

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

PRESIDENT PREACHER

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

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THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

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INTERIOR OPENINGS.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT.

In the year 1849, and hence just before the current spiritual manifestations came conspicuously before the world, the writer of this nearly completed a work on the nature, powers and susceptibilities of the human soul, and also wrote about two-thirds of another on the connection between this world and the other, and the instances of intercommunication between the two, which have occurred in different ages and nations. After spiritual intercourse broke out in the form of the "Rochester Knockings" and other phenomena, he was induced to withhold these manuscripts from publication, not, as he will here modestly say, from any sense of their unworthiness, but under a conviction that the work they were intended to do would in a great measure do itself, and that with the new and personally-observed facts before him, he could write better works on the same themes—and that thing he may yet do if, with proper spiritual aids, provided his external circumstances undergo such a change as not to render physically impossible. However, in the latter agreeable contingency, he would perhaps first write one or two works of which he has the plan, which would be of more immediate interest and importance. But in looking over these old manuscripts, he finds some things which he ventures to believe would be of general interest, and of these he may give occasional extracts. The following is one:

WM. FISHBORN.

Those who have followed us closely in the preceding parts of this work, will have little difficulty in conceiving that man is capable of being psychologically affected by the ethereal emanations of all objects and conditions in nature, as well as of all beings in the human world, with their outer creations. This conclusion but little transcends the results obtained by Baron Von Reichenbach, in the course of physical experiments of which we have already spoken at length—since this eminent philosopher has proved experimentally, not only that animals, vegetables and minerals, but even that the sun, moon, and remote stars, have an influence upon the sensibilities of particular persons, it certainly is not incredible that peculiarities in the forms and conditions of the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom, or in local portions of the surface of the earth, or in the

atmosphere, or in any other department of outer existence, should be indicated by corresponding peculiarities in the influence which these, in certain cases, may produce upon the human economy.

Moreover, the existence of these invisible influences, together with the influences of the spheres, desires, and insensible volitional operations, of human beings by which we are constantly surrounded—being established, the question naturally arises, May not these influences sometimes so far magnetize the susceptible as to produce a partial or complete opening of the interior senses, the same as this phenomenon occurs by the direct and intentional magnetic action of one person upon another? That such is the case, is, in view of principles and facts already established, intrinsically probable of itself, and a volume might be filled with interesting facts which prove it beyond dispute. A few such facts, however, must suffice for the present. The first and incipient interior opening which is produced by these influences, is that which gives susceptibility to presentiments and to impressions of the present existence of circumstances or facts beyond the range of the outer senses. The principle on which such impressions occurs, is illustrated in an imperfect manner even by the premonitions which many people have of storms which are about to occur. Owing to a peculiar action of the atmosphere upon their physical systems, they will say they feel the approaching storm "in their bones." This kind of presentiment, however, is referable to a lower grade of ethereal influences than those now under special consideration, though the analogy between the two is complete for all that. And it is from the action of the more refined and magnetic atmosphere of objects, beings, and circumstances of the outer world, that properly susceptible persons feel—not indeed in their bones, but in their souls—the existence of these objects, circumstances, etc., and are premonished, in a general way, of any striking occurrences the undeveloped germs of which may already exist in them.

Familiar facts show that this susceptibility to interior impressions and presentiments, exists, to an extent, among many of the lower animals, and that they use it as a guide in providing for future exigencies. Many striking illustrations upon this point might be cited from the natural history of the bee. The general temperature of a coming winter (it is said) may be commonly predicted with a good degree of accuracy, from the abundance or paucity of the provisions which this insect lays up in store against it. Similar facts are observable in the habits of the beaver, and in the migratory instincts of various species of birds, fishes, etc. Indeed the phenomena of instinct can never be thoroughly and rationally explained, without having recourse to an ethereal, and in some sense magnetic, influence which the object or subject of the instinct, exercises over the interior nature of the animal.

The following anecdote of the almost spiritual impression of

a dog by which his master's life was saved, is worthy of being related in this connection. I take it from Mrs Crowe's "Night Side of Nature," where it is given professedly on unquestionable authority, the tradition having been carefully preserved in the family from which the author received it:

"Mr. P. (a member of the family referred to), who had involved himself in some of the stormy affairs of this northern part of the island, (Great Britain,) was one day surprised by seeing a favorite dog that was lying at his feet, start suddenly up and seize him by the knee, which he pulled—not with violence, but in a manner which indicated a wish that his master should follow him to the door. The gentleman resisted the invitation for some time, till at length, the perseverance of the animal arousing his curiosity, he yielded, and was thus conducted by the dog into the most sequestered part of a neighboring thicket, where, however, he could see nothing to account for his dumb friend's proceedings, who now laid himself down quite satisfied, and seemed to wish his master to follow his example; which, determined to pursue the adventure, and find out if possible what was meant, he did. A considerable time now elapsed before the dog would consent to his master's going home; but at length he arose and led the way thither, when the first news Mr. P. heard was that a party of soldiers had been there in quest of him; and he was shown the marks of their spikes which had been thrust through the bed-clothes. He fled, and ultimately escaped; his life being thus preserved by his dog."

This, certainly, is a very strange account, and to some it may seem incredible; but hundreds of undeniable occurrences, equally strange with this, as connected with the instincts or interior impressions of animals, might be related. Indeed from the fact that the lower animals are, in their habits, more obedient to the laws of nature than man, it results that their instincts are generally more fully developed, and their interior impressions, such as they are, are more reliable than his; though those of man, when properly developed, are, of course, of a much higher order. The only rational explanation that can be given of this wonderful performance of the dog, is found in the supposition that the magnetic influence inseparable from the previously existing circumstances constituting the cause of the man being pursued at that time, or perhaps the influence directly generated by the desire, intention, or will, of the soldiers to see and arrest him, operated upon the superiorly susceptible animal, whose affections identified him, as it were, personally with his master, and impressed him with a vague feeling that it would be dangerous for the latter to be at home at that particular hour. Had the master been more susceptible, he doubtless would have been the first to receive the impression.

But it is by no means uncommon for persons, especially those of delicate nervous organizations, to have impressions or presentiments, more or less distinct, of various matters in which their own interests or affections are deeply involved. Some

persons will have an irresistible feeling that they will shortly receive a letter from a friend, or that a certain friend is about to visit them, or that things are being said and done in distant places which are derogatory to their reputation, or very inconsistent with their interests. Some, again, without any apparent cause, will have an unconquerable feeling that some calamity is about to befall them, or that a death is about to occur in their families; and some have, in the same way, even predicted their own death.

Though such feelings or impressions are often engendered by a hysterical condition of the nervous system, or a melancholy habit of mind, they frequently occur when neither of these conditions exist; and their fulfillment, which often occurs under circumstances which preclude every reasonable hypothesis of chance or mere coincidence, shows that they do sometimes originate in true causes connected with the events which they foreshadow.

When the spheres of *persons*, especially as governed or characterized by any fixed purpose, intention, or will, constitute the cause of these impressions or presentiments, the mode of the production of the latter is, of course, obvious according to magnetic and sympathetic laws heretofore explained; and the facts cited in unfolding these laws might with equal force be cited in proof of our present point. I will here mention one more fact of this class, which has a special bearing upon the subject at issue.

Mrs. P., of Providence, R. I., received one time, a distinct presentiment that her husband, who was a sea captain, and had been absent on a voyage for some time, would be home on the next day, though she had no external reason for expecting his return at that time. She told her family and friends of her confident impression, and prepared herself to receive her husband. He accordingly came; and, being seated in her room awaiting his arrival, she knew the instant he placed his hand upon the door latch; and as he entered she had already arisen from her seat and was advancing to meet him. This phenomenon is explained upon the supposition of a slight magnetic rapport existing between the husband and wife, by which the latter felt the approaching sphere of the former, and was sympathetically impressed with his intention to return on that day.

In the same way certain susceptible persons may be pre-impressed with striking events which are about to occur in nature, by coming into communication with the spheres of their causes; for it has already been shown that all objects and conditions even in external nature, have their characteristic spheres, which in their more refined developments are capable of conjoining therewith, and acting upon, the sphere of the human soul. Susceptibilities to such impressions are, of course, vastly increased when the interior senses are opened by magnetic manipulations or otherwise.

Other, and much more remarkable cases of interior impressions and presentiments, will be related when we come, in another part of this work, to speak of influences descending to man from the spiritual world.

APPARITIONS.

FROM REV. JOHN WESLEY'S JOURNAL, VOL. III., LOND. EDITION.

Reader, peruse the following from the founder of Methodism, and pass it round among your Methodist friends, and afterward ask them what they think of Spiritualism:

Wednesday, May 25, 1768, and the two following days, being at Sunderland, I took down, from one who had feared God from her infancy, one of the strangest accounts I ever read; and yet I can find no pretense to disbelieve it. The well-known character of the person excludes all suspicion of fraud; the nature of the circumstances themselves excludes the possibility of a delusion.

It is true that the English in general, and indeed most of the men of learning in Europe, have given up all accounts of witches and apparitions, as mere old wives' fables. I am sorry for it; and I willingly take this opportunity of entering my solemn protest against this violent compliment which so many that believe the Bible pay to those who do not believe it. They well know (whether Christians know it or not) that the giving up of witchcraft is, in effect, giving up the Bible; and they know, on the other hand, that if but one account of the intercourse of men with separate Spirits be admitted, their whole castle in the air, Deism, Atheism, Materialism, falls to

the ground. I know no reason, therefore, why we should suffer even this weapon to be wrested out of our hands.

One of the capital objections to these accounts, which I have known urged over and over, is this: "Did you ever see an apparition yourself?" No, nor did I ever see a murder, yet I believe there is such a thing; yea, and that in one place or another murder is committed every day. Therefore I can not, as a reasonable man, deny the fact, although I never saw it, and perhaps never may. The testimony of unexceptionable witnesses fully convinces me both of the one and the other.

This premised, I proceed to as remarkable a narrative as any that has fallen under my notice. The reader may believe it, if he pleases, or may disbelieve it, without any offence to me. Meantime, let him not be offended if I believe it, till I see better reason to the contrary.

Elizabeth Hobson was born in Sunderland, in the year 1744. Her father dying when she was three or four years old, her uncle, Thomas Rea, a pious man, brought her up as his own daughter. She was serious from a child, and grew up in the fear of God. Yet she had deep and sharp convictions of sin, till she was about sixteen years of age, when she found her peace with God, and from that time the whole tenor of her behavior was suitable to her profession.

On Wednesday, May 25, 1768, and the three following days, I talked with her at large; but it was with great difficulty I prevailed on her to speak. The substance of what she said was as follows:

"From my childhood, when any of our neighbors died, whether men women or children, I used to see them, either just when they died, or a little before; and I was not frightened at all, it was so common. Indeed, many times I did not then know they were dead. I saw many of them both by day and by night. Those that came when it was dark brought light with them. I observed all little children, and many grown persons had a bright glorious light round them. But many had a gloomy, dismal light, and a dusky cloud over them.

"I was between fourteen and fifteen, when I went very early one morning to fetch up the kine. I had two fields to cross, into a low ground which was said to be haunted. Many persons had been frightened there, and I had myself often seen men and women (so many, at times, that they are out of count) go just by me, and vanish away. This morning as I came toward it, I heard a confused noise as of many people quarreling. But I did not mind it, and went on till I came near the gate. I then saw, on the other side, a young man dressed in purple who said, 'It is too early; go back from whence you came. The Lord be with you and bless you;' and presently he was gone.

"When I was about sixteen, my uncle fell ill, and grew worse and worse for three months. One day, having been sent out on an errand, I was coming home through a lane, when I saw him in the field, coming swiftly toward me. I ran to meet him; but he was gone. When I came home, I found him calling for me. As soon as I came to his bedside, he clasped his arms round my neck, and bursting into tears, earnestly exhorted me to continue in the ways of God. He kept his hold till he sunk down and died; and even then they could hardly unclasp his fingers. I would fain have died with him, and wished to be buried with him dead or alive.

"From that time I was crying from morning till night and praying that I might see him. I grew weaker and weaker, till one morning, about one o'clock, as I was lying crying, as usual, I heard some noise, and rising up saw him come to the bedside. He looked much displeased, shook his head at me, and in a minute or two went away.

"About a week after, I took to my bed and grew worse and worse; till, in six or seven days, my life was despaired of. Then about eleven at night my uncle came in, looked well pleased, and sat down on the bedside. He came every night after, at the same time, and stayed till cock-crowing. I was exceedingly glad, and kept my eyes fixed upon him all the time he stayed. If I wanted a drink or anything, though I did not speak or stir, he fetched it, and sat on the chair by the bedside. Indeed I could not speak; many times I strove, but could not move my tongue. Every morning, when he went away, he waved his hand to me, and I heard delightful music, as if many persons were singing together.

"In about six weeks I grew better. I was then musing, one night, whether I did well in desiring he might come; and I was praying that God would do his own will, when he came in and stood by the bedside. But he was not in his usual dress; he had on a white robe, which reached down to his feet. He looked quite pleased. About one o'clock, there stood by him a person in white, taller than him and exceedingly beautiful. He came with the singing of many voices, and continued till near cock-crowing. Then my uncle smiled, and waved his hand toward me twice or thrice. They went away with inexpressible sweet music, and I saw him no more.

"In a year after this, a young man courted me, and in some months we agreed to be married. But he proposed to take another voyage first, and one evening went aboard his ship. About eleven o'clock going out to look for my mother, I saw him standing at his mother's door with his hands in his pockets, and his hat pulled over his eyes. I went to him and reached my hand to put up his hat; but he went swiftly by me and I saw the wall, on the other side of the lane, part as he went through, and immediately close after him. At ten the next morning he died."

ESTIMATE OF THE TELEGRAPH.

A correspondent, (J. M. R.) writing from Portland, Fountain Co., Ia., under date of May 6, speaks as follows concerning the TELEGRAPH:

The reasons why we love the TELEGRAPH are as follows:

1. Because it treats upon facts founded upon the harmonious and true principles of man's higher nature;
2. Because its doctrine can not be overthrown;
3. Because it is free and open to investigate and receive the truth, let it come from what source it may;
4. Because it so bravely stems the tide of persecution amidst its cruel foes, where deadly weapons are hurled with a vengeance. It stands to its post, representing the moral worth of a chaste and lovely character. If its enemies approach it in disguise, it discovers their true character, and reprimands them for their evil deeds.
5. Because it teaches a doctrine congenial and instructive.

To stop the visits of the TELEGRAPH would be cutting off one of the main sources of our enjoyments.

In another part of his letter he relates the following fact:

A CURE WITH REMARKABLE PHENOMENA.

In the latter part of June last, when the weather was extremely warm, my brother Jacob was severely attacked with the bilious fever. Upon the third day his fever was intense, causing him to be quite restless, and flighty in mind. His father and mother, his wife and myself, were holding council to know what physician we should employ. At that moment, while we were gazing upon his restless form, the thought occurred to mother of calling upon a spiritual doctor, as her son was a medium. She thought the Spirits could cure him. Before the words were fairly digested, a Spirit took hold on him. He straightened every limb, and was held in that manner for several minutes, breathing very short. At length his joints became flexible, and he rested in ease. The fever was broken and disappeared for that day. The following day, however, at the usual hour, the fever returned, but not so violently. The air being close and sultry, he suffered with heat, although fanned continually. The unseen doctor made his second visit, first giving orders (through another medium, Rebecca Romine) to give room and stand back from the bedside and not be alarmed. He was taken hold of; his body and limbs were straightened, as the day before, and he appeared jointless. While in this condition, he was moved from the bed in the corner of the room, and placed opposite the door upon the floor, where there was a circulation of air. This was done unexpectedly to all in the house. He moved gradually, feet foremost, and was let down with ease, being carried ten or twelve feet. The quilt was conveyed in the same manner in which it was spread over him. No person took hold of him, for they knew not what the Spirit was going to do. At the close of fifteen or twenty minutes of violent exercise of the lungs, he seemed to be liberated, and a sudden change took place, causing him to perspire freely. When he began to sweat he said, "I feel as though points of icicles were touching me all over, cooling off my fever." This was a complete cure.

[Witnessed by ISAAC ROMINE, BETSY ROMINE, REBECCA ROMINE, J. M. ROMINE, JANE CRANE.]

We have no recollection of receiving the communication our correspondent describes. Ed.

SPIRITUAL LYCEUM AND CONFERENCE.

FORTY-NINTH SESSION.

It is matter of history that the New York Conference holds its weekly sessions in that classic pile whilom dedicated to Italian song, and rejoicing in the aspiring title of "Astor Place Opera House." The Italian exotic, however, not taking kindly to the Yankee stock, or the stock not having a hearty relish for the exotic, it bloomed only for a brief period in the ungenial sunshine of Yankee-doodle, and then died out or rather, withered away. By natural gradation, the temple dedicated to its prospective fragrance descended to the temporary possession of Donetti's monkeys, and thence to the "Mercantile Library Association," with a parchment assurance that it has touched bottom at last.

With the new lords, of course, came new laws, a new name, ("Clinton Hall,") new frescoes, new whitewash, new paint and a new display of old books. The whole structure was set to rights from top to bottom. God is worshiped (every Sunday) in the basement, and Mammon on the first floor for the remainder of the week. An imposing library, sacred to the elect, is to be seen through the bull's eyes which adorn the door at the upper landing of the grand stairway, with imposing accommodations for scientific, moral and literary societies in front on either hand, and a mild suggestion of scholastic wealth on the floor above. In short, "the Association" has done everything doable, altered everything alterable, and improved everything improvable, except its own manners and morals; as for example:

It so chanced in the ordering of Providence and "the constitution" of this august literary body, that it should, out of the raw material within its reach, proceed then (that is to say, on the evening of the present session), and there (meaning, thereby, the lower hall of the Hall), by aid of the "by-laws" and two board fences, to create for itself a new head, etc. The present occasion being the thirty-eighth repetition of the job, gave ample facility to note progress. The literary interest at stake was momentous, and brought out the whole strength of the "Mercantile" literati! "Frank Ballard"—we beg pardon—"Frank W. Ballard" was to be floored, and "R. A. Bachia" to be exalted to the full-blown glory of—of it would be hard to say what; though as our eyes partially, our ears fully, and our nose, without evasion or mental reservation, can testify, the how is no secret whatever. *Wide-mouthed vulgarity and stale tobacco smoke* bore aloft the mighty "Bacchia" to his seat of honor, and cast aside the aspiring "Ballard" like an impracticable cheroot. *Such yells!* Wanting ocular or nasal evidence of their true origin, one might fancy for a moment that the *Kickapoos* had turned out *en masse*, either to serenade Mr. Beeson or slaughter the New York Conference; but only for a moment. Ears and nose would repel the suggestion as a slander. True, it was musically asserted at great length, and with vociferous repetition by the "Mercantile" literati that,

"Old John Brown had a little Indian,"

and we are not disposed to gainsay the assertion of the muse, backed, as she is, by authority smacking at once of the mart and the library; but what we do say is, let the superannuated "Brown" possess an indefinite quantity of "little Indian," he will bring it to an overstocked market as every decent man, and especially woman, will find to their superlative disgust, if they chance to come in the neighborhood of the "Mercantile Library Association" when engaged in the election of its officers. That literary exchange just now is suffering from a glut of Indian.

But here is an abyss of speculation into which our pen would plunge. If this, the thirty-eighth annual election of officers by the "Mercantile Library Association" is by *war whoop*, what must the first have been? Before history, civil, political, ecclesiastical and natural, shed its light upon the student soul of that scholastic body, how did it manage matters? Was it by earthquake? and do we rejoice in the war-whoop now, as a progress from that? Since Plutarch, Rollin, the Young Man's Best Companion, and Bookkeeping by Double Entry, have cropped out in stale tobacco, bad rum, and unimaginable belchings, what did they do, we wonder, before the seeds of literature sprouted?

Lest, however, the reader, unblest of "Bachia" and the "Association" over which he is to preside, should wonder what all this has to do with the New York Conference and its question, let us say that, first, it has to do the duty of an apology for a meager report. How is a man within the atmosphere of a complicated stench, moral and physical, like that ascending from this "Association" of literati, to think or speak of anything but that? Secondly, it is good for the philosopher as for the merchant now and then, to take an account of stock—to adjust balances and compare values. Moreover, the question before the Conference is concerning *influence*, and these doings illustrate it. Here we see a literary association, ripe in years, rich in books, and respectable in name—defiling its own temple by a beastly display of rowdiness, making night hideous with its yells, and the neighborhood unsafe by its open display of vulgarity and brutishness. Whence the cause? What the influence that produced

this disgusting phenomenon? These gentlemen, it is to be presumed, were not born with a war whoop in their mouths; how have they come to imitate drunken savages? Where the power that has been able thus to nullify the library and make it a thing of nought in the formation of character?—dead books, however venerable for intrinsic value, in competition with living men and their daily acts; as a source of influence, let him who doubts where the supremacy lies, glance at the "Mercantile Library Association," and the question of preponderance is settled. What can Jesus do against Bacchus—Jesus as a recognized influence, being simply a circumscribed stream of Sunday *precept*, and Bacchus a perpetual, and all but universal flow of alcohol! With religion divorced from business, it is but natural that literature should be estranged from manners.

Mr. FOWLER wished to add to what he has heretofore said on the subject of influence, or the transfer of feeling, that it may be favorably observed in the sick room. It is seen there to have a direct bearing upon health and life. He alludes to the fact, as a practical suggestion for the government of our conduct in reference to the sick. To be useful by our presence to one who is suffering from disease, we should be ourselves healthful and hopeful. He has fully tested the transfer of his own feelings to the sick, and knows it to be a reality; and it is of great importance that the fact should be more generally understood. Another fact in his experience which goes to demonstrate it, is the one that occurred with him last week, through the influence of Mrs. French, while speaking upon this question. He finds from repeated observation, that when any considerable number of the auditory do not understand what he is saying, he loses the power of explanation. Another fact which goes to establish the reality of transfer, is psychometry. This, too, he has verified by his own experience. Finally, it is to be remembered that we become *en rapport* with each other, through various media as to externals. But the transfer of feeling, in every case, is from the Spirit, and by the Spirit. When the external medium is speech, it is not the words but the *feeling* that vitalizes the words, which produces the change in our feelings.

Dr. ORTON related several psychometrical tests of his own. He holds the fact to be as well established as any other; and being so, he concludes that we do influence each other spiritually; if not by a proceeding atmosphere, yet still in some way.

Mr. REYNOLDS informed us that he had given his attention to this matter of transfer for the last fifteen years. From his experience as a magnetist, he asserts that the nervous forces have a telegraph of their own, and can act independently of direct or indirect physical agents.

Mr. D. thinks we have but entered upon the investigation of spiritual arcana, and it does not become us to dogmatize. We know that congeniality—sympathy as to state—promotes action. Hence the saying, "In union there is strength." None but the maker of mind can know how far may extend the influence of mind; but that mind is capable of influence through its own laws he would illustrate from a recent occurrence. He sets apart a certain time in each week for converse with his Spirit-friends, through a speaking medium. During his last interview, the medium was interrupted by another influence than that which had previously controlled her, purporting to be from another individual who was very anxious to communicate, requesting what was said to be read in the Conference.

Mr. D. read the document, together with some comments thereon, professing to come from his Spirit relative who had given way for its utterance. The substance of the paper seemed to be that the lady Spirit communicating had been a medium while in the body, had died full of revenge and hatred toward some man who had injured her; that she had since executed the vengeance previously resolved upon, but is now entirely free from the influence of such passions, being comfortably on the road to a better state of feeling, which is the reason why she desires the Conference to have the benefit of the homily, to the end that it may be known that evil passions and evil Spirits exist in the other life as well as in this. To which it was adduced, by way of commentary, as from his Spirit relative, that it might be gathered from the interruption, that "Spirits as well as mortals are sometimes subject to the annoyance of ill manners.

Dr. GRAY: The facts of mesmerism clearly demonstrate that our states are transferable. It is true, not only of individuals, but of communities and nations. Take the case of Paul and the Macedonian. "A vision appeared to Paul in the night; there stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia and help us." His theory of that is, that he of Macedonia earnestly desired the aid of Paul, and that through the sympathy of a common purpose, his state was transferred, so as to appear to Paul like a physical presence from that distant country. The history of the world is full of similar facts. In cases of violent or sudden death, it is known that the occurrence has been impressed upon distant relatives or persons in sympathy, independent, because in advance, of all physical means of communication. The diffusion of disease by strictly human miasm is doubtless in this way. So, also, of health. Reciprocity of influence is one of the modes by which the Divine

Providence effects its ends. It is his faith that all of like purpose, whether in this life or the other, and whether conscious of it or not, stand, as it were, shoulder to shoulder; and the time will come when it will be good to know that this is so.

Adjourned,

R. T. HALLOCK.

PATHETISM.

"Let us be friends, and put out the Devil's eyes."

My recollections of the phenomena peculiar to sectarian revivals, extend back to the year 1808. I was then among the Baptists, in Exeter, R. I. The preacher was Gersham Palmer. I suppose he may be still living, for I saw the old man last summer. "Elder Palmer" was always proverbial for a peculiar cough, or hitch, an "ahem" he had made in his voice while "holding forth" in his prayers and sermons. His thoughts were not numerous, and did not flow very fast; and so when "waiting for" an idea, and not having any word at command, he found it very convenient to lean upon this cough, or "a-a-h-h-m," until the appropriate word turned up in his mind.

Here are some verses of one of his Hymns, and I do well remember having heard my mother and others sing them more than fifty years ago:

"Hark! hear the sound on earth is found,
My soul delights to hear,
Of dying love that's from above,
Of pardon bought so dear.
God's minister's like flaming fire,
Are passing through the land;
The voice is here, repeat and fear,
King Jesus is at hand."

During the spring of 1822, I myself became the subject of a Methodist revival, and obtained an experimental knowledge of all those nervous and mental states which result from religious sectarian appeals made to the organs of marvelousness and fear—such states as are well known under the terms of "conviction," "repentance," "prayer," "faith," "conversion," "witness of the Spirit," "sanctification," and the "love of God shed abroad in the heart." The characteristics of all revival preaching, always and everywhere, are that it makes its appeals to the organs of *credulity* and *fear*; it tells you *what* to believe; but never tells you to *think for yourself*. Precisely like what you witness in the experiments in what has been called "Electrical Psychology," "Electro-Biology," and "Mental Alchemy," the "subjects," experimented upon are never rationally instructed to *think themselves*, never assisted in really originating ideas, but they are commanded, dictated, domineered over, and told *what to believe*, and hence the results which follow all such appeals to the organs of wonder. There is, indeed, a vast difference between that science, that philosophy, and that preaching or experimenting, which tells you what to think, and that other higher method which tells you to *think yourself*.

My sectarian experience culminated in 1823, in a strong belief that I had a great mission to perform; *a la mode* the spiritual medium of the present day. And so June 9, in Woburn, Mass., I commenced my public career as a preacher, a lecturer, an experimenter upon the mind of man. The audience was composed of young people, and quite small. My sermon was addressed wholly to the organs of marvelousness; my assumptions, like all other revivalists, were based upon tradition, and under the pains of an eternal hell. I told my auditors *what to believe*. And now observe the success that followed the first experiment of the kind which I had ever performed. My audience were completely pathetised with my views and feelings; they believed what I told them to believe; and, the consequence was, their peculiar states of mind overcame their nervous systems. They wept, fell upon the floor, became cold and rigid in their muscular systems; their eyes were closed, or elevated and set; some of them fell into a state of trance, and all the singing, praying, rejoicing, and other manifestations which took place during that sermon, we supposed to have been the work of God, and produced by the power of the Holy Ghost, operating on the minds of the people. And so I think now it was the work of God, precisely as that was the work of God in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Philadelphia, March 2, 1847, when twenty-four years after, I had two hundred and fifty people entranced during one lecture on pathetism. God was the same, and human nature the same in both cases. It is a discovery I have made since 1823, that God and the essential elements and laws of the human mind never change.

Boston, April 26th, 1859.

L. R. S.

SERMON,

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER,

DELIVERED AT PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, SUNDAY EVENING, MAY 22, 1859.

[Photographically Reported by James L. Crosby.]

"Therefore love is the fulfilling of the law."—ROM. 13 : 10.

Our Saviour stated this same fact when questioned by one of the lawyers, but with reference to the Old Testament Scriptures, declaring that all the law and the prophets were but the expansion of this one thing. The Apostle here states the same fact, not with reference to any of the instrumentalities of religion, but with reference to the practical life and conduct of men. The exposition in these two instances, therefore, is complete; applied in the first instance by our Saviour to the cause, and in the second instance by the Apostle to the effects of religious life, to the instrumentalities of religion and the results of it; Christ saying all the instrumentalities of religion are designed to produce love, and the Apostle declaring that all the right fruits of religion in the individual must be the fruits of love. What, then, is this quality—love—that bears such a relation to religion and to human life? What is this one word, that expresses the sum total of right existence? The love that is spoken of in the text is generic; it is what we call benevolence—a disposition which goes out toward all beings in kindness. There are several affections which bear the same name—love—and which are very carefully to be discriminated from this spirit of which we speak.

First, Is parental love. Admirable as it is, it is not the same. It has a special and limited sphere; it takes charge of the young during the period of helplessness which requires great services; and God has wonderfully fitted the parent with the instincts required for its offspring's well-being at that critical period of its life. And then the feeling ceases. As the covering of seeds either drop off or change themselves to leaves, and discharge another duty, so this instinct of parental love is supplanted, as our children grow up, by the higher element of friendship. It ceases with the cessation of helpless infancy.

Next is an affection which rouses up the soul—that most violent sentiment which, unhappily, is also called by one and the same name—love—which carries every feeling to a pitch which but for a limited time can be sustained—which was designed for a comparatively limited period, important but transient, and then to give way to a feeling more or less highly tempered, namely, that love that is called friendship. This name is perfumed and fragrant with all that is good in human life. If less intense than the other love, it is because it brings more sentiment and less passion. This love always acts as a specific, and not as a generic; that is, it respects always single being, and not universal being. It is special to one in each instance. It is, to be sure, very kind, but it is also very exacting. There is nothing so hungry as friendship; there is nothing that demands so much food, or is so fastidious of that which it feeds upon. There must be for this intense love and kindness a mutual adaptation between the parties, in intellect, in moral sentiment, in social nature, in taste. Not that persons must be alike for friendship, but they must harmonize; but different things harmonize, and unlike things harmonize, and so unlike dispositions, but oppugnant ones never. The love of friendship, then, is designed to act in a limited sphere, demanding but two in the partnership; though many partnerships may be formed, they in each instance must be limited to the two, and depend, then, upon the relative agreeableness of these two persons. It does not meet the wants of common life. It may gather into groups those that fit each other, but it leaves the great mass of man ungrouped and untended. It exists only within the bounds of intimate acquaintance between two individuals, limited in number, requiring high conditions of excellence for its continuance; and though in its sphere it elevates and enriches, leaving to us the collateral benefits of society, and is the noblest fountain of joy, yet it assumes no general purpose or function toward the whole race. And it, noble as it is, and divine in its beneficence and in its sincerity, yet its quality belongs to the single and the few, and it does not take charge of the many and the race; the poor, the unrefined, the ignorant, the wretched, the evil, the poorly endowed, the unloving, who all need more sympathy, because of their moral and social degradation, and who would have been left to their misery if there had been no other love than that of mere friendship.

Therefore has God given to the human soul a higher love than either of these, and more comprehensive—the love which we must call benevolence. And this sentiment is designed to act with a universality which shall include every possible condition of man. The sentiment is one which produces in the soul a sense of general kindness, good will, and kind wishing; it is an influence which makes a man's soul impatient to go forth in acts of kindness. It is not that sensitiveness which may be acted upon by causes from without, by persuading to goodness; but it is that quality in a man which lives for goodness in itself, and produces a yearning for it beforehand. A man largely endowed with an inventive disposition, is not inspired to invent from seeing the clumsiness of some ill-adapted machine. His whole nature is like a bow that shoots out an arrow to gratify itself, not waiting for outward provocation; but a true benevolence is a disposition given by a kind and good God to man, which makes the soul ferment to do men good, to make men good and happy. It is the very yearning in our nature for happiness to other men. Every faculty has a desire that seeks for satisfaction, and to have its desire gratified in its own way. The love of approbation is gratified by praise; veneration, by the object of reverence; the sentiment of conscience, by whatever is according to rectitude and upright dealing. But benevolence is a sentiment which requires for its gratification and for its desire the spectacle of happiness in other people, and it always inspires men to produce such happi-

ness in them. In the construction of the human soul there are many elements designed to make man himself good and happy; but the divinest of them all is that faculty by which another man's happiness most intensely delights us. We are made happy by our own sweet instrumentalities acting in ourselves; but here is another by which we are made happiest of all when other people are happy. It is not only a slight complacency of seeing another happy—it is the soul's real happiness itself. Where the love of benevolence exists in proper power, it tends to make the whole mind carry itself as the means and instrument of happiness to others; it reverses the law which makes a man carry himself so as to receive benefit from others; it causes him gladly to carry himself so as to benefit them. It comes with a disposition not to comply with outward exigencies, but to embrace the rights and fullness of another.

Where buds swell and burst, it is not simply because they feel the drawing of the sun, nor because they forethink how beautiful the garden will be when they shall have come forth, but because each one has behind it a vital force from the tree which is driving it up and forth. And so men, although sometimes solicited to benevolence from the foresight of the blessed fruits that will come from it, how often they feel the driving of their own nature within, where this feeling is alive! Benevolence also acts, not toward the individual, but toward all beings; it comes to the individual in the result, but the feeling is comprehensive—is generic. Not toward those in any degree related to us, not toward those whom we know merely, not toward any age, as being young or old, as the other affections of love do; not with regard to the race does it act, nor with an eye upon any condition; and God has made benevolence, among all the other faculties, to act with the same universality that clouds and sunshine have, which never discriminate, but fill up all flowers alike with moisture, and warm all things beautiful or homely, alike. This is the very figure God pleases to borrow to characterize himself, and represent our duty. "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; pray for them that despitefully use you, that ye may be the children of your Father, which is in Heaven." Well, what is his character? "He maketh the sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain upon the just and on the unjust." Be ye, therefore, perfect in the way that your Father is perfect, by universal diffusion and indiscriminating kindness; for the dews fall upon the poisonous flowers just as much as upon the wholesome and beautiful, and the rain moistens the stenchful and distasteful weeds just as much as the fruit-bearing tree. It takes no account of any, but whatever asks for moisture receives it from earth's bosom equally. God takes this figure and says He will serve every one according to their need, not according to their nature.

But the more remarkable trait of this benevolence is, that it acts by a law exactly the opposite, although complementary, to that which exists in the love of friendship. Friendship implies merit, and fixes itself upon supposed excellences; passing by the barren and the coarse, it seeks for the rich and the refined in heart. But benevolence acts by a reverse law; it is excited by the necessity of its objects, and not by their character and deserts; and the more a man needs, the more benevolence is stimulated by the presence of his need. As beings feel their friendship diminish, they feel their benevolence increase, and as, by the benefactions of this regal feeling, men grow better, they are lifted up into the sphere of benevolence, and become subjects of this realm of goodness. So God, taking up the world as by benevolence, by the riches of his bounty, leads men up through repentance toward virtue, and begins to receive them upon a new platform, which is the platform of personal friendship and love. And although a man must need rise, although here comes in the doctrine of moral renovation, yet vastly wider than that, far below it, and adapting itself to the exigencies of a fallen race, is this indiscriminating benevolence, which measures according to what a man needs, and not according to what he deserves; and says the more ignorant he is, the less agreeable he is, the less estimable as a friend or the less fit for a neighbor, the more should duty seek him, and the more should the bounty take care of him. So that the law of benevolence acts downward, while the law of friendship acts upward. Personal love and the love of friendship constantly seeks those things which are more fit and excellent, and grows by the regality of its subject. But the law of benevolence acts the other way, and it draws by the moral obliquities, by the deep deterioration of its subjects; the worse the man, the more is he an object for benevolence; the better he is, the more attractive he is, the more is he an object of friendship.

Here are these two forms of the human soul: one love, that of friendship, always acting upwards; the other that of benevolence, always acting downward—the one taking care of the individual, the other always spreading itself to take care of the race. Hence benevolence is God's wonderful adaptation of the human mind to the conditions and wants of the race. There is not another faculty of the human soul which, could it be exalted to supremacy, would not be despotic and injurious to man. Let the element of taste in man sit in judgment, to accept or reject its appeals as they come one after another. If cultured taste should sit on the throne of the human soul, is there more than one man in a million who would not be disgusting to taste in this world? Or, if you dethrone taste, and set in its place conscience, how many men would abide the adjudication of conscience? The more exacting conscience becomes, the more despotic our judgments, and the vast mass of men must needs wither and be scorched beneath its judgment. You may take any other of the mind's faculties into the judgment seat, you will find there is not one relation between that feeling and the actual affections of mankind. Only one feeling has ben-

evolence, which is according to needs—adapting its satisfaction to the actual condition and wants of all human beings; for it is the benevolent soul's hunger to make men good, the soul's longing to make them happy, and rejoicing that they become so. Was there ever a being walked upon the earth, or crept upon its bosom, that could not be brought to the bar of benevolence, of divine kindness, of mercy, and good? Therefore, God hath exalted this faculty in the soul to act kindly toward the ignorant, the weak, the evil, the poor, toward all men, in those ways and dispositions in which they are erring and weak. It acts with strength in proportion as men do not deserve its action.

Benevolence is a tendency toward kindness which does not depend upon any outward conditions, but its direction and intensity are outwardly controlled by the degradation of the objects of its kindness. Now it is this feeling which Christ and the apostles make supreme: this is that love which Christ said all the law and the prophets hung upon; this is that love which the apostle declares is the fulfilling of the law. That benevolent disposition, where it controls a man's life, has fulfilled God's claims upon that man's life. It is not meant that this is to be the only emotion which the soul is ever to experience. It means simply that this is to be the controlling one; so that every part of the mind shall act under the limitations and in the spirit of this. We have a score or more of faculties, and each one of them must do the thing for which it was created; conscience must act for that element which is the love of conscience; praise must take cognizance of that which is the object of praise; veneration must regard things that are superior; taste must look at the fitness of things in the light of symmetry and beauty. These things must go on while every one feeling of the human soul has its own nature; yet every one of them is to take the law of its action from this master spirit of benevolence, and is always to act in the spirit of benevolence.

There is no one passion but a man has a right to exercise, but there is not one that he has a right to exercise outside of the rule and control of this supreme kindness. You have a right to be angry, but you must sin not; you have a right to indignation, but it must be an indignation purified and clarified with true benevolence. You have a right to conscience, but conscience is harsh, cruel and despotic, unless it be controlled by this element of true benevolence. God says, Let this be the daylight, the starlight, the sun and the moon of the soul. Nor is this feeling to be an occasional one, but it is to be the uniform and controlling disposition, and the character is to be founded on this disposition. Man is to have that disposition and those habits which shall bear him out toward all benefactions—all kindness of feeling, kindness of intention, and kindness of action; making your soul not a magazine out of which you shoot arrows of harm, but making your soul a fountain of kindness toward all mankind.

Having established this test, let me inquire briefly, how do you employ it? It seems to me that this clear, well-understood test will pilot a man safely through all those intricacies that are thrown around religion. It seems as though doctrines had been heaped up because those who were in the fort could not very well get out, and those who were out could not very well get in. It seems as though the way of religion had been almost made tedious inevitably, because men think there is so much that cannot be understood. Let us see if we can simplify it.

First, if this is the end of the law, a man that has this loyalty of disposition fulfills it; in the light of the law he fulfills every rule made by it. Technically, any single sin is a special act of disobedience; but the human soul is so organized that no man can violate any law without offending this spirit of benevolence, nor can he keep peace with this feeling and yet violate the law in any one of his faculties. Therefore a man who violates this spirit habitually—his character is sinful. That man sins who steals, who cheats, who lies, who robs; these are special names given to certain actions, but the essence of these things is the violation of this law of benevolence. The violation of right is a violation of the higher law of benevolence. A man gives way to some animal appetite: now you bring that into judgment, and show how he has violated the law of social affection; to violate the law of social affection, is to violate the law of character and self-esteem; to violate the law of character and self-esteem, is to violate conscience; and to violate conscience is to violate benevolence, which is the supreme and highest law; so every violation of law comes up in progress and reports itself as the weightiest and wickedest thing, when it comes on top and violates the law of benevolence. He that is guilty of one, is guilty of all; that is to say, the whole law is benevolence—therefore if a man violates any point in this law of benevolence, he violates the whole, for there is but that one thing in it, whichever way you touch it.

If I should break off a little finger from the statue of the Apollo Belvidere, it would be just as much a mutilation as if I should break off an ear. If there is a flaw in it, it is mutilated just as much—it does not follow that you must grind it to powder to destroy its beauty. If there be the slightest crack in it, the whole statue is flawed. So it is with the beauty and symmetry of this law of love; if a man violates one law he violates the whole spirit. Therefore when a man is said to be sinful, it does not mean that he breaks out into every vice and crime; but that man who carries himself—that man whose purposes of life, whose disposition, and whose whole actions are according to the law of customary selfishness, that man is depraved. I do not mean that he is just as bad as he can be, though I never saw a selfish man who had not a lower depth of selfishness, and I have never seen a mean man who could not be a still meaner one—at least not many. But ordinarily speaking, we mean that these men are depraved whose faculties all tend to develop the life not according to the law of benevolence, which should form the law of the soul, but according to the law of selfishness. That is depravity enough, that is wickedness enough, that takes a man out of the universal concord, and that makes a man clash in disagreement with all the moving parts of the universe; when a man is out of tune and out of concord, that is enough.

Do you suppose when you make a discord of a half a tone, that if you get a whole tone out of the way, it will be any worse discord? Or, if you should go a tone and a half out of the way, or even two tones? No; a half a tone is just as bad as three half tones. A discord is a discord; and, though some may be worse than others, still they do not progress in that ratio. If a man stands at variance with this law, he may be a tyrant and a robber; but the very fact that he stands in disagreement with this supreme law of heaven and earth, that is enough to make him a sinner.

Secondly. What, then, is repentance? If to be a sinner is to be without this benevolence, what, then, is repentance? It is perceiving that you are unbenevolent; that the spirit of love is not in you, and you sin in this way. Not as a supreme thing; it may be occasionally. This spirit is not the pilot, the captain, the controlling element of your life. When a man perceives and recognizes the sinfulness of this feeling of universal selfishness, and perceives the hatefulness of it, and when this man, feeling and seeing this, says: "I renounce this as the law of my life; I throw away that disposition and accept the law of benevolence for my guide; it may take a hundred different forms, and may come up in each man's life on a basis peculiar to himself. But the real essence of all true repentance is this: that a man changes from a life of supreme selfishness to a life ruled by the supreme law of well-wishing. If he don't do this, he is not repentant. If a man has not a spiritual love in his heart, reverently giving obedience to it as far as he can as one of the highest laws of God, he has not repented. No man has truly repented, and become a true Christian, except he has that within him which makes him a well-wisher to every human being. It is the love of God that is implanted in his soul. If a man gets up and repents, and then goes home furiously devotional, but yet utterly selfish, he has not repented at all. There are a great many men who attend with strictness to all outward duties, and yet are not Christian. Self-purification and self-restraint—these are not piety; but love is, and no man has repented until he has got that.

Thirdly. What, then, is conversion? What is that mysterious change—conversion? How shall a man know that he has got it?

Well, conversion is to a man's soul just what ripening is to grapes. They hang in the right form; every one of them has skin and seeds, but all of them are sour. But just let them hang there long enough in the bright sunshine till it makes them sweet, and they are converted. That is exactly what conversion means to man. He hangs there, but sour, until he sees what is the power of God, the love of God, and the spirit of God becomes sweetened to him. He is ripe; he is converted.

But you ask what is the law of the change, and what is the process? It may be in five thousand persons entirely different in each one, though a great many seem to think every change alike; and examining committees try to make men think alike; but there is only one thing that marks the expression in every case; that is, the desire for God. But the mode of expression varies and differs, as all men exhibit something of the varieties of their nature. When men are changed, they are changed according to their different dispositions, with different combinations and under different circumstances, but all generically alike in this one thing. If a man be truly converted, he is converted unto *sweet*; he is converted to love. If a man is not converted to sweet, he is not converted.

Do you love everybody? Does your sympathy flow out toward the poor, the vulgar, the mean, the squalid, the barbaric, and even black folks? Does everybody that lives come up before your soul in the warm sun of piety? Is that the way your soul longs to go forth in the spirit of love? That is Christianity, that is being converted to religion. How true in every particular is that which Christ said, when the Pharisees set forth to put a different interpretation upon piety: "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee!" It is not if you have a flaming anger against your brother, "leave there thy gift," which by their law was an act of worship. The meaning is: when you come to be devout to me, when you come to worship, if you remember that anybody has a hard feeling against you—so I understand this law simply to speak of your conduct toward all human beings—stop, lay by thy gift, don't worship, worship is nothing, go right away and be reconciled to him, "and then come and offer thy gift." The law is so supreme that God says, Until you make true loving supreme, don't come to me with the secondary and inferior office of worship; love is the highest worship before God—obedience to God and love toward him and all his creatures.

Well, you ask, What next? If this is repentance, what then are the evidences of piety? They are just as simple; they are so simple that every child can understand them. There are secondary and collateral evidences, which are oftentimes much thought of; but the stable evidence of piety is the evidence of a truly loving, benevolent disposition. If you have it, thank God for it, though you do not know how you came by it. There are a great many men who are Christians and don't know it, because they have not discovered that they had anything of this divine nature. They suppose that to be a Christian is to run through a certain round of experiences, from which they are to come out by and by into a large place, but they must have gone through with all these troubles and agonies. But they have never been stirred up by the sorrow for sin, they have never had the terrible plow of conviction tearing up their inmost souls. They have never had within them the working of any of these indispensable conditions, and so they suppose they cannot be Christians.

Suppose I were to go out into my garden, and behold there an exquisite flower grown up in the bed appointed; and I say to myself, "Goodness! I put vegetable seeds in here; I never saw this; I don't know when it sprouted." Yet it is a flower, and I accept it as a flower because it is a flower, and not because I had put it into line

and in its appointed order. And so when a man goes to his heart, and finds this flower of grace there, he says, "I don't know anything about this; I never planted it; I never knew when it grew up in this soil." But do not pull it up by the roots, because it did not grow by the ordinary process. You have got it; let it smell sweet to heaven, and grow on.

In respect to all other things, let me say, if you have that benevolence which is ordinarily accorded to piety; if you are wedded to your hymn-book, and wedded to your Bible; if you think your minister is the smartest minister in the whole region round about; if you go to church regularly; if you pay your pew rent, and all your other dues; if you dress with propriety, and walk very gravely, and don't laugh on Sunday; if you go through all the forms of outward piety, and yet you are mean, close, stingy, and unsympathetic; if in all your business you are seeking for your own good; if you are forever looking at a bargain, to see that that part which comes to you shall be the heaviest end; if you don't care how much another man loses, so that you gain; if you don't care how other men are left in the lurch, so you are on safe ground; if you carry yourself in your business, and among your books and papers, so that every man feels that like the ponderous arms of a fulling mill, your only business is to beat, beat, beat through life—I don't care about your hymn-book, your Bible, your grave face, your unmitigated hypocrisy—you are not a Christian! No man is a Christian in whose heart this law of love does not shine bright, and make an eternal summer.

You have all had occasion to look at this thing; we have had this matter preached to such an extent, that there has grown up a kind of perfectional piety. There are good and perfectional Christians whose piety is like a crown, who, putting it on their heads, say "I am a Christian," taking it off, say, "I am a Christian; I have only left my Christianity at home." And then they go out into the world, and do all kinds of dirty and mean work; going back again, put on the crown, and say, "I am a Christian again!" If you are a Christian, you go to bed a Christian and get up a Christian; you are a Christian at home, in your store, and everywhere. It is the way a man carries himself, that makes him a Christian, or not a Christian. It is the disposition of his soul; if that is truly benevolent, you are a Christian; if not, then you are not. It is time you understood all this, and it is time you ripped up all this pretense in your soul, and stood forth in the full light of Christian piety, namely, love, which is the fulfilling of the law.

What, then, are we to understand by growing in grace? Evidently it is growing in those dispositions which make us more kind, more careful, more considerate to others. This is the way in which most persons examine themselves to see whether they are growing in grace or not; they say that the two elements of devotion and imagination are the elements by which a man can carry himself out of the ordinary feelings of life. "When I was first converted," they say, "I could not make much of a prayer, I could not give much of an idea of God; but now I love to think about God, my imagination is strong, and I can people worlds with Him, and walk up and down through the bright bands of angels; I love to go up in these yearning thoughts and in these blessed aspirations—O, I am growing in grace!" I should like to ask that man's wife and children about that. Are you easier to live with at home, or are you a great deal more exacting, and peevish, and selfish, making everybody look after you, and you look after nobody? Don't tell me any angel wing beats to lift you up! You are not growing in grace! But if like the growing fruit tree whose branches hang loaded with fruit of a superior quality, and which every spring has a more regality of blossom, and every autumn a greater show of fruit; if you have in a truer and a deeper instinct this loyal loving, then you are growing in grace.

The cold serene selfishness of perfect people is the most hideous and disgusting thing in this world. I have seen a great many people who were perfect as they supposed; some of them exquisitely so; they could not have been more serene and cold if they had been seated on the top of Mont Blanc, or upon an iceberg—they could not have been less indifferent to the wants of those below. Their idea of perfection is this: that they are to be so far above the world, and above all the storms, as not to be affected by the common things and the common people below. But my idea of perfection is that a man should keep his feet on the ground, and his heart not far from it, pouring out love in new forms and in all the requisite variations of this everlasting law of love. This is what I call a perfect man.

What next, then, is this holiness about which we hear so much in the Scripture books? It is just this same quality exalted to that degree of perfection as to control all the other faculties. No person is perfectly holy in this world. There never was a harp made of wood that would not change with the seasons; there never was a harp but when you played upon it you must first strike all its strings in order to ascertain if they harmonize with each other. The most perfect workmanship of man is imperfect; the most perfect chronometer that ever was made will not keep perfect time, but has to be moved a little this way, and a little that way, in order to regulate it. There are no perfect time-keepers except those watches that God winds up in the stellar atmosphere, and that great chronometer that never lost a second. God's work never runs down and never stops; but the most perfect thing which man makes out is a little too far that way or this way; man's work never is perfect. There is not a man who lives but is more or less tempered with pride and selfishness and passion; we need every day to be turned again. But as we come to that state in which good men maintain that inward tranquillity, and are imbued with this element of love, we are in that state that the Scripture designates as holy; it is when this supreme benevolence rules in the soul.

I will not carry this further in respect to the details of Christian character. I wish to ask every man in the first place, whether he does not be-

lieve that there is truth in the doctrine of man's depravity? When any theologian who don't care anything for you, and who don't care anything for men that don't belong to his sect, throws out this doctrine, you fight it and don't believe it. But let me catechize you and see if you are not sound on this doctrine of man's depravity. How many men with whom you do business would you trust outside of those matters in which they are personally interested? How many times, as you go up and down Broadway with me, can you stop me when you see a man of whom you can say, "This man, I think, is without sin, measured by this law of benevolence?"

You would walk me down to Union Square and Canal-street, and I should not stop there; then down to Fulton-street, and I should get no breathing spell; from thence down to Wall-street, and you would fairly run by that time, from there to the Battery, and then up upon the other side, and you would whisk me through street after street and set me down at Union Square again without having given me one single second to stop and say, "There is a man without sin!" You know perfectly well that there is not a man that lives that is not a sinner, if to be a sinner is to be selfish. When measured by the spirit of this law of benevolence, you know that every man is sinful. There is no difference of opinion among men on this subject when they get out of the catechism, and out of their creeds, and among themselves.

But you say, What about man's being born again? Don't you think he needs it? Don't you think, that if every man were to come under this law of benevolence, he would have to be born again? Suppose you are in the habit of meeting some man every day who is sour, unbenevolent, and unlovely; and if you should meet that man to-morrow with a face in which perfect love, sympathy and benevolence predominates, would not you say something has happened to this man? And suppose somebody should say, "He has been born again." In your own soul you would say, "I believe it." You may object to the doctrine theologically stated, but take it in this view, and does not every man need to be born again out of selfishness into love?

Next, do you ask if there is anything but divine power can do this? Do you believe that there is any such thing as a hot house, where they can ripen human souls as they ripen pine-apples in these northern climes? You can do it with vegetables, but there is no school, there is no church, there is no combination of skill and influence that can do for the human soul what God's eternal summer can do for it. But is not our duty made dependent upon that—just as bread being made dependent upon the atmosphere around us. We have but to breathe to avail ourselves of it. For God himself is the highest exemplification of the law of benevolence; he sends his spirit to us, and asks us to be what he is, exacting no other service, but saying, "Ye are my children, and as I control the actions of my being by this supreme law of love, you must control yours by the same law." Is not that right and reasonable?

If a man goes out of this life fixed and controlled by the law of selfishness, can that man go to heaven? Is there a heaven which is just as near a selfish man as to the loving man—which is just as near to the impure as to the pure? There must be a separation among men there as there is on earth, and that separation must be according to their character. If a man dies, hard and selfish and cold, because unloving, must not he continue ever in that state in which he left this earth? And if a man dies with this spirit of benevolence and love reigning in his heart, has he not got that which will make him go to God's side and among his companions? And with these dispositions going on, will they not make an everlasting separation between the good and evil?

I leave these things for you to consider; I leave them to your own sober thoughts; if the law of love is your law, then you are God's—if not, you are the Devil's. Choose you, then, who shall be your master; recognize the banner under which you will serve, and I beseech of you look well to it before it be too late!

Dodworth's next Sunday.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch will lecture at Dodworth's Academy next Sunday, morning and evening.

Where the "Telegraph" may be had.

Our friends in the lower part of the city, who purchase weekly single copies of the TELEGRAPH, and who may find it inconvenient to call at our office, can purchase the paper of Dexter & Co., 113 Nassau-street; Ross & Tousey, 121 Nassau-street; or Hendrickson, Blake & Long, 23 Ann street.

Meetings in Boston.

The Summer-street Spiritual Assembly has leased a Hall for three years, at 411 Washington-street, which has been named Harmony Hall, in which to continue Sabbath meetings. It is a new, large, and pleasant Hall, and as the above-named Society has the full control of it, lectures upon Spiritualism can be arranged for at any time. Lecturers desiring to speak in Boston, are requested to write to Alvin Pease, stating when they can be there.

Harmony Hall is to be used week days as a spiritual reading room. A number of mediums will be present, and investigators as well as Spiritualists are invited to call when in Boston.

Three Days' Meeting.

The friends of free thought, free speech, and a free platform on which to express that thought, will hold a Convention at Sturgis, Mich., on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of June, for the purpose of celebrating the completion of a temple of freedom, erected in that place. A general invitation is extended to all public speakers and lecturers on reform, and to the friends of progression generally, to be present on that occasion, and aid in the ceremonies of the day.

Ample provision will be made for the accommodation of strangers from abroad.

By order of the Executive Committee—J. G. Wait, L. N. Hutchison, B. B. Gordon, Jas. Johnson, Wm. H. Osborn.
Sturgis, May 10, 1859.



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

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

Editor and Proprietor.

Publishing Office of the Telegraph and Preacher, 428 Broadway.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1859.

Our cotemporaries 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.

For notices of the Press, see advertising columns.

THE WAR.

With what feelings should the philanthropist, the Christian, and the well-wisher for the race, look upon the war now pending in Europe? A proper answer to this question can only be given under an intelligent apprehension of the principle involved in human war, and of the influences which war has had, and is still calculated to have, upon the characters and destinies of mankind.

There can be no question that the practice of war is totally inconsistent with the Golden Rule, and with the command that we should resist not evil. It is entirely incompatible with that predicted and glorious age to which the aspirations of all pure, God-loving and philanthropic hearts reach forward with joy and gladness, when the nations shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more; and as a condition viewed strictly in the abstract, there is not one single Christian principle which gives it the least sanction, or which does not clearly and positively condemn it.

But whoso should, upon these considerations, base an unqualified regret that war should in any case or under any circumstances, exist, would not thus, we apprehend, be making any very intelligent display of Christian consistency, after all. Let us look at the subject on its other side, and in the light of the stern and deplorable facts of human nature in its past and present states. The condition of universal and eternal peace and love which Christianity holds in view as the grand acme of all its sublunary achievements, is that condition in which God's kingdom will have come, and his will be done on earth as it is in heaven, and in which "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea." In this condition of humanity, war, of course, will be impossible, as men, no longer seeking to exercise "the kingdom" or dominion over each other for selfish ends, will all be united in the fullness of a loving loyalty to the universal and loving Father whose reign alone will be acknowledged; and the same unity which they have with God, they will of course have with each other, and the same peace and harmony which pervade the infinite Divine Soul, will body itself forth in his universal offspring. But now the "Kingdom of God," in the sense in which the phrase is here used, is not come, but corrupt and selfish man has usurped the kingdom, and reigns for the selfish ends of his own personal aggrandizement. And as this lust of ruling and subduing all others to the state of mere instruments to accomplish the personal ends of the ruler, is, in a greater or less degree, common to all unregenerate and selfish men; and as each one, in his turn, is subject to the encroachments of the will-power, if not the physical force, of each of his fellow-beings who would make him his slave, the condition of general war in the interior sense of language, is a condition which actually is, and this soul-war is perpetually being waged between individuals, communities and nations, even in times of the most profound external quietude.

Here then is a stern, undeniable fact with which we must begin all our reasonings as to the right and wrong of external war, if we would attain true and philosophical conclusions. External war is wrong unquestionably, but it is only a part and parcel—a mere outer development—of a deeper and more fundamental wrong by which it is absolutely necessitated. It

may be wrong for the tiger to eat the lamb, but if so, it is still more fundamentally wrong for the tiger to be a tiger; but since the tiger is a fixed fact which we can not change without changing his nature, perhaps, while he remains a tiger, it would be still more wrong—still more a violation of divine order—for him not to eat the lamb than to eat it, since in the latter case he would cease to live, and the divine purposes of his creation, whatever they may be, would be defeated. So man in his present tiger spirit—his state of actual, perpetual, internal war—only acts out the necessities of his being, and does what it would be more wrong not to do, when he, in certain cases, goes to war with his fellow-man, since, in a tame and unresisting submission to the tyranny of those more wicked than himself, the remains of his manhood would be crushed out, and the divine purposes of his being in the world would be defeated. The only possible way, therefore, to do away with the necessity, and in a qualified sense even the use and righteousness, in certain cases, of that thing which, in another and deeper sense is called war, is to change the measurably tiger nature of man, and give him a divine nature—a nature in which the Spirit of Christ may dwell, and over which the kingdom of God may hold supreme dominion.

Moreover, the condition of internal war, as above illustrated, actually existing between the souls of individuals, communities, and nations, it does not necessarily, and in all cases, involve an increase of the evil for this to break out in external violence. Nay, in very many instances, the external development of the internal evil proves the most efficient means of its mitigation, if not its cure, in the same way as the breaking out of pustules upon the human body is often useful in the mitigation and cure of disease that rages within, and preys at the vitals.

We look, moreover, with admiration upon the heroes of Marathon of Thermopylæ and of Salamis—upon the invincible bands of Alexander and Cæsar, and even of Attila and Alaric, because, of whatever barbarous and cruel deeds some of these may have been guilty, they have left us noble examples of courage, of bravery, of fortitude, or have been instruments in the hands of Providence to change the current of national events in a way important to the ultimate elevation and happiness of the race. Direful, in itself considered, as was that revolutionary tornado which, at the close of the last century, tore up Europe by the roots, the philanthropist now contemplates it with delight as the means of instituting a subsequent condition of more equal human rights; and when we contemplate the liberties of our own blessed country, we remember that as man now is, they could be purchased only by blood.

What seems to us the true solution of the general question may be expressed in other words, as follows: The Divine Being has, in his infinite Mind, a definite system of operations in reference to the human world, as well as he has in respect to the universal, planetary, and sidereal creations; and to work out the legitimate results of this, all his providences invariably tend. In each age and nation he employs all the moral means to these results which are compatible with the existing planes of human thought and affection, inculcating everywhere and at all times the practice of universal justice and brotherly love. But when men reject these appeals to conscience and to the higher principles of fraternal and religious love, the divine ends are left to be slowly wrought out by the indirect methods of so arraying the existing evils of human nature against each other as that they may measurably neutralize, and finally destroy each other; and seeing that internal antagonism and war is already a condition of the universal heart of man, the Divine ruling power, without creating or in any way sanctioning the war, which thus already and really is, so controls the conditions and seasons of its external development as to establish a constant tendency, to its own destruction and the destruction of kindred evils. This view of the subject is confirmed by the undeniable fact that war has been the direct or indirect means of almost all the beneficial changes that have ever occurred in human governments and nations; and, as a general fact, each considerable clash of arms, notwithstanding the terrible wickedness it may have involved in the abstract, has been but the labor throes that has preceded the birth of a better state of things, and has thus been an advance of one step toward the happy period when there shall be "no more war."

In this aspect of general principles, we look upon the pro-

sent European struggle with satisfaction, or at least with trustfulness, that the results to be wrought out, whether intended by the belligerents or not, will be, upon the whole, favorable to the general progress of mankind. It is a thunder-clap, that will purify the political atmosphere. It is a whirlwind, that will stir the stagnant waters of thought and quicken the general perceptions of human rights. It will humble kings, and give greater importance to their subjects, and will doubtless, in many instances, hint to the serf that he, too, is a man. Austria will probably be driven out of Italy, where she has really no right to be, and, under the pretence of quelling the turbulence which will ensue among the Italian Revolutionists, Louis Napoleon will probably extend his dominion over that country; but in the commotions which will ensue at Napoleon's fall, as fall he must, at no very distant day, Italy will again be free. The seat of the "holy father" himself is, no doubt, destined to receive some uncomfortable jars in the pending convulsions, and, when the elements again subside into quietude, all Europe will be religiously, as well as politically, more free than before.

F.

ANNIVERSARY REPORTS.

[Continued from last week.]

NATIONAL WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.—This Convention was held in Mozart Hall on Thursday evening. When we arrived at the Hall, it was crammed full of people, notwithstanding the admission was ten cents; and more persons seemed to be going away than attempted to go in. We entered the Hall, but found it impossible to get near enough to the speakers to understand what was said. But, if nothing had been said, the numbers present would, of themselves, have shown that the subject which was under discussion was intensely interesting the public mind.

We can hardly conceive how any man can object to woman having equal rights with him, among which are the right to vote and be voted for; the right to sue and be sued; the right to own and manage property; the right to work in any department of industry, and to engage in any commercial enterprises; the right even to live unmarried, and yet be respected. A revolution in respect to woman's rights has commenced in good earnest, and will go on, we believe and hope, until woman shall enjoy equal rights with man.

THE FIVE POINTS' MISSION.—This institution held its anniversary at the Academy of Music. From its reports we gather the following particulars:

"The number of scholars taught in the school during the year has been 916; the average attendance has been 248. There have been 481 children sent into the country, and provided with good and comfortable homes; 13,147 garments have been distributed among the poor, beside 300 articles of bedding; 792 pairs of shoes, 250 hats, and provisions to the amount of \$1,000, have been given to shoeless, hatless, and provisionless ones, and saved many from suffering—perhaps starvation.

"The expenses of the institution, including a debt remaining on the buildings, for the past year, have been \$10,904 39. The receipts were \$7,087 81, leaving a balance on the wrong side of \$3,816 58."

The American Civilization Society, and Societies for Ameliorating the Condition of the Jews, the Deaf, the Dumb, the Blind, and a National Reformatory Convention, came in for a share of public attention. These conventions and associations seem to us to exhibit more heart than head; that is to say, there appears to be a very general confession that people are in a deplorable condition mentally, socially, and physically; but there appears to be no wisdom competent to guide reformatory efforts, or to save the sufferers. These endeavors are well enough as means for immediate, partial, and transitory benefits; but none of them strike at the root of the evil.

We may classify all these reformatory enterprises under two heads: the Evangelical and Humanitarian. The former seek to save mankind by Bibles, tracts, and prayers, and the latter by pruning and transplanting, rather than changing the conditions which cause destitution, suffering, and crime. In a country like ours, where land is plenty and productive, we need not have poverty and destitution among people who are able to labor. God always honors the drafts of industry with his bounty. But we continue to bring into the world human beings without allowing them the means and the right to live.

Evangelical reform consists in degrading mankind to kiss the rod that scourges them, and to starve piously; while the Humanitarian associations finish the farce by giving to the destitute as a charity a modicum of that which they have in various ways pilfered from their honest labors.

It must be manifest to every one that a person's labor, in any fair dealing, will procure the necessaries of life; and it is equally manifest that those who work hardest receive the least reward. Here is something obviously wrong; all see it, and many feel it. What, then, is the cause, and the remedy? We answer, briefly, that a large portion of our people strive to live without rendering any productive service, but by pilfering from those who do render such service. The incessant toil, yet squalid poverty of the laborer, makes industry disreputable; hence children are not trained to work for a living, but to overreach and pilfer from honest industry in a pious and legal way, and our Legislatures pander to these false notions and pious frauds, legalize them, and, by their legislative acts, encourage the young to live by them. They try to make the laborer believe it is a good thing to have a tariff to protect his back from broadcloth, and that it is necessary to have banks, which nullify the effect of a tariff. The tariff and banks are but excuses for a large portion of our people to live on the honest industry of others without giving any equivalent for it. Who supposes there would exist so much destitution if the men employed in making, shaving, and breaking paper money, and by the tariff, were set to work to earn their living by productive industry?

We heartily protest against these sickly pretensions to reform and to charities for the poor, by the indolent who occasion the need of reform and charity. The poor want not charity, but work, and the full reward of their labors. We demand as the right of common humanity that all special laws be abolished, that landed property be restricted to use, and that all representatives of value be limited to the amount of productive human industry represented. When these things are done, work will be respectable, and there will be some encouragement for men and women to strive to get a living by honest industry. But as things now are, it is considered a disgrace rather than a virtue, to work. In other words, it is considered more gentlemanly and lady-like to live on others' labors. Those who succeed in these unjust modes of living, are respected and called smart. We want to see the time when every laborer shall understand that every paper dollar, so called, is a fraud on his labors; that somebody made that piece of paper to pass as an offset for an honest day's labor, and that thousands upon thousands are living by this one cheat. This degrades the man who pirates, as well as the man who is pirated upon; and then to attempt to atone for this robbery by a charity to the suffering victim, seems to us like adding insult to injury, and is the most melancholy evidence of total depravity that we have witnessed; but we hope it may be accounted for by ignorance and unbelief.

We have no excuse or right to have born into the world deaf, dumb, blind, foolish, maimed, passionate and constitutionally immoral human beings. There are causes for all these things which are within the scope of human beings and society to remedy. Nature's evolutions are orderly and healthy, and all hindrances to a superior succeeding generation should be removed; and it should be the object of these anniversaries to inquire into, and instruct the people respecting these things. But is anybody really any wiser for the anniversaries, except as to the amount of money they have collected and thrown away the last year? Has anybody learned why the hardest workers are generally poor, and why loafers get rich? Has anybody been told how it is that a bit of paper fairly represents as much honest human labor as two bushels of potatoes? Has anybody been told precisely how the doctrine of total depravity makes a man respect himself and his neighbor the more? Has anybody been told precisely why their child was born blind or deformed, or with uncontrollable passions and appetites? Has anybody been told what sin is, and what are the scientific, the physical, and mental consequences? Has anybody been restrained from sin because of any information obtained on the subject? Are there any new evidences that mankind are to be saved from the consequences of their sins by the history of Moses, or the death of an innocent person?

Then for God and humanity's sake, let us have something new. Moses and Jesus have not saved mankind from their present deplorable condition; therefore let us go to work and save ourselves. There is nothing mysterious about humanity's present condition, except our blindness to the causes of our ills,

and the mistaken expectation that mankind are to be brought into order through the teachings and instrumentalities of those who live by disorder, or without productive labor. Humanity's salvation consists in returning to an honest social order, and setting indolent men and women, drone bees, to making their own honey.

Let any practical working man take himself ideally out of our present social order, among strangers or savages, and then consider what is right and proper for him to do and to say, to secure plenty, peace and harmony, and apply his conclusions in his daily speech, conduct and work, and in him and in his neighborhood, the needed revolution has commenced.

SUPERSENSUOUS PERCEPTIONS.

A person connected with this office thinks he has, for years, had the ability, at times, to perceive by an interior or sympathetic consciousness the general states of the members of his family, and of those of his friends with whom he is most intimately *en rapport*, even when removed at a distance. Whether this is so or not, he relates some facts which seem strongly to verify his claim, and among these is the following, which is of very recent date:

His boy, one evening, failed to return from the city to Williamsburgh (his place of residence,) at the usual hour, and after waiting for some time, the mother of the boy became quite uneasy, thinking that something must have happened to him. The father, exercising his spiritual perceptions, assured the mother that she had no cause for uneasiness, but that the boy would not be home in some time yet; that he had not yet crossed the ferry; that he had gone up town—it seemed to him not above Grand-street, but certainly not above Broome or Spring-street at farthest; that when he crossed the river, he would not cross by Peck Slip ferry as he almost always did, but by Grand-street. The mother, however, still fretted, and he redoubled the emphasis of his assurance, telling her to mark his words and observe the result. Three quarters of an hour elapsed, and he announced that the boy would be at home in about twelve minutes, or in twenty minutes at the utmost limit, as he was conscious that he was just landing with the boat at the foot of Grand-street. After ten or twelve minutes had elapsed, the father, *distinctly feeling* that the boy was very near the house, went to the front door partly for another purpose, but *mainly* with the purpose and expectation of meeting him; when just as he passed out of the front door, the boy's voice was heard on the corner of the street, a few yards distant, where he just at that moment arrived and stopped to speak to some other boys. When he came in he was questioned:

What detained you so long? *Ans.* "I had to go up town."

Did you go above Grand-street, or above Broome or Spring street at farthest? "No; I only went as far as Grand-street."

What ferry did you cross? "I came over Grand-street."

Thus every particular of what had previously, from interior sympathy, been announced as the facts, was confirmed by the statement of the boy himself, though, at the time, the father not only had had no external intimation that the boy would probably be detained, but the facts themselves were quite contrary to all external probabilities. The man does not think that he is, in any respect, aided to such perceptions by the interference of disembodied Spirits, but declares that he has a distinct consciousness of its being the direct act of *his own* spirit, and believes that this phenomenon is demonstrative of the existence of a very important law, by means of which, when thoroughly understood, many of the most interesting and practical problems of human development and happiness, as related to this world, may be solved, and many occult truths relative to the world to come will be brought clearly within the comprehension. Of course this same law, if it is a law, applies *a fortiori* to intelligences in the Spirit-world; and as it is wholly a *spiritual* law, the demonstration of its existence here amounts almost to an absolute demonstration that man is a Spirit as to his essential nature, and is not dependent upon the material body for his life and consciousness.

Please take Notice!

We have struck off surplus copies of the back numbers of the present volume of this paper, which we designed to use as specimens to send to the address of those persons in different sections of our country whose names and residences our patrons may furnish, hoping they may be induced thereby to subscribe.

Convention in Michigan.

By a notice in another place, it will be seen that the friends of free thought and free speech (mostly Spiritualists, we presume) in Sturgis, Mich., have determined upon holding, at that place, a three days' meeting, on the 17th, 18th and 19th of June, for the purpose of dedicating and celebrating the completion of a meeting-house, to be devoted to free speech. The correspondent who transmits this intelligence remarks that this, so far as he knows, is the first church erected by Spiritualists, and informs us that it is the result of a reaction of the illiberal policy of the religionists of the place. It was their practice not only to close their churches against all Spiritualist lecturers, but to refuse to give any notice of their meetings from the pulpit. This, with other manifestations of intolerance, was persisted in until the free minds of the place could endure it no longer, and they arose *en masse* and resolved to have a free church; and in September last, one day, might have been seen a procession of teams half a mile in length, loaded with brick, preceded by a band of music and a flag floating in the breeze, on which were inscribed the words, "STURGIS FREE CHURCH AND LIBERTY." Arriving at the site which had been selected for the building, they deposited their brick, and then assembled at an appointed place and partook of a collation. The building was forthwith commenced, and, with an interruption of the work during the cold weather, it has been just completed, or nearly so. It is a neat edifice, sufficiently spacious to seat some 500 persons, and cost about \$4,000. It is thus that blind bigotry is constantly defeating its own ends.

The Radical Spiritualist.

A new monthly periodical comes to us with the above title, from Hopedale, Milford, Mass. It is about one quarter the size of this paper, and is edited by B. I. Butts and H. N. Greene. It talks very earnestly, radically, and well, and promises to do some good. We hope it may. It hails from a sober, thinking section of our country, where the *Practical Christian* is published, and if its thought runs as deep, and its affection as even, with a little more vigor, it will do good, although we do not think Hopedale or Spiritualism needs any more papers. If Spiritualists would make a selection of one or two papers out of the present number, and rally around them, and support that one or two, and thus help to make it, or them, what they should be, we think it would be much better for the cause. Scattered forces are generally weak and unstable; they have to pander to popular errors in order to live. The *Radical Spiritualist* says:

"The world needs men of sterling worth, yea, and women too; great souls, who dare be true to the teachings of the inward voice—who are capable of feeling the pulsations of the great heart of suffering humanity, as it swells in awful surges like the restless waves upon the billowy ocean."

Antioch College.

This most liberal institution of learning has recently been sold to cancel certain mortgages, and certain privileged scholarships which had been formerly sold at a much less price than could be afforded. A large portion, or the whole of the mortgages, amounting to \$40,000, were held by Francis A. Palmer, of New York. Mr. Palmer bought the property for the amount of the mortgages, and then deeded it back to the friends or trustees of the Institution, by their paying the sum of \$35,000, and he gave in \$15,000. Here, then, is a man with associates who are alive to liberal education and humanitarian interest. Such efforts ought to be sustained, and it now looks as if the Lord was on their side. Horace Mann, the eminent teacher, is President of the Institution, and Artemas Carter, of Chicago, Treasurer.

The new corporation is under the management of twenty-four Trustees, twelve of whom are, and are to be, representatives of the Christian denomination, and twelve represent the Unitarian Faith. We do not like the present sectarian feature of this government, but since we feel that it is bound to be spiritualized ere long, we think it quite harmless, and we wish it God speed!

Woman's Rights in Michigan.

Recently the wife of a drunken husband, in Michigan, left home for a few days on a visit, and the husband sent all the furniture to the auction room, had it sold, and locked up the house and sent his children to the neighbors. He took the proceeds of the furniture and had a drunken frolic, and thus spent it. The wife returned and learned what had transpired, and she demanded of the auctioneer the value of the furniture, and called into service a very wholesome law in that State, requiring the *wife's consent* to the sale of furniture; and the law compelled compliance with her demand. She got the value of her furniture. We say amen; this is right.

SERMON,

BY EDWIN H. CHAPIN, D.D.,

DELIVERED SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 22, 1859

Reported exclusively for this Paper.

"For now we see through a glass darkly." 1 Corinthians, 13:12.

In the first place, let us endeavor to get the meaning of these words. They occur, as you are well aware, in one of the most glorious passages of the Bible; that passage where the Apostle Paul, writing upon the troubles of the Corinthian Church, its contentions and pretensions, its evils of Jewish literalism and Greek license, pauses for a moment in the foaming tide of his argument, and melts away into that New Testament psalm of love—that wonderful description and eulogy of Christian charity. Having shown the Corinthian converts that this is the deep master-principle of the soul, without which all things and all performances are vain, and having, in lines of indelible brightness, traced the features which it shows amid the conflict, the sin and the limitation of the world, all at once he rises into the assertion of its imperishableness, and with that thought breaks beyond all earthly barriers, and carries his readers away into that region in view of which all material conditions dwindle, and all mortal imperfections dissolve and vanish, while no boundary is set to future attainments, and nothing is suggested that balks the idea of endless progress. The excellence of that state compared with our loftiest possessions and powers in this, is as the completeness and freedom of manhood compared with the germinal qualities of childhood, and this earthly domain of facts and faculties is only a nursery for the soul; this little planet, that goes swimming through space, is but the cradle of the intellect. Our most regal thinkers think but as children yet; our guesses and prophecies are but as the babe's wisdom; our most oracular utterances are but the alphabet and fragments of the truth. "When I was a child," says the Apostle, "I spoke as a child; I understood as a child; I thought as a child." But even in that higher kingdom, where all the childishness of our mortality is put away, this principle of love—the mother's love, the martyr's love, the love of the good Samaritan, the love of God and man, the love of saintly sweetness and heroic sacrifice, this same love that throbs in weak human hearts, and, amid all these uses and limitations, goes forth to anoint, to bless, to endure, all things, and hope forever—this same love abides there, and shows in its native realm the divine beauty which it has never lost below.

It is in delineating this contrast between here and hereafter, that the Apostle introduces the simile of the text, holding up in view the softness and brightness of that higher region. Now he says, "For now we see through a glass darkly." We must beware of a misconception on account of this word glass, as it appears in our English version. It would more properly be rendered mirror; and in meditating upon this figure, we should think of the metallic figure of the ancients, in which things would be obscurely and vaguely represented. So this universe, so this life of ours, so this object glass of being, which blends the action of our thought and the things upon which we think, so is this a mirror in which we now see but darkly and dimly, receiving only hints and shadows of reality. And this statement suggests the general current of my remarks at the present time.

"For now we see through a glass darkly." In the first place, let me say that there is a literal significance in these words. It is a literal fact that here, in our mortal state, with our physical organs of vision, we do not, in any instance, see essential realities. We behold only the images of things. I need not dwell upon this elementary law of optics; I only urge the suggestiveness of the fact that our sensuous vision is a mirror upon which realities cast shadows. We may expect a more direct and intimate perception of these realities when this material organism is shattered, and when this spiritual faculty within us really sees; when this is set free from these physical limitations, and goes forth into new and fresh conditions of action. As to the most common and intimate objects in the world around us, we see only as through a glass darkly. It is in this way we see our fellow-men with double veils between ourselves and them—they hidden from us in a drapery of flesh, and we looking through the glazed windows of our own organism. How much do we actually apprehend? How much do we really know of them? They make themselves known to us only in shapes and outlines, only through the glass of expression which, if it sometimes helps reveal them, sometimes conceals them all the more.

It is the case with those with whom we are most familiar, who associate with us every day, and who mingle with us in the most ordinary transactions of life; it is the case, even here, that we don't see them, we don't apprehend them. That there are depths of their nature, features of their humanity, which do not come up and stand before us, and that many by whose side we have toiled year after year, with whom we have communed in joy and in sorrow, in sunshine and in storm, there are many who might say to us, as Christ said in the closing hours of his ministry, "Have I been so long a time with you, and yet hast thou not known me?" It might be said, in many instances, by those with whom we are most intimate, and who are most familiar with us. And if this is the case in this

comparatively limited and familiar circle, how much more is it the case in regard to the great community at large, those whom we encounter only occasionally, and under peculiar aspects, whom we meet only in this angle of vision, only in this particular work? How much more is it the case that we do not see them, or if we do, it is only as through a glass darkly? Little do we apprehend another's heart, or fathom the depths of another's humanity! What is the lesson that occurs here, by the way? Is it the lesson that we should think more meanly of our fellow-men, or more nobly, or, at least, more tenderly and more charitably? Surely, the latter suggestion is the correct one. To feel, to know—for it is the fact, that under the hardest concealment, under the roughest exterior, there is some fount of goodness, there is some element of tenderness, something soft and gentle, that shrinks from exposing itself to the world, and, perhaps, puts on this mask of roughness as an expedient of concealment; to think that the most careless and frivolous have their moments when they take thought and serious meditation; have their devout ways and devout hours—not shown, perhaps as we show our devotion, not manifested by the words we use for similar things, but somewhere living in that heart, sanctifying it, bringing it nearer to God than we may suppose. I do not deny, of course, the reality of human sin and weakness; I do not deny that men are weak; that they are almost alienated from God; but I say, after all, so little do we know and see of that humanity with which we mingle, that we have no reason, even in the most careless and frivolous exterior, to question the existence of something like seriousness, a devoutness in some corner of that heart.

Now, the satirist, the man who presents us with what he calls delineations of life and character, is not the man who knows his fellow-men best, after all. He speaks of men as if he did know them clear from the circumference to the center. He knows them, but only in certain conventional forms. He supposes that he strips off all conventionalities, and shows us men as they are; but this is a great mistake; he only shows them by standards that are just as conventional. There are certain hackneyed motives, and certain fixed ideals of men, by which he judges them, under the categories into which he supposes them to fall. I repeat, the revelations he makes in his delineations of men, of motives, and ideals, are only surface-motives and ideals, after all; are just as conventional in their way as the conventionalities which he strips off. Humanity is almost infinitely concentric. Fold after fold you may strip off from a man's heart, and yet not see the real man after all. Only God pierces through all this outer rind of humanity, and knows what is essential and substantial there.

And you may be sure of this, that if ever one man is truly revealed to another, it is only by the agency of that great element which the Apostle extols in this chapter, the agency of love and its kindred element, sympathy. The lightnings of the satirist do not rend open the door of the deepest heart, do not reveal the sanctities which may be almost dead and buried there, but they are there; and only man can be comprehended and known—if it is possible to know him at all—as we approach him in the embrace, in the deep sympathy of a kindred love. In that way only can a man unburden himself, and reveal his inmost nature.

And this only goes to show us, by its very rarity, the great truth of the fact that even our fellow-men we see through a glass darkly. So it is with the forms and objects of the actual world, the chemist, the botanist, the physiologist, men who are pursuing special sciences, pursuing them successfully into deep researches, and bringing out marvelous results. After all, how far do they go? How much below the rind have they pierced? How soon they are balked! The moment they touch upon essences, the moment they get below forms and positions, and certain relations of things, that moment it is all dark and unpenetrable to them; that moment everything becomes as impalpable as the shapes that pass over the surface of a mirror. So science, with all it has achieved—and it has achieved a great deal for practical purposes that is glorious and useful; our science, so far as absolute science is concerned, so far as the deep essence and real significance of things is concerned—our science is merely a catalogue of appearances; its terminology is merely a set of equivalents, words masking the deep facts which we do not know. Men come, by the aid of science, to do a great deal with the outside world, to make a great use of it.

The chemist boasts, at the present day, that in his laboratory he can almost reconstruct the original tissues of the human frame; that he can bring into existence, out of the varied elements, the form of humanity, almost, with its curious organism, even with its sensitive flesh and muscles. But what then? He can not give life to humanity. He can not create thought. He can not make what he might thus curiously mold in his audacious attempt; he can not make that to be a living thing. And life itself, the element which quickens all, which glorifies all, he can not tell what it is; he does not know. It is a deep mystery which eludes his every attempt at discovery. How mind acts upon organization, who can tell that? What is the power, what is the process by which I move my finger at will, or by which I utter spoken words? How does this impalpable power, how does it act, familiar as the thing itself is? One

of the most recent authorities upon this subject tells us, that the absolute connecting link between matter and mind must always remain, as it is, inscrutable to scientific investigation. Astronomy is called the most complete of all the sciences. In some respects there are fewer problems to be cleared up in that great science than in any other. It is the oldest science; the heavens have revealed themselves to the eyes of men since the earliest ages. This great book over his head, he has been enabled to study from all quarters of the globe, even without the apparatus of these modern times. Therefore it is called the most complete of all the sciences.

And yet are not the questions in Job just as significant, just as applicable to-day as they were when they were first written down? Are not the questions which came to him from out the whirlwind as deeply significant with regard to this branch of knowledge as ever? Out the magnificent mirror which stretcheth itself before us, we see Orion and the Pleiades; we see Mazzaroth, and Arcturus and his sons. But what do we know? We see it all as in a glass darkly, and that voice from within the mystery speaks to us as it did to his servant of old: "Declare, O man, if thou knowest it all!"

It is a singular fact that objects which are the most remote from us do fall within the arrangements of the most complete science, which is a very suggestive fact. The problems—the objects of the study of astronomy—are the most remote from us, and therefore they are the most complete in scientific arrangement. The nearest objects are the least comprehended by us; of ourselves we know least of all; and this suggests the idea that astronomy is so satisfactory, only because we are not near enough to it to touch the real problems which it presents. Thus it is with objects; instead of becoming more familiar as they are near, they become more obscure. Therefore no deeper, no more significant problems can man find in all earth than in his own body, and his own soul has the deepest problems of all.

And in all this he sees through a glass darkly. The most familiar objects—how the grass grows, how the fingers move—everything becomes to us unexplainable; we see our boasted knowledge is but a flickering form, but a representation of substances and realities. We do not grasp; we do not even see them; we behold them only as the reflection of realities from a mirror. And if then, my friends, it is thus with the more common and familiar objects; if it is thus with objects which, in some respects, are made apparent to light, how is it with such realities as those which are confessedly unknown, as those which are known, to us, at least, only by intermediate revelations.

But to strike at once upon the great object of knowledge—to come to that at once—how must it be, from the very nature of things, with God himself? If the creation of God most familiar to us, if the forms of God's making which are most intimate are confessedly to us but as shadows of shapes upon a mirror, how must it be with the infinite God himself? Now, we do apprehend God to some extent. It is one of the mysterious glories of human nature that an intuition of God, an idea of God, a thought of God, exists in man's soul, and has moved his deepest life. But when we get beyond this idea, then we approach the particular revelation that streams forth upon us from the face of Jesus Christ. What is it but in a glass darkly that we behold the Infinite in his works? I have shown you that we see only equivalents, we have only a terminology that expresses our ignorance. Him we do not see who controls the whirlwind, who directs the storm, who speaks in the thunder, and who weaves the banded harmony of the heavens. We see nothing of him; we behold Him only through His works; we behold Him only as in a glass darkly. And so in regard to His ways, His hidden ways, His providential dealings with us, the method in which He disciplines us, the method in which he works upon humanity as a whole and in its individualities. Here, also, must we not, from the very nature of things, expect mystery and shadows, hints and suggestions—nothing like a full or comprehensive knowledge? Why, we can not take in the vastness of God's plan, surely, if we can not take in the essence of the least of His works! We can not suppose that humanity and all the spiritual relations with which humanity is involved—that this is any more disorderly; we can not suppose that in any department of God's working there is an aimlessness of purpose, if not in the material world, much less in the moral world and the realm of human action. Therefore, I say there is a plan. But might we not expect that from the very nature of God himself, it would be vast and beyond our present comprehension; and especially if we take up the analogy, beholding the objects most familiar to us only darkly, shall we not see that this vast plan and life, and the universe which God guides, and in which he moves, must be beyond our comprehension, beyond the grasp of our thought, not to say anything of our perception.

We behold the processes; we see only processes, parts of things. As the child that might come into the laboratory of his father, the chemist, could not begin to comprehend from the action in which the father was engaged the great work at which he aimed, so we, children all of us, in a thousand years see but one of the processes of God Almighty, and yet we begin to challenge the Almighty because everything is not made clearly consistent with our idea of His goodness.

We see everywhere in the world, incongruities, mishaps in national and individual matters, and we say God cannot be good—forgetting that from the very force of the analogy that I have been urging, it is not to be expected that we can see the end or comprehend the law of the movement of the Infinite One.

And, moreover, as on the surface of this earthly mirror we with our perceptions see the most glorious objects only in shadow, with the silvery lining of the cloud turned from us, while the terrible darkness unrolls before our eyes, so it is with all God's most beneficent agencies; they appear to us only in shadow at the best. The brightest gifts which God bestows upon us, come to us only as shadows of the real brightness; we see only the darker side of them. The glories of God's love, great as they are, are not to be compared with the glories which are to be revealed. The manifestations of His wisdom and His power, stupendous as they are, are not to be compared with what is to be seen. And thus it is that even the most beneficent providences of God sometimes appear like the carriers of destruction or the messengers of despair. And they are the best things that God is doing for us, perhaps, His dearest work for us, in this very fact that we see, as it were, only the reverse side of things, only the dark shadow of the great reality. Some of the brightest agents that God sends from His love and His wisdom, may come to us veiled in darkness and seem to us terrible ministers of wrath.

We see not the substance of things, only the transient aspect of things. As the mirror catches the vision and for a moment daguerreotypes the thing before us, so our thought, our knowledge catches the transient aspect; we do not see the substance; we do not see the whole thing. And thus how many things do we misinterpret, from our momentary conception failing in all that appertains to a clear knowledge and sure comprehension. In the most common ways we sometimes sit in judgment thus upon God, not knowing, not recognizing as we ought, in our littleness and weakness, that we are judging only from the transient aspects, and that we can not see the great realities.

I spoke to you some time ago of this very thing, and remarks that I hear almost every day urge me to speak again upon this very common sin, as I call it, of murmuring about the weather, for instance; that God Almighty, in his infinite working of the springs of nature, draws over us a veil of cloud which balks our trade and spoils our business, or hinders some party of pleasure, and we begin to murmur at it as though it had been some terrible evil; when we do not know that God is working to fill up the great cisterns of the hills, to supply the depths of the ocean, and to feed the roofs of the plants; for his vast bounty, that we can not comprehend, in infinite wisdom, is sending these moving curtains of cloud for a result that by and by will all appear in glory and in a manifestation of his goodness. What a sin and a shame it is for us to murmur at these little temporary inconveniences to ourselves; to say, if they bear upon us a little harshly, that therefore they are harsh and bad, not realizing this very fact that I am urging, that we see only the transient aspects of things, and can not take in the great operations of the whole.

And so it is in our sorrow, and loss, and disappointment; we ought to take this same kind of reasoning in respect to loss as it is, sorrow as it is, and disappointment as it is; we ought to say, from what we do see of God—we ought to say it is transient, it is not the whole, it is not final, we do not grasp the entire substance of it. Now, this is not a theological expedient to get rid of difficulties in the action of God, and to explain mysteries. We do not pretend to explain mysteries; I do not pretend that we can explain all things; I should not think that we had an immortal nature, or that there was an infinite God, if we could explain all difficulties. This very fact would prove to me that God was not infinite. I do not know what kind of a theologian he is who walks up to a perplexity and says, O yes; this is all reconcilable; I can explain it! when perhaps it can not be explained. I urge it as a law of analogy, that we are seeing through a glass darkly even the most familiar things; we can not penetrate to their essence, or comprehend them; and therefore, when there comes a sorrow, a loss, a bereavement, I say it is but a transient aspect of the matter that we see; we are not in a position to judge upon it; we are to catch what light comes to us, especially through Christ Jesus, of God's goodness, and test it by that, and reconcile it by that, feeling that now we see through a glass darkly.

So is it with death. Dark shadow as it is, is it not the shadow of the brighter phase in our existence; does not even what we do know teach us this? Do we not see in the kingdom of nature, in the material world, how the process of death is but a transition process, and that everything moves onward by it to some higher development—is it not so? Is death a permanency in the natural world? Then can you suppose it to be a permanency in the moral, the spiritual world? It would be well for us all, if we could take up that faith which has been so beautifully uttered by one of the German philosophers: "While we mourn for a man here, as in the dark realms of unconsciousness there might be mourning when a man first beholds the light of a sun, so above there is rejoicing when a man is born into that world, as we, citizens of earth, rejoice with joy and welcome those who are born to us." There is as much joy in the upper world for those who have left the darkness and shadow of this behind, as there is in this when we welcome out of unconsciousness those who are born to us. We see but the transient aspects of death; it is but a shadow on the mirror; it is but a flitting phase of things, while we judge as though we saw whole. Now, this is a lesson for us, for our faith in all the workings of God Almighty in this world, that we see through a glass darkly. And I infer that the conclusion is faith, and not skepticism. Because it is possible for a man to see, we do see through a glass darkly: it is very dark, and we can see nothing beyond; yet I

say the legitimate conclusion is not skepticism, but faith. For, remember that although we do see darkly, we see. We see something. It is not a mere reflection; it is a reality behind the reflection. There are shadows, but there never is a shadow without something to cast a shadow. These are not illusions, though they be only dim representations; it is not a ghostly, it is not a godless universe that lies behind the mirror of our present existence. We see something struggling beyond, dimly it may be, but still struggling through present changes and trials; our poor troubled souls see something; it is not a blank; there are dim, strange images there, realities that they can not comprehend; but it is something; it is faith in the reality behind the shadow; it is faith in something that casts its image upon the mirror.

Dreams! says the skeptic; shadows that we live among, here today and gone to-morrow; nothing certain, all illusion! No, I reply, not dreams, not shadows; but realities, daily apprehended, but none the less realities. Remember, it is we who see darkly, not the things that are themselves dark; we see darkly through the glass, not the objects themselves that are vague, blank and nothingness. Suppose this were all a world of dreams; suppose this were all a world of shadows; suppose every object we grasp should prove to be but an illusion, still I ask, who are we who dream, who have this strange faculty of dreaming? Dreams reveal a man, they tell us. The general current of his dreams shows the general current of his nature and his character. And here is man, with glorious dreams. Dreams are they? Dreams were they that inspired the faithful believers of olden times, and led them on through conflict, through trial, through discipline to glory? Dreams were they that hovered before Paul in his dungeon and before the sacramental host of God's elect? Dreams were they that heroes and martyrs and holy men and sainted mothers and the noblest of the earth have had, all dreams? Then what kind of beings are we who can dream so gloriously, who can have such dreams? What faculty is it within us that creates the illusion of the dream? The brute does not dream in this way. He can perhaps have before him for a moment the hovering scenes of his day's action, of the little round of life in which he runs. But does he dream of heaven, of God, of Jesus Christ, of Infinite Love? It is only man that dreams so gloriously.

Ah, faith, I argue, is the only legitimate conclusion from the capacity of seeing at all. Even if I do see dimly here, I know there is something within by the very power and from the very power I have of conceiving something beyond and greater. The capacity of seeing at all leads me, I say, to the conclusion of faith and not of skepticism. And then what are you going to do with these instincts of something higher and something better? For consider, not only is the external universe a mirror, though it be a dim one and a broken one, but here within man there is a mirror, the mirror of these instincts of something higher and better; these instincts that have strangely prevailed in all ages of the world and in all souls, what do you make of them? In all these images of nothingness, how can we have the shadows without the substance, or have the forms of things mirrored before us, that do not exist in reality?

And then the affections, the great working of man's love, there is a thing that the Apostle Paul fell back upon in this chapter. Man's love assures us that in this depth of nature which God has planted within us there must be something higher and better. The noblest part of man, the affections, that have worked out the grandest results of time, what do we make of these? They are a revelation to us; for they reveal to us—they are mirrors that show us something higher and better, and they will keep showing it. You can not make God's dealings in the world to be so dark and inexplicable as that a mother's heart, a father's soul, or anybody that has loved, will not mirror something higher and better. You cannot cover them up with materialism.

I think there is great grandeur in the fact that Christianity has not made a full revelation of the things to come; I think there is a great deal of grandeur and originality in that idea. There is a reason for that in the discipline we need. Gradual growth must develop us and make us all that we should be; Christianity should not reveal everything to us. I have no faith in those revelations which pretend to show us the hidden world turned inside out. We need not to see it, and this is the reason why Christianity has not shown us the details of the future life, and flashed them upon our vision. But at the same time, as a religion of benevolence, Christianity would have informed us if these great primary instincts played us false. A remarkable passage of the New Testament, in which Christ is speaking to his disciples, refers to this very point. "In my Father's house there are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you." I think a great deal of what Christ did not tell us. He did not tell us there was a God; he did not tell us that there was a Father of life. I hold that even the skeptic, even he who insists that Christ was nothing more than a good man, even he must conceive that Christ was not a benevolent being, if he left these primary instincts uncontradicted, they being false. Therefore I argue that as Christ has not told us they were false, they are true, and point to something higher and better.

Yes; we see darkly, but we do see. And in the very faculty of seeing there is proof that we shall see better face to face. O desolate, martyred mourner, face to face shall you have recognition in heaven. But why need I raise that question for a single moment? You shall see, not face to face with these poor masks of clay perhaps, subject to the mortal weakness of our dim senses; but face to face in a deeper and more intimate realization than we can now even think of. O, you shall see and know those whom you have lost. In this deep fountain of affection is the proof that you shall see face to face, because, though dimly and darkly, you do see a little now. My friends, the inference from superstition is not skepticism, as some foolishly and in a most shallow manner argue. They go on and tell us many have believed these distortions of the blessed conceptions of the future life, and what do they infer? It is all a shadow, all nonsense—the priests' theory, the doctrines of the Bible, the sacred books of other nations, all are nonsense, all dreams. You might just as well tell me that all life is nonsense; you might just as well tell me that the pyramids of Egypt stand upon nonsense; you might just as well tell me that the sure foundations of earth and heaven stand upon nonsense, as to tell me that this deep primal faith that has moved the world, in God the Father of life, is anything else than true.

You might just as well tell me that all these other things stand upon nonsense, as to tell me that this primal faith is based upon nonsense. Incongruous shadows, absurd shapes, gloomy ideas, to be sure, terrible to contemplate, but I infer from this not nothing, but something higher, better, better and clearer. Faith, and not skepticism, is the argument I draw from the vague suggestions, and forebodings, and images of even superstition itself. Men have seen darkly, but in all their prayers, in all their ceremonies, in all their strange dealings with the matters of God and the future life, they have seen something.

Once more I observe that even with this dim, imperfect mirror among men, there are degrees of seeing. We all see darkly enough—the best of us sees darkly enough; but sometimes there is a film upon the eye of the observer as well as upon the mirror; there are imperfections there as well as in the object-glass. Sometimes men have their eyes darkened all over with the scales of appetite, so that all that they see is distorted, is made abominable. So, many of the glories of God, and much that is beautiful, and good, and true, they see but darkly; they see nothing but shapes of healthiness and licentious images of terrible darkness on the camera of their licentious appetites.

And sometimes men see nothing on the mirror of this life but a gigantic image of self. Like the giant of the Hartz Mountains, they see projected upon life merely an enlarged idea of their own wants, and of their own greatness. They see very darkly, indeed, who see nothing but that. It is natural that youth should have a limited vision. It is in the very nature of the being of youth. The youth does not see or know that he sees darkly at all. Men apprehend that to some extent; but with the youth all is sunshine. He does not feel that he sees darkly; he only knows that he sees; he rejoices in the joy of the present sensation, and has no deeper thoughts, no deeper suggestions. This is a terrible thing when it becomes worldliness; then a man becomes a childish being, with nothing but a frivolous, superficial view of life; but this is a terrible darkness for men to live in.

But there are men who apprehend the reality of existence, the reality of things which come darkly, and which cast their shadows, who still feel that they have a substance, and that there is something greater and grander.

But it is a momentous period in our being when a man awakes to a sense of realities. That is conversion; that is a change of heart; that is religion, to come to a sense that life is a reality, that there are spiritual realities beyond our present vision, which we touch, and are interlaced with us; to come to a sense that our souls are real, that God is real, that Christ is real, that eternity is real.

It is a great thing for a man—a momentous crisis in a man's life—when he comes to this point. The profane man, the licentious man, the unchaste man, who blackens his life by the practice of daily unchaste living, he does not believe in divine laws until, by and by, they will crash through him. Nations do not believe it sometimes; despots pile up their enormities, one after the other, until, by and by, there comes a grand crash of an earthquake shock, and they are gone; for all the despotism in this universe is a lie. So men are in darkness as to the realities of truth. They see the value of truth only as it pays, only as it is popular; and if it does not pay, they sacrifice it for that which does, for that which is popular, for that which is temporal, transient, and external.

O, it is a great thing to see a man devote himself to the contemplation of truth. The man who does that, is truly regal. Such was the man who, a few days ago, was carried to his last resting-place in Berlin, with princes in his funeral train, who climbed the white, hoary summits amid eternal snow, and went into all the varied zones of the world, who looked abroad upon this earth's phenomena until they were all orb'd in a glorious cosmos in his mind. He was royal, far more royal, and has a brighter crown than will be won upon the blood-stained fields of Italy, in his simple love, and reverence, and realization of such a thing as truth.

But it is the greatest thing when men awake to the reality of such a thing as God and of spiritual things; seeing darkly, it is true, but discerning, as they look, more and more; the more steadily they behold, seeing the more clearly. O, my friends, that is really to live; to get hold of the realities of all spiritual existence, that is to live; all else is but the mere accessory of being.

We need not be unkind to past ages. Do you think that we, in the nineteenth century, with our telescopes and microscopes, are living more deeply and more essentially than men who lived three thousand years ago? No; not a bit. We are having more vehicles to carry out God's work, but we do not live any more than the old patriarchs, who sat at their tent-doors and communed with God, or than the old Chaldean shepherds, who felt this dim mystery among the hills. They lived just as much as we do; all the rest is fringe, vehicular, draping, accessory. A man thinks that he can not really live, perhaps, when he is called in from his work, and thrown into some narrow and limited condition of life.

Yes, you can; heaven is there; God is there; spiritual existence is there; and when you get hold of such realities as these, no matter where you are. It is the intense realization of these great spiritual facts which gives us life. So has God given us the truth of life in one bright revelation that has flashed through this faint, dark mirror, in one clear ray, in Jesus Christ; here has he shown us his own face; he has given us one clear spot in this darkened glass through which we see his own face. We stumble often, we often fall; but we do reconcile things, and we see the tendencies of things; and then we say, There is something beyond that we do not see.

O, To Come! the joy of those words, To Come! a something yet to be revealed! Not that all this is worthlessness; I say it is worth a great deal to live to day, and to see something, though it is darkly. It is worth a great deal. But O, we do not see all. No; there is a higher and a better glory.

And, O Man, clutching after shadows, living only in the darkness, making impalpabilities real—will you live on in such a way, thinking that realities are dreams, and dreams realities, or will you so follow the clue of light that streams through this darkened mirror, in Jesus Christ, that you may be continually living, and seeing brighter and clearer, and rising higher and higher, until you come to the blessed condition of the glorious communion where this mortal mirror is shattered, and we see face to face?

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

ROCK PRAIRIE, Wis., April 22, 1859.

DEAR PARTRIDGE: There are times and seasons when all signs are said to fail. But that sign which has hung visible in the field of thought for a term of centuries, and been observed and discussed by philosophers from the age of physical force to the age of reason, *can not fail*. There was a time within our remembrance, when he who rose above the idea of a hell burning with real fire and brimstone, was pointed at as a Universalist and derided as an infidel. Now, he is considered theologically insane who entertains the *brimstone* theory.

I once heard an eminent Scotch clergyman remark in a funeral discourse that "no doubt Bro. L—— leaped to the throne of God, and scanned the outskirts of His kingdom in less than an instant of time," making that Spirit infinite in more respects than one. But now the world begins to admit that man journeys but moderately through the spheres. Formerly, more than now, that class of men representing themselves as media for God, (instead of Spirits) absorbed the individuality of their parishioners. But now reason captivates most minds, and shows them the necessity of a self-hood. These signs are made more conspicuous by the rising glories of a spiritual sun, which already casts its gray light upon the mountains of unbelief. To show that Spirits speculate upon such things, I will, by your leave, introduce part of a communication given me on the 10th of October last, while in circle:

E. W. STEVENS.

"Rushing down the steep declivity of the spiritual hills comes a flood of truth and knowledge to the aspiring soul. Its effulgence beams forth upon the upturned eye of inquiry. Those hills I have recently trod, and bathed my being in their flowing whiteness. * * * As the shepherds of Judea became inspired and *in rapport* with heaven upon those verdant summits, so have I climbed their heights to learn of the future.

"I prophesy of the past, present and future from this height. I know not how true; I only know what my investigations have led me to. Let the time from midnight to midday be divided into seven equal parts; then let each period represent two thousand years. Begin with the Bible chronology, when men were just far enough developed to make a traditional record. The first two thousand years brings you down to the Law; the next two thousand years brings you down to the Gospel; the third two thousand years down to the spiritual, and the seventh half period of time brings you down to the second great epoch of time—of entire illumination. Midnight is supposed to be very dark, and so the remainder of the night or the first three full periods. The seventh half period brings the early dawn unto the full rising of the sun, when the second great epoch of time shall be ushered in, full one thousand years in the future.

"You may well rejoice at the gray light of approaching day. Yea, enlarge the cups of your faith, and increase your rejoicing, for the following periods will surely arrive, with no less of marked greatness and glory of progression than the third. And when the seventh full period shall have passed, then will the second great epoch of time have done its work, and Spirit-life shall so harmoniously blend with the earth-life as to meet in mid heaven, and in one foud and fraternal embrace enjoy the universal life and light of eternal union." * * * *

"JOHN OLIVER."

SUGGESTIONS OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

BY WILHELM F. VON VLECK.

In God's great universe are many mysteries;
But every mystery pertains to man,
Whose life each day comprises all the histories
That have been written since the world began.

The human soul by everything is molded;
Its sphere is not less limited than space,
And all existences may be unfolded
Within the human spirit's strong embrace.

Man is a God, and all the vast creations
That through the realm of Allah, the Supreme,
Are less than he, yet are his near relations,
And homage show him by their every beam.

The present is the sum of all past ages,
The grand proportion being man to-day,
Who stands, in ratio to the ancient sages,
As does this age to ages passed away.

The scenes that now are on the earth transpiring
Are the results of what transpired before;
And present circumstances are conspiring
To make exalted man exalted more.

Upon the soul of man is every scene recorded;
And there the record will remain alway;
He may be whole-souled, or he may be sordid,
But God's account book he must be for aye.

THE MOVING MENTAL WORLD—THE NEWS.

THE WAR.—The additional news obtained concerning the progress of the European war, since our last issue, is not of much consequence. The *London Times* of the 6th, speaking of the military operations, says: "They have come to no other result than that, after having been seven days on Sardinian soil, the invaders have not advanced more than thirty-five miles from the frontier river. It seems as though Austria had staked heavily for an opportunity, has won it, and now throws it away. They have gained nothing by their choice of the movements and sudden initiative, except the power of making forced contributions on the enemy's country, while all the positions Sardinia holds are connected by railroads with each other, and by Alpine passes into France."

The French generals, Canrobert and Neil, reached Turin on the 29th, and joined the king, who commands the main army of Sardinia.

French troops from across the Alps, entered Turin on the 30th, having been forwarded by railroad. It was on the 26th that French troops began to be landed in great numbers at Genoa, whence they are forwarded by rail to Alessandria and the other fortified places.

The last steamers bring the intelligence that Baron Humboldt and Dr. Dionisius Lardner are both dead. In the departure of these eminent savans, science has sustained a great loss.

SHOOTING AFFAIR.—A man named Edward Elwin was brought before Justice Cornwell, of this city, on Thursday last, on the charge of shooting James Birney, aged 12, and William Birney, 6 years of age, with a gun loaded with small shot. The boys are his nephews and live in the same house with Elwin, in the rear of No. 116 Pearl-street. The accused is employed in the gas works, and labors at night. He took his tea and started for the works with one of the boys, but soon after returned. The family sat down to tea, when Elwin went to an adjoining room, and taking his gun, fired upon the table. The shot took effect in James Birney's arm and abdomen, and William Birney was slightly wounded. None other was hit. James is considered in a dangerous state. Elwin had been drunk for some days, and was just getting over the effects. He was committed to jail to await the result of the injuries.

PARKER.—A letter from Rev. Theodore Parker represents him as improving in health. He expected to leave Santa Cruz one day last week, in an English steamer, for Southampton, England.

The will of the late John Hancock is to be contested by some of the parties who were valued only a shilling.

REV. DR. CHAPIN and Mr. Frank More, authors of various works of historical value, are engaged upon a work entitled the "Every-Day Book of the World."—a publication on the model of Hone's "Every-Day Book," but of somewhat wider scope. It is to be published by subscription.—*N. Y. Post*.

NEW DISCOVERY IN PHOTOGRAPHY.—Galignani announces a discovery in Photography. It consists in the invention of an artificial light, so wonderfully luminous, and so steady as to completely supply the effect of the most brilliant noontide sun in all photographic operations. The light being contained in a portable apparatus, portraits can be taken in private residences, even in the darkest room, wholly independent of the state of the atmosphere; and those parts of cathedrals or other picturesque architectural monuments where the light of the sun never penetrates, and which, in consequence, have been until now wholly shut out from the photographer, will be as accessible to the artist as any part of the exterior.—*N. Y. Post*.

A COLD JOURNEY.—Robert Kennicott, an enterprising young man of Chicago, started on the 21st of April on an overland journey to the North Polar Sea. He goes to Fort Gary on Red River, thence in company with the Hudson Bay agents, he will visit York Factory on Hudson Bay this summer. He will return to Fort Gary this fall and make a trip on sleds with dogs across the plains of Saskatchewan, the valleys of the Athabasca and Peace rivers, to Great Salt Lake. By this arrangement he will be on McKenzie's river in the spring of 1860, and will have the entire summer and fall of that year to pursue his explorations along the coast of the Polar Sea. By another winter trip he expects to return to Red River of the North, from whence he will reach home some time in 1861. His object is, contributions to natural science.

THE FEJEE ISLANDS TO BECOME A BRITISH COTTON FIELD.—King Thakombau feels that he must fall either to America, France or Great Britain, and he prefers, it seems, the latter. The area of these islands is estimated to be 13,000 square miles, and two-thirds of it is well adapted to growing cotton. The wild cotton that now grows there is said to be equal to the American cotton. This will have important national and commercial bearings, and especially on our own country and the South.

MARRIAGE IN EUROPE.—In the cities of Augsburg, Munich, and Vienna, one-third of the children are illegitimate. Much of this, however, arises from the fact that marriage can not be declared until the parties show a certain amount of property to secure them against future want, and many children are born, of course, before the property is acquired. In Prussia there are yearly between two thousand and three thousand divorces, and from sixty to seventy applications in single congregations in Berlin. So we see that Modern Spiritualism is not guilty of all the present looseness in the marriage relation; but we think when morality thus suffers, religion must be very defective.

RE-OPENING OF THE SLAVE TRADE.—At a recent meeting of the Black Oak (S. C.) Agricultural Society, resolutions were adopted requesting the Legislature "to take such steps as will induce a change of the unconstitutional and iniquitous law of the United States forbidding the introduction of the negro from Africa into the Southern States." The preamble is, in substance, that the South is in great need of negro labor, and that the planter is the best missionary to the African.

The husband of Mrs. Peter Perry, of Port Clinton, Ohio, was drowned recently. The wife has since died of grief. From the moment she received the intelligence of his loss up to the hour of her death, a few days ago, she never exhibited signs of sanity, being perfectly wild and delirious. Four small children are left.

The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Osgood, of Springfield, celebrated their golden wedding on Monday evening, the 16th inst., in company with twenty or thirty children and grandchildren, and scores of friends.

A mass meeting of the people of Warren and the adjoining counties, opposed to the revival of the African slave trade, was held in Vicksburg on Saturday last, the 21st inst. The *Vicksburg Whig*, which sympathizes with the object of the meeting, says that it will be addressed by a number of distinguished gentlemen from different parts of the State. The action of the "Southern Convention" has given rise to the movement.

The Rev. S. L. Baldwin, wife, and two Misses Woolston and Miss Potter, of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Messrs. Poets and Rapelge, of the American Board; also, the Rev. Mr. Ostrom, of the Dutch Reformed Church, arrived at Shanghai Feb. 28, in the ship Empress, from this port.

For nearly two months, the Rev. C. G. Finney, of Oberlin, Ohio, has been preaching at the Borough-road chapel, London, during which time he has delivered six sermons every week. The attendance has been well sustained throughout; and on Sunday evenings the chapel has been crowded. Mrs. Finney has also conducted a series of meetings for women in the afternoons.

Miss Way and Professor Wilson left New Orleans, the 31 inst., in a balloon, came down too low, the anchor caught in a tree, and they had to remain all night, suspended some forty feet above the earth, and not able to descend on account of the darkness. Finally, when day came, Miss Way let herself down with the aid of a rope, and went in search of help. The balloon was got down safely.

A ROMANTIC SUICIDE, PROBABLY.—Monday evening, the police of the Seventh Station found the dead bodies of two persons, one a woman about fifty years of age, and the other of a girl about ten years of age, on the flats off Maverick street, East Boston. They were interlocked in a close mutual embrace when found, and it is thought that they committed suicide together. The woman was apparently English, and was dressed in a black bombazine dress; the girl was dressed in a brown bombazine. Coroner Parker has taken charge of the bodies, and they now await identification.—*Boston Courier*.

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—A correspondent of the *Providence Journal* recommends asparagus as a cure for hydrophobia in any stage of canine madness. The directions are: "Eat the green shoots of asparagus raw, sleep and perspiration will be induced, and the disease can thus be cured." This remedy proved effectual to a man in Greece after the paroxysms had commenced.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.—Dr DeHaas estimates that there are in the United States 100,000 tumuli, or mounds, which are supposed to have been constructed by some ancient race, mostly as places of sepulture. Their situation indicates that they were built by an agricultural people; indeed they are most numerous in those portions of the Mississippi Valley which are now most numerously settled. Many of these mounds have been ascertained to hold human skeletons, though rarely more than two in each, and with the skeletons are sometimes found brass implements and even pieces of cloth. Some are thought to have been mounds of sacrifice, of worship, of observation and defense. One mound in Virginia is seventy feet high by eight hundred in circumference, and covered with forest trees. Who shall tell the story of the vanished race?

HAWAIIAN SUPERSTITIONS.—A correspondent of the native newspaper says he knows a native physician who professes to believe in a long list of ancient Hawaiian gods, to whom he induces his patients to sacrifice. It seems that these deities are rather particular as to the kind of sacrifice offered. For instance, we have thirteen different gods enumerated, who positively refuse to cure the patient unless a black pig is offered; two who insist on a black-and-white pig; three have an unconquerable aversion to anything but a black-and-red pig; one requires a pig that is red all over (probably some friend of Mars, this); another, named Maui, has a penchant for speckled pigs; Laka, with a singular taste, prefers an old sow; and five, among which is Pele, demand *luau*. Lastly there are twenty who take nothing in the way of sacrifice, probably commuting for cash.—*Honolulu Commercial Advertiser*.

A NEW RACE OF HUMAN BEINGS.—Some time since a paragraph appeared in a New South Wales journal relative to the discovery, in the far interior, of a new race of blacks, "who had no hair on the top of their heads in the place where the wool ought to grow." The account of this most extraordinary discovery has been corroborated by an eye-witness, a Mr. Thompson, who has arrived from where the aboriginals ruralize. They are, he says, of a copper color, and are tall and athletic, much superior, in every respect, to their darker-skinned brethren. The women are also said to have more claims to beauty. They, however, are also deficient of what is generally acknowledged to be "the glory of a woman." Mr. Thompson, it appears, was at camp on the Upper Balonne, with others, on ground hitherto untroubled by a white man, when he was surprised by a visit from those bald pated, copper-colored beings. They appeared to have friendly intentions, and as nothing was noticed in their conduct of an aggressive nature, a conversation of nods and signs ensued. After a while, a sovereign was shown to them, when one of them, picking up a stone, pointed with his finger to the far west, and intimated that stones of similar description to the sovereign were to be picked up on the ground in masses as large as the stone he held. The place was understood to be some hundred miles farther into the interior; but they signified their intention of bringing some of these stones at their next visit. Mr. Thompson intends to return again to the Balonne, and to await their arrival. If this story be true, the age of wonders truly has not expired.—*Bombay Telegraph*.

CURIOSITY IN A DYING MAN.—It was a bright thought that of Smithson, the founder of the Smithsonian Institution, when he was dying of an unknown complaint. Smithson had had five doctors, and they had been unable to discover what his disease was. At length they told him that he must die. Calling them all around him he said: "My friends, after I die, make a post-mortem examination and find out what ails me; for, really, I have heard such long and learned discussions on the subject, that I am dying to know what the disease is myself."

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

The subjoined extract of a letter from the pen of the late Rev. Dr. Ashbel Green, long time President of Princeton College, and one of the early Chaplains of Congress, has just been published:

After a great deal of talking, and writing, and controversy, about the permanent seat of Congress, under the present constitution, it was determined that Philadelphia should be honored with its presence for ten years, and afterwards its permanent location should be in the City of Washington, where it now is. In the mean time the Federal City was building, and the legislature of Pennsylvania voted a sum of money to build a house for the President, perhaps with some hope that this might help to keep the seat of the general government in the capital, for Philadelphia was then considered as the capital of the State. What was lately the University of Pennsylvania was the structure erected for the purpose. But as soon as General Washington saw its dimensions, and a good while before it was finished, he let it be known that he would not occupy it, and should certainly not go to the expense of purchasing suitable furniture for such a dwelling, for it is to be understood, in those days of stern republicanism, nobody thought of Congress furnishing the President's house; or if perchance such a thought did enter into some aristocratic head, it was too unpopular to be uttered. President Washington, therefore, rented a house of Mr. Robert Morris, in Market-street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, on the south side, and furnished it handsomely, but not gorgeously. There he lived with Mrs. Washington. Mr. Lear, his private secretary, and his wife, and Mrs. Washington's grandson, Custis, making a part of the family. Young Custis had a private tutor, employed by the President, who was engaged to attend on his pupil one hour in the winter mornings before breakfast, and who then commonly breakfasted with the President and his family. The President eat Indian cakes for breakfast, after the Virginian fashion, although buckwheat cakes were generally on the table.

Washington's dining parties were entertained in a very handsome style. His weekly dining day for company was Thursday, and his dining hour was always four o'clock in the afternoon. His rule was to allow five minutes for the variation of clocks and watches, and then go to the table, be present or absent whoever might. He kept his own clock in the hall, just within the outward door, and always exactly regulated. When lagging members of Congress came in, as they often did, after the guests had sat down to dinner, the President's only apology was, "Gentleman (or sir.) we are too punctual for you. I have a cook who never asks whether the company has come, but whether the hour has come."

The company usually assembled in the drawing-room about 15 or 20 minutes before dinner, and the President spoke to every guest personally on entering the room. He was always dressed in a suit of black, his hair powdered, and tied up in a black queue behind, with a very elegant dress sword, which he wore with inimitable grace. Mrs. Washington often, but not always, dined with the company, sat at the head of the table, and if, as was occasionally the case, there were other ladies present, they sat at the foot of the table, and were expected to be quietly attentive to all the guests. The President himself sat half way from the head to the foot of the table, and on that side he would place Mrs. Washington, though distant from him, on his right hand. He always, unless a clergyman was present at his own table, asked a blessing in a standing posture. If a clergyman were present he was requested both to ask a blessing and to return thanks after dinner. The center of the table contained five or six large silver or plated waiters, those of the ends circular, or rather oval on one side, so as to make the arrangement correspond with the oval shape of the table. The waiters between the end pieces were in the form of parallelograms, the ends about one-third part of the length of the sides; and the whole of these waiters were filled with alabaster figures, taken from the ancient mythology, but none of them such as to offend, in the smallest degree, against delicacy.

ANCIENT AND MODERN EMPIRES.—*Blackwood's Magazine*, with all its conservative principles, mingled as they are with doctrines that are now regarded as politically effete, often condenses into brief space many interesting and historical matters that are alike agreeable and instructive to the general reader. Among these interesting papers, we find a reference to the Roman empire and its military forces, and a comparison with similar elements in modern kingdoms. According to the estimates before us, Russia surpasses Rome in extent of territory, and contains an army considerably more numerous. France and Austria rank next to Russia in the number of their standing armies, and could bring singly into the field a much larger force than the whole Roman empire. The military force of the Pagan empire is here estimated at about 450,000; the Christian monarchies of France and Austria are each of them reputed to maintain an army of 650,000 men; and when we reflect upon the invention of gunpowder and the enormous force of artillery, it is evident that any one of the first-rate powers of modern Europe could bring into the field a destructive force that would sweep from the face of the earth the thirty legions of Adrian. The very division of Europe into a number of states involves the increase of soldiery. In the old Roman empire, the great Mediterranean Sea lay as peaceful as a lake, and the Roman ships had nothing to dread but the winds and the waves; whereas in modern Europe many quite artificial boundaries have to be guarded by an army of soldiers. "Belgium defends her flats with 100,000 men, and the marshes of Holland are secured by 60,000 Dutch." Hitherto everything has tended to develop the military power in Christendom.

THE NEW COMET.—From the observations of the present comet, made at the Observatory in Cambridge, during the first week of its appearance, (April 23-29,) Mr. Safford, of Cambridge, has calculated the elements of its orbit, and its course for the rest of the time when it will be seen. It is now moving nearly south, and will continue to do so until it is lost in the sun's rays. May 29th it comes nearest the sun, and is then at one-fifth the earth's distance from it. It will again be seen in June. It is growing somewhat brighter as it is nearing the sun; but it will be barely visible to the naked eye, if at all, in about two or three weeks. It will be then above the head of Orion. In June, it will need a powerful telescope to see it. The length of its orbit is not yet ascertained.—*Boston Advertiser*, May 4.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dodworth's next Sunday.

Mrs. Spence will lecture at Dodworth's Academy next Sunday, morning and evening.

Lamartine Hall, cor. 8th Avenue and 29th-street.

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

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton

Will lecture in Baltimore, Md., the five Sundays of May. Friends in the vicinity of Baltimore, wishing to engage her services for week evenings, during her stay in that place, will address Willard Barnes Felton, box 944, Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Hayden, clairvoyant and test medium, is at Munson's, 5 Great Jones-street, from 9 A. M., to 5 P. M., to give opportunity to those who wish to investigate.

Mrs. Amanda M. Spence will respond to invitations to lecture, addressed to Jamestown, N. Y., or to New York city, care of G. W. Westbrook.

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Where a pleasant home is furnished, and the best discipline for the development of all the faculties in pupils of all ages and both sexes. Each is led to think for himself and express his own idea, and no tasks are assigned to be committed to memory. The next year commences Monday, May 2, but pupils will be received at any time. Terms, \$4 per week, \$3 per term for books and stationery, use of library and periodicals. O. H. WELLINGTON, M. D., Principal.

Mr. John P. Williams,

Our Pressman, has removed his extensive establishment to No. 15 Spruce-street (first floor and basement), where he is prepared to do all kinds of Newspaper, Book and Job Printing, at the shortest notice. Mr. Williams' facilities are ample for the prompt and excellent execution of all work entrusted to him, and we take pleasure in recommending him to publishers, and the public generally.

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REV. EDWIN H. CHAPIN and

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We shall also report, as heretofore, the proceedings of the Spiritual Lyceum and Conference, and give a synopsis of all the news of the week, and will publish communications from Spirits, and from the more deep and advanced thinkers of the mundane sphere, both in our own country and in Europe; and also, from time to time, reports of Discourses delivered by—

REV. JOHN PIERREPONT, REV. T. W. HIGGINSON, MRS. CORA L. V. HATCH, EDMONDS, PARKER, EMERSON, AMBLER, BELLOWES, BRITAN, SPENCE and other progressive and spirit-stirring speakers.

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SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

New York Tribune says: "We must give it (the TELEGRAPH) at least this praise—that it seems to us the best periodical of its school, and in candor and temper a model which many of the organs of our various religious denominations might copy with profit."

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The TELEGRAPH is the leading organ of the independent, anti-free-love Spiritualists of the country, and it is edited with marked ability. It is a candid, fair dealing advocate of the doctrines of modern Spiritualism, and as such, entitled to the support of those who are believers or inquirers.—*Freeport (Ill.) Journal.*

Charles Partridge, Esq., Editor and Publisher of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, New York, has our thanks for an exchange. The paper is filled with the most extraordinary spiritual revelations, and cannot fail to astonish the uninitiated like myself. There is much ability displayed in its editorials.—*Upshur Democrat.*

Partridge's SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH is a weekly quarto of twelve pages, devoted to the illustration of Spiritual Intercourse, in such courteous style that the paper ought to be unobjectionable to all seekers after truth. The publishers says "its columns are open to even sectarians—to everybody who has an earnest thought to utter.—*Conn. Bank Note List, (Hartford.)*

SPIRITUAL PAPER.—We have just been favored by a friend, an old "Typo," with the first number of the seventh volume of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, issued May 1st, 1858, edited by Charles Partridge, New York. It is a handsomely executed paper of twelve pages weekly, suitable for binding, and appears to have able contributors to its columns. We should judge it to be an able advocate of the cause of the present Spirit unfoldment.—*Ohio Democrat.*

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.—A weekly paper, devoted to the physical and spiritual needs of mankind, by Charles Partridge, 125 Maiden Lane, New York, at \$2 00 per year. This is a publication which has attained its eighth year, and wherever it has discovered trickery has proved itself as prompt to expose humbugs as any outsiders could desire.—*Connecticut Bank Note List.*

THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.—This is the oldest and largest spiritual paper published, being a weekly of twelve pages. Its contributors are from the ranks of scientific and enlightened minds everywhere, and the mass of information published in its pages is truly astonishing. Mr. Partridge is no visionary fanatic, but a sagacious business man, and his character as such, gives tone and reliance to the communications which appear in the TELEGRAPH. "Almost every branch of natural science is discussed in this paper, with a weekly synopsis of the important news of the day. Its columns embrace articles for and against Spiritualism, and therefore it is especially valuable to the investigator.—*Genesee County Herald.*

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