

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

Goodness and Truth.

VOL. 1.

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SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

For the Spiritual Philosopher.

LINES,

(Addressed to Mrs. Kellum on the death of a beloved daughter, who died while on a visit to her friends.)

They've laid the sod above her,
The damp earth on her breast;
But her Spirit reigns above us,
In the regions of the blest.
Her earthly course is ended,
No sorrow, grief, or care
Can ever cross her pathway,
To blight her prospects there.
The last, sweet dirge is over,
The last prayer hath been said;
And they've laid the good and beautiful
In the "City of the dead."
They are the first to leave us,
The good, the pure, the blest!
Earth is too cold and dreary,
For their sweet and quiet rest.
Mourn not for the departed,
With anguish deep and wild,
I know thy home seems desolate,
Without thy darling child;
But, her angel Form is near thee,
Close by thine own hearth-stone,
And, soon she'll gently bear thee,
To her happy "Spirit Home."
Auburn, Sept 29, 1850. ANNA.

There is the light of the spirit; and like the light of Heaven, it shines for all. Perhaps you have read the following lines before, if so, read them again:

Like a dungeon dark and dreary,
Often is the human mind,
And many a prisoner lone and weary,
Is in such a cell confined.
But a thought from heaven beaming
May within its precincts fall,
Like a ray of sunshine streaming
Through a mouldering, broken wall.
Then the prisoner, sad and pining,
If he only will, he may,
By the truth within him shining,
Change his darkness into day.

For the Spiritual Philosopher.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

Dear Brother Sunderland,

My heart is full as I write to you. I spent the last Sabbath in Rochester, visited the Fox Family, where so many wonderful manifestations have recently been made, and received in my own heart, and to my own rational understanding and senses, the most extraordinary and cheering manifestations from the spirit-world. The spirits of many near and dear friends, long since absent from earth, and in the better sphere, came to me, and I enjoyed a season of rational, intelligible and elevating communication, such as I had never known before. I can now most fully appreciate your own earnest enthusiasm upon this extraordinary and soul-cheering subject. "I have heard the ANGELS sing," as you so earnestly remarked to me when I met you in Boston.

Let me relate to you the circumstances which attended the interesting scene of which I was myself a witness.

I arrived in Rochester late on Saturday, and on calling upon some friends, I learned that some of them were at the house of Mrs. Fox, in company with that excellent friend, Isaac Post. I proceeded immediately to Mrs. Fox's, where I was happy to meet with several dear friends, Mr. Munn, and our mutual and esteemed friend, John Kedzie of Rochester. One of the daughters being absent, I was introduced to the mother and her elder daughter, Mrs. Fish, but heard no extraordinary demonstrations that night. The family seemed somewhat alarmed at the absence of the younger sister, and after the guests had retired, (as I was assured next day), the

Rapping made known to them that Margaret, the younger daughter, was then at the house of one Mrs. Granger, who was dying, that she would remain there until morning. Such proved to be the case, and on Monday morning Margaret returned home, and the fact was announced of Mrs. Granger's death.

To return to my own experience. On Sabbath morning, friends Post and Kedzie, and myself again visited the house, and at about eleven o'clock, we all gathered around the table, in a quiet little group. The first question asked was "Will the Spirits communicate with us now?" *Rap, Rap, Rap*, came in quick and delightful succession, and producing the most pleasing sensations. It was the first time I had ever heard these sounds, and they are entirely different and distinct from any sound I have ever heard made by human agency. Something so mellow and pure, and intelligent, and spiritual, like the sweet voice or sound of music, they ring yet in my ear, in sweet remembrance.

The second question was put to them— if my guardian spirits and the spirit of my brother could be made manifest to me? Immediately responses followed—giving the signal of my brother, &c. when I asked, "Are my dear children present, or have you seen my children?" The following answer was immediately spelt out. "Brother, I have seen your children; they are here." Immediately many gentle and seemingly muffled sounds greeted and surrounded me, upon the chairs, table, and floor. The question was asked, "how many children has Mr. Hutchinson in the other sphere?" The answer was correctly given, *five*. Feeling much,

overcome by the scene that surrounded me I desisted further questioning then, while other persons present continued the conversation.

In the afternoon, however, I was again permitted to hold converse with the dear departed spirits of my love, and the most extraordinary results followed.

The manifestations were all most truthful and impressive, and many communications were made, which I cannot now give the public, but which convince me beyond a doubt, of the presence of my own long lost friends.

Mrs. Fish being impressed by the spirits to go into a state of trance—scarcely had she done so, when she earnestly ejaculated, "Ah! I know, now, what made me wish to be put asleep. I see the spirit of Mrs. Granger, and, oh! she seems so happy, and looks so beautiful!" Immediately again, she uttered, "There comes your brother, again; he has a friend with him, (who signalled to me to be Thomas P. Beach, and another, and another, who purported to be my cousins,) and there come all your little children again." Simultaneous and responsive to these earnest expressions of the Clairvoyant, the vibrations surrounded me. The dear little children seemed to be upon my knees, and on my shoulders, while the electrical vibrations pervaded the room, *Rap, Rap, Rap*, upon the rounds of my chair, while the Clairvoyant would cry out, "There is one who is very near and dear, and wishes to speak to its mother." The responses followed every expression of the Clairvoyant. Again, she uttered, "Oh! they are singing, *ALL IS WELL*;" and she burst forth in tones of heavenly melody, with the spiritual choir, while the time was marked and beat most correctly, by the invisible and happy group." O! I never knew such joy before. My soul was filled with ecstatic pleasure, as I joined the sweet song of my dear ones. The vibrations finally ceased, upon the tables and on the floor, but not upon the table of my heart. There they are, and there I pray heaven, they may ever dwell, (while I live upon the earth) to warn, and cheer, and encourage me in every good word and work. O! how good it was to be there.

If it be my lot to be persecuted for my belief, welcome persecution, and welcome death, if by so suffering, the world may the sooner open their eyes to the blessed heavenly kingdom, now at our

very door. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and to die is gain."

On Sunday evening, some fifty or sixty friends were gathered together in one place and with one mind, when the messengers of Love sent us many comforting and cheering, and heavenly messages. One was, "God is with you, dear friends, and will bless you, fear not, I am Benjamin Franklin." This message was sent, as many others have been, from the same source, (and some of the most extraordinary encouraging nature, not yet to be made public,) to a number of persons who were seated around in a circle, as directed by the Spirit.

Again, the signal was given, and the last message came from my brother after this wise:

"Tell my brothers', and sister Abby, not to doubt the reality of these manifestations. Tell them I am BENJAMIN, and watch over them daily." O! how real, how earnest, how solemn, and how blessed was that scene to me. No person in the room knew aught of my brother, but myself; and he came to me as truly and as surely, as though I had seen him with the natural eye, and had grasped his hand as in days of yore. Again, the dear children came around me, like a little troop of angels. When the signal was given for closing, and the meeting broke up, all well knowing and rejoicing that we should meet again. As I heard the angel footsteps of these dear little ones, and reflected upon the blessed promise of the Saviour, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," my heart was filled with gratitude to God for this blessed day of light and spiritual knowledge.

Go on, dear Brother, for we shall all soon see eye to eye. The spirits are appearing in all directions in the East, in the West, in the North and South. The Comforter has come to the Believer, and blessed are they who will welcome his coming.

Your's, for the Spiritual Kingdom,
JESSE HUTCHINSON, JR.
Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 6, 1850.

For the Spiritual Philosopher.
PROGRESSION.

FRIEND SUNDERLAND,—Notice of a paper published by thee has just fallen under my eye. It treats upon the subject of Spirituality or Mental Philosophy, a subject of all others the most important, and yet, perhaps, the least regarded.

Taking it for granted that mental communications or "revelation" has ceased, the world has placed God at a distance entirely infinite, and made the "gulf" hopelessly impassable. And so they stumble along over the rocks, having communion with no Gods save Mars, Moloch and Mammon;—and, as the Deities worshipped, so the characters of the worshippers. The world is a great bone-pile, cemented with blood, over which the Gods of War and Gain drive their rattling chariots. Downward, headlong, rush the mighty multitudes.

The great Father, with heaving bosom and yearning heart, bends over them, beseeching them to stop and think, to pause, to ponder; but onward, still, they rush.

Extra convoys of angels are sent to their deliverance, to hover over and gather around them; but they know it not, and hurry along. Ages come and go, and the spirit messengers nestle near and nearer; repulsed, rejected and driven away, they turn again to weep, and call to draw or drive the wretched myriads from destruction.

Six times has Humanity completed her cycles and entered new spheres of action. Six times have the floods of transgression piled high and rolled backward, verging the race to higher orders of existence—as the river purifies itself by flowing. So the human mind by progression. Now is she merging to the regions of light and holding communion with God.

After ages of ceaseless and untiring effort to reach the mind of humanity by spiritual influences only, as if determined on accomplishing their object, the guardian spirits of the world seem now to appeal to the *physical senses*. But this seems as much beyond the intellectual comprehension of most, as the other is their spiritual.

After thousands of years of unceasing attempts to reach the ear of humanity, one would think they should abandon the world and leave it to wallow in its filth, and reap the consequences of its headstrong rebellions. When finding but here and there an exception, among the crowded generations to whose mind they could have free access, such as Isaiah, and Daniel, and Enoch, who were led by angels and walked with God; had they not been celestial, would have gathered themselves to the Temple, given a last look to humanity, and said to each other, "Come, let us go hence." How difficult

their task!—How untiring their patience! Poor fallen humanity, how pitiable thy condition!

When God and angels come in their own spirit-nature, their presence is not known! When they come in their appeals to the physical senses their presence is not believed, and their efforts rejected.

Thine is an arduous duty, friend Sunderland. Unity of the spirit within us with the spirit around us. This is the ultimate of thy labors, man with man, man with angels, and all with God! But intermediate is the task to furnish the *Evidence* of such spiritual existences; for now it seems a matter of unbelief that angels exist, or the dead do not die, or that God is omnipresent.

Herein is a difficult task to perform. But as the higher orders of mind toil on and tire not, so must we; if they toil ages, we may years. If we speak to the people of mental influences only, we are "too ethereal," they "can't understand" us. If we teach the physical—the necessity of physical purity, of neurological impressibility, or physiological regeneration, why, then we are "too gross," "too sensuous," "too material." Nevertheless, all these difficulties and thousands more, are not so many obstacles why we should do nothing, but so many arguments why we should do the more. The river will not all run by if we do sit on its banks and wait; we must bridge it or swim it.

A few things seem self-evident. The body was made the soul's temple. It is now darkened and is made a dungeon; the shutters must be opened, the doors must be thrown back and the portals lifted. When the body is pure, the mind can see out; in other words, when it is pure, when it is organized from proper materials its impressibility will be such that the emotions from mental beings can be felt and understood just as now are the words of physical beings.

This is the first thing then, in point of fact, to purify the body and to increase its impressibility and its acuteness of sensibility, so that she can hear the silence of spirit-talk, and the footsteps of Thought as she travels through the mental Temple. This is the first resurrection. It seems necessary to convince the people that they have souls; and next, that God and angels live and are ever present; and then, that the only distance between them is that made by the body.

Christendom, by her false position and material doctrines, is making infidels by

thousands; some are infidels to God and some to Humanity. Some seem to be so zealous for God that they overlook Humanity entirely, and some so zealous for Humanity that they forget God, and leave Him out of the universe; whereas the TRUE MAN labors for the redemption of the 900,000,000 with the means that God has ordained, using truth and reason as the only means to accomplish the great work—doing God's work in God's way. And, be not discouraged, for God reigns, and truth, eternal truth, beaming in immortal beauty, shall yet gleam through the features of Humanity and the image of the glorious One shall shine in her countenance.

As ever, in haste and love, for God and Humanity,

JOHN O. WATTLES.

Wea Dell, Sept. 27, 1850.

CONGENIAL SPIRITS.

The following letter is from an excellent friend in Auburn, N. Y., who rendered me many kind assistances, when on my Spiritual tour there, last August. The goodness of her heart will not allow her to be pained on seeing her letter put where others can be interested in reading it, as we have been.

DEAR MR. SUNDERLAND—Soon after you left, when in conversation with the spirits of your children, they promised they would send a message to their Father. I heard their tiny raps upon the table, and that blessed sister of yours also accompanied those dear boys. They told us of your good health, and assured us that they felt attached to us as we did to them, from the fact of your visiting Auburn and having pathetised Mrs. Tamin. Thus, you see, we have been enabled to form new acquaintances with the pure beings of that heavenly sphere, from which emanates such holy love, as exalts our earthly nature. And, what a holy mission is theirs, to impress upon minds the beauties of their happy home!

The demonstrations you received in Rochester were truly, very satisfactory; but I notice from your excellent paper, that you are favored with spiritual manifestations at your own home, and the "medium" is your own beloved daughter! What glorious news! How truly blessed are your family thus to be enabled to hold converse with dear ones that have long since passed away!

Our Spiritual friends here are well, and look forward to that period when they, too, shall be blessed with those "spirit visitants." Often has my kind mother wished to see you, and as often wondered whether you had heard anything from the "spirit land." Now we are happy to learn that you have, which is very gratifying indeed. The first opportunity offered me for spiritual converse, I shall

call for those "little angel boys" of yours. In my orisons I breathe your name with those of other kind friends, and commend you to the guidance of those angels of purity and light. M.

Auburn, Sept. 21st.

[While reading the above letter, when we came to what is said about the responses from the spirits of my children, made in Auburn, N. Y., the same responses were made in our office; indicating not only their presence, but their knowledge and approbation of what was communicated in the above letter. Mr. Wm. J. Stewart was present when I opened the letter, and heard the responses to which reference is here made.—Ed.]

Written for the Spiritual Philosopher,
COMMUNICATION.

MY DEAR SUNDERLAND,—I rejoice to hear the "glad tidings" which you impart, that the "Heavenly Hosts" have made their advent at your home. God be praised for every such manifestation! It is giving us tangible, demonstrative evidence of the existence of the "Superior Country," to which we shall all, in due time, emigrate "beyond the setting of this tiresome sun." "Hosanna, Hosanna to the Highest!"

And why should not we be able to see the beauty, harmony, and *comprehensiveness* of the Spiritual Philosophy? I am inclined to think that were the labor, money and talent, expended for the dissemination of the principles of this Philosophy, that are now bestowed upon the Anti-Slavery movement, the reign of slavery, as well as all other evils, would be nearer an end than they now are. Anti-Slavery is good, proper and legitimate, but it is only one error that has got to be uprooted. Mankind, now, have but vague, unsettled, shadowy notions of the existence of a spiritual world, and the immortality of their own being. Their belief is traditional, indefinite. And now that a new form of evidence is presented, now that facts and circumstances the most conclusive are given, one would think that they might hail them with joy, and at once set about extending the intelligence and testimony received from the spirit land. But Oh, how indifferent, how stupid, how besotted are the vast multitudes of the earth! This life of a moment absorbs, engrosses all their thoughts; and, consequently, freer and higher communications from the spirit country are kept back, for the grossness and earthiness of men so affects the at-

mosphere as to render it more difficult for spirits to communicate, especially those from the highest spheres. The more men believe in these manifestations, and long to hold communion with the heavenly inhabitants, the sooner and more freely can they communicate. We shall then be more accessible, more approachable; but, as friend Stearns says, "Among reformers at the present day, there are but few spiritually-minded men." This is too true! They are, generally, too combative, too earthly, too sensuous. There are some happy exceptions which I need not name.

But the world is tending to harmony, and on the distant hill-tops we may see the golden light of a better day! Let us labor, then, for that which "endureth unto everlasting life."

Thine, Ever,

MILTON A. TOWNSEND.

New Brighton, Pa., Sept. 22, 1850.

PSYCHOLOGY.

PRESIDENT HITCHCOCK.

The following account of a most remarkable case of mental hallucination was originally published in the *New Englander*, for April, 1842, and is from the pen of an orthodox clergyman of considerable distinction, not merely among his sect, but also in the literary world. And, as the account is of himself, it will probably be read with interest, especially at the present time. It is not improbable but that the state of Prof. Hitchcock's nervous system was such, at the time here referred to, that he was more than commonly susceptible, to influences from the spirit world;—

During a fever with which I was visited three years ago, I experienced some singular illusions, connected probably with a peculiar state of the optic nerve. I gave a short account of these in a sermon soon after in the College Chapel, and published in my "Wreath for the Tomb." Within the last fortnight, it has pleased Providence to prostrate me again with the same disease, viz., a fever connected with acute inflammatory action in the intercostal muscles. The same peculiar impressions connected with vision, occurred at an early stage of my disease, and have been carried so much farther than before, as to lead me to address you at this time. You are well aware, that my time is chiefly devoted to physical science, and that I make no pretensions to skill in psychology. When these hallucinations, therefore, commenced, and I saw that they were becoming interesting, I resolved, from the high respect I entertained for your attainments in mental science, to ask you to furnish me with

some rules by which I might make experiments upon myself, that might be of some service to science; but I quickly saw, that in the excitement of a fever, such a course must be hazardous. Yet, as these visions were very numerous, and I did perform a few experiments, I venture to give you the details, with the request that you would furnish the philosophy of the subject; if, indeed, the facts are numerous and distinct enough to lead you back to general principles; and I seize the earliest moment in which I am able to dictate a letter, to make out the description, as I find the scenes are rapidly fleeing from my memory.

It will probably be an important preliminary to state, that during my sickness, my mind has been apparently free from any tendency to mental derangement. Except for a short time at the outset, I have felt scarcely a pain in my head, and a degree of clearness has existed in my mind, certainly as great as in health, although incapable of continued application, from bodily weakness. When the phenomena under consideration began to occur, I looked at them with as much curiosity and calmness, as if I were an indifferent spectator.

I judge it important also to state a few facts respecting the principal scenes through which I have passed during a few months past; for, if I mistake not, they have formed the principal materials out of which fancy has constructed those very structures with which she has filled my mind. During our long winter vacation, most of my time was occupied in delivering lectures on scientific subjects, before large assemblies, in several of our cities and larger towns. They were the most delightful auditories that I ever addressed. During these lectures, I was constantly travelling from place to place, chiefly on railroads and in steamboats, and along the most crowded thoroughfares in the land; and this too at all hours of the day and the night. My imagination, therefore, could not but be deeply impressed with the idea of rapid motion, and of every place teeming with inhabitants. Nor ought it to be forgotten, that in travelling nearly one thousand miles in this manner, I met with no serious accident, to fill the mind with images of terror. It should be stated, too, that the subject on which I lectured most frequently was, the wonders of science compared with the wonders of romance, and that I gathered together, in this production, the most splendid facts which modern science could furnish. In one of my drawings, too, I exhibited the famous fossil *Iguanodon* of England, not less than 70 feet long, as well as other extinct monsters.

You will see, therefore, from these statements, that my imagination, during the winter, has been not only most actively, but most agreeably exercised. Nay, at no time had it been more exerted than during a few days previous to my sickness, brought on probably in a great measure by the over excitement of those days.

These visions did not commence in the present, any more than in my former sickness, until several days after the at-

tack, and when drastic medicines had subdued the severest part of the inflammatory action. In both cases, however, they succeeded in the application of mustard to my side, which always produces extreme irritation in my system. I took morphine only once or twice, but think it rather increased the tendency to these hallucinations. Opium was not admitted in any of its forms, except occasionally as it exists in Dover's powders.

The first peculiarity in the state of my vision that I noticed, was precisely the same as that observed in my former sickness, viz., a disposition to connect almost every irregular object, on which my eye rested, into a delineation of the human countenance. This effect of course ceased as soon as the eyes were shut, and it was increased by the indistinctness of objects. Thus, a phenological bust about as large as life, stood upon a cupboard before me, as much as eight feet from the floor. A white flannel gown having been thrown over the foot bed-post, between me and the cupboard, the whole was converted, in the evening, into a beautiful bust, of colossal height, with the folds of the drapery arranged as gracefully as if done by the chisel of Canova. The only want of proportion appeared in the too small size of the head.

The most perfect examples of the vision that floated before me, I can hardly doubt should be referred to genuine dreams, in which waking consciousness was more or less entirely gone. And had they been confined to such a state, I should not trouble you with any further descriptions. But they occurred in every state, up to the fullest and most wakeful consciousness, in which there could have been nothing like what we call sleep: indeed, I strove in vain to excite the least tendency to sleep.

In regard to my dreams, those which occurred in the early part of the night were of a much duller and grosser kind than those which closed my slumbers usually about the dawning of the day. The two great elements of these dreams were motion and crowded masses of people, most of whom were also in motion. They seemed apparently to interfere with one another, and yet no actual interference occurred. I seemed to join one of the moving masses, and though the area around me was all covered with human beings, or blocked up by rocks, trees and mountains, yet no actual obstruction seemed ever to be in my way; but with a quiet and delightful motion, and with no jarring collision, I seemed to be brought to the spot to which I was destined. Yet I never could see exactly how I moved; nor did I ever get sight of a steamboat, a rail car, a carriage, or, except in one or two instances, of a horse, and scarcely saw any water, and yet, the splendid landscapes frequently presented before me appeared to be situated upon the coast. In no case but once do I recollect to have parted from terra firma. In this case, a party of us in a barouche seemed to come in sudden proximity with a barouche of ladies dressed in white, whom I understood to be from Saturn, and my impression is that we met some-

here near the orbit of Jupiter. In making our mutual *salam* we came near overturning our barouches, and the alarm of seeing the ladies from the distant planet, who were very large, about being tossed to our vehicle, awakened me. I ought to confess that on the afternoon previous to that night, I had been persuaded to do what I had not done for ten or twelve years, viz., to take a cup of weak black a; and I presume that had I taken only water, as usual, imagination could not have got me further off than the orbit of the moon.

I have been surprised at the pleasantness of nearly all the images that passed before me, and the absence of almost every thing disgusting. It is true that during the early part of the night they were often rather coarse; such sights for instances as a man often sees as he passes along the outer parts of a city when the tide is out, and dirty timber, old ulks, and often dirty sailors may be seen. Still it did not revolt the feelings merely to pass in my strange vehicle long such places, when in the next moment elegant houses, columns and temples, with rocks, trees and mountains in the distance, appeared. In one instance the physician had administered assafoetida, in order to put a stop to these flights of fancy, and I went to sleep in the expectation that if my visions occurred, they must be of a disgusting kind. But instead of this, I fancied myself in some oriental land, (probably from the known origin of the drug,) in a sunny day, on the shores of an indented bay, reposing upon a sofa as in feeble health, while all around there stood in respectful silence, many well dressed in Turkish costume, as well as some Frank-, and at a little distance I saw the French servant of some man of distinction coming to me with a message, who proved, however, to be Mrs. H. with a cup of medicine, and all my oriental magnificence vanished.

I had fallen into a slumber more deep than any during the severer part of my sickness. Mrs. H. made slight efforts to awaken me. She also applied a sponge to my parched mouth. The first thing I was conscious of, was a sudden commotion extending through all nature around me, which produced a cry, "the greatest discovery of the age." It seemed as if all nature had been bound together immovably, and the discovery consisted in a fluid which loosed her bands. It was the water applied to my mouth which gave a start to the wheels in my system, which had almost stopped; and this gave the idea of nature being bound together.

But I doubt whether such cases have in them anything of peculiar interest. I therefore proceed to other details. In the following cases the dreaming state appears to have entered into the waking state.

Mrs. H. brought me some medicine; my eyes were closed, but turning frequently in their sockets, and my head also was moving. At length I opened my eyes and said, "I have been trying to examine a centre table covered with coral, more beautiful than any I ever saw." She asked me if I had heard the college

bell which rang a few moments before; I answered, No. My impression is, that the first view of the coral was in a dream, and that upon returning consciousness, I was endeavoring to examine it in a manner to be more particularly described hereafter.

As I awoke, I was looking down a large valley where was an immense quarry of lime-stone. I kept my eyelids closed after consciousness returned, in order to look at it farther. I saw that the strata were made up of alternating layers of white and dark color. On opening my eyes there lay before me a piece of bed-ticking, which appeared like the alternating beds of lime-stone in miniature.

I awoke one morning in the midst of most wild and magnificent scenery.—The morning sun had just risen upon it and the shadows of the mountain peaks were intermingled with bright streams of light, and the graceful curling of the fog up the mountain sides produced one of the grandest panoramas that I ever witnessed. After consciousness had returned, I tried to retain the image that I might re-examine it. I succeeded better than usual, especially in getting a full view of one of the grandest mountains the imagination could conceive. It rose in solemn majesty from a deep valley; the fog still lingered about its summit, and its aspect was darker than the mountains around. As I gazed upon its stern and awful front, I could not but feel that I was looking upon Sinai.

In order to render the remaining cases more intelligible, I must make some preliminary statements.

At that stage of my complaint, when irregular objects began to assume regular forms upon the retina, I noticed that both by day and by night the images which surrounding objects made upon the eye, remained for a considerable time after closing the eyelid. Presently I perceived that those images began to change their figures into objects and scenes as unlike the original as possible. This was especially the case when I directed the attention of the mind to the light that seemed directly before me. So long as the mind concentrated its attention upon the objects, the changes went on; and I know not but I might have followed the succession of images for hours, had I dared to do it. From the particular image before me, I could form no idea of that which would succeed. And yet one scene would graduate into another in the easiest and most natural manner.

I soon found that after my eyes were closed, the more entirely the external light was excluded, the more distinct would be the images, and the more rapid the changes of scene. Hence I usually placed my hand or a handkerchief over my eyes. If questions were put to me while examining the images, it seemed to produce some confusion, but simply by withdrawing the attention. Rolling my eyeballs in their sockets did not increase the power of vision at all.

I went about the examination of these objects with as entire freedom from drowsiness, and with as perfect a com-

mand of all my powers, as ever I possessed in my life. In a few instances, after closing the eyes for some time, I began to feel slightly drowsy, and this I think rendered the vision more distinct. Withdrawing the attention from the object would usually end the illusion, even though the eyes continued shut; but sometimes, especially at night, it would continue as long as the eyes were closed. An examination of these images produced no more fatigue than it would to look over a collection of pictures in a gallery, probably not as much.

The chief agent in producing the changes of objects before my mind, appeared to be internal motion among the particles. The figures, say of the paper hangings of the wall, or of the landscape abroad, usually at first become smaller, until the surface appeared granulated, very much like what I have frequently seen upon the screen of the solar microscope, when a menstruum was in the focus, containing a salt which was just beginning to crystallize. The next step in the process was usually a rising of the particles and rolling round an axis, just as I have seen a whirlwind raise the dust and leaves, and sweep the whole, while thus revolving, along the surface; or sometimes the whole body before me would pass away in a continuous current, and another succeed. After these motions, objects would usually begin to assume more regular forms, and there came before me mountains and valleys, temples and cities, and human beings. They were almost always, however, in motion, scarcely lingering long enough for me to get a distinct conception of them, especially, as in almost all cases, the light seemed more like that of twilight than like that of mid-day. Frequently, vast rocks and even huge mountains came moving towards me, and I seemed to pass under them. They came apparently within a few inches of my eyes; and had I believed them real, I should have trembled as I saw myself about to be ground to powder. But so perfectly conscious was I of the illusion, that it merely amused me to see them approaching, because I loved to see how, by their curious convolutions, they would pass me unharmed. Sometimes the rolling together of these vast masses of rocks, exactly resembled that which we witness among the clouds when a thunder-storm is rising, and contrary winds are curling the vapor in every direction.

Though such was the usual mode in which a change of images was effected yet sometimes the change took place without any visible intestine motion among the particles, and no less perfectly.

The only thing approaching the apparent motions above described, which I witnessed with my eyes open, was this: In the evening the ceiling of the room sometimes appeared as if numerous threads of white silk were suspended at various points and hung in festoons; appearing indeed exactly as if numerous cobwebs hung in the usual manner from the ceiling, and were strongly illuminated. There was, however, among them no apparent motion.

The next case was recorded immedi-

ately after the images had passed through my mind.

I closed my eyes after looking a moment steadily upon the paper hangings on one side of my room, which had on them numerous small spots and figures of a reddish or buff color. As they began to change their aspect, I accidentally rubbed my head, when the changes became more rapid. The experiments lately detailed in the newspapers, in which particular phrenological organs were mesmerized and rubbed, recurred to my mind, and I immediately rubbed my head in the region where I supposed the organs of benevolence lie; although I confess I know too little of phrenology to fix upon the precise spot. Immediately the surface before me assumed the appearance of a piece of sole leather; which soon enlarged, so as to cover an acre or two, swelling up into numerous little hillocks, and appearing just like an Indian corn field in the spring, with cracks running among the hillocks. On one side of the field were shelves, on which great numbers of these little hillocks were placed, appearing in fact, as did the whole field, to be loaves of well-baked bread. I waited to see what the organ of benevolence would do with this large supply of the stuff of life, when I found myself on one of the poorest and most dreary parts of the coast of New England; which I will not name, because I am not sure that I recognized it. Whether the bread was to be distributed at this place, or some other, I did not see, as some one entered the room and withdrew my attention.

What a striking proof was here of the truth of phrenology and mesmerism! Just about as good, it seems to me, as the following statement is of the metamorphic theory in geology. In one instance, as a huge mass of rock was brought near me, a most distinct petrification of the heads of two large reptiles appeared, that seemed to have perished in combat, the tusks of one being interlocked with those of the other. As I looked upon the curious specimen, a change came over it; the rock slowly melted down, and in a short time, the organic relics had disappeared, and a rock like fine granite or gneiss, alone remained. Now I suppose in this case, as well as in the phrenological one just described, imagination made use of such materials as she found existing in the mind; and had I known nothing of the mesmeric-phrenological experiments detailed in the newspapers, nor of the metamorphic theory in geology, the above visions would never have existed.

You will observe in the concluding details above given, the images become more and more dull. In fact, I scarcely experienced any farther visions of this kind after Thursday night; and soon all power to produce them was gone. The question, however, often came up in my sickness, whether any one desirous of trying experiments of this sort might not acquire the power. Let him first yield to the operation of rather powerful medicines; then let him remain two or three days without eating; then let him apply irritating applications to his surface, and

if need be take opium or morphine. I did almost believe that he would succeed, but I suspect that without the unknown something, called *fever*, he would torment himself without reward.

I have written this letter while yet in so feeble a state that I dare not make much mental effort, and therefore you will find the style slovenly, though I hope intelligible. Whether you can make any use of the facts in your favorite science, or explain them by the rules of mental philosophy, I leave for you to decide.

EDWARD HITCHCOCK.

Amherst, Feb. 10, 1842.

PNEUMATOLOGY.

From the Providence Post.

AN INTERVIEW WITH SPIRITS.

[The following communication, it will be noticed, appears in the Post *officially*, our own paper having been selected over the Journal, which claimed to be the organ of the Scituate spirits, and over the Mirror also, and especially, which is edited by a gentleman who has had frequent communications with the spirit world. The secret of this will perhaps be inferred to be, that the writer of this communication is a sister of the editor of the Post, and that the rappings which indicated the paper in which it should be published, claimed to proceed from his deceased father. Had this not been the case, however, we deem it proper to say, the communication would not have been rejected. Any tolerably attested facts, touching the revelations which spirits are believed by many persons to be making to the inhabitants of earth, we have no inclination to suppress or ridicule. We are willing to devote as much space to them, at least, as will keep our readers advised of the progress made in the matter of communication between the two worlds.]

Of the article below it is unnecessary to say more than that it was believed by us to be a plain narrative of facts. Of course we do not know whether the responses came from the invisible world, nor does the writer claim to decide the question, though she undoubtedly believes that they did. Let those who deny that this could be possible, dispute with those who have had the means of investigating the matter—not with us, who know little or nothing about it.]

Providence, R. I. Oct. 7, 1850.

EDITOR OF THE POST:—For reasons that will appear in the course of this communication, I transmit for publication in the Post, some account of what was to me a very interesting interview with an inhabitant of the spirit world. I need not say to you, though it may be proper to say to your readers, that but for the reasons referred to, I should not have offered the facts here stated to the public, much less to have subscribed to them my own humble name.

I will premise my brief narrative by saying, that up to the time of the interview given below, I had no opportunity of convincing myself of the truth or falsity of what had been said of recent communications with the spirit world by

those who professed to believe in its reality; and I was not, therefore, a believer in "the rappings" as proceeding from any superhuman or unearthly source. I went on Monday, of last week, to the house of La Roy Sunderland, of Charlestown, Mass., not, particularly to gratify my curiosity, (though I had been told that responses from the spirit world had been received there,) nor to investigate phenomena which I did not understand, nor to confirm a belief which I had entered upon without sufficient examination—but as a friend of Mr. Sunderland's family, and to visit those with whom I had been on intimate terms of acquaintance and social relationship for several years. On Tuesday evening, several members of the family of Mr. S. (including a married daughter, who is accounted the "medium" through which spiritual manifestations are made,) or two or three invited friends and myself, seated ourselves around a table in his parlor. The usual question if any spirit was present, was answered in the affirmative to Mr. Sunderland, and after a brief conversation with one of his departed friends he inquired if any friend or guardian spirit of myself was present. The answer was again in the affirmative, by the usual rapping upon the table. I then inquired who the spirit was—naming several deceased friends, and waiting for a response, after pronouncing the name of each. No answer was given, till I named my father, when the rapping was heard. I then asked if my father would communicate with me, and the answer was Yes.

I asked, is my father happy?

"Yes."

Does he love me as when on earth?

"Yes."

I then asked, have you any communication to make to me? and he again answered, "Yes."

I asked if I should communicate what I received from him to my mother, and he answered, "Yes."

I then asked if he would dictate to me a message to my mother. He answered affirmatively, and called for the alphabet, when the following was spelt out in the usual manner:—"Tell her I am happy. She will soon come here." He then stated in reply to questions, that he loved my mother, and would be with her and dispel her fears in death, and introduce her to the spirit world.

I asked if he would state what was my age at the time of his death. The answer was sixteen years, which was correct. I asked if he would state his own age at the time of his death, and the answer was forty-seven years. I am not able to state whether this was correct or not.

Allow me to state here in explanation of what follows, that my oldest brother, Luther, left home some twenty-one years ago as a common sailor, that he left the vessel in which he sailed, in one of the West India Islands, and that from that time, none of my family have received any certain information respecting him. An acquaintance afterwards stated, as we learned indirectly, that he had seen him at Marseilles, and that he was 2d officer of a vessel then bound up the

Straits. I asked, is my brother Luther in the spirit land? "Yes."

Is he happy? "Yes."

Is he present with you? "No."

Can you tell me how many years he has been in the spirit world? "Yes."

The answer was then given—*eighteen*.

I then asked, where did he die? The alphabet was called for, and the spirit spelled "GENOA." Some one asked, "Genoa in Italy?" "Yes."

How long was he sick? Was he sick weeks? "No." Days? "No." How many hours? "*Eighteen*." It was then asked, did he die of a common fever?—

"No." Of yellow fever? "No." Of consumption? "No." Of any common disease? "No." Of small pox? "No."

Of Cholera? "Yes."

How many sons have you in the spirit land? "Three." Correct, if my brother Luther is not living.

How many are now living? "Three." Correct.

How many daughters? "Two." Correct.

Are all my deceased brothers happy? "Yes."

Mr. Sunderland then asked the spirit of my father if it gave him pleasure to know that I, his daughter, had renounced creeds and was breaking the shackles of theology that had bound her? Answer, "Yes."

I then asked if I was doing right? Answer "Yes."

I then inquired of the spirit if it had ever manifested itself to my youngest brother, and was answered in affirmative.—

It informed me that it had touched him, and that it would manifest itself to him hereafter, and admonish and assist him.

It also promised to manifest itself to me after my return home. I then asked my father to give me the first letter in the name of the town in which his youngest son resided. The answer was, "P." which is correct.

The spirit then requested, in answer to questions—a portion of them by Mr. Sunderland—that I should give the particulars of this interview to the public through the newspaper press, in Providence. Mr. Sunderland remarked that he was acquainted with the editor of the Mirror, in Providence, and the question was asked if that medium should be selected. There was no response, but the alphabet was called for, and the spirit spelled out THE POST. I then asked if it would be admitted into the Post; and the answer was "Yes."

All these answers were given in the presence of at least eight persons. Other questions were asked of other spirits by the persons present—some of them test questions—and were uniformly answered correctly. I may say that the correctness of the answers given to me in several cases was known to no one present besides myself, until acknowledged by me in their presence. I ought also to say that Genoa was never suggested to me, and never entered my mind as the place where my brother had died, until the name was spelled out by what purported to be the spirit of my father.

I witnessed other phenomena while at Mr. Sunderland's—as the moving of a table, which no person was touching,

the production of musical sounds from a violin, &c. I am not concerned with these; and indeed they are nothing new in the history of these manifestations.

I presume the oft-repeated questions, Were not these rappings produced by some person present? will be asked by those who read this communication. I can only say that no person present besides myself could have known the correct answers to several of the questions propounded, and that no person present when these answers were given, touched the table from which they seemed to emanate. I freely admit, however, that I was not looking for deception in a family which I had known twelve years, and no member of which had ever yet, to my knowledge, attempted to deceive myself or any one else.

ELIZABETH P. JOHNSON.

*It must not be supposed that any feeling of dislike was manifested by the spirit, to the Providence Mirror, or to Mr. Capron, its editor—nothing of the kind. But, in the preference given to the Post, we distinctly perceive the affection of the Father for a beloved child, merely.

The spirits have often admitted their knowledge of Mr. Capron, to me, and their just appreciation for what he has done, and is still doing for their cause.—*Ed. Spiritual Philosopher.*

From the New Haven Journal.

THE STRATFORD MYSTERY.

So many wishes have been expressed that I should give a fuller statement than was made in a joint communication from my clerical friends and myself in your paper of the 25th, of the mysterious phenomena that came under our observation during a recent visit to Stratford, that in spite of the cry of "*humbug and collusion*," words that come more gracefully from the mouth of a fool than from the lips of the philosopher, I am induced to present the following facts. To some of these we ourselves were witnesses. For others, we have the testimony of gentlemen on whose authority the fullest reliance may be placed, and whose veracity we should no sooner question, than we should doubt the evidence of our own senses.

The first circumstance, I state on the evidence of Dr. Phelps himself, a gentleman whose age, and independence, and relation to society and the church, place him far above suspicion. Just before our arrival at his beautiful residence, the Dr. had been writing at a table, and had turned from it a moment for some purpose. On resuming his position to write again, he found upon the table a half sheet of paper which he had just

left untouched and unsoiled, covered with a strange looking specimen of chi-rography, and the ink still wet. He was the only occupant of that room, and how the writing could have been placed there in the brief space of time his back was turned, is unaccountable. This is but one instance in a dozen of similar character. Articles of every kind were thrown about the room in admirable confusion, and from positions which forbid the supposition that they were thrown by any member of his family—and the supposition that they could have been thrown by any one concealed in some unseen corner, involves more difficulty than to believe all this the result of superhuman agency.—Fifty-six articles were at one time picked up, which had been hurled at some devoted head, and one of them a brickbat which was seen to start from the surface of a large mirror, and come violently to the floor. Letters were seen to drop from the ceiling, and vegetable substances covered with hieroglyphics to emerge from the very figures upon the carpet to which the eye was at the moment directed. Valuable manuscripts, which were entire on the morning of our arrival, and which contained the records of all the strange occurrences of the last six months, were found destroyed, and our first intimation of the unwelcome fact came from the "spirit" himself. Since our return, I learn from one of the family, that other papers relating to these "spiritual communications," were found in a drawer on fire, and little besides their ashes left to prove their previous existence.

While we were there, the contents of the pantry were emptied into the kitchen, and bags of salt, tin ware, and heavier culinary articles were thrown in a promiscuous heap upon the floor with a loud and startling noise. Loaves of delicious cake were scattered about the house, and articles of clothing removed from closets and drawers in spite of bolts and locks, and found lying in unwonted places, and sometimes divested of their choicest ornaments. The large knocker of the outside door, would thunder its fearful tones through the loud-resounding hall, unmindful of the vain but rigid scrutiny to which it was subjected by the incredulous and curious men, and continue its unearthly "rappings" in spite of the most abusive skepticism. Chairs would deliberately move across the room, unimpelled by any visible

agency. Heavy marble top tables would poise themselves upon two legs and then fall with their contents to the floor, no human being within six feet of them. Missiles of various kinds would seem to start from space and dash through costly panes of glass. Silver spoons and forks would be doubled up in a moment like so much straw, and sometimes hurled at the head of the unconscious guest.

Such are a few of the thousand and one fantastic tricks of the "spirit" rogues of this ill-fated house; tricks that out-rival the far-famed feats of East Indian jugglery. But I have one more to relate at another time, and more marvellous still. I shall give them on the authority of one of the witnesses, a person most favorably known in this community, as combining all the excellences of the Christian, with the refinement and intelligence of the gentleman and scholar.

Now, Messrs. Editors, that these things are so, is proved by multitudes of witnesses. But what do they mean, and how can they be accounted for? No one who visits the house and remains long enough to witness one half the strange occurrences of a single day, will believe that this amiable family connive at, or for a moment sanction them. Besides the absence of any apparent motive for desiring so unenviable a notoriety, they are suffering, and most unjustly suffering, in reputation, feeling, person and property—subject to annoying visits from the idle and curious, losing the services of their domestics, and seriously diminishing life's sweetest charm, their social and domestic happiness. Having enjoyed their elegant hospitality for near 48 hours, we feel that we could do no less than to give our unsolicited testimony to their cheerful courtesy and Christian truthfulness, and express our sincere conviction that the imputations under which they have suffered are as illiberal and unjust on the part of those who urge them, as they are mortifying and painful to the unfortunate family who are made their victims. W.

From the Ohio Standard.

THE RAPPINGS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

As there have been some things published in the *Standard* concerning the mysterious rappings or Rochester Spirits, which, I presume, have been read with much interest by many of your readers, I thought it might not be im-

proper at this time to give a short account of some mysterious sounds which occurred near Fall River, Mass., about fifty years ago. I will state the case as it has been handed down to me, which is in such a way that I have no more doubt of the truth of it than I have of the Rochester rappings. The facts are as follows:

Two young women, or as they used to be called, girls, who worked for a living, were very fond of being together; and as they lived at different houses, one would take her work and go to the house where the other was at work so as to be together. So when their days' work was done, they would spend their evenings in "cutting up," "trying tricks," &c., and became very rude, so much so as to violate the principles of morality.

So, one time they were at work where an old lady resided who often chided them for their misconduct, and told them that some judgment would come upon them unless they behaved better. But the girls heeded not. So one evening they went to the grave yard, and each one dug a sod from the grave of a man who had been recently buried, and took them to the house and commenced roasting them before the fire, calling on the man to come forth from his grave, calling him sometimes by his name, and at others by the name "Old Blue Beard," so telling him to arise and come forth, &c.

The old lady's bed room was adjoining the room where the girls were, and their conduct so disturbed her that she could not sleep. So she crawled out of her bedroom window, and raked with her finger nails on the outside of the room where the girls were, which so alarmed them that they ceased their play. The old lady crawled back in at the window and went to bed, when she heard a sound similar to the one she had been making, only much louder, and increased in loudness until, as she said, it appeared as if it would tear the boards from the side of the house. The girls were frightened into fits, the whole family were alarmed, the neighbors called in, and endeavored to find out the cause of the rapping on the side of the house, which was heard by all in the house; but no one could ascertain the cause. The girls became delirious, in which state they continued six months. The raking soon ceased, but was followed by a rapping or patting, which could be heard in the

room where the girls were, appeared to be under chairs where they sat or under the bed where they lay. Wherever they were, the sounds were heard directly under them, and sounded like some person patting on the floor with their hands. The girls were separated and taken several miles apart; still the rapping was heard with each one. But the cause was a mystery, and I suppose remains a mystery to this day. Finally, the girls were brought together again, and the priests, and members of the different churches assembled together at the house where they were, and offered up prayers to the Father of all spirits, for the relief of the poor sufferers, and from that time the mysterious sounds began to grow weaker, and at the end of about six months were heard no more. The girls came to their senses and were married, made respectable women and raised respectable families.

Many other circumstances might be mentioned—such as the girls being afraid of the rappings and trying to get away from them by climbing up the side of the house, which they would do almost with the agility of a squirrel, &c.

But if any one desires any more information on the subject it can be had by calling on the widow Boomer, who raised one of said girls, and who resides at or near Marietta, Washington county, Ohio. She was living there the last I heard of her, about a year ago.

S. HOWE.

Athens County, Sept. 6, 1850.

BLUNTNESS REPROVED.—It is said of the Rev. Andrew Fuller, that he could rarely be faithful without being severe, and in giving reproof he was often betrayed into an intemperate zeal. Being at a meeting of ministers, he undertook to correct an erroneous opinion delivered by a brother, and he laid on his censures so heavily, that Dr. Ryland called out vehemently, "Brother Fuller, you can never admonish a brother, but you must take up a sledge-hammer and knock his brains out."

CURIOSITIES.—The rope with which Jacob "lifted up his voice:" a few stitches taken by a tailor in a coat of paint; a little perfume from the flower of the army; a minute quantity of jelly, made from the current of the Mississippi; a few soaked logs from the drift of a discourse; and a thimble full of steel dust, supposed to have been made when Macbeth "filed his mind."

SPIRITUAL
PHILOSOPHER.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 19, 1850.

STRATFORD, CT.

In our last, we noticed what is said to have taken place in Mr. Phelps's family the first day of the strange disturbances. He had never once indulged the thought of any thing spiritual in what had occurred; and, indeed, we believe not till the second or third day, did Mr. Phelps wholly abandon the suspicion, that the whole was the result of some mischievous boys or neighbors.

The second day, March 11, the family were much surprised, on going into one of the chambers, to find the furniture strewed about in utter confusion! The washstand, towels, &c., were moved; and the clothing before referred to, were stowed away in a trunk, where it had never been put before. In a moment after noticing them in the trunk, they were soon under the bed, where they had passed, without visible hands. Mrs. P. now became alarmed. The Dr. noticing her state of mind, said in a stern voice, "Bring the clothes to me,—I will put them where they will stay!" He took the clothing into a closet, put them in a trunk, locked the closet-door, and then locked both doors leading to the room where the closet was. He was himself, the last who left the room, and no one went into the closet but himself. On locking the three doors, he put the key of each in his pocket. In less than fifteen minutes after locking these doors, and when no human being had been into the room or the closet, Dr. Phelps found those very articles of clothing which he had locked up in the trunk, *lying on the floor, in the chamber entry!* And, not till this moment did the Dr. yield the notion that some mischievous boys were the authors of all he had seen. He now saw things done that could not be done, either by boys or by men—things that could not be accomplished by human hands. During the afternoon of this day, an umbrella was thrown, without human hands, twenty-five feet. A basket was thrown five or six feet. A brush was thrown so as to fall on the head of Mrs. Platts, a music teacher, who happened to be present. She was standing near the fire, no one near the piano, when a loud crash was heard, as if some dozen of its wires had been broken at once. The piano was opened, and a piece of wood weighing three pounds was found inside, partly in the strings. Several small black nails were thrown in various directions.

Towards night, the Dr. and his lady rode down to Bridgeport; on returning, he found two large mirrors covered with sheets (common in Philadelphia, at time of funerals)

and a piece of black crape tied on the outside door handle.

The next morning, March 12, when they assembled for prayers, various articles were thrown about, and some, at members of the family, by the same mysterious power. Among them was a small brass knob, a tin box; a key hit a lad on the head, and a tea bell was thrown down the back stairs. After breakfast, on going up stairs, a cloth was found spread on the floor, on which were placed three candlesticks, the highest in the middle; near them was placed a large quarto bible, and the whole was covered with a sheet.

Dr. Phelps now began to feel the need of some witnesses to what was going on in his house, and, if possible, some assistance in the investigation which he resolved to institute for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of those wonderful developments. Accordingly, he invited the Rev. John Mitchell, an orthodox clergyman, to spend the day in his family, for this purpose. On his arrival, various articles, such as knives, forks, spoons, blocks, &c., were thrown about in different directions.

March 13. All present saw various articles moved about. They would rise, and describing a parabola, descend upon the floor. At 4 P. M. they counted *forty-six* different articles that had thus been moved, without human hands, and, some of them having been moved a number of times, it made these movements for the day, over seventy-five.

March 14. Another clergyman, Rev. Mr. Weed, and Gov. Hunt, were requested to be present. Noises were heard, for the first time, in the afternoon of this day. They were heard in the middle chamber, and sounded as if some one were pounding on the floor with a hammer or axe. An old brass candlestick was placed, by the unseen power, on the floor, and the pounding sounded as if under it; and on the approach of one of the family, the candlestick was seen by all the company to rise, and beat against the floor. The pounding was repeated some five or six times, and closed with a wild scream, heard in different parts of the house. On examination, the candlestick referred to was found broken.

A small iron pot, weighing some 14 lbs. was taken up by the mysterious power, and carried from the cellar, through two open doors, a distance of 25 feet, and thrown down with such force, as to break it. A large turnip was thrown from the garden, eight rods, against the window in the parlor. It had on it some of the characters published in the Spiritual Philosopher for Sept. 21, 1850. A brick was thrown down stairs, and nearly hit a member of the family, standing at the foot. A flat iron, a board, small blocks, knives and forks, nails, &c., were

thrown about, amounting to seventy-five, in all. Mr. Phelps had two very large potatoes, in a chamber-closet, that had been sent him from a distance. This morning, while at breakfast, one of them was dropped, without hands, upon the table, within a few inches of the Dr.'s plate. It was not visible till just as it struck the table; and, the concussion from the fall showed, by trial made afterwards, that it could not have fallen more than a few inches, before it reached the table.

In the evening, the shovel, tongs, and the iron stand on which they were placed, moved, without human instrumentality, from the corner to the middle of the parlor, and beat against the floor, with great violence. A large dining table of solid mahogany, was seen to rise up two feet, or more, from the floor, and fall with such force as to shake the house. I, myself, saw the same table *moved back and forth*, without hands, for half an hour at a time; and once it was thus moved, (by the spirits, as I believe), while we were sitting around it at breakfast.

March 15. The movements began early. Various marks were made on the cap, pants, and handkerchief of the lad 11 years old, to whom I have before referred, and which were published in the fourth number of the Spiritual Philosopher.

(To be Continued.)

THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER was originated in the Spirit World, and is conducted under the direct supervision and advice of "Hosts of Friends in the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh spheres above." It belongs to the Spirit World, and is the first paper ever published, expressly designed for giving "Responses" from the "Higher Spheres of Intelligence above." It is pledged to no traditional dogmas of any one man or spirit, but its columns are open for Goodness and Truth from all. It is a friend to all—an enemy to none. Its object is to utter the concordant testimony of the Universal Heavens.

EVERY WEEK. Hereafter our patrons may expect the Spiritual Philosopher weekly. It was at first promised monthly; but, published semi-monthly, for three months; and now we commence, weekly. We have matter of the highest interest, to all lovers of the Spiritual, which our friends may expect to see in the columns of this paper from week to week.

"FAIRLY STARTED." So we promised our kind friends, in our first number, that when fairly started, our paper would appear weekly. Our Prospectus announced "thirty-two large 8vo. pages per month." In our semi-monthly issue, we gave sixteen,

and now, eight, weekly, the Compliment originally promised is thus divided during the month, as we are assured, will henceforth be more acceptable to our numerous patrons. We have done nothing in haste, have "waited" according to advice, which, we believe, to be from superior wisdom. The *Spiritual Philosopher*, is now "fairly" before the whole Universe of Intelligences, in this world, and in the spheres above. That it will attract the "good and true," is just as certain as that these elements center at all into its constitution.

A QUESTION. We have circulated some thousands of this paper, gratuitously, and have made arrangements for its publication one year, whether it be paid for by subscribers or not. But we know that it is best that the paper should be paid for. Now, the question we propound is this: Our terms are cash, in advance. But we have sent The *Spiritual Philosopher*, three months, to a large number of friends whose names have been forwarded to us for that purpose, but who have not paid. Do those FRIENDS WISH THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER SENT THEM ANY LONGER? If so, we shall expect to hear from them immediately. See Terms, on the last page.

THE TALISMAN OF CHARLEMAGNE.

Louis Napoleon, President of France has in his possession one of the most interesting relics of former days. It is the talisman or charm which was constantly worn by Charlemagne, and which was found suspended from the neck of the Emperor in the opening of the sepulchre in 1166. It was presented to Napoleon by the clergy of Aix la Chapelle and on his death passed to the present Napoleon. The talisman is one of fine gold, of round form set with gems, and in the centre are two rough sapphires, a portion of the Holy Cross, besides other relics brought from Palestine. The history of this precious relic is, that it was presented to Charlemagne by Haroun al Baschir, in the year 797, with several relics of kindred value; the latter are shown at Aix la Chapelle to the present day; but the talisman was buried with Charlemagne, by whom it had been worn till his death in 714.

The editor of the *Spiritual Philosopher* has, what he believes to be, a number of Egyptian talismans far more interesting to the antiquarian, even than that of Charlemagne. They are from one of the pyramids, and made of copper, about three inches long, and shaped very much like a sarcophagus. They were procured in Egypt, and presented to us by Mr. John C. Hayden of Stoneham, Mass., to whose kindness we are indebted also, for fifty pieces of Egyptian coin, the most of which, are very ancient. One piece is supposed to have been in the celebrated

Library at Alexandria, at the time it was burnt.

AGATE. We acknowledge the receipt of three beautiful specimens of polished agate from one of the Sicilian Islands, presented to our Cabinet by Mr. John C. Hayden of Stoneham. Mr. Hayden, we are told, has made some valuable presents of a like kind to the Boston Museum.

DEATH OF REV. S. SNOWDEN. We are pained to learn that this venerable and good man died suddenly, some days ago, from fright, occasioned by the excitement in relation to the capture and return of fugitive slaves. He was over eighty years old, and had been a minister in the M. E. Church for some forty or fifty years. Having been once a slave, though nominally free for some fifty years, the poor old man sunk under the fear that he was about to be seized and carried back again to slavery, even in his old age. He was very shrewd, and has long been quite popular, as a minister in the sect to which he belonged. We have not learned whether or no, Mr. Webster was invited to attend his funeral.

SPIRITUAL MEDIUMS. It will come to be understood by-and-by, what is meant by "the best" of any, and all things. When a writer calls any performance "the best" we want to know who it is speaking, and what opportunities he may have had above others for judging! Suppose the subject spoken of be Astronomical TELESCOPES, and a writer having visited Nantucket and looked at the moon through the instrument made by Mr. Folger, years ago, pronounces it "the best." Of course it is the "best" he ever used. But, is it better than any, or all others ever used by Ross or Mitchell, think you?

And so, when speaking of "Spiritual mediums." One may be "the best" for one thing, and another may be the best for another. But how are those who pronounce these terms to know which is "the best," if they have not examined all?

MRS. MARGARETTA S. COOPER. We are happy in being able to announce to our friends that we have made arrangements for a residence for our family, including Mrs. Cooper, in this city. Having been advised by those whom we are happy to consider our Celestial Friends. Mrs. Cooper will feel it a pleasure to respond to the wishes of all who may desire to witness, through her, manifestations from the Spirit World. The sittings will be limited to TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS, and SATURDAYS, at 3 o'clock P. M.

KIRTLAND, O. We have received a letter from Mr. F. G. Bishop, giving an interesting account of the cause we love, in Ohio. May it prosper there, and elsewhere, more and more.

His details of interviews with spirits are, no doubt, truthful and must abundantly confirm him, and all who witnessed them, in the belief of the great truth we advocate, with regard to the realities and laws of the Spirit World.

TO OUR PHILADELPHIA FRIENDS. We will arrange for the circulation of the *Philosopher* in your city, to your wishes, only let us know what they are.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE BIBLE VIEW of the Soul, God, the Devil, also, an Exposition of the Spiritual Rapping. By Phineas A. Smith. Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. Smith goes against immortality for all human beings, and allows more power to the "Devil" than many affirm of the infinite God!

MR. CRATE'S ADDRESS, delivered at the Annual Conference, of Christian ministers and churches held in Compton, N. J., May 18, 1850.

We look with favor upon all efforts to raise professed christians from the shackles of sectarianism. Those cords were once fastened upon us, but, we have outgrown them, as really as we have the little coat we wore in boyhood.

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE, Philadelphia.

We have received the first annual announcement of this excellent Institution, and, rejoice in the success which has thus far attended the labors of its friends. It has been duly incorporated, and bids fair to gratify the most sanguine hopes of all engaged in the course of "Female Medical Education." The following is a list of the Faculty:—

N. R. Moseley, M. D., Professor of Anatomy, General, Special and Surgical, James F. X. McCloskey, M. D., Professor of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine, Joseph S. Longshore, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children, C. W. Gleason, M. D., Professor of Physiology and Surgery, M. W. Dickeson, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics, A. D. Challoner, M. D., Professor of Chemistry, James F. X. McCloskey, M. D., Dean of the Faculty.

MOST BEAUTIFUL! We acknowledge, with gratitude, the receipt of one of the most beautiful Pictorial works, from Mr. C. G. Johnson, agent, upon which our eyes ever rested. It is the first No. of "The Byron Gallery" of highly finished engravings, illustrating Lord Byron's works, with selected beauties from his poems. Elucidated by Historical and Critical notices, together with a sketch of his Life, containing important and unpublished matter, by Robert B. McGregor, Esq." To be completed in 14 numbers, at 25 cents each. To be had at Ordway's Music Store, 339 Washington st., Boston. It has only to be seen, to captivate every beholder.

UNITY.

PEACE.

The following Propositions were discussed and adopted at the late Peace Congress, held at Frankfort, Germany:

1. A condemnation of the use of arms as opposed to humanity, reason, and Christianity, a resolution for the better education of youth, and by all practical means to eradicate hereditary hatreds and political and commercial jealousies and prejudices.
2. A recommendation for all governments to settle international disputes by arbitration.
3. To recommend a system of international disarmament.
4. A reprobation of all foreign loans of money for the purposes of war.
5. A recognition of the right of every State to regulate, without foreign intervention, its own affairs.
6. A recommendation to all friends of Peace, to interest themselves in forming in each State, a Congress to agree to an international law for arbitration.

This body has just closed its Third Annual sitting in Frankfort on the Maine. The great truths which have been, and are to be perfected in this age, were discussed in the three languages which make the literature of the world.—Germany, France, England and America were represented by those of their sons of whom they can well be proud.

No greater mission is left for man, than to realize and introduce the great idea of "Peace on earth." Armies have slaughtered opposing armies in the aggressive attempts to strangle the infant thought, which, conceived in Heaven, is to pervade and bless the Earth. Tyrants may well tremble when guns and powder and swords will no longer stand for the emblems of power. Despots may hang up their sceptres when arbitration shall be the last appeal of the human mind, and "Ideas shall conquer swords." All honor to the men who, in the face of the contumely, reproaches and scorn of Christian churches, and the hissings of the civilized nations, shall dare to agitate Parliaments, Assemblies, Diets and Congresses, with the swelling theme of "Peace on Earth and good will to men." What though no trium-

phal arch is reared at their approach—what though no temple, or column, or sculpture is reared to perpetuate their fame, or immortalize their form. Their names hallowed with the fragrance of the benediction of the millions of all nations, shall live when arches, and temples and columns, and marble forms shall have been again mingled in the alembics of future and dissolving times; when the last grand chorus of nature shall have been sung; and the creative fiat shall have formed from its pyre the nebulae of a new and better world.—*Kenasha Telegraph.*

THE LATE PEACE CONGRESS.

The great mission of the Peace Convention was not to erect mechanical platforms, or devise arbitrary schemes, but by argument and persuasion to expel from the minds and hearts of men these false ideas and sentiments. This, we maintain, they have faithfully tried to do. The two thousand who went to Frankfort, preached the duty and blessings of peace; and they preached it well, notwithstanding so much of what they said is so trite in this free country. Men, active, thinking, and noble hearted men, were gathered from all nations, and the idea they put forth here, ere this, winged their way through the Press over the whole continent. These ideas will, for the present, have but little practical effect upon the routine of modern diplomacy; but, just as surely as they are allied to the principles of that religion which was heralded by the song, "Peace on earth, and good will to men," so surely must they exert a salutary influence upon the popular mind of Europe.

The time when half-a-dozen men in authority can decide a question of war and peace, and on their own motion determine a nation's destinies, is fast passing away. There is a power behind the throne and behind the urcule chair which will soon exercise the supremacy. That power is Public Opinion. Lines and dynasties may scheme and manœuvre at their best, but the only heir apparent is the will of the people. Whatever tends to enlighten and ennoble that will shall never meet with any other salutation from us than a hearty God Speed. We are confident that the annual Peace Congress does this, and therefore, though many of its projects are as yet impracticable, we give it our sincerest commendation. It is the sentiment that secures our favor rather than the form, the spirit rather than the letter.—*N. Y. Cour. & Eng.*

THEOLOGY.

No science within the encyclopedia has been so much abused as this primary and fundamental one. There can no more be a true man without a true theology, than there can be a true chronometer without a balance wheel and moving power. This no sect of religionists will deny, and no infidel will deny that a false theology must make a false man. That there is a vast deal of false theology afloat we may safely say, because there are a

great many conflicting sorts, and so conflicting, that only one of the lot can be true, by any possibility. Now, what is true? Where does it start? Where can we begin this science, so vital to all our sciences? Where do we get the first idea and assurance of the existence of a God? How does he reveal himself, and enter into communication with us?

We are taught by a large number of professional teachers of theology, of various names and sects, that a certain book is the source of our knowledge of God; that it is, par excellence, His revelation of himself, and that all else is the "dim light of nature." This seems to us very absurd, not to say blasphemous. For it is only by external light, dim or otherwise, that we recognize the claims of any book to be or contain a message from the Almighty. If the light by which we test and decide the sacredness of any scriptures be in any measure dim or dubious, then is the revelation contained in those scriptures equally uncertain. Since any revelation is necessarily received by the human reason, any disparagement of that reason inevitably damages the authority of the revelation. Those therefore who would exalt Scripture while they degrade reason and natural light, only build a mock palace upon the sand. The truth is, that the only and all sufficient resting place of faith in the invisible is far nearer to us all than any printed book, as all truly wise writers of books will confess to us, and there is no scintilla of revelation of God in any book which does not point us back to this far brighter and surer revelation of himself which God pours into the very heart of every creature of his—and which no thinking creature can fail to recognize and receive.

To the common theological definitions of God atheists are abundant. But put these definitions out of the way, and let the human reason have its natural play, and the number of atheists will just equal the number of those who do not believe in their own existence, or the existence of beings like themselves out of themselves.

Dim light of nature! Just look, reader, at the first lesson in theology which is spread before every soul encased in a body.

The corner stone of all our reasoning and science—all our knowledge or belief, is our consciousness of our own existence. Here we stand. We feel ourselves to be, and to be distinct from our bones, muscles, blood, nerves, brains, viscera, hair and nails. These we have more or less power over. We move them; we work them as machines, to some extent. The consciousness that we do this is in the place of proof to us, not only that we exist in a condition different from matter, and not under its laws but being a law to it. Surely, a man must be a sad blockhead to confound himself with the locomotive in which he rides. Why, the very word "blockhead" implies that a proper man is something more than a block or a cocoa nut full of pulp. No, the first remark any reasoning individual makes is, that he or she is tenant of a certain nice machine or ap-

paratus, and the next, — and it is a theological one — is that some one else is tenant or co-tenant of the same. I move the muscles that work the multiplied bones in the system, some one else pumps the blood through the heart and the air through the lungs, even when I sleep. Who is this some one else? That's the great question. Whoever he may be, he is exceedingly near and dear to us. He chums with us from the first pulsation of life to the last. He watches and works when we sleep. When he finishes the tenement, we must go to.

When we look at our brethren, or other beings like ourselves, and beings unlike ourselves, in each individual case we find the same co-tenant. We know him, though silent, by the way he works — always alike — always by the same rule and plan. Hence we know, so far as we can know any thing, that one being, in essence like ourselves, dwells in every animated machine, and is the interior life of it. Thus does our co-tenant expand into the infinite, and we no longer wonder that he is able sleeplessly to urge the vital fluids through their millions of tubes and cells, and carry on the whole interior economy of our systems, exacting from us no aid whatever but only a conformity, more or less strict, to certain conditions.

Now we may go to a book and get many notions and fancies of the infinite being who lives and rules in all, but it is in the same lump of matter with ourselves and exactly by the side of us — the inside of us — that he can be said to reveal himself, beyond the power of doubt. Here we learn, with a certainty no parchment can impart, the laws which this infinite being lays down for our government, and what is his heart or sentiment towards us. He our enemy? He vindictive? tyrannical? He the God of the ancient priesthood, with the fat of sacrifices? We know better if we will but observe and think. We find him an infinite friend, not a distant sovereign to be propitiated by a third party. Here endeth the first lesson. If it is too dull and dry, we will try again.

The above, is from the Sunday Chronotype; a better sermon, we venture to say, than was preached in many pulpits, last Sunday. — Ed.

BROTHERHOOD OF THE UNION.

The first annual Convocation of the Supreme Circle of this order, for the Continent of America was opened in old Independence Hall, in the city of Philadelphia, on Monday, the 7th inst., by George Lippard, S. W., and its labors closed on Tuesday afternoon. The S. W. presented his report of past labors which received unanimous approval. An address to the inhabitants of the American Continent was adopted, which will soon be issued; also, one of important interest to the different Circles of Union which will be placed within the reach of all.

Provision was made for the formation of State or Grand Circles in such States as it may be deemed expedient. Mem-

bers were present from many States, there now being twenty-one States with circles within their borders.

The following are the officers of the Supreme Circle whose terms expire in April, 1852. George Lippard, of Penn., S. W.; C. Chauncy Burr, Penn., S. J.; Hon. Thomas B. Florence, Penn., S. F.; Joseph Severance, Penn., S. W.; Edwin A. Marsh, New York; S. Fult, B. F. McAlister, Maryland, S. G.; Orrin Crandall, IN. Y., S. S. K.; E. W. C. Greene Penn., S. R.; John Milla, Ohio, S. T.; Henry D. Barron, New York, S. M.; James P. Murphy, New York, S. H.; Samuel Champion District of Columbia, S. W. D. — *Prov. Mirror*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COATING IRON WITH GLASS.

From the great tendency to oxidation, and consequent decay which iron in every shape, of rolled or wrought manufacture, has inherent in its nature, it has ever been the practice to cover it with an artificial coat, to preserve it from the destructive effect of the elements, and within comparatively a few years past, many plans have been adopted for this purpose. Various paints and pigments, zinc, enamel for culinary utensils, and numerous other appliances, have been laid before the public, each good in its own way, but neither of them applicable as a universal coating for iron under all circumstances, or which will be found sufficiently economical in numerous cases. At a soiree of the President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, last week, some specimens of iron manufacture were exhibited coated with glass, from the Smethwick Iron Works of Messrs. Selby & Johns, near Birmingham, and which would appear to be the desideratum so long sought for. There were three ornamental dinner-plates, three pieces of iron tube, a piece of corrugated iron roof, all covered with clear-transparent glass, and which were viewed with much admiration by the visitors. In the process of coating plates, corrugated or plain roofing, tiles, tubing of all kinds and dimensions, frying pans, grid-irons, saucepans, kettles, cauldrons, or boilers, in lieu of coppers, and a host of other implements, domestic, agricultural and manufacturing; the article is first thoroughly cleansed in an acid solution, to free it from every particle of grease, similar to the preparation for tinning, zining, &c.: it is then covered with a glutinous preparation, over which is laid a coat of glass ground to a fine powder. The article is then introduced into a furnace of peculiar construction and sufficient temperature, in which the glass is fused, and the intermediate glutinous matter being evaporated, the glass fills the external pores of the metal and becomes firmly united to it; and in answer to our enquiries we were informed that as the manipulation became facilitated by practice, it was probable the cost of a glass coated iron material, of these common kinds, would be but a mere nominal trifle more than the plain article themselves.

With respect to the ornamental articles, they of course involve some little more complexity, but bid fair to open a field of design and novelty of much interest. We were shown some ornamental dinner plates of the same material, each of which was four ounces lighter than an earthenware plate of the best construction, size for size. The foliage and design are in relief, and are executed by a kind of stenciling; one color being put on, it is transferred to the kiln and fixed; when cold, an other color is added, again fixed, and withdrawn, and so on until the design is complete. From the inspection afforded us, we have no doubt whatever, that by practice the colors became improved, and full command over their application obtained, this really elegant invention will be applied to numerous purposes at present scarce thought of. To washstands and toilet furniture it would be most applicable, as also for sideboards, chiffoniers, door plates and panels, fire-grate ornaments, and to numerous other purposes in decorative building and architecture. For plates for the names of streets it would be almost indestructible, and might be brought into use with much effect for shops front architecture. We were shown among other specimens, a small door panel, with a bunch of foliage in the center, surrounded with an arabesque border, to represent gold, which had a very pleasing effect. The invention is another step onward in the progress of art and science, and is of much interest. — *Mining Journal*.

ANOTHER NEW SYSTEM!

A new system of Medical practice, called "Vinesipathy, or the cure of diseases by Specific Active and Passive Movements," is making a good deal of noise in English circles, where it has been introduced from Germany.

A letter from London describes it as consisting in the application of "external motions passive and active exercise," &c., as a curative to the body; and in rendering these so special, that you can operate on the various inward organs, or on parts of these specifically. Friction, posture, percussion, motion are all made use of; and the science has so far advanced, that already as many as a thousand different movements have been devised for the purpose of moving and jogging the failing parts and powers within. There are thus languages of nudges to remind brain, liver, spleen and all of their neglected duties. The effects produced approve the plan, and stamp it as an art and science. It is exercise, contact, admonition pursued into details, whereby disease is literally for the first time handled. One important general truth which accrues from it is, that operations from without are propagated inward, and that by scientific knowledge, you can send in messages to particular parts, which are received and heard just where they are wanted, and nowhere else. This practice recognizes motion for the first time as an important element in the living frame, and throws the chemical and molecular views which are dead and chaotic, into the back-ground, bringing for-

ward the physical and mechanical, which are large enough to be living; and founding upon them a method of curation."

This system bears a strong resemblance to one advocated by a public lecturer who delivered a course of free Medical lectures in our Town Hall three or four years ago, and who was denounced by our regular physicians as a regular quack. Action, exercise, a sort of training of the parts and organs diseased to the performance of their proper functions formed the chit of his theory, which he contrived to clothe with the garb of plausibility. We recollected that he introduced a witness to the efficacy of his system, in the person of a gentleman from Troy, N.Y., who represented himself as having once been in the last stages of consumption, from which he was relieved by an accidental discovery of the sanitary effects of the system recommended. According to his own statement he had been very fond of dancing. Being visited by a friend when in the feeble state of health mentioned, for the purpose of satisfying his friend that he could still do it, he undertook to execute a pas de deux to a light tune which he whistled at the same time. He stated that he found himself invigorated by the exercise, and his Medical attendant was so well pleased with the symptoms which ensued as to advise him to repeat the experiment daily, or oftener if possible. He did so, and, according to his own story, actually whistled and danced himself into robust health again.—*Mechanics' Reporter*.

BRAINS AND MUSCLES.

Largely as the world is indebted to the strong arm of the man of toil, it is questionable whether the man of toil is not still more indebted to the man of brains. Our farmers might have ploughed, and our statesmen might have wrangled till dooms-day; still, if Fulton had not stepped in with his steamboat, the west would yet have been a wilderness, and our lakes and solitudes; prairies that are now studded with thousands of happy houses, would have been as useless as farms in the moon, while the great rivers that now give sustenance to a hundred cities, would have been sacred for centuries to come, to owls, and fever, and ague. Without steam, the west would not be worth three cents an acre; with steam it becomes the granary of the world—the garden of America. Had Fulton never been born, wheat would now sell in Michigan for a shilling a bushel; while the only products of Illinois would have been yellow corn, whiskey, and bush fighting.

So much for the genius of Fulton. Let us now examine what the brains of Eli Whitney has done for the Republic. Previously to his time, the usual day's work of a woman was the cleansing of one pound of cotton. Mr. Whitney thought he could expedite matters; and with an old coffee pot and three cents' worth of wire, completed in a day and a-half, the first cotton-gin the world had ever seen—a machine that has gone on improving, till it has doubled not only

the value of southern land and southern labor, but has so increased the quantity of cotton raised in the world, that the same money that purchased one shirt fifty years ago, will now purchase a score. Thus has the mind of one unpretending individual revolutionized the whole commerce of the country, and brought within reach of the most humble, a thousand comforts that had heretofore been considered the peculiar inheritance of the wealthy.

The effect of the cotton gin among our Southern neighbors was electrical. Individuals who were depressed with poverty, and sunk in debt, suddenly arose to wealth and respectability. It paid off their debts, increased their capital, and made one crop worth as much as a dozen formerly had been. But why continue this? The blessings that genius is showering on us are as numerous as the stars. It has made for us not only Telegraphs, Locomotives and Steamships, but it has doubled the size of our cattle, quadrupled the value of our time, and added ten years to the average duration of our lives. Whenever you meet a genius, therefore, lift your hat to him.

HOW A MAN FEELS WITH HIS HEAD OFF.

Some of the most eminent physiologists of Germany and France, are pertinaciously arguing the very curious question as to whether a man feels after his head is off. And this inquiry is considered by its conductors to be of more than physiological interest, because it involves a refined principle of humanity with regard to the punishment of death by the guillotine.

It is considered on all sides that the body does not feel one instant after decapitation; for the brain being the seat of sensation to the whole frame, through the medium of the spinal marrow, every part of the body beneath the joint at which the *l'eter* may be divided, must be deprived of feeling. But it by no means follows that the head is deprived of sensation immediately after decapitation, nor that it may not retain its consciousness, and like the head of the Irish Knight who was killed by Saladin, in the Holy War, get up and declare that it was never cut off by so sweet a scymitar before—nor like that of the assassin Legare, swear roundly at the executioner for not keeping a keener axe; but it is quite possible that it may be troubled with very serious reflections upon the irrevocability of its fate, and the awfulness of its deprivation.

In support of this unpleasant theory many facts are adduced, with grave vouchers for their authenticity. Among others, is the unfortunate Queen of Scots, whose lips continued to move in prayer for at least a quarter of an hour after the executioner had performed his duties. Windt states that having put his mouth to the ear of a decapitated criminal's head, and called him by name, the eyes turned to the side from whence the voice came; and this fact is attested by Fontenelle, Mogore, Guillotin, Nauche, and Aldini. On the word murder being

called in the ear of a criminal executed for that crime at Coblenz, the half closed eyes opened wide with an expression of reproach on those who stood round.

This is recorded in the medical Gazette for April last; but whether it be believed or not, we see nothing either in theory or recorded fact, to lessen the physiological possibility of consciousness after decapitation. In diseases and dislocations of the spinal marrow, the mind remains in full possession of its faculties, although all the lower limbs are utterly devoid of feeling; and at what point of separation are we justified in saying that the mind must lose its rational powers? If the brain retains the images of vision, and the forms of touch, long after the objects which created them are withdrawn, why may we not suppose that it retains them after a sudden operation of the axe or guillotine? Like the thigh of an amputated leg, which feels its toes for days, and even weeks after the operation; it may remain in imaginary possession of all its corporal members, until the curtains of oblivion are gathered around its fading visions and sinks to repose in the chamber of death.

ERRORS IN COOKING.

Dr. Drake of Cincinnati, in a late treatise on the principal diseases of the interior valley of North America gives the following enumeration of the vicious modes of cooking which prevail in the valley:

1. With the mass of our population, bread of every kind is apt to be baked too soon after the flour or meal has been wetted—that is, before there has been sufficient maceration. But what is still worse, it is scarcely ever baked enough.
2. Biscuits, as they are called, are baked in close ovens, by which process the fat they contain is rendered empyreumatic and indigestible.
3. When the dough for leavened bread by excess of panary fermentation, has been charged with ascetic acid, that product is not in general neutralized by the carbonate of pot ash or soda, but the bread is eaten sour.
4. Pastry, instead of being flaky and tender, is often tough and hard, sometimes almost stoney.
5. Meats are often baked and fried, instead of being roasted or broiled, whereby the become impregnated with empyreumatic oil, and not unfrequently charred on the outside. In general they are overcooked.
6. Fresh meat, and especially poultry, are commonly too soon cooked after death.
7. Soup is often prepared from parts deficient in gelatine, and abounding in fat which swims upon the surface, and is much more indigestible than the meat would have been, if eaten in the solid form.
8. Eggs are generally boiled so hard as render them tough, and many are often fried in fat, to a still greater degree of induration. Fried bacon and eggs eaten with hot unleavened biscuit, containing lard, and then buttered, is a favorite breakfast in many parts of the valley.

9. Vegetables, abounding in fecula, such as potatoes, rice and pulse, are often boiled so little, that all the starch grains are not burst open; while those containing albumen, as cabbage, are boiled until that element is firmly coagulated and deposited in the structure of the leaf.

TEMPERANCE AND GASTRONOMY.

The annexed extract from an English book, contains some facts and inferences which are as true and just on this side of the water as on that. Perhaps the ladies will not thank us for saying that our "execrable cookery" applies to American kitchens; but sure we are, that in common with Scotch, English and Irish, our kitchens may certainly be declared "no better than they should be."

Men may say what they will in contempt of the table; but a good dinner—we don't mean a profuse, luxurious one—a good dinner, properly dressed, and a good breakfast, neatly served, are very comfortable things. The most brutal and barbarous nations have ever been those who understood least of dressing their food in a palatable and decorous manner. Civilization and gastronomy are twins; and when civilization calls, it is oftenest with the milk man, the baker, the market porter, and other highly useful members of Society, at the kitchen door. Of course, we do not defend epicurism or endorse gluttony. There is a proper medium:

Happy who find the golden mean,
And live contentedly between
The larder and the grate!

But, to our extract:—

BAD COOKERY A CAUSE OF DRUNKENNESS.—To what are we to ascribe the prevalence of this detestable vice amongst us? Many causes might be plausibly assigned for it, and one of them is our execrable cookery. The demon of drunkenness inhabits the stomach. From that "vast deep" it calls for its appropriate offerings. But the demon may be appeased by other agents than alcohol. A well-cooked, warmed, nutritious meal allays the craving quite as effectually as a dram; but cold, crude, indigestible viands not only do not afford the required *solutum* to the rebellious organ, but they aggravate the evil, and add intensity to the morbid avidity for stimulants. It is remarked that certain classes are particularly obnoxious to drunkenness, such as sailors, carriers, coachmen, and other wandering tribes, whose ventral insurrections are not periodically quelled by regular and comfortable meals. In the absence of innocuous and benign appliances, the deleterious are had recourse to, to exercise the fiend that is raging within them. These views are explicable by the laws of physiology, but this is not the place for such disquisitions. One reason why the temperance movement has been arrested in this country is, that while one sensual gratification was withdrawn, another was not provided. The intellectual excitements which were offered as a substitute have not been found to answer the purpose. Our temperance

coffee-houses are singularly deficient in gastronomical attractions; and the copious decoctions of coffee and chichory which are there served up, with that nauseous accompaniment, buttered toast, are more calculated to create a craving for stimulants than allay it. The lower classes in Scotland are as deficient in knowledge of cookery as the natives of the Sandwich Islands; and if our apostle of temperance would employ a few clever cooks to go through the country and teach the wives and daughters of the working men to dress meat and vegetables, and make soups, and cheap and palatable farinaceous messes, they would do more in one year to advance their cause, than in twenty by means of long-winded moral orations, graced with all the flowers of oratory.

PROFESSOR JOHNSON ON THE FOOD OF ANIMALS.

This eminent author has been giving several interesting and valuable lectures in Boston the past season on the subject of Agriculture. The following extracts are taken from the last of the series, and contain many valuable hints and suggestions which it would be well for all readers engaged in keeping and raising stock to ponder upon:—

Man, more than other animals, lives upon the seed of plants; for this contains more starch, gluten and oil than other parts, but less mineral matter. The former exist in different proportions in various kinds of plants—a fact which should be kept in mind in determining the kind of food to be given to different animals. Here a table of the ingredients of different grains and vegetable productions was exhibited.

Hay and grain contain fifteen parts of water; and vegetables a greater amount. Starch is found principally in the seeds of plants. Gluten is commonly found in one hundred parts of the various vegetable productions in the following proportions: In wheat from ten to nineteen, in Indian corn twelve, in buckwheat ten, in rice seven, in beans and peas twenty-four, in peastraw twelve.

And to decide with any degree of accuracy on what an animal should feed, it is as necessary to analyze the flesh of the animal as the vegetable products on which it is to feed. An animal consists of fat, lean and bone. Wash the blood out of a piece of meat, and a white substance, like gluten remains, called *febrine*. Oil in plants makes fat in animals, and lubricates the parts of their bodies; mineral substance, as phosphate of lime, form the bones; so that in the animal are found the substances on which it feeds.

There is but one apparent, though not real exception to this remark. Starch, which exists in the food of animals, is not found in their flesh and bones. Now if we burn the starch which exists in the food of animals, it resolves itself into water and carbonic acid gas. When their food is received into the stomach, the starch passes into the system of the lungs, where, by respiration, it is resolved into carbonic acid gas and water, and

ejected by the breath; but in the process of its reduction to these ingredients, heat, vital heat is evolved.

If we desire to increase the growth of muscle in an animal, we must feed him with peas, beans, &c., which contain a large quantity of gluten, that forms muscle; if we desire to fatten the animal, we must feed him with corn, oats barley, &c., which contain a large quantity of oil that makes fat; but if we would promote the growth of both fat and muscle, we must feed him with oil cakes, which, in one hundred parts, contains from twenty to thirty of oil, and twenty-five of gluten. Hence a skilful care of cattle requires a knowledge not only of their ingredients, but also of those of their various kinds of food. Such knowledge will enable the farmer to adapt his care of his cattle to the particular use which he designs to make of them.

Other circumstances also effect their food and productiveness. Young cattle require more food than those which are full grown, because they have to supply not only the natural waste, but also the substance which promotes their growth. Animals that are shivering with cold require more food than those which are kept comfortably warm; those that work more than those that remain quiet; and those that are kept in a strong light, more than such as have but little light.

If we would feed cows to obtain from them the largest quantity of milk, we must give them food that contains much water, as pumpkins, potatoes, and esculent roots; if so as to obtain the least quantity of milk, an article almost equal to cream, we must feed them with oily substances, as oats, barley, corn meal, &c. or if so as to make them produce rich curd for cheese, we must give them peas, beans, &c., which contain much gluten; or still better, cabbage, which contains thirty-five pounds in one hundred of gluten. Hence the cow cabbage is a valuable fodder in cheese-making districts.

CHARMING POWER OF THE SNAKE

Mr. H. B. Hamilton, in the Savannah Georgian, says:—"On the 29th of May last, I was riding on a small road in Dooly county, near the Allapahaw, when I saw a common sized fox-squirrel sticking to the side of a pine tree, some six or eight inches from the earth. When I got opposite to the squirrel, I saw him move a little on the side of the tree. I rode some twenty or thirty yards past the squirrel, when the idea occurred to me that it might be charmed by a snake. I immediately turned back in the direction of the tree, and when within eight steps of it, I heard a rattlesnake commence singing, apparently under the feet of my animal, I clapped spurs, and got off a few yards, stopped and looked back, and saw a very venomous looking rattlesnake not more than four and a half or five feet long. I immediately dismounted, and took up a limb that lay near, and gave the snake a pretty heavy blow. At the time I struck the snake, the squirrel leaped from the tree, I think about three feet. I gave the snake a second blow, and the

squirrel leaped again. All the while the snake had continued singing loudly.—I gave him a third blow, when he sung weaker, and the squirrel seemingly got weaker in the same proportion. I then went to the tree, and found the squirrel struggling and panting for breath. I returned to the snake, and with the same limb I pecked his head off. I again returned to the squirrel, and saw him in about one minute, breathe his last. I took him up, and the blood ran out of his left nostril down the jaw and neck. I am certain the squirrel was not hurt by me. After partly killing the snake, I went to the squirrel and touched it with the toe of my boot—it did not move nor try to get out of the way.—I am forced to the opinion, that killing the snake was the cause of the squirrel's death. The snake was not larger round, I think, than the wrist of a large man. It had five rattles and a button.

DESCRIPTION OF A MAN DESTINED TO LIVE A GOOD OLD AGE.

I will delineate to you the portrait of a man destined to long life. He has a proper and well proportioned stature, without, however, being anywise too tall. He is rather of the middle size somewhat thick set. His complexion is not too florid; at any rate too much ruddiness in youth is seldom a sign of longevity. His hair approaches rather to the fair than to the black: his skin is strong, but not rough. His head is not too big; he has large veins at the extremities, and his shoulders are rather round than flat. His neck is not too long; his belly does not project; and his hands are large, but not too deeply cleft. His foot is rather thick than long; and his legs are firm and round. He has a broad arched chest, a strong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. In general there is a complete harmony in all his parts. His senses are good but not too delicate; his pulse is slow and regular. His stomach is excellent, his appetite good, and digestion easy. The joys of the table are to him of importance; they tune his minute serenity, and his soul partakes in the pleasure which they communicate. He does not eat merely for the sake of eating; but each meal is an hour of daily festivity, a kind of delight attended with this advantage in regard to others, that it does not make him poorer but richer. He eats slowly and has not too much thirst. Too great thirst is always a sign of rapid self-consumption. In general, he is serene, loquacious, active, susceptible of joy, love, and hope, but insensible to the impressions of hatred, anger and avarice. His passions never become too violent or destructive. If he ever gives way to anger, he experiences rather an useful glow of warmth—an artificial and gentle fever without an overflowing of the gall. He is fond also of employment, particularly calm meditations and agreeable speculations—is an optimist, a friend to nature and domestic felicity—has no thirst after honours or riches, and banishes all thoughts of to-morrow.

LUCK.

There is not a more pernicious notion afloat in the world, than the one that ascribes to mere good fortune the results of that unbroken energy of character which, through defeats and failures, still presses onward to its object, and regards every obstacle that would turn it from its settled purpose not only without dismay, but with exultation, as conferring more honor on the struggle it is so well prepared to sustain. This fatal mistake in worldly ethics has blasted the prosperity of thousands. It chills ambition; it deters ordinary and honestly aspiring minds from perseveringly following out their correct pre-conceived plans; it offers a powerful temptation to the undecided to relax from their efforts; and worse than all, it affords a plausible pretext for the inexcusable failures of the indolent. True it is, that the success of schemes devised with the utmost skill occasionally depend on a fortuitous combination of circumstances; but certainly the experience of mankind demonstrates beyond the possibility of a doubt, that more, very much more of success or failure is attributable to the individual, than he or the world at large is willing to believe. Nine times out of ten, your 'lucky fellows' are those keen-sighted men who have surveyed the world with a scrutinizing eye, and unite to clear and exact ideas of what is necessary to be done, the skill to execute their well-approved plans.

STEAMING POTATOES.

The secret of "steaming" potatoes is very little understood, and rarely carried into full effect, although it is indispensable to the nutritious development of the vegetable. The whole mystery consists in suffering the steam to escape, and at the same time keeping the potatoes hot. When the cook throws off the water, under the jurisdiction of the cookery book, what is she to do next? The steam rushes out, and she places the vessel opposite the fire; but fearful that the potatoes should cool in the meanwhile, she puts on the cover. Thus she undoes one process by the other: for the steam no sooner escapes from the potatoes than, being confined by the lid, it condenses rapidly, and falls back in water upon the vegetables. And thus, through the ignorance and obstinacy of our cooks, we are perpetually served with what are familiarly called wet potatoes, a sort of vague excuse, which helps to throw the fault against the season or the gardener, or anything, or any body, rather than the real culprit. The Irish peasant woman, wholly ignorant of science, but with instinctive sagacity, gets rid of the difficulty by the simplest process imaginable. Placing the vessel without the cover in a

slanting direction opposite the fire, so as, to hasten the process of steaming by the external heat, she throws a napkin over the potatoes, which receives and retains so much of the steam as does not make its escape, while it performs the equally essential office of preserving the heat of the vegetables below. When potatoes are boiled—the usual mode of dressing in Ireland—it should be recollected that they are deprived of their nutritious qualities by over-boiling. The peasantry are well aware of this and say that they are "strongest" when the "bone" was left in them, i. e. hard boiled. In this condition, they require the powerful digestion of the laborer. Philip says, "That fresh vegetables, on account of their tendency to ferment, are, on the whole, injurious in digestion. Some vegetables, cabbage, and waxy potatoes he has found the worst. Mealy potatoes, turnips, broccoli, are among the best. Raw vegetables of all kinds are heavy, lettuce appears to be the least so. The tough, thready, and fibrous parts of vegetables are of most difficult digestion." In Dr. Kitchener's "Cook's Oracle," you will find no less than sixteen ways for dressing potatoes. He approves strongly of the plan already mentioned, and says, "That if you let the potatoes remain in the water a moment after they are done enough, they will become waxy and watery;" after pouring off the water, he recommends what is commonly practised in Ireland, that the saucepan containing the potatoes shall be kept uncovered and set at such a distance from the fire as will secure it from burning, their superfluous moisture will evaporate, and the potatoes will be perfectly dry and mealy. You may afterwards place a napkin, folded up to the saucepan's diameter, over the potatoes, to keep them hot and mealy till wanted.

AFFECTION.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than any of those families without a heart. A father better extinguish his boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friends, and values

sympathy, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions, filial, parental, and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love. Love God, love everybody and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love; to love the rose, the robin; to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by those strong cords. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love; love to God—love to man.—*Chambers Journal*.

OBSCURE WRITING.

A fruitful source of perplexity to the printer, and indeed to everybody else, is the obscure manner in which many persons write their names. A proper name is the most difficult thing in the world to decipher, if badly written. A common word in a paragraph may be known generally from its necessary connection with the rest of the sentence in which it stands. But there is no such help in this case. It often happens that business men receive orders which they cannot respond to for this reason, and instances are numerous of goods being lost where they were consigned to names so obscurely written to an order as to be mistaken. A most remarkable instance of fair autographs, considering the number, are those attached to the Declaration of Independence of the United States. It is seldom so many occur in a single document, in which so few unreadable ones appear. Scarcely anything can be more important than unmistakable signatures. Was there ever a specimen to surpass John Hancock on the document above referred to? It stands there to challenge the admiration of the world in all coming time. In the autographs of public men not excepting those of bank officers appended to bills, we frequently meet with such as are utterly unreadable. They would seem to have been written for puzzles, and they serve that purpose most effectually. It has been our lot to meet with more than one which did not contain a single character resembling a letter of the English alphabet. If they were written in crotchets with a view to defy the skill of the counterfeiter, the idea was a mistaken one, for they sub-

serve no such end: a plain, bold, manly handwriting, much more embarrasses attempt at fraud.

IMPORTANT TO HOUSEWIVES.—**NEW METHOD OF MAKING YEAST.**—Take two tea-cups full of boiling water, one tea cup full of new milk, two tea-spoons full of brown sugar, and one tea-spoon full of salt, mix and stir in flour sufficient to make a very thick batter. Sit this where it will be kept blood warm to rise. This quantity may be used with from one to four quarts of flour for making bread or rolls. As soon as the yeast has risen (which will be generally in three or four hours) add to it the flour with milk enough to make a moderate soft dough, which must be worked and kneaded well, then form it into loaves or rolls; put these into pans and place them where they will be kept blood warm to rise; when well risen (which will be in about an hour) place them in the oven, and if you do not get good bread try again, for you may be sure that you have not followed this recipe, or that you have not good materials.

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