

THE

ROAD TO SPIRITUALISM.

BEING A SERIES OF FOUR LECTURES,

DELIVERED AT THE OPENING OF

THE NEW-YORK LYCEUM,

BY

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LECTURE I.—SPIRITUALISM CONSIDERED AS A SCIENTIFIC PROBLEM.

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Lecture 1.

SPIRITUALISM CONSIDERED AS A SCIENTIFIC PROBLEM.

IT being the object of this our Lyceum, to consider man in his various aspects and relations, from the stand-point of science and fact, in the place of mere traditionary assumption and history ; and no clear insight as to his present being possible that does not also embrace his future, it is fitting we should commence with an examination of the grounds upon which that future is supposed to rest.

I define Spiritualism, for the purpose of this essay, to be that doctrine which boldly asserts the continuity of human consciousness and individuality, unbroken by the event popularly, but most unscientifically, denominated death. Spiritualism, as thus defined, I purpose to consider as a scientific problem. The light, of course, in which I shall examine it as a problem, is reflected from its facts and teachings ; for it is the day in which I live. A man can not step outside of his own experience to look at any thing ; at least with any certainty of seeing it with profit. The subject suggests its own importance. Obviously the fact as to whether human consciousness is limited to threescore and ten years, or whether that or any other number of years, has no relation whatever to its duration, makes all imaginable difference with respect to the problems of the present. The absolute solution of all these rests upon the *scientific* solution of that. I say scientific solution, because we shall not escape the necessity of such solution, by taking the proposition for granted ; that is to say, by accepting immortality, though it be a truth, as a matter of mere faith. For it to be of the least use to us, in this world of duty and of effort, we must know not only that it is, but

how, and why we accept it. Without further apology, then, I proceed to examine it, aside from its facts.

By way of commencing at the beginning, I purpose to look at it as a problem not yet solved, or as one not capable, say, of demonstrative solution—in other words, to consider the *a priori*, the inductive, rationality of its claims. Waiving, then, for the present, all right to its stupendous accumulation of demonstrative evidence, I ask, what are the rational evidences of its truth? or, what has Science to say to Spiritualism?

Science is, by inherent nature, an infidel and a necessitarian. She accepts only what she cannot deny or reject. She has no reverence for authority—she is her own authority. She never asks, What saith the Lord God?—her perpetual question is, What *doeth* the Lord God? Her astronomy derives no strength from Joshua—her axioms were not invented by Solomon. She has no ears, only eyes; no mercy, only truth. I wish to confront this infidel with Spiritualism, with an eye to whatsoever family resemblance may exist between them.

I start with the proposition, that, in the scientific scale, *use*, of all substances, whether classified as ponderable or imponderable, is the primary—that this is the newly discovered imponderable to which all else is subsidiary, and that there is no getting beyond it, and no stopping short of it, for any apostle who follows strictly where science points the way. I illustrate it by this example. An oak, as it stands revealed to the external senses, is a *force* and a *form*. In it, are the possibilities of a ship, a house, a shade, a medicine, &c., the totality of which is expressed by the simple term, *use*. The oak, then, as to its externals, is a *form of use*, and from it, as an ultimate, we are to trace the primary. Between its ultimation in form, and the acorn or germ, all is relatively free from mystery. But it may be useful for the investigator to pause awhile with the acorn in his hand, to consider the apparent discrepancy between the acorn and the full grown oak, which is its future history. There are within that acorn, five hundred years, crowded with perpetual change, and ever varying manifestation; and stretching out beyond all this there is an infinite series of consequential uses

———“Folded up
In the narrow cell of that tiny cup,”

which a six weeks' grasshopper would find inconveniently small for the purpose of his morning ablutions ! There is significance in this, which points to significance more occult—to a cause as remote from the acorn as a form, as the acorn itself is from its future history. We cut through the silex, the carbon, the potash, the water, &c., together with a large family of imponderables, to find these, *not a cause*, but that which a cause *behind* them has *fixed*, and reduced to active service in its own behalf ; that is to say, to build the *body of a use*. Now, that substance which compels all others to minister to itself, must be regarded as primal. It must be held also to *be* what it *does*, and from its doing, we name it—USE. The tree we have been considering, then, is simply the record which Use has written upon the voluminous pages of time and space. That which has enwrapped itself with the relatively inconsequential mass and glossy coat of an acorn, and which we must name Use, is the true oak, minus this history.

In the last analysis, then, we reach use as the basic substance, and finding it back of the *oak* as a form, it must necessarily be that which is the producing substance and cause of all *form*. Retracing our steps thence, we find the pen with which use records its voluminous transactions, to be FORCE, and that the first bound edition of its infinite history, is FORM. *Force is the graver's tool, wherewith Use, the sculptor, molds his living statuary*. It stands thus. Use first, or primary, then force, which is the machinery of use, and constitutes use *doing*, without which use were not—then form, which is its ultimate or continent. By this analysis, man as a personality must be defined as a form or body of use ; and next in the order of consideration, is the bearing this fact has upon Spiritualism. It is not pretended, any individual oak, or animal, is a perpetual form or body of use, and the inquirer naturally asks, how then is perpetuity predicable of man, from any ground yet stated ? The first distinction to be noticed is, that their uses are all subordinate to his use, and actually ultimate in him. Man is the continent of them all. They are not, themselves, the temple of perpetual use ; they are a part of the materials used in its construction. Man, as we shall see, is that temple. Science has found all their properties resident in man, and by this finding has demonstrated, that the

all of man is not in them. For this reason she is forced to pronounce him a *super-animal*. And his superiority is farther seen in this ; that, whereas their uses are observed to terminate in man, the terminus of human uses has never yet been discovered. When an animal has perpetuated its kind, and has entered into the organism of the human as a constituent thereof, no farther use of it as an individuality is either traceable or conceivable. But this is the point where the use of the human, or super-animal, may be said to begin. The need of such men as Jesus, and Socrates, and Cicero ; such men as Luther, and Washington, and Franklin, is by no means limited by the years which they lived on the earth. We can conceive of no time in the future, when the race would not be benefited by the inspirations of their genius, intellect, and fidelity to truth, as of old it was blessed by their presence in the body. Hence it is, that the patriot, whatever his intellectual faith may be, in the hour of doubt and trouble, intuitively invokes the aid of Washington. The artist and the artizan, when the brain is giddy with the mighty thought they would incarnate, implore the inspirations of departed genius, as instinctively as they inhale the vital air ; and the Christian, though eighteen centuries have passed away, still turns to Jesus of Nazareth as the "present helper," when Nazareth itself, and even Jerusalem, with all its grandeur and glory, are forgotten ! These are among the universal and involuntary testimonials to the perpetual use of man. As a mere commodity to work up into cotton and molasses, what a complement is paid to man away down in Louisiana. There, the price of him ranges so high above that of mere oxen and asses, that in these days, they have it in serious contemplation to go over to Africa and *steal* him. Louisiana does not think of making up her deficiency of cattle in that way. It is to be observed also, that human uses are never duplicated. This is seen in all the prominent instances of it, which illustrate human history. When an animal is eaten up, or in any other way used up, we may go to the exchange and buy another equally as good and useful. But man is not thus exhausted of value. The Jews have waited near two thousand years for another Jesus, and the Christians have been equally expectant for nearly the same length of time, of the re-appearance of the first. Their testimony is concurrent, that the

race has produced but one. And if he is felt to be a need now, when eighteen centuries have passed, is it not a fair presumption that he will remain so for at least eighteen more? The facts then, which would seem to be established, are these: First, that use creates form, which is its body. Secondly, that an individualized form or body of use, is commensurate in duration, as an individuality, with the specific or individual use of which its form is the expression. Thirdly, that man, by authority of science, supported by the involuntary testimony of all classes and conditions of mankind, is a perpetual use. I leave science to state in her own terms, what is the natural conclusion from these facts.

I proceed now to the consideration of another question, strictly within the domain of scientific inspection—the question as to what it is that, in the form of little boys and girls, we send to school to be intellectually educated. Clearly, it is not bone and muscle with their appurtenances, which we send there for that purpose; we send these to the gymnasium and the playground. Whatever it may be as to substance, there is at least one ascertained power belonging to it, and that is *memory*, without which education were impossible. Now, there is one condition scientifically inevitable to the manifestation of memory, which is, that the subject remembering, must be present in person with the event remembered; that is to say, if a man at fifty, remembers a circumstance that occurred when he was but fifteen, then he must have been absolutely present at the time. All other knowledge of the past, is history or tradition. But *what* of the man of fifty, was present at fifteen? Not a particle of his present bone, and muscle, and nerve, was there at that time, for it is approximately truthful to say, that during the intervening thirty-five years, there have been at least four entire changes of all the atoms composing the forms of these, and all their appurtenant substances and organs. Hence the *real* man that was present then, is not the merely phenomenal man, visible to the external senses at the end of thirty-five years from the date of the remembered circumstance, but a man who can leap the barriers of all these changes, and carry with him the consecutive memories of all these thirty-five years, whilst bone, and muscle, and nervous tissue, have not consisted of the same atoms for any

consecutive thirty-five *seconds* of the whole time ! Again, I leave it for science to state, in whatever terms she conscientiously can, what kind of a man this must necessarily be. Place him by the side of the *spirit-man* of the "Rochester knockings," and we may leave her to her own thoughts on the question of resemblance at least, if not of identity.

But we send dogs to College, and we have learned pigs, and industrious fleas, together with goats and canary birds who enact tragedy and comedy ; and all these remember, and are educatable as well as man. True, to a certain extent. But the first thing to notice in your canine college is, that in all its departments, a *man*, and not a dog, invariably occupies the professor's chair ; and that when a monkey enacts Othello, it requires a man, instead of a goat, for stage manager and prompter. The four-footed graduate with the mystic letters A. B. tagged to his tail, is a thorough niggard of his new-blown honors—he never confers them upon his fellows. The English mastiff, though wonderfully teachable, never sets up a school for young puppies. This suggests the question involved in the phenomenon of education, as it is exemplified by both men and animals, as to what it is they really acquire by the process. In other words, what is it that, through education, expands the child-mentality into that of manhood—and what is it which, through the same means, performs the same office for the dog ? Here is growth in both cases ; and growth is only predicable of substance, with power to accrete other substance homogeneous with itself. The rigid, scientific meaning of education is, that the subject, be he boy, or be he puppy, has been eating, digesting and assimilating *something* that has made him bigger and stronger in his mentality. What have they respectively eaten and carried through the processes of digestion and assimilation ? If the similarity which is apparent in the methods which for popular purposes we name education, and apply with equal propriety to both, is to be found also in the substances mutually assimilated, then of necessity, a corresponding similarity of general consequences must ensue, as well as in the specific consequence, which is growth. Among these consequences, would be similarity of duration ; that is to say, all other things being equal, two structures being composed of the same materials, must be equal in their power to resist de-

composition. And here it is proper to remark, that so arbitrary and universal is the law of relation between *use* and *durability*, that even animal memory is concluded by it. The facts of maternity live not in the memory of the animal, beyond the point required by determinate use. But to return. Now, if science can determine what it is that, by education, is deposited in the mental organism, she can trace the destiny of both men and animals with respect to duration, with her own finger.

Let us note the facts she has to offer upon this point. She has already noted a dissimilarity of teachers. She finds that men can teach men what dogs know, but that dogs can not teach each other what men know. She observes also, that an animal can be taught only that which is phenomenal or superficial. He can not be indoctrinated as to truths or uses lying beneath the surface. A parrot can be taught to repeat the alphabet, but he never uses it to record his private opinions. This determines to a nicety, how far he has progressed in his intellectual education. No learned pig has yet produced a poem. The cognition of such forms, (not their uses,) as relate directly to the individual needs of the animal, is a finality with him. Not so with the human; his education begins where that of the pig and parrot ends. She further observes the fact, that sameness of material, and not form or shape, determines for both the same final decomposition of their respective bodies. Having seen that similarity of material results in similarity of duration, and having observed the fact that animal mentality takes cognizance only of forms, and not at all of the uses or truths, of which they, (the forms) are the ever changing expression, it follows, of necessity, that the animal, as a totality, consists wholly of the substance necessary to the expression of form, and of consequence, there can be nothing within him that can escape the universal destiny of form, which is perpetual change. This fact alone, disposes of the animal. That which can not digest and assimilate the meat and drink of *use* and *truth*, can not be an ultimate form of those eternal verities. Life, which is use creating, pronounces by authority of its known laws, that no individualized manifestation of it can be perpetual, into the composition of which nothing that is substantial or permanent can enter. A house builded of wood is limited in the possibility of duration, by the length of

time that wood can resist the law of disintegration. Our warehouses and our soul-houses, our merchandise and ourselves, are subject in this respect to the one law—if they are identical in material, they must be alike in duration.

But they are not. No merchandise can enter into the composition of human mentality. You can not purchase a cargo of lumber, and out of it construct a human soul. It is not builded of form, but of the use and truth which create form : and the process is as open to observation as its corresponding physical phenomenon—the building up of the bodily structure. As thus : Out of any material you choose, (say of gingerbread,) construct the form of a triangle. Now the boy is not educated or developed mentally, by transferring that form to his physical stomach—that which develops the intellect never takes that direction. He is mentally strengthened and developed by assimilating with his own consciousness, not the *figure*, but the *use* or truth of it. Having partaken to his heart's content of that, he may eat up the diagram which expressed it, with profit to his body, and no loss whatever to his soul. In this they do but take their appropriate courses—the transitory to the body, the eternal to the soul. That body of use which is man, is the embryotic form of all the knowledges and uses of the universe. His form, then, is Divine, necessarily the ultimate or complex of all form, and absolutely indestructible, by virtue of the durability of the substance which composes it. Scientifically deduced therefore, man stands forth a *Divine form of eternal use*—eternity itself being but another name for the activity of use—perpetual using. And having God and eternity within himself, man, in the light of this inevitable deduction, is in perfect accord with what the facts of a far more comprehensive science than any yet recognized by the schools, demonstrate him to be.

Again : science reveals this fact, that of the round thousand, (be the same more or less,) of what she names laws of nature, nine hundred and ninety-nine of them are known to be actively engaged with one accord, in the production of man. They build solar systems, perfect and beautify worlds, not to produce dogs as a finality, but men. Now, it is for her to consider the scientific probability, of nine hundred and ninety-nine laws, working harmoniously through innumerable ages to perfect a single re-

sult, and the thousandth and last of the series, annihilating it the moment it is reached ! There are no such words as miracle and chance in her vocabulary ; man stands there as the ultimate of all law—the final form to which all other forms have ministered. Every line she can trace from the great heart of nature, outwardly, through suns and systems, forces and forms, manifestation and law, culminates in him. Therefore, as the totality of law and force is perpetually busy with the production of man, science will be obliged to step outside of the infinity of law, to find one sufficiently at leisure to destroy him—all the forces within the reach of her telescope being quite otherwise engaged.

Mention must be made of one more fact that science has disclosed, its inferences being too pointed to escape notice in the consideration of this problem. Man is known, under certain conditions, to manifest all the functions usually attributed to the organs of the external senses, with perfect independence of their normal activity. As, for example, he has perfect vision when the external eye is closed. The facts of science, then, disclose to us a man, performing the wonderful functions of a man, independently of what seems to be the man himself. The conclusion is natural, therefore, that what *seems* to be the man is not so in reality, but that the *real* man stands back of, and on a plane superior to, his sensuous form. If science can build a loophole of escape from this conclusion, I am ready to accept it with gratitude. A man in the night time, with eyes turned partially upside down, lids closed and bandaged, with a pair of silk gloves thrust underneath to absorb what little light there might possibly be sifted through it, *seeing clearer, and vastly farther*, than with his external optics in their best estate, assisted by the light of day—what does this and its kindred facts signify ? Is there any escape from the conclusion, that they are spiritual phenomena, indicating that man himself is in fact a spirit, and that spirit itself is not the undefined fog of popular conception, but the substantial, the internal and governing power, which subordinates all else to itself ? I repeat, what escape is there from this conclusion, save through the door of facts able to demonstrate this to be a *false fact* ? That alone can overturn its inevitable deductions. But instead, after experiments innumerable, made by skepticism the most unyielding, that eye still looks with

its deep blue calmness, through the mists and clouds which invest the base of the mount of science, as if from the high it had attained, it revealed, in very deed, amid the glories of eternal sunshine. And well it may, for the facts of that higher science, to which allusion has been made, have revealed it, flashing from beneath the brow of an angel. No fact within the store-house of science, has yet revealed in the animal the existence of this inner and spiritual eye. That eye and its cognate organs which perceive *truth* as well as fact, *use* as well as form, by authority of observed facts, belongs exclusively to the human.

And now, upon this brief and very imperfect statement of the case, with a "cloud of witnesses" still to examine, I pause to ask, what is the verdict? How looks rigid, scientific induction which gives no mercy and begs no favors, side by side with the facts of that Spiritualism, which, for the last ten years, the most of her exponents have denounced and persecuted with open contempt and ridicule? Spiritualism is no new problem which ought to have taken the disciples of science by surprise; it has rapped at the door of every thinker throughout the ages for a solution. Wanting it, the popular thought, misdirected by a theology that was stone blind, and which still remains so, has invested the immortality of its own faith with *grave clothes*, and converted it into a *scare-crow*!—transforming the most beautiful and sublime process whereby humanity is glorified, into a ghastly skeleton, which its ignorance has named death, and converted it into an object of the profoundest horror. It was for science to strip these rags from the immortal spirit: Why has it not been done?

One of her noblest ornaments said of a certain star, ere yet its image had honored the speculum of any telescope—*It must be there*; turn your glass in a certain direction, and you will find it. *It was found*. Why had science no Leverrier competent, by authority of induction from established fact, to say of the human Spirit, *It must be*. It is the bright particular star, wanting which, your vaunted system of science revolves about no center, can have no fixed orbit, is without order, and void of all conclusion. Hence it *must be there*, and the telescope of observation shall yet reveal it. Had she possessed such a man, the ghastly immortality of the popular faith, fanned into horror by a theology void of facts, would long since have passed away. Had not the

apostles of science betrayed her for a "consideration ;" had they been true to themselves and to her, such a one would have made his advent long ago, with that truth stamped upon his inductive brow ; and his fellow-apostles, from all her observatories, would have been ranging their telescopes in ardent expectation of its near approach ; and when interrogated—" Watchman, what of the night," would have answered, " Lo ! the dawn appeareth !"

In the absence of this fidelity, the breach between the so-called science and religion (there never was any breach between the true), necessarily grew wider and deeper. Men turned with instinctive disgust from the simples she was said to present as the all of man in the final analysis. So the young and vigorous science, which was able to dispute with the doctors of the temple, in their own sanctum, when but twelve years old, came at last to the " crown of thorns," the " wormwood and the gall" of priestly domination and ecclesiastical contempt. Her disciples were quite ready (and are so still) to array themselves on her right hand and on her left, in her kingdom of popular esteem, provided she ever gets possession of it, but found it inconvenient to drink of her cup, or to go down with her in baptism to the waters of public ridicule ; so in her hour of trial, when she was about fully to establish her divine mission, one betrayed her, another began to curse and to swear, saying he knew her not, and all forsook her and fled. No man of them all showed a friendly face, and when she arose from the dead, for she *has* arisen, she was seen first and greeted first, of *woman*. She has since been seen by at least *five hundred*. Her betrayers did not destroy her, they only committed suicide—their diploma-invested skeletons appear in our streets, playing their fantastic tricks "in the face of Israel and the sun," trampling upon their acknowledged principles, and, in the sacred name of science, setting their profane hoofs upon her very heart, and trampling out all her established methods of procedure. Some of these refuse to read Buckland, for fear it will unsettle their faith in Moses ! As if truth could be divided against itself, and it were a duty imposed by religion upon science, to hurrah with the bigger half—as if discord could exist between physics and metaphysics. Others convert the laws of the solar system into a propitiatory sacrifice to the *great Joshua*, and offer them upon an altar of the ram's horns

wherewith he blew down the walls of Jericho. And they do it too, on the scientific principle established by the Dutch justice, who decided that a man might bite off his own nose, *provided* it was the will of God. Others of them deem no object or subject worthy their special regard, that is of newer date than the *old red sand-stone*. In lyceum and hall, in club and convention, you shall see them, sitting like galvanized mummies; one, rasping his intellectual bumps with the serrated edges of an overgrown tooth, supposed to belong to some antediluvian shark; another, picking his scientific grinders with the tail of a trilobite; and, in these days, when the subject of Spiritualism is mentioned in their presence, each, from his favorite perch, hoots in concert, like an august conclave of owls disagreeably affected by the close proximity of day-light.

Lecture 2.

SPIRITUALISM CONSIDERED AS A SCIENCE.

Passing from the inductive basis sought to be established for Spiritualism, I come to the consideration of Spiritualism itself as a science. Defining science to be a system of self-evident truth, facts of observation and experiment, and the philosophy which cements them together, the inquiry is, has *Spiritualism* a just claim to be considered a science?

I assert the affirmative, and am ready with the proof. The self-evident, or pure science—the mathematics, so to speak, of Spiritualism is, that MAN IS A SPIRIT. That this is self-evident, is because, as was shown in the preceding essay, Spirit is found at the base of *all* form, and within all the laws or unvarying methods manifested in form, or what is called matter. To affirm, therefore, that man is a Spirit, is simply to state a self-evident truth; which, like the multiplication table of numerical science, has only to be really *seen* by all men, to be *accepted* by all. Now, whoever accepts this self-evident truth, makes, by the act, a logical surrender of all objection to the possible *manifestation* of Spirit, and fairly concedes the ground claimed by the Spiritualist, which is, that man, as a Spirit, *does* manifest himself. But the multiplication table, self-evident truth though it be, has not only to be learned as a *task* by children, it must be understood as a *fact*, depending upon unalterable principles, before they can avail themselves, to the full, of its advantages. So of this truth that man is a Spirit; whoever admits it, and straightway denies Spiritualism, furnishes the certain indication that the basic truth, as is so often the case with the child's task, has been heard of merely, but never understood. To accept the one, and deny the other, is to publish one's profound ignorance of both. *Believing*

man to be a Spirit, helps us to the solution of no problem ; *knowing* him to be so, gives us the needed element of pure science wherewith to resolve all questions concerning him.

Resting upon this self-evident truth as a basis, is the stupendous pyramid of facts, verified by observation and inference. The evidence is two-fold. It is both absolute and inferential ; that is to say, it is absolute, and that which is inevitably deduced *from* the absolute. We enter upon a field here, of no common importance. If what we shall find within it will bear the test, that is to say, if our facts do not turn out to be illusions, or, if not wholly illusory, if they point really in the direction they indicate to the senses, then is Spiritualism the *science of sciences*—the deep sea line with which to fathom all mystery—then has this age made a contribution to the wealth of human knowledge, truly worthy of itself—of its grand achievements in the realm of physics.

In the spring of eighteen hundred and forty-eight, a fact transpired, which, if history is to be credited as a faithful record of important events, never occurred before in the experience of man. David Fox, a member of the family of that name so prominent in the history of modern Spiritualism, entered a certain cellar in the town of Hydesville, county of Wayne, and State of New York, and did then and there interrogate certain sounds, as of a person knocking upon a hard substance ; which sounds, it was known, were not produced by any visible human being, nor yet by any machinery operated by an ordinary mortal secreted about the house. These sounds and other strange manifestations had for days and weeks before astonished the entire family, eluding their most diligent search to discover the cause. Indications, on one occasion previous to this, having been observed by his mother and sisters, of an intelligent direction to these sounds, David Fox addressed their hypothetical author in these words : “ If you are a man, and once inhabited this world as I now do, can not you rap to the letters that will spell your name, if I repeat the alphabet ? If you can, please to rap three times ! ” The suggested affirmative responses were promptly made, and on the fulfillment of his share of the contract, he found, as the joint product, an intelligible English sentence—*Charles B. Rosma*. This is the fact,—what does it signify ? Certainly a human being

stood related to it as a cause ; that at least is a self-evident truth, if there be no other. Unpretending as this event appears in mere statement, it was an entirely new thing in the experience of man ; and I go back to it for the sake of an inference growing out of the simple fact that it was new. What becomes of all the new discoveries of fact ? Do they lead to nothing, and die out ? or do they not rather introduce a new era, and work a complete revolution in the direction of their peculiar nature ? I am yet to learn of a single instance of new discovery that is without this sequence, unless *this* be one, and if so, it stands alone. What we call a fact is the form of a *use* ; is it rational that the discovery of a use should lead to *no use* ? Franklin got a spark and a slight sensation in his knuckles from a common door-key appended to the string of a kite, passing beneath a cloud during a shower of rain. Consider the unending and perpetually growing results to the race in all its future, arising out of the new fact, then for the first time duly observed, and let it stand as the true indicator of the profound significance of all new discovery in the realm of truth and fact. Whence comes the magic of the simple words we pronounce, Copernicus, Newton, Franklin, Fulton, etc., etc., but from the mighty results growing out of the new things they brought to light ? Their *names* were thoroughly common place till then.

It is common in these days to hear this question from the lips of some complacent mortal, who, perchance, removes a cigar from his mouth, that he may give a sharper point to the physiognomic expression by which he would have the world understand that *he* has settled the matter long ago—" Well, grant all that you may say of Spiritualism ; what use is it ? " Doctors of Divinity have been known to ask it, and with an air which indicated the consciousness of having said a great thing for the " defense of the Gospel." Truly, they have said a very *significant* thing, but whether exactly *the* thing they suppose, is quite another question. He, a master of the science of God, " of whom, and to whom, are all things," conceding that a *thing is*, and then, by the very proclamation of the question, affirming that it is of no use ! He, a D.D. or Doctor of God, and yet to learn that a *thing is*, solely by virtue of its *being a use* ! In the practical estimation of a Doctor of Divinity, who can ask *that*

question with the smirk of infidelity upon his face, God never made anything but an old book, and required help at that. With him, God is a myth—"a good-enough Morgan till after election"—an ideal D. D., who never treats patients himself and in his own way, but has made *him* the chief family physician, with all the medicine a human soul can need, piously stowed away in his own evangelical saddle-bags.

The point I make is, that the importance invariably observed as a result of new discovery, indicates, as the natural law of the series, a corresponding importance to the one under consideration. Has it not followed? and, does not what *has* followed, indicate in turn the genuineness and true character of the thing discovered? David Fox, holding converse with that immortal, stood—where every original discoverer has first stood—"alone with his fact and God!" But only at first. Soon, the fact grew like every other true thing. The "grain of mustard seed" found soil and took root, and spread far beyond the family that first received it into their bosom, and have watered it by a life's devotion; and it has borne fruit abundantly. It is good to linger around that new thing, until we have drank largely of its significance, and interwoven its interpretation with the framework of our thought. It is not for the Christian to advance the doctrine, that the good God gives us facts, to be lightly esteemed or misunderstood, with safety to ourselves.

It is to be considered and duly weighed, that the facts witnessed by that family, have never been successfully imitated by any human contrivance, nor explained by any mundane hypothesis that has lived beyond the hour of its birth. They have alike disgraced the solemn pronouncements of doctors and divines, and refuted the theories of "toe-joint snappers" by raps, which have not only shaken their admiring disciples out of their faith in the new-born explanation; but the very house itself in which they occurred. Now, it is but reasonable surely, that that, which for ten consecutive years, has triumphantly refuted all explanation save what is offered by itself, should finally be listened to with respectful attention. And it would also seem rational, that if, during this, the eleventh year, nothing transpires to refute the said explanation, more formidable than existing hypotheses, *that* explanation should be held as conclusive. Debts have been pro-

nounced by able jurists, outlawed at the end of *seven* years. I am unable to state the precise terms of the statute of limitations which obsolesces a theory that never did anything but demonstrate the ignorance of its founder ; but it is certainly liberal to suppose, that a decent respect for the opinions of mankind, would demand that a ten years' failure should finally table it. It is not merely ludicrous—it provokes thought as well as mirth, this solemn procession of defunct theories, culled from the very sanctums of science and religion, wending their way to the world's "receptacle for dry rubbish," and keeping time, on its march thither, to what might be called in musical phrase : "The Rochester Knocking Quick-step." Is there not profound significance in the fact that the thing will not be killed ? Whole asylums of the insane have been hurled at its head. All the usual means, heretofore so effective in sending the devil to the right-about, have been applied in vain. Newspaper bullets have been fired at it from every rampart that could conceal a foe, and the heavy ordnance of science and sectarianism, loaded with twenty-four pound theories, crammed to the muzzle with the grape and canister of ridicule, slander and denunciation, have been brought to bear against it in the open field ; and all to no purpose, save to injure the leaders of this furious onslaught, by the recoil of their own artillery.

Surely this defeat is not without suggestion. It indicates a Rubicon which materialism cannot pass, but which all exploring science *must*, in order to find the true cause of its invincibility, its perpetual life and growth. Is it not justifiable in the thinker, after a faithful, but wholly unsuccessful application of all other science to a given phenomenon, to accept that as the true science, which both causes and explains it ? The thing done, and the known facts and laws of its doing, if these make not a valid claim to the title of science, what can ?

But this inexplicable knocking is not the only fact of the new science, nor are the good people of Rochester the only persons who have observed them. They have been witnessed throughout the world. I have myself seen the answer to a question, raised in open daylight, in less than one minute, out of the flesh and blood of a woman's arm ! The answer was in fair, round letters, accompanied by a well-drawn diagram to illustrate its doctrine.

I have in my possession, an answer to a question, written with a pencil taken out of my own hand by a *seventh* hand, when there were but three persons visible to the senses, in the room and I knew the exact position of *their six* hands. In compliance with a request, I have seen a common-sized table moved with great rapidity and force, in all directions about a room, when the only persons visible, instead of causing its motion by touching it, had more than they could do to keep out of its way. I have made one of three persons, the other two heavier than myself, who stood upon a table, at the same time, and were lifted clear of the floor ; the other six or eight persons present merely sitting by and looking on. I have had mental questions answered by being patted upon the head by a pair of hard, muscular hands, when the only other pair near me belonged to a young lady, and they, during the whole time, were firmly held in my own. I have been gently and caressingly pressed upon the back of my own hand, by a pair of *little hands*, as of a child, when there was no child belonging to this world in the room, or in the house. I have seen a man lifted, several times in succession, clear of the floor, with no other visible human being within *fifteen feet of him* whilst it was being done ; the twelve or fourteen persons who saw it with me, having no farther conscious agency in the matter than simply observing it. I have heard music, which was delightful to listen to (I am no judge of its scientific value), from a piano with its key-board turned to the wall, and its own legs at intervals beating time to the music. I have heard "Home, Sweet Home" from an accordeon, with sweeter effect than from any other source, while the instrument was being held upside down under a table, and by *one hand only*, every other hand being *upon* the table.

These, and a large number of cognate facts, have occurred under my own personal observation, not once or twice only, but many times, and in the presence of living witnesses who have testified with me, and who will testify again, to their truth and reality. And these, be it remembered, form some of the items of a single observer only. They have occurred in *nearly* all, if not all, the cities of the civilized world, from San Francisco to St. Petersburg. For the last ten years, every newspaper asserting its own freedom on any other days of the year than the twenty-first of

December, the fourth of July, and "just before election," has published a vast number of similar facts, observed under every variety of circumstance, and by all classes of individuals. The present sample is given by way of illustration simply, of what is meant by the positive evidence upon which Spiritualism rests as a science. Can there be a mind able, with the least respect to its meaning, to pronounce the word *science*, needing an argumentative exposition of their true import? They point their own significance more directly than any argument possibly can. Man is seen in them all. Not the psychologically induced man; not the unconsciously projected man of the involuntary organism, stultifying his own consciousness and voluntary powers, together with all the observed facts of science, by doing without purpose what he cannot do with, though aided by all the machinery that science and art have produced; but man from beyond the grave, with will, affection, intelligence, judgment—everything which constitutes a man, not omitting the visibility of portions of his Spirit-projected body, and in some instances, the whole of it. We can have no other evidences than such as these, of the presence of man, under any circumstances: I therefore deem them absolute and conclusive. If they do not make out the return of man, *alive and well*, from beyond the grave, how is it to be established that a man ever returned to New York from Liverpool, or any other place on earth?

But again: this temple of science, like every other solid structure, is not a "dry wall;" its blocks of granite are cemented by the facts of inference and the crystals of induction. Allusion was made in the previous Lecture to additional evidence of this kind, some of which may now be introduced. Gall discovered a new science of mind, and Mesmer, a new series of mental powers. Both these discoveries indicate a science which is able to combine and classify them with its own facts—a more comprehensive science, which is Spiritualism. Mesmer's facts are spiritual. He was the Columbus of a new and virgin spiritual continent, rich in beauty, and prolific of unimaginable use. Like his prototype, he laid his new-born fact at the feet of science, and like him, was rudely thrust from her sanctuary by the priests who ministered at her altar. Mesmer, before that august academy, whose fiat was held to be life or death to whatever

thing it condescended to pass upon, is a phenomenon worth considering. The light it sheds is a beacon, which may help those who have eyes, to steer a course. Science has no respect to-day for the decision which sent Mesmer and his fact in disgrace from her accredited tribunal. Little did the suppliant who asked an impartial investigation and an honest verdict, or the *savans* who denied him both, dream of the results which were to flow from that newly opened fountain of truth.

Philosophers and scientific gentlemen who never *knew* that they believed in *Mesmerism*, until they heard of the "Rochester Knockings," (which after all, must be held as in some degree practical, since they have *knocked* the recognition of *that* fact through their skulls at last, when it seems nothing else could,) say that Spiritualism is *Mesmerism*. And so, no doubt, it is, properly stated; but, with the accuracy natural to that genius and wisdom which does not know that it accepts a thing for true, until it becomes a self-imposed duty to prove some other *truth* to be false, they have placed the cart before the horse. Had they said, Mesmerism is a manifestation of *Spiritualism*, they would have stated the precise truth, whether they understood it or not. But they are not classed at all with its absolute proofs, though there are sciences, holding high rank in the world, resting on bases not more solid than would Spiritualism, had it no other facts than those derived from the discovery of Mesmer.

Gall's discovery recalled the human mind from its airy seat amid the visionary speculations of theology and existing science; and whereas it was without known form, and void of all ascertained locality or habitation, he demonstrated it to be organic; and boldly proclaimed that it was to be known and studied only as related to substance and form. What a stride was there in the direction of truth, from the inconclusive metaphysics of the schools. Aristotle, Des Cartes, and Locke, have been in turn worshiped and persecuted, honored and disgraced, but finally *forgotten* in the demonstrative science of organic mind. We have only to consult the works of Locke, Ried, Stewart, and others, once the very autocrats of metaphysics, to intensify our emotions of gratitude for eternal riddance from a mountain of inconclusiveness, lifted from our shoulders by the discovery of Gall. In giving to mind a necessary relation with substance and

form, making substance and form an index, to a certain extent, of the character of mind, was indicated the true form of a human soul—what Spiritualism has demonstrated—that a human Spirit is a *living man*, and is never separate from form and substance. The force of the true inference drawn from the facts of phrenology, is not weakened in the least, by the proximate conclusion, which seemed to lead to *Materialism*, instead of *Spiritualism*. It is true, doubtless, that Gall and the galvanic battery have been the natural and innocent causes of more anti-Spiritualism, than Voltaire and all the apostles of his school. But this only shows how necessary it is for the student to ponder the alphabet or elementary principles of his science ; and not to imitate the urchins of the primary school, who are prone to forsake it for the pictures and fables, which childhood loves so well. The blunder was in confounding the machinery with its motive power. Mesmer's discovery reached behind, or rather within, that of Gall, and demonstrates a power, and the existence of faculties able to manifest themselves when the machinery which Gall has verified is not in working order. Gall discovered a great fact ; Mesmer found a *greater one within it*.

And here again is seen the true tendency of a new discovery, no matter of what, provided it be *genuine*. Am I asked, what is an absolute test of truth ? I answer, that is the *true thought*, the true *science*, or the true *thing*, that grows ever broader, more substantial and consequential, the farther it can be traced from its first appearance. Truth, in whatever form, perpetually stretches out its arms toward infinity. It is ambitious to fill the universe with itself. The diminutive ovum of the merest *shad*, would fill the immensity of ocean with its fishy life—Why ? Because that insignificant form is the body of a *divine reality*, and God's TRUTH MUST GROW ! This positive index of truth, shows us also the error and the mistake. These alone can wither and die, which shows that in themselves there is no life. Nothing but truth can successfully resist decay.

Passing along the stream of magnetic truth, whose fountain Mesmer had opened, we come to a phenomenon deserving special attention. It first met the public eye in the month of August, eighteen hundred and forty-seven, in the form of a large book, bearing upon its cover these mysterious words—"Revelations,

etc., by A. J. Davis, the Clairvoyant." The merits of that work are not now the special theme of consideration, but its production. It is matter of fact, that the author was not twenty-one years of age when his work was put to press, that he had not even what is termed in the most liberal sense, a common school education ; and that, as a necessary consequence, much of the language and most of the topics treated upon, must have been new and unfamiliar to him at the time.

Now, on the authority of common experience, the elements necessary to the production of a work of similar size, consecutiveness of statement, scientific research, critical analysis, and variety of topic—no matter whether the doctrine be true or false—I say to produce such a work as that, the elements required are, vigorous manhood, with an intellect enriched by familiarity with the subjects of which it treats, and a knowledge of science which is the usual result of years of study. And yet we see there are wanting in the production of this work, *every one of them*. There was neither the age nor the ripened scholarship, which the laws of literature demand, to be found as a product of time and mental culture in the author of that work. How, then, is it to be accounted for ? Why has it not been sifted, and its cause explained, by a commission of scientific men ? It is a mental prodigy unknown to the history of book-making. To have scientifically explained the mystery of its existence, would have set all similar mysteries in open day-light. The sacred books of all peoples and ages, the inspirations of prophecy and of genius—all that the world has deemed *miracle*, is included in the true explanation of the origin of that book ; and with it, reduced to law, and the comprehension of science. Surely, here is matter worthy of investigation, and yet, notwithstanding the parade of scientific conventions and scientific discovery, this phenomenon is not a musty tradition of what superstition *supposes* may have occurred anterior to Noah's flood, but a *present fact*, and up to this hour, neither scientific committee nor individual apostle has attempted an explanation. As if science had only to do with the *outside* of things, or else had the power to deny the existence of all that it has not explained. Herein, has mere scholastic or routine science, demonstrated its superficiality ; that a fact of this magnitude could occur in its very presence, and under its

most profound nose, and not a man among its accredited apostles to grapple with it ! No explanation is to be looked for from that quarter. There is no "saving grace" for the universal inquietude of the mind's mysteries, in these apostles. We know where they are—it is night with them—they have gone to roost *under the church* ; at least all that the church can accommodate, and the remainder are snoozing where they can, with a volume of Voltaire under their heads. When I likened them to a conclave of owls, I did injustice to that genus ; all its species that I ever fell in with, can turn their eyes straight *ahead*, as well as straight *behind* ; whereas, a thoroughly orthodox disciple of scholastic science, as of scholastic religion, can only look the *wrong* way. If explained at all, it is to be done by other men than these, and through the finding of other elements than belong to the mere externalities of matter, and whoever does it, will have found Spiritualism. That assertion recorded on the six hundred and seventy-fifth page of the book, that the truth of communion between men in the body and spirits out of it, would, "ere long, present itself in the form of a living demonstration," and which was verified in less than three years, by the experience of thousands, is more than presumptive that the real origin of the book is spiritual ; or in other words, that it is what it professes to be, "*A Revelation*," etc. We accept it as an undoubted fact, that the planet Jupiter is an inhabited world, on inferences no more solid and conclusive. Indeed, what *can* be more so ?

But there is another thing under the sun, demanding inquiry. During these days, the public ear, to a very large extent, has been lent to *children*.

Childhood and childish inexperience have mounted *its* rostrums and harangued without stint or prohibition. Grant that this is often without any great display of genius or of wisdom ; the true question is : *Why are they there at all ?* and how do they maintain themselves in a position which would tax ripened experience to the utmost ? The profundity of statement is not now the point ; all that need be said of it is, the public interest indicates, either unusual talent in the speaker, or unusual folly in itself. But it is a *n ew* thing for young girls and boys, or for childish experience even in those who are older, to speak as they are known to do. The mere superficialist, in hot pursuit of the supernal wisdom,

and the sharp critic who listens that he may establish the important principle that there can be no truth in one direction where there is great folly in another, alike contrive to overlook the real thing conducive to their own increase of spiritual strength and intellectual growth, which is, as above intimated, a study of the laws of the phenomenon itself. The wisdom displayed is simply its incidental. What has broken down the natural barriers of modesty and inexperience, hitherto all-sufficient to restrain childhood from the usurpation of positions sacred to gray-haired experience and ripened wisdom? Granting their ability to overleap the barriers of modesty and natural diffidence, and that their usurpation of the office of public teachers is a piece of barefaced impudence; *that* would not give them the acknowledged ability they display; indeed, the talent is wholly incompatible with the supposed impudence. The true measure of this ability, it should be said in passing, is not found by comparing it with what Franklin, Bacon, Plato, or any other ripe thinker might be judged competent to say, but in a comparison with the well-ascertained natural or ordinary *status* of the speaker. The primary object for scientific consideration is, the marked difference so often observed in the same individual. In these cases, where education or knowledge acquired by experience are known to be absent, the ability which marks one phase of the individual, must arise from one of two causes, and *both are spiritual*; that is to say, the speaker is either manifesting *inherent* spiritual powers, or else there is a spiritual *rapproch* with other minds from whom the superiority manifested is derived; but in either case, it is a spiritual fact, produced solely by *Spirit*, entirely independent of the physical organs as a means of acquiring knowledge of external principles or things. The inspiring source may not be clearly indicated, but *inspiration itself* is as certain, as that vegetation is inspired and quickened into growth and maturity by the sun. The trance itself is a spiritual phenomenon, and its facts are spiritual, tried by the laws of both science and logic.

Spiritualism, then, is a science, by authority of self-evident truth, observed fact, and inevitable deduction; having within itself all the elements upon which any science can found a claim. Moreover, it is the all-comprehensive science of the sciences, without which, all others are incomplete. The *inferior*, astronomy,

reveals to us worlds in space, determines their periods, fixes their locality, and weighs them in a balance. The *superior*, Spiritualism, reveals to us *why these worlds are*. It is the only science that can give the last analysis to the universal *why*, and translate into human consciousness, the real significance of all *that is*. Why then, in the name of reason, should it not commend itself to the lovers of truth and certainty, the world over? Spiritualism must resolve that *why* also, and the answer is ready—*It does*. Every truth-seeker, be he doctor of divinity or professor of the humanities, *loves Spiritualism* in the heart of him, whether he knows it or not; and there are many such. Recollect, it was only the advent of Spiritualism which let the world into the secret that it believed in Mesmerism. There is an outside denial in many cases, which, interpreted by an expert, resolves itself into affirmation. The beautiful truth is self-commendatory. It is addressed to a universal question. Man loves to live; it proclaims with the trump of an angel—*thou shalt not die!* In the life of the animal, man may *forget* it; in the life of tradition and church-imposed creeds and rituals, he may *hate it*, in the life of fashion and honorary position, he may despise and ridicule it, but in the life of the Spirit, he is a Spiritualist. He who thinks he has faith in God and heaven, and hates Spiritualism is a juggler who cheats himself by the adroitness of his own trick. He who professes to love science, and shuts his eyes to the facts of Spiritualism, is false to the name he bears. He is a traitor to science—though the whole alphabet were put under contribution for abbreviations wherewith to express the titles and number of his honorary degrees. And the Doctor of Divinity who denounces it, is a *quack in theology*, though he occupy the divinity chair in the highest institutions on earth.

Lecture 3.

SPIRITUALISM CONSIDERED WITH REFERENCE TO ITS DIFFICULTIES AND OBJECTIONS, BOTH INTRINSIC AND EXTRINSIC.

Having presented as much of the affirmative side of Spiritualism as the proposed limits of these Lectures will allow, it is but justice to present also some of the difficulties and objections, both intrinsic and extrinsic, arising out of, and relating to it.

First in the order of consideration, are those which present themselves to the student in the pursuit of his spiritual investigations, and do so perplex him in his progress. Like the learner in any other school, he meets with problems hard to solve. Like the child at his arithmetic, the "rule" by which he has found the answer to so many "sums," seems to fail him at last in its application to one of greater intricacy of statement ; and as it refuses to yield to what he deems an honest application of the law of solution, he begins to doubt whether it *be* a "rule," and in the depth of his affliction, is tempted to cast aside his mathematics in sheer disgust and doubt of having demonstrated any truth whatever. It is comfortable to reflect, however, that with the child, a more matured intellect and deeper insight, finally lift him out of his quandary, and justify his arithmetic.

May it not be even so with the student of Spiritualism ? For a time, he really seems to himself to have discovered some truth, and to have made some progress. As for example, he feels that he did hear certain sounds which expressed intelligence, and disclosed a knowledge of facts peculiar to some departed, but well-remembered relative or friend, and known only in this world to himself ; or perhaps, the form of a beloved and well-known *hand* is presented to one or more of the senses, which perchance writes a sentence suggestive of its owner's old habits and ways of expressing thought ; or perhaps it enacts the early and never-to-

be-forgotten caress of the observer's childhood, or beats the tune upon the table that lulled him to slumber in the hour of pain ; or perhaps it is laid upon his brow with that recognized sensation of blessing which the deepest and holiest human love alone can impart, bringing with it the blessed consciousness that the very air he breathes is balmy with the breath of angels, and that life's mystery is solved at last !

But anon, these angels depart from the presence-chamber of his external consciousness, and he is left to the dull world of form, and fact, and creed, and theory again ; or rather, he is left upon the debatable ground, as it were, between *two* worlds whose facts and theories oppose each other ; and yet, for a time, both seem alike real and conclusive. In the world to which he is rapidly returning, is the grave-yard where lies the *body* (dismal reality that, surely), and *that grave*, both galvanic batteries and church creeds declare to be the "bourne, whence no traveler returns," before a resurrection, at least, of whatsoever *Gabriel* can find there, in a condition to be made fit to attend court on the "day of Judgment." In that world too, are the jugglers, who put tow into their mouths, and straightway pull out whole yards of *bright new ribbon*, not a penny the worse for an hour's contact with the gastric juice—jugglers who swallow eggs, and after four *seconds*, instead of the old dull process of four weeks' incubation, extract *live geese* from their stomachs, and do it too, not in "dark circles," but in open gas-light ; and for the life of him, he can't tell why they *don't do it*, only, that somehow, he feels that they *do not*. And there is the ventriloquist with his miracles of sound, making murdered men talk in the cellar, and live people swear without saying a word ; and all these things are as real to the senses as the mother's hand which was laid in blessing upon his head ; and, as a question of fact, the only difference between them is, that somehow, the *shadowy* hand feels to his soul like a *reality*, and the *real* doings of the juggler and the ventriloquist are felt in the same sensorium to be a *sham*, though the goose be real, and the ribbons and voice as genuine as any other. And there, too, is science with her psychology, converting rods into serpents, lamp-posts into veritable ghosts, and three-legged stools into hobgoblins ; perverting all the senses at will, and causing the subject to accept as true, whatever fantasy the ope-

rator chooses to impress upon his sensuous faculties. There also is the Church, with her legions of devils, never reducing the grand army by so much as a single imp even in time of peace, but with a regiment constantly under arms and ready to march at a moment's warning to assist in the bedevilment of mortals. And last, but *least*, though *pious* thought, there is her flying artillery of angels—literally *flying*—being veritable chubby little gentlemen with *great spread of wing*; belonging not at all to the *genus homo*, but full of affection for it nevertheless, and equitably dividing their time between hovering over the nurseries of human baby-hood, and acting as trumpeters in ordinary to Jehovah.

Conceive this enraptured auditor of the previous hour, alone in the theater where the enchanted drama of the immortals was enacted. The curtain down, the actors gone, and he left with the stage properties—the mere wooden machinery and disenchanted reality of what so lately had seemed to be a scene from the great drama of the hereafter! He finds, perchance, an unpretending table and an inexperienced girl! These are all the tangible things—the only surviving realities of that enchanted hour. Will he not be likely to weigh the events of that hour, with these facts of the every-day world? Will he not put Spiritualism in one scale, and jugglery, ventriloquism, psychology, and his holy religion with its legions of devils and angels (who, it is accurately ascertained, have no serious business on hand until after the resurrection) into the other, to ascertain which will preponderate? and will he not have some difficulty in settling the question of preponderance? He *will* assuredly, unless he scrutinizes with an eye that can detect its minutest vibrations. He has a problem here, which, if he has neglected his multiplication and division, he will not be able to dispose of to his satisfaction or advantage. It is a law, not alone of the mathematics, but of the universe, that its most occult axioms can only be demonstrated by the aid of its simplest and most apparent truths. I recall here a previous hint—that mere *faith* in the truth, helps us to the solution of no question. The boy may be sound in the faith that his arithmetic is a complete body of numerical divinity; but when he comes to “Tare and Tret,” all he will be able to realize from his faith, will be a painful reminder of the truth of the old rythmical prophecy—truly it may cause him to “Swear and

Sweat," but it will solve never a problem. For example, psychology may be considered, in a sense, as one of the ground rules of the higher mathematics of Spiritualism. Suppose that in applying its multiplication, he sets it down that three times four are *eight*, he can never recover from the effect of that blunder, until he goes back and corrects it.

The question of difficulty in the case of the observer of spiritual phenomena, simply stated, is this : How am I to satisfy myself that what I have been observing, is really what it claims to be ? In other words, Can I trust my own senses ? Now, the student has not to go into eternity to find the elements whereby to solve that problem, or to find a test by which to prove the accuracy of the work. The question is invariably mystified by the ridiculous, church-engendered assumption, in the first place, that every thing spiritual is *supernatural*, and hence, that the observer is in duty bound to slander his senses when they testify concerning spiritual things. He never thinks of impeaching their testimony when applied to familiar objects ; he is not disturbed by psychological doubts, when he sees what is termed "a *natural* curiosity," though he may never have even heard of it before in his life. But he complicates his difficulty by the assumption that, in his spiritual investigation he has been observing things *unnatural*, and by unconsciously trying to settle two questions, when in reality he has *asked* but one, he loses both himself and his question in a fog of his own creating. And it occurs in this way. Recollect, the question is as to the integrity of his senses with respect to certain things whereof they have testified ; that is to say, are they real ? Now it is seen, that he never asks that question when he sees an animal, or touches a thing that is entirely new to him ; nor would he in the other case, were it not that he has most ingeniously involved the question of *origin* with the question of *fact*, and has demanded that his senses shall respond to both at the same time. He says *truly*, "I take the testimony of my senses when I examine a horse—he is a natural phenomenon ; but as applied to spiritual or *supernatural* things they are to be doubted." Here is the cheat : the question, so far as psychology is concerned, is not, as to whether they are spiritual or natural, but, *have they really occurred* ? It is for the *reason*, and not for the senses, to determine the question of cause.

The senses only inform us of facts; the use of them belongs to the province of reason. Clear the problem of spiritual manifestations from this most ingenious and common swindle, and the question of psychological illusion, jugglery, and deception, will no more apply to its facts of observation, than to any other; and the ground upon which he predicates the integrity of his senses with respect to the reality of a *horse*, will vindicate their truthfulness with respect to every other object within their range.

Now, the process by which he undertakes to satisfy himself that he has really sensed a horse, may be stated after this manner. His own reality is a self-evident fact of his own consciousness—there is no disputing about that: he feels that *he is*, and the competency of his own senses to testify as to appearances is tested by this primary fact of consciousness: that is to say, he is conscious of a certain internal sensation as of a wound upon the body; he examines, and *finds* it there; and by repeated comparisons between consciousness and appearance, he demonstrates, not by logic but by consciousness, that his senses *can* tell the truth—not that they *always* do, but that they can; and when they do not, it is not necessarily a fault of theirs. When the eyes are open and perfect, and the day is clear, they must reflect images, as certainly as a looking-glass reflects faces: no psychologist can prevent that; he can at best but change the condition of the subject, so that his consciousness fails in the perfect appreciation of what they say. But remember, this admitted change of condition—this temporary inability to hear and determine with the usual accuracy—proves the soundness of its opposite condition. Deception can only be affirmed from the stand-point of absolute integrity. This leaves the only question to be settled, as to whether an observed object is real or illusory—a question as between these two states or conditions of the subject; that is, when I assert that I see a man, its truthfulness to myself will depend upon what, for convenience, is called my normal or abnormal condition at the time, both being real states of the individual. The question then by the last analysis, is narrowed down to one of conditions. The *tug of war* is to settle what was my state when I supposed myself to be observing and examining a horse. But before entering the battle-field, it

is necessary to consider man in three phases of his manifestation here in the body.

Firstly. There is what is called the normal, or regular and ordinary state, in which the integrity of his judgment as to the things of sense, is admitted.

Secondly. There is the state of *psychomachy*, a condition of conflict of the spirit with its body or external organism, during which the consciousness which belongs to the first, or normal, or sensuous plane of the man, is disturbed and can not act with its accustomed vivacity and precision. This state is induced from many causes, what is popularly termed psychology among the number.

Thirdly. There is a state of trance, in which the subject manifests perfect consciousness of being, knowing and observing phenomena; but during which, the external senses do not testify or act at all.

Here are three well marked manifestations of the same individual, together with double consciousness; for the things of the trance are not, in most instances, deposited in the memory of the normal consciousness, showing by this fact, not only that there are two, but that each keeps its own record. The debatable ground as to what the senses say, is in the *psychomachy* or disturbance between these two; and the preliminary inquiry is, how far is this normal or every-day consciousness vitiated or injured by the conflict? Apparently it is totally dethroned. But it is not so. The so-called psychological subject is as conscious in a degree, as any other person, that the *rod serpent* of his senses is not a *real serpent* after all, though it has nearly the effect of one upon his emotions. This is the concurrent testimony of many subjects, and would seem to establish the postulate, that whenever the senses testify at all, there is a court of consciousness ever competent in some degree to weigh the evidence they offer. The things of the trance are not brought to the inner consciousness by the external senses. They are not witnesses in that court, only in the outer. Neither are the illusions charged against the senses ever practiced upon this inner consciousness. When that is led astray, it is not through their agency. Each state or consciousness manifests its appropriate organism of sensation, and hence it is physiologically rational, as well as being the testimony of the subjects of

psychology, that the facts of the senses are ever more or less scrutinized by an accompanying consciousness, which performs duty as interpreter ; so that, if a man's senses really report to him a stick, he can not while looking at it, be wholly driven from the consciousness that it is not a *snake*, though it may seem to shake its tail. The consciousness which always acts with the senses, is fortified by the memory of other observations, as well as being a power and a test of veracity in itself ; and it instinctively brings its native and acquired powers to bear upon whatever is presented, as a General scans the behavior of his troops. This is why the juggler, while he plays upon the senses, can not cheat the consciousness : *that* knows all the while that his apparent facts are not what they seem ; and every juggler involuntarily bows to its decision by not pretending that they are.

Having defined the boundary of this limbo of Psychomachy, in so far as to show that its illusions, after all, are more apparent than real as applied to questions of fact, I return to the question of tests as to condition. And first, it is to be observed, that the normal or regular condition is the *rule*, and the others are the exceptions ; and secondly, that even the subjects of the other states are not in them all the time, but only a small portion of it ; the conclusion from which is, that *every* man sees objects correctly the greater part of the time, and *most* men all the time. Again, it is to be considered that the state has its premonitory symptoms both internal and external, relatively proportionate to its intensity of action. It rarely takes the subject by surprise, and need not deceive the expert observer. At least, he who has once experienced it knows it, and knows something of the means or causes which induce it ; and he who has thoroughly studied it, knows its indications, and knows they are as marked as the symptoms of any other state.

Now let the observer banish conjecture and baseless speculation, and take this staff of knowledge in his hand, and see if he can not finally settle the question as to whether he has ever really seen a horse. And the rule by which he settles that fact, will settle every other. Having applied the rule in his own case, let him next consider the vast number and variety of spiritual facts, and the multitudes of persons who have witnessed them, himself

being of the number, and *then* let him cheat his consciousness with the theory of their psychological unreality, *if he can*. To test the real weight of this inflated psychological difficulty as applied to spiritual facts, the observer has only to raise the same objection to the fact of a rock that he does to the fact of a Spirit ; for as it affects the reality of the former, so must it be with the latter ; that is, to the consciousness, on the *evidence of the senses*, they are *both realities* or they are *both shams* ; and if it would be unwise for a man who looks upon the falls of Niagara for the first time, thence to conclude that he had been the victim of fantasy, it can not be rationally claimed as an honor to his scientific proficiency, to adopt that conclusion with respect to any other thing, because he had not observed it before,

It is also to be noticed, that the facts of jugglery, the myths of psychology, and the facts of Spiritualism as observed through the senses, have exactly opposite effects upon the consciousness. It rejects the former, though the senses seem to affirm their *reality*, and is instinctively disposed to accept the latter, though the understanding and all former experience cry out "incredible." This difference in the reception of facts, equally impressing the senses, belongs to a chapter of evidence in behalf of Spiritualism, which can not be dissected, and refuses to be transferred to paper. It is written only upon the soul of the individual ; to be understood, it must be felt. It is born of the affection of natural affinity, and is a portion of love's own private memoranda of testimony, too sacred for any court of record. Affection has its laws, as well as the solar system. Like caloric, which resides in all bodies, though it crops out to the senses only when it takes on a certain degree of activity which causes us to feel its heat, and know it to be a reality, though we may not see the fire ; so, when affection is active, we feel the presence of the inspiring source, and the soul responds from the depth of her own love, to the truthfulness of the facts of her external observation ; and thus the sum proves both ways—the facts of consciousness and the facts of the senses accord. But this is not the case with the wooden facts of the necromancer, nor with the hypothetical creations of the psychologist. There is no human love in a myth ; an ideal creation can not beget affection upon consciousness. The careful student of psychology will never find it a stumbling-block in the

way when he becomes a careful student of Spiritualism, but quite the contrary. It is the ignoramus only, who gets himself confounded.

A singular objection to Spiritualism, or rather an hypothesis referring its phenomena, whether of ancient or modern times, to the witnesses as a cause, has appeared from time to time in the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, and other papers.

This hypothesis admits the phenomena, and accounts for them as follows. Man is a complex of the uses of his ancestry, and his memory is the organism of their uses in him ; that is to say, the means by which they are represented or manifested to him. That the state of active affection with one of these flows into the memory or organism of his use or uses, and actually projects the embodied form of that use, in time and space, as it originally appeared. As thus : The memory of my father is the organism of his uses in me, and as I come into the affection of one or more of these uses of him, that affection, flowing into the organism of himself in me, becomes to my senses an objective representation of himself, either wholly or in part, to me. If, for instance, I am in the affection of the use of his hand performing a remembered act, the hand will appear and do that very act, and so on.

This hypothesis admits that man is a Spirit, and affirms the perpetuity of his conscious individuality, by reason of his being the form of a specific and perpetual use, denying only that such manifestations as, in both ancient and modern times, are ascribed to what is popularly called spiritual causes, are really so, in that sense of the term, and affirming their self-caused projection from that of the things manifested ; which things or uses of the ancestry are latent as to the external consciousness, in the observer. For a full statement of this hypothesis, together with the grounds upon which it rests, see SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH of September 5, 1857, and succeeding numbers.

I am unable to accept this hypothesis as an explanation of the origin of spiritual phenomena, for several reasons :

1. The hypothesis is not self-consistent, as it appears to me. It admits, for example, that my father is a spiritual entity, or form of use, and that he did once manifest that use, which is him-

self, to me; but denies that he can do so any longer—when, for example, he only, or those who are on a plane with him, which is the same thing, *can* be of efficient use to me in a certain emergency, which will be explained below; which is virtually saying, *that* use, which is man, and by which alone man is, can not be perpetually *useful*—can not always manifest itself in love to the neighbor, though use be the *animus* of that love.

To illustrate : A man after the most careful application of his best powers to the subject, is forced to the conclusion that death destroys all human consciousness. Now, it is *use* or love to the neighbor to endeavor so to set the facts of nature, and the deductions flowing from them, before the recipient of this unhappy conclusion, that, if possible, he may see good cause to reverse it. No believer in the immortality which this hypothesis admits, for a moment questions the *utility* of such a work. *But it fails* ; and during the first forty years of the present century had failed with increased rapidity. Up to within the last ten years the *decrease* of faith in a conscious existence beyond the grave, had been in the ratio of the *increase* in the knowledge of the facts of science. This plain matter of fact stood forth in this nineteenth century, making constant progress against all the uses of man on this side the grave—a great and growing need; and by this hypothesis there is no one to perform the uses which it demands. It presents immortality on the basis of perpetual use, and denies the power of *useing* in a direction where, as seen, man, or a form of use from *beyond* the grave, alone can act with the required efficiency.

2. As seen above, it affirms that my father, for example, could and did once flow into my proprium, so as to become in a certain sense, the organism of his representation in me, and then stops this flow, but does not exhibit the valve which cuts it off. It first admits the perpetuity of human uses, and their prior activity or *useing*, but denies their perpetual flow; that is to say, my father was once a form of use to me through the manifestation of himself *to* me, but is so no longer. This hypothesis, applied to the distributing reservoir of the Croton water (which is as well the form of a use to me, as my father is, or was), will be difficult of credence. By means of it, that fluid

flows into and becomes the organic forms of its uses in all who partake of it; but having once done that, it is no longer necessary; the water may be cut off at the fountain. Both my father and the distributing reservoir, have ceased to *be uses* on their respective planes of use, their uses being once organized in me. But to affirm that that which is man, or the divine proceeding of eternal use into the *form* of eternal use, does finally *cease to be a use*, is to pronounce upon him the sentence of scientific annihilation.

3. As seen, my father having become the organism of his use in me, I, forever after, am able by the volition of the involuntary or ganglionic side of my spiritual powers, to flow into that organism, and by means of it to reproduce the forms of all his uses; that is to say, whenever I come into the affection of a use of my father, corresponding to his hand doing that use, I do objectively create his hand actually performing it; and so on throughout, even to his standing before me in time and space, *recreated from myself*, by the occult powers of my involuntary spiritual physiology to flow into the complex unity of the organisms of his uses in me. If this be so, then, so far as I can see, is my father annihilated, and *God* with him, by ceasing to be any longer useful to whatsoever they did once flow into. *I* have become the Creator. When I require my father, I can produce him from myself, and when I come into affection with the divine in me, on the same principle I become omnipotent. The universe and its creator being within myself, who am the continent of the organisms of their uses, I can reproduce them from *myself*; and hence, whatever there might have been once, there is now nothing substantial in the universe *but myself!* And yet, when I come to apply this hypothesis, I find, despite my omnipotence, that although the Croton water is present in me, and I often come into affection with it, I have never yet been able to produce the distributing reservoir, which is its continent in a gross sense, anywhere save on Manhattan Island where, for the present, it makes its only physical manifestation.

4. The hypothesis has no facts. Principles are in perpetual potency; if, therefore, the doctrine be sound, one man can reproduce the objective presence of another, whilst that other is in the body, as well as after he has left it. Now, to be ap-

proved as sound, it must be able to show the objective *fac simile* of the hand of a person performing *real acts* in time and space, the original of the representation at the same time belonging to a man in the body. For example : Hands representing those once belonging to persons who have *departed* this life, are known to move ponderable bodies. The fact required is, the presence of such a hand, *doing the same thing*, its original proprietor *not* having departed this life. It is not the apparition merely of a living person, which will meet the case, but an appearance that can *do* something which will leave the visible marks of its presence behind it, as hands representing those of departed persons are known to do. Obviously, if the hypothesis will cover the facts of the higher life, it will also those of the lower, and hence it must be true, that so soon as the child has received his parents by influx, and has become the spiritual organism of their uses, he need not wait until they have left the body, to air his creative power; he may be in the cornfield, and they comfortably seated at dinner five miles distant, and be able to produce them, if the doctrine will hold, and cause them to aid him in ejecting the pigs therefrom, by simply flowing into the affection of their use in that direction, already organized in *him*.

5. It is *against* fact. Nature, so far as our observation extends, develops all her forms from germs ; whereas by this hypothesis, a man not only can create his own father, but can do it independently of natural method. For example, A., B., and C. sit conversing upon some topic engrossing their whole attention, when a *seventh hand* obtrudes itself upon their notice. Now, the six hands belonging to the said A., B., and C., are produced by the established method of organic growth, but the seventh hand, whose grasp is as firm, and whose motions are as intelligent, and everything about it as real, as the others, is not a proceeding like these, but is the individual, or conjoint product of the unconscious volition of A., B., and C.'s states ! Here is not only a new Creator, but a new process of creation, and one never observed in the production of anything save that which represents the forms and acts of persons who have left the present life.

6. It is not possible for one form of use to flow into another

to the subversion of its own uses, except at the expense of its identity. When animal uses are incorporated with the human in the organism of the human, animal identity is lost. Hence, if one germ-life can flow into another, so that the receptive life can thereafter reproduce all the manifestations of the first, then, as in the case of the animal, is its identity lost in that other. In this transfer of uses, use having culminated, identity, by strict law of divine economy, must terminate. Such influx would be contrary to Divine order, and, as between two immortal identities, would be impossible. It is pushing the law of influx to the point of self-annihilation. The inspiring spirit is lost, both as to use and identity, in the creative possibilities of the soul it has inspired.

7. It does not accord with the observed law of influx on lower planes of manifestation. For example, iron is the organic form of the uses of its ancestors, among which is magnetism. Its presence is essential to the manifestation of that metal, and as a producing element or ancestral trait in the organism of iron, its behavior is uniform. But iron can be inspired by its magnetic ancestor in *person*, so to speak, and then, without the slightest perversion of these ancestral traits, the aforesaid ancestor performs uses through it. That it is the ancestor in *person*, and not merely his traits existing in the subject or child, is known from the fact that the iron never manifests the new power, except through the presence of the foreign agent.

For these reasons, I conclude that the hypothesis is of authority and not of fact. As, for example, when my senses reveal to me a human hand at three o'clock P. M., of a clear day, it admits that it is the form of a use developed from a germ by a universal and orderly method. But if in five minutes thereafter, the same senses reveal to me *another hand*, it affirms by authority of itself, and against universal order, that *that* hand is not an unfolded germ, but the offspring of *my state*; which looks like affirming that divine order can perform uses in *disorder*.

But there are difficulties arising from other sources—the difficulty of satisfactory identification as evinced by the common use of the phrase—“*purporting to be the Spirit of,*” etc., etc., which indicates of course, that the narrator is uncertain. Also the in-

definite or incomprehensible statements with respect to the modes of spiritual existence, etc., etc. These do perpetually beset the student at every renewed attempt at solution. The declarations of media bewilder rather than enlighten him, and the whole problem grows dark, as he tries in vain to penetrate its mysteries.

In pondering these difficulties, let him first impress this truism upon his soul—the *desire for knowledge, must forever overleap its gratification*. Let him call to mind also, that the knowledge or comprehension of any fact, comes to him only by addressing a consciousness able to respond to the truth of the fact he would understand. We can not speak of color to a man born without sight, so as to enable him to conceive of it as we do. Let him remember that the new life also implies new conditions, which can but very imperfectly address themselves to our external consciousness, for the reason that we have not yet entered upon it. The musquito begins his life in the water and ends it in the air; how much can there be in his *fishy* consciousness, able to respond to his life among the birds? Suppose a full-blown butterfly to attempt the education of a grub with respect to the realities of its winged glory; we can readily conceive of insurmountable difficulties attending such an effort. We can see at a glance, how difficult it might be for a grandfather *butterfly*, as he stoops from his perch among the flowers to sweep the dull earth with his painted wing, to inspire his grandson *grub*, with the knowledge of *how* he does it, or to give him a realizing sense of his joyous existence in his realm of freedom, and his new tabernacle of beauty. Man is an angel in the life of a *grub*; and like the butterfly in the same state, he must await the unfolding from the chrysalis before he can enter the senior class in the college of the higher life. The student who sees the necessity which makes this law imperative *elsewhere*, will not quarrel long with its rigid observance in the college of spiritual science, where titles can not be purchased, and honorary degrees never go by favor. He will consider rather, the wonderful wisdom and intimate knowledge of natural law, by which alone the higher life has been revealed to his consciousness through the external senses, in *any* of the phases of its reality—that heaven has touched the earth *at all*—that it has been able to reach the anx-

ious, doubting heart of man in *any way*, and to convert the dull, inanimate conveniences of an earthly household, into the ministers and missionaries of its Gospel—at once revealing the sublimest theme of science, and the deepest incentive to devotion. His wonder will be, not that he can find out *so little*, but that he can learn *so much*; not that it is so difficult to make the identity manifest in *every* case, but that it can be done in *any* case. He will rationally infer from the wonderful chemistry which makes letters out of living flesh and blood, and unmakes them at will, from the knowledge which guides a pen by simple contact of imponderable forces, and causes it to write with the skill of an expert, that there have been many difficulties to overcome in the way of physical manifestation; which difficulties, assuming that spiritual beings are *human* beings, and that in the life of the Spirit, as in that of the body, they acquire knowledge, not by miracle, but by insight and application, must have required ages to overcome; and hence, that the spiritual telegraph is as much a new discovery as that of Morse, and that it is still improvable.

The difficulty or objection that they are demons instead of humans, who do these things, is a self-imposed affliction. It argues another obstacle to be overcome by the immortals—an obstacle arising from the inaptness of the scholars they fain would teach. To get a scientific, philosophical, or moderately rational idea of spiritual things into the head of a mortal occupied by the devil and his family of cognate absurdities, consider the difficulties of it. Show *him* a new thing, the *devil* is at the bottom of it. All that *he* does not understand, is of the devil. The *devil* is the fourth, and most potential and practical person in his trinity, who lays out all the work for the other three—the *fifth* wheel to his car of progress, which does nothing but trip the others up. Obviously, this devil must be turned out before any valuable truth can be got in; and where is the fulcrum in such a mind, for the lever of riddance to rest upon? His philosophy is fog; his facts are tradition. The man who would remove the stumbling-block of demonology from his path, must plant his lever, not upon a pope, a book, a creed, but *upon a principle*—upon the *great* principle of *use*—God, who requires both eternity and infinite space for its manifestation, and has therefore not an inch of territory, nor one moment of time to yield to the production or ex-

istence of any form of evil, either here or hereafter. He who has found *God*, can find no room for the devil. The man who sets up that *scare-crow* in the path of his progress, reads his Bible like a *parrot*, and sees the eternal things of God in nature *upside down*; and there is no help for him but to go back and begin *right-end up*. It is not possible for a man to ascend the heights of rational and scientific truth, with his heels in the air, and his head in a creed.

But if they be not demons, that is to say, forms of intelligence below the human in virtue and morality, (and such beings, we are told every Sunday, are very hard, if not impossible, to find) may not these Spirits be the angels we read of in the sacred books? I answer by asking: Is it consistent with scientific methods to *assume* the reality of a thing, and then set up the thing assumed as an objection? It is the office of science rather to *inquire* into assumption. These theological angels, like the demons, are unknown to science and to fact; or rather, science *knows* that they *are not*. The existence of these angels who are said to constitute a separate and higher *genus*, is not conceivable by the reason, from the fact that we can not think *beyond the human*. God, to all finite conception, is the *occult* human, and man is the highest manifestation of his personality. Or, granting some mighty theologian should break down this wall of the impossible, and reveal to us a winged order of higher perfection, how would it comport with their full-blown glory to be counterfeiting the relatives and friends of mortals on the earth—*juggling* with us year after year, and manufacturing for us faith in God and immortality out of false pretences? Is it compatible with the assumption of a higher order, thus to turn the earnest efforts of man after spiritual truth into a *farce*, and *lie* and *cheat* to do it, when man himself has even got so far as to set it down on paper, that all cheating is immoral? The man who leaves the unstable and dreamy marches of poetical tradition, for the solid ground of fact and principle, will never be troubled by the question of theological angels, nor by the *presence* of church devils. In short, the man who sets out to investigate Spiritualism, will stumble and fall at every step, or go on with comparative safety and ease, according to the guide he elects at the beginning, and the fidelity with which he follows him. There is no safe guidance in blind

tradition. If he shuts his own eyes and follows *that*, he will surely land in a ditch, or into a sectarian church, which is worse, and much harder to get out of. His own soul, and the science of fact, is the sure and steadfast guide. *Things*, and not authority, must be the lamp to his feet, and the light to his path.

Turning, in conclusion, to the extrinsic objections to Spiritualism, it may be said that, as a science, it has nothing to do with the objections and cries of "humbug," "impossible," and "inconsistent," which arise outside of an examination of its facts. These croakings come from the hollow depths of the modern pulpit, and are echoed back from the professor's chair, but they are the babble of *children*, come from whence they may, and science walks with *men*. The student enters her temple to learn, not to dictate; to inquire, not to prejudge. Let the Doctor of Divinity hurl his *sacred books* at the laws of nature, and shake his *holy fist* at the manifestation of *God's life in her*, until he tires of that religious exercise: what matter? "The world moves, after all." Scholastic theology (the only theology that opposes Spiritualism now or ever), never yet demonstrated a single fact to the world. It is "the old man of the sea," on the back of the nations, which has ridden them like a nightmare from generation to generation. He alone who feels him to be an incubus, can throw him off. Let others carry him till they are weary, for then, and then only, can Spiritualism give them rest. It is not adapted to the needs of a world in its infancy; when authority alone can direct its feeble steps, it is not adapted to men in this age with the *minds* of children. He who is content to be *told* what to think and what to do, he who accepts a white cravat, or a cocked hat, as an infallible token of divine wisdom and absolute truth, for the time needs no other, and can *have* no other. A god in a cocked hat or a white cravat, is the divinest god he can conceive of for the present; *let him worship in peace*. Spiritualism is not for such. It addresses their future, not their present. It is the *need of a man*. It addresses itself to manhood, and challenges a *man's thought*. Its reign begins when authority fails—when the fetters of childhood are broken. Beautiful beyond expression are its fields of fact, and its blossoms of induction. To the lover of nature, they are a perpetual *glory*; to the hungry soul, they are the *bread of life*; to the devout soul, they are a perpetual *incense*; to the mourning soul, a perpetual *joy*.

Its answer to those who object that it refutes the Bible is, study your Bible in the light of its facts, and the objection will vanish like the fog that it is; and further, that it *must* be studied in this light, or not be understood. Experience alone gives comprehension. You cannot *vote* yourself a Biblical scholar—you need somewhat more than a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, to be that. Your Bible has to do with facts and principles—it is a record of what God has done in nature. Refusing to see him work *to-day*, and to work with him, it is not for you to pass upon the record of *yesterday's* labor. It is for the living artist, not the plowman, to judge the merits of the “old masters.” Those only who have looked, and loved, and labored in the same school, can speak understandingly of their truth and beauty, of their lights and shades. The inexperts, who for so many generations have had control of that splendid gallery of word painting and symbolic statuary, have placed their best pictures in a false light, and dressed their symbols to look like Punches. They have so managed it, that the world has seen their *defects* mostly. Their great beauty and truthfulness has been so obscured by the dust of prejudice and the green mold of inflated ignorance, that the world was fast being driven away in sheer disgust and denial of there being either truth or beauty to be found in the whole collection.

It is for Spiritualism alone to dispel this sad mistake. It is for Spiritualism alone to remove this dust and mold, and to restore these wonderful pictures to their true position, that the world may see them in their original grandeur. Spiritualism is a genuine iconoclast—it breaks nothing but images; it mars naught that has life in it. It is fatal to shams, but it hurts no true thing. It can wait for the children to grow into the need of it, and for their intellects to expand into a comprehension of its true value; even as God caused Jesus to wait for the Jews to outgrow Moses, and the Romans to become sick of Jupiter. It can labor, as the husbandman labors when he sows his seed, and wait, even as he waits for the coming harvest. It “casts its bread upon the waters” with confidence, for it knows full well that the world, though it be “after many days,” shall find it, and the nations shall become strong in its truth.

Lecture 4.

THE SCIENCE IMPARTIALLY APPLIED.

OUR clerical friends and their followers do sometimes object, that the Spiritualist is a visionary ; that all his desire for knowledge concerning the future life is but a vain curiosity, and is wholly barren of practical results. The objector says of himself, that he is religiously disposed to remain in his present ignorance of the facts of immortality until he enters upon their possession in person ; that the light which shone in Judea in the olden time, has exhausted both the needful and the possible in the way of knowledge with respect to the higher life, and that the true concern of the Christian is with *this* world and its duties.

There are Spiritualists who make the same complaint of inutility on the part of certain of their brethren. These complain that nothing of earthly value is attempted on their part ; that no plans for the amelioration of the existing evils of the present social condition are proposed, or put in requisition ; that they are perpetually glorifying the A, B, C of Spiritualism, watching the motions of their household furniture, and talking about *mesmerism* and the laws of *interpolation*, when they should be forming protective unions, or organizing industrial and social phalanxes, according to the tremendous axioms of "*sociology*," or pursuant to the directions of supernal wisdom, filtered through a teaching-medium, who is supposed to be thoroughly qualified to instruct, by reason of his being able to talk with his eyes shut. And yet those against whom this complaint is made, do suppose themselves to be somewhat practical. True, they plead guilty to the crime of laying great stress upon facts, and would generally prefer spiritual knocking to the majority of Sabbath day preaching. My object is to inquire where the truth lies in this matter of utility.

One thing is certain : a man can not navigate the Atlantic

Ocean with a paper ship. His vessel must be as substantial as the elements with which she has to contend. Neither can he depend wholly upon his log-book and his dead reckoning ; there must be sunshine and a polar star—something by which to test his calculations. He requires also a *fixed* object, whence to take his bearings at the commencement of his voyage, else his calculations may wholly mislead him. It will not do, when about to enter upon the trackless waters, to take his bearings and distance from *another ship*, though she carry the flag of a rear-admiral at the fore. A rocky cliff on *terra firma* is better adapted to his necessities.

Neither is the sea of opinion—the sea of human needs—the great ocean of mentality—to be explored in a paper bark. Its hidden currents, its surging waves, lashed into fury by the winds of conflicting doctrine, are fatal to mere paper vessels, however ingeniously framed or artistically decorated. He who ventures upon this sea, *also* requires a fixed starting-point. He can not take his bearings from a *treatise on navigation*, neither can he depend wholly upon his logarithms. He, too, requires an occasional glimpse of the sun by day, and a fixed star for his guidance by night. *Think of it*—a *practical* man venturing on such a voyage as this in a ship builded wholly of words—*written words* ; her hull a *book*, coppered and copper-fastened with commentaries, and manned and officered by *expounders* !—a ship whose ribs are not live oak, but the lives and epistles of apostles and Christian fathers. *Think of it*—a man thus furnished forth, taking his bearings from *nowhere*, closing his eyes to the light of heaven, as a religious duty and genuine test of a good sailor, and firmly resolving to *avoid* the north star, and to shape his course by the history of it ; and then consider how the word *practical* sounds as applied to him. We read of three wise men of Gotham, who went to sea in a *bowl*. Were they practical ?

Or, take that other solemn mortal who has found out by cudgelling his own brains, that there is no shore to the sea of human destiny and human thought—no granitic promontory whence to shape a course ; that its islands are all *afloat*, like himself ; who sits enshrouded by the smoke of his own intellectual lamp, and by reason of his inability to see beyond it, sagely concludes there is *nothing there*. Are we to set *him* down as a utilitarian ?

Consider the goodly fleets belonging to every nation under the sun, that have set sail in every age, and not a ship of them all came unbroken to land, thousands upon thousands lying at this moment at the bottom, and tens of thousands of them going there with the certainty of fate. Is this being practical? If so, what is speculation? Then, we have naval architects of a more modern and progressive type; who build them ships out of the white oak of pure science and the locust and cedar of positive philosophy—men who build *Leviathans* which never get themselves launched, and *are* men of science for that reason, and are practical philosophers in their own right, because they never make any thing but theories. Well, we may admit the science, but their character as utilitarians would be all the clearer for more proof. The machinist who should construct an engine that did nothing but *burst* itself, and damage the shins of every unlucky wight who seeks to profit by its scientific advantages, could scarcely claim it as a proof of his practical skill.

Then we are blessed with two divisions of practical Spiritualists. These build their ships of the same solid timber, and sail under the same flag, but steer different courses. Of these it may be said, that they agree in this: They profess a kindred love for Spiritualism, and a fraternal contempt for all that demonstrates it to the senses. The ladder whereon both ascend to immortality, is builded wholly of *words*. Agreeing on these points, and also on this other, that the factarians are mere theorists, they take leave of their unity at this point, and firing a gun in the fog by way of signal to the fleet that they are going into action without waiting for day-light, they proceed on their different courses. The one battles for a new *social order* on the earth, and the other for a *new church*. Both are to be established on the same broad basis; that is to say, upon words, with this difference, to be sure, that *sacred* words are to found the new church, and *scientific* words the new state. And this is held to be the true and practical idea of the conjugal relation to be established after the battle is over, between science and religion.

Far be it from me to impeach either the integrity of purpose or the utility of the objects sought to be secured by these industrials; but from what *fixed fact* in the realm of reality do

they commence their reckoning? By what polar star do they steer for the new church, and the new state they have set out to reach? By the *dead reckoning*, they would seem to have nearly reached their destination; but by the chronometer and quadrant they have been sailing in a circle. Their claim to progress and practicality consists mainly in conferring new names upon old errors, and in giving new forms to old mistakes; that is to say, whereas man limped *east* under the old dispensation, he limps *west* under the new. When you look sharply into the face of this New Church, you discover that it is the old one in a new bonnet. The same hard, dry features, the same step-mother air, the same befringed and fantastically-embroidered knitting sheath and pin-cushion; aye, and the same *authoritative birch*, are there as of old, disguised under the thin coating of a few out-of-the-way phrases, and these not the offspring of their practical genius, but borrowed for the occasion (without leave) from Emanuel Swedenborg. When you examine the new state or proposed system of social order, it is found to be the old one *gone to seed*. It is machinery supplanting machinery—sin applying the principle of homœopathy to Satan—the old state with new rulers, only they are not to derive their authority, as in the present wicked way, from the people but, as of old, from the Lord, through his seer, who *is* a seer because he has seen his own and his disciples' faces in a glass, and can shut his eyes and snuffle. And this botching of old clothes with new cloth, this pouring of new wine into dilapidated goat skins, is called doing something for God and humanity—being eminently progressive and practical.

I say again, far be it from me to undervalue the earnestness and sincerity of our practical friends, but would it not be well to look either back or forward, whichever you will, of this *word* Spiritualism, and instead of sitting up o' nights to hate *facts*, try to understand them? The Baptist says to the Presbyterian, and both say to the Methodist, "Well, brother, it makes no difference by what road you reach heaven, provided you only get there," which might be true, perhaps, were heaven a cube, like the New Jerusalem, instead of a *state*, and it had not been discovered eighteen hundred years before they were born, that there was but one path that led into it—but one door

through which humanity can enter. A man pays himself no compliment when he says, with an air of triumph, it may be—*I believe in God and immortality*; it is not yet certain that he has really said anything; at least a parrot can be taught to say as much. The magnitude of the saying is determined by the why and the wherefore of it. Your God and your immortality, in name, and by solemn profession, have been the starting-point whence every voyager on the sea of ethics has shaped his course; but on inquiry we learn that by God they understand a Divinity who is supposed to have presided over the temporal welfare of *three ancient Jews*, and not the God of and *in* the universe, at all—a God seated on a throne somewhere, and doing whatever pleases him until it *displeases* him, and then doing something else. By immortality, we learn that they mean a miraculous resurrection of dry bones—some time or other. It is to turn out exceedingly felicitous to all who accept a certain plan or scheme, with a sure prospect of eternal calcination in a hot place for those who do not accept it. Now, these headlands whence they take their bearings and distance, are the same in name with those that exist on the *terra firma* of eternal fact, but only in name. The misfortune is, that no man can fix their latitude and longitude. They loom up to these voyagers like mirage, from the imperfect refraction of conflicting creeds and traditions in the lower strata of their imagination. They are illusions, and exist in the atmosphere and not on earth. As well might the skipper who leaves this port for Liverpool deliberately walk into his cabin, open his portfolio, and take his departure from a pencil sketch of Sandy Hook light, as for the thinker to shape a true course from these headlands of the imagination.

What wonder that the sea of ethical endeavor entombs the wrecks of so many gallant ships who run each other down in the dark? Consider the tempests of interrogatory perpetually sweeping across it. How do I know that God is, and that man survives the dissolution of his body? Both are asserted, and both denied. But words, whether of assertion or denial, can not stay the tempest of question which continually whistles through the cordage of that troubled bark—what proof? I require facts, not words. *Show* me the evidence, and I will state it to my-

self; or suppose I accept your word-evidence of immortality, among the conflicting words concerning it, how shall I discriminate the words to rely upon, with respect to my preparation for it? I am told that this life is designed for that especial purpose. In what way shall I employ it? How am I to know, for example, whether or not it is my duty to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, or to abstain from meat forty days in each year, and on every Friday in each week of the year? How am I to know whether or not, should I take a little bread and wine the wrong way, I might eat and drink eternal damnation? or but that I might sip everlasting bliss by taking it the right way? How am I to know whether or not the time-honored rite of circumcision should be practiced or neglected? Should I be baptized or should I not? and if I should be, how? in a basin or in a brook? And when, in infancy or manhood? In short, shall I accept or reject as nonsense, that wonderful scheme, with all its variations, which Ecumenical Councils have concocted out of heathen mythology and the private opinions of Paul, and Peter and John? Good men and wise men have answered these and a host of similar questions both ways. What sayest thou, my practical friend, who makest the ladder by which thou reachest to the knowledge of immortality and religious duty, of words, and findest authority to be the central idea of the universe; what answerest thou to these questions? Canst thou say to this troubled ocean of six thousand years—"Peace, be still?" Will the storm raised by the old authority cease in the presence of the new? Will it not rather increase in violence, and prove more and more disastrous? Is the ancient God-word to be ousted by a newer mandate? If so, let me see the sign-manual of the law-giver.

If time and universal failure be any proof, then may we say there is no power in word-authority to allay this storm; and if there be no help save in words, then must the clangor of battle, the everlasting clash and din of wordy war, the inane babble of theological disputation, still go on. Must not that be deemed the truly practical, which puts an end to it forever? Demonstration and authority, when tested side by side, will be found to lead to opposite results, of great practical consequence. According to authority, God *by* authority, and in

total disregard of law or established method, made the world and man. It teaches that both were spoken into being by an uttered word, and that man's immortality, like God's government, is conditional and capricious. From this unfixed headland of arbitrary miracle, the captains of salvation set out to run their parallels of human duty, and to construct the traverse tables of religious rites and ceremonial observances. In determining these, they, of course, have nothing whatever to do with utility and natural law, because use and natural law have nothing to do with man's miraculous creation or salvation. According to that doctrine, he was created from the impulse of an idle moment, and his existence perpetuated, that his Creator might be infinitely serenaded. The non-appearance of these purely speculative entities—use and law—at either terminus of man's being, is the safe warrant for their dismissal from every other portion of it. Hence the thing to be determined is, not what is the *use* and the *need*, what is the good and the true, but *what sayeth the Lord*? If the *Lord* say kill me a calf, or rob me a henroost, it is paying man's debt of religious duty to comply without delay, and without an intellectual murmur, for use and reason have neither lot nor part with authority. Both his religion and his God are beyond or without respect to natural law, and his theology may be defined as the ignorance of natural causes reduced to a system. It tends to confusion, and that continually; its subjects are governed, after all, not by what God says, but by what the Popes *say* he says; it is, throughout, a government of hearsay and caprice, and the newest prophet carries it. At one period the God-voice is uttered through a Pope, and at another through a book. Anon, that falls into disrepute; when lo! it breaks out afresh through a *speaking medium*; but it has ever the same ring, and invariably indicates mischief.

That the class of questions whence our sample is taken should have remained for centuries unanswered in a world which so long ago found out that the square of the longest side of a right angled triangle was equivalent to the sum of the squares of its remaining sides, is suggestive of serious consideration. That man, unaided by seer or prophet, should be able to write a multiplication table which will stand forever, and with a whole

legion of seers, infallible books, and speaking mediums to help him, should not be able to make a creed that will last a hundred years—that Jew and Greek and Turk should hail his steam engine with joy, and turn up their sacred noses in superlative disgust at his religion, is provocative of query as to the wherefore. One would naturally think that, in a universe of infinite resources, it would not be in the combined power of its minor propositions to so exhaust the arcana of demonstration as to leave all its major problems to the tender mercy of popes and seers, books and bishops. That man, as a merchant, should be able to ascertain to a dollar what goods will pay best in the united kingdoms of Great Britain, Ireland and Scotland, and man, as a Christian, not be able to say with any certainty whatever, what treasure can be laid up in heaven, looks like conceding to Mammon that which of right belongs to God.

Let us be practical. Should a man make a pilgrimage to Mecca? Yes.

Your proof? *A prophet.*

Should he stay at home instead, and deepen his faith in original sin, particular election, infant damnation, and the Trinity? Yes.

Your proof? *A Geneva priest.*

Should circumcision and the seventh day, new moons, meats and drinks, and divers baptisms, be observed? Yes.

Your proof? *Moses.*

Are they the merest *beggarly trash*? Yes.

Proof? *Paul.*

Should we eat codfish for forty days, in honor of the devil's protracted effort to convert Jesus of Nazareth to his religion? Yes.

Proof? *The Pope.*

May I reject codfish with entire safety, and eat tripe if I choose, on a Friday? Yes.

Proof? *The Evangelical Ministry.*

Or, as it is asserted by the old church with the new hat, must I accept a Jew as the *one-third part of God*, and the *interior sense* of certain scraps of Jewish literature as the all of celestial wisdom, in order to be able, after I get fairly settled in kingdom come, to tell a bat from a bird, an owl from a philosopher, a

noisome stench from a sweet perfume, or the song of an angel from the bray of a jack-ass? Yes.

Proof? *A speaking medium.*

Here we are, you see, with as much authority on one side of the fence as on the other.

And here we are in this nineteenth century, with our steamships and telegraphs, our chemistry and multiplication table, and *these* are the proofs upon which we rest those mightier problems that range so high above them all. Shall the tabernacle of physical science rest upon demonstration, and the *temple* of spiritual truth stand on perpetual conjecture? Are we to be forever defrauded of all certainty where we most need it? Is the universal longing to know for ourselves, to receive for its final answer, *a man to tell us*? Not so! not so! Man never asked a question that God had not the answer ready for him beforehand. But instead of asking him who giveth so liberally and without upbraiding, when he wants to know he runs to his Pope. He takes it for granted, having been so informed, that God never has anything to say to people unless they are upon their knees; and then only in badly translated Greek, and worse understood Hebrew, and both still more confounded by the illustrative commentaries of the consecrated mouth-piece. The Christian sects verily believe, as the all-important article of their faith, that the word of God is *copy-righted*, and the whole edition exhausted. The *Christian Spiritualist* thinks he can *hail the Infinite* now and then on his *own* account, through the right kind of a speaking-trumpet, and that for *four shillings* he can buy a thorough test of the truth of his answer at the counter of the American Bible Society. And this is the shining proof he offers us of his progress in supernal wisdom, and of his practicality as a world reformer.

Think of it! The only word of God, or the only infallible test of divine truth, done on paper and knocked down to the highest bidder by an auctioneer! A child dependent on printers and speaking machines to understand his father and mother! Who ever heard a cow address her calf in English? Who ever thought of employing an interpreter to translate and expound to her little charge what she says! No expounder can thrust his presence between that young bovine and its

source of being, but to "darken counsel by words without knowledge." That mother's love is too potent for mere sound ; by a magnetic *thrill* she *inspires* her offspring with the love and wisdom of her own nature ; and shall a calf enjoy what a man can not ?

As of old, those who wished to hear the "Sermon on the Mount," had to leave the church, and sit themselves quietly down before the preacher, in the open air ; so to-day, those who would hear God's voice, must leave the temples of their own construction, however sacred, and enter the temple of the eternal one, who speaks in *things*, not words, and is heard only in the "silence of all flesh." This is why the student of Spiritualism is deemed impractical—he makes no noise. Himself and his fellow men have been so long tossed on the sea of conjecture, he would feign find soundings and an anchorage for himself and them. Like the merchant, he would take an account of stock to ascertain what he has in real value, before he ventures to extend his efforts, or to engage in new enterprises. He is a student of the gospel of fact, and though he may learn slowly, he advances surely. He may not have gotten much beyond his multiplication table, but that once committed, he will never have to renounce, and he will never be ashamed of it. He, too, has found God and eternal life, not by quoting books, and Popes, and councils, but through his observation of facts, through his mathematics, through that which man can only *know*, and *God alone can do*. The God he demonstrates is not outside of infinite space, but most emphatically *within* it. He is not the authoritative and capricious ruler of the Jews, but the *supreme being* and continent of use, wherein all the lines of causation center—the eternal and universal Father—the pulsations of whose heart are the laws of the universe.

Man, by authority of this gospel, is not capriciously miracled into being, with a big snake in the bushes to curse him and all his posterity for ever ; he is born of *law*. The student reads his *history* in this book of God, back to the rock that bands the globe he lives on, and his *reality* in God himself. He ascends to the demonstration of immortality, on the wings of natural law, to find immortality itself reposing in the *bosom* of law. Law every where, certainty *infinite* ; irresponsible authority *nowhere*.

The law that links man to the worm, allies him also to the angels ; that which makes him mortal makes him also immortal, and there he stands revealed to the outer consciousness of the student, the apex of the grand pyramid of phenomena—*an incarnate God !*

Seeing that man, whether in the rock, the vegetable, the animal, the flesh, or in the spirit—in all the phases of his history—is a subject of law, and that God is manifest *in* law, and that law, and not authority, is manifest *in God*, it follows of necessity—

First, That law, as a complex, must accord; that is to say, each manifestation of it must be in unison with every other. And these laws are *seen* to accord, so far as they have yet been observed, either as connecting man in this life to all the planes of manifestation below him, or to the life beyond the present body. We know nothing of man without a body, for we never find him without one—a body existing in space and controlled by laws in harmony with the present life, in both its physical and moral relations. It is not necessary to reason out the logical necessity for this unity of law; it is an observed fact, and receives no strength from reason.

Secondly: It is seen that, of necessity, all duties devolving upon this law-projected child of the Infinite, must be strictly *legal* duties. He may not be told, “Thou shalt not kill,” and then be “hewed down like a block of wood,” for obeying the statute. No mere statute is of any force, simply because it *is* a statute. This young fledgling from the nest of law, like every other, is known to be developed, sustained and governed wholly by means of law. He is above all miracle and all caprice. Himself a form of divine use, the *useful* alone is binding upon him. He owes no service, and is under no obligation to God that he does not owe to himself. He is himself a micro-theism, or little God.

Thirdly : The conjectural state of the world up to the last ten years, as to whether man continues to exist beyond the physical body, etc., and the present demonstration of that existence to the physical senses, is the key-stone to the arch of observation, from which we learn that the test of all things is in what they do ; and as all the laws or active forces which relate to man, who is their product, are older than his consciousness, and have mani-

fested themselves, firstly, without and around, and lastly, within himself, they furnish, with the foregoing facts of observation, a perfect key to the true theology. I do not say that by virtue of these facts, we have been put in possession of all theological truth ; but I do say that the key which unlocks it has been put into our hand, and that the *door is open*.

Bring before the man who holds it, these empire-splitting and world-convulsing questions which have vexed it so long, and mark what he will do with them. Ask him : Ought I to starve my body to a skeleton, or mutilate any part of it, for the glory of God and the good of my soul ? Should I be a Shaker, or a Mormon, in my relation to woman ? He asks you, Are these practices physiologically and socially right ? You answer, *No*. Then they are theologically wrong, and no authority can save them from ultimate disgrace. Physiological, theological, and every other law manifest in nature, must accord, if from no other necessity, then from this, that they have a common end, which is, the *development of man*. With this law of accord, and the fact that all he can know of anything is through its manifestation, he is able to sift the wheat from the chaff of all past and present religious thought. For example, it is asserted that God is love. Very well, then he must have manifested it somewhere, and the student of fact-revealed theology instinctively turns to where the manifestation abounds. The assertion is in the Bible, but the truth itself, and the proof of it, are quite too big for any book. It is also said that man should be unselfish. Will that saying stand the test of grown-up truth ? In other words, Can we find anything like unselfishness in the realm of fact ? We can find nothing else—not a thing that exists for itself alone. In honor, each prefers the other, and lives either consciously or unconsciously, for that other. Not one organ of the human body but acts for the good of the whole. We are told also, that “the wicked shall be turned into hell.” These and similar assertions, no matter what may have been their primary signification, are the great bug-bears and scare-crows of the race. Drop them out of the public faith, and you annihilate forever the whole expensive and badly-working machinery of salvation. Consider how these words have dogged us like a vampire. By “us,” I mean not alone the Methodist or the Presbyterian, but the Spiritualist.

All his evil Spirits and his dismal experiences in spiritual intercourse, are born out of these mighty words. As God is reported to have said, "Let there be light, and there was light!" these have said, Let there be darkness, and there was darkness! Then appeared the sea of hell-fire, and the dry land of damnation.

But what student of the gospel of observation has yet found it, in any sense the words can be made to signify? Up to the present hour, he has discovered nothing like it, either as a ground-plan in the Divine economy, or as an institution for the benefit of man.

Consider how the good John Murray and his sect have striven to blot out this horrid dogma. Learned and good men, by exposing the errors of popular interpretation, and urging the instincts of natural justice and goodness, have done much to alleviate its miseries; but they battle against word with word, and natural justice and goodness still lie prostrate before it, in the solemn faith of millions!

Here is the true test of the practical man—that he puts no faith in mere words. He predicates the conditions of the future life as he does the character of men in this life, on what they *do*. Judged by this standard, he has found nothing there as yet that smacks in the least of diabolism. But he does find that codfish, as a means of grace, or a passport to the Divine favor, is not held there in very high esteem. "The Apostles' Creed," even, is at a discount. Instead of keeping a day holy, they appear to keep themselves so, which is worthy of imitation. They are not very particular as to which point of the compass they turn their faces when they *do* their worship. They do not appear to hold bread or wine in high regard as the religious elements of spiritual pabulum, and they manifestly consider water as much better adapted to washing shirts than to cleansing souls. Hence the observer concludes that diving into a mill-pond after salvation, and going through a routine of galvanic spasms at the beck of a fogleman gratuitously dubbed a *religious teacher*, is not the most scientific method of securing it. Immortality in *fact* is so different from immortality in *faith*, that the man of fact is lost in admiration and *adoration* at the opening vista of its realities.

With these realities for a basis, he gathers practical values innumerable. Among these, he ascertains to a certainty, what

before was shrewdly suspected by a few, that haste is not always progress. A dramatic author and actor, in defending his own personation of one of his characters, from a recent newspaper criticism, remarked of the London *fast* man (in a bad sense), that he was proverbially the *slow* man to all outward seeming. This is true of the practical man, in the best sense. God is never in a hurry. Trees are not made bigger by nailing wood about them. A gentleman whom I esteem very highly for his practical tendencies, once upon a time put in operation a plan which had in it more of the external promise of success than any other slab-nailing process I have yet met with. He made all his *employées*, in addition to their wages, sharers in the profits of their joint labor and capital. He wished to elevate them above the degradation which attaches to hireling industry in this exceedingly genteel and enlightened world, and give them to feel that labor was as respectable and valuable as gold. I think this machine for the elevation of humanity was in operation for about two years; however, I shall be sufficiently correct to point the moral, when I add, that before it finally blew off steam, nearly every dollar of their surplus savings found its way into the comfortable and capacious pouch of the Roman Catholic Church. By this it would appear, that making whistles out of *pig's tails*, though attended with much activity and noise, can scarcely be deemed practical.

He learns, also, why it is that his multiplication table travels all over the globe, and is everywhere honored, while his creed, which came to him direct from God, in his own estimation, the moment it leaves the family circle, is universally hooted at and despised. He sees now why it was that Jesus never dogmatized, but spake in parables, and said, "As a test of the *truth* I utter, behold the *fact*!"

The disciple in *this* school has faith only in what he knows—his trust and confidence keep pace with his experience. He has all the cheerful patience with to-day that he sees God to have, for he sees its *future* in the light of God. His models of work and duty are the revolving worlds of God's universe—the revolving seasons of his year. *He* in his little orbit, and *they* in their mighty sweep, are quite too practical to be in a hurry—too

earnest to make a noise. The barn-yard fowl, when she drops her egg, may *cackle* the grand achievement to an astonished universe ; but this *mighty globe*, with its myriads of beating hearts, moves on as silently and unperceived as the dew drop gathers upon the bosom of a sleeping flower.

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