

spiritual telegraph

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

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WHOLE NO., 85.

The Principles of Nature.

CLAIRVOYANCE AND PSYCHOMETRY.

We read a great deal of Psychometry and Clairvoyance, as though they were radically and fundamentally different sciences. There seems to me, however, no valid ground for any distinction between them. They appear to be essentially the same power, and regulated by the same laws of mind. Perhaps attention has not been hitherto drawn to their identity. Clairvoyance is Spiritual vision. What else is Psychometry? Is it not the same faculty in different degrees, and somewhat differently applied? The vision of the clairvoyant is clear and strong in proportion to the impressibility of his brain, and the consequent depth of his trance. It may be had in all degrees, from a slight, abstracted state of the mind from outward objects, constituting with some persons, to the profoundest magnetic sleep. Just as the external avenues or organs of sense are closed up and paralyzed, so the body rigid and corporeal, is the internal vision brightened and purified. Just in the degree of the body's deus is the development and strength of the clear-seeing faculty. The best clairvoyants are those whose sleep is so deep, and whose physical organs are so deathlike, rigid, and cold, as that the Spirit can scarce get outer expression of what it sees in tacit whispers, broken sighs, deep breathings, and meaning smiles. When the body is completely dead, then the vision is completely enfranchised. When we are dead, we shall then all be clairvoyants in the several degrees of our inherent powers and Spiritual developments. But it is a mistake to suppose that this power is possessed, to a greater or less extent, by every person, even in their normal mundane life. It perpetually gleams out in inexpressible persons of impressionable tempers, and who may be called naturally clairvoyant. It is latent in all persons, but, like any other faculty, we find it in various degrees of strength and excellence. In some it is weak and obscure, and in others it is highly developed, strong, and clear. The trance is only a means of disengaging it of the obscuring and fog of external sense, but it may be, and often is, so developed as to operate to a high degree normally.

But the clairvoyant must be placed *en rapport* with whatever he wishes to see and describe. This is a preessential of all clear seeing, and is an indispensable law of Spiritual vision, and truly and really means Spiritual presence. This Spiritual presence enables the clear seer to see and describe the person or thing, as though normally present, and within the reach of ordinary vision. If you wish a person or place at a distance described, you must indicate to the clairvoyant the name of that person or place, or give him that person's handkerchief, lock of hair, or simple autograph, or a piece of stock, or tree, or rock from that place, in order to bring his mind into connection with them, when he goes on and gives you their delineation, as though present and seeing them with his ordinary vision. If this *rapport* be not formed, there can be no clear sight nor description of them—all is dark and unknown. If I wish a clairvoyant to go three squares distant, and send a letter for me, locked with triple bolt and bar in my safe, I would first have to connect his mind with it, or with the person who wrote it, the safe, or some other person or thing involved in the writing of it and its deposit, etc. This done, he traces it all out, step by step, and finally reads the letter for me. You must bring him to the chain of causes and effects at some point, or connect him with it by some means, or else he can do nothing for you. The most trivial thing will serve to form this connection, or direct the vision of the clairvoyant to the object of investigation—any thing connected with the person or place, such as a name, a letter, or any thing once possessed by the person or taken from the place. I once knew a clairvoyant who could distinguish the gold of California from any other gold by simply taking it into her hand, and the California gold would bring her *en rapport* with the "diggins" whence it was taken, and she would go on to describe them in detail. Now what is Psychometry but the exercise of this same power, by a highly impressible person or natural clairvoyant, in the delineation of character, when a *rapport* is formed by a manuscript or autograph? Suppose you place the manuscript in the hands of an entranced clairvoyant, and tell him to describe the character of the writer, when he goes on to give you his moral and physical peculiarities with great accuracy and particularity. What else does the psychometrist do? Is not the power or faculty the same in each, only the clairvoyant requires to be entranced to develop it, while the other has it in such degree, or normally developed to such extent, as to delineate the character without being entranced? I am unable to trace any essential difference. They seem to me, beyond doubt, to be the same faculty, only in the one case artificial means are required to bring it out, while in the other it is normally developed. I am aware that it will be said that the psychometrist gets his information by impressions made upon the brain, while the clairvoyant gets his by a vision that extends to or goes out and embraces the object. But is this really so? Is it not a fallacy?

When the *rapport* is formed in either case, the vision is active and on the alert, and watching to see and describe. The vision of the one extends as much to the person as the vision of the other, and is equally "impressed" with the character. The power by which the clairvoyant examines persons or places, or diseased patients at a distance, is the same power by which the psychometrist reads and describes the character of unknown and distant persons. Wherein is the difference? And if they are separate and distinct faculties, where are the lines of demarcation? In my opinion they will be hard to find. They are the same power called by different names, merely because disclosed under somewhat different external circumstances. They are as much the same science as gazing and mensuration, or biography and history. Psychometry is only a special application of clairvoyance, by persons in whom the clairvoyant faculty is normally developed. There are many such persons. I know many. I am acquainted with some persons who can place themselves *en rapport* with a person or place, and, abstracting their minds from all outer objects, pretty accurately trace out their true features and characteristics. Zehokke was such a person. By placing himself *en rapport* with a stranger to him, and withdrawing his attention from all external sense, he could see the character and life of that person pass before him in dreamlike panorama, from his earliest youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age.

It hence appears that psychometry is no new and independent discovery, and that it is essentially identical with clairvoyance. That the sum of the discovery lies in the fact that some persons are naturally clear-seeing or highly impressible, and can use this power efficiently without being entranced. If there is really any intrinsic difference, let it be pointed out and elaborated by those competent to the task by study and experiment. Let the lines of demarcation be plainly drawn; let the peculiarities of each be distinctly stated; their several laws announced; the points of coincidence and dissimilarity pointed out; and let us have a clear understanding of the whole matter. For my part, I am unable to perceive any tenable ground for a scientific division, and I am opposed to complexing a science by a variety of names and imaginary distinctions. Long before psychometry was ever heard of, Dr. Sherwood, of New York, diagnosed and prognosticated the condition of his distantly patients by placing their letters in the hands of his clairvoyants.

PITTSBURG, November 28, 1853.

DEATH OF THE SPIRITUALIST.

Spoken by W. H. Mantz, at the Mediums' Meeting, at Wyman's Hall, St. Louis, Nov. 20, 1853.

BROTHER MODERATOR:

I feel this morning like interfering with the usual course of our meeting, to refer the departure from this sphere of sister CATHERINE DE WOLFE, consort of our much-loved brother and co-laborer in the cause of truth, ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, of Hartford, Conn.

The public prints of the past few days, and the lips on the street, say that sister Davis is dead! In our groanings of vision, through our external organs, we can see but the vacant chair; yet we know—who of us can be deaf to the voice that tells us—she is not dead! The clay that wrapped a Spirit has decayed, as we know it will decay; the mortal covering fallen, as we see and know it will fall; but sister Davis has only gone up higher.

I stand here to-day, sir, not as the world has been taught to stand on like occasions. While that world would writh in anxiety respecting the eternity of her they mourned, I come with firm heart and reasonable mind to speak of one who has left us only to put on the more enduring robe of immortal birth.

The heart that once beat for the weak and helpless of her mortal sphere is motionless, the hand that once stretched charity to the poor and needy of the earth, is still; the eye that once gladdened and cheered companion and friends, is glazed, but the Spirit that hid those limbs and exerted those organs is now more joyous and free! The affection and sympathy of that heart and mind are still alive and energetic; a stronger and more bountiful hand is already out upon us earthly associates; an eye more sweet and tranquil is sparkling even while I speak—brightens even while we slumber. And I am moved to say, that could we now pierce through the cloak that hides our Spiritual being, we might behold, in all the beauty, grandeur, and simplicity of angelic life, her at whose deporture some will now wipe a tear, and on the margin of whose grave the world would linger with the doubt, confusion, and perplexity of an old and erroneous faith.

The Spiritualist does not as others die. The change called Death, our sister, was like the coming and the going of seasons. The cold, ice-bound winter of earth melted away into heavenly spring, and flowers of immortal bloom sprang up over the once flickering mortality. The moment of dissolution brought no painful doubts to her mind, it aroused no fear in her boding companion. No burning lava was here

thrown upon a departing Spirit—no ungenerous pang hurled to friendly bosoms. Her Spirit came forth gladly from its worn-out form of clay, and, accompanied by anxious guardians, floated away to its happy and congenial home in the second sphere.

Is it not, then, after all, sweet to die? Who does not long to join our sister in her own Spiritual realms, there to roam with her the peopled planets and distant worlds on high? Sir, I ask not to be snatched away in an unguarded moment from the kind heart and friendly grasp of this circle. It is no desire of mine to be crushed like the tiny flower, ere I become disrobed of the weights that bear out from my interior being the genial ways of truth. Nay! rather would I wish to unfold like that flower, and, standing as it upon my own native soil, send forth only my own natural fragrance. This is all I ask. Then I could die like my sister, and, like her, go up among the immortals of another sphere. As that flower grew and became strong in the natural earth, so would I feel truth grow and strengthen in the natural man. As the rays of the sun developed and sweetened that flower, so would I await the rays of truth upon my immortal garb—so would I develop and become strong. But to die like my sister, in full consciousness that, as far as she was able, good use was made of the talents intrusted to her care; in full consciousness that, so far as mortality was concerned, nature had done her best; in equally full consciousness that the breathings from the interior were more than real; that sister did meet sister—that brother did meet brother—that husband did meet wife—that wife did meet husband—that parent did meet children—that children did cling to parents. Oh! thus to die, who does not wish? Thus to die, sir, is the only real pleasure I expect on earth!

We talk much and loud of death, yet seldom do we reason naturally thereon. We see the germ of that little flower which, during a long, dark night, lies cramped and chilled beneath an external covering, unfolding with the warmth and brightness of the succeeding morning, and bathing itself in dew! We see the earth heaved by a struggling something, so tender and minute, we know not what; we watch its course, and soon behold a new-comer in life. Something has progressed to this sphere of light and sun, and dews and seasons; Something is being developed in vigorous life. Outward, upward, outward it goes, strengthening, glowing, spreading, blooming! A germ is there—a principle, a law is there. Nature is undisturbed, and the next hour we look upon the loveliness of a yellow fever, while the sunsets, which so rapidly fell. These continued till about midnight, when, in a spasm, and with a heavy struggle, he fell back lifeless upon his pillow!

I rested content, and turned to leave the room, when my eyes rested upon the active efforts of the doctor to start once more the blood through the veins of one whom I thought dead. The movement of a muscle brought hope to me, and in the labors of the physician I became much interested. Suddenly the body gave signs of life; and when were our feelings, the next moment, when the patient opened his eyes, and, in a clear, sweet voice, said, "Doctor, why did you bring me back?" He was so happy!

He would have spoken further, but the jaws locked, and he again fell back, with sealed eyes, upon his pillow.

Similar efforts were used to restore the pulse without success. This time his Spirit had gone home.

How it was with others, I am not prepared to say, but my own feelings then can not now be imparted. A life of thought rushed into a moment! I had been taught to despise the very powers and influences to which he bowed and yielded like a child. Death came, and he was "so happy!" Would I be so in the same condition?

My very brain was reeling in the most painful doubt and misgiving, as, alone, early the following morning, I approached the body of my friend, now ready for the soul. Who put the smile upon that cold cheek? His final strength seemed to have been concentrated into an expression of the most joyful surprise. What power opened the closely-locked jaws, which had been shackled; the senses had been darkened; our very beings have been rapturing that called *sacred*. Too many brothers and sisters have been buried in what is called "Divine Mystery."

It was the pleasure of her of whom I now now speak to be free from the fatuities of earthly creeds. The divine part of her own being had felt the joy of heavenly counsel, of heavenly wisdom, of heavenly love, of heavenly truth! Her final pillow gave no pain, because surrounded by those who breathed in a longer, sweeter, serene life. Ah! here was the triumph of truth and purity—here was the triumph of Spiritualism over the rough monster of God-fearing creeds! Here was the triumph of reality over painful fancy. The more control this thing called death gained over the flesh, the closer departed those gathered about a coming sister! The more icy the pale forehead, the more fervent and happy the glow of a freed Spirit! Every quiver of the nerves, if such there were, comes home to me now as but the sudden manifestation of anxiety to cast aside the tattered garments of earth! Every quiver of the lip said to waiting guardians, "I'm coming! I'll soon be free, like you!" Or, if not thus, to the mourning friend or relative

it hisped, "Do not weep for me; I'm with you still!" These, we all know, are only the realities of our cause; these are the realities of that philosophy now spurned by an ignorant and enslaved world.

What meant these death-bed scenes? Whence floweth the sea of delight into which so many departing Spirits seem to be engulfed? What is it that causes the very heart so oft, at this death-hour, to swell with emotions of inexpressible joy, and essay almost to bound its earthly tenement? Is there nothing in all this? Must we, too, let those scenes go by, as but the unexplained mysteries of our nature? Is there philosophy—a reality—here, that chase away the gloom which so long has enveloped the sepulcher? Do we not behold in these death-bed expressions the most complete refutation of the popular theology? Is there nothing more revealed to us, at this moment, than the "dark valley" of which we have read and heard so much? Surely there must be.

It was for me, some years ago, to stand beside a very dear friend, as his Spirit left the body. It was long before I had been arrested by the realities of the Harmonical Philosophy and my mind was much perplexed concerning his success at the bar of the curious Judge that sat on high. The circumstances attending his death were singularly beautiful. One day, in attempting to examine the foot of his horse, the heavy iron shoe came down upon his fore-finger, nearly severing it from the hand. A prompt physician soon bandaged up the abraded part, and the patient went his way. It was mid-summer. Forty-eight hours after the accident he sought a lady friend who seemed to enjoy all his confidence (and from whose lips I gained the information), and unfolded his thoughts in these words: "My sister, be not alarmed—I will soon die. The doctor should have taken off the finger. As it is, mortification is coming, and death speaks to me from every part of my system. Lock-jaw will soon be upon me, and I may not again be able to speak. While I can do so I will state my desires; so that when I am gone you may know what to do. He then made known every feeling of his heart and mind. This conversation took place about three in the afternoon, about the same hour of the next day he was down with the lock-jaw. During the three days of his sickness he never spoke, nor could a drop of water be administered except with a feather. It was, I think, about the hour of eleven, on the last night, that, with his friends and physician, I stood, expecting to lose him in one of the many swoons into which he so rapidly fell. These continued till about midnight, when, in a spasm, and with a heavy struggle, he fell back lifeless upon his pillow!

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rested upon the active efforts of the doctor to start once more the blood through the veins of one whom I thought dead. The movement of a muscle brought hope to me, and in the labors of the physician I became much interested. Suddenly the body gave signs of life; and when were our feelings, the next moment, when the patient opened his eyes, and, in a clear, sweet voice, said, "Doctor, why did you bring me back?" He was so happy!

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First. Because it will explain the cause why those passengers, who visited New Orleans, after leaving New Orleans in the steamer Georgia, did not take the yellow fever, while the numerous who did not contract

it, did.

Second. I accidentally met a laborer yesterday, who stated to me that out of the four hundred persons who boarded in the same house with him, where the yellow fever was raging, none took the fever and died, of whom he was one, escaped. He could not account for this, but I have with him until now, and finally sent it to you to see if you can account for it.

Third. Because it will explain the cause why those passengers, who visited New Orleans, after leaving New Orleans in the steamer Georgia, did not take the yellow fever, while the numerous who did not contract it, did.

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