

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

FIRESIDE PREACHER

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

Sermon, by Rev. E. G. Holland.....	169	The Spirit and the Spirit-world.....	175
Religion.....	171	Spirits write in Oregon.....	176
New York Conference.....	171	Sermon, by Mr. Frothingham.....	177
The Phenomena of Speaking Mediums.....	172	Tests through Mrs. Van Houghton.....	178
Railroad Bridge saved by Spirits.....	173	When Does the Soul Begin to Exist?.....	178
Philanthropic Convention.....	173	News Items.....	178
The Nineteenth Century.....	174	Led, not Driven.....	179
A Challenge.....	174	How to feed a Horse.....	179
Connecticut Courant corrected.....	174	Casting our Shadows.....	179

Our cotemporarys of the Press who would like to have this paper sent to them, are reminded that the special themes to which these columns are chiefly devoted, are such as to render secular papers of little value to us. Nevertheless we shall be happy to send this paper to all journals which come to us with an occasional notice or extract, marked.

This paper is hospitable to every earnest thought, respectfully expressed, but is responsible for none except those of its editor.

The best remittance from foreign countries is American bills, if they can be obtained; the second is gold, inclosed in letters. Our friends abroad can have this paper as regular as those around us, by giving full address and prompt remittances, and we respectfully solicit their patronage. Small sums may be remitted in postage stamps.

SERMONS

BY
REVEREND HENRY WARD BEECHER,

AND
EDWIN H. CHAPIN, D. D.,

ARE PUBLISHED VERBATIM IN THIS PAPER, EVERY TUESDAY AFTER THEIR DELIVERY.

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[Reported exclusively for this paper.]

SERMON PREACHED AT CLINTON HALL, SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 1, 1859, BY THE REV. E. G. HOLLAND,

ON THE COMING OF SPRING AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF ETERNAL LIFE.

"Thou renewest the face of the earth." PSALMS, 104: 30.
"In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." JOHN, 1: 3.
"For whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake, shall find it." MATT., 16: 25.

[This sermon was reported for our columns, and should have been immediately inserted, but we did not wish to break the series of Messrs. Chapin and Beecher, and hence have reserved it to the present time, to help, with the discourses of other eminent speakers, to fill up the hiatus occasioned by the temporary absence of those gentlemen from the city.]

Spring is sensibly present in this our latitude of the earth, the welcome God-send of the world, over which the kindling joys of the nations have, from the most ancient times, poured forth. The seasons are God-sends, none the less so that they come by law in the regular deviation of the earth from a perpendicular, as the majesty of the Divine Intellect, joined with the unfathomable abysses of the Divine Heart, prefer the noble method of order and law as their expression of care and love. The globe, which only deviates 23½ deg. from its perpendicular position toward the plane of its orbit in the heavens, which is probably a fair symbol of the world's average moral declination, both of which however are slowly tending to an altitude more erect, that shall be visible in the course of ages—the globe, I say, which thus deviates, gains thereby the variety of the seasons and the wealth of a more various series of moral impressions and influences, than could otherwise come to us. Let us rejoice, therefore, in the seasons, in the latitudes we inhabit, in the clear and beautiful skies which distinguish our American fatherland. Here the seasons are all strongly marked, each being genuine and thorough in its way. All climates and zones touch us in turn with their decisive power, as if the cosmopolitan genius of nature would enter into our experience and culture. But of the immortal Four, most welcome of all is Spring. It is the undeniable, the gladsome resurrection of nature—the type of all resurrection, whether of body or of mind. We love this daughter of Time for the flowers she brings in her hands, for the beauty she bears and wears, for her joyful inspirations over all hearts.

We love this season for its contrast with Winter, for its promises to the world. To whom are not the first new buds, birds and blossoms welcome? The songs of poets as well as those of birds, the joyous festivities of the nations, are but natural attendants in the old procession led on by the May-Queen. It is then one sees that the heavens and the earth both blossom with stars, the one eternal and the other transient; the one solemn azure, the others in glistening tears of dew—both poems of God. The rough and stormy month of March gets little praise, it being the wild and audacious month, the radical and revolutionist of the year; but I like this rough herald also; he bears the sun toward us, subdues his stormful voice at intervals into gentlest tones of promise. April, fitful but still of gentle days and sunny gleams, precludes the advent of luxuriant life. May, ere she quits us, lifts the veil from the green Tree of Life. In the country the insignia of the seasons are glorious in liberated rivers, in gushing rills, new-blown lilies of the ponds, and in the beginning of the noble rural industries. But no walls of cities, no narrowness of action or of vision can stay the sweet influences

that flow into all minds and hearts. Once, some thousands of years ago, the Vernal Equinox opened in Taurus, in whose neck lie the immortal cluster of stars called "Pleiades." In such an age of the world it was that the author of that wonderful poem, the Book of Job, represents the Almighty God as saying to his servant, "Caust thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" No; these sweet influences, from out the Soul of God, can never be bound. They are free and mighty in their very gentleness. It has always seemed to me that the seasons were first laid in the human mind, written there like notes on bars or staves of music, and afterward read off by experience and sung by the earth's revolutions. Every flower coming out of the ground, every verdure of hillock and field, every bud, blossom, and fragrance of plant and tree, with every note that birds sing, are only so many expressions outward of what lies, *a priori*, within. The soul hath it all, but can not tell it so well. Was not some grand Man-Soul planted in the earth and in the sphere, at some time, with the power to come up repeatedly in flowering troops—with permission to breathe in fragrant winds, and to sing in hosts of happy birds? I know not; but the affinity is strong and strange. A good coincidence of History and Nature is it, that the Resurrection celebrated in the Church and the Resurrection celebrated by mankind should come in the same season; equally miracles are these Resurrections, and both are the signs of fruitfulness and joy.

I take this occasion to descant on the subject of Life, into which all the aims of Christianity and of existence are readily resolved. Life and death always before us, both in the natural and in the moral world, and often in us contending for the mastery of our moral existence; these are facts of the great problem which our *will*, under God and in him, is appointed to solve. God is Life, is Light, is Truth, is Love: Darkness, also, Change, Decay or Dissolution, and Death are parts of his various wardrobe, parts of his unbroken Unity, without which there could be no fulfillment of his "bright designs." God wants the whole and he wants the part. Either is equally indispensable. "I create light and I create darkness," saith the Lord of Hosts.

We meet the saying that nature is inert, is dead, and that man, though living in some sense, is significantly dead in another. Hence it is the presupposition of all revelations that human nature is in a death-state, and it is the avowed aim of all to bring it into life. "I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly," said Jesus, implying thereby that something of life was in men already. The main question came quite naturally into the form which the interrogator gave it—"Good master, what shall I do that I may enter into life?" And the saying, "This do, and thou shalt live," touches fully, and rests firmly on the same fundamental, the supremacy of life as a right condition. But in this Old Testament idea of life and death being set before men, it is quite right to remember that it probably had a very literal meaning at first, there having been a considerable class of laws—whose penalty was actual death by stoning—among which was that of picking up sticks on the seventh day, whilst strict observance of these laws secured safety and continuance of life. Blessings and cursings, life and death were set before that race in a very literal and barbarous manner; that, in course of time, the same words attained profounder meanings, we readily grant. In passages like these the great meaning gleams forth, like morning: "For to be carnally

minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace."—*Romans 8: 6.* "For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death—V. 2. This is life eternal that they might know thee the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."—*John 17: 3.* "And you hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and in sins." "Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart."—*Eph. 11: 1.* and *4: 18.* The Christian records are indeed full of these great insights into the moral facts of life and of death. Jesus used these words in their greatest import. He was conscious of being a new life. He was conscious of being one with the Father, of having no hour or moment of alienation from God though standing within the scope of all our own temptations. He felt that his spoken words were Spirit and Life, that the mission of the Son of Man was that the dead might hear his voice and live. St. Paul in his letter to the Christians of Colosse, used the terms most *substantially* when he said: "For ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God."—*Col. 3: 3.*

But in a world wherein the life of existence began in the very lowest forms and ended in the highest, it is not surprising that the Hebrew race, or the entire human race, should have commenced with the most material notions of what life is, and finally rested in the highest. The spiritual man must come out of the natural, as truly as the butterfly must come out of the worm. Human nature, like a secret lodge, may open in several degrees; in the natural or sensuous, in the intellectual, in the moral, in the spiritual, in philosophy or thought, in poetry, or beauty and feeling, in the sense of moral right, in that of reverence or worship, in that of pure and undying love—in all these may the lodge of humanity open. So also in degrees of evil. From the celestial to the infernal, doth human experience now range; it touches on all things.

Having, within a day or two, glanced at a remarkable book called "Man and his Dwelling Place," I am led to notice the key-note of his reasoning, as being quite to my purpose. It certainly has a wide range, and has the high merit of thinkers in distrusting the infallibility of the senses, in distrusting the infallibility of the constitution every way as an instrument for seeing the world of things as it is absolutely. The proposition of course implies that things have a real order, that substance is absolute, and not dependent on our modes of seeing; for there is no reason in assuming that man sees not things as they are in themselves, unless they have an order and reality utterly independent of the constitution of the seer. We know that the philosopher and the mass differ at this one point. The latter says: "Things are thus and so," and the former says, "They so appear." He knows that this is all he can prove, and all that his fellows, who share with him the same constitution, are able to learn. "We only see phenomena, or an apparent world," said Kant and others in his train; "touching the outward world we can not know it really or substantially." Our author rests on this old idea in philosophical literature, and knowing that science has been used successfully in correcting the old errors of sensation, he presumes "defect in man," as the cause why his seeing is made illusive, and by science or reason would correct some of his most undoubted and universal convictions. Man must see all things under defect; therefore the outer world must, through his own defect, appear to him as having defect. The idea that the author makes conspicuous is, that we have falsely ascribed inertness or deadness to nature, the inertness or deadness being in ourselves alone; that were man now living out the true life, were his deadness, "which is his defect," totally removed by the presence of the true life of God in him, commanding and using all his powers, then man would see no inertness in the outward creation, neither in its phenomena or substance. It is assumed that creation is better than we; that, as God's work, it is entire and perfect, and shall so appear to all men as soon as they, by freedom from defect, shall be prepared to see it as it is. Not to touch on the many themes treated in this work, I will speak of this which comes at once to the theme of life and of death.

Granting that things to us only appear, it will always be impossible to renounce with sin the *veracity of our own constitution*. Faith is the underlying certainty, faith in the veracity of our own natures, that we were created for truth and by truth. This faith is independent of logic, goes with us into all places and actions, is stronger than science and roots in the unseen depth of soul. How far, indeed, can science correct man's mode of seeing things? What is science? Science, of course, is nothing, as outside of man; it is *merely his knowledge of nature*, his insight into its phenomena and laws. If, therefore, man never sees nature as it is, his science is uncertain, the defect of man becoming, necessarily, the defect of science, the latter being only a name for his mental seeing as directed toward nature and its results. Science in the few may correct error in the many. It judges all reports of the senses, investigates appearances, corrects the child's error that the land and scenery move when the motion of steamboat or steam-car bears it swiftly in the opposite direction. The man and his dog both see the moon in the water; one thinks it really there, the other knows that it is only apparently there.

Man's dwelling-place, then, is all alive, he alone being inert, or dead. I am free to grant that the creation, if properly treated, is, even as phenomena, quite the opposite of deadness—substance we do not know. But life is manifest in phenomena, and the whole universe is full of activity, no world or system being ever an instant at rest—chemical forces in the lifeless mineral. Might one say that motion is not a fact of the worlds—that man only so sees it as such from his own defect, whilst it is really in him? Might one say that the amazing march of the solar system through space, and the motion of every star in heaven, is really man's subjective progress, which science shall one day make clear to him? None can think this. It will be found that man and nature are indeed more alike than they have been supposed; at least he must see this likeness. Nature can not move without a motive power; neither can man. His will must have its motive, or no act is possible. Man has his relative inertness; so hath nature its. Man has his life, his manifold life, and planned activities; nature hath likewise the same. Nature has the germs of all the life-activity that ever appear under sun, rain, dew or other cause. The germs are original and native. The same is true of humanity. It knows no foreign vitalities. The germs of all the life it may or can know, in time or eternity, are now mysteriously infolded within it. The sun in heaven shining on the earth has but one mission, which is to govern and to develop the earth-germs, and he is the symbol of God toward our humanity in the work of redemption and salvation. We grant deadness or inertness in man, but where is it located? Is it in the bodily powers? See, then, the honest, voluntary work of the millions, going on from generation to generation, keeping the human world clothed, warmed, housed and fed! Is it in the intellect? Still see the myriad-fold mental productiveness that has gone before us and brought the world to its present height! Is it in the affections? Then read the history of love, which is but the merest fraction of the reality. In the truest sense have many hearts embraced God in duty, in trial, in prayer and in death. Is it in the moral sense? Oh, yes; inertness, deadness here, but life also as touching the race, so that every country has resisted moral evil more or less perfectly by its laws, and always has had the materials for holy martyrs. Is it in the will, the chief fact of our personality? In many it has been un-alive with true life. But they who have sincerely said, "Thy will, O God, be done," and in temptation decided for moral right, have had the contrary of inertness in this first force. The uncertainty of metaphysical generalization belongs to the use which has been made of this word "deadness," as applied to human nature. But dismissing what may seem too abstract views, let us strive to look after that life which leads to life eternal, which is now eternal because spiritual or divine. We know, with St. Paul, that the things that are seen are temporal, whilst those that are unseen are eternal. Of the creation, we know that things are not what they seem; that they are intrinsically better than their seeming, and not worse, is the strong probability, though the seeming has now to man unredeemed an abundance of glorious attribute. The lesson has already been evolved into experience that the higher and nobler the condition of soul or culture to which any one arrives, the more he finds of perfection, of beauty, of rightness in the natural creation. Was not nature as a glory, as a ministry of use and beauty, infinitely more to Cuvier and Walter Scott than to Judas Iscariot and the prize-fighter of modern times? If, therefore, the nobler nature and the nobler culture see more excellence in the visible universe than the lower condition of mind can see, why may not the redeemed man, seeing things finally as they are, enjoy a perfect creation? Experience favors the thought. But how shall he be redeemed? I answer, by a living union with the God that made him, to which science and religion, enlightenment and loyalty shall act as means.

The two facts or statements that the human world is living and yet dead, are no falsity—living from day to day, toiling, earning, caring, gaining, losing, loving, hating, dying—all these passages in the old life-drama of the world are being turned off to-day substantially as they were a thousand years ago. But these things are only the environs of the life of man. He has, laid in his being, a very different life—a life divine, heavenly and eternal; perhaps the life he does live, in numberless cases, makes for it a tomb of slumber, till some resurrection voice of God shall penetrate its hearing. Error and sin are deadness. Oh, there is a divine humanity, in this, our common humanity, waiting to be delivered from thrall, longing, could it but tell its want, for full expression, for birth, for life, for action. Being born of God is to have God's life in us, as being born of woman is to contain the human life. The spiritual birth is profoundly real, and the beginning of a new existence. Old things, to such an one, are passed away, and all things become new. In Guion, in Fenelon, in Channing, in thousands unknown to fame, this higher life shines forth. We feel the reality and we do it homage. This life being opened we must provide food for it, must obey its conditions even as we do in the case of our bodily well-being. In this new state, what we call the natural or physical world gradually becomes a spiritual world. We see and feel its spiritual ends and uses. We find prophets and apostles in its ministrations; the old conflict or contradiction between nature

and spirit becomes forever abolished. We love the Bible, not because it teaches science, which is not its mission, but because it sounds the abysses of this hidden life, and pours light into the mystery of our own heart. By it we get to know ourselves far better.

In spring a new life opens in nature, and in summer it is luxuriant, overflowing, abundant. Shall there be no corresponding period in our spiritual history? Shall we abide in perpetual winter? Shall we never so turn ourselves in the orbit of our career as to get God's vertical beam? Oh! for a spring, a summer, a harvest in this soul-history of ours!

The emphasis rightly belongs to this one idea, Life. For whether in its lowest or in its highest form, it is creative, dominant, and all-controlling. It effects the transubstantiation which priests have professed but never achieved. No bread and no wine were ever transubstantiated into the flesh and blood of Jesus Christ, though, under the symbol or phenomenon, Christ may, indeed, be present by faith. But Life is the grand high-priest, who, standing by millions of living altars, constantly does the miracle of transubstantiation. See this work. On the same acre of land grow the nettle, thistle, brier, violet, oak, ash, and innumerable blades of green grass. They all must feed upon similar nature; they all feed upon the soil, air, moisture, light; but each living thing exchanges all it receives into its own quality of life. The violet says to all the nourishment it absorbs, "Be thou violet!" and it is done; oak from acorn on to tree, saith incessantly to every atom that the earth and the elements yield it, "Be thou oak!" and the transubstantiation is real and entire. No scattered atom of the wide creation can, by any normal possibility, enter into thistle, brier, or amaranth, without taking the entire quality of the special life that reigns in the object. So is it on land and sea, earth and heaven. Life in the least and in the greatest always transubstantiates, and thereby preserves, the identity of every race. Life is the high priest of God, doing wonders daily. The same law runs through the animal and the human kingdoms, is verified in the realm of mind as fully as in that of nature. The nightingale turns all foreign reception into song, the lion converts his meals into lion, the dove its into gentleness, and the eagle gets nothing but eagle of its food and living. Life is mightily individual. It is never impersonal and abstract anywhere within the range of our present notice. So in the clearly-defined difference of man and man, the manly soul and the womanly soul, each makes everything its own. The genius of life in Andrew says to all he partakes in mind or body, "Be thou Andrew;" in Joseph it saith, "Be thou Joseph." I see you hale and strong to-day, but for the reason that you are hale, I can not detect the viands you have eaten. They are no longer viands. They are thee. So in the sanctuaries of the inner life. If thou art thyself, thy digested books, thy companions' influence, thy impressions from nature and art, thy sorrows and afflictions, are also thee! Hast thou a Divine life seated within? Is the seed of God planted in thy spirit? Hath the new and the heavenly life opened thy soul? Is it dominant? Then all that happens to thee of good and evil, all that gets into thy life shall become heavenly also. In the true saint, the unseen transubstantiationist finds a holy of holies in his reverence and love, wherefrom he saith to every foreign reception, "Be thou divine!" and it is so. In holy ones, in persons striving for victory over the flesh, the world, and the adversary, there works the life that changes all. The fabulous stone that men supposed might turn whatever it touched into gold, is here figuratively realized. Morally speaking, a father in the church has well said that "Love is the life of man;" and I need only refer to experience to prove that the evil heart or the evil love can pervert all good, can so receive all the influences of this present time as to subdue them to the very quality of their own affections.

In unison with this view, is the fact of the high-priesthood of Jesus, as announced so touchingly in the letter to the Hebrews. He is the High Priest, because He is the Life. He was His own offering. This is His high distinction, that He is full of God, so complete in spiritual power that He could say, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." And again, "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life. I am that bread of life. Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness and are dead. This is the bread which cometh down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever; and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world."

The Gospel is, indeed, the Word of Life, and, in its purity, proves in its effect either a savor of life unto life or of death unto death. To quicken, to make alive, is the whole mission of Christianity. The Holy Spirit maketh alive: raises from the dead, stirs and enlivens these mortal bodies, subduing all to the spirit of life. God is now striving to come into humanity that He may glorify it. In Jesus He successfully did this. He came into Him, and He made His abode with Him, and in Him. Therein is Jesus our exemplar. God would now incarnate Himself not any more in one person, but in all, in the Church, individually and collectively—yea, in all humanity. No more need we look for individual Messiahs; the last and greatest of the individual incarnations has come lived and departed, leaving the world of 1859 ages behind.

Him in all that makes up the Godlike and the Manlike. His example proves our possibility. Now, God strives to incarnate Himself in the many and in the world. It shall be the work of ages; but the only Christ of the future is the consecrated, the anointed, the victorious humanity of our world living out the eternal life here in the orbits of time. This shall be the redemption of man, his redemption on all sides—*physical*, surely, since the redeemed man shall own the sacred uses of all the laws of body; *intellectual*, certainly, since truth is the foundation-stone of the kingdoms of God; *moral*, since right and justice are the pillars of every heaven; *social*, since society is the need and benefit of every human being; *spiritually, religiously*, since man must live his highest form of life by interior contact with God, the Immortal, the Infinite, the Eternal.

In the possibility of outgrowing the defect which disables us from seeing the *real* universe as it is, we may rejoice. In another state of being we may confidently hope this. In this state, we may make an approximation. In a world wherein one, through greater science and rightness of moral condition, sees the Creator's work *more* as it is than do those of lesser knowledge and moral goodness, there must exist the possibility of coming to the truth sooner or later. A nature that can now approximate can finally reach. For the present, we must behold all things nearly as we do. But clouded and warped as we now are, the natural universe seems better than we—more truthful, more lovely, more simple and grand. All mankind have erred and sinned. But the universe never erred, never sinned. Before its Maker it stands to-day in purity. To us it is not entirely so, owing to our own error and sin. We cast upon it the colors of our own experience.

The problem of redemption is the one that eclipses all others. Our humanity must be redeemed on every side of it; and he who solves well the problem of salvation for this world, has it solved for all worlds. Here is the scene of our redemption. In God alone can man be said to *live*, and in His life, developed in character, death is conquered and abolished. By treading on temptation, on lawless appetite and desire, each, as rounds in a ladder, bears him upward. High moments and luminous come to him who strives continually against evil, and after good. He knows what it is to be morally inspired. In those moments he stands face to face with God, not trembling, but strong and tranquil—one with Time's deepest meaning, and one with Eternity.

RELIGION.

What is religion? Something so natural, so true and beautiful, that man-originated creeds and doctrines and institutions, desecrate, and would destroy it, were it not in its nature indestructible. It is harmonious life—the essence of all life, whether sensuous or human—the perfection of existence—the indwelling spirit which rises through the forces of affinity to the Infinite. When we speak of the Pagan, or the Mohammedan, or Christian religion, we seem to be dividing the indivisible, but we are dealing with the husk, not the kernel—the form, not the substance, which is superior to all forms.

Religion is the same everywhere, in all ages, and under all manifestations. It is as simple as a principle in nature, and, as that principle, is ever active, sleepless, and undying. It is the chain which links man with God, which connects all things with their infinite source. In the wondrous order and beauty and perfection of a frog's foot—its globular particles of blood, keeping time to the harmonies of the universe, God is so plainly manifested, that, insensibly, we wonder and adore.

The whole earth is full of worship. In the quiet of a summer's morning, who does not feel and know, without the aid of temples, or cathedrals, or robed priests, or hymns of praise, that worship is the sentiment which pervades all? But the highest and holiest worship, the truest religion, is a human life; for here is the altar where God and nature meet, where burns the holy incense of conscious reverence and love. We can not teach religion, for it is a spontaneity, as much the offspring of a life as the perfume of a rose is the necessary consequence of its life and growth. But we can teach the order and harmony and beauty of the universe—the truths and principles which underlie all being—the grand results which from these are wrought—the simple duties of life—the compensations which follow all action—forgiveness and charity—and above all, comprehension and justice, that no wrong can ever produce a good, can do aught but kill itself. These teachings will remove the obstructions—will clear the way for the freer uprising of the waters of that celestial fountain, which lies deep down in every life.

TAPPAN.

A man is like a snow-ball. Leave him lying in idleness against the sunny fence of prosperity, and all the good that is in him melts like butter; but keep him moving, and he will increase in substance.

SPIRITUAL LYCEUM AND CONFERENCE.

FIFTY-NINTH SESSION.

Question: How can the laws of Brotherhood best be carried into practical operation?

Dr. ORTON: We must first begin with ourselves. We must strive for the promotion of the sentiment in our consciousness, by acting out the law in our immediate intercourse with those in daily contact with us. Next to be relied upon, is the earnest agitation of the subject. Agitation—"the foolishness of preaching"—is the natural or appointed mode by which mind is to be reached. Now, to fully establish the reign of brotherhood, the absolute freedom of the land is the first grand requisite. But so radical is this doctrine, so adverse is it to the prevailing notions of the age, outraging as it does both the sense of justice and the sense of ownership, that to effect the change must be the work of time and unremitting agitation and effort wherever thought and action can be made available. Political action which looks in any degree to the ultimate end, should be encouraged. Mr. Grow's bill in Congress, which has for its object the freedom of the public domain to the actual settler, should be supported. Bills introduced in State Legislatures, aiming at a restriction of the all-grasping instincts of purse-inflated cupidity, should be warmly advocated, and their justice logically exemplified before the people. The Constitution of our State provides for the establishment of "courts of conciliation," but the power has remained latent by reason of the prejudices of the legal fraternity. Our lawyers set their faces against it, and the slumbering Hercules of "conciliation" has never left his cradle. Our laws are by no means overloaded with impartial blessings, whether of justice or of common sense; but the "practice" which obtains in our courts is a thorough outrage, not only upon the principle of government and law, but upon the plain intent and purpose of the very statutes they are set to administer! Common rights are violated and common sense is insulted, *all the way up* from the Supreme Court of the nation to the dead-carcase-environed functionaries of our city, whose decisions are a satire on the "gammon and spinnach" of the marketplace—all the way up to that owl-like incarnation of legality, who, surrounded all the year long by that living carrion, the rotten "shysters" of the law fraternity, hoots *quirk* and *quibble* from his appropriate place in the tomb of violated decency and buried honesty, and calls it *law*! The merest quibble, the most unimportant clerical error, will throw an honest suitor out of court, or set a felon free. The whole system should be abolished. It may take a long time to do it, but untiring industry and fidelity to the principle of brotherhood will assuredly triumph sooner or later.

Dr. GOULD presented this paper:

In ascertaining how we can best discharge the obligations of human brotherhood, it seems to me that past experience, as well as present device, should be brought into requisition.

In accomplishing any difficult project, we try to secure the most approved facilities. For rapid traveling we step into cars or steam-boats, not into stages or sail-vessels; while for the best models in architecture, we go back to Greece and to Rome. If, for the latter, we go back to the ancients, is it not equally consistent for us reformers, to go back to Judea for our best specimens of morality. Its consistency being conceded, the question is no longer where are our best models, but what are they?

In accepting Jesus as the best exponent of individual and organic life, two extremes, I think, we should guard against: first, we should not attach so much fallibility and doubt to his teachings as to render them unworthy of confidence; secondly, we should not exalt their meaning so high as to make them false or rise above our reach or comprehension. The former is done when we put Jesus on a level with heathen philosophers and certain military officers, and I think we always perpetrate the latter when we make him to be a non-resistant on the ground of the non-existence of moral evil. In discharging our obligations to the brotherhood, one of our first duties (as I think) is to recognize the unity of their interest; and I am most happy in observing that this is being done not only in this conference, but throughout the enlightened and liberal portion of Europe, and the exhibition of this sentiment by the French soldiers toward the wounded and captured Austrians without doubt, adds much to the strength and success of the French army in Italy. But the most startling instance of the force of this doctrine, when coupled with pure integrity, is seen in the case of L. Kossuth, the model man of the nineteenth century, whose history is too familiar to the newspaper-reader to require mention here.

I have only space to add that, however presumptuous it may appear, I hold that the teachings of Jesus and Kossuth are susceptible of harmony.

In promoting the interest of the brotherhood, a unity of purpose is essential; but to attain this, unity of faith is a necessary forerunner; on which latter point I will remark on another occasion.

MR. BAKER'S PAPER.

Assuming that purity, goodness and justice are natural inherent instincts of humanity, we may pause a moment to inquire, what are the laws of brotherhood, and after settling this question, may, perhaps, be more competent to offer a suggestion worthy of consideration, and one, if practically carried out, may assist in eradicating some of the causes of misery, without producing a reaction, even if the scheme itself fail.

First. I affirm that Justice is the basic-law of all things, visible or invisible. It has but one definition; examine it how you may, it presents the same result from every view.

Second. Wisdom is the handmaid of justice, and administers to all persons according to their merits.

Third. Knowledge is the source through which wisdom reaches the understanding, and by which each person individually grows into wisdom.

Fourth. Experience is the school in which knowledge is gained, and by which all persons are prepared to buffet the stream of adversity and breast the current of circumstances.

As experience is the school from and through which all plans or schemes originate, it is evident that he who has not himself gone through the different classes and taken his degree, must be incompetent to act as a *teacher of others*. Now how does this statement bear with regard to the facts? Who are the reformers?

Are they the bone and muscle of the public body? Are they the blood and sinews? Or are they the excrescences of society, which cling to it, like the warts upon a tree, evidences of its imperfect physical structure, but an unsightly protuberance, only tending to mar the beauty of its form?

We say, Yes! for all societary reforms, organizations or efforts to establish equal rights and privileges to the diseased portion of the community have proved abortions, and have had no other effect than to cripple and retard healthy growth.

I do not wish to be misunderstood in this matter. Although advocating non-intervention I do not, and have not, deprecated the establishment of modes of needful relief; but I do say, however, that as means to bring about the desired reformation so much talked of by reformers, all organized modes of reformation will fail.

You may ask, How shall the existing evils be remedied? We answer—and in doing so, do not wish nor intend to be understood as expecting an immediate effect to follow the application of the remedy, for that expectancy is the shoal upon which societary organizations have hitherto been wrecked—the complicated and almost inextricable labyrinth of conventionalisms in which the children of men are wrapped, needs to be carefully withdrawn; not by a building up of the more complicated machinery of organizations, but by the substitution of the *Divine love of justice in the breast of man*, in place of bread into his stomach or dollars into his pocket.

The cure lies not in the physical, but in the spiritual elements of his nature. Ignorance is the cause of all misery and suffering, and in the ratio of the wisdom we possess will pain, sorrow and degradation flee from our sphere. To produce a pure, good and permanent reformation, the cure must be applied to the diseased parts of the societary body, and those parts are the individuals composing it. True reform commences with the individual; not by doing for others, but by doing for self. The world has ever been led astray by following in the footprints of our forefathers; and whenever there has been any advancement made, it has always been by taking a new path, and cutting manfully through the brushwood of public prejudice. What says history? If you desire to see the *practical good* of organizations, look at the Churches of this generation; see how generously they squander tens of thousands of dollars in an endeavor to Christianize the heathen, while the civilized Christian savages at home—from whom the means of Christianization come—are devouring the substance of the people and inflicting wrong and oppression upon the poor, and thus retarding the growth of purity, goodness and justice.

If the neighbor would mind his own business, there would be no trespass upon the rights of others; and if no trespass, there would be no complaint; and if no complaint, what need of laws, arbiters, police, courts or judges? Then there would be no need of that much-vaunted, but abused term, *charity*. If all were just, there would be no infringement of the laws of brotherhood, and charity would be swallowed up of justice. As society is now organized, the word "charity" is a living reproach and disgrace to humanity.

There is no lack of means to carry out the reform of which we speak. True, the occupation of many reformers would be swept into oblivion and their *trade* gone; but what of that? Their self-love and desire of praise would seek another channel, and society would be relieved of their "much groaning," and the world improved.

The store-house of every person is filled to repletion with unkindness, avarice, lust and hate, and it is with these destructive powers that we would first battle. All reforms are slow in action, but when conducted with judgment and wisdom in one's own person, are sure. Let us commence this personal reform, and establish the principle of non-intervention with our neighbor's rights and privileges. Gradual improvement will soon stir up within the soul greater desires and aspirations. We do not expect to revolutionize the world *en masse*, but we can elevate the moral standard of society *en masse* as we elevate ourselves, and then posterity will judge *manifestly* our dollars, but by our virtues.

Who is there that can not, by strict fidelity to self, curb and controlling some unruly appetite or passion in a few years? And if a few years be devoted to each frailty, the end of life here will see most persons entering into the Spirit-world happy and contented. We may go still farther back, and by conscientious scruples provide against ushering upon the external plane of life children of an imperfect development, who through a career of misery and suffering upon this earth, will bring nothing but sorrow and desolation to the heart of the parent. Justice, retributive, is sure and certain.

Reforms upon the associative mode of operation, require long experience to provide even temporary relief judiciously, while reforms in the individual are felt at once. True, the latter requires self-abnegation and an apparent sacrifice; but oh! how much more delicious are the fruits of virtue than those of vice, when the time comes to pass away from this life into eternity!

In all associative organized modes of reform, the reformer gratifies his love of power, to act, to bestow; take this from them, and nintenths of the reformers will ignore the way *you* do good, because *they* are not the saviour through whom the world is to be redeemed.

If we really desire the best interests of those who are oppressed, and wish to elevate the miserable and sorrowing and remove the *cause* of complaint, let each individual, by practical acts, guard and watch over his own frailties, that he may not throw obstacles in the way of his brother, and thus keep him in subjection—a mere creature of circumstances. Above all things, avoid the false notions of society that *expediency* is *right*, for that is the cross upon which principle is always crucified.

Dr. YOUNG said: He must dissent from the "let alone" doctrine of Mr. Baker's paper. For a man to give his sympathy to the suffering of this world, and never stir a finger to abolish the cause of it, is but cutting out work for the endless exercise of sorrow. The doctrine prevails that "money makes the man." That notion is as mischievous as it is false, and no man is true to himself or to the neighbor,

who does not do all he can to abolish it. Then we have to establish the principle that one man's time is worth as much as any other man's time. Then there is land monopoly to be overthrown. It is not enough to be *negatively* just; we must be *positively* upright. Eternal justice must be actively opposed to universal injustice; were it to let alone a single wrong in the universe, the principle would be annihilated. It must act, *to be*.

MR. FOWLER'S PAPER.

Before the fact of brotherhood can be brought into practical operation how can its laws have jurisdiction or become operative? We must live in a brotherhood before we can become wholly subject to its laws. It is, therefore, a folly to attempt to carry said laws into practical operation until the brotherhood is installed with its laws. Then, in reality, the first question is, how can the brotherhood, with its laws, be enstalled?

The brotherhood implies a common parentage as a common source of birth; a family membership to a common selfhood, a general dependence on a common wealth, and individual stewardship in a common service.

Gratuity is the law of birth; adaptation, of membership; mutual-ity, of dependence, and reciprocity of stewardship.

We are regenerated by the influences of the so called Spirit world, and re-born, by the oppressions of present society, into the brotherhood. As gratuity is the law of this birth, we can be born into this brotherhood only as a free gift.

Adaptation being the law of membership, we can be united to the family only by the truths of adaptation. According to the law of dependence we can be rightly sustained only by mutual support, and according to the law of stewardship, service must be performed by the reciprocation of uses.

This brings us back to the question: How can the laws of brotherhood be best carried into practical operation? By obedience, I answer, obedience to the law of birth, to the law of membership, to the law of dependence, and to the law of stewardship. Obedience to the law of brotherhood, birth, implies the free gift of self for family uses. Obedience to the law of membership implies fidelity to the truths of adaptation. Obedience to the law of dependence implies the counterpoising of uses inasmuch that all inclinations shall each be sustained by other inclinations to the sustenance of all inclinations. Obedience to the law of stewardship, implies the fulfilling of uses to the overcoming of all evil with good, and the bringing of the immortality of life to light.

The practice of law always implies obedience. It is stated by Webster that it is said the original significance of family was servants. This significance I accept, with a community of before servants.

MR. PARTRIGE: Human brotherhood is a necessity of human nature. It arises from the fact of being born. Its laws are imperative; if they could be wholly neglected, man would cease to be. The proper place to study them, therefore, is where instinct has compelled their observance; that is to say, in the family. Here, instinct incarnates the divine order which reason does but affirm; and we only get out of the true order by enacting laws and practicing schemes which selfishness, blinded by its own besotted imaginings, supposes to be *better* than Divine order. Instead of making the true family relation universal, we introduce disorder there, the moment we thrust our silly conventionalisms into the divine harmony of a natural household. Our conventional laws make a distinction between the son and daughter of the natural family or brotherhood, which nature does not make. They are equal in the cradle where nature placed them, unequal in society, where man has placed them; the laws of which man has made, and not nature. The boy may do what the girl may not, may learn what she may not, may go where she may not, and may demand a price for his no better services, which is denied to her. Through this toll-gate of law-created injustice, the brotherhood is made to pass from the divine order of the fireside, to the caste distinctions, villanous exactions and highway robberies which infect the broadways and bypaths of our vaunted Christian civilization. The primary lie naturally ultimates in universal untruth. What is needed is, simply obedience to nature. There is but one door to the heaven of brotherhood on the earth. It is to make the divine order exemplified in the natural family relation, to which order nature secures obedience by authority of instinct; the archetype of every suggestion of the reason, and of every act of the life when we enter, by perception of reason, upon that broader, but none the less intimate family relation whose limits are the race, and whose father is God. The trouble is, we forget all this the moment we leave the nursery and enter the world—"the great world," as it is called; that is to say, the world that *man* has made. Precisely as one might suppose, having entered upon man's artificial world, we despise the great laws of God's natural world. For our guide, we prefer quibble to instinct, statutes to nature, laws to justice, lies to truth. In the "great world" of man's making, these obtain a grand supremacy; in the natural world of God's making, they are as nought. But what business have we out of God's world? Our most profitable business is to get back to it, and under the dominion of its [divine order, as speedily as may be. In the "great world" (great because it builds great fortunes, and great stone churches), we say: good things—on Sunday. We say, "the great family of man." Now and then, even a stone-church priest, from behind its gilded Bible and silken cushion, will ask a blessing on the "whole human family!" If we mean that, why not make it so? it is the very thing to do; the *only* thing that will do. For very shame, we ought to blush at the unparalleled impudence of asking God, every Sunday, to bless the "great family

of man," while all the rest of the week, we ourselves do what we can to curse it.

MRS. FRENCH: In the natural household, around the humblest hearth where nature reigns, is to be seen the indices of the true relation of man to man the world over, and of man to God. The divine simplicity of brotherhood, and father and motherhood remains intact in the family, until the parents grow dignified. When the parents get wealth, get a "position in society" and a pew in its church, home ceases. Sympathy must yield to fashion, instinct to the catechism, nature to the minister and milliner, and God to Mrs. Grundy! Love, sympathy with the delights of childhood, intimacy with its instinctive aspirations—the actual incarnation of God in these little ones, all sacrificed on the altar of pride and pomp, rotten conventionalisms and dead creeds! Thus are the vital streams of brotherhood poisoned at the fountain, and thus in their polluted flow they poison all the earth. We must dismiss our dead creeds, our long faces, our dignity, our shallow vanity, Mrs. Grundy and the gilt prayer book. We must clear the divine fountain of human love, of all this trash, and then, as from the great heart of nature, will go forth the life currents of brotherly love, imparting health and vigor to every member of God's great family.

The question is continued.

Adjourned.

R. T. HALLOCK.

THE PHENOMENA OF SPEAKING-MEDIUMS.

MR. EDITOR: Among the many mysterious things connected with the phenomena of what is called Spiritualism, none, to my mind, are more truly mysterious than that of trance-speaking—no matter whether what the trance-speaker says emanates from the Spirit world, or from this mundane sphere, or whether what is uttered be truth or fiction. The question is, how or from whence came the thoughts of the speaker? for it is a settled fact, which no sane and intelligent mind at all acquainted with it, will deny, that men, women and children in a trance state, will make use of language and arguments of which they could not conceive in a normal state.

I will take, as an instance, Andrew Jackson Davis. Few, at the present day, will deny that he was, by some means, the author of "Nature's Divine Revelations," while he was yet a boy, of very limited reading and education; and on the supposition that nothing therein contained is at all reliable, or whether it is or not, where did he get his reasons, his imaginings, if you will, and his language? Did they emanate from his own brain? Did he read the minds of others? or did the Spirits communicate through him?—or how, or from whence did they spring? Everybody knows, that knew anything about Andrew, when that work was written, that he was not at that time capable, in and of himself, of producing a single page of that work; and yet every unprejudiced mind, capable of judging of talent, must admit that, viewed in any light you will, it is a most extraordinary work. I know that opponents of the work have said and written many hard things against it; but why have they not had the magnanimity to acknowledge the merit of originality of talent, if only in the use of language, when all *know* who know anything about it, that there is not a D. D., nor an LL. D., nor an M. D. in the length and breadth of the United States, that could have produced it, even approximately, at that time.

I am not contending for the verity of the work itself, but for the manner and means of its production. I have noticed a seeming inclination on the part of a portion of the learned, skeptical and theological world, to give it the "cold shoulder" without closely scanning its literary and intrinsic merits. It is one thing to affect a contempt for a work like this, and another to attempt a solution of its origin. They seem to have forgotten that it is their duty not only to give Jackson, but even the "Devil his due." Why is it that so large a portion of the theological world are afraid to touch it, or say anything about it except in a sneering way, which is not very creditable to full-grown men?

I am far from believing in the infallibility of that work, or in the infallibility of Davis, even at the present day; still, when I see the learned writhe under it, and so disposed to remain *mum*, or at least not disposed to look at it in all its aspects, on its true merits, independent of what may be its claims, it is to me one of the most convincing evidences that they are, after all, afraid of its mysterious character and origin.

How happens it that young, uneducated, modest, unassuming girls will stand up before a large audience of intelligent per-

sons, and submit to be interrogated by our Doctors of Divinity, and show no hesitancy in answering their questions, and in a manner, too, that excites universal admiration? How happens it that such young girls will allow an audience to select the subject of an evening's discussion, and then, without a tremor, rise and speak upon it in a manner so truly wonderful? No matter whether what they say is reliable or not, the simple fact of their standing before an audience and performing, after the manner they frequently do, is, of itself, what needs explanation. How happens it that learned, theological opponents are so loth to look the phenomena in the face, and express their convictions of the real cause thereof, if it is not spirit? There must be a cause! but pray, Messrs. Opponents, do show yourselves men, and look the matter squarely in front, and give us an honest, unprejudiced opinion as to *how* these things are done, and through what influence. For they *are* done, and you don't believe they are done by the agency of Spirits; pray, then, how are they done? This is what I and thousands of others want to know. I want you to account for them on some philosophical principle, or in some other way, fairly and honestly, else I want you to *own up*, and admit like men that you can not do it. And I would suggest that while you are in a state of suspense or ignorance, whether it would not be more modest and becoming not to speak too freely against what is termed Spiritualism; for there may be more truth in it than you are aware of, or than you at present wish to give heed to.

SOUTHOLD, July 20, 1859.

CHRISTIAN HOSPITALITY.

A SERMON DELIVERED BY THE REV. MR. FROTHINGHAM TO HIS CONGREGATION, WORSHIPING ON BROADWAY, CORNER THIRTY-SECOND STREET, ON SUNDAY EVENING, JULY 19, 1859.

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."—HEBREWS 13: 2.

The allusion is to the beautiful story told in the Book of Genesis, of the celestial visitors who came to Abraham and Lot, and in return for hospitality, gave the first the promise of offspring, and the last warning of the ruin which impended over the city of Sodom. Two strangers, hungry and wayworn, pass by Lot as he is sitting, at evening, by the gate of the doomed city. He salutes them, after the Oriental fashion, and urges them to enter his house, to refresh themselves and spend the night. They decline, saying, "Nay, we will remain in the street. On his entreaty, however, they yield, enter his dwelling, wash their feet, eat his unleavened bread, and lie down to sleep. But before slumber has fallen upon them, there arises a tumult outside of the house. A mob of people has collected, and, with fierce outcries, demands the travelers, threatening to break in and seize them if they are not given up. Lot goes out to them to expostulate and appease; he will make any sacrifice of himself, he will submit to the most humiliating terms; but he must not, he will not surrender the persons of his guests; he can not violate the sacred laws of hospitality, which bid that the stranger be received and defended. But the strangers prove to be angels; and while the dispute is raging at the door, a miraculous power blinds the mob, and rescues the Patriarch. Whatever we may think of this story as history, we must acknowledge its exceeding beauty as a morality enforcing the duty of hospitality—a duty held second to none in Eastern lands, in primitive times and countries not thickly inhabited, when the way from village to village and dwelling to dwelling was long, hot and dangerous, and no wayside inn offered the refreshment, from want of which a weary traveler was likely to die. When men journeyed from town to town only as necessity compelled them, and religious pilgrimages took the place of modern festive excursions, to entertain the stranger was a very sacred duty, second to none in the whole range of social obligation. It was also a privilege—it was as much a benefit to the host as to the guest; for if the wayfarer who came to his door, devoured his substance; if the feed ran low in the barn; if the shed was defiled by the horses and cattle; if his mats were worn out, his utensils broken, or carried off by pilferers, he received in return for all he spent and lost, much pleasant companionship, much useful information, an acquaintance with foreign customs and people, intelligence of what was transpiring in the great world, the news, gossip, and scandal of the day, and occasionally the inestimable gift of a kindred spirit who cheered his heart and blessed his house with happy associations. Many a foul-mouthed beggar might knock at a door, and abuse the good man's kindness, but now and then would come an angel in beggar's guise, and his visit made ample amends for the discomforts brought by the rest.

The days of such promiscuous hospitality are over, except on extraordinary occasions, or in our wild western region. We entertain now none but friends, and for mutual pleasure. Living closely together, our villages knit to each other by iron roads, our longest journeys accomplished swiftly and luxuriously in steam-carriages, our highways and byways dotted along with taverns, our towns supplied with princely hotels, the traveler now finds protection, comforts over and above his needs, wherever he may ask for them. There is no occasion to open private doors to the traveler. There is advantage in this, and there is disadvantage. Our houses are tidier, our carpets are fresher, our furniture retains its polish longer; our larders and cellars require less frequent replenishing, our purses are not so lean, possibly our silver spoons are more rarely missing; but on the other hand, our houses are stiffer and colder, our chambers lack some genial associations, our boards are unenlivened by the cheerful conversation of new minds, and unblesed by the wanderer's thanks; there are no spirits in the parlors of these we have helped, or who have helped us, and we ourselves, become reserved, exclusive, distant, slow in our sympathies narrow in our prejudices.

who does not do all he can to abolish it. Then we have to establish the principle that one man's time is worth as much as any other man's time. Then there is land monopoly to be overthrown. It is not enough to be *negatively* just; we must be *positively* upright. Eternal justice must be actively opposed to universal injustice; were it to let alone a single wrong in the universe, the principle would be annihilated. It must act, to be.

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MR. PARTRIGE: Human brotherhood is a necessity of human nature. It arises from the fact of being born. Its laws are imperative; if they could be wholly neglected, man would cease to be. The proper place to study them, therefore, is where instinct has compelled their observance; that is to say, in the family. Here, instinct incarnates the divine order which reason does but affirm; and we only get out of the true order by enacting laws and practicing schemes which selfishness, blinded by its own besotted imaginings, supposes to be *better* than Divine order. Instead of making the true family relation universal, we introduce disorder there, the moment we thrust our silly conventionalisms into the divine harmony of a natural household. Our conventional laws make a distinction between the son and daughter of the natural family or brotherhood, which nature does not make. They are equal in the cradle where nature placed them, unequal in society, where man has placed them; the laws of which man has made, and not nature. The boy may do what the girl may not, may learn what she may not, may go where she may not, and may demand a price for his no better services, which is denied to her. Through this toll-gate of law-created injustice, the brotherhood is made to pass from the divine order of the fireside, to the caste distinctions, villainous exactions and highway robberies which infest the broadways and bypaths of our vaunted Christian civilization. The primary lie naturally ultimates in universal untruth. What is needed is, simply obedience to nature. There is but one door to the heaven of brotherhood on the earth. It is to make the divine order exemplified in the natural family relation, to which order nature secures obedience by authority of instinct; the archetype of every suggestion of the reason, and of every act of the life when we enter, by perception of reason, upon that broader, but none the less intimate family relation whose limits are the race, and whose father is God. The trouble is, we forget all this the moment we leave the nursery and enter the world—"the great world," as it is called; that is to say, the world that *man* has made. Precisely as one might suppose, having entered upon man's artificial world, we despise the great laws of God's natural world. For our guide, we prefer quibble to instinct, statutes to nature, laws to justice, lies to truth. In the "great world" of man's making, these obtain a grand supremacy; in the natural world of God's making, they are as nought. But what business have we out of God's world? Our most profitable business is to get back to it, and under the dominion of its [divine] order, as speedily as may be. In the "great world" (great because it builds great fortunes, and great stone churches), we say good things—on Sunday. We say, "the great family of man." Now and then, even a stone-church priest, from behind its gilded Bible and silken cushion, will ask a blessing on the "whole human family!" If we mean that, why not make it so? it is the very thing to do; the *only* thing that will do. For very shame, we ought to blush at the unparalleled impudence of asking God, every Sunday, to bless the "great family

of man," while all the rest of the week, we ourselves do what we can to curse it.

MRS. FRENCH: In the natural household, around the humblest hearth where nature reigns, is to be seen the indices of the true relation of man to man the world over, and of man to God. The divine simplicity of brotherhood, and father and motherhood remains intact in the family, until the parents grow dignified. When the parents get wealth, get a "position in society" and a pew in its church, home ceases. Sympathy must yield to fashion, instinct to the catechism, nature to the minister and milliner, and God to Mrs. Grundy! Love, sympathy with the delights of childhood, intimacy with its instinctive aspirations—the actual incarnation of God in these little ones, all sacrificed on the altar of pride and pomp, rotten conventionalisms and dead creeds! Thus are the vital streams of brotherhood poisoned at the fountain, and thus in their polluted flow they poison all the earth. We must dismiss our dead creeds, our long faces, our dignity, our shallow vanity, Mrs. Grundy and the gilt prayer book. We must clear the divine fountain of human love, of all this trash, and then, as from the great heart of nature, will go forth the life currents of brotherly love, imparting health and vigor to every member of God's great family.

The question is continued.

Adjourned.

R. T. HALLOCK.

THE PHENOMENA OF SPEAKING-MEDIUMS.

MR. EDITOR: Among the many mysterious things connected with the phenomena of what is called Spiritualism, none, to my mind, are more truly mysterious than that of trance-speaking—no matter whether what the trance-speaker says emanates from the Spirit world, or from this mundane sphere, or whether what is uttered be truth or fiction. The question is, how or from whence came the thoughts of the speaker? for it is a settled fact, which no sane and intelligent mind at all acquainted with it, will deny, that men, women and children in a trance state, will make use of language and arguments of which they could not conceive in a normal state.

I will take, as an instance, Andrew Jackson Davis. Few, at the present day, will deny that he was, by some means, the author of "Nature's Divine Revelations," while he was yet a boy, of very limited reading and education; and on the supposition that nothing therein contained is at all reliable, or whether it is or not, where did he get his reasons, his imaginings, if you will, and his language? Did they emanate from his own brain? Did he read the minds of others? or did the Spirits communicate through him?—or how, or from whence did they spring? Everybody knows, that knew anything about Andrew, when that work was written, that he was not at that time capable, in and of himself, of producing a single page of that work; and yet every unprejudiced mind, capable of judging of talent, must admit that, viewed in any light you will, it is a most extraordinary work. I know that opponents of the work have said and written many hard things against it; but why have they not had the magnanimity to acknowledge the merit of originality of talent, if only in the use of language, when all *know* who know anything about it, that there is not a D. D., nor an LL. D., nor an M. D. in the length and breadth of the United States, that could have produced it, even approximately, at that time.

I am not contending for the verity of the work itself, but for the manner and means of its production. I have noticed a seeming inclination on the part of a portion of the learned, skeptical and theological world, to give it the "cold shoulder" without closely scanning its literary and intrinsic merits. It is one thing to affect a contempt for a work like this, and another to attempt a solution of its origin. They seem to have forgotten that it is their duty not only to give Jackson, but even the "Devil his due." Why is it that so large a portion of the theological world are afraid to touch it, or say anything about it except in a sneering way, which is not very creditable to full-grown men?

I am far from believing in the infallibility of that work, or in the infallibility of Davis, even at the present day; still, when I see the learned write under it, and so disposed to remain *mum*, or at least not disposed to look at it in all its aspects, on its true merits, independent of what may be its claims, it is to me one of the most convincing evidences that they are, after all, afraid of its mysterious character and origin.

How happens it that young, uneducated, modest, unassuming girls will stand up before a large audience of intelligent per-

sons, and submit to be interrogated by our Doctors of Divinity, and show no hesitancy in answering their questions, and in a manner, too, that excites universal admiration? How happens it that such young girls will allow an audience to select the subject of an evening's discussion, and then, without a tremor, rise and speak upon it in a manner so truly wonderful? No matter whether what they say is reliable or not, the simple fact of their standing before an audience and performing, after the manner they frequently do, is, of itself, what needs explanation. How happens it that learned, theological opponents are so loth to look the phenomena in the face, and express their convictions of the real cause thereof, if it is not spirit? There must be a cause! but pray, Messrs. Opponents, do show yourselves men, and look the matter squarely in front, and give us an honest, unprejudiced opinion as to *how* these things are done, and through what influence. For they *are* done, and you don't believe they are done by the agency of Spirits; pray, then, how are they done? This is what I and thousands of others want to know. I want you to account for them on some philosophical principle, or in some other way, fairly and honestly, else I want you to *own up*, and admit like men that you can not do it. And I would suggest that while you are in a state of suspense or ignorance, whether it would not be more modest and becoming not to speak too freely against what is termed Spiritualism; for there may be more truth in it than you are aware of, or than you at present wish to give heed to.

SOUTHOLD, July 20, 1859.

CHRISTIAN HOSPITALITY.

A SERMON DELIVERED BY THE REV. MR. FROTHINGHAM TO HIS CONGREGATION, IN WAREHOUSES ON BROADWAY, CORNER THIRTY-SECOND STREET, ON SUNDAY EVENING, JULY 19, 1859.

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. —HEBREWS 13: 2.

The allusion is to the beautiful story told in the Book of Genesis, of the celestial visitors who came to Abraham and Lot, and in return for hospitality, gave the first promise of offspring, and the last warning of the ruin which impended over the city of Sodom. Two strangers, hungry and wayworn, pass by Lot as he is sitting, at evening, by the gate of the doomed city. He salutes them, after the Oriental fashion, and urges them to enter his house, to refresh themselves and spend the night. They decline, saying, "Nay, we will remain in the street. On his entreaty, however, they yield, enter his dwelling, wash their feet, eat his unleavened bread, and lie down to sleep. But before slumber has fallen upon them, there arises a tumult outside of the house. A mob of people has collected, and, with fierce outcries, demands the travelers, threatening to break in and seize them if they are not given up. Lot goes out to them to expostulate and appease; he will make any sacrifice of himself, he will submit to the most humiliating terms; but he must not, he will not surrender the persons of his guests: he can not violate the sacred laws of hospitality, which bid that the stranger be received and defended. But the strangers prove to be angels; and while the dispute is raging at the door, a miraculous power blinds the mob, and rescues the Patriarch. Whatever we may think of this story as history, we must acknowledge its exceeding beauty as a morality enforcing the duty of hospitality—a duty held second to none in Eastern lands, in primitive times and countries not thickly inhabited, when the way from village to village and dwelling to dwelling was long, hot and dangerous, and no wayside inn offered the refreshment, from want of which a weary traveler was likely to die. When men journeyed from town to town only as necessity compelled them, and religious pilgrimages took the place of modern festive excursions, to entertain the stranger was a very sacred duty, second to none in the whole range of social obligation. It was also a privilege—it was as much a benefit to the host as to the guest: for if the wayfarer who came to his door, devoured his substance; if the feed ran low in the barn; if the shed was defiled by the horses and cattle; if his mats were worn out, his utensils broken, or carried off by pilferers, he received in return for all he spent and lost, much pleasant companionship, much useful information, an acquaintance with foreign customs and people, intelligence of what was transpiring in the great world, the news, gossip, and scandal of the day, and occasionally the inestimable gift of a kindred spirit who cheered his heart and blessed his house with happy associations. Many a foul-mouthed beggar might knock at a door, and abuse the good man's kindness, but now and then would come an angel in beggar's guise, and his visit made ample amends for the discomforts brought by the rest.

The days of such promiscuous hospitality are over, except on extraordinary occasions, or in our wild western region. We entertain now none but friends, and for mutual pleasure. Living closely together, our villages knit to each other by iron roads, our longest journeys accomplished swiftly and luxuriously in steam carriages, our highways and byways dotted along with taverns, our towns supplied with princely hotels, the traveler now finds protection, comforts over and above his needs, wherever he may ask for them. There is no occasion to open private doors to the traveler. There is advantage in this, and there is disadvantage. Our houses are tidier, our carpets are fresher, our furniture retains its polish longer; our larders and cellars require less frequent replenishing, our pantries are not so lean, possibly our silver spoons are more rarely missing; but on the other hand, our houses are stiffer and colder, our chambers lack some genial associations, our boards are muffled by the cheerful conversation of new minds, and unblest by the wanderer's thanks; there are no spirits in the parlors of those we have helped, or who have helped us, and we ourselves, become reserved, exclusive, distant, slow in our sympathies, narrow in our prejudices.

and niggardly in our ways. We can not revive the ancient virtue of hospitality: for we can not recall the state of society to which it belonged; but hospitality itself can not be obsolete. It is a virtue for all ages. Its mode of exercise may not be always the same. We may be obliged to alter or enlarge its sphere; but its spirit remains ever unchanged. Still it is a sacred duty to entertain *strangers*—still it is true, in our most common experience, that they who do entertain strangers will sometimes entertain angels unawares.

The duty of hospitality requires us not to open our houses to any belated wanderer who may chance to pass, but to open our *minds* to the thoughts that come to us with unfamiliar aspect, and ask admittance to our consideration. Other apartments belong to us than those we eat and sleep in. Other welcome is it ours to give than that of kind words and the grasp of hand. The journey from sentiment to sentiment is often as long, laborious and painful as the journey used to be from city to city. Thoughts come to us, great thoughts, good thoughts; thoughts full of cheer and comfort come to us like distressed wayfarers, looking as if they were ready to die from exhaustion; storm-beaten, friendless, alone; and it is as hard to open the door to these and listen to their story, to conquer our fear and our disgust, to allow their claim to come in and receive any share of our attention, as it ever was for Hebrew Patriarch or Arab Sheik to permit an ugly-looking caravan from the desert to enter the inclosure of his guarded walls. To overcome mental exclusiveness, to grant a hearing to novel views, to conceal the possibility of truth to opinions from which we ourselves dissent, demands, indeed, a degree of liberality such as few can reach. All men have their favorite circles of prejudices, their set doctrines and beliefs nicely cased and carefully laid away out of the reach of vulgar contact. They fear they will be injured, broken or stolen, if exposed to the public gaze. So they shut the windows and bar the doors, and take for a burglar every idea that lurks in their neighborhood. It is impossible to exaggerate the mischief which such people do themselves. Cut off from communication with other minds, not only do they miss numberless opportunities for improvement and enlargement, but such ideas as they have become old-fashioned, stale and moldy. Without large and generous intercourse it is impossible for a human intellect to live.

The world is full now of *dead* truths that lie in men's understandings, like venerable rubbish in houses. They make theology a huge lumber-room, a vast receptacle of fragrant mummies. They float about on sluggish streams of popular opinion. They are in the way of all advancing wisdom in politics, art, philosophy, science, worship—the clog, the heaving apparatus of the world, so that no whisper of the Holy Spirit can find its way in. There they are allowed to lie; and in proportion to their age and uselessness is the respect paid to them. New ideas almost always look hungry and wild. We know not whence they come; we know not whither they go, nor what their intents may be. We think it safer to let them slide by. And yet, if angelic truths are ever to visit us, they must visit us as *strangers*; for certainly no one will be so insane as to imagine that he has them all as perpetual inmates of his house. And I would say, the more and more unfamiliar, the more repulsive their aspect is, the more probability is there of their being messengers of God. For proof of this, I would confidently appeal to the personal experience of such as have had any experience in these things. Is there any one before me who has felt the power of a truth—fresh, mighty, electric, running through all his being, crowding his mind with new suggestions, inspiring him with fixed sentiments, pushing out the boundaries of his reason, and spreading before him a wholly new landscape of existence? I would ask that man if this truth did not approach him at first in a strange, unwelcome and suspicious guise—if he did not look at it askance, and even fasten the gate more securely, that it might not get in—if he did not even drive it away from the door, and conjure it not to vex him any more? God's angels rarely look like angels when they accost us. They come in the awful shapes of duty, in the sad guise of renunciation. They come robed in the black drapery of mourning, and clad in the iron-armor of law. They look like enemies—they look like errors, and misfortunes, and sorrows, and deaths. They look like faded hopes and crippled beliefs—they look like gaunt infidelities and sly deceptions. If they looked otherwise, where would be the merit in opening the door and taking them in? Every man is glad to receive his friends. Few see what friendship may be extracted from foes. We are not to judge truths by their appearance.

A doctrine calling itself the simple humanity of Jesus comes to our door and knocks. We dread to let it in; it has a mean, poverty-stricken aspect. We have a notion that it keeps bad company, that it consorts with infidels and scorners, that it has dishonest designs upon our treasury of faith. The stranger enters, and while we are praying to be well-delivered from him and his wiles, he sits by our side and discourses of wonderful things. He makes us to know the dignity and worth and capacity of our own human nature; he opens to us glowing thoughts of a Deity dwelling in our hearts; he reveals to us an eternal life budding and blossoming out of our affections; he makes us the gift of a perfect human example; he sets before us a loftier ideal; in one word, this dreaded stranger presents to us Jesus as our brother, tells us that we are *his* brothers, restores us all, in our simple humanity, to the place of children in the affections of God. We had been entertaining an angel unawares.

Rationalism comes along, hard-featured, keen-eyed, pale in countenance, with an expression that seems scornful on its face. We have heard that he snatched people's Bibles away, and told them it was ridiculous to believe what they could not understand and prove with facts and logic. Multitudes hoot him away from the door and load him with execrations. But those who admit him and show a readiness to hear what he has to say, find that he only wished to release them from a slavish bondage to the written letter of the Bible; that he was anxious that they should believe more than they do, and more wisely; that he had but one thing to say, and that a very noble and strengthening and sanctifying thing—this, namely, that God's word was not all shut up in the covers of a book, but it was by God's inspiration that all men received understanding. Surely, the doctrine which brings us a thought like this is from heaven, however it may be disguised.

I recollect perfectly well, when I was a conservative and dainty youth, first opening the door to Dr. Channing's great application of the Christian doctrine respecting man to the African. Long had I seen the doctrine lurking about in the community, knocking at this gate and at that, hardly thinking it possible

that it should come near mine, fully determined not to draw a bolt if it did. I did not like its appearance. It looked vulgar, low and ridiculous; its robes were covered with the dirt heaped on it by respectable people; its aspect was lean and rabid, like that of a fanatic; its history was obscure; it was friendless and an outcast; I expected to hear from its lips nothing but vituperation and blasphemy. At length I went down and opened the door—rather it came in, as the door stood ajar, and seated itself in my parlor—and O what a gracious figure I found it then to be! How this stranger enriched my heart!—how he enlarged my conscience!—what insight he gave me into the meaning of the Gospel!—what knowledge of Christ!—with what treasures of faith, hope, love, he filled my soul! Many an angel have I entertained in my dwelling before and since, but never did such angel visit me in such guise. My whole house was illumined by his presence, and has been blessed by it ever since.

"Sanctify them by thy truth" was the prayer of Jesus. But how can truth sanctify so long as it is shut out? How can truth sanctify so long as we allow it to enter only through the door of our prejudices and tastes? One thing is sure, that old, easy, inherited opinions, pet notions which we hold to from habit, or ignorance, or interest, well-preserved traditions of truth, memories of it, guesses at it, scraps borrowed from hearsay, relics of it which we prize as antiques—these do not sanctify. Another thing is sure: that prejudices, opinions upon any subject carelessly adopted, doggedly defended, having no foundation in reason, and no strength but in sheer force of will, have an influence that is the very opposite of sanctifying, that is depraving and demoralizing and soul-killing. Is there not a terrible hint in the fact that the narrow mind is always associated with the obstinate, sullen and bitter temper—that bigotry always smells of blood? They who keep open house for all the messengers of light, know that their hearts are ennobled as their intellects expand; and along with a full understanding comes a patient, loving and adoring spirit.

But to this doctrine of mine, that we should not be forgetful of the duties of mental hospitality, some may urge objections. It will be asked, perhaps, if the discharge of the duty does not require a large and capacious mind? To which I reply: No more than the exercise of hospitality requires a large house. And it is my experience that they who live in the smallest houses often entertain the greatest number of guests. The liberal heart stretches the narrow dwelling to the desired extent and makes room for all honest comers. The illiberal leaves its noblest chambers to dust and darkness and cobwebs, and can not find so much as a closet for a saint. The capacious intellect that contents itself with dead formulas, antiquated verities, and venerated truisms, gets weak and little. The wind sounds in its desolate spaces—its chambers reverberate hollowness—its proud halls become magazines for the storage of old furniture. But the mind, slow, timid and limited, that willingly takes in a new idea, adds to its breadth with each new guest. We do not know how deep our minds are till we try seriously to fill them up. The smallest mind that ever thought, has secret chambers enough for all that men have known; and if it will only undertake to discover how many guests it will accommodate, it will never be obliged to complain of want of room.

But is not this mental hospitality dangerous? Does it not destroy our intellectual stability? Does it not render fixed opinions impossible, and make of a man a mere weathercock, a creature of whims and notions, a visionary? Certainly it does, if he is always running about the streets seeking to hear and know some new thing, like the Athenians, whose curiosity has become a proverb. But let him stay at home in the well-built house of his own convictions, entertaining, with due caution, only such strangers as come to his door, there can be no danger. The truly hospitable man is the master in his own mansion; because he is hospitable, he does not live out of doors, giving his possessions to every chance comer. Of course, if a man has no convictions, new thoughts can not unsettle him. It makes little difference on what waters a bit of drift sea-weed floats. But if he has convictions well-grounded, solidly built up, steadfast and permanent, there can be no harm in opening his doors. He may be put to the trouble and expense of enlarging his house, of building an additional chamber, of running out his beliefs in new directions, of altering their shape here and there; but the result will be the greater strength, symmetry and beauty. He will gain at once in durability and in convenience.

If I were to characterize by one word the true genius of Christianity, that word would be *hospitality*. Our faith is distinguished radically from all the rest by this: having a well-built house of its own, it bids all truth-seeking men to come and assist in its furnishing. It says to the teachers and saints of the whole world, ancient and modern, Jew and Gentile: Come in all; tell us what you know; give us your discovery or your revelation; lend us your vision, your experience. We shall hold ourselves honored by your thoughts. Other churches say: Come in as converts—come in as disciples—come in as subjects. We say: Come in as *friends*.

Do not understand me as asserting that all opinions are indifferent—that one doctrine is as good as another—that a man must receive every stray notion with open arms, and render to one the same honor he renders to another. Against the absolute skepticism which some minds mistake for liberality, I protest with all my might. I believe that the quality of one's earnest conviction is of immense, of infinite moment. I believe that some beliefs are true, and others false; that some are angelic and some diabolic. Between the doctrines of an everlasting hell and a universal salvation; of a God who is a monarch, and a God who is a Father; of an ecclesiastical despotism like that of the Church of Rome, and a spiritual Republic like that which we recognize; of Faith limited by a creed, and Faith limited only by God's inspirations of truth; between Congregationalism and Episcopacy, between Universalism and Calvinism, between Unitarianism and Trinitarianism, between Naturalism and Unnaturalism, the distance is almost too great to be measured in language. If one of these is Truth, the other is Error; and a man ought to conclude for himself which is the truth and which is the error. And in order to come to such conclusion, he ought not to shut himself up in the loneliness of any inherited creed, but to open his doors that strange creeds may come in, and talk with him and let him see what they are like. Since it is of such vast consequence that he should have the truth, mental hospitality rises to the dignity of a religious duty—a duty too obvious to be mentioned. But who recognize it? Nine sects have churches and congregations in this city, and the doors of each are with more or less emphasis slammed in the face of the others. The Episcopal min-

ister never preaches to the Presbyterians; the Dutch Reformed pastor has no exchange of pulpit with the Methodist; Congregationalist and Unitarian never address the same audience. If clergymen of different views exchange desks on Sunday, it is distinctly understood that neither shall present his peculiar opinions to his brother's people. How absurd! What an insult upon the people! What a libel upon the truth! What a burlesque upon Christian teaching! What a stultification of preachers' souls! A man must suppress his deepest persuasions, must say nothing of what he believes most in, must withhold that which he most values, that people's minds may not be disturbed by too much thought! What infidelity is this—nay, I might almost call it blasphemy! God speed the time when the same audience may listen to the ablest expositions of strange opinions—when the places of Christian worship shall not be feudal castles, defended by drawn bridges and bristling with arms, but hospitals where mentally decrepid and soul-sick men may have the benefit of a wholesome and varied treatment! We might not have fewer sects than we have now, but we should have less narrow-mindedness and arrogance. We should have a people who believed something, and knew why they believed it. The conservative could do nothing better than ponder seriously a few radical ultrisms. The innovator needs some close study of ancient truths. The credulous mind disposed to unquestioning faith would profit by some thoughtful intimacy with skepticism and denial. The incredulous had better revolve the mysterious events of history and the solemn facts of consciousness. The man who fears lest the world be moving too fast, would do well to put away his apprehensions of ruin and look at the hideous miseries under which it is groaning, until complacency is mated in despair and the terrified tone of the conservative sinks into the reformer's prayer; and he who trembles lest truth should fail, would wisely peruse history and learn how every falsehood has helped it on. If there is a doctrine foreign to our habits and tastes, that is the doctrine we should be forward to entertain; that is our disguised angel, if any is.

But the duty of hospitality is larger than this. It must comprehend persons as well as opinions. Close and extended observers of life tell us that they improve most who associate with their dissimilars in genius, temperament and taste. Just as royal families that incessantly intermarry, die from lack of foreign blood, so men die mentally and morally from lack of foreign brain and character. Exclusiveness—the exclusiveness of wealth, of position, of belief, of humor, is the bane of our society. To shun people because for some superficial reason they are not agreeable to us—to shut our doors against them because they do not dress as we do, live as we do, think as we do, may be very flattering to our self-conceit, but it is very damaging to our self-respect, and may be very injurious to our self-education. In comparison with the broad sympathies of an intelligent man of the world, who has had much experience of mankind and has found human nature to be pretty much the same thing under all its numberless guises, and at least equally noble in lowest as in highest places, who has discovered as many angels in the working dress of the mechanic as in the broadcloth of the gentleman—how foolish is the pious aristocracy of the orthodox scribe who takes every Unitarian for a devil; or the supercilious contempt of the self-exalted, who imagine that all outside of their circle are vulgar. Does not the best discipline of character consist in overcoming antipathies—conquering enmities and disdains—subduing pride, acquiring considerateness, patience, tolerance—learning to make allowances for infirmity, to bear with ignorance and unreasonableness, to submit cheerfully to annoyance? It is by the outgrowing of aversions that we gain strength. Most people like to travel through life in a private carriage, with their own coachman, carrier and servants, announcing their arrival at all inns on the road, that exclusive apartments may be secured for them, mingling with none but their own countrymen, conforming in no respect to the customs of strange lands, and taking most especial pains to preserve their individuality from all unpleasant contact with the foreigners among whom they may be living. The result is that their selfishness hardens into a mountain, on whose snow-clad sides no human sympathies can live. They help us most who can give us most of that good quality which we lack. What an angel Jesus, the despised Nazarene, would have been to the Pharisees, if they would have opened their doors to him! But no; he was not their equal in social position, he was not their fellow in religious belief, he was not their peer in wealth. But the world will not learn the lesson: and God's angels are daily turned away from all our doors because their looks or their names offend us. For my part I will say, and I am sure every honest man will respond, that my best friends have been from the company of strangers. There are men from whom once I shrink with aversion, whom now I hold dear as my own heart; and men who came to me unwelcome, have blessed me beyond any power of mine to repay. O friends, when shall we have self-respect enough, liberality enough, manly and Christian feeling enough to confess eagerly and practically the truth of these very simple and obvious thoughts? Until we do confess them, I see not how we are ever to increase in knowledge or in grace; I do not see what Christ or God, or all the powers of heaven can do for us unless we will open all our doors—earnestly believing that outside of us, waiting to come in, stands the Great Teacher. What is to become of us if we are to be thus forever suspicious of thoughts and men? What is to become of us if we will hear only what we like to hear, and will associate only with those who can feed our conceit? God only knows; but for myself I should expect for such a course to be made an outcast from bliss. Did you ever remark that in the fearful description of the Judgment scene in the Gospel of Matthew, Jesus describes himself as coming to men in the guise of a stranger, begging for hospitality? "I was hungry and ye gave me meat; thirsty, and ye gave me drink; a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me." "Lord, when hast thou knocked at our door?" say the faithful. "I was in every stranger to whom you offered entertainment." When you admitted the strange truth, the strange sentiment of good, the strange purpose of duty, you admitted me; when you admitted the poor, the humble, the outcast, the obscure, the neglected, the maligned to your sympathies, you admitted me. In like manner, my home shall be freely opened to you.

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"LET EVERY MAN BE FULLY PERSUADED IN HIS OWN MIND."

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

Editor and Proprietor.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1859.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Dr. R. T. Hallock lectured before the Spiritualists at Dordrecht's Academy, Sunday morning, July 24, to a full and appreciative audience. He took for his text "The Nineteenth Century," and said his text was so big that he felt he should not in one discourse get much beyond an apology for introducing it. But, said he, I was with this century born; we were boys together, have lived together, and he hoped he and it have been of some service. The present, however, is the most important part of time. It is heaven or hell, as men will make it. There is no greater mistake made by man than that of looking forward to another day—another time—to what Jesus has done and will yet do for them, or to an hypothetical miracle for salvation and for the attainment of heaven. Whoever fails to put himself in a heavenly condition so as to comprehend the beauties of God and nature to-day, will never find heaven, but will remain in hell looking for heaven afar off. The eternal now is heaven's own time. There is no commerce by which the future gives back its boon to the present and past, until the value of the present is thoroughly comprehended; but each day is pregnant with heaven's own glories and consolations.

God never does for man that which he can do for himself. Look, said he, to the law of life. Men want food and clothing; the materials for these are furnished, but God does not boil our potatoes nor make our garments. The constructive genius—the God in man—must work with the creative energy of the universe in order to enjoy the greatest comforts and luxuries of life on the physical plane, and even so it is on the moral and mental planes. To find and to enjoy heaven, man must set himself in the order of God's unfolding thought, and work with him.

The Nineteenth Century is the noblest of all the centuries; it has science, moral energies, and a conscience which prior time had not. The patriarchs of former centuries held their fellow-men in bondage, and thought they were doing God service, and now every man begins to think that it is wrong to hold slaves, or for any man, in any way, to infringe on the growth, liberty and normal unfoldments of the neighbor. The religion of brotherhood is being unfolded, and is taking the place of moral, mental and physical slavery. Humanity is individually rising into moral rectitude, and this is the chief cause of trouble and mourning to those of the more sluggish and of tardy growth.

The human achievements of the present century immensely transcend those of all the previous ages. Steam power, and its application to mechanics; steamboats, railroads, electricity, have been born into use in this century. Not only has a telegraphic cable been laid connecting the new and old hemispheres of the earth, but telegraphic communication is opened between the earthly and spiritual kingdoms, and the lines are in constant working order, so that we of this Nineteenth Century talk face to face with the inhabitants of all previous centuries. Spirits and mortals stand shoulder to shoulder, mutually aiding, mutually unfolding a broader comprehension, and thus pushing on the car of progress. By this process we have access to the experiences of men in previous ages, and the wisdom of those who have passed through the valley of death to the spiritual plane beyond; and with these facilities what may we not expect? 'Tis only those who comprehend these new unfoldings and use the light beaming on humanity, that are inspired with the significance of the times and of human life.

Up to the time of the last and crowning event of the Nineteenth Century (the opening of spiritual intercourse) the hu-

man mind tended seemingly to materialism. God was not much known and less cared for; the human mind gravitated to the plane of the chief manifestation in the universe, the material plane, where the human energy chiefly centered; but in this dark night of materialism, Spirit lights burst on man, and angel voices resounded throughout civilization, calling on man to come up higher, since which time not an infidel (so-called) has been made, not an organization has been consummated to restrict and to circumscribe human thought, and to mold forms of human utterance, and such an organization never can be created again. The whole mode of thought and effort has been changed; the individual soul has been set on fire, and its spiritual effulgence is drying up the putrid pools from which it has been raised. Our institutions of learning, our Astor libraries, are but the A B C of the Nineteenth Century—not up to the living idea of to-day. All this brilliancy of intellect, and all these giant strides of progress show that popular religion has no solid foundation. Its salvation rests on injustice, and it damns by authority of Scripture alone; whereas, in the clearer light of to-day, it is seen that the loss of one human soul would demolish the throne of God!

A CHALLENGE

TO THE REV. MR. CHAPIN AND THE INDEPENDENTS GENERALLY—LETTER FROM THE REV. J. C. RICHMOND.

NEW YORK, Sunday noon, July 17, 1859.

To the Rev. E. H. Chapin—Dear Sir: In your powerful, eloquent and beautiful, because Saxon, earnest and truthful sermon this morning, you gladdened my heart; and, in the words of your text, caused another "pool in the valley of Baca to be filled with water;" for in the "great desert" which we are going through, it is to me a glad sign, like "moie, moie, helive!"—"water, sweet water!"—to the Arabs, that a sermon so strong, pure and Saxon should suit the American taste, and be popular. I can not praise the sermon too highly, for though I feared, in the first half hour, that it would prove to be only a great oration, such as a Greek or Roman philosopher might have uttered, yet at last you redeemed it nobly, by saying that we must go out of ourselves, and apprehend God as manifested in Jesus Christ. This notice of the great Epiphany made me subscribe to every word of your sermon.

But I now wish to call your attention to a great defect—not in you, whom I wish to laud as an earnest, sincere, zealous and eloquent, if in some things mistaken, man—a defect not in you, but in your system.

Let me speak in an illustration. The pious and successful Schwarz labored in India about half a century, I think. No missionary, scarcely any Apostle even, could be more successful than he. He held the hearts of people and princes in his hand, and was intrusted with solemn embassies between nation and nation. His success, truth and faithfulness are almost without parallel. But Schwarz is dead, and where are his labors? The results are indeed still in the world, and doubtless his record is on high. But there are no followers. Now consider candidly had Schwarz been a Bishop, endowed with the Apostolic power of sending forth other laborers, there would have been this day a host of reapers in the Indian harvest. In short, the Divine system of the Catholic (not Roman or Peculiar) Church of God is needful to that perpetuity which the Lord promised. Mr. Chapin can and ought, for many reasons, draw a crowd; but when you are removed, by inevitable age, infirmity or death, what becomes of the host of admirers who know no church but Chapin? These are candid and true thoughts, uttered frankly and in candor. Will you, my dear Sir, so receive them?

Yours, faithfully, JAMES COOK RICHMOND, *Presbyter*.

We copy the above from the New York Times, of July 19. We do not suppose that Dr. Chapin will take any notice of it. He probably will not be willing to consider it an open question, whether it is better for him to instruct people in great and eternal truths and principles, than to fasten them to a narrow creed, or form or ceremony—whether handed down from rude antiquity in a particular manner, or introduced by fallible and erring bishops. It seems that James Cook Richmond's religion consists in "freezing" people into Episcopal forms—supporting a soulless Church, whose main efforts are to petrify and fossilize men that it may incorporate them with its own stony materials, forming a sort of coral mountain in the midst of the great sea of use, the glory of which consists simply in its bulk.

Dr. Chapin, if we understand him aright, takes a different view of God's work and man's use. He does not believe that all the wisdom in store for man was imparted to the ancients, or that himself or others have penetrated to the zenith of Divine wisdom, and comprehended it all; or that Divine glory culminates in numbers or devotion to creed, or in a state of rest and uselessness; but that there is knowledge yet to be attained, and uses to be performed, and he seems to consider the office of a preacher to be to acquire and impart truth, and inculcate righteousness. Instead of putting forth himself or his creed around which men shall crystallize, he strikes the corroding chains from the soul, and touches it with the fire of

a new and diviner truth which impels it on to greater use. Those whose religion is their Church and its dogmas, and whose highest object is to secure the allegiance of multitudes to their creeds, have no conception of an every-day religion—a practical religion—a religion in work and in business dealings among men, and they mourn over the casting of such pearls of truth as Mr. Chapin utters before the traveling host. Thus Mr. Richmond, with apparent concern for souls, says, when Mr. Chapin is removed by infirmity or death, "What will become of the host of admirers who know no church but Chapin?" This creed-bound Christian can not conceive the idea that those whom Chapin has inspired with his truth and fervor, are every-day preachers; that they carry religion around with them; that their daily walk and conversation is sanctified by it, and that these working preachers always have attentive congregations, while their religion illuminates every act and word. These are the world's preachers, the true preachers of God. To these the Apostolic virtue is not imparted by the laying on of hands, but is evolved from the heart as in the case of the older Apostles, by the inspirations of fitting and sublime truths fresh from the fountain of God's eternal love.

As Mr. Richmond asks where are the followers of Schwarz, so we may ask, where are the followers of Jesus? Not in the existing Church organizations, of course, for he had no such Church organizations as those now in the world. But he told his disciples to go out into all the world and preach the Gospel; and we trust, or at least we hope, that Mr. Chapin's disciples are doing likewise.

CONNECTICUT "COURANT" CORRECTED.

Some months since, the above-named paper published a most ridiculous article, not to call it by a harsher name, against Spiritualism and Spiritualists; and a friend of truth at the time sent us the article, together with a letter from himself and from the wife of one of the persons mentioned. By some means we neglected to attend to the affair at the time, and lost sight of the documents, which have just come to light, and which we now place on record in order that they may stand as witnesses in any question that may grow out of this case, should it be called up in the future. Several of the statements of the *Courant* have been proved to be utterly without foundation; but the assertion that a person in Maine went into a field and shot two men, as he supposed by the orders of Spirits, and that Mr. Willis Upson was through excitement on Spiritualism induced to hang himself, have not before been sufficiently shown to be untrue, and for this reason we put the following letters on record in this connection:

WATERBURY, CONN., August 26, 1858.

MR. HALE—Dear Sir: Yours of the 23d lies before me, and I will answer it as briefly as possible. I shall never think that Spiritualism had anything to do with Mr. Upson's death, whatever. Four years ago he investigated the subject, but for the last two years he said but little about it, his mind being wholly absorbed in business.

For a few months (or perhaps I should say two months) past, he had been growing gloomy and dejected; but the whole cause has been a combination of business affairs, and his most confidential friends are of the same opinion.

Also, I have good reasons for saying, I think he never contemplated suicide previous to the fire. Yours truly, MRS. WILLIS UPSON.

Thus you will see the utter falsity of the story about Mr. Upson, although it is stated to be "from undoubted authority."

The other fabricated story of the young man, half idiotic, shooting Wheelock and Ainsworth in Maine, a few weeks since, by direction of Spirits, was without a shadow of foundation, and was so proved by positive evidence on the spot, and so published in some of the papers soon after the occurrence.

There are those, and their name is legion, whose minds are so biased against Spiritualism that they will say all manner of evil against it falsely, and then have not the Christian courtesy to acknowledge their error, even when convinced. Yours, in the bonds of truth,

COLLINSVILLE, CONN., August 29, 1858.

D. B. HALE.

"J. A. M." is informed that the published documents and letter came duly to hand. But we must respectfully inform our worthy correspondents that, notwithstanding the high position they occupy in the popular Church, and the importance they have attached to a confession of faith, we of the New Church are no respecters of persons, or of the exalted position any one has, or still holds in the Old Church; and we esteem no confession to the world that a Christian has become a Spiritualist, of the slightest importance, and therefore must decline the proffered proclamation.

THE SPIRIT AND THE SPIRIT WORLD.

SEVENTH ARTICLE. ILLUSTRATIONS BY DREAM-LIFE.

A clear apprehension of the separate or discrete degrees illustrated in our last article as marking the distinction between what is natural and what is spiritual, will prepare the reader for a more direct definition of the nature and constitution of the Spirit and the Spirit-world. Taking as a *point de départ* the statement in our last article, that while the natural world or degree is the world or degree of external sense, the spiritual world is the world or degree of substantial mentality, (using that word in its broadest and deepest sense, as including the whole mental and psychical constitution and its surroundings,) we proceed in our search for farther light bearing upon our theme. And eschewing all far-fetched hypotheses as entirely unnecessary, we encounter at once phenomena so familiar to every one, and so apposite to the question before us, that it is a matter of surprise their bearings have not been more generally perceived and appreciated. We refer to the nightly experiences of every man in the phenomena of *sleep* and *dreaming*.

In that *quasi* death to the outer and life to the inner degree of our being which occurs in *sleep* and *dreams*, we have, as we maintain, an actual though imperfect exemplification of that death to the outer and life to the inner degree which occurs in its fullness and perfection when the body goes to sleep to awake no more. Not only does the dream-state exemplify the spiritual degree or world as respects the interior consciousness of the individual, but as respects the scenery by which he is surrounded. Of course we must speak with qualification on this point, and in the outset guard our readers against the error of supposing us to refer to the often-broken, inconsistent, fantastic, and even insane, ravings of the mind in the dream-state, as anything like a *perfect* representation of the mode of existence concerning which we are now inquiring. Most dreams are unquestionably influenced, more or less, by the state of the body, by the subsiding waves of thought and emotion that had passed through the mind during the hours immediately preceding bodily sleep, or even by sounds, odors, contacts for tastes by which the sensational nerves of the sleeper may, in some slight degree, be acted upon by a waking experimenter, or by fortuitous external conditions. Instances are related in which the thoughts of the dreamer were, in a manner, controlled and directed by a person gently whispering in his ear. But even in such cases, the scenes and experiences presented to the mind of the dreamer differ in a marked manner from what they would be if the outer senses were fully awake to the excitants addressing them, and if the internal degree of the mind that is more fundamentally concerned in the operation of dreaming were slumbering in unconsciousness; and this difference, (and in a certain sense resemblance,) by-the-by, of itself furnishes an important hint concerning the correspondence between the interior and exterior degree of the mind that is operated upon by these outer stimuli. It may be added, that all those mental and psychical phenomena by which the experiences of the dreamer whose partially-opened external senses are thus addressed, differ from what would be his experiences under the same exciting causes were he fully awake, may be considered as due to, and hinting the nature of, his spiritual state.

Moreover, from the dream-scenes and experiences, under whatever circumstances, let all be sifted out that is due to immediate bodily and external conditions, and what remains will be, so far as it goes, purely spiritual, and will so far stand as an exponent of the spiritual state and world into which one enters when the body drops into its final sleep, called death. And if during the dream-state, disturbed and deranged by such external influences, the soul could be gradually and entirely withdrawn from the body, as it is in the process called death, and is almost entirely so in states of deep trance (which are but the deepening of the dream-life), its condition, without essentially changing the nature of the dream-state, would be identical with that spiritual state and world into which we shall all enter after laying off our outer bodies. The spiritual state and world, therefore, we repeat, is precisely that which we all know as the dream-state and world, with this important difference, that the former is disentangled from all those phantasms, inconsistencies, incoherencies and insanities which, owing to bodily connections, characterize

ordinary dreams, and the soul is free, lucid, operative in all its faculties, and exists in a sphere appropriate to its abstract nature, and entirely discreted from the outer sphere of life.*

A spiritual theory based upon phenomena so universally familiar as those of dreaming, will no doubt, at first blush, strike the minds of many persons unfavorably, especially those which are preoccupied with other and, it may be, far less simple theories. To meet, therefore, the exigencies of existing skepticism, and to answer, in some degree, the demands which all rational minds have a right to make before accepting a new doctrine, some additional remarks and illustrations seem required.

We submit, then, that if the phenomena of the dream-state are carefully examined by the aid of the memory of each one's own experiences, and of the many remarkable facts in this department that are on record, it will be found often possessed of those characteristics that are abundantly worthy of a fixed state of conscious and intellectual existence higher than the present, and answering to a rational conception of the spiritual life. And these characteristics of the dream-state will be manifest as we view it specially in the several aspects of its *vividness*, its *rationality*, its *intuitiveness*, and its *prescience*.

In the *first* place, then, it can scarcely be doubted that the experiences of the dream-state are often quite as *vivid* as those of external consciousness, and sometimes even more so. Instances of dreaming have frequently occurred in which the dreamer was in doubt whether his experiences were not those of external wakefulness—his perceptions being too clear, his sensations too vivid, and the appearance of external objects too real, to agree with the *ideas* he had externally formed of the dream-state. And how often have we experienced emotions of love or hatred, and witnessed scenes of beauty or of horror, in the dream-state, which have exerted a magic influence over our waking thoughts and affections for hours and days afterward—an influence deeper and more potent than any mere earthly experiences of a corresponding nature could exert? And how often have series of experiences, such as would have required days or even weeks for accomplishment in the wakeful state of the external man, been crowded into a few minutes of dream-life, and yet, occurring apparently without any unnatural rapidity, but with an orderly succession of intervals that corresponded to the hours and days of our earthly time. Who can contemplate these phenomena without being impressed that the dream-state, as to its vividness and concentration of emotional and intellectual life, has capacities even beyond the life of external wakefulness? It is true that the dream-life as contemplated from the stand-point of external sense, seems faint and shadowy, but we think this is evidently owing to the difference in the two discrete degrees of life being such that they can not mingle together on one common plane, and in consequence of which our *waking recollections* of the interior state are imperfect. There is great reason to believe that many of the most vivid experiences of our dreams leave no record whatever on the external memory; and what seems to prove this beyond a doubt is the often vivid emotions and subsequent obliviousness of somnambulists and persons who talk in their dreams.

In the *second* place, notwithstanding the incoherence and irrationality of most dreams as owing to the partial and unequal states of interior and exterior wakefulness, there are some dreams which are quite as rational and consecutive as the thoughts of the waking state, and even more so. This is proved by the many well-authenticated instances in which mathematical problems have been solved, and mechanical inventions have been accomplished in the dream state which had baffled all the resources of the intellect in the state of external wakefulness. Somnambulists (who are simply dreamers capable of acting out their impressions through the bodily organs,) have also been frequently known to play difficult games, to write compositions, to execute paintings and to perform other feats requiring a range and penetration of intellect of which they were totally incapable in their waking moments.

In the *third* place, the mind in the dream-state, all condi-

* On the subject of dreams, and the light they throw on the future and immortal state, consult an article by the present writer published in the Eighth Volume of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, p. 66, June 12th, 1858, and entitled "Study Your Dreams." See also the article entitled "Psychocosmos," by our ingenious friend "Psyche," published June 25, p. 98 of the current volume of the TELEGRAPH.

tions being favorable, is often characterized with powers of direct *intuition* far transcending its capacities in the state of external wakefulness. Not unfrequently have doubts concerning philosophical and theological questions that have long occupied the waking thoughts, been solved by direct and absolute perceptions of the mind while the bodily senses were closed in sleep; and transcendent knowledge of spiritual things, often difficult or impossible to express in the language of men, has not unfrequently flashed into the soul in a similar way. It is doubtless from the unrecollected perceptions coming to our minds during our profoundest slumber, that we sometimes, on awaking from our sleep in the morning, find doubts that had previously been laboring in our minds entirely and clearly solved, we know not how.

In the *fourth* place, the mind in the dream-state is often characterized by powers of *prescience* or foreknowledge of the *rationale* or mode of which the mind in its external state is totally unable to conceive. It was in the dream-state that many of the visions of the old prophets, foreshadowing the future of God's dealings with mankind, were given; and in the pages of profane as well as sacred history, the instances of such prescience (subsequently verified) are very numerous. And perhaps it may be safely asserted that more than one-half of persons in our own day, at some time during their lives, receive, in the same way, true impressions of more or less importance concerning the future.

We have not deemed it necessary to cite actual facts under these various heads demonstrative of the positions assumed, as such facts are presumed to be well known to all who are familiar with psychological literature, and many of our readers have more or less knowledge of them from their own personal experience. What objection, then, even in the absence of farther and confirmatory considerations, can there be to our regarding that state of partial and temporary death to the external and life to the internal world which occurs in sleep and dreams, as a sure indication of the nature and *modus* of that more perfect *sleep* of the external and *wakefulness* of the internal man, which occurs when the partnership between the soul and body is thoroughly and finally dissolved? Surely we have in these marks of a superior liveliness and exaltation of the faculties that which, at least in a great measure, satisfies the highest ideal we can now form concerning the nature of the transmundane life.

But to all these considerations may be added the fact, that in the dream-state persons have sometimes been actually conscious of spiritual scenes, and of holding converse with spiritual personages. Of this character of mental cognitions, was most of the correspondential scenery that appeared to the ancient prophetic dreamers. An example of an actual spirit-appearance and communication in a dream is found in the sublime language of Eliphaz the Temanite, in his reproof of Job, in which he says:

"In thoughts from the visions of the night when *deep sleep* falleth on man, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a Spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof. An image was before mine eyes: there was silence, and I heard a voice saying; Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?" etc.—Job, 4: 13-17.

It was "in a dream" that "the angel of the Lord" appeared to Joseph in several instances, and gave him instructions concerning the child Jesus. It was in a dream or night vision that Paul was invited by a Spirit or angel to visit Macedonia (Acts, 16: 9), and in a similar manner he was, on another occasion, comforted concerning the perils of his voyage to Rome (Acts 27: 23); not to speak of other and similar cases recorded in the Bible.

In farther confirmation of our main position, at least to the minds of *Spiritualists*, we may cite the fact that the dream-state is in unmistakable analogy and modified identity, with states that are expressly recognized by many people to be spiritual, or at least semi-spiritual. We have already intimated that the state of natural somnambulism is but the ordinary dream-state intensified, with the mind in that intimate conjunction with the body whereby it is still able to use it as its instrument. Now the state of magnetic clairvoyance is precisely identical with this, except that it is induced and controlled by an operator in the external, and is thus rendered more versatile and extensive in its operations. And so it may be safely asserted that the somnambulism, or trance and clair-

voyance produced by the magnetic action of *Spirits*, is still but another modification of the same state. If, therefore, Spirituality may be, *a fortiori*, predicated of these latter states, it must in some degree be predicated at least of the more favorable developments of those states ordinarily known as dreaming.

"But," says one, "is it so, then, that we are to consider the Spirit and the Spirit-world as made up of the unreal stuff that dreams are made of?" *Unreal stuff!* Pray tell us, kind Sir, how do you know that the world you are now in is made up of *real* stuff, while the constituent objects and scenery of the *fully developed* life we have been describing, are *unreal*? How do you know that the trees, the flowers, the landscape, the rivers, the lakes by which you appear to be surrounded in this world, are *real* objects, and not mere *appearances* caused by the internal states of your own mind, as some have contended? You perceive them by your *senses*, do you? And is *that* your best evidence of their real existence? Then you should know that by the same evidence precisely (with something deeper than all this,) does the Spirit, in the perfectly developed mental state we have been endeavoring to illustrate, *know* that the trees, flowers, landscapes, rivers, lakes, cities, etc., of its own world are *real*—even more real and substantial than the fleeting and ever-changing things of this life; for there it may be said in an important sense that outer objects never change, though the Spirit's *perceptions* of them change according to states.

It may, however, be said, that to the *exclusively external* conceptions of man in *this* world, a tree (for example) in the Spirit-world is unreal; while to the Spirit's conceptions, totally abstracted from its previous natural state, a tree in *this* world would be still more unreal; for we have already intimated that the objects of one degree of being are real to the other only by *correspondence*.

SPIRITS WRITE IN OREGON.

J. P. Hibler, Esq., of Oregon, called at our office on the 28th of July, and narrated the following interesting spiritual facts. He says G. W. Gilman, of Washington Butte, Lima Co., Oregon, is a blacksmith and farmer by occupation, and has several children and a wife, who are more or less mediative. They hold circles nearly every evening, and the people from the region round about come to talk with their Spirit-friends. Their circles vary in numbers from a few to fifty persons. The company usually form a circle with the family, around a table on which they place a slate and pencil, and then darken the room and ask questions, which questions are replied to in writing on the slate. Persons hear the writing being done, and often see a hand doing it, which hand is at times illuminated so as to give the appearance of being surrounded by a phosphorescent glow. These hands are seen, and known to belong to no person in the natural body, and the hand itself claims, through writing, to be that of a Spirit. To demonstrate this claim, it performs feats which no mortal hand can perform. It not only writes communications which are entirely new, and sometimes stating things unknown at the time, but the hand moves swiftly around the room from one side to the other, up to the ceiling and down to the floor, and in a manner impossible for a hand attached to a natural body to do.

Communications and replies are equally well given by this hand to persons making any inquiries, and then immediately leaving the room with no human being (in the earth form, at least,) in it. The replies are written on the slate, and when finished the table-leaf is thumped as a signal for the inquirer to come in and get them.

Our informant visited this family an entire stranger; they knew not that he ever had a brother, yet the Spirit wrote "Henry Hibler" on the slate, and claimed to be his brother. It was true that he had a brother by that name, who had died. He received many communications equally unaccountable on any other than the spiritual theory.

This family, who are mediums, were, like all other Spiritualists, previously skeptical as to the possibility of Spirits manifesting themselves to mortals, and one of the means the Spirit took to convince this family of its presence, was to sketch his own likeness as he was just before he died—all emaciated, stomach sunk in, and bent over with consumption. This picture was so perfect that the family, all the neighbors,

and indeed every one who had seen the man, recognized the likeness. In addition to this, the Spirit wrote out its own history, and gave other evidences which fully proved its identity.

A neighbor of this family, a young man about eighteen years of age, became interested in the manifestations, and sat in the circle a few times; he was developed as a speaking medium, and as such delivered some excellent essays. His parents, who were devotedly Christian in another way, found it out to their pious horror, and remonstrated with him for it, and finally forbade his pursuing the investigation, or his being influenced, on the penalty of forfeiture of the parental home; and thus the Lord is served out there. Of course the young man surrenders at discretion until he is of age.

The chief medium for these manifestations is a child about thirteen years of age.

These communications are sometimes interfered with by a Spirit calling himself "Old Zeb," which is the name by which a man was called who died drunk. He was not ugly, but funny, and he appears to be the same now that he is a Spirit. He says he does not want to progress; he enjoys life well enough now—does not want to know any more, and to all appearance he succeeds in not knowing more. Sometimes this Spirit gets control, and for the time being, and perhaps for the evening, he prevents communications from other Spirits.

This is a fair report of the narrative given us, which narrative we believe to be perfectly reliable; and we are thankful for it, and we shall feel equally thankful to any one who will communicate any important spiritual facts that may have occurred in their own experience. The opposers say Spiritualism is dying out, simply because Spiritualists feel that the community has been surfeited with facts; but this is not true excepting, perhaps, as it relates to Spiritualists. But we do not publish papers *exclusively* for the benefit and gratification of advanced Spiritualists, but for skeptics as well, and we do not intend to get above our business and duties to the erring, and neglect the facts which have saved us and other Spiritualists. We want facts; they are the corner-stones of the modern Church, and we have many churches to build. Give us facts!

Let Out of Prison by Spirits.

Two weeks ago we published an account of the imprisonment of L. P. Rand and the Davenport boys in the Oswego Jail, for exhibiting spiritual manifestations, which the authorities of that place construed into "practicing jugglery without a license." Three days ago we received a note from Mr. Rand, stating that he had written us from the place where he was then stopping, a full account of his liberation by the Spirits, who had unlocked the prison door, and directed the statement to the editor at Oswego, under an impression derived from an intimation in our columns that he would be there at a certain time. The editor did not go to Oswego, as he intended, and hence did not receive the document. On the receipt of Mr. Rand's note, we telegraphed to Oswego to have the document forwarded to us. We have kept our columns open to the last moment, hoping to receive it in time for this week's issue, but have been disappointed. We shall undoubtedly receive it in time for our next; and from the nature of Mr. Rand's brief note, we are led to anticipate in it the relation of some phenomena that are very wonderful.

Mr. Beecher's Absence.

Our readers will recognize the absence of Mr. Beecher from our columns this week, which is accounted for by his absence from the city. He is taking a few weeks' *congé* during the warm weather, for the purpose of recruiting, and will probably return early in September (at which time Mr. Chapin is also expected to return), after which his sermons will regularly appear in our weekly issues, as usual. Next week we will publish Mr. Beecher's sermon of Sunday evening, July 11, which we have reserved to help fill up the gap occasioned by his absence.

Blessings on the Telegraph.

We extract the following from a letter recently received: "May the gems of thought which illuminate the pages of the TELEGRAPH glow and sparkle until bigotry, sectarianism and superstition be eradicated from our land, and truth, love and wisdom dwell in the minds of men."

RAILROAD BRIDGE SAVED BY SPIRITS.

It is often said to us, "Well, suppose Spirits do communicate with mortals, what is the use of it?" Now if people really believed the facts related by Rev. Mr. Pierrepont, published in this paper under date of July 23, page 150, viz.: That one man gained an important suit amounting to \$8,000, and another man saved \$200,000 through Spirit agency, and that the following is really true, that a railroad bridge was saved by Spirits from destruction by fire, and a shocking accident was prevented thereby, stockholders in railroads, and persons having lawsuits and other intricate business would be inclined to become Spiritualists. But people are so grounded in materialism and skepticism that they can not believe. But we insist that now, while the parties making these statements live, skeptical persons should take pains to ascertain whether these things are really true. The testimony to spiritual facts which we are giving to the world will forever stand unless impeached now, and there is not an hour for the opposer to lose. It will avail nothing to a skeptic in the succeeding generation to deny these things, and he has a claim on the skeptic of to-day to protect him, and we demand also that our facts be thoroughly tested now while we who have seen them live. We do not know personally the communicator of the following fact, but we have his full name and address, which we will give to any one who may want to investigate the truth of the statement.

EDITOR OF SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH: One evening, late in the fall of 1851, my brother received an intimation that we must proceed next morning to Schenectady. On farther inquiry as to the why and wherefore, no additional information was gained, except that we would there discover the object of our visit. Accustomed at that time to follow the directions thus received, when satisfied that nothing improper was required of us, we prepared for the jaunt, and at an early hour on the following day we reached our destination. Immediately upon our arrival, my brother was directed to call upon a young man of our acquaintance, then residing in that city, who had formerly resided with us. Thither we repaired, and after a few moments' stay another direction came to go forth and walk. We did so, and at every turn of a corner were told which way to go, until we arrived at the railroad track. Having a desire to see the city, we here proposed to go on as far as the old bridge over the Mohawk. But we were prevented carrying our proposition into execution by another direction, to take the track of the Utica and Schenectady Railroad. We did so, and continued on across the railroad bridge to the first bridge over the railroad, about a quarter of a mile from the river. Here we stopped and sat down to rest, assured that we would soon discover the object of our singular guidance. About ten minutes after we reached our stopping-place, my brother heard the words "look! it comes!" Turning our eyes to the city, we saw a locomotive coming out and about to cross the bridge. It was a train for Saratoga; and as soon as it had turned off upon that road, after passing over the river, we were directed to set out immediately upon our return.

The day was a blustering one. The wind blew up the river almost a hurricane. To cross the bridge was no easy job for the foot passenger. We had experienced the difficulty of the transit once, and now prepared to face the breeze again. When within a few yards of that structure, my brother cried out "See! that bridge is on fire!" And so it was. The locomotive had dropped a large quantity of burning coals upon it, and on a spot which appeared to be covered with pitch and gravel, and sheet iron which had in some way got loosened. We started upon a run, and reaching the place found that it was burning fiercely underneath, and momentarily increasing by aid of the gale. We endeavored to put it out above by jumping upon it, but the effort was fruitless. Leaving one of the party to stand upon the sheet iron and keep the flame from passing through, two of us started up for the depot on the opposite side of the bridge. Near the gate we met two workmen, and told them the startling news. Instantly the alarm spread through the depot; men rushed, bucket in hand, to the river; and a locomotive, luckily fired up, backed out, and taking on the hastily drawn water, sped to the scene of conflagration. We had warned them in time. By great exertions they succeeded in quenching the flames, and saving a bridge which had been erected at no small cost.

This work accomplished, we received the following: "You now see why you were sent here. Return home."

There was but one person in sight besides ourselves when that train crossed the bridge. That person crossed from the city toward us, and passed by the fire within five feet of it; but having his hat pulled down over his eyes, and holding it down with one hand, he did not see it at all.

Is not this case an evidence of spiritual communication? Who but an Omniscent Being could foresee the danger that was to threaten that bridge, and appoint the means to thwart it?

Sectarianism of Unitarians.

At a meeting of Unitarian clergymen at Cambridge, Mass., recently, a resolution was offered complimentary of the zeal and earnestness of Theodore Parker, and a hope was expressed that he might in his absence be restored to health, usefulness, etc. It was voted down. Undoubtedly these clergymen think he commands quite enough influence in *spite* of them, and without their lending him any sympathy. Still, we think they would have exhibited more of that liberal Christian spirit which they so loudly profess, if they had passed the resolution.

JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUALISM—No. 6.

TEST MEDIUMSHIP.

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Sir—Lord Bacon, in speaking of Jesus of Nazareth, says, "All his miracles were consummate about man's body as his doctrine respected the soul of man." "No miracle of his is to be found to have been of judgment or revenge, but all of goodness and mercy and respecting man's soul."

These remarks are equally true of the manifestations of today. No harm is done, though the power to do it is present, for it is restrained by an overruling intelligence and directed for our welfare; and that welfare the elevation of our moral nature.

One portion, however, of Bacon's remarks is not strictly true of what is before us. The marvels of the present day are not "consummate about man's body." Aiming still at his moral elevation, they go farther than a mere appeal to his senses. They address his emotions and his reason as means of his regeneration, and this may properly be termed mental proof of spiritual intercourse.

Foremost in this class is test-mediumship, showing at once the presence of the power and the identity of the communing intelligence.

It must not, however, be understood that this testing process is confined to the mental manifestations, for it is apparent in all kinds of mediumship. And there has sprung up among us a class known as test mediums—a class *sui generis*—and I have frequently heard it said, "We can not answer that question through this instrument; you must go to a test medium."

I do not understand and can not explain why this is so. I only know the fact that through some mediums tests are easily given, while through some they are given only incidentally.

It is through this testing process that the objections to the reality of intercourse between us and the Spirits of the departed have been met and overcome. And it has come to us in such a variety of forms that it will be difficult to give anything like an enumeration. The utmost of my effort must be to give a general idea.

First. Even in the sounds and the table-tippings, irrespective of the words spelled out, there will often be observed the characteristics of the individual. Thus, a strong man will be loud and vehement, a child soft and light—a calm man will be slow and deliberate, an impatient one quick and hurried. Sometimes they will be bold and dashing, and sometimes sorrowful or joyous, in accordance with the emotions of the moment.

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I have not space to enter into the details of these things. They would fill many pages of your paper. I must content myself with appealing to the experience of the many who have availed themselves, as I have, of the opportunities afforded them, and with adding that all may witness them if they wish. They have but to seek, and they will find.

If they so seek, one thing will strike them as it has me, and that is, that while all history, sacred and profane, is full of the evidence of spiritual intercourse in all ages and conditions of mankind, it has not been till now that it has come in the definite form of identifying the Spirit.

There is surpassing wisdom in this, come from what source it may.

If the Spirit that comes is one whom I have never known, how can I be certain that it is he? But if he comes as one whom I have known intimately when on earth, whose form and features appear to me as of old, or are accurately described to me, who speaks of incidents known only to us, who displays his peculiarities of character, who gives correctly names, dates, ages, and places connected with his earth-life, who evinces the emotions natural to him, and all this unknown to the instrument through whom it comes, how can the sane mind resist the conclusion that it is a departed friend who is thus communing with me? and the still weightier conclusion that if he thus lives beyond the grave, I must too?

Already have many inveterate disbelievers in a future life been convinced by this argument. And yet we are told it is all devilish!

Will it be thought strange that this feature should now be first known? Such are not uncommon occurrences in the history of man. We are in the habit of speaking of the art of printing as being discovered within the last few centuries. Yet we read that among the ancient Greeks and Romans they knew the art of stamping letters on their medals and vases, and at other periods the ancients practiced the art. But they were not sufficiently advanced to appreciate the value of their discovery, and it slumbered for ages. So the leading principle of the Copernican system of the planetary world was announced two thousand years before it was finally demonstrated by Galileo and Tycho Brahe, and received by mankind.

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And thus, out of apparently incongruous elements, has grown up a system of test-mediumship, by which the long-mooted question of our immortality is settled, and is demonstrated to the simplest as well as the brightest mind by irresistible appeals to the senses, to the emotions and to the reason. Yet with many it is true now as it was of old; they will not believe, though one rise from the dead.

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"Let no one call God his Father,
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The chief object of those who call this Convention, is to offer an opportunity to the progressive friends of humanity for the deliberate examination and solution of the greatest of problems—"What is Evil?" We believe that a true knowledge of the causes will lead to a true knowledge of the cure of evil in its several forms. Right doing presupposes right being. No man, we think, can wisely and unerringly govern himself, or teach the young, unless his mind be elevated and inspired with a just knowledge of human nature. Theological dogmas and religious creeds can not impart such knowledge. Heads of families, teachers, legislators, Governors of States, Presidents, Popes, Princes and Kings, all act upon, and crucify mankind with arbitrary laws, creeds and institutions. Consequently the world is indisputably maltreated and everywhere diseased. It is teeming with discontent, strife, selfishness, intemperance, slavery and war, with evils physical, social, political and religious. And the authentic history of humanity is the history of legalized injustice and ecclesiastical oppression.

In the view of all this, and much more, we ask the friends of progress, what can we do to overcome evil with good? What can we do more than is being done to free mankind from the fetters of superstition, the tyranny of Churchcraft and the bondage of Statecraft, in their diversified forms? What can we farther do to secure to ourselves and children the advantages of a truly spiritual life on earth, without infringing, in the smallest degree, upon the sacred prerogatives of individual freedom of opinion and action? Lastly, what can we do in the direction of associated and co-operative efforts to hasten the era of justice and liberty?

Come! brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, come! Let us have three days of deliberate consultation, in the spirit of love and good will, to aid one another in the search for practical truth. We hold that the day for free conventions has dawned. The inward fires of truth and reason will flame forth from the summit of these volcanic mountains. They agitate and purify public opinion. A Free Convention is the mouth-piece of human liberty—the platform whence issue the mandates of unlimited progress. Spiritualists, Materialists, Jews, Christians, Reformers, all, East, West, North, South, will hereby consider themselves heartily invited. The platform of the Philanthropic Convention at Buffalo will be free to any mind capable of throwing light upon the cause and cure of evil.

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TESTS THROUGH MRS. VAN HOUGHTON.

NEW YORK, July 24, 1859.

MR. PARTRIDGE—Sir: Pursuant to promise, I forward you an account of a few of the many TESTS given through the mediumship of Mrs. Van Houghton, now residing at 187 Forsyth-street, and shall give them in the order in which they were received during the period of my investigations.

Up to the middle of last winter—though for some time previously acquainted with the above-named medium—I had not attempted to investigate Spiritualism as a phenomenon. True, I had heard much, read much, and occasionally talked much about it; but experience has since taught me that no evidence, however strong, or come from whatever source it may, is to be compared with TESTS actually received, and without the intervention of *outside* influences.

Happening to call on Mrs. V. one evening last winter, I found her conversing with a gentleman (whose name I will leave with you privately, not feeling authorized to publish it without consulting him,) who had, from sympathy and a knowledge of the fact that she possessed magnetic powers that might be made available in relieving disease, called to consult her. While there, the table was proposed, and I was invited to join the circle. I consented, and this was my first experiment. The table moved immediately, and the medium inquired if a Spirit-friend of Mr. W. was present. "No." Of Mr. Crowe? "Yes." The alphabet being called, the name of "John" was given, using the *I* instead of the *J*. From the singularity of this fact, I was impressed with the belief that if any Spirit communicated, it was my brother's, because when living he always used the *I* instead of *J* when spelling his name. The medium informed me, from her own impression, that it was so. She then proceeded to give me a very accurate description of his person—his height, appearance about shoulders and chest, color of hair and eyes, shape of forehead, and temperament (which was a truly remarkable one, and could not possibly be guessed at by a stranger); his age, the number of years since he left the form; the number of his children, their names, sexes and ages. She then described each of these children accurately, and afterward proceeded to give the most extraordinary evidences, in her own actions, of my brother's extremely violent temper. This influence remained on her some time, and was carried to so painful an extent that I felt it necessary to interfere and check it.

One singular feature of this communication deserves special notice—namely, in relation to the cause of his death. When asked the cause, he spelled out "*Dropsy*." Now, the facts in relation to his death were these: Some five years or more before his death he was attacked with dropsy, but placing himself immediately in the hands of Dr. Epps of London, that disease was pronounced cured in about ten days. The lungs, however, were affected, and long before this he suffered from a severe cough and pain in the left side; his constitution, which was naturally good, began to break up, and all who knew him concluded that consumption was making rapid progress. I felt thoroughly convinced that he died of consumption, so that I was rather skeptical when the table gave "*dropsy*."

To the above let me add, that no conversation I had previously held bore in the remotest degree on the facts thus strangely elicited.

As I purpose selecting only those tests which are pertinent to the subject, I have omitted numerous questions and somewhat lengthy communications given through the alphabet. In my next, you will have some very singular tests from the Spirit of my brother's wife.

A few questions will naturally arise on reading the above, which it may be well to put to those who contend that the phenomena which we call Spiritualism are attributable solely to magnetic conditions existing between two or more bodies in the form, so that one mind possesses by virtue of said magnetism the power to read off the impressions from another mind. If so, how is it that the thought most active at the time is not the first read, as in the spelling of the name in the first test given? Again, my firm conviction in relation to the disease was opposed to the answer; nor did it find favor with me until I reflected that all his after diseases were only effects of the parent dropsy.

Again, if the medium read from my mind the violent temper my brother had, and then proceeded to manifest that temper

to me, both by her own actions and the performance of the table, how is it that those violent manifestations—still on my mind—were not repeated afterward? But feeling I have said enough for the first, I remain, dear Sir,

Yours, very respectfully, ROBERT CROWE.
163 CANAL-STREET, cor. Elizabeth.

WHEN DOES THE SOUL BEGIN TO EXIST?

This question is asked by your Rochester correspondent, and you invite "fresh or deep thoughts" in answer thereto. There seems to me to be a great necessity for a general definite explanation of what is meant by the term soul. I find it often used as synonymous with the term spirit, and spirit as soul; that is, each of these terms is used to represent both the natural, intellectual animal consciousness of man, and the interior, celestial, divine and immortal consciousness, or child of God. Again, what is meant by "begin to exist?" Matter is said to be, in a certain sense, immortal, but material organizations are ever subject to incessant change. If the soul is an organized entity, the inference is either that it has existed as such through all the eternity of the past, or that its existence as an organized entity has, at some period thereof, begun through the union of different elements which, in combination, constitute its being. Thus, to my mind, there seems a necessity for obtaining some clear and definite idea of the nature and constitution of the soul as the offspring and child of deity, before we can intelligently fathom the question when it begins to exist.

If we regard the soul as the child of nature, or, in other words, as her ultimated and perfected form of animal life, we know enough of her laws of generation and reproduction to date the birth thereof, for nature is harmonious with herself. But if viewed thus, we must regard the soul as a living, conscious entity, having a material physical organism, and as such subject to the eternal and universal law acting on all material organizations, involving constant change thereof. Hence we will be led to the conclusion that it is not immortal as an organized, living, conscious and individualized identity, unless we can rationally explain why it is exempted from this law of change. Our savans have not, to my knowledge, given us any explanation of this suggested exemption. But if we regard the Spirit-man as dual in the constitution of his being, his human or animal consciousness being the ultimate of nature's unfoldment, and his divine or immortal consciousness being an unfoldment of the inner or spiritual world, then the question when and where occurs this union of two distinct and separate conscious entities, challenges our thought and investigation; for the time of such union, it seems to me, is the true answer to the question, "When does the Soul begin to exist?" I submit farther that the solution of this question will also explain why vegetable and animal life-entities can and do have a continued existence in that inner world, after undergoing here the phenomena of a physical death, without their necessarily having that perpetuity of being there which is expressed in the term immortal as applied to the animal man. If agreeable, I will offer again some views relative to why the soul is immortal, and when and where it begins its individuality. K.

Medium and Lecturer Wanted.

We extract from a letter just received from Monticello, White Co., Ind.:

"Could you not send us a speaking or test medium? We are six miles from the railroad, and hence are slighted. My latch-string is always out, and the comforts of my house are free as air to those who are mediums or lecturers on the glories of spiritual intercourse. W. S. SPENCER, M. D."

WALKING THE RAPIDS ABOVE NIAGARA FALLS ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—A letter from a Mr. Klam, a Swedish gentleman, to his friend in Philadelphia, dated Sept. 2, 1750, contains the following narrative of a feat which equals M. Blondin's adventure: "Twelve years ago, two Iroquois Indians, fishing above the Falls, were cast on the Island. It was seven days before their condition became known. The Commandant, when he came to the spot, ordered poles to be made, pointed with iron. Two Indians determined to walk to the Island by the help of these poles, to save the other poor creatures, or perish in the attempt. They took leave of their friends as if going to certain death. Each had two such poles in his hands, to set against the bottom to keep them steady. So they went, and got to the Island, and having given poles to the Indians there, they all returned safely to the main land. These two Indians who, in the above-mentioned manner, were first brought to the Island are yet alive. The Indians go to the Island now to kill deer, but if the King of France were to give me all Canada I could not."

NEWS ITEMS.

THE PEACE TREATY.—We briefly announced in our last the intelligence received at the moment of going to press, that a peace had been concluded between France and Austria. Its terms are, in brief, as follows: Austria cedes all her Italian provinces from which her army has been driven by the French, which the French Emperor transfers to the King of Sardinia. Austria still retains Venetia. A new Italian Confederation is to be formed, embracing all the Italian States, including Venetia, which the Emperor of Austria will represent in the capacity of King. Of this Confederation the Pope is to have the title of Honorary President.

Speculation is rife on both sides of the Atlantic as to the causes that may have induced the victorious Emperor Napoleon to propose or consent to a peace on such terms. It is generally supposed by the English press that this peace is full of the germs of future wars.

It was reported that the Pope had sent an autograph letter to Napoleon, saying that he would claim the armed intervention of all the Catholic powers in the protection of the prerogatives of the Holy See.

Le Nord says the preliminary treaty of peace, although arranged in principal at Villafranca, will be definitely drawn at Zurich, and then will be officially communicated to the courts of Europe, the adhesion of these courts being indispensable to the organic and international stipulations which form part of the public law of Europe.

The London *Post's* Paris correspondent telegraphed on the 18th as follows: "A Conference to settle the affairs of Italy has been arranged at St. Cloud, and the early part of next month is spoken of as the time at which the representatives of the parties interested will assemble, but the place of their doing so is not yet mentioned."

The same correspondent learns, on very high authority, that both Emperors are convinced that the bases for peace which they so hastily agreed upon are in many respects impracticable.

The English journals continued to ridicule the terms of peace, and even the London *Post*, Lord Palmerston's organ, had suddenly commenced an attack upon the proceedings at Villafranca.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, after careful inquiry, affirms that the terms of the peace have not only occasioned a feeling of disappointment and even of indignation among all those who took a sincere interest in the object of the war, but have very seriously damaged and lowered the Emperor in the opinion of all classes of society.

THE EMPEROR arrived at St. Cloud on Sunday morning, the 17th ult. The Empress, with the Imperial Prince and the ladies and officers of the household, were in waiting to receive him. For more than an hour at the railway station the little Prince wore his corporal's uniform, and had a laurel crown in his hand ready to give his father on his arrival. As soon as the Emperor arrived he kissed the Empress, then took the Imperial Prince in his arms and held him for some minutes.

ITALY.—Strong indications of discontent at the terms of peace were visible in some parts of Italy. At Florence great agitation prevailed, and the provisional government had issued a proclamation which describes the peace of Villafranca as betraying the finest hopes; says that the Tuscan government participated in the sentiments of the Tuscan people on the subject, and declares that Tuscany will not be placed under the yoke and influence of Austria against her will and rights.

According to the *Nord*, a French *corps d'armée* of 40,000 men will remain in Italy until the re-organization of the country, according to the tenor of the peace of Villafranca.

The Piedmontese correspondent of the *Daily News* says that fresh Piedmontese troops are going to Romagna, with Napoleon's consent, to maintain order and take from the Pope all hope of recovering it by the help of the Swiss Guard.

The most important towns of the Roman States have sent deputations to Garibaldi.

Modena and Parma are said to be in a state of revolt.

SARDINIA.—The *Times* correspondent at Turin says that peace has produced the greatest exasperation and dejection in that capital. The Emperor Napoleon is accused of being a traitor to Italy, and his portraits have been withdrawn from the shop-windows to prevent their being broken.

Two hundred French policemen were at the Turin reception of the Emperor. The King's manner toward the Emperor was cold, and there were no "Vivas" from the people for him.

By the Turin correspondent of the *Daily News*, the Piedmontese are described as being a prey to grief and stupor in consequence of the peace, which leaves Sardinia without a fortified frontier.

A TREATY WITH MEXICO.—Mr. McLane states that he has negotiated a treaty with Juarez conferring right of transit, without duty, for troops, not only across Tehuantepec, but other lines of inter-oceanic communication, and transit of passengers, with freedom of religious worship for settlers, rights of erecting necessary buildings and warehousing goods without duty; also, conferring on American citizens in Mexico all privileges of holding property which belong to natives, etc. This project has been sent home for Mr. Buchanan to examine. The treaty is accompanied by an invitation to the United States to assume a protectorate over Mexico. The documents have been forwarded to Mr. Buchanan at Bedford Springs. Mr. McLane says that if the invitation of this treaty is carefully followed up, Mexico will in time become perfectly Americanized and fit for annexation. At present he thinks the country is worse than St. Domingo.—*Tribune*.

The Boston *Courier* states upon the very best authority that the enterprise of editing Mr. Choate's works has been undertaken by his own family, for the benefit of the estate, and that a complete collection of his various literary productions will be published at as early a date as possible, in connection with a biography. The *Courier* adds the hope that this statement will serve as a sufficient intimation to any one who might have contemplated the collection of Mr. Choate's works, as a mere literary speculation, and that his estate,

not of itself large, may thus have all the benefit of a posthumous publication of his writings.

PLOWING BY STEAM.—A successful experiment with a steam plowing machine was made at Oxford Park, near Philadelphia, a few days since. The machine was invented by Mr. John W. Fawks, and succeeded in turning up the soil at the rate of an acre in twelve minutes. The experiment was every way eminently satisfactory.

THE STEAMER HUNTSVILLE ON FIRE.—CHARLESTON, S. C., Friday, July 29.—The steamer *Huntsville*, bound to New York, was discovered to be on fire this forenoon, when twenty-five of her passengers left her and returned to the city in a pilot-boat. The steamer subsequently arrived alongside of the Southern wharf here, when it was found that the cotton in her hold was on fire. The firemen are now pouring streams of water into her. It is impossible as yet to learn the extent of the damage. The hold is greatly damaged.

The latest advices from the Kansas gold regions are encouraging. The mines continued to yield well, and new "leads" were being discovered. The greatest difficulty is represented to be from the scarcity of water. In one place a flume eleven miles in extent was to be constructed, and tunneling had already been commenced.

The State Legislature of Kansas will consist of seventy-two representatives and twenty-one senators. Topeka is fixed upon as the temporary capital, the principal competitor for that honor being Lawrence.

LED, NOT DRIVEN.

A mother, sitting at her work in her parlor, overheard her child, whom an older sister was dressing in an adjoining bedroom, say repeatedly, as if in answer to his sister, "No, I don't want to say my prayers." "How many believers in good standing," thought the mother to herself, "often say the same thing in heart, though they conceal even from themselves the feeling."

"Mother," said the child, appearing in a minute or two, at the parlor door; the tone look implied that it was only his morning salutation.

"Good morning, my child."

"I am going out to get my breakfast."

"Stop a minute; I want you to come here and see me first."

The mother laid her work down in the next chair, as the boy ran toward her. She took him up. He kneeled in her lap, and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly backwards and forwards.

"Are you pretty well this morning?" said she, in a kind gentle tone.

"Yes, mother, I am very well."

"I am very glad you are well. I am very well, too; and when I waked up this morning, and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me."

"Did you?" said the boy, in a low tone, half a whisper. He paused after it—conscience was at work.

"Did you ever feel my pulse?" asked his mother, after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down, and setting him in her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.

"No, but I have felt mine."

"Well, don't you feel mine now?—how it goes beating?"

"Yes," said the child.

"If it should stop beating, I should die at once."

"Should you?"

"Yes, and I can not keep it beating."

"Who can?"

A silent pause.

"You have a pulse, too, which beats in your bosom here, and in your arms, and all over you, and I can not keep it beating, nor can you. Nobody can but God. If He should not take care of you, who could?"

"I don't know, mother," said the child with a look of anxiety; and another pause ensued.

"So when I waked up this morning, I thought I would ask God to take care of me; I hope He will take care of me and the rest of us."

"Did you ask Him to take care of me?"

"Don't you think you had better ask for yourself?"

"Yes," said the boy readily.

He kneeled again in his mother's lap, and uttered in his own simple and broken language, a prayer for the protection of Heaven.

Suppose another case: Another mother overheard the same words, calls the child into the room. The boy comes.

"Did I not hear you say you did not want to say your prayers?"

The boy is silent.

"Yes, he did," says his sister behind him.

"Well, that is very naughty. You ought always to say your prayers. Go right back now, and say them like a good boy, and never let me hear of your refusing again."

The boy goes back pouting, and utters the words of prayer, while his heart is full of pride, vexation, and ill-will.—*Mother's Magazine.*

HOW TO FEED A HORSE.

"A merchant moved out of the city," wants to know how much hay and grain should feed his horses. He thinks "there is a leak somewhere, or else," he says "my horses eat a great deal more than I have always thought horses did. Can you tell me how much a horse should be fed?" Yes, Sir, we think we can. The Third Avenue Railroad Company of this city have some eighty or ninety omnibus cars on their road, which is eight miles long, extending from the City Hall to Harlem; and these cars are operated with seven hundred horses, which are kept at the great stables on the corner of Third Avenue and Sixty-fifth street, upon the following daily rations: Hay, 14 to 16 pounds; meal 14 to 16 pounds.

The hay is generally the best of Westchester Timothy, bought loose, and always chaffed and moistened, thoroughly incorporated with the meal, and always slightly salted before feeding, but never allowed to ferment. Several men are kept constantly employed, night and day, mixing this feed, so as to have it always ready, but still fresh and sweet. The meal is generally made of the best quality of sound Indian corn, varying occasionally by mixing oatmeal or shipstuf with the cornmeal, and such other variation as may be deemed necessary when a horse is "off his feed." At present, some four tons of hay are cut and fed at these stables, and upon these rations the horses do a great deal of hard work, at which they wear out, or become unfit for the ser-

vice, on an average of four years. Some horses, of course, eat more than others, but on the average, we should say, that the rations given at these stables ought to keep any hard-working horse in the country in good condition. If the hostler requires much more than this amount, there is, probably, "a leak somewhere."

Any gentleman interested in the care and feeding of horses might do a wise thing to visit these stables and see how the thing is done—see how systematically and perfectly a large stable can be managed upon true economical principles.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CASTING OUR SHADOWS.

"If people's tempers should cast shadows, what would they be?" said Augustine, as he lay on the grass and looked at Amy's shadow on the fence. "Joe Smith's would be a fist doubled up, and Sam Stearns's a bear, for he is always growling, and Sister Esther's a streak of sunshine, and Cousin Julia's a sweet little dove, and mine"—here Augustine stopped.

According to Augustine, then, our inner selves are casting their shadows; that is, I suppose, we are throwing off impressions of what we really are all around us, and in fact, we can no more help doing so, than we can fold up our real shadows and tuck them away in a drawer.

Suppose we follow out Augustine's idea, and ask, "And mine—what shadow would my temper cast?" It might surprise and possibly frighten us, although it might in some measure help us to see ourselves as others see us. The fact is, our associates know us better than we know ourselves; they see our shadows, which, though they may sometimes be longer or shorter than we really are, the outlines are in the main all correct, for our shadow is, after all, the image of our self.

We sometimes hear of people who are "afraid of their shadows," and it seems cowardly and foolish; but if Augustine's idea should come to pass, a great many would have reason to be frightened by the image of their inner selves, so deformed and unsightly it might be, or so disagreeable, that nobody would wish to take a second look.

Now, it is this shadowing out of what we really are in spite of ourselves which makes it such a sober and responsible business to be living, and which makes it so immeasurably important to be living right; for other people are constantly seeing and feeling our influence, whatever it may be. Every child at school is throwing off a good or bad impression upon her school-mate next to her. Every child at home is casting off kind and gentle influences in the little circle around him; or it may be, he is like the image of a fist doubled up, a claw scratching, or like a vinegar-cruet, pouring out only the sour. How is this? Let the children look to this point.—*Child's Paper.*

A LAKE OF BLOOD.—Dr. Dick estimates the number of those who have perished directly or indirectly by war at 14,000,000,000. Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, has taken the estimates of Dr. Dick, and estimating the average quantity of blood in a common-sized person, states the blood in the veins of those fourteen thousand millions, would fill a circular lake of more than seventeen miles in circumference, and ten feet deep, in which all the navies of the world might float.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

La martine Hall, cor. 8th Avenue and 29th-street.

T. C. Benning will lecture next Sunday morning at half-past 10.

Regular meetings every Sunday. Morning, preaching by Rev. Mr. Jones; afternoon, conference or lecture; evening, circle for trance speakers.

Mrs. Spence's Lectures.

Mrs. Amanda M. Spence will lecture at Willimantic, Conn., on the 1st and 2d Sundays in August. Invitations may be addressed to 534 Broadway, New York.

Miss Amelia Jenny Dods.

This young lady, whose lectures on Spiritualism made such a favorable impression on the Brooklynites last winter, is prepared to respond to the calls of those who desire her services in the lecturing field. She may be addressed No. 62 Laurence street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

R. P. Ambler

Will speak at Providence, the first three Sundays of August. Correspondents will please govern themselves accordingly.

Miss Hardinge's Movements.

Emma Hardinge will conclude her summer engagements at Oswego, Buffalo, Oswego, Schenectady, etc. In September Miss Hardinge will start for the West, South, and North,—speaking in October at St. Louis, in November at Memphis, and in December at New Orleans. Miss Hardinge returns to Philadelphia in March, 1860. Address till next October, 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

National Convention of Spiritualists.

A national Spiritualists' Convention will be held at Plymouth, Mass., on the 5th, 6th and 7th days of August next, Dr. H. F. Gardner, of Boston, will preside.

Dr. G. A. Redman will be absent from the city from Aug. 4 till Aug. 10, and will then resume his sittings at his residence, 170 Bleeker-street.

Prison Reform Convention.

At the call of some thirteen managers of State Prisons in different parts of the United States, a Convention will be holden in Philadelphia, commencing on Wednesday, Sept. 7, for the purpose of considering the following questions:

1st. What is the best system of discipline and management for convicts, with a view to their reformation and the good of society?

2d. What should be the capabilities and moral character of subordinate officers placed over convicts?

3d. What system of labor is best calculated to impress a sense of justice and right on the mind of the convict, and, at the same time, remunerate the public for the expense of his keeping?

4th. What is the most economical mode of managing a prison, consistent with the health and physical well-being of the convict?

WHOLESALE PRICE CURRENT OF PRODUCE & MERCHANDISE.

Ashes —Duty: 15 ¢ ct. ad val.		Leather —(sole)—Duty: 15 ¢ ct. ad val.	
Pot, 1st sort, 100 lb.	5 12½ @	Oak (Sl., Lt. p. lb.)	34 @ 36
Pearl, 1st sort.	5 75 @	Oak, middle	34 @ 36
Bread —Duty: 15 ¢ ct. ad val.		Oak, heavy	33 @ 35
Pilot, p. lb.	4½ @	Oak, dry hide	30 @ 32
Fine Navy.	3½ @ 4	Oak, Ohio	33 @ 35
Navy	2½ @	Oak, Sou. Light	30 @ 32
Crackers	5 @ 8	Oak, all weights	28 @ 30
Bristles —Duty: 4 ¢ ct. ad val.		Hemlock, light	23 @ 24½
Amer. gray and white.	30 @ 50	Hemlock, middling	23½ @ 25½
Candles —Duty: 15 ¢ ct.		Hemlock, heavy	21 @ 23
Sperm, p. lb.	40 @ 41	Hemlock, damaged	19 @ 21
Do. pt. Kinglands.	50 @ 51	Hemlock, prime do.	13 @ 14
Do. do. J'd and M'y	52 @	Lime —Duty: 10 ¢ ct. ad val.	
Adamantine, City	18 @ 19	Rockland, common	— @ 75
Adamantine, Star	17 @ 18	Lump	— @ —
Cocoa —Duty: 4 ¢ ct. ad val.		Molasses —Duty: 24 ¢ ct. ad val.	
Maracaibo in bd. lb.	— @ —	New Orleans, p. gal.	38 @ 42
Guayaquil in bd.	12 @ 12½	Porto Rico	27 @ 30
Fara, in bond	10 @	Cuba Muscovia	23 @ 30
St. Domingo, in bond	7½ @ 8	Trinidad, Cuba	30 @ 31
Coffee —Duty: 15 ¢ ct. ad val.		Card, etc., sweet	21 @ 22
Java, white, p. lb.	14 @ 15	Nails —Duty: 24 ¢ ct. ad val.	
Bahia	11 @ 12	Cut, 4d and 6d p. lb.	3½ @ 3½
Brazil	10 @ 11½	Wrought, American	7 @ 7½
Laguayra	11½ @ 11½	Oils —Duty: Palm, 4; Olive, 24; Linseed, 24; Sperm (foreign fisheries), and Whale, or other Fish, (foreign), 15 ¢ ct. ad val.	
Maracaibo	10½ @ 11½	Florence, 30 ¢ ct.	— @ —
St. Domingo, cash	10½ @ 10½	Olive, 1 lb. b. and bx.	3 70 @ 4 5
Flax —Duty: 15 ¢ ct. ad val.		Olive, in c. p. gal.	1 05 @ 1 70
American, p. lb.	8 @ 9½	Palm, p. lb.	9½ @ —
Fruit —Duty: not d'd, 30. Dry F., 8 ¢ ct. ad val.		Linseed, com. p. gal.	60 @ 63
Rais, Sn. p. ½ ck.	— @ —	Linseed, English	60 @ 61
Rais, boh. and bx.	2 20 @ 2 25	Whale	45 @ 45
Curats, Zic. p. lb.	5 @ 5½	Do. Refined Winter	59 @ 60
Flour —Duty: 15 ¢ ct. ad val.		Do. Refined Spring	55 @ 56
State, Superfine	5 70 @ 6 00	Sperm, crude	1 2½ @ 1 27½
Do. Extra	6 10 @ 6 30	Do. Winter, unbleached	1 30 @ 1 25
Ohio, Ind. & Ill. d. h.	— @ —	Do. Bleached	1 35 @ 1 40
Do. do. Superfine	6 — @ 6 10	Eleph. refined, bleached	76 @ 78
Do. Extra	6 25 @ 7 50	Lard Oil, S. and W.	85 @ 90
Do. Roundloaf	— @ —	Provisions —Duty: Cheese, 24; and others, 15 ¢ ct. ad val.	
Do. Superfine	6 10 @ 6 15	Pork, mess, p. bbl.	16 00 @ 16 12
Do. Extra	6 25 @ 7 50	Do. prime	12 37 @ 12 50
Ill. & St. Louis sup. & fan	6 25 @ 6 50	Do. prime mess	16 50 @ 16 75
Do. Extra	7 — @ 9 —	Beef, prime mess. (tee) 20	00 @ 26 00
Mich. Wis. & Iowa extra	6 00 @ 7 50	Do. mess w's't'n rep'd	10 00 @ 13 50
South. Baltimore, super	6 30 @ 6 60	Do. extra repacked	14 00 @ 14 50
Do. Extra	6 75 @ 7 50	Do. country	8 50 @ 9 25
Georgetown & Alex. sup	6 30 @ 6 75	Do. prime	6 50 @ 7 00
Do. Extra	6 75 @ 8 —	Beef Hams	14 50 @ 17 50
Petersburg & Rich. sup	7 00 @ 7 75	Cut Meats, Hams & t'p'le	7½ @ 8½
Do. Extra	7 50 @ 8 75	Do. Shoulders	6½ @ 7
Tenn. & Georgia, sup.	7 00 @ 7 50	Do. Sides, dry salt'd in c's	8 @ 8½
Do. Extra	8 00 @ 9 50	Eng. Bacon, salt'd mid. b'ss.	10 @ 10½
Grain —Duty: 15 ¢ ct. ad val.		Do. Long	9½ @ 10
WHEAT—O. Ind. & Ill. w.	1 62 @ 1 75	Do. Cumberland	8½ @ 9
Do. winter red.	1 50 @ 1 60	Bacon Sides, W'n s'd cas	9½ @ 10
Do. spring	85 @ 1 00	Lard, prime, bbls & c's	10½ @ 11
Milwaukee club	1 00 @ 1 10	Do. kegs	12 @ 12½
Michigan, white	1 60 @ 1 70	No. 1. in bbls. & t'ces	10½ @ 10½
Do. Red	1 25 @ 1 40	Do. Grease	8 @ 9½
Tenn. and Kent. white	1 70 @ 1 80	Tallow	10½ @ 10½
Do. Red	1 50 @ 1 60	Lard Oil	20 @ 1 00
Canada, white	1 45 @ 1 50	Rice —Duty: 15 ¢ ct. ad val.	
Do. club	— @ —	Ord. to fr. p. cwt.	3 00 @ 4 00
Southern, white	1 70 @ 1 80	Good to Prime	4 25 @ 4 50
Do. Red	1 65 @ 1 80	Salt —Duty: 15 ¢ ct. ad val.	
Corn—Western mixed	81 @ 85	Turk's Is. p. bush.	18 @ 20
Del. & Jer. yel.	87 @ 90	St. Martin's	— @ —
Southern white	88 @ 90	Liverpool, Gr. p. sack	80 @ —
Do. yellow	86 @ 90	Do. Fine	1 25 @ —
Rye	86 @ 90	Do. do. Ashton's	1 50 @ —
Oats	40 @ 53	Seeds —Duty: FREE.	
Barley	65 @ 80	Clover, p. lb.	5½ @ 9½
Hay		Timothy, p. tce	14 @ 16 50
N. R. in bails, p. 100 lb.	65 @ 75	Flax, American, rough	1 65 @ —
Hemp		Sugars —Duty: 24 ¢ ct.	
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Hides —Duty: 4 ¢ ct. ad val.		Stuarts' do. do. E.	9½ @ —
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Do. do. gr. s. C	14 @ 14½	Stuarts' (A)	9½ @ —
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Do. dry salted	1 05 @ 1 10	Ankol	23 @ 25
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