



# SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

Goodness and Truth.

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NO. 2.

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

### CLAIRVOYANCE.

Literally, *clear-sightedness*, the power of describing objects, without the use of the external senses. The results which have been developed, by this power, may be divided into four or five classes:—The first class may comprehend, what is peculiar to certain persons, in their normal state. By *Intuition*, they describe, accurately, what is not present to the external senses. Swedenborg and Zschokke were of this class.

2. The second may include those cases where it has been developed in a state of spontaneous somnambulism. Dr. Franklin was an instance of this kind; and numerous similar cases are described in the editor's work on Pathetism, New York edition of 1843, pp. 219-230.

3. This power is in some cases, developed in a state of *insanity*. See Editor's work on Pathetism, Boston edition of 1847, p. 117.

4. In cases of the induced *Trance*, by Pathetism. And, under this head, Clairvoyance may be subdivided thus:—(1.) Such cases as result from *sympathy* with one or more minds; describing things known, to minds with whom the patient is at the time associated by Pathetism. (2.) Such descriptions as persons *entranced* by Pathetism, give of things wholly unknown to the mind of the operator at the time. This is sometimes called, "independent clairvoyance." And (3.) When the Trance is *self-induced*; as many persons, especially after having been once pathetised, acquire the power of changing their states from the normal to a state of Trance, so as to become

clairvoyant. Andrew Jackson Davis, and Miss Ann E. Hall, referred to in the 1st No. of the Spiritual Philosopher, are of this class. And (4.) in cases of *Dreaming*. Many of the best cases of clairvoyance, of which we ever had personal knowledge, have been developed in a state of *dreaming*, some of which are detailed below.

### READING BY CLAIRVOYANCE.

We have witnessed the development of clairvoyant powers, in each of the states above described, enough to fill a volume. The following note was written in a very fine hand on scarlet paper, seven inches long and five wide. The paper was folded and doubled up in Miss Hall's right hand, with a pen-knife which I gave her to hold. And, while holding it thus tightly in her hand, she read all of it except the name, which is included in parentheses, and this she noticed and stated that she did not perceive what was included in parentheses distinctly. This occurred on the 12th of June, 1845, at the house of Dr. Murphy, in Newport, R. I., who was present, with his wife and family. Also Dr. Gallup, Mrs. Callahan, A. A. Whittemore, of Wilmot, N. H., and numerous other persons:—

"BOSTON, May 15, '45.

DR. SUNDERLAND, — Sir, one of Dr. Hewitt's patients (Isaac Bryant) having seen your name in yesterday's paper, is very anxious to be put to sleep. If you will pay him a visit and attempt to do it, he is ready to pay you your usual price.

In his behalf,

J. ROUNSVILLE.

14 Summer st."

It is, indeed, difficult to imagine how she could discover the contents of a paper, which was crumpled tightly in her hand, at the time she read it.

The case of Miss Loriana Brackett, of Providence, R. I., is well known, and one of the most remarkable and satisfactory upon record. She was blind (age 17), and being highly susceptible she was easily entranced, and in this state she read, during the night of August 27, 1837, the following sentence, which was not only written, but it was covered with a card, and the whole enveloped in thick blue paper, and hermetically sealed!

*"No other than the eye of Omnipotence can read this, in this envelopment—1837."*

This sentence was written in Troy, N. Y., sealed, and sent on to Mr. Thurber, for Miss Brackett in Providence, by Mr. Stephen Covell, for the purpose of testing the power of clairvoyance. Col. W. L. Stone, then Editor of the New York Commercial Advertiser, was present in Providence at the time, and vouches for these facts; and in his paper a few days after he published the account, not only of Miss Brackett's having read the above, while entranced, but that she also read part of a sentence, in that state, which he himself had written, as follows:—

*"The following is a title, equally amazing, (or amusing, Miss B. don't know which,) and quaint of a book published in England in the time of Oliver Cromwell. Eggs of Charity."*

The entire sentence written by Col. Stone, from which Miss Brackett read the above, was this:—

*"The following is [the] title equally (quaint and) amusing, of a book which was published in England in the time of Oliver Cromwell:—*

*"Eggs of charity, [(laid by the chickens of the covenant, and boiled by the*

waters of Divine Love. Take ye and eat.")]

The part of the sentence which she failed to read, are enclosed in parentheses.

The first paper was read, and returned to Mr. Covell in Troy, N. Y., without being opened, as his letter to Col. Stone, published in the Commercial Advertiser of September, 1837, will show:—

"TROY, N. Y., Sept. 1, 1837.

"The sentence had been written by a friend, and sealed by him, at his request, and in such a manner as was supposed could not be read by any human device, without breaking the seals. We think the seals have not been broken until returned. The sentence, as read by Miss Brackett; is, 'No other but the eye of Omnipotence can read this, in this envelopment.' And, as written in the original, on a card, and another card placed on the face of the writing, and enclosed in a thick blue paper envelope, was:—'No other than the eye of Omnipotence can read this, in this envelope.' Troy, N. Y., August, 1837.

Yours, &c.,  
STEPHEN COVELL."

Miss Brackett was for some time in the Asylum for the Blind in Boston, and her case, at the time of it, excited a great deal of attention, we may say, throughout the country. It is worthy of remark, that she fixed on the night for reading these papers, as this power seems to have been more active, during the repose of natural sleep, as it was in the case of Miss Hall, and numerous other clairvoyants whom we have known.

Miss Mary Jane Mason was one of this class. In April, 1846, I received from my brother, James W. Sunderland, then Prof. of Math. and Nat. Phil. in the O'Fallon University, St. Louis, a letter dated March 18, 1846. It covered a letter-sheet entire, and the date had been altered from 17th to the 18th of March. After reading the letter myself, without showing it, or making it known to any other person, I re-sealed it, then hermetically enclosed it in glazed paper, sealed it with gum. It could not be opened, without tearing, or changing the glazing on the paper. There was no writing upon the outside, nor any indication, given to the clairvoyant, as to what was contained in the envelope. I gave it to her, simply requesting her to dream what was in it. She did so, and in the presence of my family, before the package was broken open, she read the letter,—noticed the peculiarity in the date, and gave me its contents, from beginning to near the close, omitting a paragraph which had been written on one of the folds.

Had there been any means by which she could have taken off the envelope, there were none by which she could have re-sealed it. My seal was unbroken, and hence I knew, that she could not have obtained any knowledge of the contents of that letter except by clairvoyance.

WRITING BY CLAIRVOYANCE.

Miss Hall has written numerous pieces of poetry, letters and articles on Pathetism, while entranced, and without the use of her external eyes, during the last six years. Some of them she wrote with her eyes bandaged, and in the presence of numerous witnesses. The following composition was written by her, in the dark, while entranced, during the night. She was then about 18, and was visiting at her relation's, Mr. J. G. Hathaway, in Fall River, Mass., who, with his wife and family, may be referred to as witnesses for the truth of what is here stated. It has been common for my patients, in different parts of the country, in response to my directions, when in a state of Trance, to dream, about any given subject of which I wished to know. Accordingly, I had requested "Libby," as she was familiarly called, to dream and tell me something I wished to know of one of my own children who was at a distance. That part of the composition in brackets, is addressed to me, and the poetry, she puts into my mouth, as if it had been addressed to her by myself, while she was dreaming in her Trance, in obedience to my directions.

"Some gentle spirit come, and instruct me in your art. Lend me your harp and guide the sacred flight. Let me imitate your devout strains! Let me copy out your Harmony! Blessed and Immortal creatures! I long to join with you, in your celestial style of adoration. I long to learn your ecstasies of worship, in a language which mortals cannot pronounce, and to speak the Divine passion of my soul.

Let me explore the words of life, and beauty, and find a path to the—recesses of the Most High. Till then, I pine for my celestial country. I am just upon the shores of those happy realms where 'tis uninterrupted day, and eternal spring. Yonder on the celestial hills and harmonious vales which continually echo to the song of angels,—there the blessed fields extend their verdure, and the immortal groves ascend. Hold out, faith and patience a little while, and your work is done,—but a few moments and these sighs and groans will be converted into everlasting hallelujahs,—a few weary steps and the journey of life will be finished. For the toils of virtue I shall immediately receive its vast rewards—for the reproaches of fools, the honor and

applause of angels. I shall range the boundless ether, and breathe the balmy air of Paradise. Hasten the glad hour, when angels shall bear me onward to glory!

[And, while thou art standing beside me, methinks I can hear thee whisper to me, in tones of sweetest music—"What dost thou say to me, in the silent hour of midnight?"

"Sleep on and dream of Heaven awhile,  
To shut so close thy laughing eyes;  
Thy rosy lips shall wear a smile,  
And move, and breathe delicious sighs.

Ah now, soft blushes tinge her cheek,  
And mantle o'er her neck of snow;  
Ah, now she murmurs, now she speaks,  
What most I wish, and fear to know.

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps,  
Her fair hands folded on her breast.  
And now, how like a saint she sleeps,  
A seraph in the realms of rest.

Sleep on! secure, above control,  
Thy thoughts belong to heaven and thee;  
And may the secret of thy soul,  
Remain within its Sanctuary."

Are these thy words? Who taught them to thee? Did'st thou ever think thy thoughts aloud before? I remember what you told me to dream. But I cannot endure it—blame me not,]"

The next day, when she came to my office, with her aunt, she handed me the paper, on which the above was written. But, as I did not see her write it, I examined her while entranced to find out how, and when it was done. She said she wrote it with a pencil, while asleep the night previous, and without light or table, to write upon. And to see whether she could, possibly, write, without the use of her eyes, I immediately bandaged them so closely, that I knew she could not use them. This was done at the house and in the presence of Dr. Cheever, in Fall River, Mass., Mr. J. G. Hathaway and wife, Mr. A. A. Whittemore, of Wilmot, N. H., and others. On being furnished with a piece of ruled paper, she wrote with a pen seven lines, and each line upon the ruled lines of the paper, as follows:—

"FALL RIVER, June 22, 1845.

Dear Margaret,—To you I must devote a few moments in writing. Ever since our first introduction, I have loved and prayed for you; and have felt assured you would do the same in return. I was happy to hear from you to-day. And have you missed me since I have been away."

Having written this much, I interrupted and stopped her, supposing it might injure her to keep her mind so long excited. But the company who witnessed the operation, were perfectly satisfied, as to the reality of vision without the eye, in the

use of this young lady, as I myself had often been before, and very many times since.

The following is from another letter written by this young lady, in the dark, when entranced. It is written on the lines (20) of the paper, and like the other writing, is in a plain, legible hand:—

TROY, N. Y., Sept. 16, 1845.

TO MY DEAR SISTERS.—Two weeks have nearly passed since I last addressed you. You will, I flatter myself, be anxiously expecting to hear from me, your absent sister. I have thought very often about you of late; especially yesterday, which was Sabbath day. When I retired to my room, I felt happy, yet the unbidden tear would flow down my cheeks, notwithstanding my efforts to resist; but you cannot know, dear sisters, how very well and happy I have been, while here; as Mr. Sunderland says, "you have nothing to do but take comfort," and "live on milk and honey." And now, after being away from home a few weeks, I am about ready to return, although Mr. Sunderland has not concluded his lectures in Troy yet. Mr. Whittemore is a little homesick, and wants to go home to see his deary after so long time, and so I am going with him to N. Y., and then to Providence! I shall, probably, get home Friday or Saturday; won't that be nice! You will look for me, I think, with great pleasure. If we should not get there the last of this week, you may expect me there first of next.

ANN ELIZABETH HALL.

#### THEFT, DISCOVERED BY CLAIRVOTANCE.

In June, 1846, I missed a Daguerreotype likeness from my residence in Charlestown, Mass. Miss Mason, before referred to, was then stopping with my family. She had been my patient for some years, and I had long known her to be an excellent clairvoyant, both in the spontaneous and induced state of Trance. On directing her to dream what had become of my Daguerreotype, she told me it had been taken away by a lady; and that it would be returned in about two months, through the Boston Post-office. On going to the P. O. at the time appointed, I received a small package, containing the daguerreotype, with the following letter:—

Mr. Sunderland, Sir,—Shame and confusion covers my face. I have been over three times to see you, but you was not at home. I humbly confess that I have taken your Daguerreotype. I took it from your table about eight weeks since. I cannot make any excuse for that crime, but it has tormented me ever since that day I called with a friend to be examined, Miss Harvey; I saw a lady you called Mary Jane, and she has been constantly before me ever since that day.

I have been up to Hampton, N. H., to visit some of my dear friends, but my health is poor, my mind is confused all

the time. I humbly confess that I have been in the habit of taking little things from a child, and this was the first thing my parents ever corrected me for.

Mr. Sunderland—Dear Sir, If I could see you, I would humbly fall on my face, and beg to be forgiven. I have only one dear brother living, in Brooklyn, New York. How miserable I am! As soon as I fall asleep, I can see that lady. Here I solemnly promise, that, God helping me, I never will do so again.

A. A. W.—N.

#### INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOTANCE.

Miss Jane C. Ryder exhibited independent clairvoyant powers for nearly a year, in Springfield, and Worcester, in 1833, and 1834. She was 17 years old when she first became somnambulant, and her powers soon attracted the attention of large numbers of intelligent and scientific gentlemen, who visited her during the time. A full account of this most extraordinary case was drawn up by her attending physician, Dr. L. W. Belden, and published by G. and C. Merriam, Springfield, Mass., in 1834. Dr. Belden declares that during her spells of somnambulism, while in the dark, and with her eyes bandaged, so that it was impossible for her to use them at all, she performed different kinds of house-work, threaded needles, sewed, told the time accurately by different watches, wrote letters, and read, not a word or one sentence merely, but, at one time she read the whole (three pages) of *Bryan's Thanatopsis*, with propriety. Dr. Belden's account is confirmed by the testimonies of the Hon. W. B. Calhoun, Rev. W. B. O. Peabody, Dr. John Stone, Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood, Dr. M. B. Baker, all of Springfield, and Dr. S. B. Woodward, under whose care Miss Ryder was placed, at the Worcester Hospital for the Insane. It was a clear, and convincing case of vision, in repeated instances, without the eye.

While residing in the city of New York, in 1843, Mr. T. applied to me, saying he had consulted physicians in vain for some years, and was still at a loss in determining what the cause of the difficulty was under which he was suffering. Nothing was said to me of his symptoms. He retired, with the promise of calling again the following day. On consulting my patient, Mrs. Ann M. Shaw, she at once said she saw the person to whom I referred, and described him as follows:—

Tall, small stature, light complexion, thin light hair. His brain is somewhat diseased, but the difficulty of which he complains, is a pain located in the calf of the right leg. It is quite painful at times,

and was caused by taking mercury some years ago. My patient, among other prescriptions, mentioned the medicated vapor bath.

On calling the next day, Mr. T. declared the description to be literally correct.

About three weeks after Mr. T. called again, and on urging the privilege of an examination of another case, when he might be present, the arrangement was made accordingly. The time and place having been agreed on, he came, but was not introduced to my patient. After putting the latter in a state of trance, I asked her if she saw any body in the room with us? She answered, no. I then directed her to look in the direction in which Mr. T. was sitting, and at once she said, "Oh, this is the gentleman whom I examined weeks ago, and who had the pain in the right leg. Oh, he is better, much better now; he has done as I directed him to; see, he is quite cheerful." The eyes of the patient were fast closed all this while. Mr. T. testified to the truth of what was said; and then handed me a lock of hair. The patient refused to touch the hair, but readily gave the following description of the person to whom it had belonged:—

"It is from the head of a man. He seems to be a Christian, a minister of the Gospel. He is troubled with a difficulty in his speech; he speaks in a monotonous tone of voice. His throat is affected with—what do you call it? [I said, *bronchitis*?] Yes, that is it. His throat is very much inflamed. He is not in this city, but is at a distance. He has been in the habit of taking some kind of stimulants, I should think tea and coffee, perhaps, and speaking in crowded rooms—is very firm and self-confident." This account Mr. T. declared to be literally correct; and he affirmed, that that person had long been known to be a most inveterate tea-drinker, and his monotonous style of speaking was known to every one who had ever heard him; and as an evidence of his self-confidence, he mentioned his boasting of his having carried his views against overwhelming opposition, in a recent meeting of the American Bible Society.

An intelligent lady, Mrs. Hester Pendleton, authoress of "Intellectual qualities transmissible," &c. applied to me for information about her own health; but without giving me any idea as to what it related. On putting my patient into the Trance, she described the lady, and stat-

ed distinctly what it was she wanted to know. On giving this account to the lady, she was quite overcome, and confessed the account was of the precise matter concerning which she wished to be informed.

A lock of hair was sent me from Providence, R. I., with a request that one of my patients should describe the person to whom it had belonged. There were two physicians present on making the examination, and one of them took down the following description. She refused to touch the hair, and begged that it might not be put into her hand. However, I placed it in contact with her hand, and she immediately became convulsed from head to foot. She cried, and acted strangely, as if deranged. In a moment she became so rigid throughout the muscular system, that it was with some difficulty I could restore her. On being rendered calm, she said:—

"I see him—he is a great way off. He has a good many complaints, caused in the first place by sudden cold. I see him sitting alone in a small room; he holds his hands strangely; now he is walking about. He once was intelligent, but now he does not know—his reason is lost—he is deranged. Oh, he is very pale. I do not like to look at him. I was affected just now as he is. He seems to be about thirty years of age, and has been deranged more than eight years."

Two days after, I obtained a second description of the same case, from another subject, of course. This somnopathist knew nothing of the person to be described. On requesting her to examine and see if she could find the person to whom that hair belonged, she gave an involuntary shudder, and was considerably convulsed; and described the case as follows:—

"Oh, he is crazy, he is crazy! Oh, do take him away—do, do take him away from that place. They'll kill him! Oh, it will never do for him to stay there. They have almost killed him, by giving him so much medicine. Oh, why did they make him take so much medicine! His stomach is in a dreadful state. He has been crazy for eight or nine years. They must sweat it out of him. It would do him good to sweat it out of him, especially if he could be pathetised. But they must not keep him confined in that place; he must exercise more."

During this description the patient complained of sickness, and seemed to

suffer sympathetically with the person she was describing.

These descriptions I sent to the sister of the person described, and soon after received from her the following reply:—

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 2, 1843.

Mr. Sunderland,—Sir, The description of my brother's case, given by your clairvoyants, as to the cause of his complaint, the time it has been upon him, his condition, &c. is very correct.

At the time of your examination, he had been confined in the county jail for six months; and in justice to your description I would further state, that in the spring of 1835, when we first became fully convinced that he was decidedly deranged, he was conveyed to the Insane Hospital in —. We were not permitted to receive any intelligence of him in three months, when we learned that he was so far reduced by their treatment, that they judged him unable even to ride home, a distance of forty miles. At the end of about six months, we brought him away, merely skin and bones, and in a state of complete demutation. He did not know one of his family, and frequently crawled about on his hands and feet, like a beast. As his mind gradually returned, he would speak of his treatment at the Hospital, and said they pumped medicine into his stomach three or four times a week, and sometimes this was done at midnight. By some means, while there he was deprived of the use of his left arm and hand, and has not been able to straighten three of his fingers on the other hand from that time to this.

Respectfully,

WAITY A. MOWRY.

Mr. O. Wilmarth, of Providence, R. I., may be called on for a confirmation of the above account.

#### SYMPATHETIC CLAIRVOYANCE.

Some of the most satisfactory instances of sympathetic clairvoyance, that I ever witnessed, were developed in New York, from a lady totally blind. Feeling a deep and lively interest in the subject, at my suggestion, Mr. R. Peale, then proprietor of the New York Museum, called a meeting of physicians, clergymen, and other scientific gentlemen, to test this power, numbering about forty in all. The first seance was held at the Museum, then located in Broadway, opposite the Park, September 8, 1841. The experiments were conducted under the inspection and direction of a committee, and the results were written down at the time by one of the committee, and published in the New York Watchman for November 6, 1841.

The patient was 23, and had been perfectly blind from the time she was six weeks old, her eye-sight having been destroyed by accident.

To render the proceedings more satisfactory, the committee was appointed to

determine on the order of proceeding, and to see that there could be no collusion between the operator and the patient.

On being put into the Trance, a stranger went up and was put in communication with her. In answer to the question put to her, she stated his name, (Eddy, and the number of his residence, 17 Park Place.

A card was held over her head; she told what it was, and pronounced the name (Stewart) written upon it, correctly.

A piece of paper was placed over her head which had the following letters prominently written upon it:—A. H. Q. R. S. V. Z. She pronounced all the letters except one.

The following figures were next read: 1. 3. 4. 7. 8. 0. 6. A piece of paper with a red wafer was held over her head. She was asked what color the thing was; and answered, "red."

A phial was handed, by one of the committee, to the operator. When he had tasted the liquid in it, the patient made up quite a wry face. She was questioned, and answered as follows:—

Q. "What is the matter, Mary?"

A. "It tastes sour."

Q. "What is it?"

A. "Vinegar."

The phial contained vinegar.

The operator irritated his hand with a knife. She threw her hand about, and manifested considerable uneasiness.

One of the committee took her bonnet, and putting it on his head, stepped behind her. On being asked, she told who it was that stood behind her, as, also, what he had on his head, and to whom it belonged.

An Almanac was held over her head.

Q. "What is this, Mary?"

A. "An Almanac."

Q. "What is its date?"

A. "1842."

This was correct. The almanac was just from the press, prepared for the next year.

Q. "What kind of Almanac is it?"

A. "Phrenological."

Q. "What is on the first page?"

A. "Picture of a man's head."

She was shown a part of a newspaper, and read a part of its name.

One of the Committee took a finger ring from Dr. L. and handed it to the operator.

Q. "What is this, Mary?"

A. "A ring."

Q. "To whom does it belong?"

## SPONTANEOUS CLAIRVOYANCE.

Cases of Catalepsy or Somnambulism, where extraordinary powers of somnambulism have been exhibited, are quite numerous, and many such occur where there is no real demonstration of what is called, "vision without the eye." The following cases come under the head of "Spontaneous Trance;" where no artificial means were used to develop this power.

Each of these cases were described in the first edition of *Pathetism* (1843), p. 170. I had the account of the first one from Deacon N. Moody, of Hallowell, Me., where it occurred in 1788. He was a resident of the family, where the patient (a young lady of 18) lived at the time. Dea. Moody (letter of May 1, 1843,) says:—

"We could not make the room so dark in very dark, stormy nights, with the shutters drawn tight, and no light in the adjoining room, but what she could read in any book, in English, with as much ease and correctness, or tell the time by the watch, turned backward and forward to any hour, as readily as she could in the day-time, with a bright sun.

"It was noticed that she would never read in one particular book; and a neighbor, with the view of detecting what he supposed to be deception, cut out a paragraph from that book, and pasted it into a pamphlet; this pamphlet he then put with half a dozen others, and handed the whole to her, without her knowing what he had done. She took them, and on coming to the one which had the extract in it, she instantly threw it aside. He then retired, and cut out *one* word, and pasting it into another, put it with the number, and again requested her to read a paragraph from each. But she instantly detected the pamphlet into which the word had been pasted. He then cut out one letter only, and pasting it into one of the pamphlets as before, she detected that one without opening it, and cast it from her as before.

"A lock of her hair was cut off, and taken into another room. On its being put into the fire she perceived it, and manifested much pain and uneasiness. Though she often went out among the neighbors while in a state of Trance, there was one *direction*, in which, if she started to go, she was immediately restored to consciousness."

Mr. L. Collins, of East Bloomfield, N. J., in a letter to the Editor, describes the case of his own brother, who while in a state of spontaneous Trance, would write poetry, and long letters in a room perfectly dark. He invariably wrote in straight lines, crossed his t's, and dotted his i's. He would often tell what a sister and brother-in-law were doing, and where they were, when several hundred miles off. They were travelling for the health

of his brother-in-law, and the brother, while in his reveries, would tell the state of the health of the invalid. His statements, though many and often, were always found correct. This was in 1827.

The case of the young ecclesiastic, described by the Bishop of Bordeaux, is well known. This young man would arise from his sleep, go to his room, take pen, ink and paper, and compose good sermons. When he had finished a page, he would read it aloud, and correct it. Once, he had written *ce divin enfant*; in reading over the passage, he substituted *adorable* for *divin*; but observing that *ce* could not stand before *adorable*, he added *t*.—*The archbishop held a piece of pasteboard under his chin, to prevent him from seeing the paper on which he was writing, but he wrote on, not at all incommoded.* The paper on which he was writing was then removed, and another piece substituted; but he instantly perceived the change. He wrote pieces of music in this state, with his eyes closed. The words were under the music, and once, were too large, and not placed exactly under the corresponding notes. He soon perceived the error, blotted out the part, and wrote it over again with great exactness.

In all these cases, we have "*vision without the eye*," certainly, and, authenticated as they are, they would seem sufficient to put the existence of such a power, in certain conditions of the human body, beyond all doubt.

## SOMNAMBULISM.

Spontaneous somnambulism has been quite common, from the earliest ages.—There are many cases reported in medical works, in which the most astonishing powers of clairvoyance have been manifested.

A Smyrna journal gives the following extraordinary account:—In the capital of the island of Syra, there is a young man from a town on the border of the Black Sea, aged about 18 years, tall in stature, and of robust constitution, who went to Syra about nine months ago to follow his studies, at the Gymnasium. It frequently happens that, almost immediately after falling asleep, he gets up, and makes remarkable declamations. Sometimes he recites very long speeches from Xenophon with perfect correctness, although when awake he cannot remember more than a few lines. One night he wrote the theme he had to deliver the next day. In the morning, having overslept himself, he was vexed at not having time to prepare himself for his tutor; but great was his astonishment at finding on his table his stipulated composition written with his own hand, folded, and ready to be

A. "To—L."

Dr. L. said it was not his, but Prof. had said to the operator, that it belonged to Dr. L.

A cane was held over her head.

Q. "What is this, Mary?"

A. "A cane."

Q. "To whom does it belong?"

A. "To Mr. V."

Q. "What are the letters on the end of it?"

A. "J. V."

This was true. Another cane was presented to her.

Q. "To whom does this belong, Mary?"

A. "R—."

The letter "R." was all that could be heard in this answer. The cane belonged to Mr. Reed.

A number of watches were presented.

Q. "What is this, Mary?"

A. "A watch."

Q. "What time is it by this watch, Mary?"

A. "Twenty minutes past eight." The watch had stopped at that hour.

Q. "What time is it by this watch?"

A. "Half-past ten."

This answer was correct.

She was now seated at the Piano.

The operator reversed the passes over those portions of the brain appropriated to tune.

"Mary, I want you to play this tune for me."

Mary. "I can't play it."

"I want you to play this, Mary; you now it is a great favorite of mine."

M. "I would play it if I could; but I can't think of the air."

"Can you repeat the words to me?"

M. "O yes."

"Well, repeat them."

M. "My sister dear," &c. (repeating the verse.)

And while she was repeating the verse, the operator excited the organs of tune; and while doing this she commenced laying, and sung, "My Sister Dear," &c. And while she was singing this, he reversed the passes over her head for the purpose of waking it up. She ceased laying, and as if awake, in her natural state, answered whatever questions were put to her, by one of the spectators. While he was conversing with her, the operator, (unknown to her) pathetised her head, and she immediately began where he left off in the last tune.

... was surprised  
... and still more  
... became em-  
... to answer certain  
... on the subject.—  
... as to its being  
... but a companion who slept  
... with him came volun-  
... and declared, that in the  
... fellow student seated at  
... writing, and calling upon his  
... to assist him in composing his  
... When in a state of somnambu-  
... he plays at cards, and uniformly  
... This is attributed to his having  
... at that time of knowing what  
... in the hands of the parties.—  
... When in this state also, he has been  
... by his companions to a tavern; and  
... when, after eating and drinking with  
... he awoke, he was greatly aston-  
... at finding himself where he was.  
... It appears that, in his somnolescent state,  
... his sense of feeling is entirely suspended,  
... while all the other senses are alive and  
... active. At first, the slightest touch would  
... wake him; but now he is totally insensi-  
... ble to any violence, even that, which  
... would in others, or in himself, when  
... awake, produce acute pain. In general,  
... on coming out of his state of somnambu-  
... liam, he is so weak and languid as to  
... faint away. One fact is more extraordi-  
... nary than the rest.—One day, when in  
... his dormant state, he announced that  
... three persons, whom he named, were  
... coming to see him. In an hour after,  
... three persons entered his room."

**STRANGE PAROXYSM.**—There is now living in Harrison County, Ohio, says the Carroll Free Press, a married lady, who preaches a sermon at her residence every other Sabbath day. When the preaching paroxysm comes on her she prays, reads a text of Scripture without the book, and explains it in rather a sensible and eloquent manner, the discourse frequently occupying from two to two and a half hours. While the paroxysm is on, she is wholly insensible to all surrounding objects, but readily refers to subjects discussed by her in previous discourses.

This is not a very uncommon form of somnambulism. It probably belongs to the same class of phenomena with that of the ignorant German girl, mentioned by Coleridge, who in her paroxysms quoted whole pages of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, which she had long before heard her master read. The phrenologists state some cases not dissimilar. About thirty years ago, the case of Rachel Baker, the "sleeping preacher," attracted great attention in New York. Some years afterward, the case of Jane Ryder, at Springfield, in this State, was made public.

**REMARKABLE CASE OF TRANCE.**—One of the most singular circumstances we have heard of for many years took place at Fishlake, a short time ago. The facts are as follows:—A married female, beyond the meridian of life, and whose name is Ann Wraith, residing in the above township, had been ill for some time, and on Thursday, the 4th instant, her friends and family assembled around

her, and took their last mournful farewell. She appeared to expire about 5 o'clock on the same afternoon. The ceremonies of the laying out of the dead were duly performed, the bandages were placed beneath her chin to her head, and every preparation was made for the solemn rites of the burial ground. The sexton tolled his bell; but at half past eight o'clock, some minutes before the work was accomplished, she reared her head in astonishment, and was amazed to find that she was enabled to partake of the refreshments for her funeral. The above facts are well authenticated.—*Leeds Mercury.*

**STRANGE ILLUSIONS.**—In 1834, Marin Pan was admitted into the hospital at Bordeaux, her left arm covered with deep and bleeding gashes, its tendons projecting and the bones broken. She in her sleep had gone into the loft to cut wood with a hedging-bill. Thinking she was cutting the wood, she hacked her forearm and hand, until she fainted away, and fell bathed in her blood. She felt no pain, but merely had a sensation as if the parts were pricked with pins. From Marcus Donatus we read the following case of still more interest: Vincentinus believed himself too large to pass one of his doorways. To dispel this illusion, it was resolved by his physicians that he should be dragged through this aperture by force. This erroneous dictate was obeyed; but as he was forced along, Vincentinus screamed out in agony that his limbs were fractured and the flesh torn from his bones. In this dreadful delusion, with terrific imprecations against his murderers, he died.

**DEATH OF A SOMNAMBULIST.**—Coroner Davis, at New Orleans, lately held an inquest upon the body of Michael Bordelon, who was drowned in the Mississippi river in consequence of falling from the guard of the steamboat Gen. Morgan while walking in his sleep. The deceased had just passed his eighteenth year, and had been for several years a confirmed somnambulist.

**THE WONDERS OF ASTRONOMY.**—The late Dr. Wollaston showed, that if the sun could be removed one hundred and fifty thousand times its present distance, it would appear like a star of the first magnitude; but it has since been proved, by Bessel and other astronomers, that the nearest stars must be more than six hundred thousand times further off than the sun. To appear, therefore, as they do, they must be suns, whose superficial magnitude is at least thirty-six times that of ours, rolled into one, to equal it. What an insignificant speck is the little group of worlds that nestle under the wing of our diminutive sun!

The sun is 1,300,000 times larger than our globe, and distant from the earth 94,500,000 miles.

**BONES OF A MAMMOTH NONDESCRIBED.**—George S. King, in the *Wakulla* (Florida Times), gives a very interesting description of some immense bones, hooked off the mammoth *Wakulla* Spring, by himself and George L. Brockenbrough. To judge from the thickness of the pieces obtained, (at the depth of forty-five feet below the surface of the water,) the tusks must have been 12 or 15 feet in length, 300 to 400 lbs. in weight, and of pure ivory, encased by enamel of almost transparent whiteness. One of the leg bones weighed more than 60 lbs. These bones are described as much larger than those of any mastodon that has ever been discovered. The history of this mammoth is involved in doubt.

"The spring, whence the bones were taken, is the principal source of the *Wakulla* river, and must in itself be one of the wonders of the world. Though very similar in its accessories, in extent it is vastly superior to the *Fountain of Vaucluse*, famed for its romantic effect and as the scenes of the loves of Petrarch and Laura. There are as yet, and in this age of steam, probably will be no such romantic associations around *Wakulla* spring—but its peculiar beauty and magnificence will give it fame. The spring at its brim is nearly a regular circle. From the south side of the rim at its commencement, one-third of the distance across towards the north, appears the mouth of what seems to be, and doubtless is, an immense horizontal cavern, pointing, and discharging the water from its recesses towards the north, or two-thirds portion already described. The roof of this cavern, composed also of a lime rock, where it is seen terminating, and it is seen distinctly at every point, presents an irregular and jagged outline, commencing on the east and west sides, about equidistant from the rim on either side, and at the depth of 60 feet, it rises in the form of an irregular arch to within 25 feet of the surface of the water. A considerable portion along its greatest elevation is quite thin, and a number of holes or fissures may be seen penetrating quite through to the water beneath. The greatest depth of the water, which has a bluish green tinge, when viewed in any direction but perpendicularly, is 114 feet: the mouth of the great cavern 89 feet in perpendicular height, and the width of the mouth at its bottom 200 feet; and the distance across the spring at the rim is in every direction nearly *four hundred feet*. The water is so transparent that a boat on its smooth surface has the appearance of being suspended or floating in mid air at a great height."

Pure rain-water is the best drink for man. Those who use pure water alone, generally have sound teeth, good appetites, are not subject to many diseases, and live to a great age.

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG., 1850.

## REVIEW.

THE GREAT HARMONIA: Being a Philosophical Revelation of The Natural, Spiritual, and Celestial Universe. By Andrew Jackson Davis, Author of the "Principles of Nature, Her Divine Revelations and a Voice to Mankind." Vol. I. Boston: office of the Spiritual Philosopher. pp. 450. 12mo. 1850.

Who is Andrew Jackson Davis? And, by what authority does he call his literary productions "Revelations?" These are questions which most persons will desire to have answered, before they will seem to know, precisely, what to make of what is here called a "Philosophical Revelation," or the "Divine Revelations of Nature." Let us, then, come to an understanding with our readers on this subject.

A revelation is, simply, the development or making known, what was before concealed, and not known. We may call it, "divine," "philosophical," "natural," or "spiritual." The use of either of these terms does not alter the *intrinsic* character of what is said to be revealed. We know, indeed, that in certain theological circles, the term "revelation," has been restricted to those writings, collected into the Bible, but with how much propriety we need not now stop to inquire. All will admit, that we may call that a "revelation" which is made known to us, and especially, when facts said to be revealed, prove, not only to be true, but of the highest importance to human welfare. And, in passing, we may remark, that but few of the writers of the Bible, called what they wrote a revelation, and fewer still of the multitudes of authors who have written upon matters connected with the physical and spiritual universe, within the last two thousand years, have called their labors by this name. Hence, we perceive something unusual, something out of the common course of things in the labors of Andrew Jackson Davis; and all wish to be informed as to what that uncommon something is; and why he should be admitted to be truthful in what he has uttered, under the titles we have quoted at the head of this article. The answer must rest upon two facts; first, as to what truth has been revealed, if any; and secondly, as to the process by which Mr. Davis was made the medi-

um of its development! In what respects does it differ from the ordinary methods of acquiring and communicating knowledge? All classes will admit that, so far as his utterances are *truthful*, they should be received; and a portion of minds will admit, before they know what he has uttered, that it must, or should be received, *provided* he got his knowledge in a peculiar way,—as it is supposed men were, anciently,—*infallibly* inspired to reveal the will of God. Well, now, to facilitate our investigations, suppose we mention a few particulars in which we may, perhaps, agree:—

1. That whenever *Truth* is uttered, it must be from its own inherent *inspiration*. No matter who is the medium of its communication, nor when nor where it is spoken.

2. The *Good* designed, or done, in the utterance of Truth, will depend, not only on the essential nature of Truth itself, but on its *justness*, on its *love*, on its *tendency* to develop the animal, and spiritual nature in MAN, according to the *Design* of the *Infinite*. Whatever may be comprehended in that *Design*, we may agree, that, just so far as the utterance of any Truth tends to its development, it must be *good*, and according to the Infinite Wisdom.

3. That the differences in opinion among men, as to Goodness and Truth, arises chiefly from the different views they take of the Divine Being, and his *Design* in the development of man. For in just so far as we agree that Truth subserves God's design, we admit that it ought to be uttered; or, when the utterance falls short of that design, it is false, and not to be received.

4. It is manifest, therefore, that our first object should be to know and understand what the *Infinite Design* was in the development of man. When the mind is once at rest on this Foundation, then we can the better agree as to what means the highest wisdom must use for its accomplishment.

Those communications, therefore, through whatever channel they may chance to come, must be the highest Revelations, which give us that knowledge which is the most calculated to develop our nature, in harmony, according to the Infinite Design. It may be given through Mr. Davis, or any other person. Truth, when once revealed, speaks for itself. And thus we are to judge of this book, "The Great Harmonia." What is

meant by this term, is explained by our author, thus:—

"There is an omnipotent, purifying, and fraternizing Principle permeating and pervading the Natural, Spiritual, and Celestial Departments of God's Universal Temple—a principle which unites atoms and plants into one stupendous system; which unfolds spirits and angels as immortal Flowers, which endows the Divine Mind with eternal Power and Loveliness; and which is the divinely-inherited Treasure of the human soul, and this principle is called the *Great Harmonia*."

The work is divided into answers to the following questions—"What is Man, anatomically and physiologically considered? What is the Philosophy of Health? The Philosophy of Disease? The Philosophy of Sleep? The Philosophy of Death? The Philosophy of Psychology? The Philosophy of Healing?"

That there are faults in the literature of this production, will be generally conceded by the warmest friends of the author; and what production of the human mind, can be referred to of the kind, in which the language used, or some of the ideas advanced, could not be improved? We may be at a loss to conceive why our author should say, "The *Philosophy* of *Psychology*," and not the "Philosophy of the Soul?" What is "Psychology," but the Philosophy of the Soul? And a similar remark may be offered in respect to what might, perhaps, be called *verbosity*. We have been asked why Mr. Davis should not have been saved as much from bad grammar as he was from bad *Theology*, or bad "Philosophy" in Medicine? We answer, *Ideas* are communicated through *language*. *Ideas* are one thing, and our manner of describing them is another. We may talk or write Latin, Greek or English; and use good or bad grammar, according to our familiarity with the laws of language. The *manner* of describing an *Idea*, is a very different thing from the *Idea* itself. Hence we can see how it is, that our author should have correct views of the Philosophy of Disease, and yet fail to state his views in language so concise and perspicuous as might be desirable.

Nor should it detract from the general or intrinsic merits of this production, taken in connection with the other labors of its author, though we might find, now and then, a seeming discrepancy in the views put forth by him. Such there are, unquestionably. And we know of no human production of which a similar remark could not be made: Thus, we are not

sure that we understand him fully, on page 68, where he says, "*Motion* is the first element of mind," which would not seem to agree with his theory as set forth in "*Prim. of Nat.*," &c., p. 631-36, where he speaks of "love" as the first element of the soul. We suppose his meaning to be that, *motion* is the first manifestation of mind. Love is the essence or element, and motion the effect. And so there seems to be some obscurity on page 214, (of *Harmonia*.) where he says:—"Man has not displayed and exercised the same fidelity towards Nature, that she has towards him."

But is not man what nature makes him? And does he not respond to nature—is he not nature itself, in some sense?

And so of other portions of this book. But why stop, to notice imperfections in a work comprising so many excellences? So many precious Truths? So much that is good, so well adapted to the wants of the race? His chapter on the "*Philosophy of Death*," so beautiful, so much like what the fearful and suffering want! Who can read what he has written of the spheres above, and not feel himself attracted thither? Who can peruse his teachings with regard to Disease, and the best methods of cure, and not bless the Spirit that plans and attempts the execution of such works of benevolence? True, we do not fully comprehend why he should comprise *Human Life*, (page 97) in four events, "*Birth, Health, Sleep, Death*," as we do not perceive why "*Sleep*" should be contemplated as an "event" any more than *Wakefulness*, nor why "*Health*," which is a certain degree of *Harmony*, should be called an "event," any more than *Disease*, which is *Discord*; nor why, in his enumeration of the causes of *Health*, he should mention, "*Dress, Food, Water, Air, Light, Electricity, Magnetism*," and omit *Exercise*, without which there can be no good health. "*Hitherto my Father worketh*." God works eternally. Man must work; there must be a due amount of *motion* or exercise in the physical and mental systems, to constitute sound *Health*. However, we will admit, if need be, that most, if not all of this obscurity, may be in our own mind, for certain we are, that there are truths enough in this book, and appropriately expressed, sufficiently so for all practical purposes. The views put forth on the nature of disease, and against the use of medicinal drugs,

are substantially the same that we published in our *Book of Health*, and our work on *Pathetism*, three years ago. Of course, we could not well disagree with its fundamental principles; nor can we doubt, but that they will meet with a welcome response in the minds of many. His work has only to be read in a suitable frame of mind to be appreciated, as being super-eminently calculated to do good to the souls and bodies of men.

#### SPIRITUAL.

The views which have, from time immemorial, prevailed, on the Spirit World, have not differed more, perhaps, than the views of the same persons on matters connected with the present life. Look at that little child. He is symmetrical, healthy, beautiful, and happy. But ask him any question about his manhood, and see what his answer will be. Has he any idea of a future existence at all? Has he any consciousness of conjugal, filial, or Divine love? And does it follow, because he cannot comprehend these things now, that therefore the time will never come, when he can comprehend them? Because he is now a child, is he always to be one, and never arrive at manhood?

You do not, it may be, comprehend what is meant by *Spirit*, or the Spirit World. But do you comprehend what is meant by the *animal* world? You believe there is a mineral world, in which vegetables may not be found; and a vegetable world, in which no animal is found; and an animal world, in which no human being is found. Can you perceive no distinction to be made between the mineral, vegetable, animal, and mental worlds? Can you perceive no sense in which one of these worlds is *above* the other? Can you understand no sense in what is said, when it is affirmed, that the lower, or mineral world, cannot comprehend the vegetable world which is above it? And so of the animal world, it cannot comprehend the mental world which is above, only in so far as it approaches, and is developed into the sphere of mind. The child is the man in miniature; but the child cannot understand that which belongs to manhood, only as he approaches and is developed into that state. And, when arrived at manhood, he can comprehend what is peculiar to *mind*, only in so far as his own mind is developed in the Knowing Faculty.

External senses, for an external world. Internal senses, for Ideas, for the Mental,

and Spiritual. If, then, we must have external eyes for external objects, should we not have spiritual eyes for spiritual subjects? Suppose our organs of *sight* were not perfectly developed, till late in life, and that they should come into use by degrees, after our nature should be matured in all other respects. Suppose, indeed, that we should remain totally unable to discern anything by sight till long after having the sense of feeling and hearing perfectly educated; so that we might pass years of our lives, in hearing about *sight*, before we should find ourselves able to use this faculty at all. How difficult it must be, in such a condition, to realize anything as to what the *sense* of sight would be when once perfectly developed? We might *hear* the most enrapturing discourses on colors and the beauties of the rainbow. But, alas! never having seen it, nor having seen any one who had been more favored in this respect than ourselves, it would seem to us like an idle dream, and we should be ready to exclaim—"Show us a rainbow! Let us see one, then we will believe, but not till then."

So we say of the Spirit and the Spirit World. Show us a spirit, let us see one! Well, now, let me ask,—Have you a *mind*? Let me see your mind. How will you convince me, that you have any mind, unless you show it to me? O, yes, you exclaim, you will show your mind to one who has mental eyes to see it. *Mind* can be seen only by *mind*. True. And so we say of spirit. Spirits can be seen only by spiritual eyes, as external objects can be discerned only by external sight.

But, to many who have, from their earliest years, been accustomed to believe in the Spirit World, it is exceedingly difficult to form any idea as to how "*disembodied spirits*," as they are called, can make themselves known to men's external senses, as they are said to do in the "*mysterious knockings*."

The term "*disembodied*" is not philosophically correct. A spirit is a *Body*—that is, the personality to which we apply the term spirit, is as much a *Body*, and has *Form*, as really as any object in the external world. If a human being could be made of pure air; such a being would have a body, though of air. Or, if we could imagine a human body made of electricity, it would give us an idea as to how a body may exist, while invisible to the external senses. Spirits, then, are not disembodied in any other sense, than

that they have left, or cast off this coarse, external body, which was so closely allied to earth. Indeed, we cast off our earthly bodies a number of times during the space of twenty-one years, even. We have the same external *Form*, but it is not composed of the same particles of matter that entered into its composition ten years ago. Hence, we are now, disembodied, in one sense; we are changing the components of our external forms, constantly, from the moment we are born till we throw them off entirely.

The spirit, within, then, must give shape and form to the body without; and as the animal body is developed and shaped by the spirit principle within it, so we can perceive what form the spirit is in after death; and the misuse of terms in calling the spirit of man "immaterial." If we mean by this term, that man's spirit is not *dissoluble*, it is well enough, but not if we use it to signify *something* which is not substance, or *nothing*. The term *immaterial* is often, improperly, we think, used to signify whatever is opposed to the external world; and so the spirit is said to be immaterial. But it should be enough to signify what we mean by the term spirit, which, though matured, or composed of *substance*, refined and sublimated beyond all that can be imagined or described in this lower sphere, yet it can never be dissolved, and hence must exist forever.

It would not follow, that because we cannot tell *how* a spirit after death can act upon our external senses, that, therefore, no such action can be made. The most that we believe of Human Life, we admit, not because we know the *how* or the manner of it, but, because we know the facts to be true, though we are not, by any means, able to explain them. We believe *facts*, though at the same time we know, or feel perfectly satisfied, that the manner of the thing is not only inexplicable, but, indeed, far beyond our present powers of comprehension. Can any one tell *how* a blade of grass grows? We are unable to explain what we call the most simple, and why should we be dissatisfied if the higher and more complicated phenomena are not unravelled to our feeble comprehension? And suppose some superior Intelligence, from above, were to attempt an explanation to us, of the manner in which the blade of grass is made to grow? Are we sure we should be able to comprehend what would be said to us upon the subject? Do we know what

matter, or substance is? And, what is *Force*? You know what is meant by *Gravitation*. But can you make this understood by a child? The child can distinguish between an apple and an acorn, but can he tell the difference between an *emotion* and a *volition*?

It is easy to see, that there are differences which some minds are too feeble to appreciate, and realities there may be, and laws appertaining to the Spirit World, which, indeed, enter into the very constitution of our nature, and yet we may be too gross to understand them.

#### DISCORDANT SPIRITS.

If spirits in the other world are in a condition to *sympathize* (sometimes) with their friends in this sphere, who communicate with them, then we see no reasons to doubt, but the *ill-temper* and *whims* of various persons, may in this way be confirmed by "responses from the Spirit World." We have already noticed a most remarkable instance of this, in the pamphlet purporting to be an "Exposition of the Prophetic Scriptures," by "spiritual communications." We give, below, an extract from a private letter concerning that pamphlet, from a candid, intelligent gentleman, who is well acquainted with the history of the whole subject. We admit, that the writers of that book were, undoubtedly, honest; but it is equally manifest, that they have been most woefully deceived, as to the real *personality* of those spirits, to whose responses they listened.

Indeed, we cannot doubt, nay, we are certain, that others have been deceived in a similar manner. We can easily imagine how discord may, in this way, be brought about, without impeaching the *intentions* of any one, either in the body, or out of it. If a response be given to gratify any discordant state of mind, on the part of the person who makes the inquiry, why, of course, *evil* may follow. And happy shall we be, if we do not find ourselves compelled to place some of our own dear friends among the number of such as may have been *deflected* from the "better way," in the manner above noticed. If necessary to get at the *truth*, in this matter, and convinced that it will do good, we shall hereafter give the *history* of some such "manifestations," in which we and they had a personal interest. And which of us may have been "deflected" or *deceived* the most, may yet be made known, perhaps. And if so, it may appear, that human spirits, human

*selfishness*, and human *temper*, have more to do with responses from the "Spirit World," than any of us had at first supposed. The *good* and the *true*, whether in this world, or the spirit sphere, can have no objection to what we may feel disposed to publish on this subject. The *tempers* they manifest, or approve,—the *promises* they make or break;—the *discord* which result from those "responses" to those who interrogate them, are all matters of human concernment. We suppose each one has his *appropriate circle*, and if one should so far *deflect*, as to *impinge* on the sphere of another, of course it will be consistent for us to inquire as to what planet that was, which has caused the discord? What relation does it hold to the great centre? What has produced the disturbance? And, as we would not *deflect* others, (so to speak) so we would not be deflected, or suffer others to be led astray, either by attraction or repulsion from the human or Spirit World, or from both combined. There must be no *interference* one with another.

But one imagines, that because his responses came from one *purporting* to be Swedenborg, St. Paul, St. Peter, Timothy, or because the spirit purports to be his father, mother, or some other near relative, that *therefore* he could not be deceived by communications from such sources. But this is a great mistake. We have had *demonstrations*, as clear as "holy writ," showing, that communications have been made from spirits, who falsified with regard to their personality; but whether from design or ignorance, we do not know. One says, "I am Swedenborg," another says, "I am St. Paul," another, "I am Lorenzo Dow," and all this when there is the clearest evidence to show, that these representations are false; and hence those who depend upon them must be deceived. And even if the personality be proved beyond all doubt, it does not follow that our highest good will be secured by *implicitly* believing all the communications made to us. If I am conscious of *Discord*, either in my own mind, or in the mind of another, and any spirit, no matter who, makes a communication calculated to foster and confirm that state of mind, of course it should not be received. We are all under obligations of *kindness*, *courtesy*, *gratitude*, and *justice*, to one another, which no communications from any source should ever be permitted to interrupt. This is the *Rule* suggested by goodness and truth.

And to the letter of our friend:—

JULY 28th, 1850.

DEAR SIR, I am much pleased with the *Spiritual Philosopher*;—and have read it with deep interest. I have lost none of my interest in the spiritual developments. I have held daily converse with what I *know* to be the inhabitants of another sphere; and I am not without a strong hope, that a more general communication will soon find all who are willing to receive them, able to enjoy the privilege of holding converse with the friends who have passed beyond them.

I like the general tone of your remarks in regard to the pamphlet, "Exposition of the Prophetic Scriptures," &c. It is in no way "identified with the pamphlet issued by Capron & Barron." They were never present at the delivery of any of these messages or "expositions." I know the family (Mr. Benedict's) where the "expositions" were obtained. I have no idea that there was any deception on their part. On the contrary, I have good evidence that this was all delivered by spirits. But that it came from the spirits which they *purported* to be, is quite another thing. The book, itself, bears abundant evidence of the mistake in this matter, for it is puerile in the extreme. The family, and most of those whose names appear on the title-page, are persons of large imaginative powers, and have been in this, and other matters, far too credulous. Several were, or had been, strong *Adventists*. Such materials naturally drew about them their affinities, and they were easily misled by any spirits who felt mischievous enough to play upon their credulity, and "answer them according to the multitude of their idols." It was not got up to throw the "knockings" into disrepute, but was the offspring of ignorance and credulity.

**PRAYING FOR THE HANGMAN.**

We were never so forcibly struck with the monstrous inconsistencies of some things constituting a part of the prevalent theology, as from the reports of what took place at the hanging of Pearson, on the 26th ult. The prayer of one of the attending clergymen has been reported in one or more of our city papers; and the words he used, in his address to the Deity are given, we suppose, correctly. And what a sight that must have been, to see that poor, condemned criminal, whose hour, nay, the last moment of whose mortal life had come! And, standing in his presence, and near his side, the professed minister of the God of mercy, lifts up his hands in solemn prayer, and instead of giving his sympathy wholly for the only real sufferer, he *pleads* and *prays*, that the HANGMAN *may have strength to put the unhappy prisoner to instant DEATH!* Hear him:—

"Remember, O Lord, the Sheriff and his officers! Bless the Sheriff,—*strengthen his heart and soul.*"

As if the hangman should not succeed in choking the prisoner to instant death! Bless him, O Lord, *strengthen his arm*, that he may not *faint* while taking the life of his fellow creature!!!

Perhaps the sheriff and "the officers of the law" might be seized with a fit of apoplexy, or might faint from fright in view of the dreadful deeds of choking a poor man to instant death! In that case, the poor criminal would be permitted to live, which the minister prays God to forbid. Yes, God forbid, says he, that this man should not now be choked to death! He has lived long enough. Seize him, Mr. Sheriff, and may the infinite God bless you and *strengthen* the hand that shall fix the cord, which is to strangle this unhappy man, now trembling with fear on his knees by my side! Do not, I beseech thee O Lord, spare this man; do not suffer him to live! Kill him, hang him, choke him, O Lord, and strengthen the hand of the Sheriff that is to do that deed for thee!

Of course we do not for one moment suppose that the minister had the least imaginable consciousness of any inconsistency in what he addressed to God on that occasion, any more than he had of what was said to him, on shipboard once, (passing for one well acquainted with nautical affairs, as he had for many years,) when he was asked—"Shall we heave the ship to under foretopsails?" And he answered, "Yes, O yes!" Not suspecting at the time what the question was put to him for, nor that he betrayed a *secret* in regard to his real knowledge of seafaring life, which has been the chief source of his popularity in years past. Most other ministers of "the church" for which he prayed on that occasion, would doubtless have prayed very much as he did; and hence it is no marvel to us that prisoners condemned to die, do very often repel the approach of such men. And we ask you, reader, if you can imagine how you would feel under sentence of death, whether you would wish to spend the last moments of your life in listening to a prayer, for "strength" DIVINE to be sent into the ARM which was to be raised the next minute to put you to the agonies of an instant death? How would such a prayer sound to come from a brother, a wife, a sister?

Pittacus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, made a law, that every man who committed a fault in a state of intoxication, should receive a double punishment.

ENCOURAGEMENT!—Letters of approval and encouragement, have reached us from numerous congenial spirits, in different parts of the country. They extend to us the right hand of fellowship, and bid us go on! We have promises of communications from the good and the true; from those whom it may be proper to call pioneers in the cause which so much interests us all. They will give us details of spiritual manifestations; and communications on the various subjects which now engage the attention of Heaven and Earth, for the good of the human race.

Our prospects brighten daily. The responses which come to us from the newspaper press, are cheering and friendly. There is a general desire to read, and be informed on the matters to be examined in the *Spiritual Philosopher*. It is gratifying to find so much confidence expressed, both as to its object, and the general manner in which it is to be conducted. Perhaps, as truthfully as it would be possible for any human beings to use these terms, we may say, that this paper is not to be sectarian or selfish in its character. Cannot we admit the possibility of such a periodical? One that shall speak *truth* in the *love* of it? One that shall desire the good of all? A paper that shall not only aim to supply the wants of the Race, but one that shall aim to do this in a higher sense than is common for most periodicals of the day?

It is our design, and we think we have the means at command, for making the *Spiritual Philosopher* so *attractive*, that a very large number will desire to read it; and, if once read, we hope it may be the means of *good* to the souls and bodies of men.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Many queries presented to us for answers, may be found already solved in the editor's work on *Pathetism*, (edition of 1847,) for sale at this office, and by Fowlers & Wells, New York. Also in Mr. A. J. Davis's large work, entitled "The Principles of Nature," &c.

Our friend, "S. G. B." of Philadelphia, asks:—

"Can the mind of one person who has never been *Pathetised* (technically so called), be influenced by the mind of another at a distance?"

We answer, yes—under given circumstances, it can, undoubtedly. Two persons whose affections are closely allied,

when apart, may, and often do, influence each others' minds.

#### CONVERSING WITH SPIRITS.

Those of our readers who have never had spiritual manifestations made to their external senses, will doubtless read the testimony of others with different degrees of interest, depending much on the sources whence the testimony comes. Every one has his circle of friends, and when the centre of any given circle is convinced, and makes a favorable report, many of those who revolve around him, will be influenced and attracted to believe the truth of his testimony, who, themselves, have never seen or heard these strange things.

In our last issue, we gave an article from the New York Tribune. Mr. Greeley is the centre of a very large circle, and his testimony must reach very far. Many of his friends will examine this subject, who but for his testimony, perhaps, would scarcely be induced to look at it for one moment. Alluding to an article from William Ross Wallace, Esq., on this subject, the Tribune says:—

The facts there stated rest on an authority that cannot be questioned, and no evidence could be more direct and satisfactory. Similar statements, on this subject, are made to us by those who have experienced the same results, and who, from their general intelligence, good judgment and a strict regard for truth, are worthy of all confidence. Since receiving the letter of Mr. Wallace, we have passed two hours in communing with "the spirits," who, it was remarked by those present, were very chatty with us, and seemed to honor us with an unusual share of their favor and regard. We were accompanied by an intelligent lady, well known in the circles of this city and Philadelphia.

To about twenty inquiries propounded by her, the answers were, as she assured us, in all cases correct. To our own questions, amounting to more than fifty, with the exception of two or three that were vague and unsatisfactory, the replies were uniformly accurate, and evinced a knowledge of actors and scenes of the past that partook largely of the marvellous. Indeed, it seemed to extend to some things that could, by no possibility, be arrived at by any human being but ourselves. Names, dates, events, relating to subjects connected with our thoughts, were detailed with a sort of intuitive perception. We cannot undertake to enlighten our friend Wallace, or our readers, with any explanation of what we experienced or observed.

These manifestations are, to us, involved in impenetrable mystery. They cannot, as we conceive, be referred to any of the causes or principles that have been assigned without insurmountable objections. We entirely acquit the lady ac-

tors in this extraordinary development from any fraud or collusion of any kind. If it is sought to solve these phenomena on mesmeric principles or those of ventriloquism, one great difficulty presents itself. How can a chair or the door, while under the operation of these knockings, vibrate with the blow? This vibration, at such times, was sensibly felt, even when the actors were not near.

The testimony of Mr. Wallace will also reach other circles of friends. Here it is:—

Let the "Rochester Knockings," as now being exhibited in this city, be humbug or not, they are certainly very extraordinary. Let me give you in a few words my experience in the matter.—Some days ago I paid a visit to the "manifestations" at Barnum's Hotel, and had an opportunity of "questioning the spirits." On enquiring if they would converse with me, rappings on a table gave an affirmative reply. I then asked, "Is the spirit in my mind now present?" Affirmative raps. "Is it male or female?" The answer was "male." Correct.—"How many years has it been since he left the body he had on earth? State the years by raps."

The exact number of years was rapped off. "What was his profession?" "A clergyman." Correct. "How many wives did he have?" The answer was given by two raps for the number of wives. Correct. "Is the widow yet in this life?" "Yes." Correct. "What did his body die of?" "Fever," was the answer. Correct. "What relation did he sustain to me?" "A father's," was the answer. Correct. "How many children had he?" "Five." Correct. "Who baptized me?" "Dr. Bishop." Correct. And so on—making correct answers to scores of questions; and not a mistake occurred. Now I was born in Kentucky, and I feel sure that no one present could have known my history. But more; I asked several questions mentally—all of which were correctly answered. I asked "the spirit" whose manuscript was beneath my hand. "The spirit" answered it was his own. Correct.

The writing is thirty years old, and has always remained in my family's possession. "The spirit" also gave his name. I asked him whose hair I held in my hand. Answer—"Calhoun's." Correct. He promised to give manifestations in presence of my mother. That very night at a considerable distance from the city, where my mother resides, we heard, at my request, three distinct raps of precisely the same kind as to sound and force that I heard at Barnum's during my conversations with the "spirits." Now, if there is machinery at Barnum's, it was not at my mother's residence. It seems to be acknowledged pretty generally that the raps are not produced by electricity, or magnetism, or ventriloquism. Throwing out of view the contended for spiritual cause, what does produce them? and if the answers are matters of guess work, what new doctrines of chances have been discovered? I seek for light. Can you give it to me? W. R. W.

## PATHETISM.

#### STAMMERING CURED.

CABOTVILLE, February 16, 1846.

*Respected Friend:*—I now take my pen to write a few lines to you, to let you know how I am getting along. I can truly say, that until I attended your lectures, I was never able to talk plainly. For eighteen years, the impediment prevented my conversing, so that, at times, I was unable to speak at all. Twice my tongue was operated upon surgically, without any benefit. My sufferings from this difficulty, language cannot describe, nor can words express my gratitude for the relief I have received from Pathetism. In December, 1845, I was entranced in your lectures, and from that time to the present, my speech has been free, and without any impediment at all. When I last saw you, I told you I sometimes hesitated a little before speaking, but it is wearing away. Some months ago, I asked the lady I boarded with, if she had noticed it; she said she had, but had not lately. I enjoy society much better than I used to. The language of my heart is, "Lord, I thank thee! Help me to praise thee!" I consider it a great blessing. The gratitude I feel and the thanks I owe to you, I cannot express. I sometimes think I am the happiest person in the world. I often used to think, when talking, I would give all the world if I had not attempted to say anything, and would then resolve, that I would talk as little as possible; but now, I am free from that. A fortune would not tempt me to part with the benefit I have received from Pathetism. My head and eyes have not been so well for years as they are now. For a year and a half, I have been so that I could not read over a half an hour at a time; but now, I can read two or three hours at a time. M. B. sends her respects to you, and says Pathetism has improved her health very much. I expect to go to my home in East Granville, about 20 miles from here.

Yours, with respect,

CALISTA SEYMOUR.

#### SNAKE-CHARMING.

When I was on General D——'s staff at Trichinopoly, there was a dry well in the garden, which was the favorite haunt of snakes, and in which I shot several. One morning I discovered a large cobra capella at the bottom of this well,

basking in the sun; but while I ran to fetch my gun, some of the native servants began to pelt him with stones, and drove him into his hole among the brickwork. I therefore sent for the snake-charmers to get him out. Two of these worthies having arrived, we lowered them into the well by means of a rope; one of them, (after performing several incantations, and sprinkling himself and his companions with ashes prepared from the dung of a sacred cow,) began to play a shrill monotonous ditty upon a pipe, ornamented with shells, brass rings, and beads; while the other stood on one side of the snake's hole, holding a rod, furnished at one end with a horse-hair noose.

At first, the snake, who had been considerably bullied before he took refuge in his hole, was deaf to the notes of the charmer; but, after an hour's constant playing, the spell began to operate, and the snake was heard to move. In a few minutes more he thrust out his head—the horse-hair noose was dexterously slipped over it and drawn tight, and we hoisted up the men, dangling their snake in triumph. Having carried him to an open space of ground, they released him from the noose. The enraged snake immediately made a rush at the bystanders, putting to flight a crowd of native servants, who had assembled to witness the sport. The snake-charmer, tapping him on the tail with a switch, induced him to turn upon himself; and at the same moment sounding his pipe, the snake coiled himself up, raised his head, expanded his hood, and appeared about to strike; but, instead of doing so, he remained in the same position, as if fascinated by the music, darting out his slender forked tongue, and following with his head the motion of the man's knee, which he kept moving from side to side, within a few inches of him, as if tempting him to bite. No sooner did the music cease, than the snake darted forward with such fury that it required great agility on the part of the man to avoid him, and he immediately made off as fast as he could go. The sound of the pipe, however, invariably made him stop, and obliged him to remain in an upright position, as long as the man continued to play.

After repeating this experiment several times, we placed a fowl within his reach, which he instantly darted at and bit.—The fowl screamed at the moment he was struck, but ran off and began picking among his companions as if nothing had

happened. I pulled out my watch to know how long the venom took to operate. In about half a minute, the comb and wattles of the fowl began to change from a red to a livid hue, and were soon nearly black, but no other symptom was apparent; in two minutes it began to stagger, was seized with strong convulsions, fell to the ground, and continued to struggle violently till it expired, exactly three minutes and a half after it had been bitten. On plucking the fowl, we found that he had merely been touched on the extreme point of the pinion; the wound not larger than the puncture of a needle, was surrounded by a livid spot, but the remainder of the body, with the exception of the comb and wattles, which were of a dark, livid hue, was of the natural color, and I afterwards learned that the coachman (a half caste) had eaten it.

The charmer now offered to show us his method of catching snakes, and seizing the reptile (about five feet long) by the point of the tail with his left hand, he slipped the right hand along the body with the swiftness of lightning, and grasping him by the throat with his finger and thumb, held him fast, and forced him to open his jaws, and display his poisonous fangs. Having now gratified my curiosity, I proposed that the snake should be destroyed, or at least that his fangs might be extracted—an operation easily performed with a pair of forceps; but the snake being a remarkably fine one, the charmer was unwilling to extract his teeth, as the operation sometimes proves fatal; and begged so hard to be allowed to keep him as he was, that I at last suffered him to put him in a basket and carry him off. After this he frequently brought the snake to the house to exhibit him, and still with his fangs entire, as I ascertained by personal inspection, but so tame that he handled him freely, and apparently without fear of danger. On my return to Trichinopoly, after an absence of some weeks, I inquired for my friend the snake-charmer, and learned that he was dead, having been bitten by this identical snake.—*New Monthly Mag.*

**SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENTS.**—We are constantly made acquainted with what we suppose to be real, spiritual developments, which are made in Boston and vicinity. But the whole subject seems to be in a rudimentary state, or so much wanting in maturity, that an attempt to detail facts would scarcely subserve any good purpose at the present time.

#### ISOLATION OF THE INSANE.

In many instances a physician would be justified in undertaking the treatment of a case of insanity, without receiving from the friends and family of the invalid absolute and unconditional permission to isolate him completely from his home, and all with which he had been previously connected. The patient may fancy (and this is one of the peculiar features of the disease) that his family are conspiring against his life—he may imagine that his house is daily visited by persons engaged in devising schemes for depriving him of his liberty and property. The physician would himself give indications of mental unsoundness, were he to attempt to combat with the mental derangement under such circumstances. The patient must be removed from the sphere of his own circle, before any permanent advantages are likely to ensue from medical or moral treatment. Cases, no doubt, frequently occur, in which the practitioner would not be justified in recommending the unhappy patient to be incarcerated in an asylum. When the attack is recent and is evidently dependent upon physical causes, and these causes are unconnected with any family circumstances, every means should be tried before separation from home is even suggested. Should, however, the friends be advised to send the patient to herd with other mad patients, perhaps much more worse than himself, before an attempt has been made to restore the mind to its healthy balance, an attack of insanity which would only have been temporary in its character and short in its duration, may be rendered either extremely protracted or incurable. In incipient insanity, where the individual retains a perfect consciousness of his infirmity, confinement in a madhouse would be absolute cruelty, if not criminality. I firmly believe that many patients are driven into confirmed insanity, by being hurried prematurely to an asylum. Even in the more advanced stage of mental derangement, it is not prudent, in many cases, to compel a patient to mix in the society of those laboring under violent maniacal excitement. The idea of being imprisoned in a madhouse is sufficient of itself to throw the mind off its healthy equilibrium. In the treatment of this affection the physician cannot too often be reminded of the fact, that in numerous instances in which the mind is equivocally deranged, the individual has not lost all consciousness of his infirmity. He knows

what is going on around him, is sensible of acts of kindness and coercion, and frequently deeply laments the injudicious conduct of his friends, in forcing him into the society of those whose language and conduct only tend to fix permanently on his mind his own morbid ideas.—*F. Winslow.*

## UNITY.

### SOCIALISM NOT INFIDELITY.

The Malthusians tell us that we denigrate the working classes, that we encourage them to throw off their ancient respect for the peculiar New England virtues—that, in short, if Mutualism should once prevail, mechanics and laboring men would spend their money too freely, would forget to save up their earnings for a rainy day, would neglect to rise early in the morning and sit up late at night—would lose their accustomed prudence, their powers of close calculation, and, to a certain extent, their habits of patient industry. We can understand these remarks as coming from the Malthusians; but there is one thing that we cannot understand, which is this: The identification of the peculiar New England virtues with the virtues commanded by the law of Christ. Say, if you please, that we are wanting in prudence, in close calculation; call us men devoid of knowledge in the ways of this world; we may not perhaps confess that you are correct in your affirmations, but we do not object to your making your statements—let every one free his mind; but when you say that our doctrine is opposed to the morality of the Gospel, *we protest*, and call on you to take our protest into consideration. The Lord commended the fowls of the air, not because they were prudent and saving, not because they practised a judicious foresight, but for the exact contrary.

“Behold the fowls of the air,” he said, presenting them as an example to his disciples, “for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them.”

How many fathers are there in New England who present this example to their children? He commended the lilies of the field also, saying:—

“And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.”

And to impress what lesson upon the minds of the disciples did he call their attention to these striking examples? Let the text speak for itself:—

“Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on.”

Answer, O Malthusians! is this the lesson that you strive to impress on the minds of your children? Do you not rather tell them to take especial and anxious thought for the morrow, laying up their treasures, perhaps in Heaven, but at any rate, in the bank? What is Malthusianism if not thought for the morrow reduced to a science? As far as this passage is concerned, the Socialists are those who, having ears, hear; for in this matter they accept the words of the Master.—And yet you say that Socialism is infidelity! The Master says:—

“Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewith shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the Gentiles seek; and your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things. BUT SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD, AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS; AND ALL THESE THINGS SHALL BE ADDED UNTO YOU.”

Seek ye first the Kingdom of God! What is this Kingdom of God? We have already learned, by an investigation of scripture, that the chief characteristic of the Kingdom of God is Communion, Fellowship, or, as the Socialists say, Mutualism. Enter the Church, partake of the Christian Communion! for our part, as Socialists, we make no objection; nay, we rather applaud your action; but remember that there is a material as well as a spiritual sphere, and that the Heavenly Kingdom must be established on earth!

Listen to our social creed! We believe in mutualism of spiritual relations; but we believe in mutualism of material relations also; we believe in the mutualisation of production, consumption, and exchange—that is, we believe in *Mutual Workshops, Mutual Stores, and Mutual Banks*. Man was created a social being; for he was created to live in Mutualism; when man isolates himself from his brother, excommunicates his brother in production, consumption and exchange, destroys mutualism by scission, then he is in an unnatural state, and consequently, in a state of suffering. Why are the ravens fed? Because they live in the state that is adapted to their nature. No raven

belonging to a disinherited caste is obliged to compete for his living with a joint stock corporation. Man, when not in mutual relations with his brother, is in a false position, and must necessarily be miserable; for men are *by nature*, mutually dependent upon each other.

The Kingdom of God consists in Communion, Mutualism; and it is for this reason that we must seek first this Kingdom, and God's justice—aye, God's justice! It is not they who simply take no thought for the morrow, that have all things added unto them; but they who seek first God's Kingdom, and his justice, and then take no thought for the morrow. The hunger and thirst that is in the world, the nakedness, the lack of roofs to shelter shivering human beings, come from the wickedness of man; they come from the egotism, isolation, scission, vitiated production, inadequate consumption, anarchical commerce, a false credit system; they come, in short, from the fact that men appear to seek, neither first nor at all, either God's Kingdom or his justice. Are we infidels because we say to the people, Repent! for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

### EDUCATION AND CRIME.

The following important exhibit of Statistics drawn from the public records of our State has a bearing on the Free School controversy, now agitating our State which cannot be gainsayed. Crime is the great source of insecurity to property; Government is established (in part) to protect property by repressing crime; and the official records show that Education is the effectual antidote to crime. Why, then, should not property be willing to protect itself by providing Education for all, and so diminishing crime in the most effectual way—by reducing to the lowest point the number of those who even *desire* to be criminals? It seems to us the plain interest of property to make provision for Universal Education, as well as its moral duty. Look at the facts:—*N. Y. Tribune.*

RELATION BETWEEN EDUCATION AND CRIME.—It has been frequently alleged of late, on the part of opponents of Universal Education through schools free to all, that the progress of crime in our own and other lands has kept pace with the advancement and diffusion of knowledge, and that the records of our prisons and penitentiaries, if carefully examined, would show that a large proportion of their inmates were from the educated classes. I have recently investigated the official returns made to the Secretary of State by the

Sheriffs of the several Counties, of the convictions had in the several Courts of Record throughout the State, and in the Courts of Special Sessions in the respective cities from the years 1840 to 1848, both inclusive, comprising a period of nine years, and find the following result:

The whole number of persons returned as having been convicted of crimes in the several counties and cities of the State, during the period referred to, was 27,949; of these 1,182 were returned as having received a "common education," 414 as having "a tolerably good education," and 128 only as "well educated." Of the remaining 26,225 about half were able merely to read and write. The residue were destitute of any education whatever.

Assuming, therefore, the standard of the returning officers, as to what constitutes a good education to be correct, only 128 out of nearly 28,000 of the inmates of our prisons and penitentiaries are from the educated classes; and only about one to sixteen had received an ordinary Common School Education. Facts like these are worth more than a thousand vague declamations as to the efficacy of Education, with reference to the progress of crime.

Yours, respectfully,

S. S. RANDALL.

Albany, June 21, 1850.

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon, Esq. With Notes by the Rev. H. H. Milman. A New Edition, to which is added a complete Index of the whole work. In six volumes. Vol. 3, 12 mo., pp. 650. 1850. Burnham & Brothers, Cornhill, Boston.

This volume brings us down to what the author calls the close of his laborious narrative of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, from the fortunate age of Trajan and the Antonines, to its total extinction in the west, about five centuries after the Christian era. The execution of this volume corresponds with its predecessors, and presents the labors of this immortal writer in a form which can but attract the attention of those who have taste or judgment to appreciate the claims of these enterprising publishers. They spare neither labor nor expense, in their attempts to bring the standard English authors within the reach of all.

LATTER DAY PAMPHLETS, edited by Thomas Carlyle, No. 7. Hudson's Statue. Burnham, Cornhill, Boston.

PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK of the Revolution, or Illustrations by pen and pencil, of the History, Scenery, Biography, Relics, and Traditions of the War for Independence. By B. J. Lossing, with six hundred engravings on wood, by Lossing & Barrett, chiefly from original sketches by the author. Burnham, Boston.

This is the fourth number, and if the sixteen which are to follow, come up to this in the style of engraving and richness of the matter, the whole must form one of the most splendid and attractive works of the kind ever issued from the American press.

A SECOND BOOK IN GREEK, Containing Syntax, with Reading Lessons in Prose, Prosody, and the Dialects, with Reading Lessons in Verse, forming a sufficient Greek Grammar, with a Vocabulary. By John M. Clintock, D. D., late Professor in Dickinson College. 12 mo., pp. 350. 1850. Burnham & Brothers, Cornhill, Boston.

This is a truly valuable work, and designed as a complement to "The First Book in Greek," noticed in the Sunday News some time since. This Volume contains the Syntax, in as full a form, perhaps, as will be considered adapted to elementary instruction. Appended to the Syntax is a list of particles and phrases, which should be constantly referred to by the student. There is a copious Vocabulary at the close. The work is accurately printed by the Harpers, subsequently bound in sheep, and forms a valuable addition to Greek Literature.

LETTICE ARNOLD. A Novel. By the author of "The Wilmington," "Two Old Men's Tales," "Amelia Windham," &c. &c. Burnham & Brothers, Cornhill, Boston.

Who, that has ever read the other works of this author, "Norma's Bridge," "Angola," "Triumphs of June," "Mordaunt Hall," will omit the purchase of this volume?

THE GREEN-HAND.—A Short Yarn. Burnham & Brothers, Cornhill, Boston.

Passing, as we do, for a mere "land lubber," perhaps, we shall hardly be admitted as fully competent to do ample justice to the real merits of this work, "unfinished" as it professes to be. But it strikes us as a good story, well told. It forms a number of Harper's New Monthly Magazine, a work designed to place within the reach of the million, the unbounded treasures of the periodical literature of the day.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL. Edited by William Battie, M. D., one of his executors. 2 vols. 12 mo. pp. 1200. Burnham, Cornhill, Boston. 1850.

Thanks, many thanks to you, Mr. Burnham, for these beautiful volumes! Will not Campbell's countrymen, and the lovers of his immortal verse, thank you?

The 1st volume is ornamented with a

most excellent likeness of the Poet, and prefaced with an introductory letter from Washington Irving, and the work is done in the Harpers' best style.

Mr. Irving truly remarks, that this Biography is but an act of justice to a distinguished man, whose real character has not yet become sufficiently known. It gives us an insight into his domestic as well as his literary life, and lays open the springs of all his actions and the causes of all which has seemed contradictory in his conduct. We here see the real difficulties he had to contend with, in the earlier part of his literary career; the worldly cares which pulled his spirit to the earth, his domestic afflictions, the anxious days and sleepless nights, preying upon his delicate organization, producing that morbid sensitiveness and nervous irritability which, at times, overlaid the real sweetness and amenity of his nature, and obscured the unbounded generosity of his heart.

These volumes do more than this:—they reveal the affectionate consideration of his conduct in all the domestic relations. The generosity with which he shared his narrow means with all the members of his family, and tasked his precarious resources to add to them relief, his deep felt tenderness as a husband and a father, the source of exquisite happiness for a time, but ultimately of unmitigated wretchedness; his sympathy with the distressed of every nation; his love of children, that infallible sign of an amiable and gentle nature,—these and many other excellent traits set forth in his Biography, develop the character of this immortal Poet in its true light, dispel the clouds which misapprehension may at time have overshadowed it, and present its beauties in the full effulgence of their poetic glory.

Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy, Delivered at the Royal Institution in the years 1804, 5 and 6. By the late Rev. Sydney Smith, M.A. 12 mo. pp. 391. Burnham, Cornhill, Boston. 1850.

Though this may not, perhaps, be called a very learned work, taken as a whole, yet it is certainly an interesting one, conveying great and important truths, and much useful knowledge, and in a more attractive form than is common for similar works on the same subject.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF ROBERT SOUTHEY. — By his Son, Rev. C. C. Southey, M. A. Part 4th. To be Completed — 6 Parts. Burnham & Brother.

The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon, Esq. With Notes by the Rev. H. H. Milman. A New Edition, to which is added a complete Index of the whole work. In six volumes. Vol. 4. 12 mo. pp. 637. Burnham, Cornhill, Boston. 1850.

Having given, in our notices of the preceding volumes of this able work, a full account of its scope and design, as also in regard to the superior style in which it is printed, it may be sufficient to announce the appearance of this the 4th volume, which brings us down to A. D. 1204. A standard work, and should have a place in every library.

#### GOODNESS IMPERISHABLE.

BY J. HAGEN.

Nothing good shall ever perish,  
Only the corrupt shall die;  
Truth, which men and angels cherish,  
Flourishes eternally.

None are wholly God-forsaken,  
All his sacred image bear;  
None so lost but should awaken  
In our hearts a brother's care.

Not a mind but has its mission—  
Power of working wo or weal;  
So degraded none's condition,  
But the world his weight may feel.

Words of kindness, words of warning,  
Deem not thou may'st work in vain;  
Even those thy counsel scorning,  
Oft shall they return again.

Though the mind absorbed in pleasure  
Holds the voice of counsel light,  
Still doth faithful memory treasure  
What at first we seemed to slight.

Words of kindness we have spoken,  
May, when we have passed away,  
Heal, perhaps, a spirit broken,  
Guide a brother led astray.

Not one act but is recorded;  
Not a word but has its weight;  
Every virtue is rewarded—  
Outrage punished soon or late.

Let no being then be rated,  
As a thing of little worth;  
Every soul that is created,  
Has its part to play on earth.

Large waves proceed at the rate of about 35 miles an hour. Many suppose that the water advances with the speed of the wave, but it is not so; the form of the wave only advances, excepting a little spray, while the water remains rising and falling in the same place.

The surface of the sun contains 2,432,300,000,000 square miles. The solid contents of the sun amount to 357 billions of cubic miles. It is 545 times larger than all the planetary bodies taken together.

#### ATMOSPHERIC ELECTRICITY.

Last evening (July 5th) our northern sky exhibited, from 9 o'clock until towards midnight, a most imposing display of electrical fireworks, rivalling, and in many respects surpassing, the artificial display of the preceding evening.

A veil of foggy clouds, in general quite thin but of variable thickness, covered a thunder cloud of greater density, from which constantly darted streams of electricity, of the kind denominated chain lightning. Scarcely a second intervened between the successive flashes, which produced flickering undulations, greatly resembling what are called the "merry dances" of the Aurora Borealis. Occasionally the streaks of lightning themselves were seen darting in straight lines, or more commonly in curves, describing in few instances regular semi-circles, but for the most part the original flash was concealed behind the anterior veil of clouds which transmitted it in a diffusive state, as a ground glass shade transmits the light of an argand lamp, the variable thickness of the medium, by occasioning different degrees of transparency, giving the appearance of undulations. There was no rain, the wind, which was very slight, remained constantly in the southwest, the thermometer varied little, and the barometer was scarcely affected.—Stars were visible all the while in the southwest.

A word upon the philosophy of this exhibition. The phenomena were such as chiefly arise from electrical clouds at a very high elevation, where the rarified state of the air favors the escape of the electric fluid from cloud to cloud, and to great distances. The electricity which is constantly generated by the vapor as it ascends into the cold strata of the upper regions of the atmosphere, is not retained in the cloud, (as takes place near the earth,) until it has acquired a degree of intensity sufficient to overcome the resistance of the dense air by which it is surrounded, and discharge itself either into a neighboring cloud in an opposite electrical state, or into the ground, but as successive portions of the fluid are developed, they readily penetrate the rarified medium from cloud to cloud, producing a constant succession of sparks of feeble intensity, but often of great length, and effecting fantastic forms instead of the condensed and powerful flash which, in a highly concentrated state, forces its way through the non-conducting medium

that is in contact with the earth. Such lightning is usually attended with no danger, and may therefore be contemplated, and afford the full measure of entertainment it is fitted to impart to the lovers of nature.—*N. H. Pall.*

TOUR TO ROCHESTER, N. Y.—During the past fortnight, the Editor has visited Stratford, Ct., and Auburn and Rochester, N. Y., which has delayed somewhat the appearance of our present number. A full account of the wonders we witnessed in those different places must be deferred till our next, and succeeding numbers. Suffice it to say, that the manifestations were most *satisfactory*, not only demonstrating, that these developments are made by spirits who have left the body, but enabling us to account for many things in regard to them which have hitherto seemed altogether inexplicable.

If I were to affirm that *I had now before me numerous letters and pieces of paper which had been written on by an invisible hand, and thrown from the air in the presence of Mr. Phelps's family, and some of them purporting to have been written by the "Devil," and signed by that name, who could believe what I affirmed!* Or, if I were to say that *I had heard music at different times, and which was continued from ten to twenty minutes at a time, made, as I firmly believe, by disembodied spirits, when there was no human person sufficiently near who could make it, who will believe such an averment, except the few who have been favored in a similar manner?* Nay, I have heard not music merely, but *tunes with which I was familiar, and sounds which very much resembled those made by the human organs of speech, and all done by spirits without any assistance from human beings!* *O, that music!* I would journey a thousand miles again to hear it! I have had demonstrations from the spirit world, through the sense of touch, and under circumstances where deception or collusion was not at all possible. *More than twenty times I have been touched, or taken hold of by unseen or spiritual hands, and often struck with such force, that the blow (if such it may be called) could be heard across the room!* To me, it was demonstration! To others, it will scarcely be credible.

At Dr. Phelps's I saw his long dining table moved back and forth, from three to twelve inches without hands, and its motions were continued for half an hour.

And at Rochester I saw the furniture of a sitting room turned and moved from the places where it had been put by the family: the chairs were piled upon one another, and books, papers, inkstands, &c. &c., were placed on the chairs, turned bottom up! The breakfast table, (one morning while I was at Dr. P.'s, and the family, some eight in all, were at breakfast,) was moved by that unseen power!

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