

PHILOSOPHER.

" Goodness and Truth.

VOL. I.

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SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

Written for the Spiritual Philosopher.

SPEAK IT OUT.

BY HENRY D. BARRON.

*"If any have a Truth to speak, let him speak,
and leave the rest to God."*

Speak bravely out the burning thought,
The new-born thought, that breathes within;
The smiles of those whose praise is bought,
Are never worth your while to win.

God gave it not for you alone,
Speak out, fear not their base attacks;
'Tis coward's part to Truth disown,
And sin, my friend, to keep it back.

Look round and see each weary hour,
The millions toiling on in want and woe,
And deathless minds of God-like powers
To priests and pockets bowing low.

The poor to shame by hunger steeled,
And all their manly feelings dead,
And noble woman forced to yield
Her woman's honor up for bread;

And man, all stained with crime and blood,
And want and misery all about,
And if your thought can do them good,
For God's sake, speak it boldly out.

'Twas long ago—'tis so I've read—
The Father from his throne spoke out,
"LET THERE BE LIGHT," the Father said,
And LIGHT and JOY shone all about.

The same Divine One gave the thought,
And He, my friend, will speak with you;
Fear not, it shall not come to nought,
But LOVE and LIGHT be born anew.

Auburn, N. Y., Sept. 7, 1850.

If we wish to do good to those we re-
buke, we must labor for meekness of wis-
dom, and use soft words for hard argu-
ments.

Written for the Spiritual Philosopher.

STORIES OF IRELAND.

At the time the writer of this brief sketch first saw Jack Hynds, he might be turned of 50 years of age. He was a tall, sinewy, strong built man, of a dark, stern, and unapproachable complexion and appearance, so that the children would retire at sight of him, as much, perhaps, from the tales in circulation concerning him, as for anything forbidding in his demeanor or conduct, which were harmless to all.

He had been brought up to the trade of his father, which was that of pewter and copper-smith, travelling with horses, having paniers, or back loads, of dishes, plates, tea-kettles, coffee pots, &c., calling at the respectable farm houses for their disposal. This was before the more general introduction of glass and wedge-wood ware, and was then a reputable calling, as the country dames used to vie with each other in the quantity and bright polish of these shining materials, carefully arranged on their dressers. Thus the father and son traversed the North of Ireland, until the death of the former, when, perhaps, the decrease of sale induced the son to desist, or confine his peripatinations, with a more limited stock in trade.

Jack had received a tolerable share of education in his early days, and had some knowledge of the classics. His absorbing predilection, however, was Astrology and Occult Science. The writer recol-lects, at about ten years of age, he, him-
self, was confined about Christmas time by measles, which being of a favorable description, he considered it only unfor-
tunate, inasmuch as it prevented him from joining his compeers in the then season-

able game of Commons. Lying one day awake and having no pain beyond that of a superficial heat and quick pulsations, his father and Jack entered the next apart-ment, where their conversation, "with ears attent," was overheard, as follows:—
Jack, after being questioned concerning his progress in magic, related some tricks which he had performed; such as that, at one time, in travelling to Londonderry, when stopping at an inn by the way, he rudely seized the blooming bar-maid, who gave him a smart blow on the mouth, which brought blood from it;—he said he meant no offence, but would make her sorry for it. On quitting the house, Jack pulled a straw from the thatch, and at a little distance, the girl was seen following them, without being able to approach, until they had proceeded ten miles further, when his father, suspecting the trick, begged Jack to suffer her to return, which he did by returning the straw from the eaves, and enjoining that she should be less ready to strike strangers in future. He thought she profited by the advice, as far as that, when he next stopped at the place, she met him with smiles and civility.

At another time, it being harvest, and the weather warm, Jack went into a farm-house, on the way-side, in which the good wife was engaged in making a large pot of flummery; asking her for some, she surlily refused, saying "that they were for the harvest-folks' dinner, who better deserved them." With this he left, when she commenced dancing, and continued so until her husband came in, who, seeing the victuals spoiling over the fire, stepped forward and commenced stirring, when, in a moment, he joined in the saltatory measures, and jigged it away as if for life and death. The reapers, expect-

ing to be called for dinner, dispatched one after another, until all of them, to the number of ten or a dozen, from the same cause became heartily confederate in the same jocund gyration. The sport continued—the neighbors crowded around the house, conceiving them to be all beside themselves, till some one intimated that Jack had been seen passing, when, following and finding him, he muttered some unintelligible phrases, and the dancing ceased, leaving the party so fatigued that their field labors made sorry progress during the remainder of the day!

By such practices, often repeated, Jack became known to every body, and was met by all with a smile of half timid and half deprecatory respect. His services in obtaining the recovery of stolen property were never refused, and generally cost him the trouble of looking into the faces or the dwellings of the persons suspected, who, if guilty of the theft, had the articles placed in such positions that the right owner should immediately find them! One time he was sent for to relieve a family from some supernatural "knockings" about their house, which gradually increased from harmless beginnings, to a force and frequency truly alarming. At this period, weights of 100 lbs. were thrown within and around the dwelling, threatening its entire demolition, and the lives of the inmates. Jack had no difficulty in allaying the evil spirit, and supposed that the person who, at first, conjured it, was but a tyro in the art, which he called white magic, and could not suppress its operations while any destructive portions of the premises remained! At another time, a poor weaver had a quantity of linen yarn stolen from a green patch of ground beside his house, where it was bleaching, previous to its being manufactured into cloth. It was his all, and not only left himself idle, but others who were to assist him. On this emergency, he applied to Jack, who told him, if he would not be afraid to go with him, next night, it being full moon, to a certain place mentioned, bringing with him a live cock, and promising to do what he was desired, without betraying any appearance of fear for whatever he might see, he would show the thief, who would fetch with him and return the stolen yarn. This was agreed to. The parties met at the time and place appointed. Jack looked at the stars until he found some in favorable phases, then drew a circle around them, strictly prohibiting his companion

to go outside. Whatever appeared was more than the courage of the weaver could withstand; he took to his heels, and left Jack to extricate himself as he might. This was a dilemma he had neither expected nor before experienced. He sacrificed the cock, and threw it outside the circle to the fiend, and were it not that there ran a deep river beneath the eminence where he stood, wherein he plunged, the consequence might have been fatal to himself, and direful to all the surrounding country. The yarn was thrown in a bag within the circle, and next day returned to the owner;—but Jack said that he would never again venture on the like, without a full assurance of the intrepidity of his associate.

With these relations, he assured the father of the writer of this, that he never knew a true magician, an adept in the black art, but one. He travelled on foot to a large town forty miles distant, to obtain an interview with him, and from the description, knew him on an accidental meeting on the streets. The stranger acknowledged his identity, when Jack proposed they should retire to a tavern to hold further conversation. On ordering some liquors at the bar, the stranger objected to having it measured from a pitcher on the counter, and preferred having it drawn from the cask,—this was complied with, and taken into a private room adjoining. After talking for a length of time, and drinking between them more than the measure, which still continued unemptied, could possibly contain, Jack expressed surprise, when the stranger told him it would remain so while there was any in the cask! He then turned it upside down, and the measure was exhausted! With this, they walked to the church-yard, when the stranger took from his pocket a little wooden box, which, on opening, and asking Jack what he saw therein, he replied something resembling a live caterpillar. The stranger said, he called it *Saturn*, and its possessor must first surrender one of his senses, and give to it a drop of his own blood every day, before any performance of his art. Jack refused, as he said, but it was known that in the sense of smelling he was wholly defective!

Jack had a brother and sister, both deaf and dumb; it was said they had the gift of foretelling future events, but neither would practice for hire, and only as a favour to those whom they respected. Some of the prognostications of the latter,

the writer has found verified in his own case, which at the time he conceived altogether improbable. Nobody knew by what means they were supported. They lived together in harmony, and with strict economy, refusing, indignantly, any proffered assistance. After their death, Jack lived a hermit kind of existence—the writer of this knows not how long. He inquired of all whom he supposed could have knowledge of the events, when he died, and where he was buried; but these queries are enwrapped in strange and inscrutable mystery, which may now never have satisfactory solution.

J. A. S.

—, S. C., August 17, 1850.

Written for the Spiritual Philosopher.

PROGRESSION.

MR. SUNDERLAND,—I have had the privilege of perusing the two first numbers of the Spiritual Philosopher, and am much pleased with the work. I feel a deep interest in its prosperity, inasmuch as I fully believe that the Science of Mind, which you have been advocating for a number of years, aided by other developments of the age, and, especially, the intercourse between the two spheres, which has commenced by what is termed the "Mysterious Rappings," are destined to work a revolution throughout the *World*, conducive to the greatest interest of MANKIND! And, Sir, I look forward and anticipate the time when these communications shall not be deemed "mysterious" by any enlightened and expanded mind, but shall be understood as in strict conformity to *Nature's Laws*, and man's twofold existence. To me, it is so now, and I only wonder that there has been no more familiar intercourse between the two spheres heretofore! I recollect the time (some years ago) when, talking with you on spiritual subjects, and on "Nature's Divine Revelations," by Davis, you recommended me to give that work a candid perusal, saying, "it contained many truths!" I did so, and found, indeed, *Nature's Divine* and incontrovertible truths explaining what I did not before understand. And, in connection with what knowledge I previously had of Psychological subjects, and in connection with what facts I have since learned, proving said truths, the reading of that work, and similar ones, has thrown a light upon my mind that transcends the light of the sun to the natural eye, and perfectly eclipses the "dark theology" of the day! O, yes!

I feel, almost, as if I was in a new world! Death, to me, has lost all its terrors, and the grave all its gloom. Indeed, I feel interested that all the suffering inhabitants of this life should enjoy the same light, knowing it would calm the troubled spirit and smooth the passage through this vale of tears. Hence, I bid you God-speed! I shall use what influence I can to circulate your paper. I see nothing in it but what I like.

Yours, with respect,

RICHARD WALKER.

Portsmouth, N.H., Sept. 5, 1850.

From the Christian Ambassador.

ERROR CORRECTED.

In your paper of the 12th inst., I notice a communication from Rev. J. M. Austin, of this city, upon the subject of the spiritual manifestations in Western New York. In Mr. Austin's long and hard effort to prove that the rappings are unpopular, his zeal overleaps correctness, and he makes the following assertion:—"But to most minds who have investigated, the evidence falls far short of convincing them that the spirits of the dead have taken this method of conversing with the living." I am surprised that Mr. Austin, who has so often, in public discussion and otherwise, proved himself a man armed and equipped with facts, should make an assertion as far from the truth as this. Did the several committees of ladies and gentlemen appointed by public meetings in the city of Rochester, in November last, who investigated for days and nights, come to these conclusions? Has Mr. Austin been present when persons have come from a distance to this city, to investigate, and heard their opinions? Has he seen and conversed with the hundreds and thousands who have visited the house of the Fox family in Rochester, during the last six months? Because he has had no evidence to convince him that the spirits with which he conversed were intelligent and good spirits, must he make this assertion? I have conversed with many who have visited Rochester—often been present when persons were getting demonstrations in Auburn—received and had access to letters from those who had investigated, and do not hesitate to say, that four-fifths of those who have investigated this matter, are firm believers in its spirituality. I regret, as much as Mr. Austin, that the spirits which he met were not as intelligent as they will be after years of progression.

After trying to show that this matter is an error, Mr. Austin uses up a long paragraph to prove that it has endorsed the creed of his church, and that when I said I had never "known them to endorse the religious creed of any sect now in existence," I was wrong. I repeat the assertion, and at the same time admit that they advocate the beautiful law of gradual progression to higher and better spheres. I know they favor some of his theological views, and oppose others.

This, it seems, is in accordance with my assertion. In declaring the truth of the doctrine of Universal Salvation, I do not know that they endorse the whole creed of any church. In my presence, and that of many others, the intelligent spirits have ever taught us that the broad and beautiful universe, with its millions, is the only church, and Nature's laws the great church creed.

Your friend,

H. D. BARRON.

Auburn, April 22, 1850.

SPIRITUAL RECOGNITIONS.

A little girl in a family of my acquaintance, a lovely and precious child, lost her mother at an age too early to fix the loved features in her remembrance. She was as frail as beautiful, and as the bud of her heart unfolded, it seemed as if won by that mother's prayers to turn instinctively heavenward. The sweet, conscientious, and prayer-loving child was the idol of the bereaved family. But she faded away early. She would lie upon the lap of the friend who took a mother's kind care of her, and winding one wasted arm about her neck, would say, "Now tell me about my mamma." And when the oft-told tale had been repeated, she would ask, softly, "Take me into the parlor; I want to see my mamma." The request was never refused; and the affectionate child would lie for hours, contentedly gazing on her mother's portrait. But

"Pale and wan she grew, and weakly—
Bearing all her pains so meekly,
That to them she still grew dearer,
As the trial-hour drew nearer!"

That hour came at last, and the weeping neighbors assembled to see the little child die. The dew of death was already on the flower, as its life-sun was going down. The little chest heaved faintly—spasmodically.

"Do you know me, darling?" sobbed, close in her ear, the voice that was dearest; but it awoke no answer. All at once a brightness, as if from the upper world, burst over the child's colorless countenance. The eyelids flashed open, the lips parted, the wan, cuddling hands flew up, in the little one's last impulsive effort, as she looked piercingly into the far above.

"Mother!" she cried, with surprise and transport in her tone—and passed with that breath to her mother's bosom.

Said a distinguished divine, who stood by that bed of joyous death—"If I had never believed in the ministration of departed ones before, I could not doubt it now!"

"Peace I leave with you," said the wisest Spirit that ever passed from earth to Heaven. Let us be at "peace" amid the spirit-mysteries and questionings on which His eye shall soon shed the light of eternity.—*National Era.*

HENRY MARTIN.—There is not a thing in the world for which I could wish to live, except the hope that it may please God to appoint me some work.

WONDERFUL ADVENTURES.

The following narrative of the wonderful adventures of a young American, which we copy from a Philadelphia paper, will be read with interest:

Our readers have already been apprised that an Arctic Expedition, intended to search for the missing Sir John Franklin, has been fitted out by the munificence of Mr. Grinnell, a New York merchant, and has started under the auspices of the General Government; which by authority of Congress, has consented that the officers of our Navy shall lead the daring enterprise. Among these officers we observe the name of Surgeon Elisha C. Kane, son of Hon. John K. Kane, of this city, who volunteered for the service, and is now principal Surgeon of the expedition. We saw the announcement of his name among the officers with surprise. He has long been suffering under a combination of infirmities, the result of a series of adventures, such as few men living have undergone, and such as still fewer would voluntarily embark in, out of pure love of danger, and the spirit of seeing the wonders and peculiarities of other parts of the globe. Having enjoyed the acquaintance of this brave young man, we are able to state what follows of his career, even if we should use that which was communicated to us in semi-confidential intervals. No American of his age has seen so much of the perils of the world, or of the world itself. He was surgeon of the American Legation to China, and on his way to the Celestial Regions, he spent some weeks on a foot-tramp through the orange groves of Brazil, and about a month in tiger-hunting near Bombay. Hence, after a dozen unsuccessful attempts to smuggle himself into the forbidden lands of China, he went over to the Philippines, and by the aid of the good Monks of the interior of Manila, explored its fastnesses and volcanic wonders.

He was the first man to descend into the crater of the Tael, lowered down two hundred feet over the brink by a bamboo rope tied round his middle, and brought back a bottle full of its sulphur water, burning off his boots in the lava cinders. Leaving China, after a second visit, in which he encountered shipwreck, he passed to India as physician of the Dremandhar Dagore, and was palanquined for some three months through the wonders of its mountain architecture, the ancient Candy, the stupendous passes of the

Ghant country, visiting Madras, Pondicherry, and every spot that we have read of in the trial of Warren Hastings. Next to Upper Egypt and Abyssinia, crossing the desert on his camel to the base of Jupiter Ammon; climbing at breakneck risk to the top-stone of the sounding Colossus of Memnon, and exploring the tombs of the Pharaohs for a fortnight or three weeks, with Professor Lepsius and his associates. Wrecked again while passing down the Nile, and wounded in an encounter near Alexandria, he pushed across to Greece, and traversed every scene of classic interest, climbing to the Hippocrene Spring, and sleeping on the shore of Marathon. He returned by Italy, France and England, only to pass a few weeks before a cruise on the coast of Africa. Renewing here some acquaintance which had been formed in Brazil, he was allowed to inspect the entire machinery of the slave trade, and to pass up into the interior under *firman* of Desoussa, the great intermediary between the chiefs of the slave making districts and the Brazilian carriers. The coast fever was his pay for this trip, and he was sent home by Commodore Read, invalided. Imperfectly patched up from the effects of this visitation, he volunteered for service with the army in Mexico, and was ordered with despatches, on a dare-devil race, through the country our troops had left, to overtake Gen. Scott. Availing himself at Perote of a miscreant escort of jail birds that Gen. Worth had employed as a spy company, he got into a series of fights, in the last of which he received the swords of Gen. Gaona and Gen. Torrejon, and his horse killed under him, and was himself desperately wounded, whilst protecting the lives of his prisoners against his own men. Since then he had been cruising and practising hydrography on the coast survey, up to the moment of receiving the telegraphic despatch, accepting his urgent proffer of services for the Arctic Expedition. He had the rice fever in the Canton river, the plague in Egypt, the yellow fever at Rio, the congestive at Puebla, and the African fever on the coast. These, and wounds, and an organic disease of the heart, which he has had from boyhood, have been his preparations for the hazards he is encountering now.

Altogether his history is eventful and thrilling for so young a man, and induces us cordially to hope that he may return from his last adventures with new honors and restored constitution.

HOMAGE TO WEALTH.

"It lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend."
"To whom can riches give repute or trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just."

The homage that is so generally paid to wealth, and often without regard to merit, appears to us the consequence of great weakness, if not worse. The inquiry with the thousands is not as to his integrity, disposition and principles, but his *worldly means*! They seem to imagine that money "covers a multitude of sins," and they are quite willing to be on terms of intimacy with individuals who are affluent, no matter what their errors of omission or commission, and utterly regardless of the mode by which they acquired fortune. Nay, if "these individuals" were poor, they would be shunned, condemned and despised, but being rich, they are courted and flattered. Is not this a sad error—and is it not calculated to teach the young that money is preferable to merit, that virtue may be sacrificed with impunity, provided thereby a fortune can be acquired? Is it not calculated to exalt vice and depress virtue—to corrupt the very sources and springs of integrity and principle? The evil to which we refer, is forcibly illustrated at this season of the year, and especially at the many summer resorts and fashionable watering places. Let a thoughtful observer mingle in the crowd at such "localities," inquire into histories, analyze character, and review conduct, and he will discover that in far too many cases, those who are regarded as the possessors of the largest fortunes, who expend the most money and make the greatest display, are the flattered, the envied and courted; and this, too, no matter how soiled they may be in fame, how darkened by misdeeds, how unfeeling or unprincipled in the affairs of ordinary life.

The idea of associating with the rich, appears to delude and fascinate weak minds. They indulge in the absurd error that such association excites the envy of the lookers on, and that thus "the poor parasites" are elevated in the scale of society. And this, too, although the money worshippers may be utterly stainless in character,—may have lived lives of integrity and well doing—may, in fact, possess merit, talent and "good name," far above and beyond the mere possession of wealth—and wealth, too, acquired by improper means. The sad delusion prevails to a fearful extent. Parents inculcate it by example. They indirectly teach their children to seek out the wealthy for associates, even when the reputation of such associates will not bear the test of examination, while they turn away with coldness and indifference from the comparatively poor, however meritorious or unsullied. Only a few days since we heard a mother finish a portrait of a very dissolute young man, with the apologetic and unprincipled remark—"but, he is very rich!" The spirit and meaning of her language and manner were—"true, he is worthless and profligate—but then he possesses abundant means, and money is the God of our idolatry."

Let us not be misunderstood. It is desirable, very desirable, to acquire a pecuniary independence, to live with comfort, not to say luxury. Nevertheless, *character* is far better than money, is "above and beyond all price," while principle is deathless, and influences and affects not only the thoughts, feelings and emotions of this life, but the complexion—the lights and shadows of that which is to come. A departure from the path of rectitude in early life, even with the object and the prospect of thereby securing a pecuniary advantage, is sure in the end to lead to fatal consequences. Let the young be taught that they may with impunity violate truth, outrage morality, and trample upon virtue, and their downward career will be rapid and ruinous. Success at first, worldly success, will only induce them to venture still further in the wrong path, and thus hasten their fall. Is he upright—is he honest—is he true? These are the proper questions. Enterprise, activity, energy, are every way commendable. They are, indeed, essential to success in every pursuit of life. But with these, integrity and truth should invariably be associated. And thus, after having toiled on for years, and accumulated "enough and to spare," the conscience will be calm and tranquil, the mind satisfied, and the heart at ease. The past will have no terror, and the future will be contemplated with hope, promise and confidence. Let another course be pursued, let money be the *only* object, regardless of truth, integrity, benevolence and sympathy, and no fortune, however large, will soothe and satisfy—will "calm the spirit and tranquilize the soul." The "still, small voice" within will whisper words of admonition, and in quiet hours, when thought is restless, a thousand painful memories will come back, and with them a thousand pang of sorrow, of regret, and remorse. The penalty, too, is sure. Even in this world, the punishment in most cases will be fearful. The individual who deliberately wrongs a neighbor, who cunningly darkens a reputation, who stealthily defrauds or wantonly injures, will find that "sooner or later" retribution, cool, bitter, but just, will be awarded. The only true policy for the erring is to make prompt and ample atonement. The task may be hard—and hence the urgent necessity for its execution. And yet there are individuals who live on for years in splendor and in affluence, who know and feel their indebtedness to others—(others who, from force of circumstances, have become needy and in want)—and who yet lack the nerve, the manliness, the justice, and the generosity to requite the obligation. They feel the indebtedness, and they have the means; but with a spirit utterly unworthy, they shrink away from the subject, strive to forget it, or deceive themselves by some specious argument, into a shameful and atrocious neglect of their duty. Are there none such among our readers? Are there none who are now prosperous, who were once indigent, and who for years have been forgetful of their early benefactors? Are there none who worship wealth so thoroughly, as to have their perceptions upon all other sub-

jects blunted and blinded? Are there none who neglect friends and neighbors, who are truly meritorious, to run after the profligate, the heartless, the worldly and the wealthy? Are there none who labor under the strange delusion, that by moving in the society of the rich, they likewise will be supposed by the unsophisticated to be rich and will be envied also? Are there none who mistake money for merit, and in this mistake render themselves objects of ridicule and contempt—and "pawn their souls for an empty bauble?"—*Amer. Republican.*

CUVIER AND THE SWALLOWS.

In his latter years, the celebrated Cuvier loved to recount the incident which first turned his attention to the study of natural history. While young, and in want, he was engaged as a tutor to the children of the Count de Hericy, and with his pupils inhabited an old chateau in the Pays de Caus at Fiquainville. Cuvier's room looked towards the garden, and early each morning he was accustomed to open his window and breathe the fresh air before commencing the instruction of his somewhat undisciplined pupils. One morning he remarked two swallows building a nest in the outer angle of his small casement. The male bird brought moist clay in his beak, which the hen, as it were, kneaded together, and, with the addition of straws and bits of hay, formed their future home. Once the framework was completed, both the birds hastened to line the interior with feathers, wool, and dried leaves; and then taking flight together into a neighboring wood, did not return to their nest until after the lapse of several days. Meantime, some important events had happened. While the two swallows were so busily employed in constructing their home, Cuvier had remarked two sparrows on a neighboring chimney, who seemed to watch the progress of affairs with much curiosity. The treacherous object of this surveillance speedily became apparent; for no sooner had the poor swallows left the coast clear, than the pair of sparrows took possession of the nest, and established themselves in it as comfortably as though it had been their own property. Cuvier remarked that they never absented themselves together from the nest; one always remained on the watch, with its sturdy bill protruded through the entrance, prepared to exclude every visitor except its mate.

At the end of the honeymoon, the rightful owners returned. What was

their surprise to find their nest pre-occupied! The cock flew indignantly at his dwelling, to expel the intruders, but was met with the formidable beak of the male sparrow, which quickly repulsed the unlucky proprietor with bleeding head and ruffled feathers. Trembling with rage and shame, and his bright eye darting fire, he returned to his bride, perched on a green bough, and seemed to hold an anxious colloquy with her. Then they took flight together, and soon disappeared.

Presently the hen sparrow returned, and her husband began, as Cuvier conjectured, to give her an animated account of his adventure, accompanying the recital with certain curious little cries, which might well pass for derisive laughter. Be that as it may, the prudent pair did not waste much time in chattering, but hastened out in turns to collect and store up a quantity of provisions. This accomplished, they both remained within, and now two stout beaks were placed ready to defend the entrance. Cries resounded in the air; crowds of swallows began to assemble on the roof. Cuvier recognized in the midst of them the expelled housekeepers making their wrongs known to each fresh arrival.

Ere long there were assembled in full conclave upwards of two hundred swallows. While they were chattering in a style that fully rivalled the performances of many speakers in ambitious and celebrated meetings, a cry of distress was heard from one of the window sills. A young swallow, tired no doubt at the long parliamentary debate, had betaken himself to the pursuit of some flies who were buzzing about the window. Cuvier's pupils had placed a snare on the sill, and the poor little bird found his tender leg entangled by the cruel horse-hair.

At the cry of the captive, about twenty of his brethren flew towards him, and tried to set him free; but in vain. Each effort only served to tighten his bonds, and so increase his pain. Suddenly the swallows, as if with one consent, took flight, and, wheeling in the air, came one by one and gave a sharp peck at the snare, which, after repeated pulls, snapped in two, and the freed bird flew joyously away with his kind companions. During this scene, which passed within a few yards of Cuvier, and at about the same distance as the usurped nest, the tutor remained motionless, and the two sparrows never once stirred their threatening protruded beaks.

Suddenly, and as swift as thought, flew a host of swallows against the nest; each had his bill filled with mud, which he discharged against the entrance, and then gave place to another, who repeated the manoeuvre. This they managed to accomplish while two inches distant from the nest, so as to keep out of the reach of the beleaguered sparrows. Indeed, the latter were so effectually blinded by the first discharge of mud, that they no longer thought of defending themselves. Meantime, the swallows continued to heap mud on the nest until it was completely covered; the opening would have been quite choked up but for the desperate efforts made by the sparrows, who by several convulsive shocks contrived to shake off some of the pellets. But a detachment of the implacable swallows perched on the nest, and with their beaks and claws, smoothed and pressed down the tough clay over the opening, and at length succeeded in closing it hermetically. Then were heard from hundreds of little throats cries of vengeance and of victory.

But the swallows did not end their work here. They hastened to bring from all directions materials for a second nest, which they constructed over the blocked up entrance of the first one; and in two hours after the execution of the sparrows, the nest was inhabited by the ejected swallows.

The inexorable vengeance was now completed. Not only were the unfortunate sparrows doomed to expiate their crime by a lingering death, but they were forced during their torments to listen to the joyful song of the two swallows, the cause of their execution. During many days the hen rarely quitted the nest; she had laid six eggs, and while she was hatching them, her mate supplied her with insect food. At the end of a fortnight, Cuvier remarked that the cock was busy all day in bringing an enormous quantity of insects to his household, and looking into the nest, he saw six little yellow bills gaping wide for food. From that time it became a constant source of pleasure to the tutor to watch the progressive development of the little family. Their yellow beaks became black and shining, their downy bodies were covered with smooth and elegant plumage, and they began to accompany their mother in her short excursions from the nest. The cock taught his children how to seize their prey in the air; how to fly

high when the atmosphere was calm, and the flies disported themselves in the upper regions; and how to keep near the ground when the storm was approaching; for then all insects seek a shelter.

Thus passed the summer, and autumn came. Crowds of swallows once more assembled on the roof of the Chateau de Fiquainville. They held regular conversations, and Cuvier amused himself with trying to interpret their language. The children of the nest were placed in the midst of the troop with the other young swallows; and one morning the whole assembly took flight simultaneously, and directed their course towards the east. In the following spring, two swallows, lean, and with ruffled feathers, came and took possession of the nest. Cuvier immediately recognized them; they were the identical birds whom he had watched with so much interest during the preceeding year. They began to repair their dwelling, and to stop the chinks produced by the winter's frost; they re-lined the interior with soft dried moss and feathers, and then, as in the previous season, set out for an excursion.

The morning after their return, as they were gaily pursuing their prey close to Cuvier's window, for they were now quite tame, and accustomed to his presence, a hawk that was soaring in the air, pounced suddenly on the cock. He struck him with his talons, and was bearing him off, when Cuvier fired at him with a fowling-piece, which happened luckily to be at hand. The brigand fell into the garden mortally wounded, and Cuvier hastened to relieve his little friend. The swallow was seriously wounded; the hawk's talons had deeply pierced his sides, and a grain or two of shot had grazed his breast, and broken one wing. The kind young man dressed his wounds with all possible care and tenderness, and then with the assistance of a ladder, replaced him in his nest, while the poor hen fluttered sadly round her mate, uttering piercing cries of distress. During three days she only quitted the nest to seek for insects, which she brought to her cock. Cuvier watched his poor little languishing head, feebly raised to take the offered food, but each day his strength visibly declined. At length, early one morning Cuvier was awakened by the cries of the hen, who was beating her wings against the window; he ran to the nest. Alas, if only contained a lifeless body! From that

moment the hen drooped and pined away. She never left the nest, refused the food which Cuvier constantly offered her.—She expired, broken-hearted, about five days after the death of her beloved companion.

This little history left a strong impression on the amiable and gifted mind of the young tutor. It led him to devote his leisure hours to the persevering study of natural history; and many months afterwards he related this anecdote to the Abbe Tessier, who was paying a visit to the chateau. Revolutionary persecution had obliged this distinguished man to take refuge in Normandy, and accept the situation of physician to the hospital of Fecamp. Struck with the evident talent of Cuvier, he engaged him to deliver a course of lectures on natural history to the pupils attending the hospital; and wrote to introduce him to the notice of Jussieu and Geoffrey-Saint-Hillaire. Cuvier entered into correspondence with these and other scientific men; and, after some time passed in profound study, he was appointed to fill the chair of comparative anatomy at Paris. The remainder of his glorious career is matter of history.

CURIOUS FACTS.

It is but a little more than twenty years since the first crow crossed the Genesee River westwardly. They, with the fox, the hen-hawk, swallow and many other birds and insects, seemed to follow civilization.

The locust borer is not of more than thirty years introduction into the United States, and has not yet reached the native groves of the locust tree at the south and west. It commenced its ravages on the east side of Genesee River in 1830, and it was seven years before it crossed to the west side.

The grain worm, or weevil, began its course of destruction in Vermont, about the year 1828, and it progresses in the course it takes from ten to fifteen miles a year. It has not yet reached Western New-York to any extent; but the destroyer is on its march, and desolation will follow its track in this great wheat growing region.

Rose-bugs have been so common in some of the Eastern States, that on the sea-shore they have floated in winrows on the sands, having been driven into the sea by winds, and drowned. They have only made their appearance in this region, in any quantities, within two or three years.

The cedar or cherry bird was first noticed west of the Genesee River in 1828, and now it is so great a pest as to induce many to give up the cultivation of cherries, if especially near woodland.

The plumb-weevil, or curculio, which is indigenous to America, being unknown in Europe, was first discovered by Mr.

Goodsoll, the first editor of the *Genesee Farmer*, since which time it has disseminated itself over the whole continent.

The gopher, a species of ground squirrel, with pouches on the outside of his cheeks to carry the dirt from its hole, is very plenty on the west side of the Mississippi, in Missouri and Iowa, but has never yet crossed the river into Illinois or Wisconsin. It only works in the night, burrowing into holes and run-ways under ground—subsisting on the roots of trees, grasses and vegetables. There are persons who have suffered by their depredations for twenty years, who have never been able to catch or even see one of these nocturnal depredators.

The cut-worm is of recent origin.—The first it was noticed as doing much damage, was during 1816 and 1817, noted as the cold years, when the whole northern country approached the very brink of famine. They are now universal.

The Hessian fly was introduced, it is supposed, by the foreign mercenaries, in 1777, on Long Island, from the baggage, or in the forage for their horses.

In 1809 there was only one steamboat in the whole world, now, who could count the number? They navigate the Nile, the Red Sea, the Ganges, the Danube, the Rhine, the Thames, the Clyde, the Hudson, the Ohio, the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, and the golden sanded Sacramento. America, Europe, Asia and Africa exhibit in every steamboat a monument to the progress of invention.

In 1830 there were only thirty miles of locomotive railway in the world, now there are no less than 18,000. America has no less than 7,000 miles, and will soon have 10,000 in operation. Massachusetts alone has more than 1,000, and Pennsylvania, 1,200. In 1836 there were only 15 miles of railroad in the State of New-York, now there are nearly 1600. Then the slow canal boat and stage coach came lazily up the Mohawk Valley, and we remember well how it required more time to whip an old *boller* into a canter, than it now requires the iron horse to whistle itself from the crags of Cohoes to the rocky pass of the Little Falls. What with the Steamboat, the Railroad and the Telegraph, as inventions for *distancing distance*, the ends of the earth are brought together, and civilization is now fast finding its way into the most darkened corners of the earth.—*Scientific American*.

DOMESTIC ENDEARMENTS.—I hold it indeed to be a sure sign of a mind not poised as it ought to be, if it be insensible to the pleasures of home, to the affection of relations, to the fidelity of domestics: Man's situation with regard to either, form that sort of bosom comfort or disquiet which sticks close to him at all times and all seasons, and which, though he may now and then forget it, will resume its place in his thoughts, at every pause of ambition or of business.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 21, 1850.

LAWS OF THE SPIRIT WORLD.

It must not be supposed that we wish to dogmatise, in the remarks we make on this or any other subject. Let no one receive what we offer, merely because it comes from us. Exercise your own spiritual senses. If what we say agree with the Great Harmonia, as you understand it, you will receive it, not otherwise.

True, the writer supposes he has enjoyed unusual advantages in *witnessing* what are called "Spiritual Manifestations;"—privileges which, perhaps, may not have fallen within the reach of any other individual. If the opportunity for witnessing different *manifestations* through *different* mediums, comprising good and evil; and if what are called the most extraordinary manifestations, made to the *external* senses, may be supposed to give one any advantages in forming opinions about the Spirit Spheres, then, it may be, the conclusions at which we have arrived will interest most of our readers, who seriously desire to be informed on this subject. It is not assumed, that there is any new discovery in the principles here described. Nothing here stated differs much, if at all, from the teachings of Swedenborg, in regard to the *Philosophy* of the Spirit World; though, we believe, neither Swedenborg, nor any other writer, before or since, ever *anticipated* manifestations from the Spirit World, to the *external* senses of human beings, like those we have witnessed. These are "a new thing under the sun," and the *manner* in which they have been made during the last three years must, certainly, constitute a *New Era* in the history of the Race. From the earliest ages, Spirits have manifested themselves to Spirits; but not till lately have they come in Form and Order to the *external* senses of human beings. Our conclusions, then, may be stated as follows:—

I. That Manifestations and Responses from the Spirit World, or from Spirits, that have left human bodies, have been made to my external senses; answers to questions, and such communications as evince degrees of *Goodness* and *Intelligence*, in the sources whence they come. Such communications have been made to multitudes, in different localities, comprising skeptics, and persons every way qual-

ified to judge as to the truthfulness of what is here stated.

II. From a study of Psychology for many years, and the attention I have bestowed upon this phase of Pneumatology, in particular, I conclude, that these Manifestations are the natural results of the *proximity* which the *progressive Laws of Nature* have brought about between the Spirits in this lower sphere, and those who have left the body for the spheres above.

III. That the *beginning* of Nature's developments is that part of her work, as to time, to which we apply the term *angular*, or *imperfect*. Hence, if Spiritual Manifestations correspond with all the other developments of Nature, their beginning must be imperfect; thus leaving something for *Hope*, in anticipating a progression in spiritual knowledge, as we progress in every thing besides.

IV. That, in perfect correspondence with the Great Harmonia, or the nature and constitution of things, the spheres above, inhabited by Spirits who have left human bodies, are developed from those below. Hence, the *states* or *conditions* of Spirits, out of human bodies, are precisely what they have been made in or by the Human World which they have left.

V. Societies are formed in the World above, by the *Laws of Spiritual Affinity*, the same as they are in this World. Hence, if there be *proximity* between the two Worlds, it can be between such societies, above and below, only, as naturally attract and flow into each other.

VI. Communications must be made through appropriate *mediums*. They involve, therefore, three things. 1. The one who *gives*. 2. The one who *receives*. And 3. The *medium* through which the communication is made.

VII. All manifestations from the Spirit World must be through *congenial* mediums. That which is low, angular, irregular, imperfect, dark, false, or evil, through mediums unevenly balanced. The high, truthful, perfect, and good, through mediums that are *harmonious*, and from associations that are concordant and good.

VIII. *Death* is to the Spirit what the *Birth* is to the human body. Death does not alter the *qualities* or *powers* of the mind. It is simply the *transition* of the Spirit Form from a lower to a higher sphere, where it is in a better condition for progressing to a higher degree, both of goodness and truth.

Hence, it is a great mistake to suppose, that because a Spirit has merely left the body, that, therefore, it must necessarily know all about everything. We might as well suppose that, because a person was inside of a College, therefore, he must be equal to Sir Isaac Newton in Mathematical Science. Spirits differ in the degrees of their knowledge and goodness precisely as human beings differ. There may be great goodness, but little knowledge, and *vice versa*.

IX. As the higher faculties of the human mind are liable to the greatest abuse, or, as the greatest evils are perpetrated by the most noble faculties of the soul, so those developments of *Nature* which indicate the purity of the Human Race, and the proximity of the two spheres, are liable to perversion. Hence, if there should be different forms of *Fanaticism* and delusion noticed in many localities where these Spiritual Manifestations are enjoyed, those who understand the doctrine of *CORRESPONDENCIES* will not undervalue these manifestations on this account. We shall hear of communications from "Prophets," "Apostles," "Kings" and "Statesmen"; and of diverse "Revelations" said to be made by them; we shall hear of human beings, said to be "Magnetised," or *possessed* by such and such Spirits. But the *true* and the *good* will know and understand how easy it is for some people to become "Magnetised" by their own *ideas*, and to take for "Revelations" the fancies of their own brains.

X. The *disposition* manifested by one Spirit, or a number, is but a *reflection*, often, from human beings. In other words, we see ourselves in the *mirror* of the Spirit World, or we see the *society* of which we form a part. The face we see in the mirror is the one we, or the society of which we are the representative, places before the glass to be seen.

XI. Responses from the Spirit World are never to be wholly depended upon, *except when they come from Spirits whom we knew in the body*; or, when they come from others, we should be assured of their *identity*. We need the same conditions, or guaranties, for believing Spirits, that we do for believing human testimony. If a Spirit whom I knew in the body, or whose friends I now know, tells me any thing which I *know* to be true without such testimony, I may then believe what that Spirit says about other things of which I know nothing, provided what is

said agrees with the doctrine of *universal correspondencies*. And to know what agrees with the whole Universe, the whole Heavens, and the doctrine of Universal Correspondencies, we must stand as near the centre of the great circle as possible. We must not be shut up within the *angular* system of any sect or party; we must be committed to no *man*, but free to follow where the great MAGNET of TRUTH shall attract us.

XII. We may thus perceive how far we are to admit the testimony of those who call themselves "Spiritual Clairvoyants," and who are supposed to be exalted into the Spirit Sphere, so as to see and converse with Spirits. Whether they do, really, see the Spirits whom they think they do, must be determined by other things besides their own testimony.

XIII. We may now perceive, also, something of what is necessary to our assurance, that the responses we get from the Spirit World are always *good and true*, in the highest sense of these terms. If, for illustration, the parties who give and receive the responses, be in corresponding states of *discord*, of course that which is communicated from the Spirit Sphere must be more or less imperfect—a mixture of good and evil.

XIV. A knowledge of the *Sphere* inhabited, or filled, by the Spirits, is as necessary as a knowledge of the character of human beings, before we receive their testimony on any subject of which we know but little, or nothing, except what we learn from such testimony. And we must remember what is meant by *Spheres*. A Spirit may be in one Sphere, or Degree, in respect to *Goodness*, and in another Sphere with respect to *Knowledge*. There are endless varieties of Degrees, both of *Goodness* and of *Truth*. A knowledge of one thing does not imply a knowledge of all. And goodness, manifested in the various domestic relations of Father, Mother, &c., does not, necessarily, imply *universal* goodness.

XV. Hence, we may see how it is, that persons have been and may still be deceived by communications from the Spirit World. I heard a mother ask her little daughter, nine years old, in the Spirit Sphere, as to the *identity* of a Spirit who had just responded, purporting to be "St. Luke." The mother believed it was St. Luke, and so did the lady (Mrs. Benedict, of Auburn, N. Y.) through whom the responses were made. The little girl (spirit) answered, "Yes, that is St.

Luke." I asked the little girl (spirit) how she *knew*. But she could not tell! And, immediately after, through another medium, I asked a Spirit fifty years old, (twenty-two years in the Spirit World, and who said she was in the Six Spheres,) if that was the Spirit of St. Luke, and the answer was, "No!" "That child does not know St. Luke."

XVI. The *aspirations* of all should be, not merely to receive communications from the Spirit World, but to receive them from those who are higher than ourselves in *Goodness* and *Truth*, especially on those particular matters about which the communications are made.

XVII. As God is the Father of all, so Goodness and Truth are for all, and in all, in various degrees, which determine the *receptivity* of each of Spiritual influx from the *good and true*, whether the communications are made to the external senses, or to the internal, or to both.

WRITING BY SPIRITS.

In our last, we promised the readers of the Spiritual Philosopher some specimens of Writing by Spirits. We now proceed to redeem that promise, which we shall do, not only by quoting entire letters written by them, but we give, also, a *fac simile* of the first characters that were presented by the Spirits to the Rev. Dr. Phelps and his family, in Stratford, Ct. They were scratched, apparently, by a blunt instrument, on a *turnip*, which was thrown against the window of Dr. Phelps's middle parlor, as if the design had been to throw it into or through the parlor window. The following engraving will give a correct idea of them:—



March 11, 1850, some of these characters were written on the pants of a lad in the family; and, at another time, they were written on his blue silk handkerchief, and again on his cap, with chalk.

It has often been asked, whether any meaning could be drawn from these figures, or whether any explanation had

been given? I received an answer to these questions, when in Auburn, from those whom I believe to have been *intelligent and truthful Spirits*. They said the characters had been made by *discordant, or insane Spirits*, without any meaning; the Spirits wished to excite *attention and surprise*,—this was all. This is my own opinion.

However, it is but proper, perhaps, to add, that when Mr. A. J. Davis was at Dr. Phelps's house, last spring, he gave an interpretation to those characters, and some others, which we saw. And, as it will interest the curious, we give Mr. Davis's explanation, as we received it from Dr. Phelps, supposing, of course, that it is nearly in the words used by Mr. Davis:—

3

Variety, numerous.

+

Societies above.

=

To correspond, communicate.

X

Lower orders.

SELAH.—Respond, answer.

That these hieroglyphics were made by *insane* spirits, I do not doubt at all. Spirits that are above, in Truth and goodness, would not, could not, attempt to communicate with those below in language which no one could understand. If it be said that Mr. Davis does understand what these characters mean, we submit the question, till it shall be made manifest whether he does or not. Dr. Phelps showed us some poetical translations made by Mr. Davis of some other hieroglyphical writing, which had been also thrown down by the discordant spirits in Mr. Phelps's house. They had sent the lad (to whom we have already referred) away, in hopes thus to avoid the disturbances. Soon after, a paper was thrown down, by that unseen power, with some Hebrew and other characters upon it, a part of which Mr. Davis interpreted thus:—

"Fear not, when he returns—fear not, all danger now is over;
We came, we disturbed thy house, but shall no more;
Believe us not evil, nor good, till we prove
Our speech to humanity, our language of love.
You may take this home,
The explanation will, hereafter, come."

But the sequel has proved, that if the Spirits did, really, make the promise, as above interpreted, that they would no more disturb the dwelling of Mr. P., they *falsified*, as we know they have done in many other instances. Indeed, they have made but very few communications, at Dr. Phelps's, as to matters of *fact*, of which we have knowledge independent of them, but which have proved to be utterly false and frivolous. Here is a specimen of their frivolity. A paper was thrown down near Mrs. Phelps, while in her parlor with a number of ladies, having written upon it the following, with a pencil. The paper was scratched as if the pencil was worn down to the point, which was the case with a pencil laying on the side-board, near by:—

"SIR,—Sir Sambo's compliments, and begs the laddy's to accept as a token of his esteem."

A lady in Mr. Phelps's family had jocosely requested one of the Spirits to write a letter for her, which she could send to her relative in Philadelphia. The Spirit complied, and threw down, in the presence of the family, only a few minutes afterwards, a piece of paper, which is now before us, and from which the following is transcribed. The writing was done with a pencil, and has certain peculiarities about it, which were recognised, at once, by all the family:—

"DEAR MARY,—I have just time to write and tell you I am well. Give my love to Miss Kennedy and her uncle. Also, Mrs. and Mr. Davis. Also, to Sarah. Good bye.

II. P. DEVIL."

The lady's name who requested this letter was "H. P." It was thrown down about the middle of last July.

Other papers have been similarly written upon, and signed "Sam Slick," and "Beelzebub." When in Rochester, (August 14, 1850,) in the presence of Mrs. Fish and the Fox sisters, I asked the guardian Spirits of that family about the paper from which the above is transcribed. I had the original in my hands, and gave it to Mrs. Fish, who asked her guardian Spirit "What there was *peculiar* about it?" She had not read it. The Spirit spelled out, "Sam Slick." I then asked, "What name was signed to it?" And the Spirit spelled "devil." Sometimes papers are thrown down, signed with the names of persons, or a person, whom the family had known in Philadelphia, but who died some years since. Here is a specimen:—

"If, if the Spirit purporting to be Abner Henry Benton. You can correspond with the two latter, at some future time. THEO. HEWITT."

The following was in pencil, like all the others, and seems to be written in the same hand. It is on a small piece of paper, and superscribed, "E. Phelps."

"If you promise not to write that I told you, I will not throw anything all this week, as a trial."

The above will be better understood, perhaps, when we state what Dr. Phelps, himself, related to us. He wrote a letter, on business, containing, among other things, drafts for money, which he was about to mail for Philadelphia. On one page of his letter, he had made a remark about "the Spirits," to the effect, that "if the disturbances did not cease, he should remove from that house." On returning from his dinner to the table where he had written and left the letter, he found that page, containing the above allusion, torn off and gone! He asked "the Spirits" what they had done with it, and they told him. He looked in the place designated by the Spirits, and found that part of his letter torn up. And the Spirits then sent him the above, desiring him "not to write" what is above given! Indeed, Dr. Phelps assured me that he had often written letters which the Spirits forbade his sending till they had read them, and they had repeatedly directed him where to put his letters, so that they (the Spirits) could get them.

In our next, we shall give some further specimens of "letter writing" by the Spirits, as we have two letters of this description, covering one page of letter paper, and which were written by the same invisible hand. They are, indeed, a curiosity, as our readers will admit, we think, when they come to read them.

MY CHILDREN IN HEAVEN:

I have before informed my readers, that I am a father, and have two sons in the Spirit Sphere. One has been there fifteen years, the other nine. Both went from the cradle to the grave.

I have, also, before referred to what I call *appropriateness*, in the Spiritual Manifestations I have witnessed, and I may now add, especially, in reference to my own children. Their communications, made to me in New York, in Auburn, in Rochester, and within my own family circle, in Charlestown, Mass., have been most pleasant, convincing, and gratifying,

beyond the powers of language to describe. Yes, O, yes! Bereaved and torn as my heart has twice been, with the death of an only son, how consoling to a fond parent's wounded spirits to be permitted, as I have often been, to hold communications with the Spirits of my children, and become as *conscious* of their *presence* and *touch* as if they were now in the body! In Auburn, August 9, 1850, the spiritual hand of one of my sons was placed on my head, where it was kept with a gentle motion, pressing back and forth, (to make me *sensible* of what it was,) for nearly five minutes. I asked my children if they could spell? They said no, as they had had no use for the alphabet in the world where they lived; but they would ask their aunt, my sister, to learn them. This was Friday. The next Wednesday night, August 14, with the Fox family in Rochester, I asked them if they had learned to spell? The oldest one said he had, and, giving the call for the alphabet, he spelled this sentence,—*"I have learned to spell done."* I then asked him to spell something for his father to remember. He commenced, and rapped out the following:—"Father dear! I look like you."

Perhaps some of my readers may be able to see an *appropriateness* in the above, being, as it was, from my first-born son, and the first idea that he had ever communicated to my external senses. It seems to me, also, that I can see an appropriateness in the manner or circumstances of the first "responses" that I ever obtained from my children, in my family. I had frequently had *manifestations*, when alone, since last June, but no audible *answers* to questions, till each member of my family happened to be present. Then, asking my children to respond, the oldest did so, *audibly*, for an hour or so, upon the cradle, around which the family circle was formed! As if the precious Spirit of our child, having left the cradle for the grave, would come back and announce his presence by a rap, as upon the very place where his fond parents last gazed upon his infantile features, when smitten by the hand of death! The consolation thus afforded us may be imagined, described it cannot be.

The Newburyport Herald says that efforts are making to establish a public library in that town, on a plan which will secure its permanency and usefulness.

"MANIFESTATIONS" and "RESPONSES."—We are accustomed, when speaking or writing of communications from the Spirit-World, to distinguish between what we call "spiritual manifestations" which are spontaneously made, without any request or expectation from us, and "responses" that are made to questions which we put to the unseen spirits, to be answered by them.

We have been favored with spiritual manifestations, addressed to the senses of *hearing* and *feeling*, almost every day since the 14th of last June. "Raps" have been made, in our study at home and in our office in Boston, upon the sides of the room, and upon the back of our desk, where we are now writing. We had repeated "raps" while writing the article in our last number, "Historical and Explanatory," approving of the views we gave of the philosophy of the spiritual communications now in the process of development to man's external senses. We have had some *peculiar* manifestations from the spirits of our children during the night, which have brought us to consciousness from sound sleep. Manifestations have been made in our public lectures, though not extended indiscriminately to the entire audience.

Then, again, the "responses" have been given to us, through our own *family circle*, not one of which ever saw or heard responses through any other person. All the other mediums of which we have any knowledge, had the responses promised by being put in *personal communication* with the Fox family, or some one who had communicated with that family.

SPIRITUAL MEDIUMS.—We are in the constant receipt of intelligence, showing an increase of manifestations from the Spirit-World, and from some distant places. Many of whom we have heard, through whom these developments are made, do not wish to have their names made public; but others consent to this, from motives of benevolence.

We have heard of Mr. Henry C. C. Gordon, as having become an excellent medium within a few weeks past. We became acquainted with him in Middletown, Ct., having, we believe, found him in a state of *trance* in one of our lectures there in 1846. He had been disposed to somnambulism for some years before. We congratulate our brother on his introduction to the Spirit-World. May he

attract only the good and true, as we doubt not he will. And, with the other favored names which have appeared in our columns as *mediums*, we are now permitted to place that of our own first-born and beloved daughter, Mrs. Margaretta S. Cooper. My friends in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and Louisville, Ky., will not need to be told who she is, nor reminded of the music she made for her father's audiences in those places in 1848, coming, as we used to say, "from the *Spirit-World*!" The responses we have had through her have been most convincing and satisfactory indeed.—Within an hour, we have seen an article of furniture moved by the spirits, in her presence, some fifty times successively. And how gratifying, how pleasant, how heavenly, to find our own family thus taken possession of, as it were, by the Heavenly Hosts! O, how insignificant is all earthly good, when compared to this privilege! At our table, during meal times, by day and night, thus to be permitted to hold open communion with the Spirit-World!

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE NIGHT-SIDE OF NATURE; or Ghosts and Ghost Seers. By Catherine Crowe. Boston. B. B. Mussey & Co. 1850. 12 mo. pp. 450.

The term "Night Side of Nature," as the authoress tells us, she borrows from the Germans, who derive it from astronomers, the latter denominating that side of a planet which is turned from the sun, its "*night side*." We are in the *night* for a certain number of hours, out of every twenty-four; and as during this interval, external objects loom before us but strangely and imperfectly, the Germans draw a parallel between these vague and misty perceptions, and the similar obscure and uncertain glimpses we get of the veiled department of nature, of which, while comprising as it does the solution of questions concerning us more nearly than any other, we are yet in a state of entire and wilful ignorance. For science, at least, science in this country, has put it aside as beneath her notice, because new facts that do not fit into old theories are troublesome, and not to be countenanced.

Admitting, as we do, that many of the details in this volume are not sufficiently authenticated, yet its publication is opportune, and has no doubt been brought about by the secret developments in dif-

ferent parts of the country, believed to be from the spirit world. It contains a mass of intensely interesting matter, and must have a wide circulation.

HYGIENE OF MASSACHUSETTS. A Report to The American Medical Association. By Josiah Curtis, A. M.

We had heard this able Report spoken of in terms of high commendation, by numbers of our acquaintances in the medical profession, but never saw a copy till the one just sent us by the author, for which he will please accept our thanks. It contains a vast amount of statistical information, and must have cost days and nights of patient research, which probably but few men could find at their command, aside from their ordinary professional duties.

POEMS. By Alonzo Lewis. B. B. Mussey. Boston: 1850.

"When the proud triumph of the imperial lord,
Whom servile Rome obey'd, and yet abhorred,
Gave to the vulgar gaze each glorious bust,
That left a likeness of the good and just,
What spread from face to face that wondering air?
The thought of Brutus! for he was not there!
That absence prov'd his worth—that absence fix'd
His memory on the longing mind." BYRON.

We have heretofore had occasion to speak of the short-comings of Mr. Griswold's book of *American Poets*—and to remark that a book pretending to embrace all American poets should not exclude any, at least not known and popular ones. We allude now to particular omissions. Why was he omitted? That is the question asked by thousands—for Alonzo Lewis, the "Lynn Bard," is known and read in both hemispheres. He was one of our latter poets—of the 140 poets whom Mr. Griswold has noticed, rather more than 100 have come upon the stage since Mr. Lewis's first volume was published; and with the exception of some six or eight of our leading poets, there is none whose poems are oftener read, or better remembered—six editions have been sold—the seventh is now before us. It is not possible that Mr. Griswold is ignorant of Mr. Lewis's poems, or indifferent to their merit. The question then recurs, why is a notice of him omitted in Mr. G.'s book? If it results from any private pique, such a motive is unworthy of Mr. Griswold's fame; and instead of rendering Mr. Lewis less known, it defeats its own object, and makes him in fact better remembered, as the question so often asked, why is he omitted? fixes his memory more indelibly upon the mind, as it singles him out from a multitude of names, like a single, bright star, apart from the galaxy. This is probably why Mr. Lewis's poems are so much sought for, and so much read—why so many editions of his poems have been sold the few past years. Mr. Lewis has many friends, and his productions will doubtless be read

much more in future even than they are at present.

Mr. Lewis is a native of Lynn, Mass., and has written a history of that ancient town, which, in the estimation of all reviewers and all readers, is the very best history of an American town ever written. It is, in fact, a perfect model of a town history. Many a worn and soiled and yet carefully kept copy of this history may be seen in the houses of the farmers of New England. It contains the best prose tribute to women that we ever saw, or ever expect to see. It has been more read than any similar book ever published in this country. Its style is classic, its description graphic, and its elucidation of the character and manners of the aborigines and the early white settlers of New England, extensive and interesting.

In the poems of Mr. Lewis there is a simplicity and sincerity which evidently come from the heart, and therefore go to the heart. The longest poem, entitled *Love*, is in two cantos, and depicts the divine and human love, in phases of great light and beauty.

Among the smaller poems are many pieces of exquisite beauty and loveliness, exhibiting great command of language, a happy talent of versification, and showing their author to be possessed of a heart tremulously alive to all the beauties of nature, and also of an ear exquisitely modified to the euphony of verse. It will be difficult throughout the volume to find a false rhyme, or a line, the rhythm of which is not perfect.

With this brief notice we bid adieu to Mr. Lewis for the present, hoping to hear from him again, either in verse or prose; and in the mean time, we recommend his beautiful little volume to the affectionate notice of our readers.

THE PERFECT FAMILY.

BY MRS. F. M. SAKER.

Cannot every one follow me, while I imagine a perfect family, all loving and beloved? The father extends his providence and care to all, for he feels no partiality, and he anxiously desires the good of all. The mother watches and nurtures all with untiring patience and undying love, for it is her nature to feel the most tender solicitude for all her offspring. No brother would overreach, or defraud, or injure another, for he feels toward him no jealousy, no envy. No sister would calumniate or wound the feelings of another, for she feels toward her no ill-will, no suspicion. In a word, that family is devoid of selfishness. What one member enjoys, he is anxious to share with all.—What of good one possesses, be it of wealth, or what not, he would divide it equally; for he could never be happy himself, while he knew another was in need, either through his own or another's means.

How delightful to contemplate such a family, each one happy only in the happiness of all the rest!

Now, we are all members of one family. Our great Father exercises towards us a care which no earthly father can do. Our mother, Earth, furnishes in abun-

dance, not only necessities, but even luxuries for all. But how do we, the brethren and sisters? Do we act well our parts? Is it well to destroy in each other confidence in our Father, by maligning his character, or enshrouding it in mystery? Is it well to rob each other of the gifts of our mother, to hoard up her treasures, while some of our brethren actually suffer from want? Is it well to increase our own goods, at the expense of the comforts of others, by pandering to their tastes and appetites, which we have perhaps helped to vitiate? Is it well to attempt to rise to fame or eminence on another's downfall or ruined reputation? Is it well to establish our own opinions or actions as an infallible standard by which the words and deeds of all others must be squared; thus taking from our brethren the last right, that of thinking and speaking for themselves? Even our Father is not thus dictatorial, and shall we assume an authority which he has never exercised nor delegated to another?

Alas, we are surely an erring family! Very little do we, in our own self-righteousness, realize the appearance which our conduct bears in the eyes of our Father, who sees not only the outward deed, but the feeling which dictated it, the motive which prompted it. But for our own selfishness, how perfect a family might we become! No miracle need our Father work to make us one. Upon our own will does it all depend. Far easier can we be near our Father, than thus estranged from him. Far easier be loving and kind brethren and sisters, than thus hating and warring; for now we are at variance, not only with others, but with all our own best thoughts and desires; then we should be acting exactly in accordance with our natures.—*Universalum*.

"*THUSOLOGY*."—The Messrs. —, who have been lecturing to crowded audiences in most of our large cities for some months past, intend, we learn, visiting this city, for the purpose of giving a course of lectures on *Thusology*.

There, readers, what do you think of that? "*Thusology*!" Hem! Aint that learned? Of course, the man who invented that beautiful word knew a thing or two.

But seriously, is it not disgusting to hear men use such terms, who profess to be public teachers of intellectual science? We came to the conclusion, long ago, that when a man cannot get along without dubbing himself as a "Dr.," "Prof.," or teacher of some new "ology," such as "Biology," "Thusology," or Diddleology, he cannot be worthy of much notice.

But we forgot to say, the above quotation is from the *Fountain and Journal*, Gardner, Me. We give in to the Down Easters, this time. *Thusology*! But, then, we live in an age of progression, and there is no telling what we may not hear of, now-a-days.

PATHETISM.

TO MY SPIRITUAL CHILDREN:

Scattered abroad! In Massachusetts, Maine, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, and other localities in this external world:—

Children Dear!—Though years have passed away since I had the pleasure of seeing many of you in the external form, you have not been effaced from a place in my memory. I sought you for your good; you were attracted to my lectures, perhaps, at first, from the merest curiosity. You were not conscious of any motive in listening to what I proposed to tell you, except, perhaps, the pleasure it afforded you to contribute, as you might, something towards gratifying the wishes of a stranger. But the attention you gave me resulted in an influence over your mind, and over your nervous system, which has proved a great benefit to you. When you first heard of a course of lectures on *Pathetism*, it did not occur to you how much you might be benefitted! That your sick head ache could be thus cured! Your deafness relieved! Your eye-sight restored! Your fits prevented! And that neuralgia, that nervous debility, that paralysis, that insanity, that want of good sleep, all removed; and that stammering tongue made to talk plainly! And, least of all, did you imagine that those decayed, aching teeth, could be *Pathetised* out of your head, without the least pain; or, that that tumor could be made to disappear without the horror of a surgical operation! Or, that that bad limb could be amputated without the consciousness of pain! And yet, all these things, these truly marvellous things, have been done for you, done freely, without money and without price.

Nor is this all, nor, indeed, is it the best, the chief good, you have realised from *Pathetism*. You are conscious of having had your mind developed into superior degrees of goodness and truth. You have been raised to a most pleasant nearness with the Spirit World. You are more happy, more contented, more grateful, more hopeful. And, O, how my spirit swelled with emotions of satisfaction, when I was told by a "*Host of Spirits*," with whom I conversed in Auburn, Aug. 9, 1850, that they had often been present at my lectures in Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Providence, and other places;—

attracted by the approach of those Spirits whom I had Pathetised into a state of TRANCE! That state of Trance, (as I was assured by the Spirits from the upper Spheres,) that very state of TRANCE, into which I had pathetised the thousands who had attended my lectures in different places throughout the country, was the nearest possible approach to the Spirit-World! Those Spirits also assured me that they had stood by me, and witnessed the surgical operations I had caused to be performed on my entranced children, in my public lectures on Pathetism! Yes, in Boston, on that spacious platform in Tremont Temple, they had not only been present, rejoicing in the assistance they were enabled to afford me, in rendering my patients *insensible to pain* while the knife and the forceps were doing the surgeon's work upon them, but some of the patients whom they assisted had since left the body, and were now "responding" to me, in confirmation of the truths I had been teaching in the lectures where they were thus benefitted!!

From these more recent developments, my children and friends throughout the world will perceive, that the subject which interested them, when witnessing the "experiments" performed in my public lectures, had a closer relation to the Spirit-World than they, or myself, perhaps, imagined. True, I so believed; but then I did not, could not, begin to conceive such "Spiritual Manifestations" as I have since witnessed, as within the bounds of probability! But now, I see that all those INFLUENCES which I included under the term of Pathetism, just so far as they tended to shut up the external senses, and carry the mind of my patient into a state of Trance, were truly *Spiritual*, and lessened the space between the external and Spirit Worlds. And, now, I cannot doubt but that you will be attracted (Pathetised) by what I shall be able to tell you through the columns of this paper; because you shall find here messages of love, communicated from your friends and mine, who now inhabit the Spheres above. In the mean time, I desire you would speak for yourselves. Some of you have spoken, I know, to me, and described the assistance you have received. And now, that others may be benefitted as you have been, I lay before them the testimonials which you have given to me:—

PARALYSIS AND SPASMODIC Hysteria CURED BY PATHETISM!—About five

months since, I was brought down with paralysis of the spine and lower limbs; since which time, I have not been able to walk at all, nor even to bear my weight upon my feet. Besides other diseases, I have been affected with a determination of blood to the head, and spasmodic hysterical hysteria; so that frequently my entire system had been thrown into convulsions, which have been exceedingly distressing. When Mr. Sunderland commenced Pathetising me, I did not anticipate much, if any, relief, but am, with my friends, astonished at the effects it has produced on my system. Besides curing me of the spasms, my limbs have become straight, and I am now so far recovered, that I am able to walk across my room.—CAROLINE A. WILKINS 72, Carmine street, New York, July 6, 1842.

FITS, INSANITY, AND OTHER NERVOUS DIFFICULTIES, CURED BY PATHETISM!—For more than twenty years, I have been horribly afflicted with *cramp-convulsions*, and occasional *insanity*. When four years old, I lay in one fit forty hours. On being entranced in Mr. Sunderland's lectures, my fits and insanity ceased entirely, so that my health in every other respect was entirely restored! Since that time, I have been well and happy.—M. J. MASON. Philadelphia, Oct. 8, 1848.

TIC DOULOUREUX RELIEVED BY PATHETISM!—For eight years previous to my attending the lectures of Mr. Sunderland, in this city, in 1847, I was severely afflicted with Tic Douloureux. On being entranced by Mr. S., I was very much relieved; so much so, that I have often considered myself quite well.—MRS. J. REDIFER. Philadelphia, October 15, 1848.

EPILEPSY CURED BY PATHETISM!—About the first of September, 1842, I was seized with *convulsions*, which deprived me of my strength and reason. I was completely prostrated, and for three weeks was attended by different physicians, who pronounced me *epileptic*, and said I had a nervous affection of the heart and arteries, and they treated me accordingly. Finding myself daily growing worse, and fearing for my life, I sent for Mr. Sunderland. From the hour he commenced pathetising me, I began to recover; and in the course of three weeks after, I considered myself completely restored.—P. O. HORN, 41 Suffolk Street. New York, November 15, 1842.

CRAMP-CONVULSIONS CURED BY PATHETISM!—For about six years, commencing when I was nineteen years old, I suffered a most distressing kind of fits, which my physicians called *cramp-convulsions*. They came on once in three weeks, rendering me perfectly insensible for two or three hours; and, for some days after, I remained very much prostrated. I employed the best medical skill the country afforded, without the least benefit, and some of my physicians assured me I never could be cured. In December, 1845, I attended Mr. Sunderland's lectures on Pathetism, where I became entranced, and thus experienced the first relief I ever found from my distressing malady. For the last year I have not had one fit, and

think I shall never have any more. The pleasure I experienced under the treatment of Pathetism I shall never forget, and Mr. Sunderland will always have my heartfelt gratitude for the interest he manifested in my welfare.—CAROLINE S. ALLEN. Chickopee, Mass., October 8, 1848.

GOUT CURED BY PATHETISM!—Mr. Sunderland has entirely cured me of Gout in my head and shoulders, from which I have been a sufferer for years.—H. MAJOR. Philadelphia, March 25, 1848.

TOBACCO CHEWING AND SMOKING CURED BY PATHETISM!—I, James Cockrell, jeweller, of the city of Philadelphia, do hereby declare, that I am forty-three years of age, and that I have, for the last twenty-five years, been in the constant and excessive habit of smoking and chewing tobacco; but LaRoy Sunderland has so completely destroyed my appetite for it, that I now feel a perfect loathing against it, in all its forms.—JAMES COCKRELL. March 13, 1847.

OPIMUM EATING CURED BY PATHETISM!—I, Mary Hubbard, of Cabotville, Mass., aged 29, do hereby certify, that for seven years previous to December, 1845, I had been in the constant habit of taking *laudanum*, till my dose amounted to one ounce per day, when I became entranced in the lectures of LaRoy Sunderland, and my appetite for it was destroyed in a few days; so that, for the last eighteen months, it has never once returned.—MARY HUBBARD. May 28, 1847.

INSENSIBILITY TO PAIN DURING SURGICAL OPERATIONS PRODUCED BY PATHETISM!—The testimony of the doctors present was, that the tooth had been drawn from the entranced lady without pain, and it had been entirely satisfied that Mr. Sunderland wielded an influence over the nervous system, compared to which the strongest opiates were powerless. While the doctor was extracting one of her molar teeth, the lady was as stiff and as UNCONSCIOUS AS A CORPSE.—Nantucket Telegraph, April 5, 1845.

AMAUSIS CURED BY PATHETISM!—My daughter, Ann Elizabeth, when a babe, had weak eyes, and from childhood she had been afflicted with *amaurosis*, so much so that she could scarcely read; and, on account of this and other nervous difficulties, she was unable to attend school. This continued till she was sixteen years old, when she was entranced in the lectures of LaRoy Sunderland, in this city, October, 1843. In a few weeks after, she wholly laid aside her glasses, and has never used them since. Her sight and health are now perfectly good, and we attribute her restoration entirely to Pathetism!—BENJAMIN HALL. Providence, R. I., Oct. 31, 1848.

TUMOR CURED, AND SURGICAL OPERATION SUPERSEDED BY PATHETISM!—While Mr. Sunderland was giving lectures last February, in the Tremont Temple, in this city, he was applied to by Captain H. H. Watson (Charlestown, Mass.) to Pathetise his daughter, for the purpose of rendering her *insensible* while

a tumor should be cut from her left breast. The lady was twenty-three years of age, and weighed about 180 pounds. The tumor had been examined some eighteen months before, by a number of our first physicians, who all agreed that it should be taken out with the knife. One of them pronounced it *fibrous*, and another *cancerous*. It caused her much pain, and about three months before she came to Mr. S., her attending physician (the late Dr. J. B. Walker) put a plaster upon it, but took it off again in twenty-four hours, as he said it "only made it worse." In about seventeen days, Mr. Sunderland succeeded in securing the *spell* upon her system; so that she was utterly *unconscious*. Feb. 22, at 10 A.M., was the hour fixed upon for the surgical operation to be performed.

The night previous was spent almost without sleep by the anxious husband and parents. The patient herself had not been made acquainted with the design, and at the appointed moment she was *spell-bound*, in a state of utter *unconsciousness*, with her left arm stretched over her head in a state of rigidity resembling death. The operating surgeon came precisely at 10, accompanied by three other surgeons; and, after arranging his instruments, waxing his thread, &c., he, with the attending surgeons, examined the breast for the space of half an hour, and finally decided that there was no tumor there! During the time she had been *Pathetised*, the pain and the tumor had disappeared as by magic. That there had been a tumor there, bigger than a hen's egg, all were agreed; but what had removed it, the medical gentlemen did not pretend to say. Since that time there have been no symptoms of its return. She believes, as does her husband, father, mother, and friends, that it was dissipated by *Pathetism* alone; and her ecstasy in being thus able to escape the bloody work of the knife was excessive, as may well be supposed.—*Boston Chronotype*, June 5, 1846.

APHONY, (LOSS OF VOICE,) AND DESPAIR, CURED BY PATHETISM!—I hereby certify, that it is now more than two years since, from a severe affection in the throat, I lost my voice entirely; and during this time, I have been quite indisposed as to my general health; that I have been wholly unable to speak above a *whisper*, until last Tuesday evening, the 26th inst., when LaRoy Sunderland, putting his hand on my head, enabled me to speak aloud. And I further declare, that for about one year previous to this time, I had been in a state of *mental despair*, but from which I have been completely restored by Mr. Sunderland; and I never felt more perfectly happy in my life. I can only say, it seems to be the Lord's doing, and marvellous in my eyes.—MARY ANN BOOM. Albany, N. Y., July 28, 1842.

TOAST BY A SCHOOLMASTER.—The fair daughters of America—May they add virtue to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper, divide time by sociability and economy, and reduce scandal to its lowest denomination.

THE OUTCAST.

Not long since, as I was taking my accustomed morning's walk, on a mild morning, in the suburbs whereof I am a depizen, I found myself, on a sudden, in the open country. The melancholy landscape of autumn stretched around, and the bright hues which had characterized the season were beginning to disappear. Nothing disturbed my meditations except the passage of some early man or woman, hieing with their little world of cares and hens to the market of the town. I wandered unconsciously onward, until I discovered that I was, as it were, in the midst of a crowd, fronting a low, time-worn tenement. A few vehicles were drawn around it, and seeing a friend, whom I knew, I inquired the cause of the assembly. He informed me that a young girl had committed suicide, and was then lying dead, in an upper apartment. Moved with sorrowful curiosity, I complied with his request to enter. In one apartment were several females in tears and distress; in another, the witnesses and members of the coroner's jury. Ascending the staircase, I found myself in the presence of the dead! of one, who, before the dark day of nothingness had swept the lines of beauty from her features, was lying on a pallet of straw, pale in dissolution. The sight was mournful and solemn. Her face had lingering about it all the features of beauty; its ensign was still floating about the voiceless lip, and the deep sealed eye. Heavy masses of rich auburn hair lay on each of her snowy temples: a faint hue lingered about the cheeks, but the foamy and purple lips indicated how violent a death she had died. By the bed-side lay a half-eaten apple, and a large rhomboid of corrosive sublimate. Particles of this most deadly poison were still visible on the fruit. Thus the life-weary taker ended her days. I looked out upon the gloomy waste of country over which she had gazed her last, at twilight, the evening before, and tried to realize what must have been the depth of agony which possessed her spirit then. How must her bruised heart have throbbed with misery! How dark must have been her soul! like that of Medea of Euripides, when she prepared the deadly garments for her rival, and dedicated to death the children of her womb.—Thought of the cause now agitated my mind. She had confided and been betrayed. Cruelty and abuse had been her lot; but amidst all she had been constant

and devoted. Her hands were clasped as if in prayer; and the potent poison had overcome her system ere she could disunite them.

There are moments when the mysteries of eternity throng so rapidly upon our imagination, that we live years of contemplation in their little round. This was the case with me. There lay the prostrate form of one whose only crime had been, that she had "loved not wisely, but too well"—one who, stung to the heart by the destroyer of her peace, had now determined to lay down her aching head and sorrowful bosom in the rest of the grave.

As I stood gazing on the lifeless object before me—interrupted only by the pitying ejaculations of the few that were present, or the sobs of those who were below—I was requested by the surgeon in attendance, as a personal favor, to go in his private carriage to the residence of the father of the deceased, and apprise him of the fatal occurrence, of which he was still ignorant. Receiving my directions, I went. I drove up to a handsome dwelling in a distant street, and was ushered by a servant into a beautiful drawing-room, where a glowing fire was burning in the grate. Everything around betokened ease and plenty, if not opulence. The folding-doors of the parlor soon opened, and the warm air from an adjoining elegant apartment came in from another fire.

The father stood before me. He was a respectable looking person, but wore about him the marks of violent passions and indomitable will.

It was by slow and painful degrees that I communicated to him the horrid death of his child. When I had unburdened my mind and heart, he seemed like a statue of marble for a moment; and then sinking upon an ottoman, he gave way to the agony of his soul, his chest heaved with his deep drawn sighs, his lips faltered, and tears, stern tears, "like the first drops of a thunder-shower," came to his eyes.

I saw him stand, a few minutes after, by the corpse of his daughter. Words cannot describe the scene.

The history of her sorrows and fate may be briefly told. She was their first born; was beloved—idolized. When brothers and sisters were grown up around her, she was favored of them all.

At last her mother died. She was just budding into womanhood, when this event

took place. After the funeral rites, she found that she was destined to fill her mother's place, so far as the guardianship and care of her young brothers and sisters were concerned. She knew the stern disposition and headstrong passions of her parent, and she strove to the utmost to meet his wishes and oblige his will. Soon, however, his demeanor began to change. He insisted that she was unable to perform the duties required, and a housekeeper was procured—one, it seems, not dissimilar to the celebrated Original mentioned by Byron. She was overbearing and vulgar. By degrees, the daughter perceived too surely that her mother's place was filled to the utmost, in all its relations, by a dishonest and unholy woman. She suffered in silence; she blushed at her own degradation, through the recklessness of her parent, but she breathed not a word. At last her silence was imputed to insubordinate anger, she was pronounced incorrigible, and driven from her father's house—an *outcast*!

Hitherto she had been worthy and innocent. But evil examples and a just filial anger fired her soul. She sought the house of a friend, a close intimate of her mother's, where she lived as an assistant in the lighter and more elegant duties of the household. By degrees, her beauty attracted the attention of a youth, the son of her protectress. She loved: she was beset with solemn vows, and an unbroken train of temptations—until, finally, she was betrayed; and unable to battle against her own remorse, and the thousand shames that rained on her defenceless head, she sought the drug and the grave.

Now, that for which I do somewhat abate my admiration of woman, is this: They condemn all dereliction from duty, without any discrimination. In a case like the present, they make no distinction; they see the bruised heart sink into the dust, with scarcely an expression of regret, and hear the report that a sister spirit had rushed, unannounced and unannounced, into the presence of its God, without one throb of pity. Why this inexorable judgment? Why the absence of extenuating reasons? Why is it, with them, that

"Every woe a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame?"

I pretend not to tell; but if their opinions are severe, what shall be said of those fiends in human form who poison the

fountains of virtue in the innocent bosom, whose lips breathe the black lie and the broken vow? Is there a punishment too great to be inflicted upon the villain who approaches the fair fabric of virtue only to leave it in ruin and desolation? Is *hell* too much? No! To repay the love which one has himself awakened with disgrace and scorn; to drive the spirit one has polluted into the presence of that Creator from whom it came bright and unsullied; what guilt can be greater in all the annals of crime?

My heart burns with indignation as I dwell on the theme. How many a very wretch, among the youth of our cities, is dashing in the *beau monde*, whose true place is the penitentiary—whose only relief from its walls is the prodigal love of some violated virgin, who has suffered long, and is kind! These are solemn, but almost interdicted truths. There are some whom I *knew*, of this detestable class—men who will bow and sentimentalize, and flourish at soirees and assemblies, at operas and theatres, who have valiantly spent years of their worthless and spendthrift lives in daily and nightly endeavors to compass the honor of some lowly and lovely one, whom "nature made weak, trusting to man's generosity"—whose happiness was the end and aim of loving parents, and whose brow her dishonor has laid in the tomb.

Let me not be understood as the apologist of guilt. I reverence the sweetness and majesty of virtue, but I love the sway of justice. I would warn the tender sex against the easy prejudice which leads them to visit the sins of the voluptuous offender of the moral law upon the victim, whom only years of systematic villainy could bring within his toils—who makes the holiest passion subservient to the establishment of the unholy—until at last honor, conscience, hope, all that is worth possessing, is banished from that breast, which is found so pure, and left corrupted and in shame.

It is estimated that the supplies of an thracite coal at Philadelphia this season will fall short 250,000 tons, on account of the late freshets.

☞ The Governor of Pennsylvania has offered \$1000 reward for the apprehension and conviction of the murderers of Charles Burd.

A PROPOSAL IN INDIA.

One day, as I was sitting on an embasure of a window in a palace of my friend, a petty prince of Nimeer, looking out in dreamy listlessness on a lake which lay encompassed with wood at our feet, my friend, after a long silence, said to me:

"I have a strange proposition to make; but you will forgive me if I misunderstand you."

This was said inquiringly; and I replied that he surely knew he might, without scruple, make any proposition to me, since he could neither do nor say anything inconsistent with the highest honor and integrity. The chief bowed. He then remained silent a little longer, and rising and taking my hand, "I am going to propose," said he, "a very startling thing; it is that you should abandon your country and your kindred, become a Rajput as far as that is possible, and share my fortunes in this obscure part of India."—As I saw he was serious, I restrained an inclination to smile, and merely observed that religion would be an obstacle.

"That proves," said he, "that we have hitherto neglected to initiate you in the philosophy of our faith. We believe all religion to be true, and he who worships God and does good to mankind holds the best creed; I know this to be yours, and therefore continue to urge my point.—Nothing further than this shall ever be said of your religion;—it shall be a sacred thing, only to be considered among ourselves. All I wish is that you may become in form, as well as you are in reality, my brother; receive my sister's hand, take you the government of this country when I shall cease, as I shortly must, to be its chief."

"What strange fears are these," I exclaimed. "You are in the dawn of life."

"True," he replied; "yet I must shortly die. Not, I assure you, with regret, since I shall die for my country. But the seer of my house hath said it, and it must come to pass."

Construing my silence into consent, he arose and left the room, and returned shortly afterwards, bringing in his sister, whose beauty exceeded everything I had hitherto conceived of human loveliness. The Rajput women are celebrated throughout the East for the splendor of their forms, and the regularity and nobleness of their features. My friend's sister was the most beautiful of her race; mild, soft, gentle, yet not without that pride of birth in which, above all people,

the Rajputs delight. Holding out his sister's hand to me—

"You cannot," said he "offer so gross an insult to our house as to refuse this gift, which must be the bond of brotherhood between us. And you, Vaisunta, will consent to become the wife of the man whom, from the deepest affection and sense of duty, I have chosen for you?"

She bowed and smiled. For myself, I had lost all power of thinking or reasoning correctly. Her beauty had literally cast a spell over me, and all I could do was to signify to her brother that my fate was entirely in his hands, and that I would consent to any proposal he might make to me. He then replied, smiling faintly—

"Then she is yours. Let the necessary ceremonies be immediately performed, for fate presses, and in a few days I shall be with the gods."

On this part of my narrative I need not dilate. We were married, and in a few days afterwards the gallant young chief fell in a fray with the neighboring tribe. Having sent in my resignation to the British authorities, I was free to pursue whatever course I might think proper, and with the name of chief, took upon me the government of the province. What, in such a situation, might have been the feelings of other men, I will not presume to decide; I can only describe the movements of my own mind, and I can affirm, with truth and sincerity, that not a single idea of ambition entered into my thoughts. I administered the affairs of the principality with the assiduity and conscientiousness of a good steward, but hoped and wished for no other reward than the love of Vaisunta, who, without a figure of speech, had become the whole world to me. It is seldom that heaven creates human beings like her. The language usually employed in speaking of women would be quite out of place if applied to her. She was not impassioned, or sentimental, or affectionate, or fond, but a fountain of living love, which no words could describe. No thought of self ever rose in her mind, I was all in all to her, as she was to me.

Unhappily, the lady died, and sent the hapless widower to Europe, to relate the story.

JUST VERDICT.—Mr. Benjamin Sawyer has obtained a verdict of \$2500 damages against the town of Northfield, Ct., for injuries received by being thrown off a bridge over a deep cut of the Connecticut River Railroad, in that town.

THE DEATH WARRANT.

The following is a translation of the death warrant of our Lord Jesus Christ, as rendered by Pontius Pilate. It is the most imposing and interesting judicial document to all Christians that has ever been recorded in human annals.

Sentence of Jesus of Nazareth. In the year seventeen, of the Empire of Tiberius Cæsar, and the twenty-fifth day of March, in the city of holy Jerusalem, Caiaphas, High Priest and Sacrificator of the people of God; Pontius Pilate, Governor of Lower-Galilee, and sitting on the Presidential Chair of Pretory, condemns Jesus to die on the Cross, between two thieves; the great and notorious evidence of the people, saying—Jesus is a seducer. He is seditious. He is a blasphemer. He is an enemy of the law. He calls himself the Son of God and King of Israel. He entered the temple followed by a multitude bearing Palm branches in their hands. Order, that the first centurion, Quirilus Cornelius, lead him to the place of crucifixion. Forbid any person whomsoever, either rich or poor, to oppose the death of Jesus. He shall go out of the city of Jerusalem by the gate of Struthus.

Signed by Pontius Pilate and the witnesses; who are as follows: Daniel Robani, a Pharisee; Joannes Zorobabel; Raphael Robmani; Capet, a citizen.

The above sentence is engraved on a copper plate; on one side of which is these words, "A similar plate is sent to each tribe." It was found in an antique vase of white marble, while excavating in the ancient city of Aquila, in the kingdom of Naples, in the year 1280, and was discovered by the Commissaries of Arts attached to the French armies, at the expedition of Naples. It was found enclosed in a box of ebony, in the Sacristy of Chartrem. The vase is in the chapel of Caseira. The French translation was made by the Commission of Arts. The original is in the Hebrew language. The Chartrem requested earnestly that the plate should not be taken away from them. The request was granted, as a reward for the sacrifices they had made for the army. M. Demon, one of the Savans, caused a plate to be made of the same model on which he had engraved the above sentence. At the sale of his collection of antiquities, &c., it was bought by Lord Howard for 2,890 francs.

EGYPTIAN WOMEN.

The lower orders are often extremely noisy, and nothing can equal the volubility of the women. The fair sex appear generally well made, except about the bust; but their features, I mean those of the humbler classes, are harsh and coarse. I do not think this arises either from exposure to the sun or hard work. The same observation is not made in India. All I know is that the passion of the Egyptian women are strongly developed, and that in language and manners they bear a great resemblance to the lower orders of the Irish. The fierceness of their quarrels is sometimes surprising. I have seen an old dame for a whole quarter of an hour perseveringly attempt to get at a young man who had offended her, in order to scratch his face. Her tongue never ceased to utter all the while the most awful curses, and she actually foamed at the mouth, and, throwing herself on the ground, rolled about in transports of impotent rage. According to the custom of the country, however, she did not turn upon those that held her. Let me hasten to add, that never have I seen tenderer mothers than in Egypt. It is my impression, indeed, though I should not like to be too positive on such a subject, that maternal affection is the only pure passion of which the Egyptian women, as a rule, are capable. I have often heard it said by them, "A husband is a husband; if one is lost, another is to be got; but who can give me back my child?"

☞ A gentleman by the name of Davies, a few days ago, proposed an examination of the Rochester ladies by a committee of matrons, to ascertain whether the knockings were produced by machinery concealed about the person. The following is the report, read by Mr. Davies:

1. That the ladies had been disrobed with the exception of their nether garments, and that the most thorough examination had failed to disclose any machine by which the sounds might be produced.
2. That the ladies, after being unclothed, had been placed in a variety of positions, and still the sounds were heard, while the most careful watching failed to detect any physical movements which could account for their production.

ADVICE.—One had better be cheated agreeably than pass one's life in watching not to be cheated.

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