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NEWNESS, THE SOUL OF CHRISTIANITY.

Home-Talk by J. H. N., Nov. 12., 1858.

IT is astonishing to me that persons who read the New Testament and profess to be Christians, can imagine that it is possible for the spirit of Christ to be in sympathy and co-operation with the routine processes of the churches—the Catholic church, for instance, or any of the other established sects that go their regular round of practice and ceremony, without an original idea, or original action, from age to age. The whole drama of his life, and the whole development of his spirit in his own person, and in the Primitive Church, is constantly original. *Newness* is the very element of it, from beginning to end. You may say that he disclaimed this character in that saying—"Think not that I am come to destroy the law and the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill;" but the simple truth is, that in that very affirmation he proposed a new thing. It was an entirely new thing to bring about the *fulfillment* of the law and the prophets. It was no less an innovation than Perfectionism. Salvation from sin was proposed in that affirmation. The meaning of it was, 'I am not going to destroy principles and rules of righteousness that you have held, but have not *kept*—I am going to teach an entirely new application of them, and to introduce the means of fulfilling them.' Starting from the text, he goes on immediately to give a new view of the law and the prophets, perfectly astonishing to the old fogies of those days, and winds up with the demand that they should be *perfect*.

His course of action in establishing himself as a leader, calling his disciples, and founding a school, was entirely novel and diverse from the old-fashioned institutions then existing. And through the whole course of the Primitive Church, a new kingdom was being born: new life was fashioning to itself new forms: Judaism was being purged out, and a new body organized. It was a revolutionary process, from the day of Pentecost to the Second Coming; and there the story ends, so far as Christ and the apostles are concerned.

You may say that they only acted on this principle of change during that transition time, and that we cannot tell how they would have acted in subsequent generations, when things became settled. It strikes me that the world is not settled yet—that there is, according to accounts from all parts, plenty of reason still for reformations and up-heavings and down-pullings in Christendom and heathendom. I do not see any stopping-place yet, where the world can settle down into a regular steady routine. But aside from this superficial argument in the case, it is very plain to me that the novelty, originality, and revolutionary activity, that you see in Christ and the apostles and the Primitive Church, was not a thing relative to their circumstances and surroundings and the time in which they lived; but it was an absolute thing, the essence of which is infinite strength—the might of the living God. That is, it was a *power of growth*, that must vent itself in newness as surely as a growing plant will put forth its leaves. The spirit they had was in its very nature a renewing, that is to say, a *revolutionizing* element. So that without going into any close inquiry as to the logical merits of the controversy between the Catholics and Protestants, any one who understands the nature of that original force which manifested itself in Christ and the apostles, will say that they must be more in sympathy now with the Protestants than the Catholics, on account of the very thing which the Catholics put forward as a ground for claiming reverence and respect, i. e., their antiquity. The newest and most active, growing element, is the one that will spiritually connect itself with Christ and the apostles; and the fact that the Catholic church is ancient, that it has a long line of unchanged experience, and can trace itself back just as it is to the Primitive Church, is good evidence that the spirit of the Primitive Church has not been in it. An original, growing power, after 1800 years would certainly have fashioned something that would not be any thing like its beginning.

The Protestant Reformation came forth in a spirit very much like that in which the Primitive Church came out, breaking up old things and introducing new. And there is strong *prima-facie* evidence that the true line of sympathy goes with that original, revolutionary life. Through all the subsequent career of Protestantism, it may be assumed that every new thing that has come forth, so long as it has been new, so long as the real original force has manifested itself, it has had the sympathy of Christ. Methodism, for instance, so long as it was an originality, had more or less of the divine life; and so of other secondary manifestations of Protestantism—in the beginning they had at least one mark of sympathy with Christ and the apostles—the spirit of newness.

Then finally the question must come, whether this process will go on forever; whether there will not come a time when revolution will cease. Is it necessary always to have new things breaking out? will not the spirit of Christ come into co-operation with a settled state of things at last? If it is an indolent spirit that asks that question, it may be answered very summarily: 'In the sense in which you want it, there never will be rest; the infinite life in Christ cannot abide the rest you want; it will be entirely impossible ever to attain a settled state of things such as will suit the lover of cider-mill routine.'

If the question is asked by one who is willing to enter into the heart of God's activity, and take his destiny with the infinite life that is in God's spirit, but who really wants to know whether that life will not at last find a calm and quiet channel, I should answer thus: It is wise to assume, to begin with, the opposite of the maxim that is laid down in most of our systems of logic, viz.: that *there is a presumption in favor of things as they are and have been*—that old established sentiments and old established institutions have the right to be assumed correct, and that the burden of proof is on the innovator. If you wish to go clear over to the safe side—the farther side of Jordan, where you can hope for rest—I should advise you to begin with assuming the reverse of that maxim. I believe in my soul that the presumption is all the other way—that it is *against* all established sentiments and established institutions. This is shown by the fact that past views and past institutions have come up in a world of sin—a fallen world—a world under the prince of darkness. The institutions that have come down to us by tradition from our fathers, have originated with men who were not qualified to lay eternal foundations. In view of this fact, there is a strong presumption that all the principles and institutions they have undertaken to settle, will be shaken in the day of judgment; and the burden of proof is on the other side, with the conservatives.

Right reason will at last raise the sweeping inference from the condition and character of the world, that the presumption is *against* all old established institutions and sentiments, and the burden of proof is not on the side of the innovators, but on that of the conservatives.

The presumption that existing sentiments and institutions are right and true, is founded on the assumption that past generations have been wise—it all turns on the *character* of the past. The fact that they exist, proves nothing; the presumption, if you raise any, must found itself on the character of the generations past. If you judge *them* to be wise, then there is a fair presumption in favor of things that exist; but if you have good reason to believe that they have been selfish and darkened, the presumption is the other way.

By thus reversing the maxim of the world, that the presumption is in favor of things which exist, we have cleared the ground for fairly accepting what is preached in Scripture. He that made heaven and earth, said, "Behold I make all things new." "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." And we need not doubt that when this revolution is fairly achieved, and all things are made new—when the new heavens and new earth are finished—there will be rest, and a settled state of things. But it will be a settled state of originality, novelty, untrammeled life. And the old fogy conservative, who wants to draw back and settle down upon dormancy, will find no comfort at all in that new world. There is nothing there that at all corresponds with his imagination of a good life.

Robinson, the father of the Puritans, did not assent to the popular doctrine that the presumption is against the new. In his address to the pilgrims, he bewails their having stopped in their religious progress; "for," says he, "it is not possible that the Christian world has so lately come up out of anti-christian darkness, and has so soon attained the whole truth at once." Looking back at the darkness of the past, he presumes that novelties are to be the order of the day, and enjoins them to be ready to receive novelties. We may extend that argument a great way back, not only in relation to the anti-christian darkness of the middle ages, but the entire darkness of the world from Adam; and it furnishes ground for a very sweeping inference. It cannot be possible that the sentiments and moralities which have come to us through the besotted darkness which past generations have been in, can be good. An entire revolution must come when man passes from selfishness to salvation. A true judgment of the past will require us to take this attitude: Whatever is old is to be presumed wrong and temporary, and to be supplanted; and if any thing claims to be permanent, and an exception to this rule, it must not claim it on the ground that the presumption is in its favor because it is *old* and reaches back into the past, for that is all against it; but it must claim exception on the ground that it can prove itself *truthful;* and then, as fair men, we will be ready to receive it. I do not except even the *Bible* from that principle. I think the Bible on the whole *is* an exception to the rule that old things are wrong: it will hold on to its power in the world; but not because it is old. The fact that it existed in, and has come down to us from past generations, is so far against it. But in the teeth of the presumption against it from its antiquity, it will demonstrate itself to be a sound book; and that will be its beauty and its glory. It will ask no favors for its antiquity. We will throw the Bible, and marriage, and the Sabbath, and death, all together, and say, Here are old things, and so far as that is concerned, the presumption is all against them; now try and see which will demonstrate itself to be good on rational grounds.

A practical bearing of this principle may be exhibited thus: Here is a set of old things, and a set of new; you have not examined them, and do not know any thing about them; now which way should your friendly feelings naturally preponderate? According to our principle, it is rational that you should have a presumptive feeling of friendship toward the new, and some chilliness toward the old. Then with those feelings, you should go to work and examine both. You will, however, expect quite confidently before examining, to find the old things all wrong, and the new things at least better than the old.

LITERARY NARCOTICS.

MY early tastes and inclinations, unmodified by our earnest religion, would have brought me into much sympathy with the class hit by Prof. Huxley's late criticism. It requires no effort now to believe that that criticism, though severe, is most just. We all know what is the mental condition induced by incessant, habitual novel-reading. Listlessness, dreaminess, and indisposition to any useful, vigorous exertion. Persons addicted to this habit, seem to have partaken of a kind of intellectual opium. They live in alternate states of high-wrought excitement and desperate lassitude. A truthful estimate of life and its highest purposes is scarcely attainable, while the mind is drugged and benumbed by literary narcotics. If such is the effect produced on the readers of much of the literary fiction going, what must be the mental state of the manufacturers of these poisons? The lives of some of the greatest literary artists tell us plainly whence they derived their most potent inspirations. Opium, gin, brandy, tobacco, coffee, and stimulants of like nature stand at their elbow as they write. Their most brilliant flashes of imagination spring from such fires as these. There are doubtless many exceptions to this intimate connection between great literary artists and these gross stimulants. Yet it may almost be taken as a rule, to expect that the more intoxicating be the book, the more intoxicated is the writer. De Quincey, Byron, Burns, and Poe, are notable examples.

It seems to me that the great condemnation of mere literary art, and indeed of art of any kind insubordinate to religion and science, is, that it is an enemy to earnestness. It is very absorbing, but with superficial things. It cultivates the sense of beauty to the keenest point; but it is sensual beauty, irrespective of righteousness. With this keen appreciation of artistic beauty, one could live all his days in a dream. The real issues of life, the knowledge of God and his kingdom, would go unheeded unless some sharp affliction, old age or death had power to break the illusion. Better to be like John the Baptist, a dweller in the wilderness, clothed in sackcloth and leathern girdle, and feeding on locusts and wild honey, with his deep, clear-sighted earnestness, than to float through life wrapt in the most delightful of artistic dreams.

A LONDON LAW-OFFICE.

XX.

TIME passed pleasantly and profitably under Vellum's tuition; for he had an abundance of anecdote, and was fond of discussing knotty points of law. I thus gained a more intimate acquaintance with some subjects than I could have acquired in any other way, except by close study. I was asked to take up a conveyancing matter one day, in which one of Vellum's discussions served me a good turn.

It seems to have been my luck all through life, that whatever line of business I was placed in, circumstances combined to raise me to a position far beyond my actual merits. If I had followed the legal profession, this would have been of advantage to me in business, for clients are ever ready to place confidence in lawyers who have a character for being smart, no matter how stupid they may be. But I have long since seen the positive disadvantage of such a peculiarity to any person whose desire is to cultivate mainly the spiritual side of his character; and I now look with suspicion and caution upon the same streak of luck which still seems to follow me. Many circumstances had conspired in the office to give me what, for an articled-clerk, may be considered a leading position, in some branches; and now a circumstance arose which gave me a position in conveyancing, only little inferior to any of the managing clerks.

I had just finished reading the biography of Bickersteth, a celebrated English divine who studied law and left it to join the ministry. He had been the articled-clerk of a lawyer named Bleasdale; and as he afterwards became a very celebrated man, and had a nephew who was Bishop, and a brother a Vice Chancellor, I was specially interested in his history. While investigating a title in the conveyancing matter which I have mentioned, I fell in with an old deed which had been prepared in Bleasdale's office, the execution of which had been attested by Bleasdale and his clerk Bickersteth. This of course attracted my attention and interest, so that I examined the instrument thoroughly, as an antiquary would a relic. The result was that I discovered something in the deed that struck me as being irregular; but I should not have noticed it, or have been familiar enough with the subject to have detected it, had I not a few hours previously discussed the point with my old friend Vellum. Here was a deed that had within the past twenty years been examined by three public Companies—two of them Railroad Companies, in the purchase of their rights of way—and it remained for me, who knew less than any of them, thus to discover a serious flaw in the title. The lawyers raised quite a stir about it, and several fees. The owner of the estate was alarmed, and so were the Companies who had purchased from him; but everything was at length set straight, and I was always after considered reliable, and somewhat of a conveyancer, realizing, as I have had occasion to many times before and since, that "'tis better to be born lucky than rich." Other circumstances occurred just at this

time which also served to give me prestige in the office; but the fact that I took no advantage of them to push myself forward, may be sufficient proof to my friends that I was not so smart as they gave me credit for.

One of the clients who had placed his affairs in the hands of Brown, Jones and Robinson, was an old nobleman who was very heavily in debt, but whose estates were entailed upon his son in the manner described in my last paper. The creditors had taken possession of the rents of the estate during his life-time and allowed him sufficient to live on, but when he died they were obliged to deliver up everything, free of all claim, to the son, upon whom it was entailed: there was however, some personal property which the creditors claimed and sold, or ordered to be sold for their benefit. Among this were some pictures and a quantity of old clothes, beside other things, of so litte value that an auction was thought unnecessary, and they were left in our hands to dispose of. Being at the time much interested in ragged schools, I appreciated the chance of getting old clothes for the boys; so I bought the lot and had them sent to my chambers. A few weeks later, a messenger came one evening to me in haste, inquiring if I still had the pictures in my possession and what I would take for them? There were six paintings in all, and they were heir-looms, a circumstance of which the creditors when they sold them were unaware; and as the heir insisted upon having them returned, they were bound to replace them, no matter what the cost might be. Fortunately I had not parted with any of the pictures, so was enabled to return them to my firm at the same price for which I had purchased. This of course, was no more than any gentleman would have done, and I could do no other; but luck seemed determined to make capital for me, if not in cash, at least, in other forms.

A phonographic reporter, named Williams, who was engaged in the office, and whose business it was to attend consultations and meetings of companies in which the firm was interested, got drunk one day and lost his papers. He was a very smart fellow, but was democratic in his notions. He was very violent against the aristocracy, and against every one else that he considered above his own level; for this reason, too, he was a violent atheist, and to me, always seemed a degraded and disgusting man; but he was a great chess-player, and this accomplishment enabled him to retain a position which he would otherwise have forfeited. In fact, he was sought after, in all grades of society, by men who enjoyed a game of chess more as a science than as a mere pastime. But he was intemperate, and by inebriate habits he gradually forfeited all his friends, and at length, his situation. He had been discharged about a week, when one afternoon, as I was leaving the office, I saw him walking up and down in front of the building. Not caring either to meet the man or to be seen in conversation with him, I loitered a moment in the hall; and just then Brown, the head of the firm, drove up in his Brougham. Williams sprang at him, and striking him on the head with a stick, knocked him down; and was in the act of striking again when I happened to meet him so exactly in the door-way that when my hand grasped his throat I had the advantage of pressing him against one side while I was able to brace myself against the other. It might be, that in the excitement I squeezed the man tighter than I wished to; but I have often wondered since that he did not whip me, for he was well able to do so, being a boxer and an athlete, and much longer in the reach than I was; but for some reason or other, he seemed perfectly stupid, scarcely attempting to defend himself, and when a policeman came and took him into custody, he walked off without saying a word, so that I felt rather ashamed of the part I had taken in the matter; in fact it was quite a relief to my conscience to find the old lawyer with a tolerable sized bunch on his head where the miscreant had struck him. The next morning I had to appear as the principal witness against Williams at Bow-street police court, and he was sentenced to imprisonment for six months.

Brown was bold as a lion in a fight of words. No lawyer in London enjoyed the excitement of a legal contest more than he; but when it came to such knock-down arguments as Williams addressed to him, Brown felt like "backing out"; he was nervous lest that reckless and violent man should cherish revenge against him, and on his release from prison should undertake again to plead his own cause in a manner more serious to Brown's personal safety. Being behind the scenes in this matter, I was cognizant of the influences that were at work, and was amused at the subsequent circumstances which followed the lawyer's line of policy. Those circumstances also explained to my entire satisfaction that Williams' non-resistance at the time of his arrest was due, not so much to my own strong arm as to the paralyzing effect of a guilty conscience upon a mind not as yet wholly abandoned to iniquity. Brown visited Williams in prison, and affecting to sympathize with him, promised to use his influence to obtain his release provided he would leave the country. To this he gladly acceded; but having no means wherewith to defray traveling expenses, Brown agreed to supply them; and soon after Williams found himself on board ship with his wife and child, all comfortably provided for, with a good outfit and money in his pockets. Brown went on board ship, apparently solicitous for their welfare, but in reality to see for himself that the bargain was kept on both sides.

At the last moment Williams fairly broke down. That the man whom he had been accustomed to look upon as a cold, selfish, grasping lawyer, and who in his leveling mode of thinking he had always regarded with the utmost contempt, should now turn out to be his best and only friend, was a reflection that melted his heart, and bursting into tears he requested Brown to give him a private interview, in which he disclosed to him a plot that was on foot to rob him of papers that would, if successful, probably effect the ruin of his firm.

Engaged in the office, as a copying clerk, was a tall handsome Spaniard who called himself Don Fero. Although holding such a subordinate position, it was understood that he was there more for the sake of attaining a thorough proficiency in writing and reading English than from pecuniary necessity; and as he was a man of most gentlemanly address and dignified bearing, his society was considered an acquisition by every one in the office. We all knew he was a military man and a personal friend of Don Carlos, and some of us supposed, what afterwards turned out to be true, that he was a Spanish nobleman in disguise, an exiled Carlist, Don Fero being an assumed name. He was the most finished gentleman and accomplished liar that I have ever met, and would hold his listeners spell-bound while he related the most thrilling incidents about the most common-place things that had not a shadow of existence in fact; and no man could affect a more offended dignity if the slightest doubt was thrown upon what he knew to be a fabrication. But this peculiar trait only tended to make him the more amusing; so Don Fero was a general favorite.

The strong room of the office, the door of which opened into the bill clerk's office on the basement floor, was a vaulted fire-proof room with massive iron doors, and contained probably, a ton or more of title deeds and other valuable papers. There was no difficulty in any of the clerks gaining access to this room, for papers contained in it were in constant demand, and the door stood wide open all day. When the clerks worked over time, as many of them frequently did, the key was left in charge of the most responsible one among them, to be delivered to the watchman when they left the building.

Don Fero frequently worked over time, being entrusted with this key of the strong room; and the burden of Williams's communication to Brown was, that Don Fero had taken a cast of the key and made a false one by which he could unlock the door, and that they had a plan for abstracting a bundle of counterfeit bonds which would be found with the skeleton key in a certain drawer, in the office, of which Don Fero had the key. The bonds could have been placed on the market and the fraud would not have been discovered until the day arrived for payment of dividends.

On receiving this intelligence, Brown hastened back to his office. It would never do to let such a plot be made public, for clients would lose confidence in Brown as a careful and safe custodian of their papers; the matter was therefore hushed. Don Fero was summoned to the principal's room and there closeted with him for over half an hour, after which he took his hat and left the office forever; but only two people beside the firm knew the reason of the Spaniard's flight. I met him once since in Hyde Park, when he told me that he had been appointed to the Spanish legation at a salary of several thousand pounds; and when many years after I met Williams in a foreign city, he told me that Don Fero held an important political position in Mexico.

Williams was much surprised to see me and begged that I would say nothing to expose his antecedents, as he was holding a good office in which he was rapidly growing rich. He invited me to his house; but although I was amused at the incident of meeting this man again, I did not care to renew the acquaintance.

E.

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

MRS. STANTON, speaking in the *Independent* of the Stowe-Byron case, says:

We have looked in vain through the columns of your city journals for one word of the real sin that both Lord and Lady Byron committed—out of which came discord, falsehood, desertion, disgrace. From his letters to Tom Moore, and her uniform cool indifference to him, it is well known that he married her for money, she him for a title. Their marriage was the coalition of two ambitions, too near akin for generosity or sacrifice. It was spiritual incest, unfitting both alike for any pure and holy relation. The recoil sent one to drown sad memories in the Grecian war, the other to propitiate her crime in endless charities. * * * * Lessons of individual life are guides for generations—light-houses on the treacherous rocks where stately ships have foundered and gone down; and if the living can learn wisdom by the errors of the dead, it is not sacrilegious to unshroud them. The true relation of the sexes is the momentous question at this stage of our civilization, and Mrs. Stowe has galvanized the world to its consideration.

STIRPICULTURE.

The following is from an article in the *American Exchange and Review* on the "Social Application of Darwin's Theory:"

With the acceptance by scientific thinkers of the principles of structural transformation, upon which Mr. Darwin's theory is based, must needs come their recognition by men of unscientific education, and their application to individual life. No scientific thought, thoroughly established and wrought into the belief of the common people, can be without its influence upon their life. Men have as much need to apply the doctrine of Mr. Darwin to themselves as to their horses or cattle.

In truth passion and ignorance have too long held sway over the motives which prompt the best of us to assume the relation upon which our own as well as the happiness of our children depends. That ordinary mortals shall consider the future advancement of the race, in the selection of their wives, is rather more than our knowledge of human nature justifies us in hoping. Nor are we quite prepared to adopt the extreme materialistic view, and relinquish the institution of marriage in favor of a selected class whose sole duty it shall be to improve and elevate the type of the race. But in a general way we can suffer ourselves to be influenced in the choice of our wives by the knowledge that the mental and physical qualities we bring to the union must be blended and intermixed in the natures of our children; and the reflection that the habits of our life and thought, and the various conditions into which we are driven, or suffer ourselves to drift, have their immediate and necessary outgrowth in those natures, should produce some effect upon our own self conduct and control.

Imperfectly understood as is this whole class of subjects, from the highest principle of psycho-physiological transmission to the simplest law of hygiene, and rudimentary as our knowledge must for many years continue to be, we still know enough to avoid the thoughtless and ignorant multiplication of our species. Apart from the immediate evils with which, as the nation grows larger, we are beginning to be familiar, following the union of incapable, imperfect types of the race and the illegal and meretricious relations now so common, the impossibility

of continuing the species in any fixed condition—change for better or worse being an inherent necessity—is a sufficient reason for putting checks upon the unrestrained indulgence of passing fancies and regulating our lives by higher impulses than those of taste and inclination. So far from relieving us from the duty of self culture and control, the discovery that our race is but the mark of a step in the great progression of nature, binds us to the exercise of new obligations and more earnest effort. The heritage that has come to us through all the ages must not be dissipated in our hands.

The utmost fullness and completeness of our possibilities no man can picture. If from the lowest form of inorganic matter has sprung, through the slowly accumulating action of selection, the race that has maintained the experiences of each individual life, and by organizing the accumulations of all, discovered its own history and the laws of all life, what lofty intelligence may not have its germ hidden within the type of what is to-day nature's highest product? All that we have done is but the promise of what we may hereafter accomplish. No attainment, however magnificent, no discovery, however stupendous, can be the full measure of our capabilities. We stand to-day a link between the lower forms of life and those, more glorious than we, that may come after us. The highest result of all the forces of nature in us meet the blind force of inorganic matter and conscious sentient intellect and will.

THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1869.

TRUE AND FALSE SCIENCE.

TIMES have changed, since a hundred years ago. Swedenborg's interminable pseudo-scientific volumes dropped lifeless from the London press. Then a person thought twice before he purchased a huge volume which might prove trash. In our day the public journals, which contain so much that has become necessary to every one—cable news from Europe; the latest news from the seat of war, wherever it may be; or the freshest spectroscopic observations of the sun; the markets, the crops, in short the doings of the world—have become the ready vehicles for much writing in the guise of science, which needs close scrutiny before acceptance by any one who wishes to stand on facts alone. Two classes seek the public ear in the name of science; those who bring us honest reports of their travels in the realm of truth, and those who have never been there, but who put on the appearance of persons familiar with its laws, while they prosecute their own designs.

Every great step of science has been claimed by numbers of the latter class, who are inherently antagonistic to the Bible and the doctrines of immortality and spiritual life, to be a demonstration of the illusory nature of intuition and faith; as if the widening of our earth-knowledge trenched upon the illimitable regions of spiritual life.

Perhaps no modern discovery has been so eagerly seized upon by these persons, as that of the correlation of physical forces, started by Rumford in his experiments on heat, enunciated in distinct terms by Joulé and Mayer, and elaborated by Grove, Tyndall and Faraday.

The discovery that light, heat, electricity, magnetism and mechanical motion, are conditions of matter under the action of forces, that they are related to each other, and can be mutually converted each into the other, at once started the inquiry, What is the condition of matter under the influence of the forces which constitute the phenomenon which we call *life?* This question, as is well known to all who have followed its discussion in the scientific press, remains unanswered. The extreme activity which the agitation of the question communicated to that department of chemistry which endeavors to construct in the laboratory from dead materials, those substances called organic, which are only found in living bodies in nature, has, it is true, resulted in pushing back the boundaries of the unknown in the phenomena of life, but nothing more. Many substances formerly supposed to be the result of a peculiar force called vitality, have been produced in the laboratory from inert matter; and many operations in the body which were ascribed to the inscrutable workings of the life force, are now known to result from common chemical laws under the peculiar conditions existing in living bodies; but while these discoveries have progressed, new problems, covered in deeper obscurity, have arisen, not to speak of the wonderful facts in biology with which spiritualists are challenging scientific investigation. In fact new mysteries have multiplied faster than the solutions of previous ones, and the true philosopher humbles his pride before them.

The complexity of the subject, and the obscurity, to common readers, of the discussion, have enabled a school of theorists to come before the public with the assumption that life, thought, emotion, and all our intuitions and faith can be accounted for by the working of forces already known; that life is a collection of forces which ceases with the dissolution of the body; that the spiritual world is nothing. But not satisfied with their own *dictum*, they have attempted to claim as co-workers the scientific men who have brought the science of the correlation of forces to its present state. These real students appear to be irritated by the imputation. Prof. Huxley says he has defended himself for years against their claims to fellowship. Prof. Tyndall published some time ago, a refutation of the idea that we know all about life and its origin. More recently the eminent French chemist M. P. Dumas delivered before the Chemical Society of London, an address in commemoration of Faraday, from which as published in the *Chemical News*, we make the following interesting extract:

If the discoveries which we have witnessed during the last half century do not justify pride, they at least excuse it. But, to bring back man to our appreciation of truth, it suffices to tell him that—if he has become more expert in the art of observing, if he employs with more certainty the art of experimenting, if the logic proper to the sciences leads him more surely to the discovery of the laws of nature—he has not as yet advanced one step towards the knowledge of causes.

Let us consider, in particular, what he knows on the subject of the materials which his life sets in motion in its development, and the contrast will be striking.

If I question the physiologist, on the subject of these millions, or milliards, of compounds, misnamed organic, of which the chemist transforms, reproduces, creates at pleasure the species, he will reply to the three following questions;—Are these compounds living?—No! Have they lived?—No! Are they capable of living?—No!

If I ask the chemist himself if these compounds belong to mineral chemistry—to the chemistry of raw (brut) substances—he will reply, Yes!

Organized matter, not capable of being crystallized, but destructible by heat, the only matter which lives, or has ever lived—this matter, a subordinate agent of the vegetating power in plants, of the motion and sensation of animals, cannot be produced by chemistry; heat does not give birth to it; light continues to engender it under the influence of living bodies.

Let us not be disturbed by a quibble. The ancients admitted that nature alone produces organic matter, and that the art of the chemist is limited to transforming it. To-day we might, perhaps, even pretend that chemistry is powerful enough to replace, in all respects, the forces of life, and to imitate its processes; let us keep to the truth.

The ancients were mistaken when they confounded, under the name of *organic matter*, sugar and alcohol, which have never lived with the living tissue of plants or the flesh of animals. Sugar and alcohol have no more share of life than bone-earth, or salts contained in the various liquids. These remnants, or rubbish of life, placed amidst organic matter, are true mineral species, which must be brought back to, and retained amongst, "brut" bodies. Chemistry may produce them in the same sense that she manufactures sulphuric acid or soda, without for all that, having penetrated into the sanctuary of life.

This subject remains what it was—inaccessible, closed. Life is still the continuation of life; its origin is hidden from us as well as its end. We have never witnessed the beginning of life: we have never seen how it terminates.

The existing chemistry is, therefore, all-powerful in the circle of mineral nature, even when its processes are carried on in the heart of the tissues of plants or of animals, and at their expense; and she has advanced no further than the chemistry of the ancients, in the knowledge of life and in the exact study of living matter; like them she is ignorant of their mode of generation.

Where, then, is true organized matter, or matter susceptible of organization? What is its chemical constitution? What is its mode of production? What is its manner of growth?

Instead of myriads of species, one would feel disposed to recognize but eight or ten at most, if any one may be allowed to consider elementary types of organization as chemical species. Be this as it may, in the origin of beings which have life we see cells appear, and in the heart of their types we find cells for organic elements, and, still beyond these, germs of cells.

In these cells, or in the spaces between them, we observe inert products, aliments, excretion, substances stored up. It is the cells, it is the germs which proceed from life, which live, which engender life, and then die. The substances which are contained in, or which surround these organs, are subordinate accidents, products rejected by organization, or destined to its use, but distinct from life.

Every organized being is born of a germ; every plant from a seed; every animal from an egg. The physiologist has never seen the birth of a cell, excepting by the intervention or as the produce of a mother cell.

The chemist has never manufactured anything which, near or distant, was susceptible even of the appearance of life. Everything he has made in his laboratory belongs to "brut" matter; as soon as he approaches life and organization, he is disarmed.

Thus, for a century past, the empirical elements of matter have been recognized and separated; their combinations have been multiplied to infinity; physical forces have been brought back to common origin—motion—and one has been at pleasure changed into the other; and yet—

Is the intimate nature of matter known to us? No! Do we know the nature of the force which regulates the movement of the heavenly bodies and that of atoms? No! Do we know the nature of the principle of life? No!

Of what use, then, is science? What is the difference between the philosopher and the ignorant man?

In such questions the ignorant would fain believe they know everything; the philosopher is aware that he knows nothing. The ignorant do not hesitate to deny everything; the philosopher has the right and the courage to believe everything. He can point with his finger to the abyss which separates him from these great mysteries,—universal attraction which controls "brut" matter, life which is the source of organization and of thought. He is conscious that knowledge of this kind is yet remote from him, that it advances far beyond him and above him.

No, life neither begins nor ends on the earth; and if we were not convinced that Faraday does not rest wholly under a cold stone, if we did not believe that his intelligence is present here among us and sympathizes with us, and that his pure spirit contemplates us, we should not have assembled on this spot, you to honor his memory, I to pay him once more a sincere tribute of affection, of admiration and respect!

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—Through the courtesy of the State Librarian at Albany we have lately effected an exchange of our publications for some valuable public reports. The following is a copy of the list of books supplied by us: *The Perfectionist*, vols. 3 and 4; *The Free Church Circular*, vol. 3; *The Berean*, 1 vol.; *The Circular*, vols. 1 to 12, (folio series); *The Circular*, vols. 1 to 5 (new series); *First, Second and Third Annual Reports of the Oneida Association; Salvation from Sin; Male Continence; Hand-Book; The Trapper's Guide.*

—Some one having a turn for statistics, took it into his head to reckon up the number of pictures, good, bad and indifferent, that decorate the walls of our numerous bed-rooms and sitting-rooms—quite an undertaking surely—but he kept up his courage, and the feat was accomplished, giving an aggregate of 727 pieces (not to say master-pieces) of art, besides duplicates and others not framed. A medley so rich, he says, that he thinks if they could once be brought together for exhibition, the sight would be one to be remembered.

—Mr. Quinn, the enterprising master track-layer of this division of the N. Y. and O. M. Railroad, tells us that trains will be running between Oswego and Sydney Plains by the last of next month. The distance from Oswego to Sydney Plains is 123 miles, and Oneida Castle is about *half way* between those places. Three new passenger cars have already arrived at

Oneida. Telegraph offices will be opened along the line as soon as the depot buildings are completed. Coal from the Susquehanna (broad gauge) road, will be changed to cars on this line by running the loaded cars of the former on a trestle-work and dumping their contents into the cars of the "Midland."

Several narrow escapes from serious accident have lately occurred on the trestle-work across our meadows. Members of our family have from the first carefully avoided walking on this trestle, being aware of the danger from passing trains, but some of our neighbors seem to be less cautious. It is a very dangerous place to walk, and the public should be on their guard about it.

Making Mistakes.—There is a good old saying of David Crocket's, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead." It would seem that some, if not all of our young mechanics who are now coming on the field, are quite apt, in planning buildings and machinery to follow the latter half of the above advice and leave the being right part quite out of account, or at least consider it of minor importance. Some will say, "'Be sure you are right' is all well enough, but go ahead at any rate, and if you go wrong try again; if one way will not work, try another." This method will, if persistently adhered to, undoubtedly insure final success, although frequently at a cost of double or quadruple the time that it would, if the plan and specifications had been clear, and thoroughly understood at the start.

The one thing needed is good, careful thinking from the beginning, clear through every detail to the end. Some important part is often omitted in the specification, and the omission excused by the remark, "Why I thought *that* was understood." There is sometimes time enough spent in alterations and correcting mistakes to make a dozen good plans correct in every part. Nothing should be left to be "understood" if you wish your work done right the first time.

"*Be sure you are right;*" that is the first and most important part. In a great many cases it were better not to go ahead at all, than make a series of blunders for some one else to correct. Make your plan as complete as you know how; and then if it is of sufficient importance, involving considerable outlay for stock and labor, get some one to look it over and see if it is all right. The great tendency is to begin to execute before you have matured your plan, or at best, to plan for the beginning and trust to luck for the rest. True science first makes a perfect plan, or at least, as near perfection as possible, and then, and not till then, should art execute.

Our business is increasing, and we shall need the help of every one in planning new buildings and machinery of every description. Let us give no quarter to the spirit that expects a certain proportion of mistakes. With the resolution to be sure we are right before we go ahead, and relying on inspiration from heaven, we can hit the mark every time.

WILLOW-PLACE.

—The hop-house belonging to our neighbor Dubois took fire on the 13th, and burned to the ground, destroying 5,000 pounds of hops, the property of Mr. William Hamilton. Building and contents were insured. As soon as the alarm was given at the factory, all hands caught up pails and ran for the scene, where they rendered timely assistance in protecting the house and barn from the flames.

—An exciting scene occurred at our foundry bridge a few days since. Neighbor Wilson's cows were crossing the creek, when the bull, which walked ahead of them, suddenly turned and stopped the remainder of the herd in the middle of the bridge. The consequence was that one side of the bridge gave way and precipitated a number of the cows, together with the bull, into the creek; but after some excitement they were all got out without any serious damage.

Evening Meeting.—W. H. W.—When people get into bad experience, there seems to be a strong temptation to think that their circumstances are unfavorable; but if we want to get at the real root of the matter, we must go below our circumstances. Our warfare is with principalities and powers, not with our circumstances.

B.—If we were not in those particular circumstances, we might be in some other that would bring out the same trials.

W. H. W.—We know that God is arranging things to educate us in the very best way. Our outward circumstances are a kind of machinery that he uses to discipline us. Instead of looking around for change, the true way is to seek to know what God intends by it—find out the spiritual meaning. If we come out on that side we shall not have to go through the same experience again; but if we get out of it in an external way, we shall have to fight the battle some other time. We are exhorted to endure hardness as good soldiers. Good soldiers do not want to slip out of the fight till they have gained the victory. They face the battle and fight it out, accepting the issue.

WALLINGFORD.

—A company of twelve returned from the seashore, having spent two nights there. Most of them had never been there before, and consequently were full of enthusiasm.

—For two evenings at seven o'clock the whole family took part in examination. As every one has been very busy, with but little time to "read up," the examination was not very strict, but was turned into a pleasant informal affair. A question was read, and one and another called upon to answer or not as they could.

Evening Meeting.—During a conversation on different branches of study, J. H. N. remarked that the science of sciences is not to become fixed to any one thing so that we cannot readily turn to other subjects, but always be going from the outside inward. That is universology. It resolves itself into this: *keep in motion, and let your motion be in the right direction.* Life is motion. A speciality is cessation from motion. Enthusiasm is a good thing, but we want to keep that enthusiasm in such a chaste state, so self-centered and reserved, that it is always ready to turn to anything else. You are sure of a perfect education if you keep that principle of constant reserve of yourself, so that you are ready to turn your enthusiasm from one science to the other, and then find out the true order from the external to the internal.

I should extend the same principle to our businesses; i. e., not to get settled down to any business so that we cannot leave it to go on to something else with equal enthusiasm. That is the principle we followed in our bag-business and fruit-preserving. We must keep ourselves in such a state that we can leave our trap or silk or printing businesses—keep loose from every one of them, and be ready to go to something higher. We began with horticulture and selling cabbages. Then we took to manufactures—making traps and bags, then silk and printing. We have been all the time ascending, going into things that are more and more refined and require more genius and skill. That is ascending fellowship in business. We find this principle governs everywhere. It is for us to accommodate ourselves to it and enjoy the operation of it. In that way we shall have a perfect education. It is what I call universology.

W. P., Sept. 8th, 1869.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—The other day I took from its shelf the first volume of the "Great American Conflict," and turning to the preface read "Preliminary Egotism." That man, thought I, has got to the bottom of the matter; on one point at least, he is not self-deceived. The preface to a book has been called the pedestal on which the author mounts and makes his bow to the public—taking an opportunity to say something gracefully depreciative of his production; and the phrase alluded to above, seems to hit exactly one phase of the monster, *egotism.*

I wish I had the skill to delineate the beauty and attractiveness of human nature devoid of egotism. I get glimpses now and then of a life glorious and free; untarnished by the corrosions of self. Egotism is the lion in the way, which obstructs our progress in every kind of culture, and though sometimes great advancement is made in spite of it, it heavily weights every runner in the race of life. The egotistical man can never do any thing truly artistic, for his self-consciousness mars his every act. The unconscious are alone complete. Every Christian on the road to salvation comes sooner or later to experience an intense loathing of self, so that he would fain cry earnestly to God to be saved from egotism and the old life.

J.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Summerfield, Ill., Sept. 8, 1869.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE O. C.:—Whoever opens this letter first will notice a greenback of the denomination of $2.00. It is intended for the use of your family, as a small tribute to the worth of the CIRCULAR. I regret that I had not come under the instruction of your Society at an earlier period in life; still I am very far from complaining. It is never too late to learn. The embracing of the doctrines of the O. C., as expounded by the CIRCULAR, will greatly modify my life whether I ever come into closer relations with you or not.

Truly yours, E. F. T.

Port Huron, Mich., Sept. 8, 1869.

DEAR FRELNDS OF THE COMMUNITY:—If I were with you in person, instead of thought—could be where you could hear my voice were I to speak, you would quite naturally want to know some of my thoughts, or as it is frequently expressed, "How do you feel." Well, if I were to answer such an inquiry truthfully—which I must if at all—I should say, "miserable." The next question would be, Why? Because I am dissatisfied with every thing around me. And why? you may again ask. Because all is wrong. Every thing is confusion; no order, no system, no regularity, in anything with which man has to do; the world itself is a Babylon; not only a confusion of tongues, but a confusion of acts and ideas. Man talks with man, not to agree, but to disagree. This with a majority is pleasure, or rather, it seems to be, by the way they indulge in it. With me it is quite the reverse; I realize no happiness whatever in contention, and this is why I am dissatisfied with my situation. Wherever I go it is the same. I move from place to place with the hope that finally I may find congeniality in human shape; but alas! each effort meets with the same result; that of disappointment.

The only real solid happiness I ever enjoy, is when I think of *home*, as I call it at Oneida. There I know are the ones I love, the tried and true, and it is the confidence I have in you, as a people, living up to the highest light within, that gives me joy; and the thought lightens the burden as I travel on, and gives me courage to work. Work, not only to gain inheritance with the main body, but to fit myself so that I shall be acceptable as a just member of that body.

Ever since my first communication with you, I have felt far more than I could find words to express in regard to this God-given relation which binds us and brings us into unity with each other. From the first, I have loved the cause in which you have so many years been engaged. I firmly believe, and frankly acknowledge it to be the true and only mode of salvation from sin, and I wish to be counted as one of the builders after this plan.

Hoping that this message will be as acceptable to you as yours are to me each week.

Yours, W. H.

SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION.

The following extract is from *Appletons' Journal*, in which Eugene Benson replies to Prof. Huxley's lecture which we published last week.

Professor Huxley's incidental disparagement of literary studies affords very striking evidence that the function of the literary artist is not understood by our new educators, but is confounded with that of the race of pedants and professors who are the filters of the language and literature of the past.

Professor Huxley does well to resist the exclusive study of languages, but he does badly in his statement which admits of using the weight of his name against "men with the sense of beauty so keen, and the power of expression so cultivated," and, in proportion to the perfection of their art, and their indifference to all else, revolting because "devoid of moral belief or guidance."

We have to reply that special men are the instruments of civilization; they are tools in the service of humanity. Where there is call for the knife and science of the surgeon, we do not ask any questions about his morality or belief—we avail ourselves of his skill. The morality or immorality of a Malibran does not in the least affect the quality or the value of the pleasure we derive from her singing; the capacity of choosing between the "godlike and the devilish" does not in the least affect the pleasure we derive from Rachel personating Phèdre. Even Lamartine's questionable accuracy of statement does not affect his title as a literary artist, or destroy our pleasure in his flowing and harmonious language. So long as man has the sense of art, he will value expression for its own sake; and so long as he has the capacity to respond to the general and particular life of his race, he will honor the poet whose organ of language is not made to be put at the service of new truths, but to give pleasure—who has language at his need,

> "Now poured at once forth in a burning flow,
> Now piled up in a grand array of words."

Literature without the examples of great literary artists, simply as the servitor of science, and language as the organ of knowledge, would be without beauty—it would be simply intelligible. Therefore how indiscriminating and insensible to the higher and more enduring sources of pleasure in and sympathy for man with his fellow man, is the disparagement of men of mere literary culture, or of literary artists.

Were Lamartine, and De Musset, and Shelley, and Poe, "sensual caterwaulers?" If to have expressed themselves with rare felicity, with exquisite grace, with delightful abundance, with fine harmony, with matchless beauty of language, without having made a discovery or a new classification, but simply moved and pleased the finest and strongest sensibilities of men of their own and succeeding generations, was to make "sensual caterwaulings" that might "be almost mistaken for the music of the spheres," it is to be regretted that the Professor has not a less invidious and vulgarizing phrase for an inappreciable and inestimable pleasure of a civilized being—the pleasure given to us by a literary artist like Lamartine or De Quincey.

EDITORIAL REMARKS, "APPLETON'S JOURNAL."

In the article which we published last week on Scientific Education, Professor Huxley expressed his disgust, in telling terms, of the cultivators of mere literary expression. At this, one of our contributors waxes indignant, and defends them as *artists*.

The question raised is: What place should the study of literary expression hold in education?

Professor Huxley does not deny its importance, but he reprobates its present preëminence, and insists that, in the true order of mental unfolding, the cultivation of the sense of beauty should be the outgrowth of intellectual and moral training, which shall be scientific in its method and spirit. For the literature which is careless of its vital contents of thought, and careful only of the husk—a literature which terminates in rhetoric—he does not conceal his contempt.

Our critic takes point-blank issue with Mr. Huxley's position, and charges that he does not understand the question. He says: "Professor Huxley's incidental disparagement of literary studies affords a very striking evidence that the function of the literary artist is not understood by our new educators." He denies the alleged relation of art with either morality or knowledge, and says: "The morality or immorality of a Malibran does not in the least affect the quality or the value of the pleasure we derive from her singing;" and "even Lamartine's questionable accuracy of statement does not affect his title as a literary artist." Again: "So long as man has the sense of art, he will value expression for its own sake," and "will honor the poet whose organ of language is not made to be put to the service of new truths, but to give pleasure." This candid concession that the art of expression, which is at present the overshadowing and almost exclusive object of culture, is independent of both morality and truth, and has its end and excuse in the mere passing satisfaction which we get from the sense of beauty, is practically of such importance as to require further illustration.

The unfolding of the human faculties may proceed in two ways—by the method of *art* or the method of *science*. These methods are widely contrasted. Art pertains to action, science to thought. Art is of two kinds—useful art and fine art. The object of the useful arts is utility; of the fine arts, pleasure; while the object of science is truth. Art arrives at rules by blind, empirical processes; science proceeds by observation and reason to principles.

The present ascendency of art in culture is due to its precedence in the order of human unfolding. In the historic sequence art appears first, and rises to perfection before intellectual and moral development is well begun. Art has reigned triumphant for thirty centuries; science is but of yesterday, and is still suing for its rights. In sculpture, in architecture, in painting, and in the literature of both poetic and prose expression, as well as in that of oratorical display, art rose to a lofty attainment in the childhood of the race. It culminated while men were solely occupied with it; while the whole vigor of humanity was concentrated in this single direction. As delineations of the external aspects of Nature, the ancient arts of representation were of unsurpassed excellence. The old sculptors, painters, and poets, mirrored the outward lineaments of the world to perfection, but they were powerless to go further. Dealing solely with the superficies of things, they reproduced these with matchless fidelity, but never went beneath the surface. Principles, causes, laws, the reason of things, the working of the interior agencies of Nature and Life, the action of universal forces upon illimitable materials—in short, the deep and real explanation of the order of the world, these are matters which, in the early times, man could neither express, grasp, nor conceive. Of the earth around him, of the heavens above him, of the nature within him—of the past and of the future—men knew nothing but the simple appearances disclosed to sense. We thus see that an exalted perception of beauty, and consummate skill in its artistic reproduction, may consist with the grossest ignorance. Art was not a quickener of the intellect; it did not ripen into knowledge. On the contrary, in the very grandeur of its ideal accomplishment, there was an evil potency, for the ages were spell-bound by it. An enchanting world of representation had been created, by which men were charmed away from Nature, and beguiled with pleasurable contemplations, rather than roused to the vigorous and independent exertion of mental power.

But, if art had in it no pledge of man's intellectual redemption, neither was it an agency of moral renovation. It flourished in times of corruption, degradation, falsehood, and cruelty, and, so far from tending to purity, rectitude, or justice, it lent itself with equal facility to the work of political tyranny, on the one hand, and of ecclesiastical despotism, on the other. Whether working with stone, canvas, or papyrus, whether embodying the idle frivolities of the pagan mythology, or the crude absurdities of a corrupted Church, the service of art was the same—to celebrate and perpetuate the gross, the false, and the vicious. It was when the old civilizations had crumbled, and Europe was buried in the darkness of a new barbarism, when the minds of men were palsied with ignorance and given over to the foulest and most abominable superstitions, that art rose to a brilliant ascendency. Then were created those wonders of architectural beauty, the cathedrals of Europe, and then appeared those masters of painting and sculpture whose works are the admiration of the world.

The art-stage of human development was at length passed, and the transition to science became a new starting-point of humanity. It involved new aims of thought, new mental procedures, and a new morality in sharp and total contrast to the past mental experience of the world. The new aim was truth; the new processes, observation and induction; the new virtues, veracity, fidelity, and mental independence. Bacon was the first to perceive the full meaning of the scientific movement. He saw that in its very initiation it was a revolt against the domination and the effects of art. Men's minds were bound in the thraldom of words. The use of words had so long been cultivated as a matter of mere literary art, with no other object than pleasure, that words had come to be looked upon as ends instead of means—as realities instead of signs. Thought was enslaved to their forms and relations. Verbal explanations of things were accepted as real explanations; logic was but a dexterous jugglery with terms, and in the dialectics of the schoolmen the processes of the understanding were reduced to little else than mere childish quibbling.

Bacon smote this illusive worship of words with all the power of his genius, and forecasting the transcendent consequences of a better method, he called men back to Nature—to the observation and study of realities, as the conditions of a new dispensation of humanity. The question was now no longer what are the representations, but what are the facts; not what is said or how it is said, but what is seen and known, and proved to be true. To observe the thing directly for one's self, and put the result against the world's beliefs, became the imperative requirement. This grand principle of the supremacy of personal observation emancipated the human mind, called forth its noblest powers, and created modern knowledge. Science first revealed the order of the world, and demonstrated the reign of law throughout the universe. The noxious superstitions that had infested the human imagination for ages were cleared away. As the mysteries of being were slowly penetrated, and the heavens and the earth gave up their secrets, the past and the present began to be understood, the light of reason was thrown upon the future, and the kindling of better hopes for humanity gave new interest and value to existence. With knowledge came power, the forces of Nature were subjugated, and modern civilization began its course. All this mighty beneficence has been the result of substituting truth for pleasure, as the spiritual aim of humanity.

The first stage of scientific progress is past; it has conquered a recognition, and become a controlling influence in civilization. We are now entering upon the second stage, which is to make it likewise the controlling influence in culture. This is the inevitable sequel, the next and the necessary step in the course of human unfolding. The agency which in three centuries has effected the pacific conquest of the planet, and first brought humanity into true relations with the divine order of the universe, has sufficiently vindicated its claim to deal with the mental interests of mankind. The agency which has created modern knowledge is not forever to be treated as an alien and an interloper in institutions which should be devoted to the acquirement of knowledge. But the great obstacle to this important step is the same as it was to the first—the worship of words. The art-spirit still prevails in education. The old institutions, coerced by public sentiment, extend to science a reluctant hospitality in outside quarters termed "scientific schools," but the ideal of scholarship to which these institutions are themselves devoted is still literary excellence—perfection in the art of expression. The essential demand of the educational reformers is that culture shall become more serious and solid, and more in harmony with the better spirit of the age, by making truth and the realities of things the supreme aim of study, and by cultivating with more assiduity the mental virtues which this aim implies. Well, then, may Professor Huxley demand an inversion of the existing order. His impregnable ground is, that the first great end of education is intellectual, the storing the mind with the facts of actual knowledge. The second is moral, involving the formation of right mental habits, and the nobler purposes for which knowledge is to be used. These are fundamental prerequisites to the true appreciation of the beautiful and the harmonious, and they involve the priority of science and the subordination of art in education.

Our *litterateurs*, who generally know little of science, are fond of charging that it is a cold, remorseless destroyer of all that is ideal and refining, the foe of beauty, and the enemy of art. Nothing can be more false. Science is the interpreter of the order of the universe, and it has revealed more depths of beauty, more spheres of harmony, more ranges of sublimity, than poetic fancy had ever dreamed of before. But, as the beauty of nature springs from its inner order and is the efflorescence of fact and law, the highest appreciation of beauty is only possible through a comprehension of that truth of things in which beauty has its roots, and from which it draws its life. Better than any other the student of science understands that there can be no antagonism between the graceful and the true. The poet describes to us in impassioned language the loveliness of flowers; but would he not touch a still deeper chord of feeling by opening to us a glimpse of the subtle alchemy of their origin? Are we not kindled also by the disclosure of science, that the flower bursts into beauty through the reaction of a distant star upon the ethereal airs, which shroud our revolving planet?—that its brilliant tints are born of prismatic splendors, and its exquisite symmetry carved by the enginery of the solar system? The poet pleases us with his picture of the beauty of the glistening dew-drop, but is not the revelation of science also poetic, that the soul of the dew-drop is a flash of lightning?

So far from being unfriendly to the poetic imagination, science breathes into it a higher exaltation. Nothing is so prosaic and commonplace, so obscure and unvalued, that science cannot give it a glory by opening the secrets of its laws and affiliating it with the mighty whole. For the eye and ear of science, indeed, *all* is beautiful and melodious. From astronomic masses to microscopic molecules, from the sweep of stellar systems to the movements of the tiny world in a drop of fluid, the march of change is timed to the rhythm of eternal harmony, and the very universe is bedded in music.

With the literature of the past, in itself, science has no quarrel. It contains imperishable monuments of genius, which will work their spell upon the human spirit through the coming ages. But it was born of the limitations and imperfections of the past; it reflects the periods of ignorance and mystery, and has lost its claim as the supreme instrument of educational guidance. A literature divorced from real knowledge, vacant of all noble or truthful aims, which is content to use "words with no more recondite purpose than Pan blowing through his reedy pipe from the river-bed for the sole pleasure of its sound," is no longer wanted. The revolution in the processes of the human mind which has given

us a new civilization, will give us also a new literature. A literature is coming forth, the daughter of truth and light, which shall embody in suitable forms of expression those enlarged conceptions, those broader reaches of thought, with which science is gradually making the world familiar. The past literature of art has been busy with the works of man; the literature of science will be occupied with the works of God. It will be an all-harmonizing agency, covering, on the one hand, the field of practical life, and opening, on the other, into the sphere of æsthetic feeling, and rising through the pervading order to a purer and a truer experience of religious emotion.

To the true students of science this is no vision of idle fancy, but an assured reality; for they know that the grand scheme is working on to these high results. What wonder, then, if they grow impatient with a literature which ends in rhetorical word-stringing, which breeds the *dilettanti* of fine writing—the elegant triflers who register their passing moods as inspirations for an admiring world? Well may they protest against the educational ascendency of a literature which, caring nothing for knowledge, and rooted no deeper than the mere arts of expression, avows its object to be merely to beguile, to amuse, and to "make us forget." They protest against a literature whose contents of thought are born of the wayward imagination, unchastened by the wholesome discipline of reason and fact. Indifferent to truth, indifferent to right, congenial with the dainty dissipation of a vacant and purposeless life, such a literature has no security against mental extravagance, and naturally flowers out in that flimsy and gaudy expression, that turbid and tawdry sensational writing, with which the age is so grievously afflicted. The educational reformers demand an inversion of the present order, by which this system shall be thrust from its supremacy, and replaced by the robust and sinewy culture of solid attainment which shall fit the men of the age for the responsible work that is before them.

SUCCEEDING CONVERSATION IN OUR EVENING MEETING.

T.—Benson in his reply to Prof. Huxley starts from what we should call a false position; he assumes that the moral character of a musician, a painter or a literary artist makes no difference in the effect of the performance upon the auditor, beholder, or reader. He instances the singing of a Malibran, and says that her moral character makes no sort of difference with our appreciation of her singing. I should reply to this, that it does make a great difference; that a man's works or performances of any kind, convey something of his spirit; and that an acute spiritual person in listening to an artistic performance by a morally or spiritually depraved actor, would have his sensibilities offended, and the result would be unsatisfactory.

Something of the same effect is produced by artistic writing; the spirit of the author is felt either for good or evil. But suppose we admit for the time being, that a person's spirit has nothing to do with the pleasure his performance affords, another argument occurs to me which seems sufficient of itself to destroy Benson's position. Persons who administer to our artistic sensibilities by singing, painting or literary effort, cannot please the artistic sense without gaining our approbation; and by giving approbation, people suffer its objects to gain a certain influence over them, so that on another occasion the artists will find it still easier to please. When sufficient influence has thus been gained they have power, although many never use it, to lead their audiences away from strict artistic effect into moral iniquity; and if they are themselves bad men, they may acquire such influence over their admirers as to completely envelope them in their own moral iniquity. Once entertained by a bad man, once reading the writings of a licentious author, might not be attended with serious result; but an influence would gradually spread with the admiration of such public men.

We have a right to take strong grounds against this sorcery that comes with the mere literary finish that Huxley calls "sensual caterwauling." It is worse than "sensual caterwauling;" in its effect and spirit, it is a kind of incantation. I don't think that any thing good will be lost by our taking the strongest ground on this subject; for science and love of the truth will bring all the beauty and art we can ask for.

Benson appeals, with the the utmost effrontery, to our love of artistic effect, and takes it for granted that it is the ultimate end of our existence, to have our sense of beauty or taste gratified. Such an hypothesis may be granted by mere pleasure-seekers; and if there were no eternity, no soul to be saved, perhaps it would be as good an ambition as we could form, to see how much enjoyment we could obtain from every kind of artistic performance, regardless of the direction in which it leads. But Mr. Benson's argument is altogether incompatible with the great question of salvation, and nothing is more palpable than the folly of a man who takes his position

H.—Benson's statement, that the value of art is entirely independent of moral character, clearly indicates that he has very little sense of the beauty of truth and the purity of righteousness. It helps me to judge of the characters of such literary men by a new light. I ask myself, What is the object of art and literary effect? Is it to please? Then what is the object in pleasing? It is really, to bring about communication of spirit. If a person pleases, you turn and give him your heart. The legitimate object of art is, to make a pleasing impression and to play upon the feelings in a way to bring about this interchange of spirit. So that getting a singer, or other artist to perform before you, without any reference to the moral character of the performer, is very degrading. It is spiritual prostitution.

The moral view seems to be, that no one has a right to please or to make use of æsthetic expression with that intent, if he is a bad man. A person who has a contagious physical disease has no right to place himself in communication with other people in a way to spread the contagion; so people who have a moral disease in their system have no right to make use of their art of pleasing as a means of spreading their contagion. Unless a person has a good spirit he has no right to please; in so doing he interferes with God's work.

E.—Prof. Huxley's criticism of the false position of artists seems to be preliminary to the closer union of science and religion.

T.—Benson is unfortunate in his choice of artists. He speaks of De Quincey and Poe as two literary artists whose excellence in pleasing stands entirely separate from their moral character. The best productions of both these writers were written under artificial stimulants. De Quincey was an opium eater, and Poe was a drunkard. Both of them were probably as much besotted with the spirit of pleasure-seeking as any one who ever lived.

H.—The value of Prof. Huxley's lecture is, that it strikes at the pleasure-seeking kind of education. But we see that it will not suit us to stop where Huxley does: our ideas of culture extend beyond. We have higher ideas of culture than that. The question with us is, What constitutes a true gentleman or lady? We know well enough that the outward politeness and accomplishments that can be maintained in society do not necessarily make a true gentleman. Take such a man as Aaron Burr, and we see that his ability to please only made him a more dangerous man, and he became a great seducer.

The ambition for us to cultivate is, that we may be true gentlemen and ladies in God's sense of the word; that is, that we may have the highest kind of culture. An education founded on truth will bring in beauty and art and every thing that is useful and pleasing. I do not find fault with the culture of expression; I wish to see it assume its true place.

MANDRAKE HUNTING.

THE mandrake, with its broad smooth twin leaves with indented edges, large white single blossom, yellow fruit and rapid growth, is one of the most unique and tropical-looking plants of our climate. Mr. Grey in his short botanical description of the plant, says that "the fruit is sought after by pigs and boys." It is propagated mostly by means of the root, and the fruit is somewhat rare; probably this latter circumstance is one of the reasons why "pigs and boys" value it so highly. Truth compels me blushingly to confess that the pleasant acid pulp is very agreeable to me, although I do not belong to either of the classes above mentioned.

It was this abnormal taste, together with a desire to secure some seeds of the plant, that induced me to take a walk about the middle of August, up the line of the Midland Railroad. I knew from having traversed the ground in the spring that there was a promise of fruit in that direction. This railroad running up the valley of the Oneida Creek in a southerly direction, has opened a new and pleasant walk for pedestrians. The valley appears to be out of all proportion to the size of the stream that runs through it. It is an opening between the hills southward from the great sixty-nine mile level that occupies the center of the state. The low ground appears to be a mile and a half wide, and the hills rise gradually on each side for a long distance until they attain a very considerable height. The comparatively small stream seems almost to lose itself in threading its way through the great depression, for the distance of about eight miles. But the most peculiar feature is that the mouth of the valley is nearly choked up with sand-banks. These banks of the finest of yellow, fertile, sandy soil, extend two miles across from the west side of the outlet, apparently crowding the creek close up to its eastern bank, so that the low part through which the stream finally escapes is not more than fifteen rods wide. The soil is a stiff clay, with sand deposited on the top of it, which seems to confirm the established geological theory that the sixty-nine mile level was once a great lake, and suggests the idea that this sand was a kind of beach or bar stretching across the mouth of what was once an inlet or bay extending southward over the tract now occupied by the valley. Whatever may have been the origin of these banks, they have served an interesting purpose in these modern times by providing a course for the new railroad which passes through the Community domain and thence along the eastern hills of the valley.

The chief difficulties met by the railroad are the numerous deep gorges formed in the red clay, or slaty soil, by small streams that flow down the rapid descent into the valley. Some of these gorges are as much as sixty feet deep, and require culverts more than a dozen rods long to furnish passages for the waters that flow beneath the broad-based embankments. These gorges are cool and pleasant places to get into on a hot August day, provided you can climb down the almost perpendicular sides in safety. The forest trees here are generally safe from the woodman's ax, and aided by the steep banks to which they cling, produce an everlasting twilight. The coolness is enhanced by the numerous springs that trickle from the steep sides. A pleasant breeze usually draws down through these gorges, doubtless caused by the tendency of the cooler air to seek a lower level. The springs that flow out of the slate ledges appear to be heavily charged with lime. As soon as the water comes to the air, a portion of the lime is deposited in the form of a spongy limestone. In course of time this deposit becomes so thick and heavy that it tumbles from the face of the slate ledge in irregular masses. Some of the stone fences along the road are made of this material.

I had reason to suspect that pigs and boys had the start of me in looking for mandrakes; for after the most diligent search in places where, in the spring they had promised to be very abundant, I found only twenty-seven all told. However, that was enough, for I had among them two or three glorious big yellow ones, which were just what I wanted for seed.

Having a couple of hours or more, still to spend, I thought I would be enterprising and push on up the hill eastward through the woods. I found a lot on the other side of the wood that had lately been "cut over," where there was an abundance of gooseberries. It is true that these prickly wild gooseberries are not very desirable eating; but then it is a rare thing to find them so abundant, and they will pass pretty well with any one whose appetite has

not been spoiled by eating too many good things.

After securing all that I wanted in my mandrake basket, I thought I would visit on my way home a certain pine grove that lies down in the middle of the valley. I found a plentiful sprinkling of oaks among the pine trees. I also found some vines of the running blackberry, and a few whortleberries or blueberry bushes, all of which appeared to be strangers in these parts, but they were old friends none the less welcome. The two pine groves in this neighborhood, and other unique varieties of vegetation connected with them, suggest the idea that another flora not yet wholy extinct, covered the whole country here-abouts not long since. But the crowning discovery that I made, was the little twin flower, a plant that I had never seen before. The time of its blossoming was past, but there remained a few of the pretty pink bells to prove that I had found a novelty. The plant was a small, running, matted vine not unlike the oneberry, but smaller. I immediately secured some of it for my garden.

Notwithstanding the strange vegetation that I found in this place, the soil was the same stiff, red clay that prevailed all through the valley. I thought as I walked homewards, what a manifest Providence had attended the location of the Community, particularly in respect to its soil. We have first, the fine, dark alluvial soil that is usually overflowed by the creek; then a few feet above it, back from the stream, a level, with a moderately stiff soil, of considerable extent; then the fine moulding sand of the west hills and of the sand-soil plateau on which the house is built; and finally, there is the black muck of the now cleared and drained cedar and pine swamp.

Surely, five different qualities of soil ought to constitute within themselves the elements of agricultural and horticultural prosperity. This valley is so sheltered, too, that its climate is warmer than the hills on either side, or the vast plain on the north.

It is worthy of notice that Chittenango, Canastota, Oneida and Utica, all of them flourishing business places, are situated near the outlet of valleys that open from the hilly country on the south, into the level north of them, which constitutes the great highway of communication between the east and the west. It follows then that the O. C. with its varied soil, comparatively genial climate, numerous water privileges and easy communication by railroad in every direction, is situated in one of those business centers where cities naturally thrive and grow without an effort.

With a renewed feeling of thankfulness for the good Providence that had linked my destiny with the O. C., I again sought the shelter of its ever friendly roof.

PHENOMENA OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

With the discovery of the solar spectrum, the improved apparatus for observing and recording magnetic and electric disturbances, and the determination of the character of auroral lights, many phenomena, once inexplicable by any but the wildest and most baseless theories, have come to be distinctly understood, and, in view of their having occurred at regular intervals, their recurrence can be foretold with almost positive accuracy. The sun was once supposed to be fixed in its position; but science has demonstrated that it has a wonderfully rapid motion, in an orbit through which it carries all the planets and their satellites, composing this our solar system. The sun has been described as a body of great density, glowing with intense heat, but science has discovered that its density is but little greater than water; and the solar spectrum, the most invaluable of all recent discoveries, has shown that it is surrounded with an atmosphere of burning hydrogen, while powerful telescopes, assisted by photography, show us that this combustion is so violent as to send forth lambent flames thousands of miles in length. These facts being known, may be regarded as progressive steps toward the explanation of the nature of the spots upon the sun, and their effect upon the earth; and here light is rapidly dawning, since it has been observed that the appearance of great spots on the sun is always coincident with magnetic storms, auroral displays, and general electric disturbances upon the earth. On the 1st of September, 1859, astronomers at Oxford and at London simultaneously observed intensely bright spots upon the sun, traveling at the rate of at least seven thousand miles a minute. At the same time the register at Kew indicated a great magnetic storm; and it was afterwards ascertained that all over the world there were great magnetic and electric disturbances. In Norway, telegraphic machinery was set on fire, and the pen of Bain's telegraph was followed by a flame. During the night splendid auroral displays were visible in both hemispheres. Repeated observations have now fully established the connection between these solar phenomena and the magnetic disturbances upon the earth. Now the appearance of large and numerous spots upon the sun has been observed to recur regularly every eleven years, and the prevalence of great magnetic storms upon the earth has also been observed to follow the same law of periodicity, while, strange to say, great social and political revolutions have, since the observance of these phenomena, taken place simultaneously. In 1848, which all will remember was a year of fearful political excitement in Europe, these solar spots were unusually numerous; again in 1859 they were coincident with the Italian revolution; and now a writer in the London *Spectator*, predicting their recurrence in 1870, asks if we may not anticipate political excitement, revolutions, and wars, in that year. The question is one worthy of consideration; and, while it is merely an hypothesis founded upon phenomena as yet insufficiently observed and understood, it appears to possess the elements of probability, and, should the events of next year be of a similar nature to those of 1848 and 1859, the truth of the theory may be considered as supported by strong evidence.

—*Appletons' Journal.*

☞ We have received an interesting article from J. H. N., on Consanguinity, which we will publish next week.

ITEMS.

AN International Workingmen's Congress has opened in Switzerland.

WORK on the new Post-office in New York city goes on night and day.

AN Annexation meeting took place in Quebec, on the afternoon of Sept. 12.

SPAIN has appointed a commission to consider the abolition of slavery in Porto Rico.

ENGLISH writers express the opinion that the system of personal government is at an end in France.

A CONSOLIDATION of the Western Union and the Atlantic and Pacific States Telegraph Companies of California has been effected.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for the widows and orphans made by the late Avondale disaster, have been taken up in Philadelphia, New York and London.

A FUND for the benefit of the family of the late Secretary Rawlins has been subscribed by the people as a testimonial of respect to the deceased.

THE Americans in London have passed a vote of thanks to Prince Napoleon for his complimentary allusion to the republican form of government, in his late speech.

A COMPANY has been organized to build a railroad from New York to Utica, via. Port Jervis and Monticello. The distance saved by this route will be eighty-five miles.

NAPLEON III is recovering his health, and has gone to Paris, where he attends to diplomatic business. A Paris letter of Sept. 11th says, "There are rumors of a possible abdication. The majority of the Prince Imperial will be declared on his next birthday, March 6. Prince Napoleon, son of Jerome Bonaparte, and the Empress, have been appointed regents.

REPORTS from Madrid are to the effect that the Spaniards are much alarmed at the interference by the United States Minister in the matter of the Cuban insurrection. The Spanish government has signified an intention of sending more troops to Cuba without delay. No advantages have as yet been gained over the Cubans, and the Island is fast becoming devastated by war.

IN a second letter to the Viceroy of Egypt, the Sultan insists that the Egyptian army shall be reduced; that 30,000 needle guns alone shall be ordered in Europe, or elsewhere, and that all orders for small arms beyond that number, as well as for any iron-clad vessels of war, shall be countermanded. Several other restrictions are also laid down in the letter, which, if complied with, the Sultan will be very glad to see the Viceroy in Constantinople.