

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

FIRESIDE PREACHER

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

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Whoever receives this paper and is not a subscriber, may be assured that some kind friend who is desirous that he may become a patron, has taken the pains to furnish us with his address, with a request that we should mail him a copy, which we cheerfully do, hoping it will be the pleasure of the receiver to become a subscriber. Those who have suffered their subscription to expire, may consider the receipt of this paper afterwards a solicitation for the continuance of their patronage, and their pecuniary support of our endeavors.

Our contemporaries 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, marked.

This paper is not given to light reading, in the form of seductive and exciting stories; neither is it cramped by allegiance to any sect or party. On the contrary, it is the organ of a free interchange of experiences and inspirations, as connected with significant current phenomena, and is the vehicle of new and earnest thoughts, respectfully uttered pro and con., on all subjects tending to instruct and elevate mankind. It is especially earnest in the evolution of truth tending to practical reforms in the social, moral, industrial, intellectual, governmental and religious departments of human life. Hence it relies for its support on all those who are willing that truth shall prevail, and that practical righteousness shall be inaugurated among men. We recommend to all our patrons to keep and bind up these volumes for reference, and as the most important records of current unfoldments and the deepest, most earnest and most progressive thoughts of the age.

This is a favorable time to Subscribe.

It has been our aim to furnish in this paper such reading as will instruct and elevate the reader, and tend to eradicate the evils which afflict mankind. We hope our course and efforts have secured some friends, whose sympathies with our endeavors will induce them to make some personal efforts, and to instigate some general action among the friends to extend our circulation and usefulness. We shall be happy to send specimen numbers of the TELEGRAPH AND PREACHER to everybody whose address may be furnished to us, and we solicit friends everywhere to furnish us with the address of their neighbors, townsmen, and others, for this purpose. We have also circulars, which we shall be glad to send to everybody, as many as they will distribute in railroad cars, hotels, lecture rooms, manufactories, and among the people generally. Friends may do much good by handing one of these circulars to each of their neighbors. The TELEGRAPH AND PREACHER is consecrated to the discovery, elaboration, and defense of truth, and to the inauguration of equal rights and righteous laws among men, irrespective of the frowns of popular error, and we rely on liberality, stern integrity, and zeal for truth and righteousness, to sustain this paper. Give us, kind friend, your patronage and hearty co-operation, and induce others to do likewise.

DR. HALLOCK'S DISCOURSE

BEFORE THE PHILANTHROPIC CONVENTION, AT BUFFALO, SEPTEMBER, 1859.

MY FRIENDS:

It is asked, What can we do more than is being done to free mankind from the fetters of superstition, the tyranny of Churchcraft, and the bondage of Statecraft?

I rise to lay my humble offering—my morning oblation—in common with you, on the altar of that inquiry.

The question is bold and salient. In judgment of such as are wont to think after a pattern, the presumption it raises is a monstrous heresy to begin with. Superstition, Statecraft, Churchcraft! these belong to Mohammedanism and heathenism; they are absolute in a land which God has blessed with Doctors of Divinity and the light of Sunday schools.

Moreover, it places us directly at issue with "His Holiness" of Rome, with "Her most gracious Majesty's Church of England," with Francis Joseph of Austria, and with the American Tract Society!

While we were soberly pondering the question, what more might be done for the freedom of the world, an alumnus, not unknown to fame, was learnedly demonstrating to his brother alumni, of the very newest and freshest divinity, the urgent necessity for putting it in a straight jacket.

Now, as from the time whereof the memory of ecclesiastical history runneth not to the contrary, this is the end and aim for which Doctors of Divinity are made; and how best to accomplish it, "The grand topic of the innermost circles of confidential scholarship,"—seeing that the bare suggestion of our question is an impeachment of the theological, civil and scholarly respectability of the entire Christian world, a proper respect for ourselves as well as for the priest, the king, and the scholar, demands that we examine well the grounds of our presumption.

These highly respectable, not to say infallible authorities, hold—and there are millions who hold with them—that "The powers that be are ordained of God," and as such, are to be maintained at every cost, whether of honesty, of reason or of justice, whether of human toil, of human happiness, or of human life!

It is true, without doubt, that "The powers that be are ordained by God;" and if it be equally true that they, the ecclesiastical priest and the political king, are the veritable "kings and priests unto God" which He "ordained," it is not common impudence, it is downright blasphemy to couple superstition and craft with Church and State. We may not brand as superstition a belief in *what God says*, be it never so repugnant to what *we say*. It is at our own imminent peril that we denounce as "craft" what He bids priest or king to do, though they transform the nations into monks and soldiers. Be sure only that God said it, and there ends super-

stition; really know what God ordains, and we rise above all craft.

What these right honorable world-governors and soul-saviors—the State king and the Church priest—have said, we know full well, for they have spoken both loud and long.

They say, to begin with, "MAN IS A DAMNED RASCAL!" That God sits up o' nights to hate him before he is born, and puts the devil on his track like a bloodhound, before he can run alone; that the natural flow of the tide of life is into the Lake of Perdition, and that all natural paths lead but to the pit!

This has been the concurrent affirmation of those who claim the "divine right" to govern this world, throughout every age and in every land. It is the rock of their foundation. Every form of ecclesiastical and judicial expression, whatever its rhetoric, however honeyed its phrase or artistic its word painting, reveals the one simple framework, the one ghastly skeleton, the basic profundity or profanity, "*Man is a damned rascal!*"

Is that affirmation profound, or is it profane? That is the question which underlies *our* question, and gives it a practical and world-wide significance. All the centuries have honored it as the bottom fact of the human race, and the bottom law of all sacred and secular precept. What has this century to say to it? Clearly, it should not, nor can it disturb this verdict of the ages by simply denying it.

No mere negation can at any time do more than create smoke and a disagreeable smell, and at last get itself piously crushed to death beneath the Juggernaut of Majority, which is its just desert if we will fairly consider. As between the two, affirmation is the light, and negation the darkness that must flee before it.

Here, for example, is a venerable affirmation, dressed in every variety of robe to suit climate, character or whim; grandly housed and sumptuously fed; having free access to the chambers of princes; enjoying the distinguished consideration of popes and Bishops; the peculiar pet of the Evangelical clergy; the crowning glory of the Sunday school; and there is your bare negation, and not a rag to its back, nor so much as a single fig-leaf of creed or commentary to cover its nakedness!

What man with any decent regard for clothes can be expected to accept that? As between two belligerent wind-gusts, it was a maxim in Mr. Pickwick's philosophy to shout with the loudest.

No soul can live on negation; there is no element of bread in it. At best, it is but the ax with which the pioneer soul cuts down the primeval forest of error, to the end that bread may be. During the time that this century could do little more than deny what all the preceding centuries had affirmed, it was losing even the power of denial. It was becoming too

feeble to maintain its own vaunted negations. It could not do for itself the half duty of saying No! It felt that its very life was being crushed out of it by a sham, but it had nearly completed the destruction with its own hand, through denying that there was any reality whatever in place of the sham.

This is not speculation; it is history. In these days, thousands are seeking safe retreat in the arms of time-honored affirmation, and the next five years will see tens of thousands desert the standard of negation which they unfurled in an hour of ill-considered enthusiasm, and go home to their mother, whose apron-string they should never have quitted, but who will gladly receive them, nevertheless, and make them the joyous partakers of her transubstantial wafer, and other well preserved delicacies, always in store for every little boy who will wear her pinafore, amuse himself with her beads and picture-books, and do her bidding.

We may learn from the daily press (for it is made no secret; indeed, it is patent to observation) that certain outspoken negationists have for some time ceased outspeaking in that direction, having made recent discovery that their out-speech is not a "form of sound words!"

The complaint, as I gather it, is, that their religion is stark naked, starved and frozen; that it is indecent, unrepresentable, repulsive to the presence of all well-dressed Christian people, and that this evil has befallen them by reason that, in an unlucky hour, they discharged the tailor.

Realizing at last this grand mistake, their present cry and theological watchword is, "*Sartor Resartus!*" From pulpit and Professor's chair ascends the agonizing invocation, "O Lord! since it hath befallen us that we are too immodest to bear the presence of thy naked truth, may it please thee to vouchsafe unto her a scarlet cloak of Roman cut, or at least, a decent holiday garment of English stuff and Bishop's sleeves!"

Like our primeval parents, since their eyes have been miraculously opened, they conscientiously deny both the decency and the morality of truth unadorned by human art, and hence their praiseworthy and pressing anxiety for a new supply of old clothes.

But, in sober truth, if these malcontents have renounced all hope for themselves of a better thing to do than the old folly of clashing Scripture text against Scripture text, windy negation against traditional affirmation, there remains nothing better for them than to go back, nor for us (if we can do no more), than to follow after them.

A cloak is something; a bishop's mitre is at least a hat after a sort; "the missal" is a veritable book, without doubt; if we can affirm nothing better, let us declare with what relish we may that these at least *are*. With a hat and a cloak, and a book, in our Christianity, we have at least three verities in place of the nonentity of negation, with the immense advantage that they may be rejuvenated at will by an outside polish and embellishment which will not disturb the sacred minimum of inside value one jot or tittle.

A hat and a book, and a cloak, the one to affirm the divine origin and the "divine right" of the other, is a blessed Trinity of value compared with—nothing at all! Robert Burns said, "Man is God to the dog;" why, then, should not a bishop, who, by virtue of a hat, and the laying on of a hand, and the miracle of a shirt to the back of him o' Sundays, is a "Right Reverend Father in God," be of worshipful import to a very tender man? A shirt on a bean-pole can do something; with a little help from the sun, it can make a shadow; with no pole to hang on, a negation can not do even that.

Let the little soul worship the greater until it find the greatest; yea, pending the discovery of a head, let it honor a *hat*!

It is clear enough (only demonstrate it), if these popes and kings, these priests and prayer-books be the greatest things heaven has yet sent us, our question is a downright impiety. It also seems tolerably plain that he who has found no higher authority, no more visible footprints of the omnipresent God than these, he who can only mount some opposition perch, and, like a poll-parrot, screech forth a bare denial of these, had better betake himself to a priest and a prayer-book without delay, and from henceforth tell his beads, and hold his peace.

If they be not the veriest shams and spectral illusions of a Cimmerian nightmare, then is the question for us settled.

We are to go home, pay them well for taking care of us,

and do their utmost bidding; they to do the thinking, and we the working; pray when they tell us, and what they tell us; believe what they don't know, and we can't understand; murder whenever it pleases them, or only *rob* when it pleases them better; build stronger dungeons, and become more expert hangmen; increase the number and variety of the instruments of torture, and the *salary* of all the doctors of divinity; do their dirty work generally, and be damed finally (leaving their smallest command uncomplished with), and call it "divine justice!"

If their claim can be substantiated, if the church missal can be put into our hands by authority of demonstration, then this is the "more" that we can do, the only "more"—the thing that has been doing from time immemorial.

What are they? In the name of God and man, what is the validity of their claim?

The destiny of eighteen centuries to come will take shape from the degree of fidelity on the part of this, to the duty of a searching analysis of this Church and State question.

In fact, the Church and State are one. Be it rock or quicksand, their foundation is one, and they stand or fall together. The popular notion that you can have a Church to take charge of the soul, and a State to look after the body, is born of sophistry, and not of nature. "The Geography and Atlas" of the common school refute it.

Glance at the map. Is the Church an unreasoning and a not to be reasoned with authority?—there is the State a despotism. Under the wings of the American Eagle the Church is Protestant—on paper; and the State is Democratic—on paper.

Man is as his Church. They are mutual exponents; given the one, you know what is the other.

Is the Church a mere bead-counting, cross-gesticulating, bell-ringing, incense-burning, liturgy-chanting, organ-grinding affair? The man is the attendant monkey. The priest grinds, and the monkey alternately groans and grins.

Whether we look into the great picture-gallery of history, or upon the faces of the living originals, the resemblance is perfect. The Church has its hell, and the State its hangman—hell and the halter representing the most supreme justice either can conceive. The priest trades in the superstition of hell-fire, and the merchant in the predilection for "nigger-rum," the next hottest and nearest damnable commodity. The one puts society in fear, and the other in a "fuddle." The Church demands implicit faith in Scripture, without the ownership of a single proof for it to rest upon, and the "Exchange" unbounded confidence in "*scrip*," without a dollar to redeem it with! The missionary and the man-stealer sail from the same port, and where goes an invoice of tracts and catechisms, there goes a cargo of howie-knives and whisky.

Examine the State, when and where you will, you readily trace its parentage. As in the order of nature, so by authority of history, the priest is elder than the king.

The State is the "spoiled child" of the Church; now silly and troublesome, and anon cruel and mean; but it is the parent, and not the child, who is accountable for its ignorance and brutality. When a mad bull is loosed in a crowded thoroughfare we hold the owner, and not the animal, responsible for the mischief.

One and indivisible are Church and State, and, for the reason, that in very fact—that is to say, as to internals—your State is your Church. That determines where you belong; write over the door of it what name you choose. Church and State are one, even as "faith" and "works" are one—one beyond the power of scholasticism to separate.

Is the Church at present recognized by European and American civilization a God-send? Does it govern by Divine right? Is its voice the word of God to the peoples? We answer No! We say the State is directly in proof that it is not. Its "word" is what the Autocrat of Russia, what Francis Joseph, what Episcopacy, what Doctors of Divinity want it to say; what the slave-holder and filibuster want it to say, and not what humanity needs to have said. It is a one-sided "word," and, therefore, is not the voice of the Universal Father.

We rest our negation on that; but to be practically helpful to the neighbor in his efforts at freedom from the narrow, one-sided sham Church as a faith, and the tyrannical sham State as an effect, we must be able to affirm what is the genuine, the

strength-giving and the universal. This is the work the day demands of us; for, wherever there is a man there is a Church, true or false. "Where two or three are gathered together" the Church—Christ or anti-Christ—is in the midst. The help—the doing "more" than has yet been accomplished to any considerable extent (though the work has steadily been doing) is to determine which.

With a bow to Pio Nono for trespassing upon his "divine right" of dogmatism, let me say here, and illustrate it afterward, that the beginning of all genuine knowledge is with a fact, and the power to comprehend it. I take it we should have known still less of the inside of our globe than we do, but for the fortunate circumstance that it has an outside. We gather no wisdom from belief—from assent to dogmas however true; we become wise only in the ratio of comprehension.

You remind me no man can trace phenomena but to the ultimate mystery. Grant it. I may not be able to read the eternal history of an acorn; but, from bursting germ to unfolded majesty and strength, it is an open book, which he who runs may read. Has modern civilization so read its Church? Let me indicate who have not: those "partakers in her mysteries" who accept her creed as the "sent of God," but who, nevertheless, are opposed to war, slavery, the gallows, and the long line of retaliatory oppressions which precede its hideous culmination.

Like city children, who think their apples grow in the market-place because they always find them there, these suppose the gallows to be a production of the State, because, forsooth, the hangman is not a "close communionist!" Mistaking these apples of Sodom and Egypt for a growth of the State tree, they are perpetually "barking up the wrong" one, and, as a matter of course, they do nothing but bark. The brute they are in quest of has "taken sanctuary" under the Church.

Their condition is pitiable; for all error is slavery. They might hew down the gallows tree, they naturally think; they have in them the instinct of success, quickened at times into agony by the burning shame of *not* succeeding.

A holy religion in the land, and leave the gallows to be plucked down by the unholy compassion of the natural heart? Print Bibles by steam, and let slavery be abolished by infidelity and political economy? They have enough of vaticination to see that a church, whatever its claim to "divine right," which insists that these things shall be let alone because they also are divinely right, must speedily become as dead as Rufus Choate, and dissolve into chaos through the potent chemistry of its own inertia! Who has not a tear and a helping hand for the man who sees that posterity will write upon the tomb of his cherished theology, "Died of doing nothing!"

The joy of these our friends is at once their sorrow and their shame. The "liturgy" is refreshing, no doubt; it is exceedingly desirable to make one's prayers without the trouble of thinking about them—to have your exact necessities forecast for you, and the exact form of a petition which will bring their exact supply put into your hand, and you not troubling yourself about the matter in the least. Wind, religiously forced through consecrated lead pipe, maketh a soul-cheering sound, we are aware; but then, unfortunately for our friends and for the advent of "peace on earth" and the downfall of the gibbet, the moment it gets itself fairly "consecrated" it commences blowing the wrong way.

The difficulty is, they have taken their Church for granted. Assuming her to be theologically right, their natural compassion prevents them from seeing that, being so, she is logically right also.

If God damns, why may not the State hang, and the Church sanctify the halter? If, for being simply a "natural man," the Divine Government consigns him to hell forever, being an actual transgressor, may not the State Government torture him on a tread-mill for at least six months?

This obvious and most just conclusion spikes all their canon. The logic of compassion is transformed by it into a blasphemy! They are refuted by their own creed: and the "Dagon" of their idolatry rightly names it "morbid benevolence," "sickly sentimentalism," and justly, as applied to them, laughs it to scorn. This is the slavery; they are with Jesus in their compassion, and with Nero in their religion. They are essaying the impossible feat of serving two masters.

Nature and reason impelling a distracted mortal in one

direction, and his catechism pulling him in another, is just the "muddle" of which every despot takes the advantage.

History might settle this matter for them to a good degree of satisfaction, if they would but look. It is their ambition to be the followers of Christ—that is to say, members of his Church. Now, it is historically certain that a Church which upholds bloodshed, the prison, the gallows, slavery, "original sin" and "the curse of God," is Egyptian, and not Christian. It is Moses' Church, the Pope's, John Calvin's; it is the Church of England, the Greek Church, "the Methodist Church South"—the despot's church the world over. It is in *no sense* Jesus Christ's Church.

There is no "fall of man, or original sin" in the theology of Jesus. It has nothing to do with the "wrath and curse of God, and the pains of Hell forever." He did not die *for* that Church; he died *of* it, and is being daily crucified *in* it—and *through* it his outraged name is made to grace the triumph of every ecclesiastical despotism, national wrong and social injustice, wherever the cross is the symbol of power!

It is the bottom swindle of all, the baptizing these despotisms in the name of Jesus. His church is in *freedom*, and its creed is a rejection of their every dogma, and a declaration of independence from the yoke of their oppression.

These brethren, in journeying from the Jerusalem of the gibbet to the Jericho of its wished-for overthrow, have fallen among thieves. They have been robbed of their compassion, plundered of their reason, and left half dead and entirely helpless by the wayside; and this, too, not as in the parable by chance marauders, but by the consecrated dignitaries of their cherished religion!

The office of the good Samaritan—true help to the neighbor, in this case, is—to help him make a Christ's Church of himself. Then he will have one that will justify his compassion, honor his nature, honor God. Then "he will see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied;" for God and nature will *honor him*.

But these children of the Church, who complain of the State that she chokes and tortures where the plainest dictate of common sense demands that she should teach and save alive, are not the only members of that unhappy and distracted family who need our sympathy and assistance. Of a truth, if nothing "more can be done" for these latter than they propose doing for themselves, their plight is sorrowful.

Allusion has been briefly made to the case; but as it is one of pure charity, you will pardon me for entering a little into detail—premising that, whereas the branch of the family first mentioned complains only of the State, the latter is in mourning on account of the Church. These insist, on her behalf, that she shall leave the world to take care of itself—the Church, in their judgment, being instituted exclusively for the conservation of the "Holy Ghost" and those who manage matters in his absence.

Briefly, then, it appears from "An Address to the Alumni of the Divinity School of Harvard University" (Cambridge, July, 1859), the Doctor of "All Souls"—and by "All Souls," of course, is meant the "All Souls" which lives in a brick and mortar body, and looks cunningly out from piebald and peculiar exterior, upon that most suggestive of organic values, the "New York and Harlem Railroad," as it threads one of the thoroughfares of our metaphysical and speculative metropolis—the Doctor of "All Souls" finds, on consulting the "All Souls" thermometer, that the "faith" of himself and of the age is rapidly falling to zero. From scholarly *rapport* with an Italian or two, and a Dutchman more or less, he states, as their united *upcome*, that there is "a common suspense of faith!" He laments that multitudes of unlearned folk have lost confidence in "Susannah and the Elders," and have betaken, some to the "Book of Mormon," and others to the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH*, whilst the very Doctors of Divinity themselves are suffering "an undeniable chill."

Their religion, he has discovered, is a mere "Boston notion," and is so far from meeting the wants of a Doctor of Divinity—so far from being as much as a wooden effigy or representative of a natural and tangible possibility, that it is not even a plausible myth. In short, they have starved themselves on "negation," and they insist that, with themselves, organic Protestantism, the world over, is dying of inanition, and congealing into an iceberg!

No man can rationally dispute the grounds of this lamenta-

tion. That the Church (so called), in all its phases of sectarian vitality, is *freezing up*, is apparent; but the plan proposed to *thaw it out*, is, to say the least, questionable.

As I gather it, it is to organize a "Broad," or rather, "A new Catholic Church," which Church is to let the world and its wrongs and rights most enthusiastically alone, and from henceforth is to do nothing but nurse its "faith" and feed its hunger on such spiritual alimentation as it may be able to extract from "Rituals," "Symbols," "Ceremonies," and "Holy Days."

It seems the secular Press was not a little astounded by this announcement from "Harvard;" but having recovered somewhat, it finds nothing in it to wonder at after all, as indeed there is not. It is what Harvard Divinity has been aiming at all along. There is nothing new in it, nor does it propose any new thing.

As we are credibly informed, "The Stone Chapel" (another "Boston notion," which rejoices in the meridian sunlight of Harvard) is become reasonably ancient in its use of the "Ritual of the Church of England" (slightly Bostonized, that it may not jar the Unitarian nerve by its novelty of sensation), and finds itself wonderfully comforted thereby.

Our "All Souls" Doctor knows quite as well as another man that, to organize a Church "Broad" enough to support a Doctor of Divinity, or even to indure a Doctor of Divinity for any considerable time to come, there must be provided for it something to look at, and somebody to tell it what to do.

Its Christ must not be the mind's ideal of perfected humanity—a representative, or archetypal map to the soul—he must be a crucified *miracle* to the senses.

He must not hold personal communion in the "Inner Temple;" he must appear by *proxy* in the "Stone Chapel."

He may not, by spiritual *rapport* with the individual, direct the opening affections of the immortal nature; he must appear as a *timber* God in the streets of a city!

He is not to be honored in a noble life, but on painted canvas and ivory crucifixes.

He may not be thought of as in living sympathy with daily work, but as associated with a gilded cross and a bit of crucified wood!

To be sure, the great apostle of this "Broad Church" enters his *caveat* as intending no such abomination as this; but his subsequent plea is an entire withdrawal of it. He who will read that "address" in the light of the "signs of the times," will not fail to perceive that the "*New Catholic Church*" proposed therein, and dimly shadowed forth by sympathetic "Stone Chapels," is not to be a "*newness of life*," but a dramatic representation of *all that is dead*!

"Broad Church," forsooth! Broad farce say, rather, and "Broad" cheat as well. Its very name, the dresses, stage appurtenances, and acting copy of the play are stolen! The Stage Manager only is changed. Notwithstanding the *caveat*, the "Broad Church" of Boston differs in no essential from the "Broad Church" of Rome, save that the one gives its directions through "Bulls," and the other through "Bellows!"

Caveat Emptor—let the purchaser beware! Years ago that most curious of wind instruments piped into the ears of a drowsy congregation this notable piece of Church music.

Man—so ran the strain—man, as an individual, is sadly deficient in faith wherewith to answer his occasions. In the drought of centuries the individual fountains have failed. To meet the universal drought is the mission of the Church. The Church is that miraculous reservoir wherein is retained the excess of precipitation of faith over evaporation, resultant from the flood of miracles and spiritual gifts which graced the earlier and more favored ages of the world.

By alliance with the Church, therefore, the thirsty soul gets the benefit of this surplus; she becomes to him the "old bottle" of the parable, with all its rents repaired, and all its wine turned to ink! By means of this, the only miracle scholasticism has blessed the world withal, what he can not find in his own soul—faith enough to last him over Saturday night—the Church supplies from her inverted miracle of wine turned to ink! To protect this bottled faith, to dilute it with the water of scholastic commentary, that it may commend itself to the thirsty but delicate souls of this nineteenth century, is why the Church is to be put in parade uniform, and is to make her appearance in a cocked hat, and no man can pro-

duce a more ingenious plea for the necessity of it than this "All Souls" Divinity Doctor.

Yet, curious to consider, after years of unobstructed access to this high-dried wine-skin, he discovers that the inky miracle has congealed within the Protestant stomach, and that the entire "body of divinity," by reason of gastric derangement, is suffering with "despondency," "anxiety," and "an undeniable chill." He gives us plainly to understand that, notwithstanding the reservoir of faith (to say nothing of "the fire of Divine love" in his soul), unless he can organize "a new Catholic Church" which shall secure to him a comfortable hat and cloak, with a legitimate surplice for the dog-days, and a little dramatic exercise to promote circulation, the entire body of Protestantism, and himself with it, are in imminent danger of asphyxia.

Consider it, you who are strong in the knowledge of facts, and warm in the light of their truth, that utter frozenness of soul and feebleness of spirit which can kindle its devotion with an illuminated mind, and worship its God by pantomiming a cross!

Could salvation come from any such dramatic performance, Europe might have saved her faith; but she has not, by direct admission of this learned divine, who gravely proposes to repeat the farce.

The reason is obvious: salvation is of life, not of the opera; faith is born of experience, not of rituals. An organization is not a Church; the Church of God is a flowing life which becomes organic in the soul, and therefore is not that which man can institute or organize outside of himself.

The Church of Rome, of England, or of "All Souls," in a brick-and-mortar-sense, may be organized, but they are only brick-and-mortar when done; they warm no man's "faith," they break no "chill," but just the contrary, they bring it on, as we see, and their destiny may be absolutely forecast by looking at that grand prototype in Jewish history which first crucified Jesus, and then destroyed itself.

Were the Church of God a "stone chapel," it might be architecturally constructed and organically perpetuated while stones endure. But ponder it, my brother! the sunshine *cannot* become organic in anything that man has made, or can make; judge then whether or not the true Catholic Church can be organized by an expert in scholasticism; whether anything save the immortal man can be a receptacle for the eternal life of God!

You organize a pile of stones, and hold them in symmetrical relation, simply because they are dead enough to lie still, and resist for a time the power of disintegration; you may even organize an immense aggregation of human bodies to occupy it, only take care that they are sufficiently void of life to lie just where you place them; but see to it that your materials be dead, for with the first throe of life, down goes your pile, whether of stone or creed.

Nobody disputes that you may construct a *vault* by strict rules of architecture, organize its interior with the geometry of a honey-comb, and fill every cell with a dead carcass, but it is to be hoped that portion of the world which is not a Doctor of Divinity may be pardoned for not recognizing it as the true Catholic Church.

You may hang up a wooden Jesus, and organize any number of automata you choose, who shall enact a sacred drama in the presence of your idol with solemn precision, and honor your ritual to the remotest letter.

Give to the vapor of water but a brazen mouth, and it can whistle louder than you or I. The steam engine is so organic that it acts with greater precision, from the necessity of perfection, than man can act from volition.

The reason of all this is obvious. Wood and iron remain where you put them. You fix a valve in its place, and it stays there. Ordain that the piston shall travel a given number of inches, and it never dishonors your law. But you fix so nearly a dead thing as a church deacon in his place, and it is possible (should the *Spiritual Telegraph* get hold of him) that when you most need him he may come up missing.

You organize machinery of every variety, from the basic fact that your materials are dead, and must obey the law of their condition, which is that they take whatsoever position and form life gives them.

It is even so with men. The man who can be pressed into shape like a brick, is as dead as any brick. True, there is a

sense in which the deadest stone in the deadest of "stone chapels" is alive; but mark you, even *that* life will level the stone heap. Even so is the deadest doctor of divinity alive; but there is not any visible pulsation in either of them, and from this cause, doubtless, they both feel a little chilly—when out of the sunshine.

For anything we can tell, life in essence may be an eternal fixture. This we do know—life *existing* is a perpetual transit, and this is why you can not mason up a living man in creeds and rituals.

In direct ratio to the strength and activity of life, is the impossibility of pressing it into shape. As the consciousness and vigor of the individual wane, the man naturally thinks about a tomb.

Church history reveals the fact that the Christian world has become organic, in the ratio that the life of experience has departed.

Of all the religious organisms or sects, it is the founder chiefly who is alive; the organization baptized in his name is the tomb where his disciples sleep. You do not find him there; it was not builded under his eye. Outside of the sepulcher, where the sect rots and stinks, is the living man; he is with the living truth he uttered—alive, triumphant, with his fact and with the free.

The difference between them is that when they part company, the man passes onward in eternal life, while the sect travels backward to inevitable dissolution. The life of the one is a march, and of the other a retreat. The "one talent" he committed to their care, they proceed straightway to "bury in the earth." Out of his cast garments they rear a monument to mark the spot where lies their own dead spirituality.

George Fox, Elias Hicks, were men living; the Hixite Quaker, in all that constitutes the essential life of these, is a man dead. He has builded him a meeting house, wrapped himself neatly up in his "Scriptures of truth," his "discipline," and his "drab coat," whence he looks out upon the living world with a high-dried expression of comeliness which puts all mummydom to shame. He is an unimpeachable sample of superiority in the Christian over the heathen in the art of embalming. The Egyptian specimens look more like a lifeless spectator; the dried Quaker seems to be a man even to himself. In his case, Christian ingenuity has raised the noble art of mummy-making to the perfection of delusion.

To William Ellery Channing, the oneness of God with himself and with all his children—the divine democracy, so to speak, of the Divine Unity—was not exactly a "Boston notion," to be traded off for Church of England rituals and Roman Catholic relics; but from the hour of his departure the Unitarian sect has been steadily getting down to a stone chapel and a church missal.

Does any man feel himself dying? let him forthwith organize his tomb.

It is an instinct of human nature to put away its dead, and the "Broad Church" method is not only ancient and honorable, but will do it to the entire satisfaction of all the living. Only know the utter fallacy of that "undertaking" which essays to put life in a position possible only to death, and we may thank all tomb-builders—all the dead—that they bury their dead out of our sight.

For the living man *this* is the impossibility; it is a necessity of life to grow. To successfully control this instinct of life is to kill it. Death is the only condition in which it can lie still in obedience to you and me. You can not say to a living man, Believe this or that, do this or that; and what you believe and do to-day, that believe and do to all succeeding time; nay, you can not successfully perpetrate that folly upon your own soul until you have dried it into a mummy, or chilled it to unconsciousness with stone-chapel theology.

The noblest thought or deed of to-day does continually fall below the measure of to-morrow: Life must keep step in the the ages, and their music is not a *dead march*.

We need not travel beyond that Harvard address, which has been elaborated with all the advantages of polemical scholarship and no common share of forensic ability, to know precisely what organization *can not do*.

Strange to say (and yet natural, so impotent is error,) the facts of that address are a satire upon its object. It gives us clearly to understand that the doctrine of Channing is work-

ing wonders for the age, while the sect is starving to death. Why so? Because the age is alive and free, and the sect is imprisoned and dying. Life is in perpetual growth, and demands the product of every soil wherewith to sustain it. The four quarters of the globe, the sea and the islands of the sea, lay their treasures upon our breakfast-tables every morning; and shall the soul sustain herself on the "Thirty-nine articles" of Episcopacy? Brimstone and treacle will not keep a man healthy and strong all the year round.

It records the fact, that in the bosom of a church which is, and has been for ages, the incarnation of "sacramental baptism, imaginative symbols and holy festivals"—in a church which makes "marriage and burial, rites of the immediate altar, and gives to the communion-service a mystic sanctity"—in short, under the brooding wing of a church which is the essential image of the author's ideal, we are told by the author himself that "Patriotism is fast getting to be the only religion of the upper classes," and that "their immortality is to die for fatherland!"

To this satire on the "New Catholic Church," history adds this fact: Organization demoralizes. Pio Nono and Francis Joseph, in their organic capacity, are robbers and murderers. As individuals, they are said to have been not much more wicked than ordinary mortals. Historical gossip represents the former, as an individual, to have been on the whole a rather merciful and kind-hearted "old fogie"—actually with notions of reform, after some insane way, floating about within his obfuscated pericranium. Haziell, as an express agent, on his way to the Prophet to inquire as to his own and a friend's health, could shudder and weep over the prophetic narrative of his cruelty. As "King of Syria," he could "rip up women with child!"

Men organized as councils, synods, tract societies; as directors of banks, railroads, stock boards; men in the capacity of political parties, presidents, senators, ministers, governors, legislators, courts of judicature, religious sects, etc., will do a thousand meannesses, immoralities and crimes, which individual wickedness unprotected by the shield of organization, would blush at.

It is the cloud which to-day hangs with the blackness of midnight over all the interests of humanity. It is a stumbling block in all the paths of men. More than three millions of human beings in our own land alone, are held in the bondage of chattel slavery by the sole and sovereign power of organization.

"And the jailor—what is he?
No less a victim to the bolt and bar."

With these facts of history, and the direct authority of this celebrated Unitarian organizationist, for what of good organization *can not* do, it remains but to say what good thing it *can* do.

Everything has its uses. The utility of organization is, *To bury the dead!*

Its futility is, that all living men are, by a divine law of the soul, already organized.

The birth, or utterance of a use, conjoins every human being in the universe who is in the love of that use.

Whether in the body or out of the body—whether they know it or do not know it—they stand shoulder to shoulder and revolve in sympathetic order around the center of their common love, as surely and by a law as fixed as that which binds astral worlds and holds them in its organic grasp, to one grand system of brotherly relation.

That man, then, who is *alive*—that is to say, is in the love of *uses*, belongs to an organization—is a member of a church—in which *Jesus lives*, to which prophets, apostles and sages belong, wherein angels minister; and their common love exhales its incense from the altar of a common use.

This is an organization—a church—whose foundation is as deep as the infinite soul, as solid as the everlasting truth; whose superstructure is as broad as the universe, and whose arches sweep the throne of the Eternal!

Unfortunately for the success of the project of uniting rationalism to rituals in a "New Catholic Church," which shall leave all the world's wrong and right, from man-stealing to "strawberry festivals," beneath its sacred feet, that it may assume the exclusive "stewardship of the Holy Ghost;" in affirming the church as a purely spiritual power, it lays the

ax to the root of all suborganic possibility, by reason of this prior organization which God has inaugurated through laws which pertain to the basic structure of the soul.

It is not in the power of Unitarianism, nor of scolasticism combined, to organize a "spiritual church" in utter contempt of a great psychical law. As the Divine Providence, some years before Harvard Divinity came into notice, had provided through the law of *rapport* inherent to the human Spirit, for the stewardship of the "Holy Spirit," a "New Catholic Church" which is to find its attraction of cohesion in signs and symbols, rituals and ceremonials, is simply an exposition of theological quackery.

Be in the love of uses, and you belong to God and the universe—a church with a "Head" to it—which shrivels "Stone chapels" into caricatures, and transforms the grand St. Peter's into a monument of the builder's folly!

As I see it, then, true help from the thralldom of the false, is in the demonstrative recognition of the true. Understand me, the help is not in the affirmation, but in the demonstration.

Human emancipation progresses in the ratio of ability to ask questions.

The child—the intellect which can not ask a question, can not be saved. Where it ceases to question, there it ceases to grow. To that soul which can put a natural interrogatory, the answer is ready; and "the truth makes free."

I have said, the beginning of all knowledge is with a fact and its comprehension. Obviously so, because it is a truth of the consciousness, that all we *know* [not all we guess] concerning essence, principle, or laws, is through their phenomenal manifestation.

Our experience does farther testify that, when we have discovered a law or principle, we have found an established verity, or uniformity of method, which not only ante-dates all human recognition of it, but is also in accord with every other verity and fixed method—that is to say, truth harmonizes; and there is no discord in the family of principles.

These are nature's own axioms—certainty of results depends upon unity of cause.

Life, the noun-substantive, is demonstrated by *living*, the verb active.

Now, since no man can conceive of essence, principle, or law, that is not older than his conception, and can only know of them through phenomena which are their body (through which they become truth in ultimates, and stand before us in open daylight), it follows that the man who is ready to ask a question has these natural postulates whence to draw the demonstrative answer.

To apply the theorem: Suppose either votary or victim of the (so called) Church or State, able to ask the question, By what authority do Pope and Emperor affirm their "Divine Right?"

Now, the law or principle of Divine Right (if it be one), is in nature, and is therefore older than Pope or despot, and must consequently have its exponent, else Pio Nono and Francis Joseph could never have abused it.

It is in nature. Despotism, though unknown, it may be, to either tyrant or victim, sits for the present more securely beneath its unconscious protection than behind all its military fortifications.

It has its exponent, as we shall see presently; but first let it be noted what priest and potentate have vouchsafed us by way of authority.

On examining their claim to be representatives of the principle of divine right, it is found, on their own most especial showing, to rest wholly upon words—scriptures, word-scrapes, dove-tailed together in the dark. No pope, king, or doctor of divinity brings his affirmation to the test of objective truth.

This cowardice, or ignorance rather, is at once the source of their own disquiet as men, and the imbecility of those who oppose them as rulers. It is the *paraplegia* which hinders the locomotion of those upper classes, whose religion, we are told, is patriotism, and whose immortality is to die for fatherland. Yea, it is the iceberg which has drifted into the latitude of democracy and Protestantism, and chilled the doctors of its divinity into ague-stricken invalids, and transfixed its statesmen as with the North Pole.

Infidelity, patriotism, fatherland-religion, denies from no better authority than church despotism affirms.

European upper class, or other, is not yet educated to the ability of putting a natural question to itself, or to Francis Joseph. In what consists the citadel of his strength, they are powerless. While he affirms his divine right by authority of Jewish apostles, they deny the reality of divine right by authority of French infidels.

But human instinct, and animal as well, demonstrate it to be an ordinance of nature. Divine might to govern is divine right to govern. Consult astronomy, interrogate the first goose you find in the midst of her brood—these, in the name of God, do proclaim it as the universal truth.

Behind this instinct of government, as was said, every despot sits intrenched; and here are these men of wisdom inverted, denying the very existence of the artillery that sweeps them down. Denying what all nature, through instinct, affirms, they do but arm and equip instinct at their own proper cost, and send it into the field to fight for Pio Nono and Francis Joseph.

The Church, or State, however corrupt in the main, which in the least honors human instinct, is impregnable as against a philosophy, however sound in particulars, which denies their existence, or that there is a reality in nature beyond reach of the telescope and crucible, to which they are related.

Nature's catechism disposes of Pio Nono & Co. in a more scientific way. The proof she proposes, that a man governs by divine right is, that he is governing by the divine method. Obviously, the dynasty which governs from God must govern like God. The natural question is, What is the divine method? Nature is ready with her answer:

It is teaching the subject to govern himself.

You may learn it from any cow, from any cat. When the kitten has been fully instructed in the sublime science of self-government, the divine right to govern, as expressed in the parental relation, has fulfilled its mission.

You may learn it from Jesus, the Great Teacher, who governs to-day by teaching—aye, by teaching the method of divine government as no man ever taught.

Does Francis Joseph so govern? Does any pope, priest, or politician as much as propose so to govern? If they do, that settles the question of divine right in their favor. Judgment must be entered up that they are the veritable "powers that be" which are ordained of God, and it is beyond the reach of querulous negation to disturb the verdict.

In this world of ours, so arbitrary are certain other "powers that be," also ordained of God, they do not permit you and me to affirm even the exact truth with the least advantage any faster or farther than we can prove it to be the truth. They demand that the law of demonstration shall be, if possible, more sacredly observed than any other. This is the penalty, refusing to honor the universe of fact, thou shalt not know of the universe of principles.

They insist that Protestantism is starved and frozen beyond the power of mystical wafers and scarlet cloaks to restore, and that democracy reels like a drunken man because of disregard of this great commandment, which God made objective worlds and systems of worlds expressly to illustrate and to honor; and think you man may safely neglect the duty God builded the heavens and the earth to enable him to perform?

Consider it; the Pope affirms government by divine right. It is truth itself, but refusing to test his divine right by the divine method [the only way it can be demonstrated], his administration is an outrage upon human right. It brings no peace to him nor to the governed.

Immortality is a truth; "the communion of saints" is a truth; there is truth in the prayer-book, but you have only to look around to see that these save no soul, that they break no "chill," that they are no "bread of life," nor can they be until demonstrated by the soul.

This Protestantism which to-day is looking back to Rome as did of old the children of Israel to "the flesh-pots of Egypt," so bleared are its eyes, so spent are its powers of manly thought and honest protestation, it would not accept the liturgy its soul sighs for through the exercise of its own reason, or on the evidence of its own senses; it can receive it only on the authority of popular tradition.

It prates of immortality by authority of Peter and Paul and John, not by any power of affirmation in itself. Its whole stock of "saving grace" consists of the life-experiences of

other men, which, by lack of experience in itself, it can turn to no profitable account.

For example: What is the intrinsic value of that "body of divinity" which through one of its learned divines, who in the presence of weeping friends and a sympathizing Boston, in an oration eulogistic over the remains of an honorable gentleman who had profited through all the riper years of his life by such ghostly counsel and "means of grace" as the reverend orator had to bestow, leaks out the dreary confession that it is wholly uncertain after all whether the defunct recipient of its "grace" is saved or damned?

One thing however may be safely predicated and held as established. Should it turn out upon careful search that the Hon. Mr. Choate has gravitated to a climate uncomfortably warm, the Rev. Nehemiah Adams will be found on the "south side" of him.

Now help out of this pit of inconclusiveness and "suspense of faith" is through fidelity to the law of demonstration, not through reverence for red cloaks; through observance of natural ways, not holy days; through studying the catechism of Nature rather than that of the reverend assembly of divines at Westminster.

Look around! Is not that which is the most useful always the most plentiful?

As a spiritual being, is not the certain theology—the true religion—of all things the most needful to man? Every age has affirmed it.

Then by authority of the everlasting harmony which reigns throughout the realm of principles, is the true religion—theology—Church—of all things the most susceptible of demonstration.

Proof accumulates where certainty is most required by the same providence that iron is in abundance because its use is universal. The exponents of both the eternities are in to-day; truth is without time, and principles endure forever.

This is the certain freedom; affirm, not by authority of Popes and Councils, but by authority of fact, and the truth within it.

God is true, and his love is true, because truth and love everywhere appear.

"Hell" is a lie, because it nowhere appears. It has never sent us so much as a sample devil. The commodity which annually gluts the market is of domestic manufacture, and, thank God! is too perishable to bear transportation.

Feasts and Fasts, Emasculation, and Emaciation, are impious, because theology is in fraternal relation with physiology—because they pollute the temple of the living God, which is the human body.

A manual of prayer is an insult to the soul, because the heart knoweth its own sorrow, and God knoweth its needs.

Holy Days are a fallacy, because all time is sacred.

Water-baptism is a farce, because the soul that is saved is baptized in a life of uses.

But Heaven is true, because its inhabitants appear at our own firesides.

Brotherhood—Neighborhood, is true, because all things reverence its law.

Jesus is true, because He is natural.

Miracle is true, because it is of daily observation.

Prophecy is true, Seership is true, because our sons and daughters do prophecy, and our young men see visions.

This is the nineteenth century affirmation—the Broad Church—the New Jerusalem which cometh down, not from Harvard University, but from Heaven! It is a Spiritual Church, such as Jesus affirmed and Peter verified.

"Upon this rock will I build my Church," said the man of Nazareth, not upon a red cloak and a shovel hat; on *this*; there is open communion and intercourse between Heaven and earth—between the spiritual and the natural—the world within and the world without.

In this Catholic Church—whose creed is all truth by authority of all fact, at once so spiritual and so substantial; whose power is from Heaven, and whose labor-field is the earth; whose light reveals the future, and whose love embraces the past; whose symbols are the pen and the plow; whose ritual includes all uses, and whose work is worship—there can be no suspense of faith.

The alchemist may doubt, the astrologer may fear; but the

chemist knows, and the universe of the astronomer is cradled in the bosom of God. It is the unknown only which is the doubted, the feared; the enduring, all-conquering Faith springs, Minerva-like, from the brain of knowledge. Of its birth, all human experience has been a travail and a prophecy; and lo! "Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given."

The nobler affirmations of this, the mightiest of the ages, are but newly come to speech. Their gathering harmony breathed at first but in the ear of listening prophecy, is mingling with the music of the street—is blending its melody with the breath of flowers, its majesty with the anthem of the sea, its inspiration with the common voice, disciplining its energy, softening its asperity, mellowing its tone, raising its power for that grand climax of utterance—the eternal God-word in whose presence no lie can live!

THE SPIRIT LAND,

A LECTURE BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

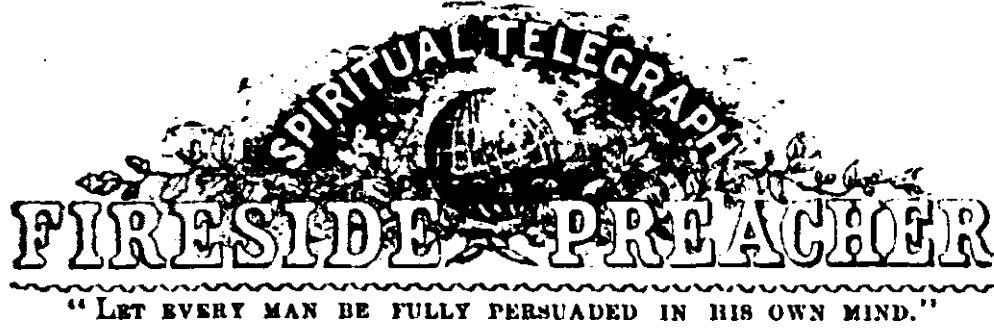
Mr. Davis spoke to the Spiritualists in Dodworth's Academy, Sunday evening, 23d Oct. He said Spiritualism not only explains the terrestrial but the celestial man. Its principles must stand the test of criticisms for all time or fall. He was glad to see an under-current of reasoning which was making sad havoc with unsound theories. He did not wonder that orthodox people were alarmed, for Spiritualism could have no sympathy with their theories. He did not regard anything as supernatural; on the contrary, man's life was natural all the way through.

He said men sit quietly, and hear Bayard Taylor lecture an hour or two on his travels in Germany or Italy, and believe what he says about those countries; he said he knew from like travels and personal observations in the Spirit-land about it, and he saw spirits as distinctly as he saw mortals, and he had to be careful to discriminate between them; he had been in the habit of talking with Spirits for thirteen years.

He did not call the Spirit-land a State, but a geographical locality—a place for the mind. Heaven he called a State. He held that man is progressive in earth-life and the life hereafter, and that man is the climax of the first sphere or plane, and from this he passes into the second or Spiritual sphere, and, finally, from the second to the third plane, and so on to the sixth sphere or plane, where the refined particles and essences from all the earths finally culminate. He maintained that the Spirit-land was as substantial to Spirits as our earth is to us, but that it was composed of the refined particles of *all the earths*. He said there were numerous earths, but one Spirit-land or second plane; that the Spirit-land sustained a similar relation to all earths that the brain of man does to the different organs of the body, and that the earths were permeated with spiritual *aura* similarly to the shafts of the sun's light, and that all earths were there represented as every organ of the body is in the brain. He said the milky way was composed of clusters of suns and planets, and that the Spirit-land was in the milky way, or rather between it and another belt of suns and planets. The sixth sphere, plane or degree is the last of the series of the present order of development. In the course of time the earths will gradually cease to germinate, and the last generations will pass from them without experiencing what we call death, and, when the earths shall have exhausted their vitality, they will themselves die, and their vitalities will culminate in the sixth circle or degree, and then a new creation or series of refinements will begin, and so on *ad infinitum*.

He says our present plane of life corresponds to the future life as a cellar-kitchen does to a splendid drawing-room. Notwithstanding this, Bridget will be Bridget still, so far as merit is concerned, and affinities will there meet and continue for a time. Memories will be lost in new and glorious experiences as they are here. Any number of Jesuses may live and die, and not materially change man's state, nor relieve another from the consequences of a single sin. All things are governed by unchangeable laws.

The lecture was listened to with intense interest by an exceedingly large audience, every seat and standing-place being occupied, and it is estimated that half as many persons went away without being able to obtain admittance as there were that got in.



CHARLES PARTRIDGE.
Editor and Proprietor.

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

DISCUSSION OF SPIRITUALISM

BETWEEN MILO A. TOWNSEND AND AMOS HAMLIN.

A written discussion on Spiritualism between these parties has recently appeared in the New Brighton (Pa.) Times. We make the following extracts from the closing communication by Mr. Townsend:

"Mr. Hamlin asks, quite exultingly, 'Why Judge Edmonds and other eminent converts do not bring forward the phenomena to editors and other skeptics in the East, and silence all cavil?' I would ask, Why do not the editors and other skeptics in the East seek the evidence of Judge Edmonds and others, and thereby silence all cavil? Is it not equally incumbent upon them to 'seek, that they may find,' and have not all an equal interest to know the truth, and to investigate for themselves? Spiritualists do not wish to make proselytes. They only wish that others may be earnest inquirers and seekers for the truth with themselves, in the question that relates to the communication with Spirits, and in all that concerns the progression and well-being of universal humanity."

We add to Mr. Townsend's remark, that the editors of the various papers here have generally investigated of their own accord, in their own way, and they do believe that Spirits communicate with mortals. The reason why they do not say to the public that they believe, is because they don't think the public are ready to listen to such an avowal, or to receive the truth on this subject; and the disclosure of their belief in this truth might cost them some pennies, and injuriously affect their standing and influence. But we do not think the editors of the *Evening Post*, *Sun*, *Tribune*, *Anti-Slavery Standard*, *Dispatch*, and, perhaps, we may add, the *Times*, and some of the *Herald's* corps, will deny that they believe Spirits communicate with mortals; and if any of them do so deny, they will not dare to state their own spiritual experiences and observations, which contravene such denial. The truth is, that most of our editors—all who have had their eyes and ears open, and are candid with themselves—believe that Spirits communicate with men in the flesh, and their coming out and publicly acknowledging this is only a matter of time. We can name many popular clergymen who also believe this thing, but do not acknowledge it publicly.

Again we have to quote the old complaint that "religion has been profaned." This complaint is not generally made by our opponents because they have any love for the faith and forms of religion which we propose to correct, but because the complaint embodies a sort of bugbear that will serve to alarm the people, and therefore when our opponents are hard pushed in discussions, they raise this alarm for the purpose of unfitting their hearers or readers to judge of the subject rationally, and to excite an ignorant and disorderly opposition against it. It operates somewhat like any other fright, and is a sort of sponge to wipe out all they had heard or read on the subject, when they impulsively reject the whole and gather themselves together again under the old shepherd. This course of our opponents is natural, but it always reminds us of the similar manner in which we used to serve the flock of sheep that would occasionally get unruly, and, leaving the pasture that had been allotted to them, as men and women sometimes leave the spiritual pasture into which they had been turned by their shepherds, would jump over the fence and get into a forbidden clover field—we would then set the dog on them, and they would go back in great confusion, and not very slowly either. They would then huddle together around the old bell-weather, and hold a kind of conference over their exploits, and finally become as meek, obedient and contented for a while in their old pasture as we could wish. Their taste of the fresh clover, however, would never be entirely forgotten, and they would occasionally stand and look wistfully over the fence, and we found it necessary always to keep watch on them, and also to keep a dog. So with our

sectarian friends: they keep their written creeds as we kept a dog, and when we say that their faith in the existence of Spirits is true, and susceptible of demonstration, they hold up their hands in holy horror, and deny all existing evidences of its truth!

But we make the following additional quotation from Mr. Townsend's letter, which is in keeping with the teachings of of all other Spiritualists, and shows that Spiritualism is not destructive of the Bible and true Christianity, but that, on the contrary, it only proposes to instruct the professed advocates of the Bible and Christianity, and correct some of their manifest errors.

"Lastly, 'Why has religion been profaned?' Mr. H. inquires. The religion which Jesus taught on the plains of Judea, and along the shores of Galilee, is the religion that has been reiterated and confirmed by the tens of thousands of communications and messages that have been received from the Spirit-land during the last ten years. This is the religion that Spiritualism seeks to revive and restore, and to infuse into the minds of men the vital elements of a living inspiration—imbuing them with greater spirituality, and demonstrating to them, by tangible manifestations from the Spirit-world, the immortality of the soul. Spiritualism comes to do away with no truth, but to vitalize and to bring to light all truth. It comes to re-inaugurate the religion of the 'Good Samaritan'—the religion that will make men more spiritually-minded, and less earthly and avaricious—the religion that is honest and open-hearted, which is 'full of charity and of good works.' This religion never 'bears false witness against the neighbor'—is never bigoted, intolerant, or persecuting in its spirit. It is kind, amiable and gentle, and is 'without partiality, and without hypocrisy.'"

STARTLING SPIRIT-MANIFESTATIONS AND COMMUNICATIONS IN DAYLIGHT.

At half-past two o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th of September last, we visited Mr. John Swain and wife, 326 South Division street, Buffalo, in company with Judge Smith of New Albany, Ind., and Dr. and Mrs. Hallock of New York. We sat in their parlors with the shutters of the front and rear windows open, and thus in full daylight. A table with four legs, and cloth on it, stood in the room; we took off the cloth, turned over and examined the table, and found it to be a common one without drawer. We examined the floor and carpet, and discovered nothing unusual. Then we set the table where we chose in the room, and sat round it. We put a bell and a speaking-trumpet under the table. Very soon the bell began to ring, and the trumpet moved about, thumping against our legs. The bell sometimes tingled gently, and as if muffled, and appeared to be far away; then it drew nearer, and sounded louder, and finally it was thumped vigorously up against the under side of our table. A Spirit calling himself Jim, an Indian, spelled, "Squaw wants to talk with letter-man." By asking who was meant, Mr. Partridge was designated. Mr. Partridge asked, How long has the Spirit been in the Spirit-land? Ans. "Seven years." How long have you known that you could communicate with mortals? Ans. "Five years." How did you ascertain this fact? Ans. "Other Spirits told me." Who told you? Ans. "Tecumseh." Did you believe it simply because Tecumseh told you so? Ans. "Yes; and we see him." Do you find skeptics among Spirits as to this intercourse? Ans. "Yes; Spirits are afraid." What is their objection? Ans. "Some think it wrong to come back." How do you like it? The bell rung and thumped against the table as if with joy. Dr. Hallock asked, What do you think of our efforts down here? Ans. "Me think you all do the best you can in your present condition." How can we change conditions to do better? Ans. "Grow as fast as you can." What do you mean by grow? Ans. "Do all the good you know; do good to poor Indian." How does the plane of Indian Spirits compare with that of white people's Spirits? Ans. "Me think Indian more free and more happy, cause he more natural than pale-face."

The bell was rung, and handed up into our hands severally. The Spirit said, "Squaw wants to talk with letter-man." We asked who was letter-man, and Mr. Partridge was designated. Mr. P. said he thought he had been communicating with the squaw who wanted to communicate. Ans. "No, she going to talk now; and then the following communication was rapped out as the preceding had been, letter by letter, as Mrs. Swain pointed to them in the alphabet:

MR. PARTRIDGE: I am unknown to you, but you are not wholly unknown to me. I have often read your paper with interest. I wish you to excuse me for thus intruding; I wish you would bear a message to my husband for me. He has no hope of immortality. O, tell him that his Hannah still lives! It was only the breaking of the

casket, that the gem of immortality might go free. O, I wish he could understand these eternal truths! HANNAH FARNUM.

My husband's name is Newell Farnum. He lives a few miles from Lockport. If you will send him my desire, you can direct to Lockport, and you will greatly oblige your friend, HANNAH FARNUM.

The undersigned were present when the foregoing communications were received as stated, and we are well satisfied there were no human means by which they could have been made. We all certify we have neither of us any knowledge of the parties named, and that the communication of Hannah Farnum was wholly voluntary.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE, R. T. HALLOCK,
ELIZABETH N. HALLOCK, THOS. L. SMITH,
JOHN SWAIN, M. A. SWAIN.

The following correspondence will speak for itself, and contains a verification of the matters involved in the Spirit's communication, of which the parties at the circle all thus declare their ignorance:

NEW ALBANY, IND., Oct. 20, 1859.

Dear Sir:—Upon my return home, after having the pleasure of making your acquaintance at Buffalo in September last, I sent a copy of the communication received by you for Mr. Newell Farnum, through the mediumship of Mrs. Swain, to Mr. N. W. Bruce of Lockport, N. Y., with a request to him to ascertain if there was such a person in that vicinity, and if so, to deliver it to him. Yesterday, I received an answer from Mr. Bruce, and thinking it might be interesting to you, I send you a copy of his letter. There seems to be but one thing wanting to render this one of the most conclusive tests of Spirit-intercourse on record, and that is proof that Mrs. Swain, the medium, had no knowledge of Mr. Farnum, or of the death of his wife. Even with such knowledge, and supposing the medium could have produced the raps through which the communication was given, it would be very strange that such a message should have been communicated on such an occasion; but without that knowledge, it would have been absolutely impossible that the information contained in it could have been derived from the intelligence possessed by any person in the flesh.

I have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Bruce. His name was furnished me by Mr. John N. Gardner of Buffalo, as a suitable person to write to at Lockport. With a view to render the evidence as complete as it is possible to make it, I have written to Mr. Bruce, and also to Mr. Gardner, to make inquiry if there is any reason to believe that Mrs. Swain had any acquaintance with Mr. or Mrs. Farnum.

I remain very truly your friend, etc., THOS. L. SMITH.
MR. CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

[Copy of the Letter of Mr. Bruce.]

LOCKPORT, October 16, 1859.

MR. T. L. SMITH: Dear Sir—Yours of September 22d was duly received. My reason for not answering it before is, that two or three days prior to receiving it, Mr. Newell Farnum left home on a wedding tour, and was to be gone two or three weeks. Being personally acquainted with him, I thought I would wait and consult him on the subject. I have, since his return, conversed with him. It appears that his wife's name was Hannah, and that she departed this life some time in February last. But Mr. Farnum is a perfect skeptic, and does not believe in such communications. He says it is not her language, and does not contain her whole name, but did not tell me what letters constituted her name besides Hannah. I consider it a good communication, and it would be so considered by any unprejudiced mind. I hope you will excuse my long neglect in answering yours.

And believe me yours, etc., N. W. BRUCE.

The Spirit took hold of Dr. Hallock's hand; he said it felt like a natural hand. The trumpet was put up by the side of ourselves and the others. Dr. Hallock put his handkerchief on the floor, and asked the Spirit to put it in the trumpet and hand it up, and it was immediately done. The handle of the bell was put into Mr. Partridge's hand, and the tongue of the bell was held from ringing, and it was pulled with considerable force. The trumpet was also handed us, and we pressed against a force which gave way and moved under hard pressure, and thrust it back with considerable vigor. Finally, it was spelled out. "Good-bye, Letter-man; good-bye, Big Horn (Hallock); good-bye, Pleasant Fawn (Mrs. Hallock); good-bye, Tall Chief (Judge Smith); good-bye, Old Chief;" and the circle adjourned.

MIRACLES OF HEALING.

Our friend Townsend thinks it extraordinary that we should publish such remarkable cases of healing as are contained in Dr. Fellows' communication under date of Oct 1st, page 207, without comment, etc. The fact is, we have published the records of so many miraculous cures performed by mediums, and by Dr. Fellows (whose residence is in Albion, N. Y.) as recently as August 20th, page 197, with our comments, without eliciting any remarks or interest, that we began to think that the people were all dead or hopelessly indifferent as to their diseases and the healing of them, or else that our comments had, perhaps, killed the force of the facts; and, therefore, we concluded to keep on publishing, and wait patiently for the re-awakening of a proper interest on that subject. Our correspondent seems to have forgotten or overlooked our comments upon the statement of a case of Dr. Fellows' healing, published August 20th. We are thankful that our friend has become interested in these miracles, but we apprehend that he over-estimates the sensitiveness of his townsman to these facts. If the dead in their graves should come forth and stand before

the citizens of Pittsburgh, and tell them of their sins, and heal all their diseases, we think the majority of the people would say it was the aurora borealis, a streak of electricity, magnetism, or moonshine, and the priests and scientific people would have it all ciphered out as clear as mud, with a string of texts from Moses, Solomon, Isaiah and Ezekiel as long as a man's arm, showing that the thing was all arranged six thousand years ago. Now what is the use to talk about such things in our day? If we were not determined to torment people with truth, we should have discontinued this paper long ago.

We know Dr. A. G. Fellows, the Spirit-healing medium, and believe he is wonderfully gifted with power to heal diseases by the laying on of hands. We believe him to be sincere, honest, and earnest, and we earnestly solicit him to keep on healing and sending us statements of his cures for publication. Those who doubt the statement can write to the parties named for confirmation, if they choose. Most of those—not all—who wish to be healed can be, and those who choose otherwise can die in the holy faith of the revered practice of popular killing, but they shall not have it to say, either in time or in eternity, that we have not declared the facts to them, hoping that we might be instrumental in saving some of them. The following is our neighbor's letter:

NEW BRIGHTON, PA., Oct. 14, 1859.

CHAR. PARTRIDGE, ESQ.:

Dear Sir—Several Spiritualists here, in common with myself, are desirous of further confirmation with reference to such cases of healing as are announced in the TELEGRAPH of Oct. 1, over the signature of Dr. A. G. Fellows.

It seems to us a little singular that cases so extraordinary in their character should elicit no editorial comment or confirmation. I believe I have heard of other cures by the same medium nearly as remarkable; but they were stated as if they were very common-place matters, and as if the people in the neighborhood regarded them with little curiosity or wonder. If such cures were performed in New Brighton, or in almost any village of my acquaintance, it seems to me the inhabitants would be struck with wonder and amazement, and the facts would be proclaimed to the end of the earth. If there were ever any miracles, are not such?

Could a greater work be achieved by any ten laborers in the spiritual field than might be accomplished by Dr. Fellows were he to start on a traveling mission through the land, and "lay his hands" on one or two confirmed invalids in each village on his route, and thus restore them to health?

Such facts as are recorded in the number of the TELEGRAPH referred to, would awaken an interest and stimulate investigation among any community that were not utterly stoical and stupid.

Please let us hear from you concerning this matter.

Yours for truth and progress,

MILB A. TOWNSEND.

"THE THEOCRAT."

This is the title of a new paper (monthly) devoted to spiritual, mental and physical reform. This paper seems to be started to carry out a supposed mission of its chief editor, Mr. J. E. Spence. He says he was sick with pulmonary complaints nigh unto death, in 1852. At this time he was entranced, had a vision, learned his mission, etc. He says, on being entranced a guardian angel came and took charge of him. Among other things, he took him through several spheres, walled inclosures, doors, etc., and finally took from a drawer a roll, on which was written in golden letters, "*Harmonial Rules of Divine Progress*." There were seven distinct sheets, containing specific directions for the age or stages of progress over which it presided. The guide told him he must not look at the six sheets until he had learned to obey the first. The guide told him, "that after he had done this, he could commence with the second, and so on until he had learned and lived them all through, at which time he could enjoy the society of those within the wall, which, said he, is the second sphere of existence."

"Now," said he, (the guide) "read your first lesson." I opened the roll, and the first words that met my eye were, "*Obedience and Divine Progress are twin brothers*, which go hand in hand through the seven purifications of animal existence." After reading the above, he bade me close the roll and lay it with the others in the drawer, which I did. "Now," said he, "you cannot progress to the state of purity which you see in this sphere, unless you observe the order set forth in the rolls, and you cannot take the rolls outside of these walls; neither can you get here without a guide, and you cannot secure a guide without obedience, which if you observe, both you and your wife (who are one in spirit) shall be permitted at pleasure to come and learn together. Therefore, remember your first lesson, that *Obedience and divine Progress are twin brothers*." After which he gave me some special directions pertaining to my recovery, prescribed a course of regimen, and said that if I would obey, in seven days I should be free from disease, and as long as I remembered my first lesson, should be sick no more. He then led me back to my body, when I was told that I had been gone from bodily consciousness, and without food, for sixteen days. The time to me appeared to be about four hours.

NEW PUBLICATION.

THE LADY LILLIAN, and other poems. By E. Young. Lexington, Ga.

This is a neat volume of poems, consisting of nearly 200 pages. The principle poem, "*The Lady Lillian*," occupies about 70 pages, and is an interesting story of the feudal times, well told, the scene being laid in England. Some of the descriptions given in this poem are indeed very fine, and portions of it display considerable dramatic power. This is followed by some thirty-eight other pieces, the most considerable and most interesting of which, perhaps, is the last in the book, entitled, "*The Finding of Sir John Franklin*." We quote a few passages from this latter, as specimens of our poet's style:

Eight summers had made harvests in the land,
Eight winters froze new icebergs at the poles,
Since good Sir John, with two stout ships well manned,
Sailed from the English coast. Alas! poor souls!
Through all the years no word nor sign came back
To tell the wives and mothers of those men
They lived. New ships in search upon their track
Had pierced the icy North, and safe again
Returned, but brought no tidings of the crew:
So hope died out in all except a few
Heroic souls who still, in spite of hope, hoped on;
And one of them was he who went to seek Sir John.

Then follows a graphic description of Dr. Kane's noble impulses, his preparations and departure, and the weary, dreary course of the vessel as she plowed through the solitary sea, among "fogs and mists and fields of floating ice," with "shrinking days" and "retreating sun," until "the salt sea stiffens 'neath the monster's feet, and billows turn to bars of adamant," and she is fast for the long wintery night. Then follows a description of life during that long night of dismal horrors and Arctic frost, the perusal of which will cause the reader's teeth to chatter. After the many months of chilling gloom had passed away, the morn gradually breaks, which the poet sings as follows:

With such a joy as shipwrecked mariners,
After long drifting in a leaky boat,
Hail the faint line upon th' horizon's verge
That tells of wished-for land; so these behold
The first faint streak along the southern sky
That speaks of coming Day. And soon it comes.
A few more revolutions of the earth,
And the faint streak hath broadened into Day,
And then those poor, forlorn, dark-wearied men,
Starving for light, come tottering from the ship,
And gaze with dark-dilated pupils at
The dear old Sun. Sure this is not the place,
The dismal world where they have pined so long!
Yonder are gleaming shafts of porphyry,
Of ruby, opal, jasper, and white onyx:
Majestic columns, plinths, and architraves,
Wonderful ruins of some wondrous temple,
Scattered confusedly afar and near:
How beautiful the scene to their sick eyes!
It is the blessed sunlight makes it so.

The gallant Kane, of course, returns from the realm of ice without finding Sir John, but subsequently finds him in a warmer and far more genial clime. Emerging from his shattered body, he found himself, with frame instinct with vigor and heart throbbing with new life, in a little boat self-propelled upon a stream, and borne toward a shore in the blue distance, which, as he neared, he found covered with elysian groves and radiant with jewel-petaled flowers.

Right onward sped the little boat, and now
Upon the silver-sanded beach he saw a host
In radiant apparel, but more radiant
With joy unspeakable that shed
A brightness o'er them even in that bright air.
The foremost of them all, one stood, his feet
Lapped by the ripples of the stream, and he,
As near the shore the little boat sped on,
Walked knee-deep in the water, seized the prow
And bore it shoreward; then with smiling face
Took hold upon his hand, and lifted him
Ashore, and then my hero knew it was Sir John.
A moment looked they in each other's eyes,
Then breast to breast they kissed each other on the cheek,
And good Sir John, still clasping hand in hand,
Cried: "Welcome! Friend and Brother! welcome here!"
And all the radiant host with one accord
Clustered around him, kissed him lovingly,
And cried: "Dear Friend and Brother! welcome here!"

This poem has a peculiar interest just at this time, in view of the definite tidings that were recently received in relation to the earthly fate of Sir John and his men.

We can not, of course, pronounce the performances of our poet entirely faultless, but his defects mostly occur in his minor pieces, and are found principally in the rhythm, and in what perhaps might sometimes be pronounced an inartistic ending of the lines, the terminal words sometimes being too small and insignificant, as well as lacking in perfect rhyme. As a whole, however, the work is worthy of decided commendation, and deserving of a generous patronage, which we hope it may receive. It may be obtained at this office, price 75 cents.

SPIRITS PLAY THE GUITAR, AND MOVE PONDERABLE OBJECTS.

At half-past 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 18th of October last, Miss Louisa Millis and her father; Dr. J. F. Gray, Dr. R. T. Hallock, and Charles Partridge and wife, formed a Spirit circle at the house of Mr. Partridge. We sat around a table about four feet square, supported by a center-piece with extended feet. Miss Millis sat by the side of Mr. Partridge, opposite to Drs. Gray and Hallock; and Mr. Millis sat at one end of the table, opposite to Mrs. Partridge. The guitar was placed under the table, between the center-stand and Drs. Gray and Hallock—a position which rendered it impossible for any person to touch it except Drs. Gray and Hallock. In this position the guitar was thrummed and played, and moved about vigorously. We were asked by the Spirits (through the alphabet) to sing; and we sang several tunes, and the time was correctly thrummed to each of them, and to some of them a very respectable accompaniment was played on the guitar. We purposely and suddenly varied the time in our singing, and the performer on the instrument varied with us; and in all cases (unless by a very sudden change and for one sound,) the time was correctly thrummed as by fingers on the strings of the guitar.

Mr. Partridge's chair was moved back from the table by some invisible agency, and his attention was called to the position of the feet of Mr. and Mrs. Millis. Both of them had their feet back either side of their chairs, as far away from the instrument as possible, while sitting at the table, and we all saw distinctly that no person touched the instrument. Miss Millis was finally drawn back in a similar manner (by invisible power) so that we all saw the space between her and the instrument; and at the same time the instrument continued playing, and sometimes moving. A small bell had been put under the table, which was taken up often and rung, and then dropped down.

The time to some of the tunes was beat on Mr. Partridge's boot. He finally took his boot off, and it was then rapped on his stocking, and something feeling like a hand felt of and grasped his foot. This was when he sat at the table, before the Spirits drew back his chair. We finally placed a sheet of paper and pencil under the table. This paper was moved about considerably, and after we were drawn back from the table we saw it move. It was folded up and straightened out again, and moved all around under the table, but we could see no organism moving it. The table was also moved and twisted nearly half round and back again.

After Mr. Partridge's chair was moved back, raps were made on the back leg of it. Finally, we all stood up round the table, and at sufficient distance from it for all of us to see that no person touched it, either by hand or foot; and while thus standing, the table was moved partly round, and tipped up one side and then the other; and while this was going on, a chair nearly behind Mr. Partridge tipped over backward, and another moved up and crowded itself between Miss Millis and Mr. Partridge into the center of the circle, with the table, and then they both moved in various directions. The chair which tipped over backward, and the one which moved into the circle, were standing too far from the persons there to render it possible for them to have touched them. While standing up round the table, Mrs. Partridge changed places with Mr. Partridge, so that she and Miss Millis stood side by side; and while thus standing, the sheet of paper was moved vigorously under the table, where we all saw it, and also moved under the dresses of Miss Millis and Mrs. Partridge, sometimes appearing in sight behind them, and was seen thus moving by all persons present.

These physical manifestations were interspersed by communications from the Spirits, relating chiefly to our circle, and what they were going to do. They all occurred in the light of day, and full opportunity was given to each person to see them; and we mention the names of the persons present to give opportunity to any skeptic to see or address inquiries to the members of the circle respecting the accuracy of this statement. We know there was no machinery or other preparation to aid Mr. and Miss Millis, or any other person, to produce these phenomena, they never having been in my house before this time. Miss Millis is giving seances at 155 Greene-street, at Dr. Hussey's.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

REV. E. H. CHAPIN'S DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED ON SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 23, 1859.

"And another came, saying, Lord, behold, here is thy pound, which I have kept laid up in a napkin."—Luke 19:20.

The parable to which these words belong, applies to the entire conduct of life, and is therefore, of course, rich with practical suggestions. It is the parable of the ten pounds which, whether it be essentially the same or not, as the parable of the ten talents contained in the Gospel of Matthew (though it differs from it at least in form) conveys, in some respects, very much the same lessons. As we take it up for our meditation, I suppose the question which it would most immediately suggest to us—to the individual conscience and heart—would be this: "What use do I make of my powers and opportunities? or, to put it in another form, Am I putting my powers and opportunities to the best use? The spiritual significance of the parable may be drawn from the consideration of these three points:

First. Every man in this world is entrusted with a power.

Second. The obligation rests upon every man to use his power.

Third. Each of us is bound to make the best use of his power.

In the first place, I say, every man has his power. Every man who stands in this world is himself a distinct and peculiar power. The application of the parable to this point of my remarks consists in the fact that, in the case of man, this is an entrusted power. The power of nature is an unconscious power; it moves in blind obedience, and in fixed orbits, according to a higher will. The peculiarity of man's power, I repeat, is in this, it is a power with trusts; he can use it, or abuse it; he can make much of it, or little of it; or, we may say, he can make nothing of it. It makes no difference what kind of power each separate individual is entrusted with—the principle is the same in this matter of entrusted powers.

There is one respect in which men widely differ, and one respect in which they are all alike. They differ in the power which may be brought to bear upon their social relations, and in their work and influence in the world. They are alike in the possession of an inward trust, which is the gift of every man who comes into the world, and which he is essentially to keep, to exercise, and to watch. It is not necessary to dwell upon so trite a proposition, that men differ in the power which may be brought to bear upon their external relations in the world; one man is wealthy, another has talents, another is prominent and influential in the social field, and another has nothing peculiarly distinctive in this way, but yet, he, too, has his power; he can do something in the great work and movement better than somebody else can. Humble and small though it be, that is his gift. It is not necessary to dwell upon this fact in itself, but it may be well to notice one or two inferences growing out of it. First, whatsoever the position may be in itself, it is verily a power. It has its capacity for influence, and for good or evil in the world. In form, it may be wealth, genius, or social rank; it may be strength of body, or some very humble skill or capacity, but in essence it is a power, and not in any sense incapacity or utter weakness. But let us remember whatever it is, and however intensely our personality may be implicated with it, it is a gift, it is a trust, and therefore there is no legitimate ground for boasting of the thing itself; nay, there is, or rather there should be, a deep sense of responsibility.

This man has great talents, has vast scientific ability, and profound, philosophic capacity; he is a poet, he is an orator, but where is his ground of boasting? what is there for him to be vain of? All this should be absorbed in the intense consciousness of a great trust to be discharged. You say he is a gifted man, and there is something more than the mere term in that statement; it contains a strong, moral emphasis, if you only consider it. He is gifted; he has ten talents; he has five pounds, and these are given to him by his Lord and Master, for him to use—not that he has bestowed them upon him for his own self-congratulation, but that he may nobly employ them, and cause them to bring in the highest rate of interest. And what a contemptible thing is it—nay, my hearers, what a sinful thing is it—for a man to be strutting about with his talents, and holding up the opportunities which lie about him only as a mirror for his own vanity! The world is indeed a mirror, if he will look upon it aright; it mirrors not his capacity, but his responsibility. In every thing that stands or moves, he may behold respectful, obedient work, and discharged obligations, all done unconsciously, as I have said, but all done by the direction of a higher will.

This only renders more emphatic his position who has a will of his own; he may pervert and abuse his gifts, as nature does not, and can not. So is it, then, with a man of genius and talent; his works and his powers are gifts, and, in fact, he is a gifted man; but if he only uses these gifts for his own vanity and self-conceit, I say, he makes a mean and selfish, however splendid, use of these gifts.

One man has great wealth; he has made money, and he is very fond of telling of it. You can see that is the little peculiar crest of vanity he wears, that is his insignia of aristocracy. Perhaps, in other respects, he is a very amiable and worthy man; but he is very fond of telling how he built up his fortune, how he took his coat off, went into the world, and laid brick after brick, stone after

stone, until he had built up this splendid fabric of accumulation. After all, it is his gift! God Almighty had strung the sinews of his arms, and endowed him with the vigor of health to brave all sorts of weather, and do all sorts of work. His money is his gift, and, therefore, he has no business to make a selfish use of it. God did not come to him, and say, "Here is thy pound, occupy till I come;" but in every faculty by which he was enabled to attain that position in life, in every circumstance in which he brought him to gain it, he did commit that trust to him, and he is bound to bring something out of that trust, not only for himself, but for the giver. If he does not do as he is bound, to the full extent of his gifts and capacities, this world is no better for him; with all his wealth, in reality he is no better; he has made nothing of it, and, so far as its moral uses are concerned, it is laid up in a napkin.

Still another man possesses high, social rank; he plumes himself upon his birth and connections. Now, no doubt, such a position has advantages, and a man thrown upon the topmost crest of the world's wave, may use the position in which he is placed for great good. But, after all, remember it is but his gift, and it is worse than worthless—it is, of all others, the very meanest, scaliest kind of boasting—when a man speaks of how he is related and descended, while resting his back lazily upon the feather-bed of luxury and profit. That is, of all things, the meanest; and we have an element of it in our society, which is one of the worst things we have. We can not, of course, boast of true blood-nobility, but we do boast of some little petty distinction, and we make thoroughly the most of it. But this is God's gift, and if you do not use it for something else than your own peacock-vanity and miserable pride—of all things in the world, you are the most useless man!

Now here you perceive is the moral danger in the case of those who are peculiarly favored with what we call power. Whatever may be the special power which they have, it is only a gift; and unless they use it to the highest possibilities, and unless they put it to something else than a selfish use, in God's weighing and in God's reckoning, it is only a simple formal after all.

And here is the actual danger—the great danger in reality; because the drift of the parable bears principally in its operation upon the case of those whose position and influence here is humble and small—and of course, take it in one way or another, this comprises the great majority of mankind. The very fact that men are high in position, rises from the fact that they stand above the general level of mankind. Therefore, the danger of sinning against God—the danger of taking a wrong view of life—lies with those who are moderately and humbly endowed in any of these particulars. They are very apt to think they have no power at all, and that because their gifts are small and their means limited, it makes but little consequence what they do in the world. They underrate not only their social position, but their moral significance; and out of this comes just that kind of sin, and just that kind of evil result upon which the parable was mostly intended to bear. They say virtually, of the rich, the intellectual and the educated, that God expects something of them; he has thrown them into prominent positions and endowed them with large facilities, and of course they must do a great work.

Now, then, how do we know that they do not do their work? People are very apt sometimes to underrate the real good done by rich people, or by great people in this world, and to ascribe to them much more vanity, pride and selfishness than they really possess.

Here was Zaccheus, in the narrative just preceding the text, who proved to be a very worthy sort of a man. Christ saw what he was; Christ found in him those possibilities which the great crowd did not believe in because he was a tax-gatherer—for rich men receive this kind of odium, and that is the way in which some persons underrate the good done by people in high positions in this world. I say that the man with moderate means and limited capacities is disposed to throw the whole burden of the world's work upon those in high places; but he has no business to assume, without positive proof, that they do not do their share of the work. But this feeling of non-responsibility, because we stand in a lower position in life and with limited capacities, is to be checked by one or two considerations—one of which I alluded to just now: Each man can do something better than anybody else can. God never made two leaves alike, to quiver in the summer wind, and never made two men exactly alike; somewhere or other there is a hidden skill, a possible faculty which, if men will only consider it, can be brought up to more good service than in another man.

We speak of ministers having a "call" from God. Some of them, I think, do, and some of them do not; but one thing is certain—every man has a call from God Almighty that really throws himself with earnest zeal into the work of life; and he who asks with a deep sense of moral responsibility, "What am I to do?" will find some little shred of power which will link him to God's plan, and enable him to work out results incalculable.

How is the world's work done? Is it all accomplished by great men? Is all the work of science, for instance, done by men whose names are high? (for after all, the really illustrious men you can easily count on your fingers.) Or is it done by the humble man, each in his own little apartment, in the smoke of his own laboratory, in the silence of his own observatory, adding to the great common stock?

And all the great work of civilization—has it been done by those who have written out theories of Government? Has it been done by those who have proclaimed laws to the world? Doubtless they

have done their part; but is this all? What would community be to-day, if the whole of its virtue, honesty, common trust and industry depended upon the few prominent men? How the integrity of society depends upon the small things of life—as I said last Sunday—each man doing the work which he felt called to do; toiling ever here just as the little coral insects are toiling under the sea, each building up his shell, or as each little worm spinning his co-coon, but all tending toward the great result! Nature is immense in its little things! Is it the mountain alone that controls the great blessings of the globe? or the vast sea that spreads out before you? Don't you know how every little forest leaf, every tangled plant, every atom, every drop, helps make up the great whole? Strike out of its existence that small entity—hauk it in its work—hinder it in its effort, and you will see the change in the whole universe. So evenly has God balanced all things in the universe, that the alterations of a single atom would alter the character of the whole. The wealth of the material universe is in small things, and not simply in the great mountains that heave their bald heads to catch the thunder; or in the ocean, that sweeps in vast magnificence around the globe.

So, I repeat, the great work of the world must be done principally by men faithful in little affairs, and true and earnest in their own place. No man has a right to say, I am of no consequence, and have nothing to do. We must remember that the great call to every man is for the service of humanity, but not for self-abnegation—not for an utter denial of his powers; because the moment a man gets that idea, he can not do anything, and will not do anything. There is nothing after all so inspiring as to convince a man that he has some kind of power. There is nothing comes in so pertinently—and I know this by my own experience—to a young man who is starting in any career in life, as to give him a helping word of praise, a kind word, a judicious word in earnest at the start, showing him that he has some power—breathing the breath that kindles the little flame higher and higher. You can not tell how much good it does; because every man stands, as it were, upon probation, to see what he can do when starting in life; and he is helped wonderfully by telling him of some power which he possesses. And it is a terrible thing, in the case of the poor, miserable outcast, to tell him that he has not within him an atom of goodness; and the world generally, in its aspect toward him, tells him he is lost and utterly fallen. The most outrageous doctrine to create a moral paralysis, is the doctrine of total depravity; and the most outrageous of all social positions toward the worst of men, is to act in such a way as to convince him that there is not the least faith in him, and that he can not do anything.

How much there is in that passage that I have read this morning, which says, "that Christ came to seek and save that which was lost." He came to blow up the spark that was almost trampled out; He came to find the jewelry that was covered up with the rubbish; He came to seek for the lost silver; He came to find the lost sheep and bring it home; He came uttering words of power, and teaching each human soul its full capacity, convincing it that it can do something noble and good, weak and degraded as it may be.

Remember the Publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" What humility that was, yet it was not self-abnegation; he was not convinced that he could do nothing: that was not the kind of humility breathed forth in that prayer. He convinced himself of one thing; he was strong enough to be a sinner, he had capacity enough to be a sinner; there was a sense of responsibility and feeling, and a consecutive sense of power, breathed in that prayer, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

So every man, however humble he may be, must beware that he does not underrate his powers, especially if he is going to excuse thereby his moral responsibility. Oh, the silent influences of man's personality—who can calculate them? Every action will catch into the great cog-wheel of events. Who can describe the power of a word of truth uttered by some lowly and humble man? Who can tell the power of a kind and noble action touching upon other actions? who can limit it? Take the great financial world, for instance; who can know what power and influence the little things done on the farm or in the workshop may have upon the integrity of the great commercial world at large? It has its influence and effect upon the entire system. Whenever any man puts forth his action, however small, upon the wave of life; whenever he throws his talent out, it strikes on some other action, and he does something. Beware, then, I repeat, how you underrate your influence, because you are not rich nor talented, nor stand in a high social position. You cannot excuse your responsibility, and if God has given you one pound, you are bound to make the best use of it.

Let me say still again in this connection, that power is in purpose rather than in capacity, after all. It is the purpose of life, the devotion, the earnestness—that is what does the work. When you want to carry out any great object what do you need most—brains or soul? Who is the man that does the work—the man who thinks straight but sits still, or the man who precipitates himself, and throws his full soul into his work? Brains do their poor work very well, but they sit away upon the mountain-tops of meditation, and it takes a long while for their work to creep down in little, silent rills from the mountain summits, to the arable valley below. The men who are all on fire with purpose are the men that do the work; purpose makes up for talent, and often does more than talent.

If we take the census of influence, we shall find that the men and women whose pulses beat against our pulses, whose hearts beat against our hearts, are they who move forward the currents of events. I do not mean to say that we shall not find the most intellectual

people—people with the most talents, doing their work, but after all, it is those who are most on fire with purpose. It was a fiery purpose which sent Paul forth to preach the Gospel to the Gentile world. The fiery purpose it was that made the words of Martin Luther rock all Christendom! And it is the power which shall kindle our every faculty. Take any right or honest purpose, and who can calculate its results?

So much is to be taken into consideration, under this head of my remarks. So far every man has a power bearing upon his social relations and his outward work. Men greatly differ in talents, will and application; but they are alike in the fact that what they have of power is a gift, but it is a power. And this brings the parable of the talents into harmony with the parable of the pound. The parable of the talents shows us where men differ, and the parable of the pounds shows us where they are all alike. When you come to consider power as a gift, and power as a possibility, which men may have, then they come to stand upon an equality of power, I repeat, though he has but one pound intrusted to him.

I have said also that men are alike in the possession of an inward trust; every man has at least this thing, which is a charge for him to keep; he has his own soul to take care of and look after. Whether high or low, rich or poor, God endows you with that! Oh, no coronet which in His providence He sets upon the brow of kings—no weapon which, in the course of events, is committed into the hands of any conqueror—no gift of eloquence, or poesy, or philosophy, or of science, which moves the world, is to you so great—and in God's sight as an essential thing, so great—as this of your own soul, with its immortal destinies, with its limitless capacities and its deathless affections! This you have, whatever is your position. God Almighty has given to every man the charge of his own soul, and says to him, "Occupy till I come." Occupy till you are called to render up this soul to give its account.

Oh, my friends, how do all other things shrivel before this immense responsibility that is in every man! how do all outward things grow dim! how does brocade and velvet become like rags, and coronets become as tinsel, before the possession of this immortal nature, which God says, Occupy, exercise, watch over and take care of, till I come. Ah! that which you carry with you, after all, is the thing which you are to consider, and not that which you leave behind you; it makes comparatively little difference what may be its rank or position. When we come to lay with our hands folded upon the breast, and with our eyes closed in silence, what matters it, whether we are clothed with the robes of a king or the rags of a beggar? Silently and invisibly down the dark and mystic river has drifted a soul that has carried with it all that is really worthy, all that is true, all that is of any object in all that we do, or in all that we are seeking for in life.

I repeat, it is a great thing to think of, that man has such a thing intrusted to him. We may say that nature is *fixed capital*, while every man, if we may use the term, is *speculative capital*, the possibilities of which you cannot limit. God knows what nature will do; God knows what each power of the material world will perform. Indeed, He knows what you will do, but He has not given it to you to know. You are speculative capital, and it is terrible when, as to the highest and best powers you possess, you must say, "Here, Lord, is thy pound, which I have kept tied up in a napkin."

This brings me directly to the second head of my remarks. Every man is bound to use his power. I have shown that he has a power, that he is himself this power, and every man is bound to use this power. Of course this is implied by the very gift of power, for there is nothing in God's universe which is superfluous; and even that which we call reserved power is merely power regarded in its uses—power kept back for use. So I repeat, there is no power that is not in one way or another, meant to be used.

Is it not impressive to see how everything faithfully discharges its trust, as it comes up under God's supervision? It would be a great thing, but one which I scarcely ever expect to see in this locality, if we could walk the streets and find everything in its place, and all the higher powers when they should be all moving in harmony with each other. It is so in nature; there is no discord there—no break, though it may jar with the thunder or heave with the earthquake. All things are using this power to the highest capacity, but man, man alone is guilty of the sin of unused power.

For remember, the condemnation in the parable falls upon the servant who did *nothing*—did nothing but reason just as some men would reason now, if they reason at all. They think they can do nothing, because, as they say, they have no means of accomplishing any end in life; they have but a small capacity and limited influence. The severe answer of the Lord and Master to the servant who did nothing bears upon this point. He was guilty of unused power; if he could have done nothing else, he should have put his pound where it would draw interest. "Wherefore, then," says the Master, "givest not thou my money into the bank, that at my coming I might have acquired mine own with usury?" But he did not make any use of it.

We are here on this earth, not merely to be acted upon and enjoy ourselves, but to *do something*. It is not a mere garden of luxury and ease; it is not a mere field in which, like cattle, we are to graze and die; but we are placed here, that, in one way or another, we may recognize the fact that we have something to do. The great law of God is uttered in various ways, and comes to us in inevitable realities: "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread." Some may shrink

body else. You take the man who has struggled into such a position that he has no call to do anything, and he is the most miserable man in the world; there is incalculable hardship in such a condition. He may like the repose of indolence for a little while; he may plunge into one excitement after another, but it will all be unsatisfactory. He is a poor, feverish creature, and though he may not know it, continually cries out for something to do. What is all the glory of nature, what is the value of a rich estate, if a man does not fall in with that stern but blessed ordinance, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread."

Thank God for work, and for every occasion which calls for strain of sinew and strength of arm, for thinking brain and sweating brow! Thank God for what is given us freely and spontaneously; but above all, thank God for that which requires us to toil before we get it, else should we be the most miserable of all beings with intellects and souls.

But while all men thus recognize in some way this great law in nature, all men do not recognize that great law which bids them aspire to their full spiritual capacity and to the highest ends. They do not put their best powers to use; they let their souls wilt and rust. They do work in one way or another, in the feverish quest after excitement, but they do not recognize the great responsibility that rests upon them, in the demand of their higher powers and nobler relations. God calls upon you to use these powers. God's economy is *use*! The great economy of the world is not hoarding, not restraining, not keeping back.

That which *produces* is the thing that God requires, and the way in which he manifests his economy is in use, not hoarding. Don't you make the miser—the genuine miser—to be the most miserable type of man? he who simply is hoarding up, laying by and salting down; here, perhaps, salting it with the widow's tears, there salting it, perhaps, with blood; continually drawing in the dollars and sucking them away;—wherever you see a man like that, you will have to probe very deep before you find any soul at all, for all his being is absorbed in the one faculty of accumulation. Don't you say he is the most *extravagant* man on earth; he is letting everything noble in him die—letting his affections die, and all his capacities for lofty thought die—all this is perishing, and yet he thinks he is *economical*! God pity such economists as he! God delights in *use* and in *production*. May we not reverently say that there was joy even with God, when He had made all things; when He sent the worlds spinning through space; when He cast the constellations, in all their braided glory, across the heavens; when He made the grass, and caused the flowers to bloom. Doubtless there was joy with God, and that joy continues in everything produced. You think things are wasted—that that poor lump of carrion is all waste—that the leaves falling to-day in the October sunshine are wasted! No such thing! Wait till by and by, and the dead leaves and the carrion, wasting as you think them, will come up in roses and in golden corn. You think it is waste, perhaps, when God takes from you some object of desire—when he takes some child of your love, some partner of your life. Is it waste? Look into your own soul, and see the loftier spiritual affections that have come up there since that bereavement, and you see through the vistas of faith what shall be when God shall bring all together again in the grand synthesis of his plan. That which seemed to you waste will be found to be use, and the noblest economy. And, oh man, that only is true economy in which you use your powers.

Indolence is waste. "The slothful man is brother to him who is a great waster;" he belongs to the same family, and sometimes changes place with him—he is a waster. The indolent man is the waste-pipe of creation. He is the waster who lives and does nothing; lazy, especially morally lazy, spiritually dead, blind and inefficient. I repeat, then, my friends, that of all things in this world we are called upon to use our power; and it is a dreadful, it is a most terrible sin, when a man can only say, "Lord, here is thy talent, which I have kept laid up in a napkin."

Christ enunciates this law, and closes up the parable here with these words: "For I say unto you, that unto every one which hath shall be given; and from him that hath not, even that he hath shall be taken away."

Let no man think, because he does nothing, that nothing is done by or through him; and because a man thinks he is doing no harm, that no harm is really done. He is doing harm if he is not doing good—if some positive benefit is not flowing from his life. Power not used, is wasted. Your powers don't keep as they were; you do not bring your soul back to God Almighty as you received it; it has changed and lost by your inaction. When men of fine abilities have nothing to do, rust out, and are all out of place, every faculty that is not employed becomes less and less efficient.

Men do not differ so much in abilities, after all. Sometimes men are called in God's providence to do great work, and gifted with peculiar powers; but after all, it is use that makes the difference. Use your talent and you will be able to do something greater; let it live idle, and you will be smaller to-morrow than you are to-day. We not only have power, but we are required to use our power.

That of course brings us to the other head of my remarks: that we are all of us bound to make the *best* use of our power—of our entrusted gift. For after all we find that men *do* use their powers in very many ways, but alas! not always in the best ways. There is no proof, because a man has power, that he will use it in the best way. Men use their powers, but not in perfect harmony—they play upon one string. They belong to the class of one-string men, playing one monotonous tune in life. One man may work the body to destruc-

tion, and another man may work his brain; but how few do we find who harmoniously wed the two!

I am thankful for anything that calls us out for exercise and bodily vigor. Let us not, however, rush into an extreme in that direction, but keep everything in harmony: let the intellect do its work, the soul do its work, the body do its work.

I may say there are three general motives of action. One man acts solely from his own will. He says, "I will do this thing." God has given him power, but he leaves him free; and the man says, "I will do this thing, or leave it undone." He can not bear any restraint, he is very jealous of his liberty; and perhaps he is all the while one of the meanest of slaves, and a miserable tool of his appetites—a poor float upon the current of events; and yet he prides himself on his will! How often this assumption thrusts itself upon us!

Oh, the power of man's will! It is a grand thing to contemplate. This is the real distinction of man over all other creatures; a will—a power to do this or that—the power to do right or wrong. No being in the visible universe possesses this power but man—the power to do right or wrong. The power of will clothes with splendor the path of achievement; and he rises nearer and nearer in his likeness to God. He has power to change even the forces of nature, and stamp the results of his thought upon things around him—he has power with the will to go wrong, to do basely and dethrone himself.

How terrible is the contemplation, consequently, when a man lives merely from his will, unregarding and inconsiderate as to all else, having no law above himself! Is it not a sad thing to see a young man, with all the powers of life all fresh, like a wild horse snorting over the prairie and plunging headlong, going as he will? Ah, my friends, it is the case with two many people; they are doing just what they will, and their will has no supreme and guiding law!

Again, there are those who act from motives of *policy*. They would like to sin, perhaps, but it is too expensive; so they had better not sin—that's the idea. Now, in some respects, this meanness has a little good in it; it is at least beneficial to community, because men are restricted a little. A man says, "I had better be honest because it pays; every lie sticks out its ugly head and exposes me at last, and in one way or another I get a bad odor among men." It is a contemptible way of living in your business. This being honest because it is the best *policy*—or doing better because it will pay—is itself a wretched moral condition. There is, to be sure, a recognition of *law*—a certain show of service; but I tell you what it is, I am more afraid of the sneaking knaves than of the bold ruffians.

This servant, when he undertook to reason, made miserable logic of it, because he knew his master was a hard master, and he should therefore at least have put his money in the bank. This mode of false reasoning—this doing good because it is policy—is an unstable way of reasoning. I am afraid it is at the bottom of a great deal of religious reasoning, too. Men make faith and duty matters of policy and insurance. You can sneak around evil and keep as close to it as you can, but don't step over—it don't pay.

The highest way, the noblest way of living, is when a man says "I must," and "I ought" to do so and so; God has given me something to do; he has endowed me with an immortal soul, and I ought to use it to learn God's will, and to do his work in the world. My friends, it is a great thing when the "I must" becomes "I ought;" when men don't feel that they are *constrained* to do what is right, that they are *forced* to do it; but when they do it *freely*. The great German metaphysician speaks of "the categorical imperative transfigured by love;" in other words, God's law and right becomes the law of our free-will; God's law becomes transfigured into something we love to do; and when we say we *ought* to do this, we are glad to do it. I am glad I am put here for God's best purposes; I am glad I can serve him.

Hearer, how is it with you? Do you not see what you ought to do; and what *do* you do? What is the logic of your life? Are you using your pound to the best advantage? your faculties to the best advantage for others, and for yourself? Is your soul vital with God's law, working according to God's will? You are placed in this universe with a power; are you using that power to the best advantage? And remember, we are all accountable, and we must render an account to God, and we should continually recognize this accountability. You are accountable from your influence, from your political or social power; but if you deny, or fail in your duty to mankind, in one way or another, you will experience the misery of that denial.

Use your powers, and the approval, "Well done, good and faithful servant," shall be yours. Abuse your powers, and you will receive the evil of that abuse. Here comes one man, with high powers, with a splendid intellect, and large influence; and he must say, "O God, I have abused my powers, I have trampled the coronet of this nature of mine into the mire of my appetites; I have been a man who has sought my own selfish ends, through the bazeness of political jugglery and social influence; I have been a man who has brutalized and debased myself; all thy pounds I have wasted, and scattered to the winds;" that is a terrible thing to say; but I tell you what is full as bad; it is when one comes and brings his little withered soul that has not grown a bit, and says, "O Lord, here is thy pound which I have kept laid up in a napkin!"

Mrs. M. H. Coles in Boston.

We are informed that this Trance Speaker has been highly successful in her late efforts in Boston.

SPIRITUAL LYCEUM AND CONFERENCE.

HELD EVERY TUESDAY EVEN'G, IN CLINTON HALL, EIGHTH ST., NEAR B'WAY.

SEVENTY-FIRST SESSION.

QUESTION: The influence of rum, tobacco, etc., on the other life, continued.

Mr. PARTRIDGE—At the close of the last Conference, it will be recollected, he expressed a hope that on this occasion all would come prepared to state facts, if they have any, touching the question before us. Substantially it is the old question—the identical bone of theological contention which for centuries has divided the religious world. It lies at the bottom of the controversy between Orthodoxy and Universalism so called, and is, in fact, the moot point in all individual controversy respecting the character of the other life. Can it be settled now? Are we, as Spiritualists, in possession of the requisite knowledge to lay this perturbed spirit of controversy, which for ages has haunted the Church like a nightmare, and ridden its doctors of divinity, with switch and spur, throughout the entire journey from the “dawn of the Reformation” down to the “general suspense of faith?”

We claim that Spirits communicate; that we receive many noble ideas, elevating influences, and undoubted evidence of purified affection from Spirits; and it is also maintained that doctrines, practices and influences directly the opposite are also inculcated and actually enjoyed by human beings who have left the body. What is wanted is a truthful and explicit statement of the facts upon which this latter conclusion rests. It is affirmed by some who question its soundness, that the facts put forth in support of the doctrine of evil spirits and their influence do not belong to that class of evidence which is the basis of Spiritualism, as accepted by all who have made it a matter of careful investigation. They say that mental states are transferable; that the mind in certain cases, through the law of transfer, may be infected with an error as certainly (and by the same law) as one man, under certain conditions, may take the small-pox, for example, from another, while, in both cases the parties may be, and generally are, unconscious of the origin of the mischief. In short, they claim that what are called the facts of mesmerism are a ready index to the character of the reputed diabolism, showing its natural relation with mesmeric phenomena, and, of consequence, to be of mundane origin. He does not fully coincide with this view; but it is a position taken, and those who hold it, necessarily can not be driven therefrom by any facts which may be ascribed to what they call mesmeric transfer; and if it be true that an impressible mind may catch the “doctrine of devils” from a creed, as surely as the negative body may take the itch from one who has it, he does not see but they stand upon a sound foundation.

What they require as evidence is, facts which can not be put in the schedule of mesmerism; such, for example, as the production of writing in locked drawers or rooms, or under other circumstances precluding the possibility of having been written by mortals. They say they have such facts (and he knows they have), and that these facts, as witnessed all over the country, are uniformly of a sound moral character—that is to say, they inculcate the virtues; and what is required is, that the opposite character and purposes popularly ascribed to evil Spirits, shall be made to appear by proof as irrefragable as are the facts upon which the existence of the spiritual world and its virtues are accepted as true. He thinks they are right in this; and if so, then is indicated what kind of evidence is needed. They have persistently maintained from the beginning that all the facts they have yet been able to verify as of unquestionable Spirit origin, have invariably had an end of use; and they have proclaimed from first to last, that whosoever has witnessed facts equally unquestionable as to spiritual origin, manifesting a different character, purpose or end, would confer a public benefit by stating them. The spiritual world, they say, is a question of fact; its reality is demonstrated by facts resulting entirely from its own volition, and justice demands, therefore, that its character be inferred from its own acts, and not from what men and women say of it, whether the utterance be from the trance, mesmeric or natural state.

Mr. P. said it was competent for those who thought there were evil Spirits, to show, if they can, that those Spirits who can write communications without the use of a human organism, in rooms locked up and by themselves, are in a different state or have different capabilities from others who are called evil, and therefore that evil Spirits can not utter themselves in that mode, but can only do it through mesmeric or similar states.

Dr. HALLOCK, by way of indicating the nature of evidence (in his judgment) requisite to prove the love of tobacco, murder, etc., to exist in the other life, related the facts witnessed by himself and others at the house of Mr. Swain, in Buffalo, and read a correspondence relating thereto [all of which will be found on page 330]. He said, the experience of every day deepened the conviction in his mind that there is no progress for the student of Spiritualism—no safety in the path of his philosophy—save and except only as that path is illuminated by the rays of actual manifestation by Spirits. This is the pillar of fire by night and of cloud by day, which is to guide the earnest wanderer through the wilderness of ignorance and error which lies between the Egypt of dogmatic

theology and the land of promise, flowing with the milk and honey of light and truth. In the absence of these, the wayfarer is in the dark, and without a guide. The history of Spiritualism is abundant in proof, that whosoever persistently sets up a philosophy, or proclaims himself “wise” above what spiritual facts have “written” concerning Spiritualism, is sure to land in that sphere or state of mental obfuscation, quite overlooked by too many reputed seers, but long since discovered by an English poet, and by him named, “The limbus of vanity.”

The Doctor had the further effrontery to declare himself of the opinion that for the modern Spiritualist who for forty years, more or less, had conscientiously rejected all word-testimony, whether of Bible or priest, Salem witchcraft, the Sunday-school, or the sayings of clairvoyants, as incompetent to establish the fact of life beyond the grave—to build an hypothesis affirming the diabolical character of some in that life wholly upon word-testimony, is an unmitigated satire upon his own proficiency as a philosopher, and an outrage upon logical justice.

When an individual departed this life and entered upon the other, manifests a love of vice and crime by evidence as conclusive as that which compelled the skeptic, after the most careful investigation, to admit the fact of the life itself, then are those charming features beaming from Church-creeds—those “lines of beauty” which Hogarth never drew—the villainess of human nature, the justice of hell-torments, “obsession” by evil Spirits, and ultimate “possession” by the “devil,” established forever as the living portrait of the “sound doctrine.” As it is, or rather as it appears to him in all the light yet focalized upon these prominent features of Church theology, they do not rise to the dignity of a wood-cut caricature of the theology which is true; that is to say, they are false altogether.

Dr. YOUNG: If in the other life he is to lose the love of tobacco and other things belonging to his present habits or predilections, he should deem it equivalent to annihilation, for the reason that he would be incapable of self-identification. (Here the reporter was seized with a spasm of sympathetic horror that his learned friend had become so thoroughly interpenetrated by and assimilated with “a paper of fine cut,” as to endanger his identity should he throw away his “quid,” that he broke his reportorial pencil, and before he could repair the damage, and become cool enough to handle it again, the speaker had subsided.)

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Mr. BENNING knew a medium, whose dress indicated an upright and Christian character—that is to say, he looked like a Shaker, and he believed he had previously been a Methodist. He was possessed by a Spirit who delighted in cursing and swearing. Through prayer effectual and fervent, to which this Spirit was at first very much opposed, he (not Mr. Benning) was induced to leave off cursing, and finally, through his (Mr. Benning's) influence, a progressed Spirit was induced to take charge of him and introduce him to his mother, who had pierced the upper spheres to a light quite beyond the reach of maternal sympathy.

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the value of three cents. Johnson procured one—market value, twelve and a half cents—and at the time appointed Jim took his seat at the table, ate his shad and cream pie with voracious appetite, and smoked away at his best quality cigar like a locomotive. By way of postscript, Mr. Dresser added that “Jim” appeared in the person of a lady well known to many in this city as a clairvoyant, and that all the swearing, drinking, eating and smoking was done through her lips. Mr. Dresser also produced a written statement concerning the Irishman who, though in the Spirit world, could by no means get on without the drop of whisky so congenial to his taste while in the body; but as the incipient affidavit does not add in the least to the value of the fact as stated in the report of the last Conference, the reader is respectfully thereunto referred.

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Dr. HALLOCK: True, when we have found a law, we have discovered an eternal principle; but are we sure that we have found the law or laws governing the manifestation of life in the body? It is asked, “Does the Spirit, while in the body, love tobacco?” He who can put a question like that, certainly has not made the necessary discovery of the laws applicable to the life present or to the life eternal. He had a word or two on that topic which must be deferred for want of time.

Adjourned,

R. T. HALLOCK.

GOETHE ON SPIRITS AND SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE.

Although we should allow no mind, however great, to think for us, yet the opinions and settled conclusions of distinguished men on all subjects of human thought and philosophical investigation are worthy of our consideration. On a question, therefore, of so much importance as that which has been so warmly discussed for the last ten or twelve years, namely, Can and do Spirits influence persons in the form? the conjectures and conclusions of the wise men of the past and the present are eagerly sought after. To those who believe that Spirits can and do influence men, it is gratifying to find that they are confirmed and sustained in their belief by those whom the world has pronounced wise, as well as great; while those who believe that Spiritualists are crazed or deluded, may have their judgment suspended upon a subject which they do not fully understand, and their minds awakened to a more earnest and candid reconsideration of the subject, when they are made aware that active and profound thinkers have approved and sanctioned what they are condemning. I shall, therefore, present the readers of the TELEGRAPH with a few quotations, for the purpose of showing what were the opinions of one of the greatest of Germans on Spirits and spiritual influences. I refer to Goethe, the poet, the writer, the philosopher, the original thinker, and the comprehensive mind whom Emerson has deemed worthy of a place among the world's “representative men. The quotations are taken from a work published by Eckermann, and contain the opinions expressed by Goethe, on various subjects, in his private conversations with Eckermann.

“The nobler a man is, said Goethe, so much the more is he under the influence of demons,* and he must take heed and not let his guiding will counsel him to a wrong path. There was something of demonology in my connection with Schiller; it might have happened earlier or later, without so much significance; but that it should occur just at this time, when I had my Italian journey behind me, and Schiller began to be weary of his philosophical speculations, led to very important consequences for both.”—*Eckermann's Conversations*, p. 284.

“I can not but think that the demons, *dallying with men*, have placed among them single figures, so alluring that every one strives after them; so great, that nobody can reach them. Raphael was one—he whose thoughts and acts were equally perfect; some distinguished followers have come near, but no one has equaled him. Mozart represents the unattainable in music; Shakespeare in poetry. I know what you can say on the other side; but I refer to the natural dowry, the inborn wealth. Even so, none can stand by the side of Napoleon.”—p. 323.

“The demoniacal is that which can not be explained by reason or understanding; it lies not in my nature, but I am subject to it. Napoleon, said Eckermann, seems to have been of the demoniacal sort. He was so, said Goethe, so thoroughly and in so high a degree that scarce any one is to be compared with him. Also our late Grand Duke was such a nature, full of unlimited power of action and unrest, so that his own dominion was too little for him, and the greatest would have been too little.”—p. 378.

“In poetry, said Goethe, especially in that which is unconscious, before which reason and understanding fall short, and which, therefore, produces effects so far surpassing all expectation, there is always

* The reader will readily perceive, before he has read far, that the words “demon” and “demoniacal,” used by Goethe, do not mean “devil” and “devilish,” but that they are synonymous with “Spirit” and “spiritual,” as we now use them.

SPIRITUAL LYCEUM AND CONFERENCE.

HELD EVERY TUESDAY EVEN'G, IN CLINTON HALL, EIGHTH ST., NEAR B'WAY.

SEVENTY-FIRST SESSION.

QUESTION: The influence of rum, tobacco, etc., on the other life, continued.

Mr. PARTRIDGE—At the close of the last Conference, it will be recollected, he expressed a hope that on this occasion all would come prepared to state facts, if they have any, touching the question before us. Substantially it is the old question—the identical bone of theological contention which for centuries has divided the religious world. It lies at the bottom of the controversy between Orthodoxy and Universalism so called, and is, in fact, the moot point in all individual controversy respecting the character of the other life. Can it be settled now? Are we, as Spiritualists, in possession of the requisite knowledge to lay this perturbed spirit of controversy, which for ages has haunted the Church like a nightmare, and ridden its doctors of divinity, with switch and spur, throughout the entire journey from the “dawn of the Reformation” down to the “general suspense of faith?”

We claim that Spirits communicate; that we receive many noble ideas, elevating influences, and undoubted evidence of purified affection from Spirits; and it is also maintained that doctrines, practices and influences directly the opposite are also inculcated and actually enjoyed by human beings who have left the body. What is wanted is a truthful and explicit statement of the facts upon which this latter conclusion rests. It is affirmed by some who question its soundness, that the facts put forth in support of the doctrine of evil spirits and their influence do not belong to that class of evidence which is the basis of Spiritualism, as accepted by all who have made it a matter of careful investigation. They say that mental states are transferable; that the mind in certain cases, through the law of transfer, may be infected with an error as certainly (and by the same law) as one man, under certain conditions, may take the small-pox, for example, from another, while, in both cases the parties may be, and generally are, unconscious of the origin of the mischief. In short, they claim that what are called the facts of mesmerism are a ready index to the character of the reputed diabolism, showing its natural relation with mesmeric phenomena, and, of consequence, to be of mundane origin. He does not fully coincide with this view; but it is a position taken, and those who hold it, necessarily can not be driven therefrom by any facts which may be ascribed to what they call mesmeric transfer; and if it be true that an impressible mind may catch the “doctrine of devils” from a creed, as surely as the negative body may take the itch from one who has it, he does not see but they stand upon a sound foundation.

What they require as evidence is, facts which can not be put in the schedule of mesmerism; such, for example, as the production of writing in locked drawers or rooms, or under other circumstances precluding the possibility of having been written by mortals. They say they have such facts (and he knows they have), and that these facts, as witnessed all over the country, are uniformly of a sound moral character—that is to say, they inculcate the virtues; and what is required is, that the opposite character and purposes popularly ascribed to evil Spirits, shall be made to appear by proof as irrefragable as are the facts upon which the existence of the spiritual world and its virtues are accepted as true. He thinks they are right in this; and if so, then is indicated what kind of evidence is needed. They have persistently maintained from the beginning that all the facts they have yet been able to verify as of unquestionable Spirit origin, have invariably had an end of use; and they have proclaimed from first to last, that whosoever has witnessed facts equally unquestionable as to spiritual origin, manifesting a different character, purpose or end, would confer a public benefit by stating them. The spiritual world, they say, is a question of fact; its reality is demonstrated by facts resulting entirely from its own volition, and justice demands, therefore, that its character be inferred from its own acts, and not from what men and women say of it, whether the utterance be from the trance, mesmeric or natural state.

Mr. P. said it was competent for those who thought there were evil Spirits, to show, if they can, that those Spirits who can write communications without the use of a human organism, in rooms locked up and by themselves, are in a different state or have different capabilities from others who are called evil, and therefore that evil Spirits can not utter themselves in that mode, but can only do it through mesmeric or similar states.

Dr. HALLOCK, by way of indicating the nature of evidence (in his judgment) requisite to prove the love of tobacco, murder, etc., etc., to exist in the other life, related the facts witnessed by himself and others at the house of Mr. Swain, in Buffalo, and read a correspondence relating thereto [all of which will be found on page 330]. He said, the experience of every day deepened the conviction in his mind that there is no progress for the student of Spiritualism—no safety in the path of his philosophy—save and except only as that path is illuminated by the rays of actual manifestation by Spirits. This is the pillar of fire by night and of cloud by day, which is to guide the earnest wanderer through the wilderness of ignorance and error which lies between the Egypt of dogmatic

theology and the land of promise, flowing with the milk and honey of light and truth. In the absence of these, the wayfarer is in the dark, and without a guide. The history of Spiritualism is abundant in proof, that whosoever persistently sets up a philosophy, or proclaims himself “wise” above what spiritual facts have “written” concerning Spiritualism, is sure to land in that sphere or state of mental obfuscation, quite overlooked by too many reputed seers, but long since discovered by an English poet, and by him named, “The limbus of vanity.”

The Doctor had the further effrontery to declare himself of the opinion that for the modern Spiritualist who for forty years, more or less, had conscientiously rejected all word-testimony, whether of Bible or priest, Salem witchcraft, the Sunday-school, or the sayings of clairvoyants, as incompetent to establish the fact of life beyond the grave—to build an hypothesis affirming the diabolical character of some in that life wholly upon word-testimony, is an unmitigated satire upon his own proficiency as a philosopher, and an outrage upon logical justice.

When an individual departed this life and entered upon the other, manifests a love of vice and crime by evidence as conclusive as that which compelled the skeptic, after the most careful investigation, to admit the fact of the life itself, then are those charming features beaming from Church-creeds—those “lines of beauty” which Hogarth never drew—the villainess of human nature, the justice of hell-torments, “obsession” by evil Spirits, and ultimate “possession” by the “devil,” established forever as the living portrait of the “sound doctrine.” As it is, or rather as it appears to him in all the light yet focalized upon these prominent features of Church theology, they do not rise to the dignity of a wood-cut caricature of the theology which is true; that is to say, they are false altogether.

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throws itself willingly into significant individuals, especially when they are in high places, like Frederick and Peter the Great. Our late Grand Duke had it in such a degree that nobody could resist him. He influenced men by his mere tranquil presence, without needing even to show himself good-humored and friendly. All that I undertook by his advice succeeded; so that when my own mind could not decide, I needed only to ask him, and he instantly prescribed what was sure of happy results. He would have been enviable indeed, if he could have possessed himself of my ideas and my strivings; for when the demon forsook him, and only the human was left, he knew not how to work, and was much troubled at it. In Byron, also, this element was probably very active, giving him such powers of attraction, especially with women."—pp. 381-2.

"The demoniacal element throws itself willingly into figures of importance, and prefers somewhat darkened times. In a clear, prosaic something of the demoniacal. The same is true of music, in the highest degree. Understanding can not reach its elevation, and influences flow from it which master all, and of which none is able to give himself an account. Therefore can not religious worship dispense with it; it is one of the chief means of working wonders upon men. It city, like Berlin, for instance, it would scarcely find occasion to manifest itself."—p. 395.

"I was drawn into the undertaking" (writing the "Metamorphoses of Plants") "almost against my will, by some demoniacal influence which I could not resist."—p. 386.

It is worthy of remark, that this work, which Goethe was drawn into by some demoniacal influence which he could not resist, was so far in advance of his age, that the scientific world laughed at it. It was a projection of comprehensive principles in vegetable physiology, which lie at the very foundation of the science, and which, in connection with his vast generalizations in reference to the vertebral animal skeleton, laid the foundation of the science of Morphology.

PAYTON SPENCE.

THE WEST WANTS TO MAKE A PRESIDENT.

We see the Western papers are complaining that no President has been taken from their section of the country, and they claim that the next Executive shall be a Western man. We hardly know what they call West, but the *Chicago Press* and *Tribune*, and other Western papers, give the following facts in justification of their claim. We don't care so much where the President comes from as we care for his principles and qualifications. We want a man of stern integrity, who understands human nature and its needs, and has decision enough to administer government in a way calculated to give the freest scope and encouragement to the normal unfoldment of true manhood consistent with equality of rights.

We think our Government has got into a bad way, and we do not think its course can be changed by men selected from among the abettors of its present corruptions, who are impregnated with its influences, or by men pledged to one or another course. Neither do we believe errors in the Executive administration are to be corrected by men who want and seek the office of President, for this reason, among others, that the very nature of office-seeking consists in promises, pledges, and the greatest duplicity, which hampers the candidate's action and nullifies his integrity when elected. We ask for a fresh man. Presidents have hitherto been selected from the following States:

Administrations.	Names.	Where from.
1 President,	Washington,	Va.
V. President,	Adams,	Mass.
2 President,	Washington,	Va.
V. President,	Adams,	Mass.
3 President,	Adams,	Mass.
V. President,	Jefferson,	Va.
4 President,	Jefferson,	Va.
V. President,	Burr,	N. Y.
5 President,	Jefferson,	Va.
V. President,	Clinton,	N. Y.
6 President,	Madison,	Va.
V. President,	Clinton,	N. Y.
7 President,	Madison,	Va.
V. President,	Gerry,	Mass.
8 President,	Monroe,	Va.
V. President,	Tompkins,	N. Y.
9 President,	Monroe,	Va.
V. President,	Tompkins,	N. Y.
10 President,	J. Q. Adams,	Mass.
V. President,	Calhoun,	S. C.
11 President,	Jackson,	Tenn.
V. President,	Calhoun,	S. C.
12 President,	Jackson,	Tenn.
V. President,	Van Buren,	N. Y.
13 President,	Van Buren,	N. Y.
V. President,	Johnson,	Ky.
14 President,	Harrison, (1 mo.),	Ohio.
V. President,	Tyler,	Va.
15 President,	Tyler,	Va.
16 President,	Polk,	Tenn.
V. President,	Dallas,	Ta.
17 President,	Taylor, (1 year),	La.
V. President,	Fillmore,	N. Y.
18 President,	Fillmore,	N. Y.
19 President,	Pierce,	N. H.
V. President,	King,	Ala.
20 President,	Buchanan,	Pa.
V. President,	Breckenridge,	Ky.

NEW WORK ON THE SUPERNATURAL.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, have announced in a circular that they have in Press, and will publish on the First of January next, a new work by ROBERT DALE OWEN, on what is usually called the "supernatural." The book will be entitled, "*Foot-falls on the Boundary of Another World.*"

Until within the last two or three years, Mr. Owen was avowedly skeptical in regard to spiritual existences. His attention was called to the subject of spiritual manifestations by his father, Robert Owen, the venerable socialistic philosopher, who has himself subsequently become a Spirit. The facts, however, which Mr. R. at first witnessed in the presence of a medium were not such as to convey conviction, and he remained skeptical until convinced by unlooked-for evidence which occurred among his personal associates at Naples, at which place he was residing as American Minister. From that moment he pursued the investigation with zeal and ardor, and, from what we know of the manuscript of his forthcoming work, with a success commensurate with his well-known intellectual abilities.

Mr. Owen's book, as stated in the circular, contains "many facts, few opinions, no dogmatism. Five-sixths of it consists of narratives, to the number of more than a hundred, and these are chiefly the personal collections of its author during his residence in Italy, France and England." What adds to the value of his work, and relieves it from a great deal of prejudice with which sectarians and the outside world would otherwise necessarily regard it, is the fact that its materials are chiefly collected from sources totally disconnected from those current phenomena and philosophizings that are distinctively termed "Spiritualism," and many of its facts occurred in the experience of persons in France, England and elsewhere, long before the current Spiritualistic movement originated. Many very astonishing phenomena in the category of house-hauntings and apparitions are therein set forth, and the alleged evidences of presentiments, second-sight, etc., are examined, and many facts bearing upon the subject are cited; and Mr. O. cites, or at least places reliance upon, no facts which he has not abundantly and carefully verified. To these verifications Mr. O. has paid particular attention, sometimes spending ten days or a fortnight in authenticating a single story. He has also bestowed a fair share of attention upon the more ordinary phenomena of table-moving, rapping, writing, trance-mediumship, etc., yet without making these exactly the staple materials of his work.

Some months ago, Mr. Owen, while in this city, read portions of his manuscript to a private circle of intelligent persons assembled to hear them, at which it was our pleasure to be present. His style and manner of treating the subject elicited the admiration of every one present; and we expect in his book, when issued, one of the most cogent, convincing and useful treatises on spiritual manifestations that have yet been published. Mr. O.'s book will be published about the first of January next, and we hope immediately to have a supply on hand.

ANTIQUITY OF SPIRIT RAPPINGS.

Dr. D. J. Magown says that spirit rapping and spirit mediums and circles for keeping up intercourse with Spirits, were common in Ningpoo as early as 1344. Abbo Hue, a famous Catholic missionary to China, an author, in his last book, speaking of Ruburk, a Franciscan priest, born in Brabant about 1220, who went on a mission to Tartary, says:

"It is rather curious, too, that table rapping and table turning were in use in the thirteenth century among the Mongols, in the wilds of Tartary. Ruburk himself witnessed an instance of the kind. On the eve of the ascension, the mother of Margon, feeling very ill, the first soothsayer was summoned for consultation, when he performed some magic by rapping on the table."—*Agitator*.

THE OLDEST CHURCH IN AMERICA.—It was built in 1681, in the town of Hingham, Mass., and is still occupied as a place of worship. The bell rope hangs down in the middle of the house, where it was placed in order that the bell might be rung instantly to give the alarm of any sudden Indian incursion. There are many of the old-fashioned square pews in the house, enclosed by what resembles more a high and substantial painted fence than anything to be seen in a modern church. The frame is of oak, and the beams are huge and numerous. The old house is good for two hundred years more. This old church has an old pastor, the Rev. Joseph Richardson having preached in it for fifty-three years.

A CHALLENGE TO DISCUSS SPIRITUALISM.

We copy the following from the New Brighton (Pa.) Times:

EDITOR NEW BRIGHTON TIMES: I am not desirous of controversy, but as there have recently been many misrepresentations made here prejudicial to Spiritualism and its defenders, and in order that its real claims may be set forth, and that both sides may be heard, I propose, Mr. Editor, with your consent, to discuss in your columns, the following question, with any Clergyman or Layman in this vicinity, who may be considered an acknowledged representative of the Anti-Spiritual theory.

"Do the Spirits of departed human beings continue to manifest their presence, power, and intelligence to their friends who remain on earth?"

The arguments to be based on well-authenticated facts—upon the evidences recorded in the Bible, and upon human testimony in all ages. Believing with Jefferson, that "Error is harmless so long as Reason is left free to combat it," and that "any theory, hypothesis, philosophy, or institution that fears investigation, openly manifests its own error," I desire to cherish no theory or opinion that will not stand this ordeal.

Any person accepting this proposition, will address Box 18, New Brighton Post Office.

MILLO A. TOWNSEND.

The editor remarks as follows:

"Concerning the proposition of Mr. Townsend, to be found in another column, we would say, that although we are far from endorsing the Spiritual theory, yet we would have no personal objection to a rational and orderly discussion of the question proposed. And, with this view, our columns are open, if the proposition is accepted—provided the parties will limit their discussion to a column a week, and to twelve papers."

If the opponents of Spiritualism think they can defend their position, they will not fail to improve this most favorable opportunity, and thus disabuse the public mind of the alleged delusion and growing influence of Spiritualism. We think they are fast getting into the position of the two negroes who got under a tree in a severe thunder shower. One of them was very much frightened to see the lightning striking all around them, and he, in much agitation, asked the other if he could pray. He answered, "No; and what for you ask me that?" "Because," said the other, "something must be done mighty quick!"

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dodworth's next Sunday.

Andrew Jackson Davis will lecture at Dodworth's Academy, next Sunday, morning and evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Uriah Clark, editors of the *Clarion*, will speak at Dodworth's Academy, 806 Broadway, next Sunday, at half-past 10 and half-past 7 o'clock.

The Spiritual Lyceum and Conference hold regular sessions each Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and Tuesday evenings at 7 o'clock, in Clinton Hall, Astor Place. The public are invited. Seats free.

Lecture in Utica.

Charles Partridge will lecture at Utica, on Sunday next, November 6.

Miss Hardinge's Movements.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in St. Louis during the month of October; address care of A. Miltenberger, Esq., St. Louis. During November, at Evansville and Memphis. In December and January, at New Orleans and such other southern cities as she can visit before her return to Philadelphia in March, 1860. All letters directed to No. 8 Fourth Avenue, N. Y., will be duly forwarded.

Mrs. Middlebrook's Lectures.

Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook, (formerly Mrs. Henderson,) will lecture in Willimantic, Oct. 16th, 23d, and 30th; in Oswego every Sunday in November; in Providence, Dec. 18th and 25th, Jan. 1st and 8th; Memphis, Tenn., in February; St. Louis, in March. Applications for week evenings will be attended to. Address, Box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

Mrs. Spence's Lectures.

Mrs. Amanda M. Spence will lecture at Worcester, Mass., the 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th Sundays of November; at Boston, Mass., in December, and at Providence, R. I., in February; Foxborough, Mass., 2d, 3d and 4th Sundays in January; at Philadelphia, Pa., in May. Mrs. Spence may be addressed at either of the above places, or at 534 Broadway, N. Y.

Meetings in Cincinnati.

EDITOR TELEGRAPH: Will you please by this give notice in your columns that the Spiritualists of Cincinnati have lately re-organized for the purpose of having regular Sunday lectures. Mr. Pardee is speaking for us this month. We wish to make pre-engagements with lecturers, and respectfully desire such as are able and reliable to write the undersigned with a view of future engagement. Can Mr. Joel Tiffany speak for us the next month—November? R. P. Ambler, Miss Martha Hulet of Illinois, and Miss Laura De Force are respectfully requested to drop a line, giving their address or stating when they can come this way, to Dr. N. B. Wolfe, Chairman of Committee.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 16, 1859.

Dr. Redman going South.

Doctor G. A. Redman, the test medium, author of "Mystic Hours," leaves this city Tuesday, 25th inst., for his southern tour. Friends in the South desiring his services, will address him at 170 Bleecker-street, New York, from whence all communications will be forwarded to him.

