

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS, NO. 300 BROADWAY—TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

VOL. III.—NO. 25.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1854.

WHOLE NO. 129.

The Principles of Nature.

CLAIRVOYANCE TRIED, AND ACQUITTED.

HARTFORD, Sept. 30, 1854.

MESSRS PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN :

The following little narrative I deem of sufficient interest to warrant a publication in the columns of your widely circulated paper, and I hope you will print it. It shall be as brief as possible, and confined to facts.

The name of Mrs. SEMANTHA METTLER is now so generally known, both among the great body of Spiritualists and a considerable portion of the public, in consequence of her numerous and marked successes in the clairvoyant examination of diseases, that the relation of these occurrences (connected as they are with her practice in that line) may perhaps be due, in one sense, to the public. I learned them, however, by accident, and they transpired in such a manner that neither herself nor her friends had reason to anticipate their appearance in print, any more than a hundred of similar cases happening in her private practice; nor are they now written out with her knowledge.

Soon after her arrival in this city, where she has now been a resident upward of three years I think, she made a number of medical examinations, while in the clairvoyant state, which were in all respects remarkable. Under circumstances which forbid the idea of collusion or deception—with her eyes bandaged, and her attention given to total strangers who had entered the room subsequent to her being put in the magnetic or trance state—she not only described correctly and with great exactness the actual disease and feelings of the patient, but also gave in detail the causes, immediate and remote, by which these effects had been wrought. Nor were her powers confined to the perception of disease—they seemed also to comprehend the safest and surest means of cure. This fact was then, and has since been a thousand times, illustrated; it is now daily being proved. Her success, from the first, was established, and her reputation rapidly extended.

Of course, causes of a nature like this were not without their effects in the production of a jealous and hostile feeling toward Mrs. Mettler on the part of some of the less intelligent and liberal-minded of the medical fraternity of Hartford. One or two of the "regular" class of physicians, who were less remarkable for good feeling and good sense than for a vindictive and intolerant species of bigotry which spared no occasion to make an ill-tempered thrust at a high-minded and lady-like woman for the reason that she cured where they killed—one or two of this class soon became active in the endeavor to ferret out a case in which Mrs. M. had made a failure. Their industry, however, proved unsuccessful. It was not discovered that the lady made any decided mistake out of all her examinations, albeit her friends never claimed for her the virtue of infallibility. Several cases which she was reported to have failed in proved, upon a closer scrutiny of the facts, to be signal successes for the clairvoyant. The uneasiness of the doctors, however, only increased with time and the growing reputation of Mrs. M. Finally the subject got into the papers. The Hartford Courant published an article, purporting to come from a clergyman in Massachusetts, in which Mrs. Mettler was charged with having made a complete failure in a pretended examination of the case of one Bardwell, who, it was asserted, died under her treatment, and whose disease she wholly failed to discover, as proved by a post-mortem inspection of the body. But it turned out that this, too, like some previous charges of a similar character, was altogether unfounded in truth, and based upon a palpable deception—I will not use a stronger term, though the conduct of the Rev. gentleman might well call for one. But of this anon.

The doctors, it seems, were not satisfied yet. Another stab must be given to the reputation of this lady, whose only crime consisted in her uniform successes; and the columns of the Courant presented the appropriate channel through which this was to be effected. (This paper, bear in mind, has never yet so much as once alluded to the innumerable successful examinations made by Mrs. M., although many of them are but little short of what is termed miraculous, and were well known to hundreds in Hartford and vicinity.) Some six weeks ago, the Courant came out with the following vulgar and slanderous paragraph:

CLAIRVOYANCE AGAIN—A REMARKABLE ILLUSTRATION.—One of our most respectable physicians has stated to us a case, the conclusion of which at least came under his observation a few days since, which affords a striking illustration of the powers of medical clairvoyance. A lady of this city, who had been complaining for some time, applied for advice, and was especially and repeatedly examined by Mrs. Mettler, the last examination being only two or three months since. Mrs. M. unhesitatingly pronounced the case one of dropsy, but the patient a few mornings since was unexpectedly relieved by the dropsy falling into her arms in the shape of a fine healthy girl.

It seems that the Times, of this city, has seen some proofs of Mrs. M.'s powers of clairvoyance, for that journal immediately published the following answer to the derisive article of the Courant:

The lady patient was not smart to have been herself so grossly de-

ceived, especially upon the last examination, "only two or three months since." But we suspect the Courant has not told the whole story, though we know nothing about it. Recently it published an article, referring to the case of the late Mr. Bardwell, which was unjust to Mrs. Mettler. In that case the facts show that Mrs. M. gave the true difficulties under which the patient was suffering, and told him that he could not long survive. He was satisfied of the truthfulness of what she said, but remarked that he would not alarm his wife, and would write to her such a letter as would tend to quiet her. From this letter quotations were made to show that Mrs. Mettler did not discover the seat of his disease.

Now, another case is brought against Mrs. M. Suppose it is all true, and the whole truth, is the failure on Mrs. M.'s part greater than it was on the part of the lady's physician, or greater than is frequently made by eminent physicians? Mrs. M. has examined over eight thousand patients, and if she has failed at all, her mistakes have been very rare. No physician can be named who has met with any thing like her success in discovering the true character of diseases. Most of her cases come from the hands of physicians who can not help them, and she has cured many of this class, and greatly relieved many others.

Mrs. Mettler is a lady of good intellect and refined feelings. In every sense of the word she is a good woman, and the tongue of slander can not effectually reach her. She is far from being an impostor, as might be inferred from articles published in the Courant; and if that paper is disposed to treat her with ordinary fairness, we will guarantee to furnish it with six authenticated cases of successful examinations by her for every one they can bring which may fairly be called a failure. We will propose another test of its sincerity. We will place \$200 in the hands of some responsible person, the Courant to deposit a like sum. Three persons who have bodily afflictions of a marked character shall be selected and taken to Mrs. Mettler. They shall be persons whom she has never seen or heard of. When they enter her room she shall be blindfolded, and she shall never see them or know of their names until after she has examined them. For every one that she examines successfully the Courant shall lose \$100, and for every failure the Times shall lose \$100, the forfeited money to be paid over to the Hartford Orphan Asylum. A proper committee shall manage the matter, if the Courant accepts. We only ask that the arrangements shall be such as to give Mrs. M. a fair test. Do you accept, neighbor?

This fair offer of the Times proved to be what in vulgar parlance is called a "sackdolger" for the Courant. Lacking alike the boldness to accept the offer, and thus test the truth of their pretended skepticism, and the mailiness and common decency which should prompt them to own that they did not want to do it, the disingenuous editors of that print had the cowardly meanness to attempt to make their readers believe that the Times had merely "invited them to an investigation of Mrs. Mettler's merits as a clairvoyant," which invitation they very loftily declined! This was a complete back-down on the part of the Courant, and the descent was as awkward as it was precipitate.

The charge made by the Courant was, however, reiterated with increased emphasis and fresh avowals of its truth.

Now here is the exact statement of the facts of this case, and let us see how they tally with the charge made in the Courant.

The lady alluded to as having been pronounced by Mrs. M. to be in a "dropsy" only a few months before her confinement with a child, is Mrs. Elizabeth S. Barber, of this city, formerly of Bloomfield. She first consulted Mrs. Mettler in the month of January, 1853. At that time she was suffering from an attack of dropsy, and was so informed by Mrs. M. while in the clairvoyant state. She continued under the treatment of Mrs. Mettler until the following October, when she was pronounced to be FREE FROM DROPSY. During the spring of 1854, Mrs. Barber again visited Mrs. M. for an examination. She was at this time pronounced again to be FREE FROM DROPSY. Once more Mrs. Barber applied to the clairvoyant for an examination—this time in June, 1854. Mrs. Mettler merely told her that "she was in as good general health as could be expected"—repeating the assurance that no dropsy existed, and remarked that she had better not take much medicine. During the ensuing August Mrs. Barber was delivered of a child. These are the facts.

During her sickness, in August, Mrs. Barber was attended by a physician of this city—Dr. Hawley. This individual inquired of her "if she had not been under the treatment of Mrs. Mettler?" He was informed by Mrs. B., in reply, that Mrs. M. had prescribed for her while she had the dropsy, a long time before. [It was nearly a year previous to this that Mrs. M. had pronounced her cured of dropsy.] The physician asked permission to publish this case, as one that might be worked up in such a way as to appear like a failure on the part of Mrs. Mettler. This request was at once denied by Mrs. Barber, on the ground that it would be unjust to Mrs. Mettler to publish it as a case decided by her to be dropsy, inasmuch as the fact was, that Mrs. M. had not doctored her for that disease for a year past.

Judge, then, of her surprise on finding that Dr. Hawley had procured the story to be published in the Courant, that Mrs. Mettler had pronounced a case of pregnancy to be nothing but dropsy!

What kind of comment does conduct like this deserve? By what motive could a physician be led to procure the publication of so gross and unjust an attack on a lady like Mrs. Mettler? Is such a course a manly or a decent one? Let the public judge.

The following certificate from Mrs. Barber tells the story as it is, and fixes the charge of "imposture" where it would seem to belong:

CERTIFICATE OF MRS. BARBER.
In justice to Mrs. METTLER, relative to my case, a statement concerning which appeared in the Hartford Courant without my consent, I am induced to make the following statement:

At the time of the first examination which Mrs. Mettler made of my case, I was exceedingly ill. This was in January, 1853. She described my case perfectly; said that the disease had developed itself in the form of dropsy; that my blood was much reduced; and that there was great loss of strength, with a bloated condition of the bowels, liver, etc.; that I was in a very bad condition—which I well knew, if I could judge correctly of my own feelings. Mrs. Mettler continued to examine my case from once to twice a month until the following October. She then found me greatly improved, and free from that dropsical tendency; which was the fact, for I had so far recovered that I did not require any further treatment, and did not have any until the following April. Feeling at that time somewhat bilious, I called and was examined again. She still told me that the dropsical tendency was removed, and the same at the last examination, which was in June. She said then that I did not need much medicine, and gave me a small prescription.

In August I was confined with a babe. Dr. Hawley was sent for. During his stay he asked if Mrs. Mettler had attended me. I told him she had been doctored me "a long time ago" for the dropsy, but had, in the three last examinations [from October, 1853, to June, 1854] pronounced me free from it. In the last examination she did not say that I was in the family way, owing, I presume, to the few moments I was with her, as she was very much hurried, and did not take a close look at me, as she had formerly done; or else she saw my situation and state of mind, and on that account would not speak of it—as I know if she had told me my situation it would have excited me much. Dr. Hawley, on leaving, asked permission to publish an account of this case. I told him no—as it was a long time ago since Mrs. M. had doctored me for the dropsy. I found in a few days, to my great surprise, a statement made in the Courant, which on reading I found to be falsely stated, and made the remark, "the time to one of my neighbors, that Dr. Hawley had not correctly stated what I had said to him relative to the matter. And here let me say, that such statements do not lessen my confidence in Mrs. Mettler's powers to discover disease and prescribe the proper remedies for relief. Mrs. Mettler is a perfect lady, and beloved by all who know her, possessing, as it were, almost miraculous power in the gift of Heaven's richest blessings to a suffering world; and her mission must be one of eternal good, both in this world and the one beyond."

ELIZABETH S. BARBER.

Messrs. Editors, this tale is already spun out to too great a length, in spite of my efforts at curtailment. I desired to speak of the case of Mr. Bardwell in this connection—another one of the cases in which Mrs. M. has been charged with failure, but for the present forbear. At another time, with your permission, "I will a tale unfold" that may shed some light on that subject, and be of interest to your readers. It was a triumphant instance of Mrs. M.'s clear sight. With a parting word I close.

There are two subjects on which it is commonly held by the civilized world to be a great sin for people to think for themselves. These are medicine and theology. On these topics it is rank heresy and blasphemy to employ any thing like reason or common sense. There are doctors of physic and doctors of divinity to do our thinking for us—and with all the doctored of both these classes of practitioners, it is a sorry truth that the patients get on so badly under their treatment! There is also, I am sorry to say, a general prevalence of bigotry in both these classes of doctors against any new truth or practice. Custom, Use, "Orthodoxy," Old Ideas—these are the deities at the shrines before which the doctors of physic and theology worship. Calomel is invested with a sacred significance—brimstone, blue-blazes, and the Mosaic creed are treated to a constant apotheosis. But the time is drawing nigh when some of the idols in the old temples will crumble at the base and totter to their fall. God speed that day!

H. B.

IDEAS CONCERNING GOD.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 23, 1854.

EDITOR SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

I read in your paper of this date an article on God, in reply to William J. Young, by T. W. Evans, in which the dual sexuality of God is contended for. The thought is as old as mythology, witness the Osiris and Isis of the Egyptians, and all the primitive myths of the world. It is a fact, also, not generally known, that the ancient writers of the Hebrew text of the Old Testament were of this opinion. The sacred and unpronounceable name of God in the Hebrew Tetragrammaton is IHOH. Hence, IHOHUI, or Jehovah, and IOVE, or Jove. The mysterious secret communicated by God to Moses on Mount Sinai, where our version states that he showed him his back parts, was how to spell the sacred name backward, HOHI, meaning nothing more nor less than he and she, and it is the sexual duality of God which was the great mystical secret of the Hebrew faith, relics of which are yet found in Free Masonry. The Jews never pronounce Jehovah, but invariably enunciate it as if it were written Adonai—Lord. The word Lord of our version renders merely the Dominus of the Vulgate, and the Kupios of the Septuagint, and does not translate the original Hebrew word IHOHUI, the seven-voweled word, said to have been uttered by the statue of Memnon, the ineffable Tetragrammaton, IHOH (Jehovah), that most terrible, the most occult monosyllable of the palindromic name vocalized as ADONAI, the Lord! I remember reading in the New York Literary World, during the winter of 1849-50, an excellent article entitled "Evenings with Gliddon," wherein the pith of these mysteries is set forth

by a master hand, and the discovery of these facts is attributed to Professor Michael Angelo Lanci, the great interpreter of the sacred philology of the Roman Vatican. I have since inquired into the subject, in intercourse with Mr. Geo. R. Gliddon, who indicated the Paralipomeni of Lanci, as the fountain-head of these marvels.

Mr. Gliddon has touched upon them, incidentally, in "Types of Mankind," see pages 591-2 and 603. He is thoroughly conversant with these marvelous discoveries, and will, it is to be hoped, one day give them to the public.

In fact, all mythology, and all ideas of a God, or Gods, that have ever existed on this planet, are derived from the worship of the sun, or of the law of generation, or else from a purely spiritual apprehension of the existence of a First Cause. In the Biblical Ethnography of "Types of Mankind," page 562, is a paraphrase, remarkable for its elegance and beauty, "of that ancient Ode we term Genesis." The opening verses are thus given:

"In the beginning ELOHIM created the (universality of) skies, and the (universality of) earth. And the earth was ITOHU—and-BOHU (literally, masculine and feminine principles dislocated or confounded; paraphrastically, 'without form and a confused mass'), and darkness was upon the face of the abyss, and the (breath) spirit of ELOHIM hovered (like a descending bird) over the face of the waters."

That this was a sublime spiritual perception of the writer of this document is evident from these last forms of expression.

I, for one, am sorry to see Spiritualists engaged in profitless metaphysical discussions about the being and nature of the greatest Spirit of the universe. To attempt to define him is to degrade him to your own finite perceptions. "Indeed," says Coleridge, "the religious of all countries are, in the eye of reason, the greatest blasphemers; seeing that though all affirm God made man in his own image, they make God after their own imaginations."

So every one is ready to say what God is. They but reenact the fable of Narcissus, and worship the shadows of their own souls. God is great, says one. God is good, says another. God is just, says a soul fit for a justice of the peace or a constable. Such Gods as these, like those of all mythology, are but the reflection of mental phenomena in the mirror of the universe. Each man sees as much of God as his mental vision will take in; and there is no better key to a man's nature than the God he worships. Whoever believes in a hell has a hell within him. Let no such man be trusted!

Hence, all ideas of God are so paradoxical and indefinable; for every man has a God and a devil of his own; and only to the philosopher are all these one. One, not in the Pantheistic sense of the universe being God; but one as the outward expression of the Creative Thought and Power. God is the resolution of all possible idiosyncrasies. This is as good a definition as any other, and yet it is no definition at all.

I am here reminded of a familiar anecdote of a New England preacher, descending to his homely audience on the devil. "Some of you, my friends," said he, "believe in a material devil with horns and tail, armed with a pitchfork, and spitting fire and brimstone; but I tell you there is no such thing; but every one of you has a little devil in him about as big as a woodchuck."

Have we not each one a little God in us also? Let us worship that! "God," nobly exclaims De Bretonne ("Types of Mankind," page 564), "has no need to strike our ears materially to make himself heard, our eyes to make himself seen. The first act of triumph of the spirit over matter is the discredit of emblems that have disguised the infinite God; and the first step toward truth is to recognize him without image, after having for so long a period modeled him after our own."

What definition of the Godhead more sublime than that in the Hindoo Vedas?

"He who surpasses speech, and through the power of whom speech is expressed, know, O thou! that he is BRAHMA, and not these perishable things that man adores."

"He who can not be comprehended by intelligence, and he alone, say the sages, through the power of whom the nature of intelligence can be understood, know, O thou! that he is BRAHMA, and not these perishable things that man adores."

"He who can not be seen by the organ of vision, and through the power of whom the organ of seeing sees, know, O thou! that he is BRAHMA, and not these perishable things that man adores!"

"He who can not be heard by the organ of audition, and through the power of whom the organ of hearing hears, know, O thou! that he is BRAHMA, and not these perishable things that man adores."

"He who can not be perceived by the organs of scent, and through the power of whom the organ of smelling smells, know, O thou! that he is BRAHMA, and not these perishable things that man adores!"

Some ideas of my own, on this subject, I have expressed in the following irregular lines:

The world's created by the Supreme God,
Who brings all life to being by his nod.

This God we worship works in time and space,
Amplification of the human race.
He exerts power upon some obstacles;
Whence is this power! That is the miracle.
If he doth live, his life conditions has,
And these conditions are enduring as
His Being. They are coeval with him;
A means of life to him, and he to them.

Whence, then, the medium wherein God lives!
It can not be he omnipresent is;
Or else when he creates, he re-creates himself,
And being nothing, something makes himself.

All consciousness exists by opposites,
And Being is by that which in it is.
There is, then, uncreate, eternal space,
In which all Spirits live for endless days;
It never had beginning, ne'er will end,
And in it all eternities do spend
Their time; and there are countless Powers—
An infinite number of Creators.
The void around us has its dynasties;
Its genealogies and histories;
Its fates, free-wills, and God-like destinies;
A never-ending host of entities—
And conscious beings live in it forever,
In forms infinite, infinite in power.
The greatest God of all is, then, the all,
And he existeth in another all.
Gods, also, are forever in progress,
For nothing that exists is motionless.
Even as we do, they traverse the vast space,
He that is greatest, foremost in the race.

Perhaps Hobbes, in his "Treatise on Human Nature," has treated this great topic as well as any man. He says:

"Forasmuch as God Almighty is incomprehensible, it followeth that we can have no conception or image of the Deity; and, consequently, all his attributes signify our inability and defect of power to conceive any thing concerning his nature, and not any conception of the same, except only this, that there is a God. For the effects, we acknowledge, naturally do include a power of their producing, before they were produced; and that power presupposeth something existent that hath such power; and the thing so existing with power to produce, if it were not eternal, must needs have been produced by somewhat before it, and that, again, by something else before that, till we come to an eternal (that is to say, the first) Power of all Powers, and first Cause of all Causes; and this it is which all men conceive by the name of GOD, implying eternity, incomprehensibility, and omnipotency. And thus all that will consider may know that God is, though not what he is; even a man that is born blind, though it be not possible for him to have any imagination what fire is, yet he can not but know that something there is that men call fire, because it warmeth him."

Or, Robert Herrick's lines, entitled:

TO FIND GOD.

Weigh me the fire; or canst thou find
A way to measure out the wind;
Distinguish all those floods that are
Mixed in that watery theater,
And taste them then as saltless there,
As in their channel first they were.
Tell me the people that do keep
Within the kingdoms of the deep;
Or fetch me back that cloud again,
Besilvered into seeds of rain.
Tell me the motes, dusts, sands, and spears
Of eorn, when Summer shakes his ears;
Show me that world of stars, and whence
They noiseless spill their influence;
This, if thou canst, then show me Ilim
That rides the glorious cherubim.

Or, in the words of Sir Thomas Browne:

"Light that makes things seen makes some things invisible. Were it not for darkness and the shadow of the earth the noblest part of creation had remained unseen."

"The greatest mystery of religion is expressed by adumbration, and in the noblest part of Jewish types we find the cherubim shadowing the mercy-seat. Life itself is but the shadow of death, and souls departed but the shadows of the living. The sun itself is but the dark simulacrum, and light but the shadow of God."

Philological and ethnological researches are bringing to light the truth that all mythologies are symbolical representations of natural facts. Intelligent Spirits are constantly conveying to us the same information. Let us content ourselves with these great practical truths, and not go beyond our depths in a maze of metaphysics.

10N.

DO SPIRITS OCCUPY SPACE?

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN :

It is alleged universally by our spiritual visitors, that they possess bodies of permanent form. Do they occupy space? or do the refinements of their bodies so vary by their progressive development as to enable them to dwell in and through each other? With your permission I will proceed to a delineation of my difficulties with respect to both positions: not, however, with a view to discourage in any the hope of immortality, for to me the perpetuation of individual existence seems possible without a body of permanent form, upon which the present allotted space will not permit me to enlarge.

All space is, and always has been, diversified with the works of creation. The ultimate and essential elements of matter—the substances out of which all things that exist have been formed, whether we call them material, immaterial, or spiritual, together with every regulating law, whether mental or physical, are self-existent, eternal, infinite, immutable, and indestructible.

This conclusion is imposed upon me by the following considerations. If at any conceivable period in the annals of duration it were found necessary to begin the work of creation, then it was equally as necessary at every other: and does

not the infinite benevolence of the Deity impose on him an infinite obligation to impart happiness on an infinite scale throughout infinite duration? I say on an infinite scale, because the same necessity exists for the occupation of all infinite space by the works of creation that exists for any portion. We can not, we dare not, affirm that an infinitely benevolent omnipotent, and omniscient Being would or could avoid the infinite multiplication of the favors bestowed in any part of infinite space. To deny these allegations would be wholly incompatible with every conception worthy of so sublime a Being.

Suppose, for instance, that God never created any thing until a certain period in the annals of duration had arrived. Is it not as easy to conceive that he created himself, as to conceive how he produced his first act in calling from nothing the elements of matter? Did he sit and slumber upon his throne throughout all past infinity, and at this eventful period first wake up? This is the legitimate inference to be drawn from the premises, no matter how many renowned D.D.'s have for ages conspired to denounce every attempt to establish the self-existence of all the elements of nature as atheistical and blasphemous. Can there be any life? The intellect that can not, in a measure, grasp the infinity of action in an infinite God, is not worthy the esteem of a philosopher.

But if the creation of worlds and their intellectual occupants is an unoriginated process, on an infinite scale, that shall be continued throughout the ceaseless ages to come, then every given space has already given birth to an infinite number of immortal beings, which is incompatible with the alleged permanent forms of their bodies, on the supposition that they occupy space. In other words, at any conceivable period of past duration, every part of infinite space would have been packed full—transportation to other regions being of no avail, since the same necessity for transportation would exist in every other region. The bodies of spiritual intelligences can not, therefore, occupy space; or, if they do, their bodies must be composed of material varying in its attenuation from the ponderous to the infinite, so that an infinite number may freely exist in any given space.

But is it possible for an infinite diversity of texture in spiritual bodies to exist? If so, they must be compounded of particles of matter infinitely small, which would at once destroy their materiality; for that which is infinitely small can no possess the essential properties of matter, such as length, breadth, and thickness, and therefore can not be material substances; while that which is not material (something) can not be any thing—can have no existence. To say that their bodies are composed of immaterial substances, is to affirm and deny by the same expression; for the proper definition of immaterial is the opposite of material—the opposite of *something*, and is therefore equivalent to *nothing*. An immaterial substance is, therefore, a *nothing something*. All contentions about the materiality or immateriality of things are nonsense, *are about the name*—the shadow instead of the substance.

In conclusion, I will merely add, that, in my opinion, the divisibility of matter never has exceeded, nor never will exceed a useful limit; and that the ultimate particles of matter can no more be infinitely small, than their agglomerations can be infinitely great.

WILLIAM KAHLER.

WHAT ION SAID TO NATURE.

Nature sublime! goddess supreme!
Where tends this thought of thine: this dream
Of love and light, and seeming life;
This permeating sense that's rife,
In all things that our vision meets,
And throughout space our senses greet?
It shineth in the gilding sun;
In joyous waters it doth run;
It smiteth in the moon's pale beam,
And from the pensive stars doth gleam.
From woman's eyes it peepeth out,
And from men's faces it looks out.
In the quaint wind its voice is heard,
Tis redolent in song of bird.

What infinite combination!
Antagonism in profusion!
All entity seeking an end,
Though recklessly it seems to spend
Its being's fire. To make a rose,
Blossoms innumerable lose
Themselves apparently in naught,
Go to decay—decay that's fraught
With essence of immortal life;
And so in this apparent strife,
This rude shock and fierce encounter,
Spirit lives, the old survivor;
From this rough chemistry of earth
Evokes of intellect the birth.

From this material manure
Grows the essential being pure;
From this confined and loathsome shell,
When down doth sound the solemn knell,
Springeth all bright the glowing God,
Thought in ether, born of a cloud.
Then first his freedom he attains,
Freud from all earthly cares and pains;
Then is he king of Time and Space,
Assumes the brightness of his race;
Unawed he gazes on thy powers,
Nor trembles at Fear's angry lowers;
Clad in the armor of the gods,
Impregnable against all odds.

PRAYER—THE SPIRIT'S RESPONSE.

BY H. M. RICHARDS.

Pray without ceasing, to thyself, or aloud,
Whenever thy soul feels the sunshine or cloud—
Pray thou for us, for thyself, and thy brother,
We will join in thy prayer, and we'll pray for each other.

Pray for the heathen, on the far-distant shore;
Pray for the heathen, who stand at thy door;
Pray for the bondsmen, pray for the free;
Pray—and God and his angels will listen to thee.

Pray, when in darkness thou art groping thy way,
That spirits of light may turn it to day;
When sorrows are driving thee to despair,
We'll come to thy aid, if thou'lt ask it in prayer.

Thy prayer will find echo in realms far above,
And ministering spirits will bear it in love
To the throne of thy Maker, and lovingly He,
Through his angels, will send back an answer to thee.

Oh God! Creator of all, I pray unto thee,
That the spirit of prayer ever rest upon me;
That my soul, ere it starts on its journey through air,
In leaving the earthly, may leave it in prayer.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1854.

SPIRITUAL BIRTH OF MRS. HARRIS.

The anticipated trial is over! After a mortal discipline of 27 years the crisis arrived on Tuesday, the 10th instant. At the midnight hour, when millions were sleeping, and silence, like an all-pervading spirit brooded over the world, MARY, wife of REV. THOMAS L. HARRIS, left the perishable, earthly form and its relations. No mortal cares; no painful memories; no timid apprehensions, disturbed her last hours; but the gentle spirit, arrayed in shining vestments, went.

"Calmly, as to a night's repose
Like flowers at set of sun."

Mrs. Harris was adored and beloved. The destroyer has seldom laid his palying hand on a fairer form. While yet the tide of youthful feeling was unchecked by disappointment or disease, she was radiant with animation and hope. Her step was elastic and her voice musical; her brow had the light of the morning, and her cheek its freshness, while her expressive eyes revealed every earnest thought and each passing emotion, whether of pleasure or pain. Mrs. Harris added to the graces of a beautiful person, acute sensibilities and refined manners. While she was alike distinguished for delicacy of feeling and decision of character, she possessed a loving heart and was respected and esteemed in all the relations of life. She leaves two interesting children—sons of four and eight years—to inherit the name and genius of their father, and to learn, it may be, by a severe mortal experience, the first great lessons of immortality. Not alone to the kind guardianship of their surviving parent are they left. The angel mother will yet watch over them, and we devoutly pray that her sacred ministry may cause them to grow fair and beautiful in form, spirit, and life, like living plants "beside the still waters."

During the last eight months the health of Mrs. Harris has gradually declined, but until within three or four weeks her friends entertained strong hopes of her recovery. Brother Harris had been spending several days in this city, for the purpose of supervising the proof sheets of his forth-coming volume—*A Lyric of the Morning-Land*—during which time Mrs. H. wrote to him in a cheerful, buoyant tone. Up to this time he had not once thought that she would pass away so soon; but on his return to Troy, about the 26th ult., he at once perceived that her disease—consumption—had made rapid progress, and that every feature contained a prophecy of certain and speedy dissolution. From that time until the hour of her departure—some fourteen days—she seldom left her bedside, but watched over her, night after night, with the tenderest solicitude and affection, anticipating all her wants, and soothing every pain by his loving ministrations.

The subject of this notice—if we have been correctly informed—was never fully assured of the realities of the Spirit-world, by any experience of her own, until her health was seriously impaired. Then, as the cords of outer life were gently relaxed, her interior powers of perception were correspondingly quickened and exalted, and the beautiful realms of the invisible were gradually disclosed to her vision. Two days before her husband returned to Troy the spirits of several departed friends appeared and addressed her in words of sweet consolation and immortal hope. After this visitation she expressed her entire confidence that the beloved ones were about her, and that their ministry was one of perfect love. She only regretted that they did not manifest themselves more frequently, though their presence was indicated by sensible phenomena at intervals during each succeeding day.

We learn that on Tuesday, the 26th ult., immediately after Mr. Harris had returned, the spirits of several relatives suddenly appeared in Mary's room, and surrounding the pale sufferer, announced that she must soon pass away. They also instructed the friends how they might magnetize her chest so as to alleviate the pain. The patient did not appear to apprehend the import of this communication, but was soon impressed that the hour of her departure was at hand. She observed that her views of the precise nature of the Spiritual life were somewhat indefinite and general, but that it was a life of love, of happiness, of association with kindred spirits, and of loving ministrations alike to the spirits there and to those on earth, she had no doubt. At this time Mrs. H. had no fear, but expressed her willingness and her desire to go. "The Father," said she, "will not forsake his child. I feel borne and lifted up by a wave of His divine Love." The remainder of her earthly-life was characterized by the same serene and blissful state of mind.

Two days before the Spirit left the body, as the evening twilight approached, Mary relapsed for a few moments into a trance. While in that state she informed her husband that a benignant and lovely Spirit appeared to her, holding in his hand a floral crown.

"My dear child," said the Spirit, "your sufferings will soon be ended. You have but two more dark scenes to go through with. Be patient. I will always be with you to comfort and assist you, and will lead you safely. You will not see me, but you will always feel my arm around you. I have brought you a Spirit-crown. It will soon be yours."

Saying this, he showed her his right arm, which she declared seemed formed of golden light, radiant as the sun. The Spirit's allusion to "two more dark scenes" to come left the impression on the mind of Mrs. Harris that her outer life would probably terminate in two days, which was verified by the fact.

In a letter just received, Brother Harris thus describes the closing scene: "On Tuesday evening at about 6 o'clock the spirits of her relatives, in company with other spirits, to the number of about thirty, entered the room, and while she was apparently asleep, formed a circle around the bed. I was placed at this time, by their influence, in a deep interior condition, retaining, however, full possession of all the external faculties and powers. From the moment this circle of spirits was formed she became free from all pain.

"We watched the ebbing life of the external form till about a quarter before 12 (midnight). Gradually we felt the pulse sinking to rest. At that time a sudden light, like a diffused silver radiance, came and rested upon her face. A wondrous smile played upon her countenance. Such divine love, such ineffable peace diffused itself, melting into light in the air around her, that she seemed transfigured and changing into an angel before our sight.

"As her eyes began to close, kneeling by her side, I inclined my face

to the pillow by her cheek, and laid my arm over her form. Heavenly bliss filled all the internals of my mind, and I passed at once into *rapport* with her spirit. Gradually I felt her spirit form arising from the external. As it arose my own arms were lifted by it. I saw a vortex, or spiral of white light, narrowing to the diameter of about two feet, just above her body, and opening above it into the SPIRITUAL WORLD. In this vortex were innumerable angelic forms, and as she entered the spiral, they lifted her from my arms. She disappeared in that transcendent light."

The spirit had departed, and only the form—still beautiful in its decay—remained to gaze upon. Refusing the repose which protracted wakefulness and physical exhaustion had rendered necessary, the watcher still continued his vigil through the long night, and morning found him by the remains of his beloved Mary. When it was light her spirit came to him, and while her form was distinctly visible, she gave him a communication closing with these words: *Mary's dear love to all. NEVER MORE BE AFRAID TO DIE.*

While we write, many are sitting beneath the shadow that falls darkly and coldly by the hearth-side, in the field, the busy mart, and along the highway. They feel that death is terrible. Viewed in its *eternal* aspects it surely is so; but when it comes suddenly in its *earthly* aspect, it is not so. When "the pestilence walketh in darkness and wasteth at noonday," when the destroying element wreaths itself around a sleeping city, and darts like fiery serpents from every house-top; when beneath the cumbersome shadows of night, or under the thick veil of mist, the doomed ship goes down, and hundreds, rocked by the restless billows, fall asleep together; then, indeed, is death "the king of terrors" to the sensuous man, and the graphic picture, drawn by one of our first poets, is not overwrought:

"Come to the bridal chamber, Death,
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wait its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet, song and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible—the fear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the Mer;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine."

But the Spiritual Philosophy dissipates the gloom, and relieves by the introduction of divine lights the deepest shadows in the picture. For every beautiful human form that perishes on earth, a new star rises in the immortal firmament to shed its light and glory on our pathway forever. When a loving mortal dies, an angel is born. Death only marks the termination of one chapter and the beginning of another, in the continuous record of an endless life. *There is no death*, in the sense sanctioned by popular usage. Material forms perish, it is true, but the vital essence is never lost. As the primitive elements of all matter are indestructible, so the essential principles of life are immortal. Autumn breathes over the landscape, the flowers wither, and the leaves of the forest are sere by the hoar-frost; but the vital elements of the vegetable kingdom are neither destroyed nor dissipated. They flow back from the surface toward the center. In the vast alambic of Nature they are preserved until Spring comes to herald the resurrection of the floral world. All life goes upward and *centerward*. In man the individualized intelligence renders even common dust vital and beautiful. When at length it departs from the diseased forms it once inhabited, it is because they are no longer adapted to perform its functions. The human spirit, sublimated, organized, and immortal, will not fellowship with corruption. But new life is born even amid the elements of decay, and immortality in the most essential sense begins at the portals of the sepulcher. What if thou tal and perish, O mortal!

"Like a worm in Destruction's path,"

all that constitutes thy manhood—the divinity within thee—is forever *imperishable*.

"The stars may fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds!"

Spiritualism opens a new world to our contemplation, vast and beautiful beyond the power of language to describe, or the most ambitious imagination to conceive. All material developments and human events have their ultimate causes in that world. Our friends whom, perchance, we mourned as lost, dwell there, and with them all genuine affection; all essential beauty; and all pure love, are immortalized and live for a more intimate fellowship with the Divine. As we become Spiritualized in thought and life, we discover that the outer world is *merely phenomenal*, and that the invisible, which most men regard as visionary and unsubstantial, is, after all, the *REAL*. We need this positive assurance that man is immortal; that our friends can never die or lose their identity; that love is at once the imperishable inheritance and the eternal life of all Spirits; and that Angels ever watch over us for good, whether we sleep or wake. The spiritual facts and philosophy supply this demand, as no philosophical or religious system has ever done before. Who, then, need fear the ruin of material worlds? The sun may be extinguished, the earth dissolved, and the stars fall from heaven like withered leaves in autumn when the forests are swept by a mighty wind; but the conscious spirit can never perish, nor one essential element or attribute of its nature suffer loss. *Thrice happy thought!*

"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it into our souls; according harps,
By angel fingers touch'd, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sing once more
The song of our great IMMORTALITY.

Mrs. Harris departed this life at the residence of her uncle Mr. John Van Arnum, at whose house the funeral obsequies were conducted by the writer on Thursday afternoon the 12th inst. A large number of friends evinced their profound respect and sympathy on the occasion. The company of spiritual vocalists known as the "Excelsiors" were present, and their sweet music moved over the troubled tide of feeling like the Spirit that stills the storm.

REV. J. H. W. TOOMEY, editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*, addressed the congregation assembled at Dodworth's Academy last Sunday, morning and evening. We understand that the lectures were interesting and instructive.

✠ We desire to send away a great number of specimen copies to persons who are not subscribers to the TELEGRAPH, but we must rely on our friends to send us their names. Give us as long a list as you please.

THE LOSS OF THE ARCTIC.

The heart of this community, and of the whole country, was perhaps never more sadly shocked than on learning that the steamer Arctic had suffered a collision, and gone down to an ocean burial with most of her living freight of over four hundred souls. The intelligence reached this city Tuesday night, the 10th inst., and was known to the public on the following morning. The effect was palying. Every one was startled almost as if some sudden, terrible bolt had fallen upon his hearth, bringing death, grief, terror, and agony. The large number of passengers on board the Arctic who had relations in our midst, made the calamity personal to thousands. The number, also, on board who were known and endeared to the community by their public character and shining talents, shot a keen pang through all hearts. Of over four hundred souls, only thirty-two were reported escaped. The news was awful—more particularly so as the disaster occurred within forty miles of land, when a thus far successful and pleasant voyage was almost over, and not a woman or a child was saved. All that were most helpless and gentle, and most wedded to our tenderest sympathies, had perished, at midday, on a calm sea.

The facts covering the whole case are these: The steamer Arctic, of the Collins' line, sailed from Liverpool on the 20th of September, with—as nearly as we can learn—about four hundred souls on board, of whom about two hundred and thirty were passengers, the balance being the employees of the vessel. On the 2d of October, according to the average steamer time, the vessel was fully due at this port. One day after another passed, with the Arctic overdue, and though there was naturally much speculation and some anxiety as to the causes of her detention, there were few, if any, fears felt for her final safety—not even up to the hour when the fatal news arrived. Mr. Collins, and those most interested, knew the staunchness of the vessel and the skill of her commander too well to believe the sea had overcome her. The conclusion was, that she had failed in some of her steam machinery, and was making her way to this or some other port under sail.

Alas! this conclusion was not to be realized. An unthought-of peril had come upon the noble steamer. After ten days pleasant passage, when off Cape Race, some forty miles from land, and about that distance from St. John's, New Brunswick, at midday, with a fog, encircling the steamer so densely that scarcely a ship's length could be seen, the Arctic, going at the rate of thirteen miles an hour, came in collision with a French steamer, the Vesta, connected with the French fisheries, and on her way to France, with over a hundred fishermen, crew, and passengers. The shock was fearful, the spirit or some of the bow timbers of the Vesta piercing the Arctic—just as she lifted her head on a wave—below her water line, making a breach which no skill or means at hand could mend. The Vesta, in the mean time, was cut clean open, and it was supposed must immediately go down. Being much the lesser vessel, her fate seemed certain, and the commander of the Arctic, Capt. James C. Luce—who, during all the scene of the disaster, proved himself a true hero—not yet imagining the fatal hurt to his own vessel, sent his first officer with a boat to rescue the Vesta's passengers. He also steamed around the Vesta twice, when he learned the extent of his own ship's peril. It is believed that the engineers and a portion of his officers and crew knew of the danger sooner, and improved the time in making ready to seize the boats, and escape with their dastard lives, as they did, in defiance of their commander, and without pausing to rescue even a woman.

The first officer gave in quest of the Vesta, and lost sight of the fog, deserted by the balance of his officers—save one or two—and crew, and stripped of all his boats but one—the long-boat, capable of carrying 150 persons, but which could only be launched by seamen acquainted with rigging the machinery for hoisting it out—Capt. Luce was left helpless. The passengers were naturally palsied with terror. The most that could be done was to construct such rafts and floats as materials at hand would admit of, and await the going down of the fast-sinking vessel, perchance to rise from her vortex, but more likely to be swept to eternity. The ocean was comparatively calm. Signal guns were fired momentarily, the brave fellow who fired them standing in his post, and going down with the ship, but no succor came.

Four hours had the Arctic floated since the collision—ample time, had officers and crew not basely deserted their commander and their duty, shaming the face of manhood, to have launched all the boats, and transferred to them all the souls on board, with provisions and compasses—when, with the larger part of her precious living freight, she went down with a swirl, one wild cry of anguish and despair rising from her deck, and mingling with the solemn murmur of the sea. The gentle, the beautiful, and the brave were blent in that awful burial. The husband clasping his wife, the father his child, and the mother clinging to the beloved whom her affection could no longer shield. There was Capt. Luce, who, urged by dastards to escape with his life, exclaimed, "The ship's fate shall be mine!" and who, when urged to save his crippled son, said, "My fate shall be my son's!" Down with his ship he went, clasping his son to his breast, rather than abandon his duty. And there was Mrs. Collins, wife of the Arctic's owner, with her only daughter and a son; they, too, went down, leaving a husband and father's heart to break over the loss of treasures outweighing all fortune and renown. And there was a family of seven—Mr. Brown, of the firm of Brown, Brothers and Co.—borne away in their youth, undivided in death. And a young French noble, a duke of the proud old line of de Grammont, on his way to Washington, as a diplomat, cut short in the midst of high hopes and ambitions. And Edward Sandford, a brilliant member of the bar of our city, lamented by thousands; and Catherwood, the artist; and that noble old "Friend," Mahlon Day, returning with his wife from her English home, and many more we might name who were widely known and beloved, who were returning from foreign lands and adventures, full of dear thoughts of home, and expecting in a few hours to clasp the hands of kindred and friends, but who are now, alas! in body, tenants of a grave where love can rear

"No white, memorial stone."

Such was the history of the Arctic's fate, according to the first reports. Time has only modified it in a few essentials. One of these sent a thrill of joy to all hearts when the telegraph announced, on Saturday, that Captain Luce was saved; that he had, with a dozen others, been picked from a raft at sea, and carried to Quebec. It was like hearing that one had risen from the dead, and hope sprang anew in every heart that perhaps more—perhaps all, *might* be saved. But Captain Luce's statement dispels that hope in the main. He is, indeed, saved. Carried down by the wreck, he rose with his son to the sea's surface, the steamer's floating paddle-box at

the instant falling so as to slightly graze his head, but striking his son with a death-blow. The scene he then witnessed beggars description. More than two hundred men, women, and children, struggling amid the waves and floating substances from the wreck, calling in agony for help upon one another, and upon God. But in a few moments death had done his work. All but a score scattered here and there, had gone down. Captain Luce sustained himself upon the submerged wheel-house on which others, too, found refuge, though they soon fell away overboard. Captain L. confirms the story of the dastardly conduct of a portion of his officers and crew. He and the ship were basely abandoned by those whom every sentiment of duty, every feeling of honor and gallantry, every consideration of humanity, should have prompted to stand by their posts to the last—at least while aid could be rendered, or woman saved. Had these men performed their duty, every life might possibly have been saved. There were boats enough, it is said, for the purpose, but if not, there were abundant spars and other material for rafts. Some have defended their craven conduct on the ground that life is equally dear to all. True, in the abstract; but in all peril and emergency, where is the common safety if the customary guardians desert their posts? Where the issue of battle, on which a nation's fate may depend, if the soldier, from

"The imminent peril of the deadly breach,"

shrinks back, deserts his colors, sacrifices his country, and defiance of all that makes discipline—and discipline is conquest—flies from the field because death stares him in the face? The logic of those who defend a cowardice that sacrifices method and morality, is shameful. We envy no one sentiments, which degrade man to the level of the brute, which knows no higher law than the instinct of self-preservation.

As to whether this disaster could have been avoided, we are not prepared to judge. Some think slow sailing in a fog a safeguard, yet little could be gained on that score unless speed was almost slackened. Ten miles an hour is as dangerous as twenty miles. Collision in either case is almost sure to be disastrous. Had the Arctic sailed five miles an hour, a general outcry would have been raised over her tardy trip. The American public insist on speed. They would ride lightning at the risk of life, rather than move slowly with certainty of safety. Yet it seems to us that there should have been more signaling on board the Arctic. A gun fired every five or ten minutes during a dense fog, or the ringing of a loud bell might ward off danger. We do not hear that the Arctic did more than keep an ordinary look-out. But this is a subject abler pens will most likely discuss. As to the fate of the other vessel, it turned out that she put in for a port of the British provinces, where she arrived safe, having lost only thirteen of her passengers, who, at the time of the collision, took to a boat to escape to the Arctic, and running too close under the Arctic's bows, their boat was crushed by the steamer's wheel, and all but one of her freight sunk—that one got on board the Arctic. The Vesta's escape resulted from her being built in compartments. One of these was cut open by the collision, but the others sustained the vessel. Had this fact been learned, and the two vessels kept together, the Arctic's passengers might have been all safely transferred to the Vesta.

From the *Commercial Advertiser* of this city, a journal that has, we believe, spared no contempt or ridicule of Spiritualism possible to its utterance, we copy the following in connection with the Arctic disaster, which, while it will only confirm the faith of our readers, we earnestly recommend to the thoughtful consideration of all inquirers, doubters, and scoffers on the subject of Spiritualism. The *Commercial* says:

"We have heretofore mentioned the death of a son of Mr. George Smith, of the firm of Leupp & Co., one of the passengers supposed to have perished in the Arctic. We have since been informed of an incident worthy of record, and upon an authority that does not admit of disbelief. The death of the younger Mr. Smith took place on the 2d of October, six days subsequent to the Arctic's disaster, and before she could be fairly considered as overdue, being then only 13 days out from Liverpool.

"Previous to his decease he informed his relatives that his father was dead, and that he had had an interview with him. It was suggested to him that this was merely a dream. He said that he knew it; nevertheless, he was firmly persuaded of the truth of the revelation, and that his friends would also speedily be convinced of its verity."

What a lesson—what an inspiration ought such a fact be to the relatives and friends of all who have been taken from earth by this disaster! Here is established, out of the mouths of unbelievers, all that Spiritualists claim; the possibility, nay, the fact of Spirit-communication—the communion of the living of earth with the near and dear who have gone to the Spirit-land. By this fact, recorded by no inventive enthusiast or fanatic—a fact transpiring at a death-bed, surrounded by such solemnity, and given with such authority as compels even a scoffing journal to accredit it—the suffering and sorrowing are taught that, though their loved ones have been taken away in the flesh, they are near and present in the immortal Spirit. The dying boy beheld his father passed from earth, and warned his kindred that they would see him no more in mortal form. They suggested that he dreamed, but he was "fully persuaded in his own mind," and the issue has shown that he, alone, knew the truth. Will such a revelation of the truth of Spiritualism pass unheeded? Will that family circle, bereaved of father, husband, and son, spurn the palpable voice of God, speaking as it were from that far-away ocean grave where death, disrobing a beloved spirit of its thin veil of perishable flesh and sense, made it so quick with celestial life that it could compass spaces of ocean and land, and commune with its kindred yet on the earth? Oh, what consolation, save a long, weary waiting for death, is there left to man when his dear ones are taken away, if Spirit-communication be not a reality. Even the heart of the scoffer trembles and cowers within him at the thought that between heaven and earth there is no intercourse save through the "dark valley and shadow of death." But when the blessed assurance of Spirit-communication enters into man's soul, his heart leaps with the rapture of divine joy. Then he feels and knows that, what all hearts desire and all religions have taught, is true. He feels and knows that there is no death—that all is life for which the soul should care, and that those who go before us in

"The path of an aspiring change,"

are still with us in Spirit, hovering over us as "angels and ministers of grace," soothing our thorny way, lightening our burdens, soothing our sorrows, and leading us forward and upward to that indestructible home in the Spirit-land.

"Hued with the sunshine of eternal day."

✠ Can any one of our readers inform us of the whereabouts of REV. CHARLES H. GARDNER, a Universalist preacher? We have occasion to write to him, and for this reason desire to ascertain his address.

DESTRUCTION OF THE NEW MOTOR.

We believe in free discussion as decidedly as we condemn all violence and incivility. The liberty to think and to express our thoughts on all subjects which concern the individual or the race is not only among the most sacred human rights, but it is perhaps the last that we shall be disposed to relinquish. Moreover, what we unhesitatingly demand for ourselves, in this respect, we will cheerfully grant to the humblest individual; and whenever we give our ideas and projects to the world we are willing to regard them as public property in that sense which authorizes a critical examination of their claims, and an open, fair discussion of their excellences and their defects. No man has a right to feel aggrieved at any equitable trial by his contemporaries, however severe in itself or disastrous to his personal expectations. The well-founded pretensions of every man, and of all Spirits, will abide the ordeal, while our imaginary discoveries and delusive vagaries will be dissipated and pass away.

We have, hitherto, had occasion to say but little respecting the "New Motor." While our columns have been open to a free and fair discussion of its extraordinary claims, by those who have had opportunities for personal observation, about all that we have said is contained in a single paragraph with which we prefaced Dr. Robinson's letter of June 4th, and wherein we briefly defined our position as follows:

We always had unbounded confidence in the sincerity of our friends who are interested in the New Motor; that confidence is in no degree diminished. But we never had much faith in the Motor itself, and, of course, had not much to lose. Nevertheless, others who have confidence, together with the time, money, and the disposition necessary to test the supposed feasibility of the enterprise, should feel at liberty to pursue the subject until they are satisfied that the machine is either a success or a failure, and no one should be reproached for so doing. It is well to reason together, earnestly, but coolly, and as far as possible to avoid the extremes of skepticism and credulity.

Since the beginning of this controversy we have observed nothing, either in the spiritual or secular journals, which could justly be regarded as intrinsically inflammatory, or as designed to incite a destructive or hostile spirit toward any one. If a multitude of disorderly and tumultuous people actually assembled at Randolph and demolished the "Motor," as we infer from the unexcused communication, we are unable to trace the deed to the general influence or prevailing spirit of those who have questioned or opposed its pretensions. What the apparently extravagant claims of "some of its professed friends" may have stimulated mischievous individuals to do, we pretend not to say or know; but we cheerfully give place to the subjoined statement from Bro. Spear. If "some two hundred highly scientific discourses" have been given they will remain; and it is the "New Motor" is to be the "physical savior of the race" it will probably "rise again." Let us have a free and fearless discussion of ideas and measures accompanied with proper courtesy and fraternal love toward all men.

THE ELECTRIC MOTOR MURDER.

From the hour that it became publicly known that the Association of Electricians had undertaken to introduce to the inhabitants of this city a new motive power, the press and the pulpit have assailed, ridiculed, and misrepresented it, until a public sentiment has been generated which encouraged the mob to assault and destroy it.

It was moved, as you know, to Randolph, N. Y., that it might have the advantages of that lofty electrical position. A temporary building was erected to shelter it. Into that, under the cover of the night, the mob entered, tore out the heart of the mechanism, trampled beneath their feet, and scattered it to the four winds. I know that the friends who were engaged in constructing this mechanism, and those who cheerfully gave of their means to promote the work, will mourn that the world has not yet arrived at a condition when it could welcome a philanthropic effort of this kind; but thus it is. It did not wish the effort to succeed, and it determined it should not.

The course pursued by the avowed enemies of Spiritualism, and also by some of its professed friends, in relation to this effort, have caused me much pain and not a little surprise. From the hour that I became fully convinced that a new, truthful, and direct communication was opened between the earth life and the Spirit world, I determined to give my time, my strength, my reputation, my all, to a work which I deemed so important. As I had in former years devoted myself to the elevation of the intellect, to the promotion of peace, to the emancipation of the slave, and to the aid of the destitute prisoner, so I resolved to aid in this new movement, the grandest and the most comprehensive that has ever been commenced.

Sometimes when I have been made acquainted with the comprehensive views and the philanthropic plans which persons in the more perfect conditions desired to unfold, I have thought that perhaps they were somewhat too sanguine; that the hour had not yet come when the world could receive them; and that on that account they might fail of accomplishing all the good they wished to do; but I have desired to cheerfully cooperate with them, and to give them a fair chance to try.

From the hour that the Electricians expressed a desire to unfold to the inhabitants of this earth more perfectly a knowledge of electrical, magnetic, and ethereal laws that a new motive power might be exhibited, I said to them, "Friends, my time, my strength, my means, my influence to aid a work so important and so beneficent are at your disposal." Aided by several philanthropic and highly intelligent gentlemen, to whom their plan was unfolded and the model exhibited, labors were commenced, some two hundred highly scientific and very philosophical discourses were communicated; and at precisely the time designated, and at the point expected, motion appeared, corresponding to electric life.

But the mob has done its work. The little mechanism has been assailed, torn asunder, and trampled beneath the feet of men. But if this effort to use electricity as a motive power fails at this time, I am persuaded that in the coming future, when man becomes more intelligent, and more fully unfolded, he will be able to command this element with greater ease and with more economy than he now does steam. Think God, the principles which have been presented, and the philosophy which has been communicated, are beyond the reach of the mob, and can not be harmed by the slanders of the pulpit, or the misrepresentations of the press!

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers."

Carver has been murdered, Biney's press was thrown into the river, Lovejoy was murdered, yet anti-slavery still lives, and the oppressed shall yet be free. So shall it ever be with all truths which have been communicated to man. They are immortal and can not be destroyed.

The world, not knowing its benefactors, misunderstands, misinterprets them, and often they are unwisely treated; but in due time, as man advances in wisdom and knowledge, they are justly appreciated and wisely honored.

"Tis the old story—ever the blind world
Knows not its angels of Discretion,
Till they stand glorified 'twixt earth and heaven.
It shows the martyrs' then, with praying hands,
How the God moved his chariot of fire,
And calls sweet names, and worships what it spurned!"

Yours, for the aid of the common humanity,

JOHN M. SPEAR.

REMARKABLE CASE OF PSYCHOMETRIC POWER.—P. B. Randolph, whose notice is on another page of the *Telegraph*, recently, while on a visit to Newark, and engaged in psychometrizing Mr. Israel Baldwin, in behalf of Dr. Gall, told Mr. Baldwin that, when very young, he received a severe internal injury in a particular part of the brain described, and Mr. Randolph detailed the peculiar effects of that injury during nearly forty years; all of which Mr. Baldwin, with astonishment, confessed was true to the letter, though no person present knew the facts in the case except himself, and he had no acquaintance with Mr. Randolph. During the examination Mr. Randolph had his eyes closed, with his face turned in a different direction, coming in no physical contact with Mr. Baldwin, while Mr. U. Clark sat between the two.

FACTS AND REMARKS.

FACTS IN MAINE.—Mr. Jonathan Bean, of Montville, Me., was at this office a few days ago, and related the following facts: Some time ago he found himself in the presence of a medium who was a personal stranger to him, and who had never known anything of him or of his family. A Spirit took possession of her and personated his son, who had been in the Spirit-world some twelve years. He said to the Spirit, "If you are really my son, will you give me some evidence of the fact by pointing out something in this room that once belonged to you. The medium immediately became agitated. She went to Mr. Bean, and shaking her hands over his shoulders and about his chest, finally took hold of his vest, and her hand was thence carried to his vest pocket, whence she took out a knife, which she patted in her hand as if it was the object sought. That knife had actually belonged to Mr. Bean's son some twelve years before, though scarcely any person knew the fact except Mr. Bean himself.

In another case witnessed by Mr. Bean, a medium had personated the deceased father of a young man who was consulting her. This she did by going through all the manipulations of making mortar. The father of the young man was a mason, though the medium had never known that fact.

In another instance Mr. Bean had called for the Spirit of old Judge Crosby. The Judge, while in the body, had had the physical peculiarity of being paralyzed in the right arm, and he always wrote with his left hand, with the properly right-hand side of the paper turned toward him, and making his lines in a direction perpendicular with his body; with neither of which facts was the medium acquainted. The Judge, taking possession of her, at first wrote a communication in the ordinary way, and then said that he would write just as he did before he left the body. He then turned the right-hand side of the paper toward him, seized the pen in his left hand, and commenced writing his lines perpendicularly toward his body, and in the identical hand in which he had been accustomed to write before he left the form.

A GOOD TEST.—Mr. Bellows, late of Sag Harbor, L. I., related the following fact at the Dedworth Hall Conference on Sunday, Oct. 8th. He said that after he had made up his mind to investigate the alleged spiritual manifestations, he had occasion to travel through Springfield, Mass., and he resolved to stop there, and, if possible, procure an interview with some one or more of the several mediums known to be in that place. He had no acquaintances in Springfield, never having been there, and as he was riding in the cars near the place a query arose in his mind as to how he should proceed in his efforts to find a medium, and procure the desired interview. While he was cogitating on this question he felt an interior impulse to go and sit by the side of a certain young man who was sitting alone in a seat. He did so, and a conversation ensued in which Mr. B. mentioned his desire to investigate Spiritualism, and inquired of the young man if he could refer him to a medium in Springfield. The young man happened to be himself a Spiritualist, and a resident of Springfield, and readily directed Mr. B. to the family of one Mr. Bangs, where he said he might find a medium. Mr. Bellows, with another gentleman, accordingly went to the place, was admitted by the servant, and when he had taken a seat, Mrs. Bangs came in from the kitchen and asked, "Did either of you gentlemen know the name of a person of the name of Eliza Bellows?" Mr. Bellows, who of course was a total stranger to her, as to every other person in Springfield, answered that he once had a sister of that name, but that she had been dead many years; on saying which loud and enthusiastic rappings were heard apparently in response to what was said. The name of "Eliza Bellows" had been announced to Mrs. Bangs through the rappings just before Mr. Bellows had entered. Query: By what means did Mrs. Bangs receive, at that moment, the identical name of Mr. Bellows' departed sister, if that sister, or some Spirit who knew her, did not announce it? Any hypothesis of clairvoyance, mental reflection, or involuntary agency of the mind, is, of course, here out of the question.

NO DECEPTION AFTER ALL.—A gentleman from Lynn, Mass., related, at the Dedworth Hall Conference on Sunday, Oct. 8th, the following case to which he was knowing: A party of gentlemen, some of whom were skeptics, assembled in the presence of a medium to investigate the phenomena said to be developed through her. They procured a drum and placed it under the table, and the agency purporting to be Spirits played upon it with considerable dexterity. The party at first were all greatly surprised and astonished, until one of their number, sitting a little aside, and looking under the table, declared that he saw the girl beating upon the drum with her feet. He went away in disgust, and denounced the affair all as a humbug. The next day, however, one of the party, a believer, went to this man and persuaded him to sit in another circle with the same medium, and subject the matter to a more careful investigation in order to satisfy them all whether she had beaten the drum herself or not. They accordingly assembled, placed the drum under the table, and, with the medium's consent, tied her feet firmly to the round of the chair, so that she could not move them. The drum was beaten as usual, and the skeptical gentleman, sitting to one side and looking under the table as before, said, "I give it up now; I saw the same form strike the drum that I saw before, and which I supposed were her feet, but I know they can not be her feet in this instance, as I see them still immovably fixed to the chair." In all probability many alleged attempts to deceive on the part of other mediums may be accounted for in a similar way.

THE TRANSITION STATE OF SPIRITS.—A darling little boy, the only son of a physician in this city, who is a Spiritualist, recently passed into the spiritual world. Before his body was interred, his parents, grandparents, and one or two others, sat around a table with a medium, to see if they could get any intimations from his Spirit. They sat in silence, asking no questions, and no manifestations were made. A few evenings afterward, the same circle, with the same medium, sat again, when one of the Spirit-relatives of the little boy communicated the fact that his separation from the body was complete, and that he was now conscious of his condition as a Spirit. It was then asked, "Why did you not give us some communication the other night when we expected to hear from you?" It was answered, "Because it would have disturbed the boy's transitional state." It was then stated by the Spirits that the little boy was present with them in the room on that evening, and did not know that he had left the body, but thought that he had waked up well, and was then seated with them at the table as he often had been before. It was added that if any communication had been given them respecting him at that time, the boy would have noticed it, and not understanding it, would have been disturbed by it, but that now, having completed his transition, he understood his situation and was present to speak for himself.

INTERESTING SPIRIT-INTERVIEW.—At one of Mr. Conklin's circles in this city, a few days ago, the following incident took place: There was a lady present who was a total stranger to Mr. Conklin (the medium), and to all others in the room. She was also a stranger to spiritual manifestations, never having witnessed any before, and being skeptical in respect to their reality. Mr. Conklin's hand was controlled to write her a communication, to which a name was signed, which she declared was the full name of her deceased husband. She then inquired for a little daughter of hers who was in the Spirit-world, and received a response that she was present. After some unimportant questions were asked, Mr. C.'s hand was controlled to write the question, "Mother, was I seven years old or four when I died?" Uncle Edward (actually the name of an uncle of the child) says I was four, but I think I was seven. Signed "Emma," which was the little girl's name. Her mother answered her that she was four years old when she died, and that she had been in the Spirit-world three years, making seven in all. In addition to the proof of actual Spirit-presence and identity which this case affords, it gives a valuable intimation in respect to the state of the knowledge of some Spirits, especially in reference to the lapse of time.

BRUTUS AND HIS GENIUS.—In Roman history it is recorded that Brutus, the patriot and general, while in his tent on a certain occasion at midnight, was surprised by the appearance of a ghost. "Who art thou?" exclaimed Brutus. "I am thy evil genius," replied the apparition; "we will meet again at Philippi." And so it happened. The Spirit reappeared on the eve of the second battle at Philippi, which Brutus fought against the forces of Octavius and Antony, and after which, in consequence of the mortification of defeat, Brutus committed suicide by falling upon his sword, held for the purpose by his friend, Strato. It was the prevailing belief among the Romans that every man was attended by a good and evil Spirit, which they called a "genius," which word with them had the identical meaning that the Greeks attached to the word we translate "demon."

Original Communications.

ELECTRICITY.*

Along the smooth and slender wires
The sleepless heralds run,
Fast as the clear and living rays
Go streaming from the sun;
No peal or flashes, heard or seen,
Their wondrous flight betray,
And yet their words are strongly felt
In cities far away.

No summer heat nor winter's hail
Can check their rapid course;
They meet unmoved the fierce wind's rage,
Their rough and sweeping force,
In the long night of rain and wrath,
As in the blaze of day,
They rush with news of weal or woe
To thousands far away.

But faster still than tidings borne
On that electric cord,
Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves
The Christian's life and Lord—
Of him who bows in smiles and tears
With fervent lips to pray—
Maintaining converse here on earth
With bright words far away.

Aye, though no outward wish is breathed,
Nor outward answer given,
The sighings of that humble heart
Are known and felt in heaven.
Those long, faint wires may bend and break,
Those voiceless heralds stray,
But Faith's heart-thought shall reach the throne
Of God, though far away.

* Written in three minutes, under spirit-influence, by ELIZABETH HILL, four years of age.

"DIED."

In this city, on Saturday evening, the 23d inst., Gerald Gray, only child of Dr. Lewis T. and Elizabeth G. Warner, aged three years, four months, and four days.

Did he? Oh, Christian materialist, if thou wouldst not completely crush the already bruised, bleeding parent heart, say not that he died! Say, rather, that his external form slept sweetly upon the bosom of its mother earth, while the Spirit awoke in the arms of its heavenly Father. For there is no death, not even of the body. The body shall sleep for a little, but only to rise again, and make visible to the material eye infinitely varied forms of divine beauty. The external form is but the shadow of the spiritual body, intercepting the rays of the celestial sun. The shadow perpetually changes, but the substance never. That broad and polished brow; those large, dark, lustrous,athomless eyes; those features, beautiful as classic marble; that noble bearing of the little form are types of God and immortality. An angel-boy has gone to the Spirit-home from whence he came. He goes to complete the mission upon which the Father sent him into the earth-sphere. And every thought and every affection that ever germinated in that infant soul shall live, and grow, and expand the being into a beautiful resemblance of that divine Creator who made man in his own image.

MODERN MIRACLES.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN:

When in New York a few weeks since, I had a brief talk with Bro. Partridge in relation to Mrs. S. B. Johnson, of Bangor, Me., a clairvoyant healing-midwife, he remarked, "Facts are what we want; why don't you send them along for publication?" etc. On my return to Bangor I soon learned that several very recent cures had been performed through and by Mrs. Johnson, which, for a beginning, I will give your readers, promising a series of reports of similar, and even more wonderful cures—which, if recorded in New Testament times, would have been called miracles, not only in those days, but by all believers now-a-days, in the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures.

1st. Master John Tibbets, aged fourteen years, son of Henry Tibbets, of Bangor, machinist, and inventor of a "Tibbet's High and Low Pressure Engine" (formerly of the Province of New Brunswick), was pronounced in a "quick consumption," having had a long and severe run of typhus fever, which had left him in this sad condition. The lad was fast sinking, and given over by physicians to die. Mrs. Johnson was sent for at this critical juncture, and by Spirit assistance and direction gave the lad immediate relief, so much so that in twenty-four hours he sat up, and in three days rode out, and in one week was walking about town in good health.

2d. CASE OF CHOLERA.—William Johnson, of Bangor, lumberman, was taken in the night with vomiting and purging, and having no faith in medical practitioners after the loss of several children and friends, he stoutly refused their aid, thinking the disease was a strong enemy enough without "poisoning doctors," until his speech failed him. An asthmatic, laboring breathing followed, and blood settled around the finger-nails and the whole surface assumed a purple hue. His wife could no longer obey his injunction to "Keep the doctors away," but kindly told him she must send for one and asked him if he would have Dr. R.—Dr. S.—Dr. P.—, and he shook his head to each and all—not being able to speak, but pointed toward the residence of Mrs. Johnson, and when asked if she was the one, he motioned for them to be in haste. At 12 o'clock at noon Mrs. Johnson arrived and immediately "passed into the state," and in five minutes he was free from cramps and pains, and in 27 hours rode down town, and the second day was attending to his business!

"THE LAME WALKER."—Mr. Joseph Saunders, of Bangor, shipwright, some seventy-five years old, has been afflicted with a "serpifolious eruptive sore" on the calf of the leg for some ten years, which has given him much trouble, and at times prevented him from walking. Within the last three years it has grown worse, assumed a cancerous development, and excited much alarm as regards the result. All and (?) rendered by physicians and surgeons proved abortive, and as a dernier resort he went to Mrs. Johnson with the entire calf of the leg a mass of "rottenness" the limb badly swollen and inflamed. By Spirit direction and aid she made applications which greatly improved the limb in three weeks, and in three months he was perfectly cured.

CANCER CURED—"A MIRACLE!"—Mrs. Capt. John Saunders, of Bangor, had been troubled for years with a cancer in the breast, which had assumed an alarming development and threatened her life. Surgeons and physicians advised her to have a surgical operation as the only means to be used. She was about to submit. At this time she became developed as a Spirit-writing medium, and the Spirits directed her to Mrs. Johnson to be cured, she not then knowing that Mrs. Johnson was

a medium. They told her to go to a certain neighbor's house, and Mrs. J. would meet her there. She went; Mrs. Johnson was directed also by the Spirits to go to the same house; but being very busy put the Spirits off for the time being; but they very soon requested her to "go immediately," for a very sick person needed her aid. She went and passed into the state, and one "laying on of hands" caused the swelling and inflammation to subside, and the "cancer monster" left almost instantaneously, never more to return. (This case was cured three years since.)

ANOTHER CURE—MIRACLE.—Capt. Saunders, husband of the above lady, had nearly lost his eyesight; so nearly so he could not "take the sun by his quadrant" for some six months, and was alarmed lest he should lose his sight altogether. One application of Spirit-power through Mrs. Johnson restored his sight perfectly.

BANGOR, Oct. 1854.

WORDS FOR ADA AND HER MOTHER.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 14, 1854.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

As "Spiritualism" removes all the unclerical restraints interposed by sectarianism, and teacheth us to speak in "brotherly love" one to another, I avail myself of the privilege in giving you a few thoughts suggested to my mind, by reading in the *Telegraph* of the 26th ult. "the remarkable development" of "Ada," the Heaven-inspired child of song. My heart responds to the fond mother's prayer, that her darling may be preserved from all harm. I would say to that mother, Fear not, the angels who surround and pour into her ear and her spirit those pure and exalted sentiments, will guard and guide her in the paths of rectitude. Oh! that my own dear child might possess this Heaven-declared gift; I would indeed esteem it one of Heaven's choicest blessings. Dear Ada, I love thee, although my natural eyes may never behold thee. I feel that "a chord of kindred spirits," so beautifully and eloquently expressed in the stanzas, "You know why," vibrate through my inmost soul! God bless you, fair girl, and may all your anticipations of a bright future be more than realized! On reading the "Anthem of the Sea" my mind is carried back to the past when I stood on the shore of the "Far-sounding Ocean," entranced by its strange and mysterious music, now sweetly flowing in gentle strains along the main, and anon swelling louder and louder till at length it peals forth in grand and solemn tones its deep base voice.

"A worthy praise, O God, to thee,
This glorious anthem of the Sea."

My thoughts will often turn to the island-home of Ada, in fond expectation of other gems from her inspired pen.

I send you a communication, recently received through my "mediumship" on "Spiritual attraction," which, should you deem worthy a place in the *Telegraph*, you will please publish.

Very truly yours,

MARGARET B. GOURLAY.

P. S.—A few weeks since Dr. Wm. Geib sent you for publication a piece of music composed by himself, words given through me by my Spirit-sister. Pray what has become of it?

COMMUNICATION.

The world is yet blind to the laws of spiritual attraction. To nine tenths of the inhabitants of earth these words have no significance; the spirit being superior to the material nature should be better understood. How shall man become better acquainted with the laws which govern his spirit? By study. Look then to the great central Spirit for light, and he will not turn a deaf ear to your petitions. "Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you," is legibly written on every page of the great "Volume of Nature." Every being possesses two distinct natures, the "spiritual" and "material" body and soul; the one changeable, the other unchangeable and eternal. All the elements of spirit are contained in the material form. How important, then, that we preserve the body intact from all those influences which might blench or render obscure its brightness!

Many persons, through ignorance, have so debased the physical nature that, for a season, the spirit is obscured, but it will ultimately triumph, for its affinities are upward. God is love and harmony; then study him if you desire to render more perfect the spiritual man within you. All nature is harmonious; why then should man, the greatest conception of a great and good God, be inharmous? It is the result of ignorance. Awake then, for we have come to dispel this moral darkness and to teach you how to increase your happiness on earth, a *thousand-fold*, and to fit you for the spheres of progression; we have come to teach a religion which shall elevate man here and prepare him for a more glorious state of existence in the future. To teach him that the "Kingdom of Heaven" may be within his own heart if he obeys the laws which govern his physical and moral constitution.

The physical and moral nature though distinct, can not be separately developed, but each must add its quota to form the "human mind-man." There is no safety for him who disregards "nature's laws." She will, in time, vindicate her violated rights; the direct and inseparable relationship between soul and body has been too long neglected. It is high time therefore that man should awake from his stupor, and direct his attention to this all-important subject. The question now arises—How shall man attain this knowledge? We answer—By a careful study and practical use of the laws of affinity and harmony between the spirit and the body. We look to this as the means of his salvation; the more perfect the combination between the two, the more perfect the man. The body of itself is powerless; so with the soul in its relations to earth; but united, both are perfect; in God both are complete. The more perfect the oneness in all things, the nearer he approaches to God; this is the bond which binds all things together, leaving nothing to collide and isolation. Strive then to strengthen this union in thyself, that thou mayst attain this harmony with God and man.

We are sorry to say that the piece of music referred to by our correspondent has never reached us; Mrs. Gourlay will please oblige us by sending a duplicate.—Ed.

THE AUTHOR "UNVAILED."

Prof. Mattison, in his eminently false and abusive work entitled "Spirit-Rapping Unveiled," makes a great deal about our taking the liberty to correct the ambiguous expressions and grammatical errors in a Spirit-communication which was published in the first volume of the *Telegraph*. We are not aware that the Professor finds any fault with the translators of the Bible who did the same thing, as is manifest from the existence of several thousand supplied words in the version which he (Prof. M.), is pleased to accept. However, this propensity to "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel" is nothing new under the sun, except, perhaps, that the illustration before us is the last and the most conspicuous. Our correspondent, it seems, has recently perused "Spirit-Rapping Unveiled," and the author of that work will not be likely to have his vanity excited by the publication of Mr. Boynton's judgment respecting the character of the book.—Ed.

COLUMBIA, Sept. 3, 1854.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:—*Gentlemen*—In reviewing a work recently published, written by a Rev. Mr. Hiram Mattison—entitled "Spirit-Rapping Unveiled," I find many of the blackest falsehoods and misrepresentations a few items infinitely concerning myself, as well as many things concerning you.

The first thing I notice in regard to myself among the imitations, is that W. Boynton is declared to be "a Universalist." This occurs on page 106. I would like to say for the information of the Rev. Liberator, that I am not, and never was, a Universalist. I was a Methodist, and

a local preacher in that connection for some five years. I continued a member in good standing until the fall of 1850, and had been a member and a class leader since 1810; and but for the crime of thinking for myself might have remained so to this day. I was among the first who dared to investigate the subject in Waterford, New York, and excommunication from the Methodist Church was one of the "many stripes" inflicted upon me as a freethinker. If this false accuser wants proof, he may apply himself to the Church records of Cambridge Circuit, Washington County, New York, which will tell these stubborn facts.

Another falsehood in reference to myself and you, as the editor of the *Telegraph*, is found on page 112. He says: "So little confidence have the rhapsodists in the ghostly origin of these communications, that they do not scruple to alter, correct, or reject them at pleasure, when sent to them for publication. Two copies of Mr. Wesley's message, through Mr. Boynton, one published in pamphlet form, and the other in the columns of the *Telegraph*, are entirely different, and Mr. Brittan admitted to me that he altered them himself," etc.; and at the bottom of the page he adds that he is informed that this liberty taken by Prof. Brittan was not very well received by Mr. Boynton, the "scour," and that now "the two copies are rather at arm's length." Now I would like to have Mr. Mattison show that the two editions are "entirely different," or specify wherein the difference lies. I never knew of any difference in the sense, though you changed the form of expression in one or more instances with my approval, and those passages were ungrammatical in the original. Such corrections are ever allowable; and I never knew that we were at such immense distances from each other as "arm's length." My writings were all of them in a very chaotic state, and you said you had not time to reduce them to order. You did not object to the subject-matter, but to the want of correctness in the manuscript. I never entertained a hard thought against you therefore, and how Mr. Mattison obtained his information I know not, and care not, but probably he derived it from the same person who told him I was a "Universalist."

I do not see why Prof. Mattison could not treat the subject candidly and truthfully. If it be an error, it requires candor on the part of those who seek to "unveil" it. If such productions as Mr. Mattison's "convert the sinners from the error of their ways," or "save a soul from death," I mistake their influence and the enlightened character of the age. I think if the publisher of his work had corrected the same, and had presented nothing but the facts, there would have been an "entire difference" in his work, for he informs us that he did not transcribe it, and that the book was written in "great haste." Do not be in such a hurry, Mr. M. when you write again, for this is an age of calm investigation. "Haste makes waste," and this work is the most untruthful that could have been written. I can not allow that he was ignorant, for he professes to "know," at the same time it is a bigoted, wilful, and sectarian work, that will immortalize its author among base and unscrupulous men. You may set your pleasure about publishing this, but I would be pleased that these willful falsehoods might be noticed in your columns.

Most truly yours,

W. BOYNTON.

TO A MOURNER.

ASHFIELD, MASS., Aug. 30, 1854.

DEAR BRO. BRITTAN:

The subjoined poetic effusion was rapidly written through the hand of our medium at a late sitting of our circle. It is addressed to one of our number who has passed through many sad scenes in her earthly pilgrimage. It emanates from a much-loved friend who has for some years been a permanent dweller in the Spirit-home.

Yours fraternally,

W. H. PHILLIPS.

Mourner, in the silent watches
Of thy spirit's fearful night,
Is there yet a starry beacon
Beaming forth with heavenly light?
Calmly 'mid the warring tumult,
In time hour of sorest need,
See a holy message blaimed—
Lift thy grief-dimmed eye and read.
Softer than the breath of evening
Floats its music on the air,
Milder than the gleam of morning
Is the record written there.
This is the evangel written—
In its promise thou art blest,
Ah, thou weary desert wanderer,
Near thee lies the land of rest.
Spirit-voices call thee hither,
Loving hands are beckoning on,
Short the passage, gently closing
On the journey well-nigh done.
Oh, there's not a cloud of sorrow
But Heaven has a beam to cheer,
And there's not an hour of anguish
But an arm of love is near.
Then hope on, and cheer thy spirit
With the promise truly given;
Earthly ties, though severed sadly,
Are written—blest in heaven.

MOVEMENTS OF A. J. DAVIS.

The subjoined communication came too late for our last paper. It will still be in time for most of the appointments. It will be perceived that in our recent notice of Mr. Davis and his lectures, we were under a slight misapprehension in supposing that he would first go West.—Ed.

HARTFORD, CONN., 4th Oct., 1854.

DEAR EDITOR OF THE TELEGRAPH:

I write to inform you, and the friends of Harmonical Philosophy through the country, that my way this fall and winter is opening in the direction of Norwich, Williamstown, and Winsted in this State; thence into Massachusetts—beginning, perhaps, in Springfield, then Worcester, Boston, Lowell, Natick, Milford, New Bedford, and other places, upon which I can not now determine; thence into the State of Maine—teaching, perhaps, in all two weeks, in Portland, Augusta, Bangor, etc.; then retracing my steps, going westward, into New York State, stopping to teach in Troy and vicinity, in Utica, in Syracuse, in Rochester, in Buffalo, and thence onward toward Cleveland and other localities in Ohio.

I can not now tell the weeks that I may spend in the principal localities designated. When my appointments are consummated, I will notify you accordingly. In order to help me in this, I shall be glad to hear from friends resident in the several places named, stating if they consider my services in demand among them, and giving me an opportunity to arrange my appointments.

My post-office address will be as usual at Hartford, till the middle of November; then, "Care of Ida Marsh, 15 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.," until further notice is given you of my journeyings.

My appointments for November are fixed upon—viz., on Saturday and Sunday, 14th and 15th of this month, at WILLIAMSTOWN on the 17th; at ALBANY on the 18th and 19th; and in WINSTED on Saturday and Sunday, 21st and 22d. I shall probably commence my teaching for the season, or rather, I expect to leave Hartford permanently for that purpose, about the 1st of November.

Friends south and west of Cleveland, Ohio, will be duly informed when I reach that city. After my arrival there I can easily determine how far West and South my health and inspirations will permit and direct me to work. But I experience some considerable attraction toward Sandusky, Detroit, Chicago, Waukegan, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Dayton, etc.; and think I may have the pleasure of shaking hands with many earnest souls in St. Louis. I do not promise myself to accomplish all the work I see before me to do.

My soul is strengthened, not only by the showers of encouraging words that come down from on high, but also by the intellectual consciousness that the Harmonical Philosophy is the name of a New Dispensation—breathing joyful news to mankind—of Universal Love and Wisdom.

A. J. DAVIS.

A man who is one who is dwarfed in spirit. Like a person of inferior physical stature, his vision is circumscribed to the little ground about his dwelling, merely, because he has not grown tall enough to see over the fence.—Ed.

Interesting Miscellany.

LETTER FROM A. J. DAVIS.

VALEDICTORY THOUGHTS.

HARTFORD, Oct. 2, 1854.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARTFORD TIMES:

Esteemed Sir—In pursuance of an interior prompting, which I can not easily resist, I proceed to write you a valedictory epistle. Next Sunday, Oct. 8th (for aught I know to the contrary), will conclude my lecturing in Hartford. And as my residence in this beautiful city has been without its lessons, nor my personal acquaintance with a portion of the inhabitants without stamping memorable impressions upon my affections and judgment, I feel a sort of conviction that my individual duties dictate an open acknowledgment thereof.

In the first place, Mr. Editor, I acknowledge with grateful pleasure your uniform willingness to yield your columns to a fair and free statement of both sides of any debatable question. Actuated by that republicanism which includes free speech and liberty of the press, you have from time to time admitted communications upon unpopular themes—even concerning Modern Spiritualism and the Harmonical Philosophy—all more or less hazardous to your personal interests in a conservative community like this; and having myself enjoyed the hospitality of your *Daily Times*, through which I have freely addressed the friends and foes of Reform, I can not depart without expressing, in behalf of the Friends of Freedom, my profound gratitude and obligation for it.

In the mean time I can not forget the uniform one-sidedness of the Hartford *Courant*. It has sustained its conservative character from the first. Reform questions in general have received from that paper only slurs, contempt, misrepresentation, and unmerited ridicule—especially the questions of Harmonical Reform, and Spiritual Intercourse between the natural and the spiritual spheres of existence. It is said that "comparisons are odious." Generally speaking, I think they are—yet a just criticism is wholesome; and so the partiality of the *Courant* can not escape. It is the exponent of old notions, and the opponent of whatsoever is new and progressive. Its influence upon society tends to inculcate unfavorable impressions of modern men and things. Let me relate an incident: While in Ohio, two years ago, I had occasion to enter a store in a certain city on business. The proprietor's countenance surprised me. His expression was narrow and parsimonious. It looked pinched up and conservative. Although—"What can there be in this great, beautiful, benevolent, enterprising State to produce an expression so circumscribed and so bigoted?" In some parts of New England one frequently meets such faces, on which money-getting thoughts and bigoted conservatism have written themselves unmistakably. But what astonished me was, the meeting of such a face in that second New World—the great West—where new men and new ideas are popular and influential. I was thinking this matter over, and wondering what would make a bigoted conservative merchant in Ohio, when my eye unexpectedly rested upon the file of newspapers that swung on a nail at the end of the counter. "Eureka!" I inwardly exclaimed—"what a satisfactory explanation!" It would not require a college course to enable one to comprehend the relations subsisting between cause and effect in this case. It is quite sufficient to say, that the newspapers composed a file of the Hartford *Courant*. And you may rest assured, Mr. Editor, that inasmuch as I did not wish to hear "a voice from the tomb" of old notions, I carefully avoided all reference to Reform in his presence. In all good-will I say to the *Courant*, what the poet Burns said of "Old Nickie Ben,"

"O, wad ye take a thought, and mend."

In regard to the progress of the new Philosophy I can make a very favorable report. When first I came to this city there was scarcely any thing known of Spirit Intercourse. The subject had but few friends—and these were not believers in reality, but mainly investigators and searchers after higher forms of Truth. In a few weeks we held regular conferences meetings in Kellogg's Building. We assembled to hear articles read elucidating the Philosophy, and the broadest encouragement was given to free thought and dispassionate discussion.

The participants were earnest minds of both sexes, and members of nearly every form of sectarian faith. The chilly bias of popular prejudices formerly passed over them. But not a soul was frost-bitten thereby. All progressed harmoniously together. Now and then there were different valuations placed by different minds upon the spiritual phenomena developed through different mediums, but the ultimate result was generally satisfactory, and the cause soon attained a vigorous and healthy growth.

About this time Dr. Bushnell commenced a course of lectures on Ancient Spiritualism, with a well-meant attempt to reconcile modern developments thereto, or else to explain them away either as valueless or dangerous to mankind. Our little band needed no urging to attend his discourses. They heard him, and I reviewed him, and our brotherhood increased amazingly rapid. In my soul I thank the opposition for services rendered to the Harmonical Philosophy.

What is the Harmonical Philosophy? It is an explanation of the Universe. It considers nature to be the universal expression of the Divine Being—the only revelation of His Nature, Laws, and Relations to Man: and Reason—i. e., the totality of man's intellectual—consciousness to be the universal exponent of Nature, or the only channel through which man can comprehend his multifarious relations to this natural and spiritual. Therefore, that nothing can be more authoritative to individual man than his own highest reason or intuition of right and wrong. The sequence is, that the Harmonical Philosophy repudiates all idolatrous and objective worship. He can not resign his individuality to the authority of any book, creed, church, or personage, either ancient or modern. He is free! He takes the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures ("the Bible") as valuable only as his teachers; not as his masters. He is, therefore, called "an infidel"—but the truth is, he is inspired with a higher estimate of the Bible, and feels more than ever earnest in his fidelity to the principles of Justice and Humanity. That portion of the Christian system on which is based "all the law and the prophets," is especially welcome to the Harmonical Philosopher, who, with all his soul, says—

"Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be for light, and strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care
That crushes into dumb despair
One-half the human race."

In this goodly city of Hartford, Mr. Editor, live hundreds who misrepresent unintentionally the import of our teachings, simply because they know nothing of them except through such newspapers as the *Courant*, or the still more doubtful reports of prejudiced individuals and sectarian periodicals. All information of our doctrines received through such channels is worse than useless; and I feel that I should not leave this city without expressing my conviction accordingly, in justice to the numerous friends and opponents who reside in this community, and through the country everywhere.

We soon found that the room in Kellogg's Building could not accommodate our increasing audiences. The Brotherhood therefore procured the Union Hall, and the seats are still frequently too limited in number for the listeners.

It was owing mainly to the mental enterprise of these progressive minds that a Bible Convention was held in Hartford last year. It was a great and significant fact! It indicated the prevalence and strength of FREE thought in this blue portion of New England. You doubtless recollect, Mr. Editor, how that Convention terminated with uncivil noises and rowdyish confusion. Immediately the report went into circulation that such was the legitimate effect of doctrines taught by those who called the convention. Well, Mr. Editor, I was present at the time during the sessions, even up to the moment when the Mayor put the motion of adjournment. My attention was alive to every expression of the audience, and I am willing to be qualified with the most solemn oath, that the frightful noises and tumult had no origin or aid from a single friend of mental and religious liberty. Let it be duly remembered, with its moral, that the belligerent demonstrations were from persons mainly who consider the Harmonical Philosophy an evil in society—opposed to good manners and morals! Facts can speak their own meaning—I add no comments. But the Bible Convention has exerted a broad, benign, encouraging influence on the surrounding country—assuring Free-thinkers everywhere, that the original Protestant principle of private judgment in politics, and private conscience in religion, is still practically cherished in the United States, if nowhere else on the earth. Sometimes, when speaking of churches, I have said there was not one openly dedicated to man; the number dedicated to God is immense. The cost of sectarian Institutionalism in Hartford is heavy. There

are here about 20,000 inhabitants. I keep within the actual facts. And there are 16 churches, at an average cost of \$20,000 a piece—making the total sum of \$320,000. Interest on this amount per annum is about \$20,000. Salaries paid yearly to our city parsons amount to \$22,000 more. Sextons, organists, choir, lights, fuel, for all the churches, cost \$8,000 per year more. Adding all together, it shows that \$50,000 are spent in this city of Hartford to support sectarian institutions and to manufacture bigots.

Whence comes all this money? There are only two sources of revenue: first, from the Land, next from the Sea. Merchants produce no wealth; neither do professional men. These are non-producers; merely go-betweeners. I will answer the question: It requires the labor of 160 men, all the time, at one dollar per day, to support sectarian institutions in Hartford city. The yearly expense of 50,000 dollars would build 100 houses each year, worth 500 dollars apiece, for the benefit of the poor, who struggle day and night for a subsistence. Good external circumstances form the only basis on which a poor family can ever be moral and happy. Let all remember this.

If the congregations of this city should recommend their several pastors to travel in Europe one year from date, in order to cure them of dyspepsia, and perhaps bronchitis, and then appropriate all church expenses during said year to the poor, each houseless family might be provided with a good house free of all expense. Do you tell me that a warm, comfortable house, a good-sized vegetable-garden and fruit-garden, with your "own vine and fig tree" about your door, will not conduce to the development of morality and happiness? Religion will come out of happy external circumstances, naturally, as flowers come out of congenial combinations of matter.

I object to the building of steeple-houses, Mr. Editor, because they are not put to humanitarian purposes. The popular Sabbath is considered too holy a day even for the calm discussion of social, scientific, and secular matters. The science of physiology, its vices and its virtues, the subject of temperance, the slavery question—these topics are regarded too worldly for the pulpit on Sunday. Most persons, therefore, devote the day strictly to religious ceremonies. But there are persons who break over the unnatural restraints of the popular Sabbath, and devote the day unfortunately to riot and unhealthy amusements. This is all wrong. Persons with certain constitutions and occupations do (because they easily and pleasantly can) submit to the superstitious restraints imposed upon them on the Sabbath; while others, differently constituted, with different occupations, reject these restraints (because not adapted to their needs), and plunge headlong into the careless indulgence of ordinary impulses. All this, in my opinion, is owing to the erroneous plan of using the Sabbath. I have been urging the necessity of changing popular uses of the day; and, in addition to beautiful music and cheerful exercises in our beautiful temples, to have at least one discourse in each church upon scientific and other substantial subjects, which concern mankind in their present mundane circumstances.

As I walk the embowered streets of this city, my soul throbs with happiness at the numerous improvements everywhere, the general opulence and unexampled thriftiness of its inhabitants, but above all I am delighted when, on lots hitherto marshy and unhealthy, I behold great churches built, and others in process of erection—churches in which I have confidence—viz., the Saddle Factory, Sew Factory, Car Factory, Silk Factory, Machine Shops, etc.; when I see these churches, I think that the time will surely come when tip-decorations shall be cast aside among the things which "don't pay"—and true prayer will consist in true works.

"Love your faith, for it blesses,
And its fruits are never ceasing;
All your struggles are carcases
Of a child that wisdom nurses;
All things move by slow progression;
And the minds which lose their labor,
Acts away in bright procession,
First to God, and then the neighbor."

What a representative of practical worship is Col. Samuel Colt, of Hartford! This is the man who labors with his mind and money to make "rough places smooth, and the crooked straight"—the undertaker of seemingly impossible things—and he knows no failure! He is doing more than a thousand clergymen to bring peace on earth! How? By multiplying "and replenishing the earth" with weapons of defense so extremely deadly that they will frighten the war-spirit out of the most courageous warrior. To go to war, or to fight a duel, with his infernal weapon, is death to a certainty. This will kill war eventually—and so, although I dislike the "smell of powder," and his Revolvers, and Sharp's Rifles look to me like inventions of the orthodox devil, yet, Mr. Editor, I really welcome them as the most efficient and practical peace-makers I ever met with, either in Church or State! Col. Colt is himself a "Patent Revolver"—is always loaded, and ready for action! By his mental magic wand he converts labor into pistols, pistols into dollars, dollars into dykes, and dykes into benefits local and general.

But I am quite sure that this man can not realize any thing in Spiritualism. He feels satisfied only when his feet rest upon terra firma, with his thoughts upon the meadow—of cause and effect. Perhaps he thinks, as many in Hartford have frequently asserted, that Spiritualism tends to insanity. In regard to this, I quote from good authority: "It appears from the statistical returns of the several Insane Asylums in the United States, that there are not to exceed one-fourth of the insane enumerated in the last census, now under treatment in the institutions." Upon this the editor of a New York paper remarks thus: "We ask the press, and the opposition generally, to notice this significant fact: During the past year the number of Spiritualists has probably been doubled at least, and yet, according to your own showing, the number of inmates of the several Insane Asylums in the United States 'does not exceed one-fourth of the insane enumerated in the last census.'" At length by accident the truth is out, and it does not precisely accord with the gross assumption that, one year ago, was repeated by seven out of every ten of the religious and secular journals of this country, viz., that "Spiritualism tends to insanity." No, gentlemen, but according to your own showing, while the Spiritualists have doubled their numbers in the United States, the number of the insane has been immensely reduced."

Pardon the length of my valedictory epistle; but how many thoughts I must cherish unexpressed! I designed to say in brief what the Harmonical Philosophy proposes to do for mankind. But I have not the time, nor you the space. I may say, however, that its whole object, scope, teachings, and tendencies are to the accomplishment of two ends—i. e., first, the Harmonization of the Individual—second, the Harmonization of Society. My object in leaving Hartford is, to travel from city to city, and promulgate the philosophy of the means of bringing these results about in the world.

The Church has tried eighteen hundred years, and it has uniformly failed! There is no less sectarianism, no less mental discord, no less social antagonism, no less of any evil, except as these have been lessened through the instrumentality of anti-sectarian reformers and independent teachers, such as Gall, Spurzheim, Combe, Fourier, Robert Owen, Dr. Channing, the Fowlers, and the anti-sectarian schools generally.

The brotherhood in Hartford is now able to walk alone, and I can easily be spared for the larger field. Meetings will be kept up in this city, and Spiritual Circles are being organized for the perpetuation of free investigation. If matters were not so favorable here, I should still continue to teach.

The Philosophy has kindled on the altar of many souls a new light—revealed a new star in the horizon of man's inner life—and enveloped hundreds with an atmosphere of Infinite Love. A distinguished Hungarian exile, in a letter to his friend, says: "I owe the Harmonical Philosophy much—more, perhaps, than to any other source, not even my father excepted; for he gave me only life, but this Doctrine has given me truth and peace, and happiness amid a thousand griefs and sorrows, and the harmonization with myself and all human kind—with Nature and its God." Such, Mr. Editor, are the humanitarian objects and lofty tendencies of the Harmonical Philosophy—it shows the pathway to a higher order of Society, and to a more Republican Government. If I did not believe all this understandingly, I would not array these subjects in opposition to the so-called established ecclesiasticisms of this age and generation. Hence, you perceive, the topics which I discuss with all charitableness are of vital consequence—viewed in any light, or from any point of observation.

If the principles of Love, Wisdom, and Liberty, which are sacred as Deity, and not less immutable, I have the happiness, Mr. Editor, not only to live and move and have my being, but also to realize in my soul an angelic practical prayer for the elevation and harmony of all human-kind.

Very respectfully your friend,

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

Those who imitate us we like much better than those who endeavor to equal us. Imitation is a sign of esteem, competition of envy.

A PLEA FOR FREEDOM.

MR. EDITOR:

The subjoined article has been refused publication by two Universalist papers, and as you profess to be liberal, I send it to you for publication in the TELEGRAPH. I believe you will be serving truth and humanity by giving it a place. The objection to publishing it is given by one editor in the following words: "You know it is quite severe, although I am confident it speaks some plain truths. But if it should appear, it would call out any quantity of tart replies, and thus a war would be awakened that would be very unpleasant. This I want to avoid as far as possible, especially as there is a calm in our midst which I would not like to disturb." So then, according to this editor's notion of things, truth must be suppressed, the press silenced, and our mouths gagged for fear of disturbing the equilibrium of certain would-be wise ones, who have set themselves up as the leading spirits of the age. Is this in keeping with the example of Christ and his followers? Is this preaching the truth and the whole truth, whether men will hear or forbear? What would have been the present state of the world if Calvin, Luther, and other early reformers, had adopted this milk-and-water course? Where should we find martyrs to truth, liberty, and humanity? Such men as the editors above alluded to, need never fear martyrdom, since they dare not utter a truth till they are certain it is popular. They fear if the truth is told, somebody will be hit, and that a "war" will be the consequence. What can we expect but that evil-doers will raise a cry against those who expose their wrongs and the laws that punish them? It is the wounded birds only that flutter. For my part, I always judge of the importance of truth by the stir it makes in the world; and as for war, though a peace-man, I hold that honorable war is better than dishonorable peace.

The presses alluded to profess to be wholly devoted to the cause of truth and humanity, to right the wrong, enlighten the ignorant, and proclaim liberty to the captives; and they make a great time about those papers whose narrow sectarian views exclude every thing that does not square with their idea of things—that fear to let the other side be seen. Does not this look like straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel? Why this fear to declare the whole counsel of God? Has truth any thing to fear from a contact with error? Is truth to be the sport of the whims and caprices of a sophisticated priesthood, and to be dealt out by them in homoeopathic doses as shall best serve their purposes? Is this supineness on the part of the people in keeping with the spirit and wants of the age? The fact is, we lack nothing so much at the present time as men of moral courage, who dare think and speak for themselves, and not by proxy of popes, priests, and designing, gambling politicians. Such men are few and far between; yet, thank God, we have some daring spirits who will not "compromise" truth and right for gold, fame, or station. They are to be the presiding geniuses of the times, which are pregnant with great reforms, social, religious, and political. The spirit of free discussion and inquiry is abroad, and all the "old fogies" in Christendom can not drive them from the field. We pity these poor cringing sycophants who hang upon the smiles and frowns of their master—public opinion! but we have no help for them till they renounce their allegiance to superstition and error, and strike for liberty. Then we will come to their rescue. Then, and not till then, can they stand erect in all the conscious pride of men who are worthy to be trusted with God's almighty truth. Then shall they taste the joys of freedom, the richest boon ever bestowed by Heaven on man. We have no right to hoard up truth for ourselves—to put our light under a bushel—when they are so much needed by degraded, suffering humanity; neither is it for us to dictate through what channels truth shall come to the world; but we are in duty bound to receive it through any and all channels through which God is pleased to send it. These very men who are such mental slaves to public opinion, and the current religion and theology of the day, are most loud-mouthed and noisy about physical slavery. But what is the fettering of the limbs compared to enslaving the soul? Bind, if you will, my hands with cords, fasten my feet in the stocks, and scourge my back with the lash of the task-master, but leave free my soul to soar on freedom's wings amid the world of thought and truth, to revel in the glories of another and brighter world, and the right to proclaim to a benighted world what my eyes have seen, my ears heard, and my spirit felt.

H. KNAPP, M.D.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Sept. 6, 1854.

INQUIRIES OF MR. FISHBOUGH.

LOCKPORT, Aug. 24, 1854.

MR. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir—Will you indulge me in giving place to a short communication, wherein I wish to make a few inquiries of Mr. Wm. Fishbough, of the change that has taken place in his mind with regard to the teachings and principles of Mr. A. J. Davis?

I wish it to be distinctly understood, that I have no motive in this matter but a sincere desire to get at the truth and gain information, which I see no other way of arriving at but by requesting Mr. Fishbough to give yet another explanation.

All are well aware the writings of Mr. Davis are now spread broadcast over the land, and that there is scarcely a family or person who has a desire for reading or literature but what is acquainted with or has read more or less of his works. They have become public property, and are producing great changes in the minds of thousands, and I think it impossible for any to give these writings a careful perusal without being influenced more or less by them. Consequently, if they inculcate error—if their principles are pernicious—how essential that it should be known!

Mr. Fishbough was once their most efficient advocate, and as earnestly believed them as any other could; for I find in an introduction written by himself to one of Mr. D.'s works, sentiments like the following, which I quote in the author's own words. He speaks of the work under consideration: "For its pure and elevated morality, for its high and holy principles, for its unspeakably sublime and consoling truths, we are willing, if absolute necessity should require, to sacrifice all things earthly, and even life itself." (Vide "Nature's Divine Revelations," etc., page 21.)

Now Mr. F. will allow that this is strong language, and that a man must have pretty thoroughly digested the principles on which he was in case of necessity sacrifice his existence, so well was he satisfied of their truthfulness.

But what a change has come over the spirit of the philosopher in so short a time! It is what I wish to know, how or by what means he has, in five short years found that he was so sadly deceived!

In reading his explanation, which appears in last week's TELEGRAPH, a few queries occur to my mind, which I should be much pleased to have him answer.

He says first in his explanation, the subject is painful to him. I would ask if it is not as pleasing to an ingenious mind to correct errors, and to aid and assist others who have made the same mistakes, as it is to withhold the necessary information, when perhaps a former course of teaching had not a little contributed to those very errors in question?

He says at that time he had never known him to write a work called "The Great Harmonia," or any of his modern essays or pamphlets. I would ask what is there in "The Great Harmonia," or in any of his modern essays, that contradict or annul any of the more prominent principles contained in "Nature's Divine Revelations," or any other of his ancient writings? I would also ask what are those points that he once deemed non-essential, but now considers essential?

He says he considers the Bible and Christianity are still superior over all other systems of moral and religious teachings. I would ask if Mr. Davis ever taught any thing that is not Christian, or if he ever opposed a single Christ-like principle in all of his writings? And finally, I would ask why he is not quite sure that we are prepared to receive his statements on this subject? Spiritualism, as I understand it, teaches that we should keep our minds free to the reception of truth at all times, and that we should receive the truth let it come in whatever form it may, without prejudice or prepossessed opinions; and if Mr. F. will labor as hard, and take as much pains to make plain how these things are not as he once believed they were, I have no doubt he will satisfy thousands who are wondering at the position he takes with regard to this subject.

Now will Mr. F. take up his powerful and persuasive pen and speak out plain upon these things? Let us know what are some of those reasons that have forced him so "much against his will to change his estimate of Mr. D.'s teachings," that the truth may appear and all be made wiser unto salvation.

I. A.

JEALOUSY is, in some sort, rational and just; it aims at the preservation of a good which belongs, or which we think belongs, to us; whereas envy is a frenzy that can not endure, even in idea, the good of others.

WHAT CRITICISM HAS DONE.

We copy the following suggestive paragraph from the *Free West Telescope*, a sectarian journal devoted to the interests of the Reformed Presbyterian Church:

"We now look back with wonder at the former struggles of Hebrew critics. The time was when the Hebrew text was held to be immaculate in every consonant, vowel, and accent. But the Popish divines, in hopes of exalting the Latin Vulgate, assailed it with more fierceness than skill, and this effort of Bellarmine, Canus, Huntley, Marinius, and Father Simon roused the polemical prejudices of the Protestant scholars, so that they fought for the uniform verbal integrity of the Jewish Scriptures—a chimera which the comparison of a few MSS. might at once have exposed. Neither party had the spirit of genuine criticism; the Catholic assailants were prompted by an unworthy motive, and their Protestant antagonists functionally defended an untenable position. When even the Protestant Ludovici Cappellus so plainly proved that readings varied in both of places, and that the apparatus of vowel-points and accents was of comparatively recent origin, the Reformed churches knew no bounds of indignation and alarm. They tried to suppress his 'Critica Sacra,' and for ten years succeeded. Neither at Geneva, Sedan, or Leyden was the book suffered to be printed. Both the Buxtorfs and Glassins entered hotly into the controversy; and the Swiss churches, in their panic and folly, created a new test of orthodoxy, and enacted a statute that no one should be licensed to preach the Gospel who should not solemnly and publicly declare that the Hebrew text, as then printed, was in every letter and point divine and entire. They denied the infallibility of the Pope, but they hugged an opposite delusion—the infallibility of the text. The first was a dogma which they denounced from reason, Scripture, and early church history; the last was a romance which it needed neither fact nor argument to dispel, for good sight and a few Hebrew codices were sufficient for the purpose."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

DR. G. T. DEXTER,

89 EAST THIRTY-FIRST STREET
BETWEEN LEXINGTON AND THIRD AVENUES,
NEW YORK.

J. B. CONKLIN, the well-known Test Medium, has taken rooms at 542 Broadway. The Manifestations through Mr. C. consist chiefly of Rapping, Tapping, and Writing. Hours from 10 to 12 Morning; 3 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.

MRS. COAN, Rapping and Writing Medium, will hold public circles daily at her rooms, 321 Broadway. Hours from 10 to 12 A.M., 3 to 5 and half-past 7 to 9 P.M.

The meetings of the Harmonical Association of Philadelphia are held every Sunday at the Sanson Street Hall, commencing at half-past 10 A.M., and half-past 7 P.M.

COMTE'S POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY. Translated by Harriet Martineau. A new and elegant edition in one volume. Price \$2.50. Calvin Blanchard, 22 Nassau Street, New York, has just published this work in an splendid octavo of 588 pages, large type, elegant paper, and neatly bound in cloth. Reprinted verbatim from the London Edition. For sale at this Office.

PSYCHOLOGICAL—CLAIRVOYANCE—SPIRITUALISM.

P. B. RANDOLPH, associated with a superior Magnetic Director, having lately experienced new unfoldings of a high order, under the Spiritistic title of *Psychicist*, or *At-Sent-Reading*, will now receive visitors, and applicants by mail, at No. 109 Grand Street, New York. His recent gifts, and a long, successful practice in clairvoyance, enable him to be consulted with the utmost reliance in regard to every class of human wants and diseases, Afflictions, Spiritual, Physical, etc. His examinations and prescriptions are eminently accurate, scientific, and philosophical, evincing powers unequalled, except by the gifted men of old, and which sometimes inspire awe and wonder. Psychologist and Psychometric examinations, verbal. \$2. Written, \$3. In full, with chart, \$5. Diseases, with course of treatment, \$5. By letter, with name, age, and autograph of patient, \$10. Medicines extra. 128. ft.

PSYCHOMETRICAL DELINEATIONS.

As the internal qualities of nature are known only by internal sensations and perceptions, so the truest method of arriving at internal qualities of mind is by the Daguerrian process of emanation and impressibility. Thus the lineaments of character impress themselves upon the prepared retina of the soul, according to the development of the Spiritual-Artist. We are prepared to take these *Spiritual Likenesses* by having the autograph of the individual.

Price, \$1.00.
N. B. Those desiring to have the counterpart of their conjugal affinities delineated will please refer to the same.

DRS. HATCH AND HARRINGTON.

Have associated themselves together in their professional business for the purpose of concentrating their powers in diagnosing and treating disease in all its various stages and forms.

Dr. Hatch has been a Professor of Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children in a Medical School in Boston, and made much valuable improvement in the treatment of Female Diseases.

Dr. Harrington has long been in a remarkably successful practice, and is unquestionably the most accurate CLAIRVOYANT in describing the real nature, cause, and locality of disease, and its proper remedy, of any one in America. He possesses a "clear-seeing" or intuitive power heretofore unequalled; and combined as it is with a very extensive Medical experience, both in himself and his associate, they have no hesitation in guaranteeing a correct description of all diseases, and a radical cure in all cases where it is in the power of human agency.

Patients who can not visit this city, may be assured that by writing they can have the real cause and nature of their disease fully described, and the most effectual method of treatment clearly pointed out, and with as much accuracy as if they were present in person. Those who write will be required to inclose \$1. Office 712 Broadway, New York. Office hours from 10 to 12 A.M., and 3 to 5 P.M.

H. T. HATCH, M.D. DR. ISAAC HARRINGTON. 127. ft.

PHOTOGRAPHIC INSTRUCTION.

T. J. ELLINWOOD, a practical Reporter, is happy to announce that he is again prepared to give, at the Photographic Rooms of Fowlers and Wells, 303 Broadway, New York, on the most reasonable terms, either in classes or in private, complete and thorough instruction in that very beautiful, scientific, and simple system of shorthand-writing called *Photography*—a knowledge of which no person, male or female, should fail to possess.

Classes will be formed from time to time, so that persons may commence their instruction whenever they desire. Ladies as well as gentlemen will be admitted.

Mr. Ellinwood will also give a thorough course of instruction in Photography, by letter, through the mail, for \$3.00, including instruction-book and postage on instruction letters. Eight or ten letters, with the book, will be sufficient to enable a person to use Photography for all the purposes for which longhand is used. For persons abroad, this is the cheapest and very best method of receiving instruction in this much-to-be-coveted art. Terms in advance. For further particulars, or for instruction letters, address, post-paid, T. J. Ellinwood, care of Fowlers and Wells, 303 Broadway, New York.

ALL THE WORKS ON THE EQUITY MOVEMENT.

VIZ., "EQUITABLE COMMERCE" (Theory and Practical Details), and "SCIENCE OF SOCIETY," will be forwarded by mail, post-paid, at \$1.50. The two former works at 50 cents. Also a monthly periodical of 10 octavo pages at 35 cents per year. Address Josiah Warren, Thompson Station, P. O., Long Island, New York.

Respectfully, JOSIAH WARREN. 127. ft.

TO VEGETARIANS.

One or two families, or a few single persons, who desire a healthy diet and opportunities to live a pure and gentle life, can be accommodated with board and rooms at No. 13 Wooster Street, near Canal Street. Charge moderate. 129. ft.

CLAIRVOYANT TREATMENT OF DISEASE.

MRS. J. V. MARKS, long known as possessing distinguished powers of Clairvoyance, which for many years have been successfully applied to the treatment of disease, has just taken rooms at No. 327 Broadway, where she will examine diseased persons, and prescribe appropriate remedies. Mrs. M. is more generally known as Mrs. Bushnell, and at the West, where she has spent many years, faith in her superior powers is too well established to require elucidation or reference. 12. ft.

MRS. METTLER'S RESTORATIVE SYRUP.

Not a universal panacea, but a remedy for the impure state of the blood, a corrector of the secretory organs, and Bilious difficulties generally, Sick and Nervous Headache, and all those difficulties connected with a deranged circulation, bad state of the Liver, Coughs, and Irritation of the Mucous Membrane so often sympathetically induced. See full directions on the Bottles. Also, for sale, MRS. METTLER'S invaluable remedy for Dysentery and Bowel Complaints, so common during the Summer months. This important remedy will prove almost, if not entirely successful, if the directions are fully and carefully carried out. No family should be without it. See full directions on each Bottle. Also

MRS. METTLER'S ELLIXIR.

So celebrated for severe Bilious Colic, Pains and Cramps of the Stomach and Bowels, Bilious Disorders generally, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pains, Internal Injuries, etc.

A. ROSE, General Agent, Hartford, Connecticut.

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN General Agents for the Middle, Southern, and Western States.

INVALID'S HOME.

Situated in a pleasant, retired spot on Franklin Street, Woburn Centre, Mass., a short distance from the depot, and conducted by Charles Ramsdell, Clairvoyant, Writing, and Psychometric Medium.

Board and attendance from three to seven dollars per week. Patients examined every day, by Spirits operating on the Medium in the trance state, or by writing. Diseases examined and prescriptions given, either present or by letter. The name of the individual and place of residence is all that is required; also Psychometric Reading of Character, by letter or present, the hand-writing of the person wishing to be examined being given. Price for each \$1.

Medicines, prepared by Spirit-direction, from pure vegetable substances, which act in harmony with nature's laws, kept constantly on hand. C. Ramsdell will attend to calls to sit in Circles or Lecture in the trance state on Sundays, on reasonable terms. CHARLES RAMSDELL. WOBURN CENTRE, MASS., July 12, 1854.

OUR FOREIGN AGENTS.

ENGLAND:

LONDON—H. BALLINGER, 219 Regent Street.
LOW, SON & CO., 47 Ludgate Hill.
JOHN CHAPMAN, Strand.

FRANCE:

PARIS—J. E. BALLINGER, 19 Rue Haute-fleur.
SPAIN:

MADRID—CH. BALLINGER, 11 Calle del Principe.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.

The following are general Agents for the SACRED CIRCLES and SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, and will supply all the books in our list at publishers' prices:

BELA MANN, No. 15 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.
S. F. DUFFY, Rochester, N. Y.
S. F. HAY, No. 2 First Street, Troy, N. Y.
JAMES McDONOUGH, Utica, N. Y.
F. BLY, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BENJAMIN PRITCHARD