinite* state; and the cold season to a *negative* or *electrical* state.

But the human organization is so admirably constituted that its resisting power is ever equal, if not superior, to the action of external elements and physical circumstances,—such as the air we breathe, the food we eat, the exercise we are compelled to take, and the situation in which we may be placed with reference to water and material creations. A prolonged existence of any one condition, however, will overcome the constitutional power of resistance, and result in a corresponding destruction of physical and organic equilibrium. Therefore the *hot* seasons, or where and when the atmosphere is positive, the inward source of heat in the human system is developed. The liver is called upon to excrete more carbon, the lungs to do with less oxygen, and the stomach to do much of that labor which other organs were designed to perform. Hence proceeds indigestion, dysentery, abdominal inflammations, hepatitis, and pulmonary prostration. Hence proceeds the paroxysmal fevers of India, the bilious, yellow, and typhoid fevers of the South, and the various fevers to which the system is subject or predisposed. Therefore, too, in *rainy* or *indefinite* seasons—when the system is approaching, or has arrived at, a transition state, when the nerves, and muscles, and vital forces are weak and languid,—there are developed the milder or chronic forms of disease, viz: general prostration, hæmorrhage, pulmonary diseases, rheumatism, deafness, paralysis, pains in the back and head, and all those numerous symptoms and diseases which are but modifications of one, and *only one*, disease, viz: a want of physical harmony, or a loss of equilibrium in the atomic motions and organic temperature of the body. And in *cold* seasons, especially in a certain kind of cold or electrical atmosphere,—when the developed heat of the system is driven back rapidly upon the vitals, and when the whole internal viscera become loaded and congested with heat, and blood, and undistributed matter,—then the inward action is exaggerated, the system is convulsed, the organs are collapsed, the membranes become inflamed, and then are developed the simple, compound, and fatal cholera. Cholera is a simple disease; but of this I will speak in the section on symptoms.

In reviewing the general causes of the Asiatic pestilence, we gain explanations concerning the phenomenon of the *Potato rot*; and also why the magnetic telegraph refuses at times, to transmit impressions from one station to another, through the atmosphere. All that has been hypothetically advanced, by scientific agriculturists and chemists, is far from furnishing a solution of the problem of the sudden decay of the *Potato-plant*. Indeed, they have signally failed in their attempts to ascertain the hidden causes, which are, in fact, neither foreign nor difficult to comprehend. They are these:—the inferior portion of the electric fluid, which is in the lower stratum of the atmosphere, (especially when the *negative* state is existing,) permeates every thing upon the surface of the earth, and more particularly and thoroughly those localities where it is in a greater and stronger state of concentration. And the result of this permeation or saturation of the electric fluid, is a quicker and unnatural motion among the particles of the organized substance. This quicker motion generates heat, this fever, and this produces decomposition. Hence the *Potato* decays rapidly. In fact, *the atmosphere has had the cholera*, more or less, for thirty years, (and will continue to have it until there occurs a geological change in many portions of the earth,) and from the atmosphere the disease has been, and is, communicated epidemically to the predisposed *potato-plant*, and also to the human system.

It may be well here to remark, that *Potatoes* do not *rot* where exist substances qualified to absorb the abounding electricity,—nor where the equilibrium of the soil is not partially or wholly destroyed; nor is man afflicted with the disease when the gross element is dissipated or consumed by surrounding mediums and organizations, whose power of resistance is stronger in that par-

ticular than his; but where and when the equilibrium of the soil is lost, and no organizations exist to defend the human system, then the *Potato*, and also *Man*, has the Asiatic Pestilence. And when occurs this local disturbance in the electrical equilibrium of the atmosphere, the magnetic telegraph will manifest *one* symptom in the sudden cessation of its work in transferring impressions: because the electrical medium is then *too* gross, and the conditions of the atmosphere *too* negative, to convey impressions which are even in accordance with positive influence.

I desire to point the reader to a few external evidences of the choleraic condition of the atmosphere, which will be found to arrange themselves in the order of, and on a plane parallel with, those precursors of the epidemic in 1832.

1. The less than ordinary quantity of rain.
2. The frequent changes in the temperature of the atmosphere.
3. The peculiar coldness of the summers, and the unfrequency of lightning and thunder storms.
4. The tendency to influenza and colds.
5. The resolution of colds and bilious disturbances into dysentery.
6. The appearance of the cholera in Russia, and its gradual advancement westward.

I come now to a particular consideration of the more immediate causes of the disease. From what has been said, it will be seen that a gross form of the electrical fluid, locally generated, and concentrated in particular places, is the general cause of *cholera* in the atmosphere, in the *potato*, and in the human system. But confining our attention to the latter entirely, it becomes necessary to say that the oxygen, and nitrogen, which constitute the inhaling medium, contain electricity in disproportionate quantities. Oxygen contains more than any other gas; and this is drawn into the system through the lungs, and consequently a large quantity of the unhealthy element also. Thus the body, like other substances and organizations, becomes saturated with it: and this generates a quicker motion among its particles, this heat, and this cholera. It can not be denied that uncleanness, and unwholesome nourishment, and predisposition on the part of the individual, occupy an important position in the list of developing causes; but they are as nothing compared to that cold, electrical, and negative state of the atmosphere I have described. The immediate and last cause of the fatality in cholera, is a complete paralysis of the pneumogastric nerves—a class of muscular nerves which influence and actuate the functional operations of the lungs and stomach.

3. ITS SYMPTOMS. The symptoms of Cholera, (which signifies *flow of bile*,) are very numerous and diverse. They are diverse, because the disease is simple, compound, and different in different individuals. And there are various forms of the disorder, viz:

SPONTANEOUS CHOLERA. This is a simple form of bilious colic, produced by no visible cause except indigestion and slight cold, in consequence of a change in the temperature of the body. It is attended with violent griping, copious vomiting, and cathartic discharges of bilious matter; this is followed by spasmodic actions in the muscles of the stomach, abdomen, and lower extremities; and soon ultimates in a general prostration, or death, or convalescence.

CHOLERA INFANTUM. This is attended with severe flatulency, bilious griping, and watery diarrhoea. Great heat, and thirst, and rapid and painful vomiting succeeds; the pulse is irregular and bounding. It terminates in drowsiness, convulsions, prostration, death—or health, in a period not exceeding one month.

SPASMODIC CHOLERA. This is ushered in with intense heat, internal convulsions, cramps in the lower extremities, which rapidly succeed each other, and advance with regular steps into the side, fingers, arms, shoulders, &c.—and terminates in chilliness, coma, death—or health, in the brief period of six days.

ASIATIC CHOLERA. Called also, by different medical writers, *Malignant Cholera*, *Pestilential Cholera*, *Blue Cholera*, and *Epidemic Cholera*. This is the fully developed disease. It is sud-

den in its attack, and is attended with general depression. The patient appears unspeakably distressed. The countenance puts on a leaden, death-like appearance,—a crimsoned circle is visible around the eyes, which are sunken and inexpressive. The pulse is high, then feeble, then intermittent, fluttering, wiry, and then is lost to the examining finger. The skin is cold; giving the sensations of the coldness and moisture characteristic of the state of death. In the milder forms, vomiting and diarrhoea begin earlier than in attacks of the cholera in this form. These, however, come on in a few hours, and generally result in overpowering the organic functions in a few hours more, which, inducing a quiet state, carries the patient beyond the sphere of disease.

It is quite unnecessary to dwell upon the symptoms of Asiatic cholera. The principle idea to impress upon the reader is, that all the foregoing indications are embraced in the highest and last form of the complaint, together with almost every symptom that characterizes typhoid or ship fever, and fever and ague,—such as tremulousness or shivering, incontinence of urine, or copious discharges, and coldness. In truth, *cholera is only and simply the opposite of a violent fever*. Fever is the positive state and cold or cholera is the negative state. The former is caused by a superabundance of Magnetism in the atmosphere; the latter by a superabundance of Electricity. Magnetism is hot; and Electricity is cold. The patient will feel cold to the touch, but is constantly complaining of the intensest heat, and positively rejects the administration of warm applications.

4. THE CURE. Unfortunately, medical science could do but little to prevent the spread of this disease. The treatment generally instituted was unsuccessful every where, and in almost all cases,—indeed, it was better calculated to produce than to cure the disease against which it was employed. Bleeding, blistering, leeching, calomelizing, and debilitating the system by various allopathic remedies and proceedings, did but little besides frightening the patient, and hastening the period of dissolution. It would seem, however, that the simplicity of the disease was sufficient to suggest simplicity of treatment, and such I am now delighted in being able to prescribe. From what has been said, it must appear evident to the reader that the complaint is not a mysterious or compound one, and that a simple treatment—one calculated to restore to the system its just equilibrium of atomic motion and temperature, is needed to cure the patient, and extirpate the general pestilence.

But before prescribing for the disease in man, I will say what is good to preserve the potato from decay. About the time the tops begin to be visible above the ground, put a pint of iron filings, or cinders, or scales, found around the Blacksmith's anvil, upon the place where the potato was planted, and is growing. This will absorb the superabundant electricity, and restore a balanced condition among the surrounding elements, which are engaged in decomposing the plant, and the decay will cease immediately.

As for the individual suffering with an attack of cholera, I am impressed to prescribe the following, which I now admonish every individual to immediately procure: Get two gallons of the best cider brandy; put it into a stone vessel; add to the brandy half an ounce each of carbonate of iron, gum of camphor, gum of kino, and African capsicum. Shake it once or twice during ten days, and place it where it can be easily obtained. Now take a walk into the fields, and find eight smooth, equal sized stones, not exceeding, in size, a six pound cannon ball. Now, if you have no wash tub sufficiently spacious for a man of your size to sit on a chair in, then I advise you to procure one immediately. Have the jug of brandy, the eight stones, and the tub, at all times on hand and available, and you can not only defy the severest form of Asiatic cholera, but you can dispense with the services of the physician. When the patient is attacked with any of the detailed symptoms, place him directly in the tub, divested of clothing, and put about him, secured around the bottom of the

vessel, two or three heavy blankets, (leaving an aperture to put the hand in,) then, having the stones made hot by placing them in the fire, put *four* in the tub, under the chair on which the patient is sitting, and pour on brandy from a pitcher or some convenient vessel. Let the liquid fall with sufficient moderation on the stones, to enable the fumigations to pervade the patient's body. Change the stones as they become cool, or incapable of converting the liquid into steam. This direction being constantly followed, the patient's suffering will soon cease. The griping, and convulsions, and indeed all the symptoms, will disappear in part or altogether. As soon as a perspiration is visible, give the patient a gill of white brandy, and place him in bed. Thereafter the most ordinary nursing will restore the sufferer to a state of physical health and harmony. I would again urge the necessity of procuring the above articles, and of keeping the system in a state of cleanliness, and the mind in a state of freedom and happiness.

THERE is a great complaint among lawyers and doctors, that their professions are crowded; but for some reason, we seldom hear of such a complaint from the clergy; and the fact probably is, that while the world is confessedly so wicked, they are ashamed to allow that there are too many of those whose duty it should be to reform it.

But though clergyman are too modest to complain, like the lawyers and doctors, that there are too many of them, the statistics of the Christian world would seem to indicate that there might be too much of even so confessedly a good thing as the clergy. They indicate that beyond a certain point, the more any country had, the worse it became, and that a diminution of their numbers had a favorable effect on morals and religion.

Unquestionably, the history of Europe shows that the more there have been of preachers, the less piety has been exhibited. Europe, it must be allowed, has never in the last century been in so good a condition, so far as religion and morality are concerned, as at the present time. Never was there so much intelligence, or such happy presages for the future, as within the last few years. Figures do not lie, and these show that the social and moral improvement of Europe has been attended with a great diminution of the clergy.

In France, just before the Revolution, there were forty thousand parish priests, sixty thousand other priests, one hundred thousand monks, and one hundred thousand nuns; in all, three hundred thousand, or one to every sixty-seven of the whole population; who possessed more than one-third of all the real estate in the kingdom. Such an enormous clerical army, absorbing the revenues of the country, and living upon the industry of the people, did more than any other single cause to bring about the French Revolution. Since that time the number has been greatly reduced. It has been the same all over Europe, both in Protestant and Catholic countries. Thus by examining the religious statistics of Europe, we find the clergy have diminished:

At Rome, in sixty-five years, three-fifths.

In Portugal, in thirty-one years, five-sixths.

In Bavaria, in twenty-eight years, twenty-two twenty-thirds.

In Sicily, in fifty-one years, more than one-half.

In France, in sixty-seven years, more than four-fifths.

In Switzerland, in thirty-seven years, one-third.

In England, in one hundred and thirty-three years, nearly two-thirds.

In Russia, in thirty-three years, much more than one-third.

In Denmark, in twenty years, one-half, and something more.

In Sweden, in sixty years, one-third.

During fifty years, in six countries of Europe, the clergy diminished to the amount of \$55,000—nearly one million.

The experience of the old world should be a lesson to the new. We are already going in the same track, and having four or five preachers in a little village for which one would be quite sufficient.

N. Y. SUNDAY DISPATCH

THE UNIVERCÆLUM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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THE JEWS.

COMPARATIVELY little appears to be known in the Christian community, concerning the present condition, movements, and prospects of that interesting people, the Jews. We do not propose at present, to write an elaborate article unfolding the facts relating to this subject. But having been much interested in the perusal of an address relative to the present movements and prospects of that people, recently delivered in the synagogue in Crosby street, this city, by Maj. M. M. Noah, one of their number, we have thought that our readers would probably be entertained by a few extracts therefrom, which we here proceed to lay before them, accompanied with our own remarks. We are indebted to the New York Tribune for a verbatim report of the discourse from which the extracts are made.

Concerning the privations and persecutions of the Jews, and their inflexible adherence to their peculiar faith and national customs, after the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, Maj. Noah says:

"It may not be generally known to our People that since the destruction of our Temple, upward of one thousand eight hundred years ago, Israel has been without a place of worship, dedicated with all the solemnities of our faith, and erected with suitable magnificence to the Divine Architect of Heaven and Earth. The Jews, on their own land, on that land which God gave to them as an inheritance forever, by a deed consecrated and confirmed by ages, were not permitted to erect a Synagogue from that fatal moment of the destruction of the Temple, even to the present day.

"The army of the Roman Conqueror captured and carried away the Nation to be sold as Slaves. A few only of the faithful, hid in tombs and caverns, secreting themselves beneath the fallen columns of the Temple, remained on a spot endeared to them by so many blissful reminiscences, and by the promises of the Great Hereafter. The Roman Centurions pursued them—the Greeks persecuted them—the Persians destroyed them, and, in after ages, the followers of Mahomet visited them with fire and sword, and the Crusaders trampled upon their necks—yet they refused, under these unprecedented calamities, to abandon the home of their fathers, and their ancient heritage, the rich gift of the Almighty. With the laws of Moses, which they had preserved; with the sacred rolls, written by Esdras, now in their possession, which they bore from the flaming ruins; they read the law in chambers—in caves—confined rooms, and deserted places—for, among their Pagan persecutors, they did not dare to worship openly that God whose protecting mercies the civilized world now unites to invoke. The Mosque of the Musselmans reared its domes and minarets on the site of our Temple—Christians erected magnificent Churches and richly-endowed chapels on our soil; while our People, the rightful inheritors of all that Land of Promise, crawled in abject submission, to the walls of the Temple, to bewail their hard destiny—to pray for the peace of Jerusalem, and weep on the solitary banks of the Jordan. They never despaired of the fulfilment of those promises which God had made to them—that Still Small Voice continually whispered in their ears, in accents soft as the cherub's voice, "Fear not, Jacob, for I am with thee."

"Centuries rolled on—Nations arose, flourished, decayed, and fell—yet the Jewish People still existed, increased in numbers,

and under every privation and persecution, preserved their identity, their faith, and their nationality."

"At length a sign is given; the thunders begin to roll over all Europe; the cry is everywhere heard in despotic Governments—to arms; the People are at war with their Kings, and the Kings are overthrown; Priestcraft and fanaticism are overthrown; the Sun of Liberty begins to rise; the chains of the Jews are unloosed, and they are elevated to the rank of men; the fires of superstition had burnt out, and the age of reason had revived. The Sultan of Turkey, following the march of Civilized Nations, says to the Jews in his dominions—"You are free; you have my permission to erect a synagogue in Jerusalem;" and messengers are dispatched, as they were in the days of Solomon, to ask for aid from their brethren throughout the world, to erect a magnificent place of worship, the first that has been erected in the Holy City since the advent of Christianity."

These signs clearly indicate that the days of Israel's mourning are nearly over; and under the growing enlightenment and liberality of civilized nations, there is a moral impossibility that the Jews can ever again be enslaved and oppressed as they have been in ages gone by. Their watch-word now should be "progress," as we believe it will be after their course is fully defined; and their characteristic veneration, and constancy to principles which they sincerely believe to be of the Divine Mind, may yet fit them to perform a most noble office in the world's redemption from disunity and sin.

Christendom has been in the habit of regarding the Jews as bigoted and exclusive in the extreme. There is no doubt that in times past there has been some just foundation for this opinion, and it is perhaps quite too near the truth still; but we apprehend that a close moral analysis would show that the "Scribes, Pharisees and hypocrites" who "pay tithes of anise, and mint, and cummin," to the neglect of the "more weighty matters of the law," and who "compass sea and land to make one proselyte," are now to be found mostly among an entirely different class of people. Be this as it may, the following paragraphs from the address before us, speaking of the march of mind in Christendom, and also of the great author of the Christian faith, breathe a spirit of progress and liberality from which professing Christians may well take example.

"Other great revolutions are also in progress—quietly, slowly, but securely—the age of Reason and Philosophy among Christians. In every direction, there appear to me evidences of a progressive, but mighty change in the fundamental principles of that faith, which it is our duty and our interest to watch, as a nation. . . . The result of this religious freedom, manifests itself in gradually withdrawing from the great Founder of the Christian faith, the divine attributes conceded to Him by his disciples and followers. Since the Reformation, this change has been gradually unfolding itself; but professing Christians did not dare to express their doubts even to themselves; they were unbelievers ever, but only in the deep recesses of the heart; but now Reformers, Socialists, Communists, Philosophers, openly express their doubts. All Germany is deeply tinctured with this belief, and other Luthers are springing up, declaring their unchanged belief in the sublime morality of Jesus of Nazareth—their entire confidence in Him as an eminent and illustrious reformer, teacher, prophet, brother; but denying his divine issue, his participation in the God-head, and his right to share with the Almighty the attributes of divinity. The Jews are deeply interested in the extension and preservation of Christian morals; to us and to the world, it would be a deep calamity to see our laws, our principles, our doctrines abrogated, which have been so beneficially spread throughout the world, under another name. If we were enfeebled and broken down, and had not the power to enforce and carry out the doctrines of our faith, still happily they have not been lost to the world, but flourish under another denomination. "Do unto others as you would desire others to do unto you,—love your neighbor as yourself"—dea

justly with all men, honor your parents, be faithful to the governments that protect you, be merciful, be charitable, and love God with all your heart and soul—these are *Jewish* precepts, advanced as such by a great Jewish reformer, and ingrafted upon the religion adopted by his followers and friends; but their divine origin is unchanged.

"Without wishing to unsettle any of the principles which sustain the Christian religion, we have asked what would be the effect of separating from the character of Jesus of Nazareth the divine characteristics claimed for Him? The world would become Unitarian Christians, and we are the head of the Unitarians; men would openly become converts to that belief with sincerity, as their hearts would be thereby released from harassing and perplexing doubts, and Christianity would still be Christianity, in all its high moral attributes. There is enough in the character of Jesus to give to Him a rank among the highest practical moralists, divested of all faith in His divine attributes; more, much more than in the character of Mahomet, who claimed none of those attributes. Jesus declared that 'God was a spirit, and those who worshiped Him must worship Him in spirit and truth:' we declare no more."

We see nothing in this to which the more liberal and rationalistic Christian may not fully subscribe. The extract shows the only ground upon which Christians may reasonably expect ever to unite, not only with the Jews, but also with the followers of Mahomet, and the Heathens. It is truly said that an "Age of Reason and Philosophy" is being ushered in. The mystical and unnatural creeds of all nations, which have rested only upon the dicta of ancient teachers, and the arbitrary interpretations of priests, will gradually melt away before the dawning light, and there will at length be but one standard of faith, recognized throughout the world—the teachings of Nature without, and of the unfolded and inspired spirit within. That Jesus of Nazareth who was born of a woman; who ate, and drank, and slept, and who passed through all the successive and *natural* stages of mental and physical growth, from infancy to manhood,—was that identical, eternal, uncreated Essence who in the beginning dwelt in the vortex of Infinity, and rolled forth innumerable worlds, is what mankind *universally* can never be brought to believe; and all the tendencies of the age clearly foreshow that Christians themselves will universally cease to believe it at no distant period. But that Jesus was a great and noble *Man*, a true Prophet, and sublimely exalted Teacher, is what the whole world may hereafter believe without submitting to an utter excision of that most sublime and holy principle of human nature—*Reason*. On this platform Jew and Gentile must yet inevitably meet, because it is the platform of Truth. And the same principle of the common mental nature which will bring them to unity upon this point, will unfold a spirit of universal eclecticism which will award to *all* the great teachers, Jewish, Christian, Mahometan, and Heathen, both of ancient and modern times, their just dues, and combine all that is true and good in their teachings, into one grand, harmonious, and unitary system, which will cover the whole ground of human interests, whether of a physical, social, or spiritual character. The establishment of such a system will demolish forever the "partition walls" which now divide and distract humanity, and usher in the everlasting reign of righteousness, peace, and good will among men. For this sublime consummation, let Jew and Gentile strive with one accord.

Maj. Noah, in common with his brethren generally, is sanguine in the expectation of a future restoration of the Jews to the land of Palestine. We had intended to bestow some attention upon this question, and upon the natural bearings of the occurrence, should it take place, upon the interests of the world, and especially the nations of the East. This question is of great interest, involving as it does an immense amount of political, social, and spiritual philosophy. Limited space, however, forbids its discussion now. We may advert to it hereafter. w. f.

THE FUTURE LIFE OF MAN.

Few persons doubt a future existence, or that the present life will in some way prolong itself; and the soundest and most spiritually unfolded minds concur in the idea that this future life is, in its first stages, on a plane above the present, and is a state of progress from one sphere to another. All analogy would seem to corroborate this view, and the deepest and soundest philosophy can not find fault with it, inasmuch as it not only solves the highest problems of human life, but agrees with the deeper emotions of the human spirit, in all its yearnings and aspirations.

In the thought of another life, and the consequent idea that death, at most, is but a temporary separation of friends, is found *all* that goes to make up what is meant by the otherwise vague terms, "hope," and "consolation," to the dying and bereaved.

The basis of any true expectation of a future life consists in the fact that man is *naturally* immortal. If the constitution of things under which he lives agree not with this idea of natural immortality, then is not man immortal, and all expectation of a life beyond the present, is a delusion—even a mockery of life itself, meted out at farthest but a few scores of years. If all the light that exists on this subject is contained in the Bible, then is it involved in considerable obscurity. The parts composed before the times of Jesus are generally thought to be nearly if not entirely silent on the subject, beyond the expression of individual anticipation. Nor does Jesus commence his disclosures, according as his friends report him, with any reference to a future life. He takes it for granted, as an elementary idea, or truth, in all that he ever said on this subject. He does not speak of it as though its revelation formed any peculiar part of his mission. It is true, Paul speaks of him as bringing to light life and immortality through the gospel; but it may fairly be questioned whether he does not, in this case, allude merely to the development of the principles of that life *here*, bringing them out, or to light, instead of making known to men the fact of their existence in another mode or form of being. Had the latter been the object of Jesus, he would not have spoken of it in the manner in which he uniformly did. Jesus seems to have felt that his mission was to bring out and develop the divine *in* man, rather than to bring the divine down to him, as many suppose was his office. This latter he does only in so far as it is necessary to the accomplishment of the former.

Jesus, then, as the model or example of a true spiritual life, has little to do with the scientific principles and detailed facts of man's future developments. He could not have made man understand these things in that age in any degree, except that which accorded with the development which he had previously attained. This reasoning will appear more and more apparent as we come to comprehend how it is that we ever have any degree of development beyond what we had just previously. If men have, from *assumption*, taken a stand in the future, to find principles with which to explain the mysteries of the present, as seems to be the case, is it a matter of wonder that so many theories have arisen about the future, all differing from each other? In the order of Nature we *go to* the future; and we try to reverse nature when we would bring the future to the present—at least faster than we come into it. All true pioneers, seers, or prophets sent to guide men in the way thereto, have themselves passed over this ground in advance of those they lead.

Jesus stood, mentally, upon the high eminence of the future, and came, therefore, as a pioneer to men, to lead them in the way to it. All true reformers are prophetic teachers; the future is open to them; they see it through the medium of love and wisdom, and therefore feel quite sure respecting it. All who follow these lights or guides, will be carried onward to the points occupied by themselves. Jesus saw harmony for the human race through the spirit and principles that were at work in his own soul, and through these alone. To him there was no

other way to the Father; nor does he say this in a spirit of boasting, for his whole life forbids any such idea.

Our ideas of immortality come from within us: we are *naturally* immortal, and should any one say to me that he was unconscious of any such impression, I would merely ask him to look deeper into his soul for proof. This sentiment, like all our own ideas, comes not through our ears from others. Whatever passes through the mind, or comes to it through the medium of discourse or print, passes soon away from us, if it does not find the same in us. If it does find its like, its mission is fully performed when that kindred sentiment is aroused or brought out to its full development. It is a great mistake to suppose that because a truth uttered to a multitude, finds not its counterpart or proper sanction in the minds of each and all upon its first enunciation, therefore those who do not then receive it can never do so. Men progress *gradually*, and oftentimes *seem* not to advance at all. Still, we find, that as a whole they do move onward to a higher and more perfect destination—toward a condition too, against which they *seemed* at first to set their faces. How has it been with nearly all the reforms ever started?—and with Christianity, the reform of all reforms? The wolf lies down with the lamb; the opposer becomes the advocate; the enemy the friend; that is, upon a full acquaintance with the principles of the reform, it is found there is no repugnance to it—that there had been only a misunderstanding, or lack of understanding.

The degree of confidence which any one may be supposed to have in immortality, and the ideas and principles best calculated to increase this confidence, will be considered at subsequent time. As the subject is one of deep interest as well as great importance, each reader will do well to give it continued reflection.

Z. B.

THE CHOLERA ARTICLE.

In compliance with desires expressed by a number of persons, we this week re-publish the article of Mr. Davis, which appeared some weeks since in our columns, upon the causes and cure of Asiatic Cholera. Now that that dire disease has made its appearance upon our shores, we presume that the republication of Mr. D's interior discoveries respecting its nature and true mode of treatment, will be acceptable to our readers in general, and to those who subscribed for the "Rationalist," and who have not seen the article, in particular. Those who have read the article and individually profited by it, will excuse its second appearance in consideration of the good it may do to others; though a reperusal of it we think might be instructive to all, especially on account of the explanation which it contains of the *mode* by which the author obtains his interior knowledge.

We are happy in being able to state that since our last issue, the Cholera on Staten Island has greatly abated, and that there has yet been no reported case of its occurrence in this city. That it will yet spread extensively over the country, however, we have but little doubt; and we think it proper that every one should be duly armed against it.

We shall strike off a quantity of extra copies of this week's Number, and all who wish to avail themselves of Mr. Davis' article may be supplied by forwarding their orders to this office. Price 37 1-2 cts per dozen—single copies 6 cts. W. F.

✂ We shall next week commence the publication of an important and deeply interesting article, to be divided into three numbers, from the pen of our associate Bro. Fernald, drawing a comparison between Swedenborg and Davis.

If persons have errors, it should be remembered that "to err is human;" but a lack of principle is a sure indication of a perverse, and cultivated passion of the heart. M. E. B.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

We recently received from a zealous friend in Washington, Texas, a communication from which we beg leave to make the following extracts. It will be perceived that our friend makes a very liberal proposal. He says:

"I think we must join hands as well as hearts, if we want to accelerate the reign of Reason, and be up and putting our shoulders to the furtherance of the principles which friend Davis has shown are all powerful to remove monstrous evils that exist around us. To shew my sincerity, I have three fourths of a league of land lying on a mountain stream, in as healthy a region as any in the country, there being no local cause for disease. It adjoins the German Colony about 40 miles from Fredericksburg, and by the road seventy-five miles from Austin, and the same from San Antonio. The land is of first rate quality. If a sufficient number of members would move with sufficient funds to form a community, the land is at their service. It is well calculated to produce wheat of the best quality, as well as corn, cotton, sugar, or any thing else that can be raised in 30 deg. 30 min., North Latitude.

Dear friend, I am long satisfied that only Association can remove the present selfish principles which disgrace humanity, and apparently frustrate all the intentions of a most gracious and merciful Being. After reading Mr. Davis' voice to mankind, and not hearing of a corresponding action, I have been pained to think of the supineness and the want of energy that to me appears to govern Society in regard to its evidence. . . . Therefore be up and doing. What if failure attend the first, still we may profit by each effort, till finally crowned with success."

YOURS &c. SAMUEL RALPH.

If a number of young families, of proper physical and mental qualifications, and the requisite pecuniary means to insure success in an associative enterprise such as is proposed in the above extract, can sufficiently unite and harmonize in individual spheres, we think they can do no better than to avail themselves of our friend's proposal. There is much emigration to Texas every year: why can not there be those previous agreements and regulations on the part of some fifteen or twenty or more families proposing to emigrate, that will enable them to concentrate in an associative capacity, upon the three quarters of a league of land which our friend offers? If duly qualified persons, or families desiring to emigrate to that location on the conditions proposed will report themselves at this office, or at any other center that may be fixed upon, perhaps a sufficient number might be eventually brought together and *organized*, to engage in the enterprise suggested. We can not, however, conceal our impression that extreme caution, and the exercise of a mature judgment, are necessary pre-requisites to success in an enterprise of this nature when *emigration* is necessary: and that associative movements may be instituted, *generally* with much better prospects of success, with little if any change at first, in the present locations of individuals and families.

Our friend will please accept our thanks for the kindly expressions contained in other portions of his letter. The business matters of which he speaks shall be attended to. We will be better qualified to give him the information from Europe which he desires, in a few weeks from this time. W. F.

How appropriate is that Emblem of Knowledge, faithful to the memory of childhood's Schoolltime—A Temple set upon a hill—for how often do we toil up steepes of anguish, and wade through brambles of disappointment, to perfect a single idea that is useful to us! M. E. B.

To make the *Present*, satisfactory, is the true secret of happiness! M. E. B.

A CONFIRMATION.

Of the philosophy of that portion of Mr. Davis' article on Cholera, which speaks of the *rotato rot*, and the means of preventing it, we have received the following confirmation from an otherwise intelligent gentleman who is no believer in interior perception. He informed me that a friend of his residing in the interior of this state, had been in the habit for two or three years past, of treating his potato vines with the sweepings from a *blacksmith's shop*, and that it was found that wherever these were spread upon the ground, the potatoes were not subject to the rot, whereas the rot frequently prevailed in those hills immediately contiguous. This effect, he said, was generally attributed by those who observed it, to the *ammonia*, exhaling from the horny substances chipped from the horses' hoofs; but he said he was convinced that it was rather attributable to the *iron filings and oxidized scales* scraped up from the floor of the blacksmith's shop. This is precisely Mr. Davis' remedy. The prescription for the Cholera, we have no doubt, will be equally effectual if promptly applied.

W. F.

THE MIRAGE AND THE MIRACLE.

THE traveler upon the Sahara Desert, often beholds the figure of a Giant reflected against the horizon, towering up gloomy and vast, and seeming to blend with the perspective of the sky. The delusion is caused by the mirage, an optical phenomenon, occasioned by the refraction of rarified air. As the beholder approaches it the figure grows small by degrees, and at last is seen to be a man like himself. So MAN traveling over the great sand plain of the Past, sees gigantic figures of Demi-God and Demon looming up unnatural and enormous at the point where the earth and sky seem to meet. But if he could journey toward them he would find them to shrink as he approached, and at last present all the features of a kindred Humanity with himself. The mirage of Tradition distorts and exaggerates, but there is always beneath it some natural and familiar fact.

T. L. H.

Original Communications.

TO THE FRIENDS OF ORGANIZATION.

NUMBER FOUR.

QUALIFICATIONS OF MEMBERS, &c.

THE first ten families necessary to an organic commencement without pecuniary embarrassment, should each be possessed of an available sum of at least eight hundred dollars, (a family is estimated to consist of five persons.) This, for a beginning on unimproved land, will be required to be laid out as follows: two hundred dollars by each family for the land, (unless government land could be had, which is far away from settlers,) one hundred dollars by each for the store; two hundred dollars each for a dwelling; one hundred dollars each for stock; one hundred dollars each for fences, stables, &c.,—all of which should be invested in stock, and draw its interest from the rents, by the various groups or families. The remaining one hundred dollars should be held in reserve by each family to supply its wants until the labor commenced, could be made available. The society should then commence other investments and buildings, and it would be able to take in families with much less amounts, to the advantage of both parties; and this labor could after the first year be made available immediately.

Young families are best adapted to its commencement; if heads of the family are past the middle age of life, they had better wait until an organization is completed, and a fair beginning is made. But each, when no other obstacle is apparent, might be allowed to invest small sums with a view to becoming

members after a few years. Families who have domestic strife or trouble, had better wait; they will neither benefit the cause nor themselves, by connecting themselves with the organization in its incipient stages. Persons who are much diseased, either in body or mind, had better wait and try to cure themselves. Families young and healthy, and of sober, moral and industrious habits, are the right materials, and in nearly every case will succeed, and be pleased, and will very essentially better their condition immediately.

The first mechanics in any particular branch, who become members, should be required to invest, *first*, means to erect a dwelling; *secondly*, means to erect a shop; *thirdly*, the share in the store; and then their labor will be at once available. The store will furnish stock or materials at cost, seek the best market for the products, and dispose of them without trouble to the manufacturer. These advantages are too simple and obvious to be overlooked or controverted by any.

No two shops, or organizations of any one kind of business, should be established; for this would introduce the ruinous competition of civilization. On this plan, the one store with two clerks is sufficient to do the business for two thousand inhabitants, including mechanics of all kinds necessarily incident to the business of a populous township. From ten to fifty per cent will be saved on all purchases for consumption or to work up; and a handsome profit will be saved on the products sold, by keeping a uniform agent with a constant knowledge of the best markets, and power to take the advantage of them. Under this arrangement, no domestic troubles can occur that are not incident to civilization (and in fact far less will occur,) and no jealousies can be legitimately engendered.

Each individual or organic branch of business, should pay a rent on the property used, whether it is buildings or land, equal to the interest on stock, and perhaps one per cent for insurance: but a society of this kind will gradually but slowly diminish its rents and interest from choice; for they will soon see the correctness of the reasoning and conclusions of Mr. Dana, a writer for the Harbinger. Of the truth of these conclusions I have long been convinced, so far as they relate to *interests*; but of some of his other conclusions and deductions I can not say as much.

The officers of the society, (which should always be chosen by the votes of the *members*, not by the votes of *shares of stock*;) should receive no compensation for official services, except when required to be absent from home, and then the official business in which they are engaged, should be charged with the expense. But the ordinary business, if well performed, will be a pleasure as well as an honor, and if poorly done deserves no pay. There will, in fact, be very little business to do where there is no speculating out of each other, for that comprises nearly all of what the present state of society call business.

Families who use no tea, coffee, or pork, are preferable; but these are not essential qualifications. But the spiritual correspondence of tobacco, and pork, is very bad; but this is a matter pertaining to the individuals who use them, and does not, to much extent, effect others. But families who use ardent spirits as a beverage, should not join such societies; for this kind of excitement will not be either needed or useful in such neighborhoods.

If a water-power should be secured, means will be required to establish a *mill*, which may be raised by investments the same as other stock; or if it cannot be procured in that way, a specific rate may be paid for that object. After paying the rent or interest, all *profits* of the mill or other such machinery, should be for the mutual benefit of all the members or heads of families; for the family is the true individual in such organizations. Single persons, however, will be both useful and efficient in the commencement, but will generally soon become heads or members of families.

CERESCO, Wis., Nov. 16th, 1848.

W. CHASE.

Psychological Department.

REMARKABLE SPIRITUAL TRANSITION.

MESSRS. EDITORS :—

BEING in conversation, not long since, with a gentleman of intelligence and undoubted veracity, the latter related to me the following instance of temporary ascendancy of the spirit over the physical nature.

He was "dangerously" ill of a fever—typhus I believe—and as his disease increased in intensity, his spirit acquired the power of separating itself from the body, over which it watched with as perfect ease as if they had never been united in the same existence.

A dear friend also lay ill of a similar fever, a mile or two from him, and being attended by the same physician, Mr. J. (my narrator) regularly inquired every morning "how he was getting on," to which the doctor invariably replied that he was "better," speaking in a tone intended to confirm the words. Upon the tenth night of this friend's illness, Mr. J. was noticed by those in attendance upon him, to suddenly assume a cold and lifeless aspect, in consequence of which, great fears were entertained respecting his recovery. His own account of the matter is this:—"I felt myself—that is my spirit—to be so forcibly drawn toward my sick friend, that deserting my own tenement, I took my flight thither. Untrammelled by external circumstances, I found myself amid a circle of weeping friends, and just in season to catch the last struggle of the dying man. I lingered during the brief silence that followed, but the first movement toward preparing the corpse for burial was the signal for my departure and return. How this was accomplished is a point on which I am utterly ignorant; but I soon became conscious that powerful friction was being applied to my person, and was told that I had fainted."

The following morn, Mr. J. asked in a feeble voice concerning the health of his friend, and was answered, "Better—decidedly better."

"He is dead," responded the sick man; "I saw him die last night at ten minutes past eleven."

"It is true that he breathed his last at that moment," whispered the doctor to Mrs. J. "but we must not speak of it to him."

During the three subsequent days, Mr. J. grew rapidly worse, and was finally said by the physician to be dying; an hour, or at most, two, it was thought, would terminate his earthly mission.

"Nothing that transpired during that brief period," says he, "has ever escaped me, nor have I even lost any portion of the vividness of the first impression. I stood at the foot of my couch—distinctly saw my own body lying helpless and speechless—*felt*, rather than heard the words, "He is dying,"—beheld the unfeigned grief, the fast flowing tears, the convulsive shudder with which my wife bent over my earthly tenement, vainly entreating for one last word—watched my little ones as they clung with terror undefined, but powerful, to their mother's garments. The physician, my brother-in-law, shed a few manly tears. Some neighbors stood about, and occasionally the door opened and closed for a noiseless entrance or exit.

"All this time I was annoyed that every affectionate attention should be bestowed upon the inanimate matter that had composed my body, while my actual presence was wholly unrecognized. At length it was proposed that a messenger should start immediately to inform my mother and relations of my decease, the distance to be accomplished being about five miles. I was instantly possessed with a yearning desire to announce to them my own death of which I had not a doubt; and immediately I was at the old homestead, within the large familiar room, with its deep broad fire-place, its polished hearth, its round table and cane-bottomed chairs, where I had played in childhood. It was late at evening, but my aged mother and two sisters were

still at their sewing and knitting, now and then speaking of me, and measuring the probabilities of my recovery. Tears rolled over the cheeks of my venerable parent as she said:

"I cannot sleep till we hear from my poor son. God forbid that he should die, and yet, I believe that we shall hear of his death before morning."

"Then I strove to make my presence felt, to reveal to them the object of my visit, but on every side there seemed some barrier to my communication with them, and one by one they relinquished their labors and retired to their beds, utterly unaware of my intrusion. I was subdued by an indescribable sadness on account of my failure. From that moment till the re-union of my spirit and body, some hours after, I was pronounced DEAD—my memory took no note. Since that brief spiritual freedom, I have never been able, even for an instant to escape the grosser bondage of the physical, and therefore attribute the whole to some peculiar effect of the disease upon a highly susceptible organism."

M. L. SWETSER.

AGENCY OF THE SOUL IN CURING DISEASES.

WE have elsewhere endeavored to shew that the mysterious natural influence modernly and improperly termed "Animal Magnetism," was known in very ancient times and among all the more enlightened nations, and that it was the agent employed in effecting cures of diseases and other phenomena, now termed "miraculous" and "supernatural." The following extract, which is attributed by J. King, M. D., to a Chinese work, will shew that this agent is known and employed by the learned in China at the present day. The wife of a Mandarin of high rank, it is said, was wasting under disease, but steadily refused to see a physician. In this emergency it is said,

"An old man of letters presented himself to the mandarin, and assured him that he would cure her without seeing her, without even entering into the apartment where she was, provided however, that she would be willing to hold in one hand one of the ends of a bamboo, while he held the other end. The mandarin regarded this as a curious expedient; and without any faith in the promised cure, he proposed it, nevertheless, to his wife, rather as something which would amuse than as a remedy.

"The patient entered into it with a good feeling—the old man came with his tube, of which he held one end, while the lady held the other, and applied it to that part of her body where she suspected her disease to lie, removing it from one place to another until she experienced painful sensations. She obeyed the directions, and when she had carried the end of the tube toward the region of the liver, the pains manifested themselves, and made her cry out loudly. 'Do not remove it,' said the old man, 'you will infallibly be cured.' After having continued in this state of pain for the space of more than fifteen minutes, he withdrew, and promised to return the next day at the same hour; and so he continued each day, until a perfect cure was effected, which was produced on the sixth day.

"The mandarin, full of acknowledgments, recompensed him liberally, but exacted from him a promise that he would frankly state if his method were not a *sic-fu*, that is to say, a superstitious art, or as we term it, a witchcraft. 'My art,' answered the old man, 'is the most common laws of nature, and it is for this very reason, that it is always efficacious. It consists only in the knowledge that I have of *yn*, and of *yang*, which are in my body, likewise in my skill in directing the one to the other, as may be proper, toward any one in whom the *yn* and the *yang* are not in equilibrium, in order to re-establish them.

—"THEY have half-way conquered Fate who go half-way to meet her."

J. R. LOWELL.

And those who work right on, and defy Fate with a calm heedlessness, have whole-conquered her.

C. W.

Poetry.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

HARK! hark! with harps of gold,
What anthem do they sing?
The radiant stars have backward rolled,
And angels smite the string.
"Glory to God!"—bright wings
Spread glist'ning and afar,
And on the hallowed rapture rings
From circling star to star.

"Glory to God!" repeat
The glad earth and the sea;
And every wind and billow fleet
Bears on the jubilee.
Where Hebrew bard hath sung,
Or Hebrew seer hath trod,
Each holy spot has found a tongue:
"Let glory be to God."

Soft swells the music now
Along that shining choir,
And every seraph bends his brow
And breathes above his lyre:
What words of heavenly birth
Thrill deep our hearts again,
And fall like dew-drops on the earth!
"Peace and good will to men."

Soft!—yet the soul is bound
With rapture like a chain:
Earth vocal whispers them around,
And heaven repeats the strain.
Sound, harps, and hail the morn,
With every golden string;
For unto us this day is born
A Savior and a King!

AMBROSE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Never, surely, was holier man
Than Ambrose since the world began;
With diet spare and raiment thin,
He shielded himself from the father of sin;
With bed of iron and scourgings oft,
His heart to God's hand as wax made soft.

Through earnest prayer and watchings long
He sought to know 'twixt right and wrong,
Much wrestling with the blessed word
To make it yield the sense of the Lord,
That he might build a storm-proof creed
To fold the flock in at their need.

At last he builded a perfect faith,
Fenced round about with *The Lord thus saith*:
To himself he fitted the doorway's size,
Meted the light to the need of his eyes,
And knew by a sure and inward sign,
That the work of his fingers was divine.

Then Ambrose said, "All those shall die
The eternal Death who believe not as I,"
And some were boiled, some burned in fire,
Some sawn in twain, that his heart's desire,

For the good of men's souls, might be satisfied
By the drawing of all to the righteous side.

One day, as Ambrose was seeking the truth
In his lonely walk, he saw a youth
Resting himself in the shade of a tree;
It had never been given him to see
So shining a face, and the good man thought,
'Twere pity he should not believe as he ought.

So he sate himself by the young man's side,
And the state of his soul with questions tried;
But the heart of the stranger was burdened indeed,
Nor received the stamp at the one true creed,
And the spirit of Ambrose was vexed to find
Such face in front of so narrow a mind.

"As each beholds in cloud and fire
The shape that fulfils his own desire,
So each," said the youth, "in the Law shall find
The figure and features of his mind;
And to each in his mercy hath God allowed
His several pillar of fire and cloud."

The soul of Ambrose burned with zeal
And holy wrath for the young man's weal:
"Believest thou, then, most wretched youth,"
Cried he, "a dividual essence in Truth?
I fear me thy heart is too cramped with sin
To take the Lord in his glory in."

Now there bubbled beside them, where they stood,
A fountain of waters sweet and good;
The Youth to the streamlet's brink drew near
Saying, "Ambrose, thou maker of creeds, look here!"
Six vases of crystal then he took
And set them along the edge of the brook.

"As into these vessels the water I pour,
There shall one hold less, another more,
And the water unchanged, in every case,
Shall put on the figure of the vase,
O, thou, who would'st unity make through strife,
Can'st thou fit this sign to the Water of Life?"

When Ambrose looked up, he stood alone,
The Youth and the stream and the vases were gone,
But he knew by a sense of humbled grace,
He had talked with an Angel, face to face,
And felt his heart change inwardly,
As he fell on his knees beneath the tree.

SOUL-LIGHT.

GENTLY o'er the senses stealing,
Lute-like comes an unseen throng,
Spirits, waking each a feeling,
With a birth-baptismal song.

Chalice held by fairy fingers,
Seems the soul—all brimming o'er—
'Neath a fountain, still it lingers
Where the living waters pour.

Now a mirror's disc it seemeth,
Far beneath a crystal flow,
Where the inner sunlight gleameth
As the bubbles upward go.

Beaming eye-light truly telleth,
In a language all its own,
That behind these glances dwelleth
Love, illuming pleasure's throne.

Miscellaneous Department.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

"I wish Edward had made Lizzy some kind of a present," said Mrs. Green to her husband a day or two after the holiday had passed; "if it had only been for the looks of the thing. Jane has been teasing her about it ever since, and calls it nothing but meanness in Edward. And I am afraid he is a little close."

"Better that he should be so than too free," replied Mr. Green; "though I must confess that a dollar or two, or even ten dollars spent at Christmas in a present for his intended bride, could hardly have been set down to the score of prodigality. It does look mean, certainly."

"He is doing very well."

"He gets a salary of eight hundred dollars, and I suppose it does n't cost him ever four or five hundred dollars to live—at least it ought not to do so."

"He has bought himself a snug little house, I am told."

"If he's done that, he's done very well," said Mr. Green; "and I can forgive him for not spending his money in Christmas presents, that are never of much use, say the best you will of them. I'd rather Edward would have a comfortable house to put his wife in, than see him loading her down, before marriage, with presents of one foolish thing or another."

"True. But it would n't have hurt him to have given the girl something, if it had only been a book, a purse, or some such trifle."

"For which trifle he would have been as strongly charged with meanness as he is now. Better let it go as it is. No doubt he has good reasons for his conduct."

Thus Mr. Green and Lizzy defended Edward, while the mother and Jane scolded about his meanness to their hearts' content.

Edward Mayfield, the lover of Lizzy Green, was a young man of good principles, prudent habits, and really generous feelings; but his generosity did not consist in wasting his earnings in order that he might be thought liberal and open-hearted, but in doing real acts of kindness where he saw that kindness was needed. He had saved from his salary, in the course of four or five years, enough to buy himself a very snug house, and had a few hundred dollars in the Savings Bank with which to furnish it when the time came for him to get married. This time was not very far off when the Christmas, to which allusion has been made, came round. At this holiday season, Edward had intended to make both Lizzy and her sister Jane a holiday present, and he had been thinking for some weeks as to what it should be. Many articles, both useful and merely ornamental, were thought of, but none of them exactly pleased his fancy.

A day or two before Christmas he sat thinking about the matter, when something or other gave a new turn to his reflections.

"They do n't really need anything," he said to himself, "and yet I propose to myself to spend twenty dollars in presents merely for appearance's sake. Is this right?"

"Right if you choose to do it," he replied to himself.

"I am not so sure of that," he added after a pause. And then he sat musing for some minutes.

"That's better," he at length said, rising up and walking about the floor. "That would be money and good feeling spent to a better purpose."

"But they'll expect something," he argued with himself; "the family will think so strange of it. Perhaps I'd better spend half the amount in elegant books for Lizzy and Jane, and let the other go in the way I propose."

This suggestion, however, did not satisfy him.

"Better let it go in the other direction," he said, after thinking awhile longer; "it will do a real good. The time will come when I can explain the whole matter if necessary, and do away

with any little false impression that may have been formed.

Christmas eve proved to be one of unusual inclemency. The snow which had been falling all day, was driven into every nook and corner, cleft and cranny, by a piercing north-easter; and now, although the wind had ceased to roar among the chimneys, and to whirl the snow with blinding violence into the face of any who ventured abroad, the broad flakes were falling slowly but more heavily than since morning, though the ground was covered already to the depth of many inches. It was a night to make the poor feel sober as they gathered more closely around their small fires, and thought of the few sticks of wood or pecks of coal that yet remained of their limited store.

On this dreary night, a small boy, who had been at work in a printing office all day, stood near the desk of his employer, waiting to receive his week's wages and go home to his mother, a poor widow, whose slender income scarcely sufficed to give food to her little household.

"You need n't come to-morrow, John," said the printer, as he handed the lad the two dollars that were due him for the week's work; "to-morrow is Christmas."

"The boy took the money, and after lingering a moment, turned away, and walked toward the door. He evidently expected something, and seemed disappointed. The printer noticed this, and at once comprehended its meaning.

"John," he said kindly.

The boy stopped and turned round; as he did so the printer took up a half dollar from the desk, and holding it between his fingers, said:

"You've been a very good boy, John, and I think you deserve a Christmas gift. Here's half a dollar for you."

John's countenance was lit up in an instant. As he came back to get the money, the printer's eyes rested upon his feet, which were not covered with a very comfortable pair of shoes, and he said:

"Which would you rather have, John, this half dollar or a pair of new shoes?"

"I'd rather have the new shoes," replied John, without hesitation.

"Very well; I'll write you an order on a shoemaker, and you can go and fit yourself," and the printer turned to his desk and wrote the order.

As he handed to John the piece of paper on which the order was written, the lad looked earnestly into his face, and then said, with strongly marked hesitation—

"I think, sir, that my shoes will do very well if mended; they only want mending. Won't you please write shoes for my mother instead of me?"

The boy's voice trembled, and his face was suffused. He felt that he had ventured too much. The printer looked at him a moment or two, and then said:

"Does your mother want shoes badly?"

"Oh yes, sir. She does n't earn much by washing and ironing when she can do it, but she sprained her wrist three weeks ago, and has n't been able to do any thing but work a little about the house since."

"Are your wages all she has to live upon?"

"They are now."

"You have a sister, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does she want shoes, also?"

"She has had nothing but old rags on her feet for a month."

"Indeed!"

"The printer turned to his desk, and sat and mused for half a minute, while John stood with his heart beating so loud that he could hear its pulsations.

"Give me that order," the man at length said to the boy, who handed him the slip of paper. He tore it up, and then took his pen and wrote a new order

"Take this," he said, presenting it to John, "I have told the shoemaker to give you a pair for your mother, yourself, and your little sister; and here is the half dollar, my boy—you must have that also."

"John took the order and the money, and stood for a few moments looking into the printer's face, while his lips moved as if he were trying to speak; but no sound came therefrom. Then he turned away and left the office without uttering a word."

"John is very late to-night," said the poor widow Elliot, as she got up and went to the door to look out in the hope of seeing her boy. Supper had been ready near an hour, but she did not feel like eating anything until John came home. Little Netty had fallen asleep by the fire, and was now snugly covered up in bed. As Mrs. Elliot opened the door, the cold air pressed in upon her, bearing its heavy burden of snow. She shivered like one in a sudden ague fit, and shutting the door quickly, murmured:

"My poor boy—it is a dreadful night for him to be out, and so thinly clad. I wonder why he stays so late away?"

The mother had hardly uttered these words when the door was thrown open, and John entered with a hasty step, bearing several packages in his arms all covered with snow.

"There's your Christmas gift, mother," said he, in a delighted voice; "and here is mine, and there is Netty's!" displaying at the same time three pairs of shoes, a paper of sugar, another of tea, and another of rice.

Mrs. Elliot looked bewildered.

"Where did all these come from, John?" she asked, in a trembling voice, for she was overcome with surprise and pleasure at this unexpected supply of articles so much needed.

John gave an artless relation of what had passed between him and the printer for whom he worked, and added:

"I knew the number you wore, and I thought I would guess at Netty's size. If they do not fit, the man says he will change them; and I'll go clear back to the store to-night but what she shall have her new shoes for Christmas. Won't she be glad? I wish she were awake?"

"And the tea, sugar and rice, you bought with the half dollar he gave you?" said the mother.

"Yes," replied John; "I bought the tea and sugar for you. They're your Christmas gift from me. And the rice we'll have to-morrow. Won't you make us a rice pudding for our dinner?"

"You're a good boy, John—a very good boy," said the mother, much affected by the generous spirit her son had displayed. "Yes, you shall have a rice pudding. But take off your wet shoes, my son—they are all wet—and dry your feet by the fire."

"No, not till you put Netty's shoes on to see if they fit her," replied John. "If they don't fit, I'm going back to the store for a pair that will. She shall have her new shoes for Christmas. And mother, try yours on—may be they won't do."

To satisfy the earnest boy, Mrs. Elliot tried on Netty's shoes, although the child was sleeping.

"Just the thing," she said.

"Now try on yours," urged John.

"They could not fit me better," said the mother, as she slipped on one of the shoes. "Now take off your wet ones, and dry your feet before the fire, while I put the supper on the table."

John, satisfied now that all was right, did as his mother wished, while she got ready their frugal repast. Both were too much excited to have very keen appetites. As they were about rising from the table after finishing their meal, someone knocked at the door. John opened it, and a gentleman came in and said, familiarly:

"How

"Oh

ld? Take a seat?" and she

Are you ready to take my

"It's better, I thank you, but not well enough for that; and I can't tell when it will be. A sprain is so long getting well."

"How do you get along?" asked Mr. Mayfield. Can you do any kind of work?"

"Nothing more than a little about the house."

"Then you do not earn anything at all?"

"No, sir—nothing."

"How do you manage to live, Mrs. Elliot?"

"We have to get along the best we can on John's two dollars a week."

"Two dollars a week? You can't live on two dollars a week, Mrs. Elliot; that is impossible."

"It's all we have," said the widow.

Mr. Mayfield asked a good many more questions, and showed a very kind interest in the poor widow's affairs. When he rose to go away, he said:

"I will send you a few things to-night, Mrs. Elliot, as a Christmas present. This is the season when friends remember each other, and tokens of good will are passing in all directions. I think I can not do better than to spend all I designed giving for this purpose, in making you a little more comfortable. So when the man comes with what I shall send you, you will know that it is for you. Good night. I will drop in to see you again before long."

And ere Mrs. Elliot could express her thanks, Mr. Mayfield had retired.

No very long time had passed before the voice of a man, speaking to his horse, was heard at the door. The vehicle had moved so noiselessly on the snow-covered street, that its approach had not been observed. The loud stroke of a whip handle on the door caused the expectant widow and her son to start. John immediately opened it.

"Is this Mrs. Elliot's?" asked a carman, who stood with his leather hat and rough coat all covered with snow.

"Yes, sir," replied John.

"Very well; I've got a Christmas present for her, I rather think; so hold open the door until I bring it in."

John had been trying on his new shoes, and had got them laced up about his ankles just as the carman came. So out he bounded into the snow, leaving the door to take care of itself, and was up into the car in a twinkling. It did not take long, with John's active assistance, to transfer the contents of the car to the widow's store room, which had been for a long time wanting in almost everything.

"Good night to you, madam," said the carman, as he was retreating, "and may to-morrow be the merriest Christmas you ever spent. It is not every one who has a friend like yours."

"No—and may God reward him," said Mrs. Elliot, fervently, as the man closed the door and left her alone with her children.

And now the timely present was more carefully examined. It consisted of many articles. First, and not the least welcome, was half a barrel of flour. Then there was a bag of corn meal, another of potatoes, with sugar, tea, rice, molasses, butter, etc.; some warm stockings for the children, a cheap thick shawl for herself, and a pair of gum shoes—besides a good many little things that had all been selected with strict regard to their use. A large chicken for a Christmas dinner, and some loaves of fresh Dutch cake for the children had not been forgotten. Added to all this was a letter containing five dollars, in which the generous donor said that on the next day he would send her a small stove and half a ton of coal.

Edward Mayfield slept sweetly and soundly that night. On the next day, which was Christmas, he got the stove for Mrs. Elliot. It was a small, cheap and economical one, designed expressly for the poor. He sent it with half a ton of coal.

Three or four days after Christmas, Mrs. Green said to Lizzie and Jane, as they sat sewing:

"Girls, we've entirely forgotten our washerwoman, poor Mrs. Elliot. It is some weeks since she sent us word that she had

sprained her wrist, and could not do our washing until it got well. I think you had better go and see her this morning. I should n't wonder if she stood in need of something. She has two children, and only one of them is old enough to earn any thing—and even he can only bring home a very small sum. We have done wrong to forget Mrs. Elliot."

When Lizzie and Jane entered the humble home of the widow, they found every thing comfortable, neat and clean. A small stove was upon the hearth, and, though the day was very cold, diffused a genial warmth throughout the room. Mrs. Elliot sat knitting; she appeared extremely glad to see the girls. Lizzy inquired how her wrist was, how she was getting along, and if she stood in need of anything. To the last question she replied:

"I should have wanted almost every thing to make me comfortable, had not Mr. Mayfield, one of the gentlemen I washed for before I hurt my wrist, remembered me at Christmas. He sent me this nice little stove and a load of coal, a half barrel of flour, meal, potatoes, tea, sugar, and I can't now tell you what all—besides a chicken for our Christmas dinner, and five dollars in money. I'm sure he could n't have spent less than twenty dollars. Heaven knows I shall never forget him! He came on Christmas eve, and inquired so kindly how I was getting along; and then told me that he would send me a little present instead of to those who did n't really need any thing, and who might well forgive him for omitting the usual compliments of the season. Soon after he was gone a man brought us a car load of things, and on Christmas day the stove and the coal came."

Jane looked at Lizzy, upon whose face was a warm glow, and in whose eyes was a bright light.

"No, I thank you kindly, not now. I am very comfortable. Long before my coal, flour, meal and potatoes are out, I hope to be able to take in washing again, and then I shall not need any assistance."

"Forgive me, sister, for my light words about Edward," Jane said, the moment she and Lizzy left the widow's house. "He is generous and noble-hearted. Lizzy, you may well be proud of him."

Lizzy did not trust herself to reply, for she could think of no words adequate to the expression of her feelings. When Jane told her father about the widow, (Lizzy was modestly silent on the subject,) Mr. Green said:

"That was nobly done! There is the ring of the genuine coin! I am proud of him!"

Tears came into Lizzy's eyes as she heard her father speak so warmly and approvingly of her lover.

"Next year," added Mr. Green, "we must take a lesson of Edward, and improve our system of holiday presents. How many hundreds and thousands of dollars are wasted in useless souvenirs and petty trifles, that might do a lasting good if the stream of kind feelings were turned into a better channel!"

PLATO.

SEVERAL anecdotes of Plato are preserved, which reflect honor on his moral principles and character. Having raised his hand in anger to correct a servant, he kept his arm fixed in that posture for a considerable time. To a friend coming in, and inquiring the reason of his singular conduct, he replied: "I am punishing a passionate man!" At another time, he said to one of his slaves: "I would chastise you if I were not angry." When told that his enemies were circulating reports to his disadvantage, he remarked: "I will so live that no one will believe them." A friend, observing his studious habits, even in extreme old age, inquired how long he intended to be a scholar? "As long," said he, "as I have need to grow wiser and better."

Most men would suffer a far greater martyrdom in living the truth than in dying for it.

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