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FREE CHURCH CIRCULAR.

The Truth shall make you Free.--John 8: 32.

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Home-Talk by J. H. N.---No. 59.

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THE ART OF VANISHING.

‘He that is begotten of God, keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not.’ Our spirits are living in an ocean of spirits—we know by experience that we are sympathetic creatures—that we are constantly in contact and sympathy with spirits around us. Sympathy is the natural element of our being; and there is that in the nature of what we call feelings and passions, which is constantly bringing about processes resembling the electrical process. If I have a feeling which corresponds to some other one’s feeling, intercourse of any kind brings on the electric discharge—a spiritual spark passes, and equilibrium takes place between us. This process is not very palpable to our consciousness when we are in a gross state; but there is a constant, inevitable process going, which, if we knew enough about ourselves to perceive the operations of our own spirits, would be perfectly familiar to us.

And here it will be well perhaps, to dwell on the point of the ignorance in which we live, to a great extent, of what actually takes place in us—of the unconscious processes of which we are constantly

the subjects, and not unfrequently the victims. Any one who will take a fair view of the matter, will certainly see that it tends to produce a feeling of modesty in us; for I am satisfied that a person must be in a very superficial state, who imagines that he is thoroughly acquainted with himself in the present state of things. See for instance, how far true consciousness extends in the department of our bodies. We see our form, and are familiar with external sensations; but how much do we know by direct and true inspection, what kind of processes are going on in the heart, stomach, or lungs?—i. e., how much do we know about the most important things that are going on within us and are essential to health and comfort. We are familiar with the *results* of various processes, but how much do we know of the beginnings of things which affect our outward state. If I have a cold, I am vividly conscious of the outward phenomena, in distress of head and lungs, but how much do I know of the beginning of it? Something was done entirely back of my consciousness, of which these outward signs are only the manifestations; and before I count myself wise, I ought to know what took place in my inner life—when and where the

poison commenced—and how to put a stop to it. This is a department of knowledge that we have very little familiarity with; and if we know so little about the internal operations of our bodies, it is reasonable to suppose that we know less of the operations of our spirits. If the most important mysteries of our bodies are deeper than our consciousness, the mysteries of our spirits certainly are.

In this department also we are only familiar with results. For instance, you have distress of spirit, but no distinct consciousness of the beginning of the process—it is a mystery to you as great as when you see the clouds of heaven overhead but are utterly unable to trace out the travelling of the winds or the ten thousand phenomena of the atmosphere which brought those clouds together. In respect to our spirits, the most important operations are below our consciousness, and we have as yet a very limited acquaintance with them. It is for this reason that I feel that I have a right to say in many cases to persons who dispute me, I know more about you than you do of yourself. I do not say that I know more of your present sensations than you do yourself, but the *cause* of your present sensations is as far out of *your* reach as it is out of mine, and is as open to me as to you; and if I have the advantage of knowing more of interior processes than you do—if I have studied into the deep things of God more than you have, so that I can go into a region below consciousness with a certainty that you cannot, then it is plain that I know more of you than you do of yourself. Any Doctor can say that he knows more about your system than you do yourself, because he has given his attention to anatomy, and the process of dissection, and of course

has the advantage of being better acquainted with the workings of the stomach &c. than you have. He will not profess to know your present feelings better than you do yourself, but he knows better what is going on in those parts that you do not feel, because he possesses more knowledge and experience on the subject than you.

But to return to our idea in the beginning—we are all exposed to these secret electric processes—our spirits are all the time under the action of other spirits—so that our present sensations and consciousness are not a sure test at all of what is true in our interior. In proportion as we become refined enough to go back into the center of our being and take cognizance of all that is going on there, it will be safe to trust our feelings; but, as things are, we are all the time under the action of electric processes that we are not aware of: and further, as things are in the world, these operations are to a great extent evil. ‘The whole world lieth in the wicked one’ and if we are under the magnetic influence of the wicked one, we are sure to have all manner of bad sensations of mind and body. And the wicked one is an exceedingly penetrating spirit, seeking to hold himself up, as we may say, out of hell and everlasting despair, by *sympathy*. He will do all in his power to keep himself in sympathy and make common stock of life with us—his whole comfort depends upon his success in swallowing up mankind, and keeping them in himself, and perfecting his sympathies with them. It is well to understand the works of the devil and see that they have for their basis simple selfishness, as in the case when the devils besought Christ to let them go into the swine. They did not want to go into the deep before their time—that is,

they wanted the comfort and support of live sympathies, and swine were better than nothing. The devil wants a house to live in—that is, some body to possess. It is not disinterested malice in him that leads him to trouble us: if he could get what he wants independently of human beings, he would; but he cannot. His life is poor and weak and miserable; and in proportion as he mixes with life that is comfortable, he is better off: and if he can mix with decent human beings, and not only so, but with those who are refined and spiritual and angelic in their nature, having communication with them is to him like taking a glass of brandy, which every time he drinks it, ‘drives dull care away.’

Here then we have a view of our liabilities. We are sympathetic beings and do not understand ourselves, and the devil in pursuit is like a ‘roaring lion seeking whom he may devour.’ This is a ticklish situation. But ‘he that is begotten of God keepeth himself and that wicked one toucheth him not.’ So it appears that there was a way known to the primitive church, and a way which we may discover, to escape these liabilities and put a stop to the electric process by which we let the devil in; and ignorant as we are, and greedy as he is, we can get out of his jaws where he can not touch us.

I have it in my mind to suggest some of the methods which I find God’s wisdom works in me of withdrawing myself from contact with the devil. This process of sympathy which he employs to get possession of us and torment us, takes place in that region of feelings which is common ground between good and evil. For instance, I love property, and so does he: there is ground for an equivalent sensation on both sides, and opportunity for equilibrium; and the whole region of

feelings, which is common to both sides, is the region in which if we live and make it our home, we are sure to be exposed to such infections. On the other hand, there is another set of feelings and sensations which are beyond the reach of the devil. If you will consider it, you will find that there are some exercises which the devil is not capable of imitating; so that, when you have such an exercise or feeling, you can say with assurance, the devil is not in this; he has no conception of it—it is too deep for him—and therefore, I am out of his reach in a secret place. For instance, the feeling of *gratitude* is one which, as I said, is incompatible with egotism; and egotism is the essence of the devil. Let your heart flow forth freely in gratitude, and you are in a region which the devil knows no more about than a blind man does about colors, and therefore, you are hid. Again, the devil has no conception of *contentment*. There is an everlasting fret in the center of his life; he is full of apprehension and distress, and if you can recall your spirit, and shrink it up into littleness enough to be content, the devil cannot touch you; you have vanished out of his sight, and he is too gross to follow you. The same is true of a feeling of satisfaction and consciousness of safety.

The devil can imitate *love* to some extent. He has love in a certain sense—i. e., there is an attraction existing between his spirit and other spirits. He loves men, and swine, in the greedy way I have spoken of; he loves to devour—he loves human beings just as we love food. That is all the love that he knows anything about. But there is a kind of love very different from that. The essence of love, it is true, is a sense of identity and ownership—it is necessary that we should feel that we are one with the be-

ing we love, and be able to say that being is ours; but true, refined love, does not merely say, this being is mine—but in the words of Solomon's Song, 'My beloved is mine, and *I am his.*' This is complete love. The mere assertion, 'this being is mine,' is egotism. The assertion that 'this being is mine, and I am his,' includes the feeling of ownership on both sides; and that is a totally different thing from lust, or egotism, and an idea that the devil has no conception of—it is not in him. So that the modification of love which is necessary to put us in the secret place in regard to it, out of the reach of the devil, is *humility*. The proud spirit can say, 'My beloved is mine,' but the humble spirit only can say, 'I am his.' This reciprocal ownership is just as real and satisfactory as what may be called sole ownership: for instance, my head has a right to call the little finger, its finger; on the other hand, the little finger has a right to call the head, its head; and the ownership is just as real, and satisfactory one way as the other. But this reciprocal ownership cannot exist except where one is humble enough to be subordinate—two cannot come together in living compact in any other way; for the nature of things is such that where two are one, the superior must be recognized as such. The little finger must be humble enough to acknowledge itself subordinate to the head, and then the ownership will be satisfactory on both sides. Forasmuch as egotism is the essence of the devil, and there is no such thing in him as humility, and so nothing that would allow of reciprocal ownership, of course he knows nothing about the essence of true love—that love which is in reality the heaven of God. So that if we make a proper distinction in this thing, and train

our hearts to true love, we can enter into the secret place, and *vanish* out of the devil's sight.

I have indicated in a sufficient number of ways perhaps, the department of life in which we get out of the devil's reach; and I will say in general, that we escape contact with him in proportion to the extent that we refine ourselves, and discriminate between feelings that are true and false, and so establish ourselves in feelings that the devil cannot meddle with because he has no conception of them; and when this process is completed, and all of our feelings are of this refined character, then we are clear out of the devil's sight—we have *vanished*.

I recommend attention to this matter from my own experience. When I find myself in spiritual difficulties, from outward contact with evil spirits, or from other causes, I am in the habit of vanishing. I have learned that I can revert to interior experiences, sensations and feelings which belong to God and the primitive church—virgin sensations, which never have been nor can be touched by the devil. I have a great store of them in my inner nature; and all I have to do to vanish out of the sight of the devil, is to creep back into that part of me; and, in that state, I have a distinct consciousness of secrecy and privacy. I am not compelled to live out-doors in a tumult of spirits, but can retire into a very home-like place of spiritual privacy. 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.'

The devil cannot see God and the primitive church; they are to him as though they were not in existence; and the truth is, there is a whole region of spirits in the invisible world that cannot see them, and can have no more access to them than people do in this world.

Business Principles.[*Brooklyn, March 16, 1851.*]

A little incident occurred in the early part of the evening, of this kind:—V——, who is generally quite reluctant to go to bed, started suddenly from his play at the table, and expressed a desire to go to bed; and forthwith proceeded to get the little lamp and light it, which he did with much satisfaction. But after lighting it he placed it upon the table and deliberately blew it out: saying, ‘There—now I don’t want to go to bed:’ thus proving very conclusively that his real intention was only to *light the lamp*—not to go to bed as he pretended.

Mr. N.—This is an illustration of a very common method of cheating ourselves and one another. V—— simply wanted to light the lamp; he knew that would not suit, but he knew it *would* suit to go to bed, so he put it in that shape—that he wanted to go to bed. Well, perhaps the idea of lighting the lamp looked so charming to him, that he was willing to go to bed. But evidently that was not the purpose—that was not the charm. The charm was in lighting the lamp; and he put forward as his purpose a community purpose—one that would suit all round: and so succeeded in fulfilling the purpose that was private. As soon as he had done that, going to bed had no attraction, because divested of the incidental charm of lighting the lamp.

There is any amount of what is called duty-doing, serving God, righteousness, that is precisely of that stamp. A man becomes religious under the training of the churches, where he is at liberty to serve God any way that he chooses.—Well, he likes to make money: it is as charming to him as it was to V—— to

light the lamp; and he sees that money may be converted to a religious purpose: that he may serve his generation—that his money may be used to build churches, print bibles, and send missionaries to the heathen; and accomplish a great deal of good. This remote spiritual purpose, he will adopt and put forward in the case, because that suits God and religiously disposed people; while the real charm is in making money—in the liberty and power that money gives him, and the play of his faculties in the business. There is the charm. Well, you will find him presenting himself to God in the same way that V—— presented himself to us. V—— says, ‘I want to go to bed;’ while his real object is to light the lamp. The man says, ‘I want to build churches and send missionaries to the heathen.’ That is a good purpose; but when he has made his money, he does not want to expend it in that way. The attraction is not strong enough to fulfil that purpose, showing that he was insincere in putting it forward. Thousands of converts in the great revivals were caught in that snare: they set to work with the devout purpose of making money for God, but have found themselves swamped in worldliness.

Man’s real purpose is that which charms him! Remember that. Not that which he sets his will towards, but that which *charms* him. That is his purpose—the purpose which will hold and bind him. Whatever it is which he professes to make his real purpose, if it does not charm him, it will not bind him.—Now I know for a certainty in the case of S——, and L——, that if attention to truth, and spiritual and intellectual education is given from a sense of duty, as drudgery, and the thing which charms them is business, they will light their

candle, and then blow it out and not go to bed. * * * * *

I feel some little accusation on the subject of business, as though I was dilatory and slack, and had not a proper sense of the importance of business.—Well, as the boy said to the schoolmaster, ‘Let’s stop and *argur* the matter.’

Now, aside from the absolute necessity that I see in the case of S—and others that he is giving tone to—aside from the absolute necessity of their conversion in the matter of business—supposing them converted, or supposing that I had the same business to do myself, I should still feel bound to look at the present question of business as I can see that Christ would. He would argue thus: With the opening of navigation, rushes in the full tide of worldly spirit about business. It has been dammed up all winter; and at the same time that the ice breaks up, the dam gives way in men’s spirits; and there is a tremendous current of the spirit of the world at the opening of spring. Here then, is a current to be calculated upon in our spiritual business; and we must calculate spiritual currents as mathematically and prudentially as the boatmen do the currents in the river. You must calculate the tides—for if you are all ready to start, and have a fair wind, if the tide is running strong in an opposite direction from that which you want to go, you hold on, and wait for it to turn. Your readiness to go, or the fairness of the wind, do not determine the point with you. You say there is a current there, which will make it very unprofitable for you to put out. Well, this current of worldly business is setting in an opposite direction from the way you want to go. It will require very good management of the vessel, and strong wind to make

headway against it. Let that tide go by, and not get into it, lest you run upon the rocks. That is my way of studying navigation; and I know it is Christ’s way. The time when the world is most pressed—when it is their accepted time—is the poorest time that we can take. So in reality, the river is not open for our sloop yet. The river is open for worldly business, but it amounts to the same thing in my estimation, as though there was a strong tide running down when I wanted to go up the river, or up when I wanted to go down. The river is open to the world, but not to us yet—the ice is not yet broken up. I am waiting to see it break up, and believe I shall know when it does; but I do not feel like starting till I do see it, if it does not break up all summer. I am quite as anxious not to run the vessel at a spiritual, as at a physical disadvantage. And in fact I will make this my rule under Christ’s teaching—if I am obliged to be shiftless in any way, I will be shiftless in outward things. I will not make a fair show in the flesh, and have my spirit dodging about between heaven and hell, and not know where I am. I want things done right and true in the interior, and in the exterior *if I can*; but if I cannot in both, I will be slack and shiftless in outward things. And I should like to have others connected with me adopt that rule; for I shall bother them undoubtedly if they do not, all round. ‘Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all things shall be added.’ Eating and drinking, and garments, and all things necessary will be provided for those who seek God first; for ‘your Father knoweth that ye have need of those things.’ If you set your heart upon the interior, the exterior will be provided for—but the converse is not true. God

does not say if your exterior is provided for rightly and truly, your interior shall be. He does not say, 'Seek first the things which belong to the exterior, and the interior shall be added.' It is the maxim of all the merchants from Maine to Florida, that if they seek first the things which concern business, the kingdom of God shall be added. But those who go that end foremost, and seek first what they shall eat and what they shall drink, will find that the kingdom of Satan will be added to them. Satan has a special providence for that shape of things. But we are not going into business that end foremost. We believe and know that if we attend to the interior first, and let the slackness, if there is any, be in the outward, that God will take care of us and we shall not want. I think as long as this tide runs, we had better hold on to the mud hook. I do not feel like stirring at all until there is a better tide. I do not think there is wind enough to stem it.

Obedience always comes in a certain order. When a man is checked in his course by the central attraction—by any trial tending to bring him into that attraction—the first effect is a spirit of complaint and worry. The next state is that of patient endurance, with some feelings of duty in it; and the last state is that of joyfulness and thankfulness for the very thing that was the occasion of complaint. Then his obedience is fulfilled; he has got into the right current. In reversing the motion of a steamboat there are three stages. The first is to check the motion; the second is to stand still; the third is to go back. Well, we will say that God has checked your motion, reversed the wheels, and perhaps got you still. Now he will wait for the boat to take a backward movement; and when

it fairly does that, your obedience is fulfilled. Suppose the steamboats on the North river had been in the habit of going stern foremost, and you with the rest; but upon studying the structure of your vessel you make up your mind that you can run your vessel best bow foremost. The first thing you do is to stop the motion of your boat, reverse the wheels, and then you begin to go back; and it is only when you have gone some way on the back track that you are in condition to come about and go forward again. Yet it is real economy to stop your wheels, and go back, for ultimately you will go ahead of the others. Business men in the world are going physical end foremost; and I beg to know if that is not stern foremost. In my estimation the spiritual leading is bow foremost, and the world are running stern foremost. In the change that you are making, you have to stop and even go back; and the world will laugh at you; but by and by you will come to again bow foremost, and go ahead of them. We have time enough and room enough to come about in, and it is economy to wait and get started bow foremost.—Though I have sympathised with those who are rounding to, yet I feel satisfied with my spirit and purpose. 'He that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting.' Every spiritual victory will bring forth fruit unto everlasting life, and real spirituality is prolific; it is a breeder; not a thing by itself. It is like the children of Abraham, as the stars of the sky and the sands of the sea for multitude.

—When we feel a tendency to dullness and to grow weary in well-doing, it is good to remember that Jesus Christ is 'the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever.' His spirit is pure fresh beginning-life, that knows no change; and we may expect it to *spring up* in us, at any and all times.

The Free Church Circular.

HARRIET H. SKINNER, EDITRESS.

ONEIDA RESERVE, APRIL 16, 1851.

—J. H. NOYES and R. S. DE LATRE leave New York to-day [the 16th,] in the steamer Baltic, for England.

—Our family had an excellent entertainment, a few evenings since, in the reading of the 'Private History of the Glass Palace,' and conversing about the Industrial Fair. Thinking it will afford profit and pleasure to our readers, and wishing to have them sympathise with us in our interest in this first 'World's Convention,' we have been induced to publish the article. We demurred some at its length, but as there is nothing else pressing this week, and as stories of this kind, "to be continued," were never to our taste, we have given space, large as it seems on our little sheet, to insert it undivided.

Private History of the Palace of Glass.

(From Dickens.)

On New Year's Day, in the year 1837, a traveler was proceeding, in a native boat, on a difficult exploration up the river Berbice in Demarara, when, on arriving at a point where the river expanded and formed a currentless basin, his attention was attracted to the southern margin of the lake by an extraordinary object. He caused his crew to paddle quickly towards it. The nearer he approached, the higher his curiosity was raised. Tho' an accomplished botanist, and especially familiar with the Flora of South America, he had never seen any thing like it before. It was a Titanic water-plant, in size and shape unlike any other known plant. "I felt as a botanist," says Sir Robert Schomburgk, "and felt myself rewarded! All calamities were forgotten. A gigantic leaf, from five to six feet in diameter, salver-shaped, with a broad rim, of a light green above, and a vivid crimson below, rested upon the water! Quite in character with the wonderful leaf, was the luxuriant flower, consisting of an immense number of petals, passing in alternate tints from pure white to rose and pink;" [and, in some instances, measuring fifteen inches across.] "The smooth water was covered with blossoms, and, as I rowed from one to the other, I always observed something new to admire."

Such flowers Polyphemus must have gathered for Galatea's nosegay; but Sir Robert Schomburgk, not content with mere flowers,

dug up whole plants; and sent first them, and afterwards seeds to England, where the magnificent lily was named the "Victoria Regia." After some unsuccessful attempts, the task of forcing it to blossom in an artificial climate, was confided to Mr. Paxton, the celebrated horticulturist of the Duke of Devonshire's celebrated Chatsworth.

Mr. Paxton—a man of high scientific attainments—is not a mere academic *savant*. His Alma Mater is nature. When the Victoria Regia was to be flowered, Mr. Paxton determined to imitate Nature so closely as to make that innocent offspring of the Great Mother fancy itself back again in the broad waters and under the burning heats of British Guiana. He deceived the roots by imbedding them in a hillock of burned loam and peat; he deluded the great lubberly leaves by letting them float in a tank, to which he communicated, by means of a little wheel, the gentle ripple of their own tranquil river; and he coaxed the flower into bloom by manufacturing a Berbician climate in a tiny South America, under a glass case.

With that glass case our history properly commences. In imitation of a philosophic French Cook, who began a chapter on stewed apples with an essay on the Creation, we have thought it wise to start with the parentage and gestation, before proceeding to the birth and development of the Great Giant in Hyde-Park; for by a curious apposition, the first parent of the most extensive building in Europe was the largest floral structure in the world. Although, correlatively, they differ as widely as the popular disparity of St Paul's and a China orange; yet the one proceeded from the other, as consequently as oaks grow from acorns.

Mr. Paxton had already effected many improvements in horticultural buildings; the workmanship of which has always been unnecessarily massive. With the conviction that glass houses are not Egyptian tombs built for darkness and eternity, he set about making them lighter than of old, both as regards actinism and architecture. He discarded as much as practicable all ponderous and opaque materials. He pared away all clumsy sash-bars, whose broad shadows robbed plants of the sun's light and heat during the best parts of the day; he abolished dirty and leaky overlaps, by using large panes, and inserting them in wooden grooves, rendered water-tight by a sparing use of putty. Lastly, finding, that into the ordinary sloping roof the sunbeams enter, at an indirect and unprofitable angle, Mr. Paxton invented a horizontal glazing composed of angular ridges, the glass presenting itself to the sun's rays so as to admit them to the plants in a strait line at almost any time of day; but especially early and late.

In a green house constructed with some of these improvements, and acclimated as we have already explained, a Victoria Regia was planted on the tenth of August, 1849. So well had every thing been prepared for its reception, that it flourished as vigorously as if it had been restored to its native soil and climate. Its growth and development were astonishingly rapid; for on the ninth of November a flower was produced, a yard in circumference! In little more than a month after, the first seeds ripened, some of them were tilled, and on the sixteenth of February succeeding, young plants made their appearance. Success, however, brought a fresh embarrassment. The extraordinary lily obeyed Nature's law of development with such unexpected rapidity, that it outgrew the dimensions of its home in little more than a month. It therefore set Mr. Paxton a problem to solve; the formula of which was something like this:—Given, an exotic growing in a greenhouse, at the rate of six hundred and forty seven square inches of circumference per diem: required, in three months, a new house of dimensions proper for its maturity.

Mr. Paxton went to work; and, combining all his improvements in constructing green-houses, with his special inventions for maturing the Victoria Regia, he very soon produced the "Q. E. D.," in the shape of a novel and elegant conservatory, sixty feet long by forty broad. This building became the immediate precursor of the gigantic structure in Hyde Park;—*why* necessitates a short explanation.

Among the many desiderata required for every kind of habitation—whether it be designed for plants or princes, for a pine-house or a palace, for the Victoria Regia, or for the enormous glass case under which to collect the products of All Nations—the most imperative conditions, after stability, are, perfect facilities for drainage and for ventilation; another, though scarcely subordinate proviso, is economy. The man who can construct houses which shall repel external humidity, and allow of a constant and gentle change of atmosphere at any controllable temperature, and at the lowest cost consistent with durability, is, of course, the prince of builders. Now, in order to be economical, he must necessarily so manage, that each of his materials shall perform as many different functions as it is possible for it to perform effectually. If he build walls which answer for warmth and strength only, if he add gutters for drainage, and if he call in Dr. Reid for ventilation, he may, probably, build a good habitation, but it will certainly be a costly, perhaps a clumsy one; and will turn out a very long job. Mr. Paxton, when he set about the new Victoria Regia house—guided by previous study and experience, and forced into new expedients by the peculiarities of the extraordinary tenant

he was building for—had become a better economist. The result is, as shown in his latest effort—the great Building—that his walls and foundations are not simply walls and foundations, but ventilators and drains as well. His roofs are not simply roofs; but, besides being the most extensive of known sky-lights, are light and heat adjusters. His sash-bars do not only hold the glass together, but are self-supporting, and his rafters form perfect drains for both sides of the glass—for draining off internal, as well as external moisture, whilst the tops of the girders are conduits also. His floors are dust-traps, and aid in ventilation. Lastly, his whole building is, while in course of construction, its own scaffolding. Thus he saves time as well as money.

The Victoria Regia house, which combines most of the advantages above detailed, was finished in several weeks' less time, and cost considerably less money, than the slenderest old-fashioned conservatory that has ever been built.

While Mr. Paxton was busy with this novel and model garden-house, a hot war was raging in London about a site for the new building for exhibiting specimens of the Art and Industry of all nations in 1851. Mr. Paxton is a reader of the "Times," and perused with sympathizing interest its fiercely-urged objections against the invasion of Hyde Park by armies of excavators, bricklayers, blacksmiths, and timber-fellers. The picture daily drawn of the tearing-up of fashionable roads by the carting of more bricks and mortar (for mark, a temporary edifice) than the eternal Pyramids of Ghizeh consist of; the cutting down from one side of Rotten Row of its most cherished ornaments, the trees; the uncertainty of miles of brick-work being put together in time for sufficient consolidation to bear the weight of the tremendous iron dome designed to rest upon it; the impossibility of the entire mass of mortar and plaster duly drying:—All this, though occasionally over drawn and exaggerated, presented a black perspective, which the means and appliances of the Victoria Regia conservatory would, thought its architect, considerably lighten, or altogether obviate. Every new thunderbolt from newspaper *Tonans*, strengthened this notion in the projector's mind. All that was wanted, was a great many great lily-houses joined together. A multiplication of hands and of materials could be readily commanded, and no structure could be raised so quickly and so cheaply. The promenaders and neighbors of Hyde Park would be relieved of the incessant "click—click" of bricklayer's trowels, the maddening noise of the blacksmiths' riveting hammers, and have perfect immunity from the hourly transit of bricks and scaffolding poles. The proposed edifice could be con-

structed at Birmingham, at Dudley, and at Thames Bank, "brought home" to Hyde Park ready-made, and put up like a bedstead.—As to the trees: for a couple of hundred pounds Mr. Paxton would transplant them, and bring them back again at the end of the Industrial fair without injuring a single twig. And here we may remark, in passing, that, according to Horace Walpole, Mr. Paxton is half a century before his time in his huge transplanting operations. In August, 1748, the Twickenham Prophet wrote to his Cousin Conway, as a piece of extravagant fun—"I lament living in so barbarous an age, when we are come to so little perfection in gardening. I am persuaded that, a hundred and fifty years hence, it will be as common to remove oaks a hundred and fifty years old, as it is now to transplant tulip roots."

However Mr. Paxton *could* do without moving the venerable wood "on the shortest notice" (as if it had been converted into household furniture before its time.) If the Park authorities preferred, he would clap the trees, all standing, under the great glass case.

But alas! feasible as the plan appeared, it was not to be thought of. The fiat of the Building Committee had gone forth. The competition of architectural skill invited by the authorities had not produced one available design. The first exhibition of the Industry of the Architects of all nations had been pronounced a failure; and the fact of the Building Committee having invited tenders for the construction of a design of its own, shut out fresh competitors.

One day, however—it was Friday, the fourteenth of June,—Mr. Paxton happened to be in the House of Commons conversing on this subject with Mr. Ellis a member of it, who accompanied him to the Board of Trade to see what could be done. Then, nothing could be done; for Mr. Paxton (who is one of the busiest men in England—whose very leisure would kill a man of fashion with its hard work) was off immediately to keep a special appointment at the tubular bridge over the Mennai. After his journey the next morning, conversation with his friend, the M. P. was clenched by another and more than usually powerful burst of that day's issue from Blackfriars. His mind was made up; "and," said the Duke of Devonshire, at a recent public meeting at Bakewell, "I never knew Mr. Paxton resolve to undertake what he did not fully accomplish." To have engagements for every day in the week in different parts of England and Ireland, together with the management of the estates at Chatsworth, did not much matter; there was still time to be found for concocting the plans and details of a few square acres of building.—Thursday morning, the eighteenth of June, found Mr. Paxton at Derby, seated, as Chairman of the Works and Ways Committee of the Midland Railway—to try an offending

pointsman. This was the first *leisure* moment he had been able to secure since he resolved to plan the great building. At the end of the table stood the culprit; and upon it before the Chairman, was invitingly spread a virgin sheet of blotting paper. As each witness delivered his evidence, Mr. Paxton appeared to be taking notes with uncommon assiduity; and when the case closed, one of his colleagues turned specially to him, saying,

"As you seem to have noted down the whole of the evidence, we will take the decision from you"

"The truth is," whispered the Chairman, "I know all about this affair already, having accidentally learned every particular last night. *This*," he continued, holding up the paper, "is not a draft of the pointsman's case, but a design for the Great Industrial building to be erected in Hyde Park."

The pointsman was let off with a fine, and before evening the blotting-paper plan had found its way into Mr. Paxton's office at Chatsworth. By the help of that gentleman's ordinary assistants, elevations, sections, working details and specifications were completed in ten days.

When he made his next appearance at the Derby station, at the end of that time, Mr. Paxton had the complete plans under his arm. There was not a minute to spare, for the train was on the point of starting; and the Royal Commissioners met the next morning; so taking his dinner in his pocket, he entered a carriage. Here, to his extreme delight, he found one of the greatest and most influential engineers of the day—a member, moreover, of the Royal Commission—who was going to London by the same train.

"This is extraordinary lucky!" he exclaimed; for I want you to look over a few plans and a specification of mine!"

Accordingly the plans were unrolled.—"There they are," said the impromptu architect, "look them over and see if they will do for the great Building for eighteen hundred and fifty-one!"

"For what?" asked the engineer, looking at his friend with the serio-comic surprise of incredulity."

"I am serious."

"But you are too late; the whole thing is settled and decided."

"Well, just see what you think of them. I am very hungry, and if you will run them over while I eat my dinner, I'll not speak a word."

"Neither will I disturb *you* for I *must* light a cigar;" and in spite of every regulation in that case made and provided, the engineer began to smoke.

There was a dead taciturnity; the Royal Commissioner went over the plans slowly and carefully; their originator narrowly watching their effect on his mind. It was an anx-

ious moment for the one; for upon the opinion of the other no little depended. At first there was not much to augur from. The drawings were scanned with no more than business-like attention. No word of commendation was uttered; no sign of pleasure or surprise appeared. The smoke rose in regular wreaths; but presently they grew fainter and more intermittent, and by-and-by the cigar went out; yet the suction continued as vigorously as ever. The projector's hopes rose: his friend's attention was evidently drawn into a vortex, for he went on during twenty minutes puffing away at the effete weed, quite unconscious that it was extinguished! At length, gathering the unrolled papers up in a bundle, he threw them into the opposite seat, exclaiming—"Wonderful!—worthy of the magnificence of Chatsworth!—a thousand times better than any thing that has been brought before us! What a pity they were not prepared earlier!"

"Will you lay them before the Royal Commission?"

"I will."

The value of this promise and of the favorable expression of opinion which would doubtless accompany its performance, will be best understood when we divulge to the reader (without, we trust, any breach of confidence,) that the gentleman who made it was Mr. Robert Stephenson.

The next day fills a melancholy day in English history. It was Saturday, the twenty-ninth of June. The Royal Commission met, headed by Prince Albert. After the regular business of the Board was over, the Prince and Sir Robert Peel retired to one of the bay-windows, and were some time engaged in earnest conversation. Mr. Stephenson's time was precious, for he had an appointment elsewhere. He was, in short, obliged to depart without an opportunity of placing Mr. Paxton's plans before his colleagues and the Prince. He delegated that office, however, to an able hand, Mr. Scott Russell, one of the Secretaries of the Commission.

Both Prince Albert and Sir Robert Peel gave great attention to the drawings, and the Prince signified his wish that Mr. Paxton should wait upon him at Buckingham Palace to explain the details. Sir Robert Peel greatly admired the design for its unity and simplicity; remarking with pleasure, that if it were accepted, it would occasion the first great operation in glass since the introduction of his own new tariff. Alas! this was the latest connected remark which that great statesman was destined to utter. He almost immediately left Westminster Palace on horseback for an airing, was thrown on Constitution Hill, and three days afterwards had ceased to exist.

The Paxton scheme was referred to the Building Committee; which, in the regular routine of business, could not entertain it,

having rejected all the designs it had invited for competition, and having devised a plan of its own. Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Paxton determined to appeal to a tribunal which (to borrow the tag of most modern comedies, is "never sought in vain;," namely to the British public.) This he did by the aid of the wood-cuts in the pages of the "London Illustrated News." Never was an appeal more promptly or satisfactorily answered! The practicability, the simplicity, and beauty of the scheme convinced every member of the many-headed court of appeal of its efficacy.

Meanwhile the projector of the building waited on the projector of the entire exhibition, Prince Albert, on another memorable morning—that of the christening day of Prince Patrick. What passed need not be divulged; but the encouragement vouchsafed, added to the expression of public opinion daily gathering strength, induced Mr. Paxton to decide on procuring a tender to be sent to the Building Committee for his design. He therefore went straight to Messrs. Fox and Henderson, and these gentlemen immediately engaged to prepare a tender. It happened that the Building Committee in their advertisement had invited the candidates for raising *their* edifice, to suggest any improvements in it that may occur to them. This opened a crevice, into which Messrs. Fox and Henderson were able to thrust their tender for Mr. Paxton's plan. Seeing at once it was of all other plans *the* plan—the supreme desideratum—they tendered for it as an "improvement" on the Committee's design.

Here a new and formidable difficulty arose. It was now Saturday, and only a few days more were allowed for receiving tenders. Yet before an approximate estimate of expense could be formed, the great glass manufacturers and iron masters of the north had to be consulted. This happened to be *dies mirabilis* the third, for it was the identical Saturday on which the Sunday postal question had reached its crisis; and there was to be no delivery next day! But in a country of electric telegraphs? and of indomitable energy, time and difficulties are annihilated, and it is not the least of the marvels wrought in connection with the great edifice, that by the aid of railway parcels and the electrical telegraph, not only did all the gentlemen summoned out of Warwickshire and Staffordshire appear on Monday Morning at Messrs. Fox and Henderson's Office, in Spring Gardens, London, to contribute their several estimates to the tender for the whole; but, within a week, the contractors had every detailed working drawing, and had calculated the cost of every pound of iron, of every inch of wood, and of every pane of glass.

There is no one circumstance in the history of the manufacturing enterprise of the English nation which places in so strong a light

as this, its boundless resources in materials, to say nothing of the arithmetical skill in computing at what cost, and in how short a time, those materials could be converted into a special purpose. What was done in those few days? Two parties in London relying on the accuracy and good faith of certain iron masters, glass-workers in the provinces, and of one master carpenter in London, bound themselves for a certain sum of money, and in the course of some four months, to cover eighteen acres of ground with a building upwards of a third of a mile long (1851 feet—the exact date of the year) and some 450 feet broad. In order to do this, the glass maker promised to supply in the required time 900,000 square feet of glass, (weighing more than four hundred tons) in separate panes, and these the largest that ever were made of sheet glass; each being forty-nine inches long. The iron master passed his word in like manner to cast in due time three thousand three hundred iron columns, varying from fourteen and a half feet to twenty feet in length; thirty-four miles of guttering tube, to join every individual column together under the ground; two thousand two hundred and twenty-four girders (but some of these are of wrought iron); besides eleven hundred and twenty-eight bearers for supporting the galleries. The carpenter undertook to get ready within the specified period, two hundred and five miles of sash bar; flooring for an area of thirty-three millions of cubic feet; besides enormous quantities of wooden walling, louvre work, and partition.*

It is not till we reflect on the vast sums of money involved in transactions of this magnitude, that we can form even a slight notion of the great, almost ruinous loss a trifling arithmetical error would have occasioned, and of the boundless confidence the parties must have had in their resources, and in the correctness of their computations. Nevertheless it was one great merit in Mr. Paxton's original details of measurement, that they were contrived to facilitate calculation. Every thing in the great building is a dividend or multiple of *twenty-four*. The internal columns are placed twenty-four feet apart, while the external ones have no more than eight feet (a third of twenty-four) of separation; while the distance between each of the transept columns is three times twenty-four, or seventy-two feet. This also is the width of the middle aisle of the building; the side aisles are forty-eight feet wide, and the galleries and corridors twenty-four. Twenty-four feet is also the distance between each of the transverse gutters under the roof; hence the intervening bars, which are at once raf-

ters and gutters, are necessarily twenty-four feet long.

There was little time for consideration, or for setting right a single mistake, were it ever so disastrous. On the prescribed day, the tender was presented, with whatever imperfections it might have had, duly and irredeemably sealed. But after-checkings have divulged no material error. The result was, that Messrs. Fox & Henderson's offer for erecting the Paxton edifice proved to be the lowest practicable tender that was submitted to the Building Committee.

The public have long known what followed:—Mr. Paxton's Glazed Palace was eventually chosen unanimously; not only by the Building Committee, but by the Royal Commission. Some modifications were however adopted. It was decided that the most revered of the trees were to be admitted into the Industrial building; and the central transept—the apex of whose curvilinear roof is one hundred and twelve feet from the ground—was contrived by Mr. Paxton for their inclosure. In August the space in Hyde Park was boarded in; and the first castings for the iron columns were delivered on the fourteenth of September. Yet, when these pages meet the reader's eye, the cheapest, most gigantic, and substantial structure ever dreamt of, will be nearly ready for decoration.

If for nothing else, this tremendous pile of transparency is astounding—for its cheapness.

It is actually less costly than an agricultural barn or an Irish cabin! A division of its superficies in cubic feet by the sums to be paid for it, brings out the astonishing quotient of little more than one half-penny (nine-sixteenths of a penny) per cubic foot; supposing it to be taken down and returned to the contractors when the Exhibition is over. Or if it remains a fixture, the rate of cost will be rather less than a penny and one-twelfth of a penny per cubic foot. The ordinary expense of a barn is more than twice as much, or twopence half-penny per foot. Here are the figures:—The entire edifice contains thirty-three millions of cubic feet. If borrowed and taken down, the sum to be paid is seventy-nine thousand eight hundred pounds: if bought, to become a winter garden, one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

The smallness of cost is due to the principle we have previously explained, of each component of the building being endowed with more than one purpose. The six rows of columns are, as has been already said, not only props, but drains. They are hollow, and into them the glass roof will deliver its collections of water. In the base of each column is inserted a horizontal iron pipe to conduct the drainage into the sewers. These strong tubes serve also as foundation; they are links that connect the whole of the three

*The quantities and dimensions here quoted are those of the building as it now stands. They differ but slightly from Mr. Paxton's original specifications.

thousand three hundred uprights together. At the top, each column is fastened to its opposite associate by a girder, run up by means of a pole and pulley in a few minutes; and once fastened, no other scaffolding is requisite for the roof which it supports. Thus by means of the iron pipes below, and the iron girders above, the eighteen acres of structure is held from end to end so compact and fast that it becomes an enormous hollow cube, as immovable as if it were instead, a solid cube dropped down beside Rotten Row by a gang of Titans.

The roofs—of which there are five, one to each aisle or corridor, the highest in the middle—play many parts. They are windows, light and heat adjusters, rain conductors outside, and condensed moisture ducts within. They are interminable rows of roofing, so placed as to form in the aggregate a plan; in other words, they are parallel rows of the letter V done in glass, in endless ridges “long drawn out.” The apex of each “ridge” is a wooden sash bar, with notches on either side for holding the sloping laths in which are fitted the edges of the glass.

The bottom or “furrow” bar—otherwise a rafter—is hollowed in the middle, to form a gutter, into which every drop of rain glides down from the glass, and passes through the transverse gutters into the hollow columns. These longitudinal gutters are formed at the tops of the girders; for the roof is self-supporting. This is not all: in converting a conservatory for plants into a resort for breathing beings, and a depot for articles emphatically “to be kept dry;” internal as well as external moisture must be drawn off; the breath of myriads of visitors, condensed against the glass, would otherwise return in continual Scotch mists. That difficulty partly dictated the V-like form of the ceiling. Mr. Paxton ascertained that vapors ascending to glass inclined to a slope of one foot in two feet and a half, do not condense in separate drops and descend again, but slide down over the smooth surface. To receive them, therefore, he grooves each rafter under the inside of the glazing. Into these grooves the condensed breath of “all nations” will fall and be conveyed into the transverse gutters; thence through the columns into the jurisdiction of their honors the Commissioners of Sewers. These ingenious rafters are cut out of solid wood, in a machine (invented by the inventor of all the rest,) with incredible rapidity. In order that there may be a fall for the water to run off, each rafter is slightly curved; and, to correct warping, a rod of iron, with nuts and screws at each end, forms the string of the bow, so as to regulate its deflection. For this ingenious expedient Mr. Paxton has taken out a patent.

We must now give proof that the floor is a ventilator and a dust-trap. It is laid four feet

above the sward of the park. A series of subterranean lungs are thus provided, and air is admitted to them, by means of louvres, fixed in the outer walling of the building. These being made to open and shut like Venetian blinds, will admit much or little air which gently passes through the seams of the open flooring, and circulates over the building. Finally, through the openings of the floor, the daily accumulations of dust will be swept into the space below by a machine, which Mr. Paxton has invented for that purpose.

Enough has now been said to indicate rather than to describe how each part of the building “plays many parts,” and how, consequently, incalculable saving has been effected in time and money. It is hardly necessary to repeat, that the interior of the edifice is the most expansive covered space in the world. That some idea may be formed of the excess of its capacity, we may mention, that the largest covered area in England is believed to be that of the Ravenhead Glass Works, at St. Helen’s, in Lancashire, where the space roofed in is three hundred and thirty-nine feet, by one hundred and five feet, or not one quarter so large as that section of Hyde Park which Mr. Paxton has glazed over.

That a Palatial Exhibition building, providing a total exhibiting surface of twenty-two acres, and affording space for *nine miles* of tables, shall have been put up in four months, for less than a penny farthing a cubic foot, would in itself make 1851 famous in the history of enterprise, if nothing else were to happen to stamp it as preëminently “The Industrial Year.” From it will at least be dated a new era in building. In a communication from Mr. Paxton himself, which we are permitted to quote, he says:—

“When I consider the cheapness of glass and cast-iron, and the great facility with which they can be used, I have no doubt that many structures, similar to that at Darley,* will be attached to dwelling-houses, where they may serve as sitting-rooms, or omnibus-rooms, if I may be allowed the expression. I am now, in fact, engaged in making the design for a gentleman’s house to be covered wholly with glass; and when we consider that wherever lead is now used, glass may with equal propriety be substituted, I have every hope that it will be used for buildings of various conditions and character. Structures of this kind are also susceptible of the highest kind of ornamentation in stained glass and general painting. I am not without hope, however, that glass will become almost universal in its use, and that the system will be extended for manufacturing purposes, as well as general cemeteries, and also for horticultural buildings, so that even market-gardeners

* A conservatory on the new plan, attached to a house of Mr. Paxton’s, in Derbyshire.

will advantageously apply it, in the growing of foreign fruit for the London markets. I even go so far as to indulge in the sanguine hope that agriculture will be ultimately benefited by the application of cast-iron and glass. In short, there is no limit to the uses to which they may be applied; and we may congratulate ourselves, that in the nineteenth century the progress of science, and the spirit of manufactures, have placed at our disposal the application of materials which were unknown to the ancients, and thereby enabled us to erect such structures as would have been deemed impossible even in the early part of the present century."

Gratitude.

Remarks which have appeared from time to time in the Circular on the subject of *gratitude* have awakened in me a desire to attempt to give utterance to a feeling of that kind, which I have been conscious was laboring for expression in myself, and I believe in many others in the Association. It is difficult to describe this emotion; it must be felt, rather than theorized upon. The 'silent tear of gratitude' is one expression of it, known and appreciated by him only who seeth in secret, though really of more value to ourselves than the richest gem from the ocean. But we wish to give more full expression to gratitude, and make it available as some return to the great proprietor of every good thing, for the rich blessings he is bestowing upon us. I have compared it to the expression of good old Jacob in his blessing of his son Joseph; 'It is like a fruitful bough, by the well, whose branches run over the wall;' and then I have added, it shall bud and blossom and cover the face of the whole world with fruit. Ere long it shall prove the strongest motive to obedience, sincerity, faithfulness, and all the fruits of the spirit, that can influence a rational mind;—and then will be fulfilled the words of Christ, 'Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bring forth much fruit.' Gratitude shall yet awaken songs of praise and thanksgiving on the earth, whose tones shall vibrate in heaven; and mingling with the songs of all the redeemed before the throne of God, heaven and earth shall

be full of his praise, and the fruit of our lips shall rise as sweet incense before him.
P. NOYES.

Only One Immortal Life.

Christ says, 'Except a man hate *his own life*, he cannot be my disciple.'—That involves this truth:—When God undertakes to save a man, he has to bring him to the state that a man is in when he commits suicide—a state where he can see nothing that suits him, and hates his own life.

I try to represent to myself, from time to time, why we should hate our own lives; and I can see good reasons for it—reasons of universal truth. Our own life is the life that we had before we knew Christ, and, of course, a life that is not in a feminine, receptive attitude toward Christ. It is life separate from him, and having in it a principle of growth which is not the eternal life that raised him from the dead, but life of an inferior nature. Well, the Bible says of God, that he only hath immortality.—The principle of perpetual growth, which is immortality, is in God alone; and all life that is not affiliated to his life—that does not cease to be life by itself, and become receptive—has not immortality in it; but, on the contrary, its course or growth is necessarily limited. For I suppose that if there could be two lives and principles of growth independent of each other, as the principle of growth is continually adding material around it to itself, those two lives would be rivals to each other for the possession of the universe. Any life, that of a tree or of a man, if it was immortal, that is, if its principle of growth was of everlasting continuance, would go on and appropriate to itself the universe. But there is only one life that has everlasting continuance, and that is God's life. These principles actually define our individual life, as excluded from immortality: and I think I can see that God himself cannot alter the fact—that he can make nothing immortal, otherwise than by affilia-

tion to himself. In the case of a tree or plant, we might suppose, in a certain view of benevolence, that he might wish it to grow for ever;—but I do not know as it would be possible. His benevolence, I should say, is obliged to limit itself to that principle, that immortality can only exist by affiliation to himself; and *unintelligent* life has no possibility of affiliation to himself. He cannot give unintelligent life, or brute life, affiliation to himself. But man rises to *intelligent* life, where he can see and appreciate eternal life, and can be brought, under favorable circumstances, to desire it so much as to surrender his unintelligent life, and become affiliated to God, and so become immortal.

Man in his natural state has in him that capability, but is not properly immortal. If you say he is immortal, because he continues to exist, I answer, 'the *devil* is immortal in the same sense. Immortality, as I define it, is not predicable of life that has *ceased to grow*, or is going on in a retrograde course. A tree stands after it is dead. The organization remains—there is a vital principle in it to some degree, after the bark and limbs are off. But we call it a dead tree; and so life that has ceased growing is dead. Life, the action of which is not toward enlargement and extension, but toward diminution is properly called dead; and on that principle we call the damned, dead. Well, our life at best, considered by itself, not affiliated to Christ, has only a temporary growth like vegetables and animals, and then ceases to grow, dries up and decays; and mere natural reason, without the light of the Bible, would lead to the conclusion that the end of man's life, without affiliation to God, must be either annihilation or hell—understanding by hell a state of everlasting decay and destruction—the cessation of growth—a retrograde toward perfect desolation. Well, the gospel brings life and immortality to light. It reveals to us him who only hath immortality. It offers to lift us out of the category of men and animals; but its only hope lies

in our surrendering our individuality, and becoming one with that immortal life. As far as I can see, the case is one of inevitable necessity. I may not see the whole, but, as far as I can see, God himself is limited in this matter. I see that he can do nothing better for us than he does; and if we assume that it is desirable that we should keep our individuality as separate beings, then he must leave us to die like the brutes and the vegetables, or something worse. If we do not like this, then we are called upon to surrender our individuality, and fall into the hands of the living God.

With this philosophy I think it is easy to see why we should hate our own lives—why as we ascend in the scale of intelligence, and see what it is to have an independent life, we should hate it. For independent life, that which is not affiliated to God, is *egotism*; and egotism has that in it which would demand the worship of the universe, which would make itself the center of the universe. As rational beings, we must abhor any life that would have any but God for the center of the universe. We must abhor life that has this independent condition in it, on the ground of its being unprofitable—on the same ground that a suicide hates his life. A due degree of intelligence will make us hate our own life; for we may see from its spiritual nature that it is destined to *bankruptcy*. The whole world stands upon this truth about it. They contend that death is inevitable—that we are all bound for the grave. To be sure they mollify that idea to some extent, by saying that our *souls* are not bound to the grave. But in reality, our souls and bodies are bound to everlasting destruction, if not affiliated to Christ. Souls are in the same category as bodies in that respect. The world insist upon death. Well, can a man be contented (except he is willing to make a fool of himself,) can he be contented with a business that is sure to end in bankruptcy? I say, without the hope of the gospel, it is wise to abhor our lives as one-eyed Thompson did his.

Looking at life from his position as an infidel, excluding all hope of the gospel, and leaving that which comes after death to take care of itself, he was a broad-minded man—a shrewd, wise being.—Supposing that he had no fear of hell—looking at his life simply as it is in this world—I think he came to a rational conclusion, that it was not worth continuance.

All the trials that we are suffering, arise from the fact that God is more merciful to us, and can apply his mercy to us to a greater extent than he can to the brutes and vegetables, and greater than he can to other portions of the human race. The men of the world, and the animals, are in a dream—a pleasant dream. God has spoiled our dream for us; not to torment us, but to affiliate us to himself—to make us immortal. This is the meaning of all our trouble. God cannot save us without the destruction of our life—the destruction of animal life that is rooted in the earth. The animals, and animal men, put far away the idea of death, and make themselves as comfortable as possible, and so get along pleasantly with life. God has chosen to dissipate those dreams, and give us immortality. Now don't let us complain. If of all men we are the most miserable, it is because that God has chosen us to the highest destiny. If waves of misery are still before me, I would not accept the offer of going back to my dreams. I say most assuredly, that if I had the offer to go on for fifty thousand years in trouble, or go back to comfortable dreams, I would choose the fifty thousand years of the worst trouble I ever saw, if I had the reliance of truth, and the hope of getting out on the right side at last.—*Home-Talk, March 16, 1851.*

—The following is a characteristic mention by Willis, of a case of clairvoyance now exhibiting in New York:—

THIS WEEK'S MIRACLE.

THAT one mind can be divided and inhabit two bodies—one body knowing, at least, every thing that the eyes of the other body see—we saw proved incontestably, and to our great

astonishment yesterday. At one end of a room, forty feet long, we wrote, at a desk, with Monsieur Gandon looking over us. The nephew of this gentleman stood with his back to us, at the other end of the room, forty feet off, and without his uncle's turning towards him or speaking a word, *read what we wrote.* We tried it with words, and arithmetical figures, and with chance-opened passages of books on the table. We tried it with a wall between. All that one saw, the other instantly read. There is to be a public exhibition of this unexplained phenomenon, and no person of ordinary curiosity, will fail to go and see its experiments. M. Gandon has been a sub-officer of the French army, and his nephew is an interesting looking lad of seventeen. Blindness would literally be no deprivation of sight to this boy—he sees with the eyes of another, as with his own. Were we blind, we should lose no time in trying whether this seeing by proxy is not one of Nature's cultivable secrets. It holds out a hope to damaged eyesight, as it is. Fancy the luxury to an Editor of hiring another pair of eyes to do his reading in the next room—news entering his brain without giving his own eyes or ears the least trouble! We saw these waking clairvoyants but for a few minutes, and we had no opportunity to inquire how far the sympathy between them extended. If they each know what enters the other's brain by the eye, they probably each know, also, what the other thinks and feels. To discover the secrets of this magnetic oneness, and to be able to establish it between any two people, would materially change the condition of the world. In California, where women are scarce, one man's being loved might make another man happy. It would reduce Jenny Lind's tickets to half price, as one man might go in and hear her, and another stand outside and enjoy it. The world, of course, would be less selfish, and there would be no more certainty for secrets. Spirit-intercourse would prevail—in fact, minds coming together without obstructions of flesh and blood, and without aid of words or eyesight. But the speculations on this possibility are endless. We would call attention to the fact, only, that the two first who thus see and feel like one, are not of opposite sexes. Whether Nature does not intend that man and woman should thus live together without a secret, or whether this is an accident of magnetism that might as easily have happened between uncle and niece, we can only conjecture. We are sorry that Doctor Mitchell is not alive to apply a scientific analysis to the mystery.—*Home Journal.*

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