

# SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

Goodness and Truth.

VOL. I.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1850.

NO. 5-10.

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

Written for the Spiritual Philosopher.

"SPERO MELIORA." "NIL DESPERANDUM."

BY J. S. FREELIGH.

Though rain hang grim o'er our passion-toss'd bark,  
And the future approaches all cheerless and dark,  
Though the past is o'ershadow'd by errors and crimes,  
Resolve still to conquer, and "hope better times."

Though vicissitudes allure us and evils assail,  
And good resolutions repeatedly fail,  
Resolve still to conquer, and nobly declare  
Independence of spirit, and "never despair."

We are acting our parts in the scenes of a play,  
Between two eternities passing away,  
And the golden-wing'd moments, fast fleeting,  
shall tell  
Down the vista of time, if our acting is well.

Let the past be forgotten—the future unfeared—  
The present improv'd, and our spirits be cheer'd  
By Hope, journey onward, and spite of the past  
We shall "conquer our fate," and be happy at last.

St. Louis, September 8th, 1850.

For the Spiritual Philosopher.

### HUMILITY.

The bird that soars on highest wing,  
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;  
And she that doth most sweetly sing,  
Sings in repose, when all things rest;  
In Lark and Nightingale we see  
What honor hath Humility!

When Mary chose the better part,  
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;  
And Lydia's gently-opened heart  
Was made for God's own temple meet;  
Fairest and best adorned is she  
Whose clothing is Humility!

The Saint that wears Heaven's brightest crown,  
In deepest adoration bends:  
The weight of glory bows him down  
Then most, when most his soul ascends;  
Nearest God's throne itself must be  
The footstool of Humility. G.

## PNEUMATOLOGY.

From the Boston Transcript.

### INTERVIEWS WITH THE SPIRITS!

MYSTERIOUS RAPPINGS IN BOSTON AND CHARLESTOWN.—We find the following communication in the Springfield Republican of Sept. 17th. The editor remarks, in introducing it: "It is hardly necessary to call attention to the article over the signature of Mr. Elmer, which we have compiled from his written notes and verbal narration. Mr. Elmer is well known, has the credit of being a shrewd man, not easily to be imposed upon, and a man whose truth and honesty are certainly not to be questioned in this community, where he has resided for many years."

We give the communication here referred to:

Mr. Bowles: Perhaps it will interest your readers if you will allow me to recount to them some of the wonders which I witnessed last week, in a series of interviews with what are claimed to be "Spirits." On Wednesday evening, I very gladly accepted an invitation from my friend, Mr. La Roy Sunderland, to witness the rappings at his office in Boston. After several gentlemen, who, with myself, were thorough unbelievers, had intimately examined every part of the room, furniture, &c., we were requested to form a circle around the table. Mr. Sunderland then stated that his daughter, through whom the spirits usually responded, was not present, and he should be

obliged to put several of those around the table into a state of trance, and then see if he could get the spirits to communicate through them. This he accomplished, and they commenced calling on the spirits of their departed friends. They were soon answered by the "raps" which I heard distinctly, and which appeared to be produced under the table, at different points. I placed my hand upon the table, being the only individual who touched it at all, and felt the vibrations, corresponding with the raps. Numerous questions were correctly answered.

Mr. Sunderland asked the spirit of his departed son, by my request, if the spirit of my daughter was present, and was answered that it was. This daughter was one at whose death a singular phenomenon was witnessed by several persons, and which I only allude to to recall it to the memory of those who knew it at the time. It was some time before I could muster faith and courage enough to consult somebody who appeared to be nobody. I finally asked if the spirit of my daughter was present and would respond to me, and was astonished to hear something respond promptly, with a different sound from any I had hitherto heard. I asked her several questions, which I very well knew no one present but myself knew how to answer, and was answered with uniform correctness. What purported to be the spirit of my daughter, told me that the halo of light that filled the darkened room at the time of her death, was a spiritual manifestation.

On Thursday evening, I visited Mr. Sunderland's house in Charlestown. Mr. S. was not at home, but his excellent family told me that if I wished to hear the rappings, I could hear them. Mr. Sunderland's daughter, through whom the spirits respond, is a married lady, and was sitting by the cradle, with a young child in her arms.

After I had examined the cradle, floor, &c., we formed a circle around the cradle. Some one asked if the spirits were present, and was immediately answered by the raps upon the cradle, much louder than those I had heard the night before. During the evening, we had many of the manifestations which have so frequently

been described as having occurred at Rochester, Auburn, New York city, &c.

On Friday, I called on Mr. Sunderland, at his office, in Boston, and expressed a desire to test these things in the day-time. He very kindly accompanied me to his house, where he, his daughter, and myself, seated ourselves by the cradle. After I had faithfully examined it, and everything about it, as well as everything about the room, the questioning and responding commenced. Mr. S. stated previously, however, that he would go into any room in the house, if it would be any more satisfactory, or to any room in any neighboring house, but I was satisfied with regard to this. I put questions in every possible way, questions which I had fixed upon as tests, all of which were promptly and correctly answered.

Having been placed in communication with what assumed to be the spirit of my daughter, I asked her to tell me how old she was when she died, and to signify the number when I mentioned it. I commenced and called numbers above and below the real one, in every variety of manner, until, at last, calling the real number, the rap was made promptly. She also told me how old her brother was when he died.—These two facts I knew were known to no one within a hundred miles of me, except to myself. Then the being who claimed to be the spirit of my daughter, by the use of the alphabet, spelled out: "Dear father, I love you." I asked her if she had any message to send to her mother. She replied, in the same manner: "Tell mother I am happy."

Mr. Sunderland, being partially deaf, requested the spirit of his little son to rap louder. I then saw the cradle move, at least three inches, though not a visible hand touched it. Mr. S. asked if his son would communicate by sight instead of sound, moving the cradle as the means, and was answered that he would. I took up the cradle, examined it and the floor, in every possible way, without finding any apparent means by which it could be moved. I afterwards saw it move more than fifty times, and once, at least six inches.

Now, as the preacher says, "with a few remarks I close." And first, allow me to say, that as the fear or the odium of being considered a fanatic will not shock my nerves very much, I do not hesitate to say, there was no deception, fraud, or trick, about the "rappings" which I witnessed. I think I know Mr. Sunderland and his family to be truthful and worthy people, and I do not believe, under the circumstances, that they could have deceived me, if they had attempted it. I do not know that these mysterious rappings were spiritual, but to believe any explanation I have yet heard, would certainly require a larger tax upon my credulity, than it would to believe they are what they assume to be. I certainly have no objections to urge against the establishment of a telegraphic communication between those in the body and those out of it, for I have no religious creed, and belong to no party, which would be likely to suffer from such a communication. It would clash with no article of my faith,

nor would it affect me unpleasantly in any manner.

Mr. Sunderland is now perseveringly investigating this subject, and gives the result of his investigations in his "Spiritual Philosopher." He believes his children are all together, four in the body and two out, and that the latter are around him, touching him so that he can feel them, and communicating with him in various ways. He says that he knows that they thus communicate.

RUFUS ELMER.

From the Portage Sentinel.

RAVENA, O.

The following communication relative to the mysterious manifestations which have been made at this place, is furnished us by one who was an ear witness to them. These sounds or rappings have been witnessed by a number of persons besides the writer of this communication, and attempts made to fathom the mystery by putting mental and test questions, about which no one present save the interrogator had any knowledge, but without success, and as yet no reasonable method of accounting for these manifestations has been discovered:

Mr. Editor:—I think it proper through your columns to make a brief statement to the public relative to the "Mysterious Rapping" that has occurred here of late, in answer to the many questions on the subject.

In the first place, I will say we have had the genuine "Mysterious Rappings" here of late, in several places, such as I have witnessed in Western New York, and many communications spelled out by the alphabet, which were witnessed by a number of respectable persons of this village. One or two I will relate, appertaining to myself; first stating that I had lost a son in New York city the fore part of this summer, and had myself become again sceptical upon the reality of spiritual rapping. Consequently, contrary to my expectations, on the evening of the 17th instant, I was called to my son Joseph's, at the request of a spirit, *alias*, "mysterious rapper." I went, but can report but little of what followed. Suffice it to say, loud raps, purporting to be from my son deceased, were heard, announcing these words through the alphabet, "I have come to talk with father." The next evening being appointed for the interview, in the same way was spelled out to me: "I was afraid to die, but now I am happy. Weep not for me. I have no more to say, only you will soon be with me—your days are few indeed. I am done." To which I replied: "If this is, indeed, the spirit of my son John, give me as a confirmation as many distinct raps as there are English letters in his whole name," which was deliberately and accurately done. And then, again, a mental question was answered me by the same, in this wise, viz.: "Is it possible that the intelligence of my son yet lives and is present?" The reply was, by three distinct raps, "Yes." I said, it is enough, let doubters ridicule as much as they please. Among the questions I asked was whether John would manifest

himself to me thus at my house, and was answered by raps that he would. The next day, while at our tea-table, his presence was announced by loud and frequent raps, and thus responses to many questions and observations were obtained by the company.

JOHN S. CLACKNER.

Revena, Aug. 30th, 1850.

FROM AN AGED CLERGYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—

I have received and read the *Spiritual Philosopher*, and have been much interested and profited by it. I feel a deep interest in the communications supposed to be from spirits. I have been a preacher of the Gospel for the last twenty-five years. But my mind has been anxious, and the establishment of the fact that these communications are from the Spirit World, would greatly relieve me; indeed, I am, in a great measure, already relieved; the evidence appears so unanswerable, my mind is comparatively quiet and at peace.

Yours respectfully,

ANASA HOLCOMB.

Southwick, Sept. 9, 1850.

## PSYCHOLOGY.

### INTUITIVE DISCOVERY.

A settler on the great Western road was missing from his farm. His overseer (a convict) gave out that he had gone to England, and left the property in his care. This was thought extraordinary, as the settler was not in difficulties, and was a steady, prudent man. The affair was almost forgotten, when, one Saturday night, another settler was returning, with his horse and cart, from market. On arriving at a part of the fence on the road side, near the farm of his absent neighbor, he thought he saw him sitting on the fence. Immediately the farmer hailed his neighbor, but receiving no answer, got out of his cart, and went toward the fence. His neighbor (as he plainly appeared to be) quitted the fence, and crossed the field toward a pond, in the direction of his home, which it was supposed he had deserted. The farmer thought it strange, and the next morning went to his neighbor's cottage, expecting to see him; but saw only the overseer, who laughed at the story, and said that his master was at that time near the shores of England.—The circumstances were so inexplicable, that the farmer went to a justice of the peace, related the circumstances, and added that he feared foul play had taken place. A native black was sent with some of the mounted police, and accompanied the farmer to the fence where the farmer thought he saw his friend. The spot was pointed out to the native, without showing him the direction which the lost person apparently took after quitting



the fence. On inspection, a part of the upper rail appeared to be discolored. The black scraped it with a knife, smelt it, and tasted it. Immediately after he crossed the fence, and took a straight direction for the pond near the cottage.—On its surface was a scum, which he took up in a leaf, and after smelling and tasting it, declared it to be "white man's fat." He then coursed round the pond, somewhat after the manner of a blood-hound, and at last darted into a thicket, and halted at a place containing some loose and decayed brushwood. On removing this, he thrust down the ramrod of his musket into the earth, smelt at it, and desired the spectators to dig there. Instantly spades were procured at the cottage, and the body of the settler was found, with his skull fractured, and presenting every indication of having been some time immersed in water. The overseer, who was in possession of the property of the deceased, and who had invented the story of his master's departure for England, was committed to jail, and tried for murder. The foregoing circumstantial evidence formed the main proofs: he was found guilty, sentenced to death, and was on his way to the place of execution, still protesting his innocence. Here, however, his hardihood forsook him. He acknowledged the murder of his master; that he came behind him when he was crossing the identical rail on which the farmer fancied he saw the deceased, and with one blow on the head killed him; dragged the body to the pond, and threw it in; but after some days, took it out and buried it where it was found. The sagacity of the native black was remarkable; but the unaccountable manner in which the murder was discovered, is one of the inscrutable dispensations of Providence.—*R. M. Martin's Colonial Library.*

MR. EDITOR,—

The above narrative has been published in some of the papers of this city, and elsewhere, and the conclusion intended to be drawn from it is very evident—"that murder will out." The sagacity of the native black is somewhat surprising; more especially so to those who will not allow the negro to have any of the properties and qualifications of mind that appertain to lighter complexions. To me, the negro gave manifestations of much more intelligence and sagacity than the convict who killed his overseer with the expectation of enjoying the wealth and comforts of life not rightfully his. But the most sagacity was manifested by the "other farmer," who saw the apparent body of the murdered man on the spot where the convict had killed him, some considerable time before. That the farmer *did actually* see his absent neighbor, I have no reason to doubt; but the question in my mind is, did the farmer see the spirit of the murdered man as clothed with

flesh and blood? If he did, then why may not Mr. Duncan see the material body of his wife as plainly as he says he can see the image of her from day to day? If the farmer saw only the spirit of the murdered man, how could it appear to him as the natural body, and get off the fence and cross the field, in the direction of his house, as above stated? There is no evidence, and no possibility, that the farmer was in any other than a natural, wakeful state; and the absence of the murdered man, too, was almost forgotten. But suddenly, unexpectedly, the vision appears to him, and from the strangeness of such visions, he at once suspects "foul play," and proceeds to investigate the affair, and the result is given above.

There are many in the community who will reject all spiritual and superhuman manifestations like the above, and will fall back upon the doctrine of *Spiritual Providences*, the *Hand of God*, &c. If God can and does exercise his will through the natural or earthly part of man, can he not the more and better exercise his will through the spiritual or heavenly part of man; particularly when such spiritual part has left the earthly part? If the angels "are all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation," who shall say the spirits will not minister to him, and thus deny his heirship to salvation? I have, for many years, believed in the ministrations of the spirits; and in the Divine Providence which was revealed through such spiritual ministrations. I have had such ministrations to encourage and cheer me when in the path of rectitude, and to warn and awaken me when deviating from that path. And such will always be the task of spirits, when they obey the commands of Him who is their creator and their ruler, when they submit to his ruling; but when they rebel, then are they discordant spirits, and their ministrations cannot be depended upon; though they be disembodied spirits, any more than the ministrations and advice of rebelling spirits clothed in the flesh.

Boston, Sept. 16.

I. D. B.

In Lombardy there is a celebrated cedar tree, eleven Milanese cubits in circumference, the roots of which are said to extend under a great part of the town. In the sixteenth century, the tree was about the same size, and is supposed to be nearly two thousand years old.

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 5, 1850.

### STRATFORD, CT.

The Spiritual Manifestations which have rendered the family of Dr. Phelps so noted, for the last six months, are so very remarkable, so extraordinary, more so than anything of a similar kind in any part of the world, that it would seem but proper that we should give to their case more than ordinary attention. Having spent two days and nights in his family, and witnessed the marvellous manifestations of which we shall speak, we suppose what we affirm of them may be depended upon, especially when it is borne in mind that Dr. Phelps and his family, and hundreds of other credible witnesses, may be referred to for the truth of what we describe.

Rev. Eliakim Phelps, D. D., is sixty years old, and has retired from his pastoral labors and settled in Stratford, Ct. He was formerly Secretary of the Presbyterian Education Society, and has been as widely known, perhaps, for his intelligence, integrity, and fidelity to his sect, as any other orthodox divine who could be named. He is liberal, and we believe is more popular for this and other good qualities, among his neighbors, than is common for sectarian clergymen to be. Certain we are, that, in all this affair of which we now speak, he has manifested a degree of patience and forbearance which would do honor to any heart. Often misjudged, misrepresented, slandered and jeered, as he has been, and overwhelmed with letters and visitors, perplexed with these mysterious manifestations, he may well be considered as deserving a little pity, at least. And, after feeding about five hundred strangers at his table, and giving his time and attention to the gratification of nearly twice this number who have visited him, to gratify their curiosity in relation to these wonders from the Spirit World, surely justice does not require that he or any of his family should be held up for censure. From the first, he threw open, not his doors merely, but a generous heart, and welcomed all to the most rigid scrutiny of his premises, and everything said and done in his house by Spirits, in the body and out. From the beginning, he has evinced the most sincere desire to be informed on that embarrassing subject; to know what it meant, and what his duty

might be in view of it. It was this desire which drew from him a kind invitation, that, in my tour to Western New York, I should take Stratford in my way, and, if possible, assist in an investigation which had so long occupied his own mind. I found a number of relations, or friends of the family, on a visit from Philadelphia, when I arrived there, (August 7,) and it is but a poor return, indeed, for the kindness which Dr. Phelps and his excellent lady, and, I may say, the whole family, bestowed upon me, when I merely, in this place, express the gratitude I feel. I know the consciousness they constantly carry in their hearts of having done all in their power to make one and all happy who have visited them, must be to them a source of satisfaction far better than silver or gold, and, indeed, better far than any return which their guests, however grateful, could bestow.

And now, after saying this much, (and less we could not have said,) we may proceed to state those *facts, circumstances, associations, and laws of correspondence, cause and effects*, which we believe to have given *existence and character* to the *strange, dark, discordant and evil communications* from the Spirit World, with which Dr. Phelps has been visited for the last six months. From a child, Mr. Phelps has been a *receiver*, and for the last forty years, a *teacher*, of those views of *God, heaven, hell, and the devil*, which constitute the *Calvinistic creed* of the old, *dark, discordant theology*—a theology for which he speaks, when he says he believes these things are “*to be set down as among the devices of SATAN, by which he is promoting his work of DESTROYING SOULS.*”

We incline to the opinion, rather, that the manifestations at Mr. Phelps's house have come from a very few (four or five) *discordant spirits*, and are to be considered as the *natural responses* of the *theology* of which Dr. Phelps has been and is one of the regularly authorized exponents. To this judgment we have been conducted, step by step, not from an examination of Mr. Phelps's case alone. The manifestations at his house, though in some respects, perhaps, exceeding in the marvellous anything that ever was known or witnessed before, yet they form but a small item in the *GREAT WHOLE* of similar things. To judge of them, therefore, accurately, we must reach, as it were, the centre of a circle, which includes *God, Nature, Law, the Universe, the whole*

*Heavens*, and the doctrine of *correspondences*. Indeed, without this doctrine, we do not proceed at all in our attempts to comprehend the world, much less the Spirit Sphere, or the phenomena manifested from it.

To give a consecutive, historical account of all the strange manifestations that have been witnessed at Stratford, would far exceed our limits. The most we contemplate doing is to touch upon the principal and leading facts in the case, and to mention those features of it by which it is to be distinguished from others, as well as those points in which there is a manifest resemblance.

1. Mr. Phelps is now living with his second wife. His children by his first wife are all away from home. Two children of his present wife, by her former husband, are members of the family. The oldest of these is an *excellent clairvoyant*. One of Mr. Phelps's sons by his first wife was also a very noted clairvoyant.

2. These manifestations were commenced Sabbath, March 10, 1850, while all the family were absent at Church. And they have been often renewed, in parts of the house, when no person was present. But lately, manifestations have been mostly confined to the presence of Mrs. Phelps's two children, aged 16 and 11, referred to above. On returning from Church in the morning, the front door, which had been left locked, and other doors in the house, were found unlocked and open. Four or five chairs were found piled up on a bed. Mr. P. supposed the house had been robbed, and staid at home in the afternoon, to detect the burglars. But when the family returned from Church in the afternoon, he found a sheet and wearing apparel folded up and laid on his bed, so as to make the appearance of a corpse laid out. Various articles of furniture were deranged. Some were hid, and a loaf of bread was moved from its place. Mr. Phelps never once thought of “*Spirits*,” but supposed the whole had been done by some mischievous boys, who, perhaps, had found their way into the house. Mr. Phelps made ample arrangements for repelling the robbers; however, none appeared, and, as the sequel will show, he was forced to allow some other cause for the strange and unaccountable things which had taken place.

(To be continued.)

#### OUR OWN FAMILY.

The manifestations from the Spirit World have been continued in our family, in Charlestown, and our office in Boston, with increasing and wonderful interest, since our last issue. They have been witnessed by numbers of our neighbors and friends, by day and by night, and under such a variety of circumstances as have abundantly satisfied all who have been present at the proper time. The following comprises the substance of what has occurred, thus far:—

1. The mysterious sounds have been made in nearly or *all the rooms* in our house, (some twenty,) and have been heard at different times, by different people.

2. They have been made, *spontaneously*, in all parts of the house, often, by day and night.

3. Articles of furniture have been moved, often, and at times with considerable force.

4. The Spirits have made *musical sounds*, which we have heard, and knew were not produced by any human power.

5. The members of our family, and strangers present, have been often *touched and handled*, (so to speak,) by the Spirits.

6. Manifestations have been made by Spirits to our sense of sight.

7. The responses to questions are made freely, at our table, during meal times, which are thus prolonged, often to an hour and a-half, by conversations with our Heavenly visitants. When my family all become seated at our table, at meal times, the Spirits “*rap*” spontaneously, without being called upon, to let us know that they are present.

8. We have never asked for responses in our *Family Circle*, without receiving them. They come through Mrs. Margaretta S. Cooper generally; but we have had responses, also, through our second daughter, Sarah Mercena, and also through our grand-child, Mrs. Cooper's babe, only two months old. Taking the child in our arms, when no one else was near, we have had responses through it, and which the Spirits themselves assured us were made through this medium.—[We have some interesting facts, connected with this feature of the subject, which we reserve for future use.]

9. Responses are made through Mrs. Cooper, by day or night, whenever they are called for, either by her or those whom the Spirits attract to her. And Manifestations and Responses are also



made in her presence, when *entirely alone*, and when she does not ask for them.

10. Innumerable communications have been made to us by the *alphabet*, and some have been promised in *writing*.

11. All the *promises* ever made to me by Spirits, (except one at Stratford, Ct., and that was made in jest,) have been fulfilled to the letter.

12. Communications have been vouchsafed to us, as we believe, from the *Higher Spheres*, giving *important information*, relating, more or less, to the *Spiritual Dispensation* now opening to the Universe of Human Beings.

13. Each member of our family has received manifestations from the Spirit World when alone. Our little boy, four years old, (the only son in this Sphere,) has the manifestations, by sound and by touch, often, when alone.

13. To give our readers any accurate idea of the effects which these manifestations, especially those I am now daily and almost hourly witnessing in my own house, have had on my own mind, would, of course, be impossible.

The gratitude I feel, the excitement they have given to *Hope*, (which in me is not large,) and the satisfaction they have afforded me, and those who have been attached to my domestic circle, to witness them, it would be useless for me to attempt any description of here. I can only say, my heart is full, and had I ten thousand tongues, it seems as if I could use them all in blessing the *Angelic Hosts*, who have thus taken possession of my earthly sphere! I now enjoy a *HEAVEN* far more *real* than any I had ever been taught to anticipate by the old and discordant Theology out of which I am now conscious of being so completely redeemed.

OUR FIRST NUMBER.—Those having the first number of the Spiritual Philosopher, which they would be willing to return to us, will very much oblige us by doing so.

We printed five thousand of our first number, but now find them so nearly gone, that we make this request to have them returned, in cases where they may not be wanted to complete the volume.

Lightning travels with a velocity twice as great as that of light, being at the rate of 24,000,000 miles a minute.

#### TO MY FRIENDS IN HEAVEN!

Harmonious Spirits! Now I cease from the external. Now I become conscious of your presence. So peaceful. So pleasant. Come, come to me, the good and the true. My nature expands to receive you. Welcome, thrice welcome, here!

I long for your presence. Delight in your society. Become tranquil when you are near. Exult in your love, in which I live, move, and have my being.

Now I understand. Your light makes manifest. Now I aspire for goodness and truth. Now, to have consciousness of my own true destiny. O, blissful thought. This, indeed, is Heaven. What though I yet animate an external Form! Am I not what you are? Have I not eyes which see, without the sun's light? Ears that hear, without earthly sound? Senses, which cannot be satisfied without you? No more animal life without *air*, than spiritual life without a Spirit World.

Becoming one with you, one in essence, one in destiny, I no longer live without you. No more do I lean on a reed that is broken. No more wander in darkness. No more feed on that which cannot satisfy. To be disappointed no more. Yes, well do I know you. In your external form I knew you. We took sweet counsel together. When you threw aside the outward covering, I was with you. Then you left me? No; you, yourself, did not leave me. The magnet leaves not the pole by which it is attracted.

Precious friends of my soul! In the depths of my innermost life I bless you. Struggling with the external, the fleeting, my Spirit follows hard after you! Yes, you know what I am, and what I would be. An evenly-balanced, well-governed, intelligent mind. Comprehended in Harmony, which, indeed, is Contentment, Gratitude and Hope, for ever.

[The above was written Sabbath, September the 8th, 1850, between three and four o'clock P., M., in my study, Charlestown, Mass. In less than six hours after writing it, I had *audible responses* made to me, in the presence of my family, from the Spirit World.]

The moon is 230,000 miles distant from the earth. With an instrument that magnifies a thousand times, she appears but 230 miles off. The moon is but the fiftieth part of the bulk of the earth.

#### "EXPOSITIONS OF SCRIPTURE."

We have yielded to each and every person concerned in the publication of the pamphlet, with this title, (noticed in our first number,) all that could be asked in respect to *honesty* of purpose. Of this we have no doubt at all. Since that article was written, we have seen and conversed with two of the men whose names are on the title page of that pamphlet.—And from one of them we obtained some information as to the *manner* in which the "Spirits" purporting to be "St. Paul," "Timothy," and "St. John the Divine," expounded the "Scriptures." Portions of the New Testament were read by one of the company; then "one of the brethren," by the name of Brown, *explained*, or gave his own views of the passage, and the "Spirits" "rapped" approbation or disapprobation! The results are seen in the pamphlet, which favors the views of Mr. Brown, with but few exceptions. When Mr. Brown and the other brethren could not agree, then the Spirits decided how it should be.

We had an interview with the "Spirits" above referred to; and do not marvel that they should forbid (as we are assured they did) their followers reading the writings of A. J. Davis. Mr. Davis, and those who sympathize with him, these "apostolic spirits" pronounce *infidels*! Of course. They deny that Davis has given a correct account of death. But, to us, it is of but little consequence what these spirits *deny* or *affirm*, who cannot give any satisfactory account of their *identity*. I asked these spirits to submit to a *test*, by which I might know who they were, but they refused! And this, too, after they had, unasked, introduced themselves to me, and "rapped" to me without having been called upon to do so! For this, I thanked them; but begged them to wait till I could summon some spirits whom I *knew*, to vouch for them. The result was, no spirit whom I knew would admit that it was the spirit of one of the apostles with whom I was conversing! And I may add, that the *manner* in which Mr. "St. Luke," and Mr. "James Madison," and Mr. "St. Paul," slunk away and declined a candid examination of their claims to those names, convinced me, beyond all doubt, that they were fanatical, deluded spirits, and nearly on a level with "Joe Smith," and the Shakers. They may have combined some truth, mixed up with error. And perhaps they may be so far deluded as to suppose themselves really the "apostles," as they said.

This is possible. That they had some goodness, or made a show of it, is certain, if, as I am told, they rebuked one of the company for profanity. And other good advice was often "spelled out" by those spirits, as we have been well assured. We give them cheerful credit for all this. We do not suppose there is any *spirit*, in any sphere in the Universe, but of whom some good might be spoken.

#### SPIRIT WRITING.

The following are letters written by spirits, and thrown from the air, in the presence of Dr. Phelps, at Stratford, or some of his family. It may seem too much for some of our readers to believe, but we have the same evidence to convince us that these letters were really written without human hands, that we have that the other occurrences took place in Stratford, that we have elsewhere described. These letters were thrown down from the air July 28, 1850. They were both in the same style of writing, but bore the signatures of two different orthodox ministers now living in Philadelphia. Nor can the reader fail to notice how strikingly the religious allusions in these letters tend to confirm the view we have suggested with regard to the true solution that is to be given of the spiritual manifestations at Stratford. They are the responses of a discordant theology, made from the spirit world, by those spirits who owe their discord to that very theology with which their language and manifestations so evidently correspond.

The letters, like many others, were addressed to Dr. Phelps. There are allusions which are much better understood by all who are acquainted with the parties referred to; as, for instance, "St. Peter's," in the second letter, is a Protestant (Puseyite) church.

DEAR BROTHER.—The Lord is dealing bountifully with his chosen people.—Brother Barnes admitted to the church 49 last Sunday, and brother Parker 34 today. Brother Converse has had the cholera; and Brother Fairchild has grown so fleshy as scarcely to be recognized. Our friend Mr. Tarr has buried his wife. She died of consumption. E. Tarr is married. Brother Malin being suddenly inspired last Sunday, spoke so eloquently and so loud, and used such majestic action, as to be quite done up for a while. He broke a blood vessel. Old Tiers has gone crazy, and is shut up in a mad-house, or rather a hospital. The Hewitts have gone into the country to spend some time. That is all the news.

Your faithful brother in Christ,  
R. A.

DEAR BROTHER.—The millenium truly is coming. The day of the Lord is at hand. We are adding countless numbers to the altar of the Lord. Brother A—became inspired last Sunday to such a degree, that his soul took its flight to the regions above, and has not yet returned. The Catholic Churches, St. Joseph's and St. Mary's, were burned down. St. Peter's, also; I believe that is a Catholic Church. Brother Mahn was preaching from the text, "Resist the devil," &c., when he was suddenly overturned by an invisible power, which frightened him so that his hair turned white in 5 minutes. Brother Barnes, to render his church more attractive, is going to have opera singing and dancing every Sunday. P. M. Mrs. Alexander Tower, old Mr. Tiers, brother Fairchild, and Mrs. Somerville, are going to dance. I think they will find it a very lucrative employment. Jane and Martha still progress in Hebrew.

Your affectionate brother, W. R.

MESSES. CAPRON AND BARRON.—We brought these names before our readers in the first number of the Spiritual Philosopher. Mr. Eliab W. Capron and Henry D. Barron are authors of the first pamphlet ever published, so far as we know, purporting to give a history of the "Mysterious Rappings," so called, in Western New York. The pamphlet has had an extensive sale, and has done much towards calling attention to this, of all others, the most important subject. We well remember the first articles we ever read upon it, which were, we suppose, from the pen of Mr. Capron. And though we never saw either of these gentlemen in the external world, yet we are conscious of an acquaintance with both of them, as well as if we had known them, personally, for years. They are known in the Spirit Spheres, to which we have been admitted, and there, the labors of these pioneers in the Spiritual Philosophy are duly appreciated. They have issued the second edition of their pamphlet, with large additions, by which it is rendered worthy of a still more extensive circulation.

Mr. Barron now resides in Troy, where he is preparing himself for the legal profession. We believe Mr. Capron occupies the chair editorial of the Providence Mirror, a daily paper, which he edits with abilities highly creditable to himself, as well as to the judgment of the proprietors who placed him in that position.

Though the writer of this notice supposes himself to have been in the pursuit of Psychological knowledge even before one of these men was born, yet of both of them he feels it a pleasure to speak in these approving terms. Pecuniary

rewards they may never realize for what they have done and suffered in this cause, but of another reward they cannot be deprived, neither in the present, nor the ages yet to come.

Before their book was ready for delivery, we ordered two hundred copies, and if we could find a sale for them, we would order two thousand more. See advertisement on last page.

#### QUERIES ANSWERED.

The following, doubtless, expresses what has come up in the minds of many others of our readers. However, we give it a place in our columns, with what we hope may be considered a satisfactory answer:

I would ask, in reference to spiritual communications, how is it that the spirit of the one that is wanted to converse with, always happens to be there, as in the case at Rochester, with regard to Professor Webster and Dr. Parkman, as recently reported in the papers? I am aware that there is no faculty which is increased so much as the power of locomotion by death, altogether beyond the swiftness of the lightning speed, perhaps; but that there should be such an intercommunication in the Spirit World, or that there should be such an individual spiritual recognition of human affairs below on this terraqueous globe, is more than I have been in the habit of admitting. And yet, it has been my settled conviction for years, that God and angels are not altogether unmindful of humanity's doings, on this or other globes. If the foregoing objection is answered by saying that there are but a few persons that can commune with spirits, consequently, there need not be a great cognizance of human affairs or communications, then this answer, to be consistent, would be against a general spiritual communication, which, as averred by these spirits themselves, is to take place before long among mankind!

So that we must admit, there must be either a general spiritual communication, or a general individual spiritual cognizance of human affairs, or both combined.

PERRY TRAYER.

Worcester, Mass., Sept. 18, 1850.

In regard to the case of Prof. Webster, as reported in the papers, we must demur. Admitting the truthfulness of the report, (unauthenticated as it was,) it is far from being manifest to us, that the spirits who communicated what is reported were the identical spirits of the parties supposed; especially if we depend on what Mr. A. J. Davis has said as to the time when the spirit of Webster left the body. According to him, Prof. W.'s spirit was aroused to consciousness by music, not far from six, or half past six, P. M. And to suppose that an interview took place between his spirit and that of Dr. Parkman, and



such an interview as resulted in the feelings and views spelled out to the persons who called them to Rochester, is somewhat difficult, to say the most of it. And then, again, it scarcely seems consistent, that the spirit of Webster could be so soon attracted by strangers in the sphere which he had just left. It would rather seem that he would be most likely to be attracted by his guardian spirits to an acquaintance with the new scenes which were to constitute his future home. So that, to us, it seems doubtful whether the spirit of Prof. W. could be attracted by strangers in this sphere, so soon after he had left the body.

As to distance in the Spirit World, we must remember it is not measured as we measure space here. Spiritual affinity corresponds to physical contact. A particle of steel has its sphere. You bring a magnet within that sphere, and see how quickly the dust will be wanted, and how long it will be in going where it is wanted. A few days since, in the office where we are now writing, we called on a spirit, who immediately responded, and informed us that she was in Auburn, N. Y., when we called on her but a moment before.—Look at the sun. It has its sphere, to the remotest bounds of which its rays of light extend. All within its sphere of light, who have eyes, may see. So with Spirits. The mediums through whom responses are made, enter the Spirit Sphere, and when you, through that medium, address its inhabitants or call them, you meet them, and if you are sufficiently near, you attract them, by laws not the same, but corresponding to those of magnetism, to which we have alluded.

**GEMS FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.**—How often have I been elevated and delighted with the ideas which have been communicated to me, or attending friends, when holding audience with the Spirit World! Sometimes they come from a husband or a wife,—a parent or child, and always so appropriate, so expressive, and satisfactory! And where shall we look for pearls and diamonds, if not to the Spirit Sphere? Where for beautiful flowers of the most agreeable fragrance, but in the Spirit Land? Where for music, if not from the source of Harmony and Love?

"Mother, dear," says the spirit of the little one, "I am always near to you!"

Says a mother in the Spirit World to her child,—"Dear Emma, I love you!"

Another says, "Ellen dear! my child, I love you. Be good. I am with you always, and will keep you from harm!" Said a Guardian Spirit to me, "I love you, and will assist you, always."

I asked "Roy" (my first son, now fifteen years in the Spirit World) what idea he could first remember? He spelled out, in answer, the word—"HAPPINESS!"

Blessed thought! An existence begun in a happy sphere, or developed into consciousness of happiness in that sphere, must be happy, and this, too, without any mixture of pain. I asked the spirit of my son if he knew what fear or pain was, and he answered that he did not.

**A NEW NAME.**—We suppose our readers will be interested in the details of the developments from the Spirit World, from time to time, which our judgment tells us may, perhaps, do something towards satisfying the wish of all who patronize the Spiritual Philosopher. Well, to enable you to comprehend, please remember what we have before stated, that "Responses" from the Spirit World, in answer to questions, were first vouchsafed to us in our own family circle, through our eldest child, a married lady, and mother of a daughter some two months old. The "raps" were made upon the cradle, thus illustrating the doctrine of correspondence, and to show that as the responses were from my children who left the cradle for the grave, so, now, having progressed to higher degrees of knowledge, they come back to me in this form to signify that these spiritual developments are in their infancy, as everything else, in nature, once was.

Well, listening to the responses, made through a mother with a babe in her arms, it was suggested to me, that I should ask my oldest son, "Roy," in the Spirit World, (my second son's name is "La Roy.") that he should spell out a name for his little niece. He assented, and, as I was coming from my house to my office in Boston, he impressed my spirit with the name, which I wrote down, but did not divulge to any other person. The time set for spelling out the name was Monday evening, Sept. 22. Dr. Z. Rogers and Dr. J. H. Robinson, besides other friends, were present, and witnessed the facts here described. On repeating the alphabet, the spirit spelled out the name thus:—

"ROYALANNIE."

That all the parties were highly pleased, may be supposed as a matter of course. This is, to us, not only a "new name," but it is given in a new way, and, probably, unlike any thing of the kind ever witnessed before by human beings. *Royalannie Cooper!* Christening or naming from the Spirit World, is, certainly, a "new thing under the sun."

**EXPLANATION.**—The statement in our last number in relation to the Spirit of my son, who said he had "learned to spell 'done,'" needs explaining.

Those familiar with Spiritual responses know that the word "done" is, perhaps, more frequently spelled by the Spirits than almost any other. We are assured, that the Spirits have other work to do, besides responding to questions put to them by human beings; and hence they will not protract their communications beyond a reasonable time, and when that time is up, they spell "done." This word, therefore, has become quite familiar in connection with Spiritual responses, and so, when asked whether he had learned to spell, he said "he had learned to spell done." This was taken somewhat as a joke, by the company who heard it, and excited a laugh in all. It was not designed to signify that the Spirit would not communicate anything more at that time; but merely to show that he had learned to spell the most important word, or the one that the Spirits have the most frequent use for.

**HAPPY!**—A correspondent expresses surprise that, from so many responses which have come to our external senses from the Spirit World, there should be so little that goes to determine the states of the different Spirits.

Our reply is, it must be so, in the nature of things. How is one Spirit supposed to be qualified to answer a question concerning every other Spirit? We have often heard Spirits asked if they were happy, and, with one exception, the answer has been in the affirmative; but even that one Spirit said he was better off in that world than he had been in this. So that we may say that all the manifestations seem to favor the idea, that the next Sphere is a better state for all. In respect to its spirituality, of course, it is the same state, the same as this physical or external world is the same, for all who are in it. Do you understand?

## LITERARY NOTICES.

**THE HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.** By Edward Gibbon, Esq. With Notes by the Rev. H. H. Milman. In six vols., 12 mo. Boston, Burnham & Brothers, Cornhill.

We have received the fifth and sixth volumes of this valuable work, to which we have before referred. The last vol. has a copious Index added, and with the elaborate notes interspersed throughout, very much enhances the value of these volumes.

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LEIGH HUNT,** with Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries. In two vols., 12 ms. Vol. 1, pp. 300. Vol. 2, pp. 332.

These volumes are also from Burnham's, in Cornhill, for which they will please accept our thanks. To say that they are interesting, would give no definite idea of their merits. Read them. If you are a scholar, or desire to be one, read Leigh Hunt.

**FIVE YEARS OF A HUNTER'S LIFE** in the Far Interior of South America. With Notices of the Native Tribes, and Anecdotes of the Chase of the Lion, Elephant, Hippopotamus, Giraffe, Rhinoceros, &c. By R. G. Cumming, Esq. With illustrations. In two vols., 12mo.; pp. 326 and 303.

Beautifully printed, in the Harper's best style, and for sale by Burnham & Co., Cornhill, Boston. What more need be said?

**THE RECENT PROGRESS OF ASTRONOMY;** especially in the United States. By Elias Loomis. 12 mo.; pp. 257. Burnham & Co., Boston, 1850.

The author does not attempt an exhibition of all the discoveries that have been made within the last ten years, but only the most important, and he selects those topics in which the public are supposed to feel the deepest interest.

**THE HISTORY OF DARIUS.** By Jacob Abbot. Harper & Brothers, and Burnham & Co., Boston. 12 mo.; pp. 286.

A most exquisitely executed title page, besides numerous illustrations on wood. It makes an admirable gift-book for the season.

**HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.** No. 4. September. Burnham & Co., Cornhill.

**PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.**

Burnham has received Nos. 5 and 6 of this most interesting work, illustrated, as the preceding have been, with sketches by pen and pencil.

**LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS.** Edited by Thomas Carlyle. No. 8. Jesuitism. Burnham, Cornhill.

Not "Latter-Day Saints," readers, but a pamphlet suited to the wants of these latter days. Read it.

**A FEW DAYS IN ATHENS;** being the Translation of a Greek Manuscript discovered in Herculaneum. By Frances Wright, author of "Views of Society and Manners in America." Boston. Published by J. P. Mendum. 1850.

This work was dedicated to Jeremy Bentham in 1822. It appears to be interesting; but we have not yet had time to judge of its merits.

**HISTORY OF THE MYSTERIOUS NOISES** at Rochester, and other places. 4th Edition, enlarged. By D. M. Deney, Armand Haël, Rochester, N. Y.

We have received a copy of this pamphlet, for which the author will please accept our thanks. It contains, among other highly interesting matter, a diagram of the house in which the Fox family lived, where the "noises" were commenced, and of the rooms, showing the position and the direction in which a table was moved across the floor, some ten feet or more. That the circulation of this book will do good, we cannot doubt, as we have personal knowledge of many of the parties mentioned in it, and, also, of facts, strange and wonderful, similar to those which it describes. Mr. Deney's advertisement will be found on the last page of the *Spiritual Philosopher*.

**PROGRESSION!**—It is, certainly, gratifying to notice that many classes of persons, including Clergymen, Editors and Physicians; who have not, heretofore, been very zealous in maintaining the doctrine of human progress, do, themselves, nevertheless, progress in their admissions with regard to Pathetism. Persons who, a year ago, pronounced Clairvoyance a "humbug," now find it very convenient to account for the "Spiritual Rappings" in this way. "Oh," say they, "it is all done by 'Pathetism'; the persons through whom the responses come are Clairvoyants, and those who think they hear the strange noises are *Fascinated*!" Indeed! And how long since you believed in Clairvoyance?

**THE DERBY JOURNAL,** published by Mr. Thomas N. Newton, Birmingham, Ct., is doing service to the cause of Truth, in the stand it has taken with regard to Spiritual Manifestations.

There are seventy thousand kernels of corn in a bushel.

**SICKNESS OF MR. DAVIS.**—We are happy in being able to announce that there are now no fears entertained as to the complete recovery of Mr. A. J. Davis. All our readers, we suppose, have heard of his prostration by typhoid fever, and the fears entertained by his friends as to the final issue; though we believe his faithful and devoted wife never even doubted of his recovery; and ministered unto, as he was, by *Congregial Spirits*, in the body and out, he was carried through a most difficult and dangerous pass. But all is well.

For the *Spiritual Philosopher*.

## THE SPIRIT LAND.

There are Voices from the Spirit Land which sound to the inhabitants of Earth like the revelations of fancy; but the time will come—IT IS DAWNING ON THE WORLD—when many men shall hear these voices, and comprehend the mighty truths their tones impart.—*Great Harmonia of A. J. Davis.*

During one of those evenings upon which our little circle was in the habit of meeting to converse with those bright spirit messengers, from the sphere where man looks for better and happier rest than is to be found amid the cold forms and customs of earth, I witnessed a scene that can never be effaced while Truth guides and Reason controls me. Answers had been freely given to our questions, and communications readily spelled for us, as usual. Between the hours of eight and nine o'clock, the alphabet was called for, and directions given to "take the light out of the room." After complying with this request, and re-seating ourselves around the table, our attention was attracted to the space above our heads, where seemed to be music, the most beautiful it has ever been my privilege to listen to. Pen cannot describe the sweet tones that seemed to come from directly above us. With much regret, I have to say that, by nature, I have not a love for what the world pronounces music, but with joy can say that for such strains as there sounded in my ears, I have often, at midnight, longed and listened, rejoicing that such soothing, soul-inspiring notes were to be heard on earth. Our attention had been directed towards the sounds some time, when I began to behold, floating above and around me, mists, clouds, and vapors, of light and brown colors, reminding me of the color of those snow-tipped clouds which traverse space



Above earth, and of earth's dark surface, when fall winds and chilling air have taken from its surface all the rich products of its fertile bosom. At first, only two passed before us, but this number soon multiplied, and many were to be seen moving from us, and then back towards us, continuing to traverse the whole space above our heads, like things of life and animation. The music had ceased, and the only evidence that our guardians were among us, aside from what was to be seen above, was repeated touches, received from invisible hands, upon our shoulders, faces, hands, and backs. Gradually their movements seemed to grow less rapid, and the lighter vapors to first assume slowly the form of human heads, the darker ones following, and soon, what had seemed to be a grand panorama of moving vapors, was no longer a shapeless mist, but faces recognised as those of the dear ones known on earth. They no longer moved in the air, but seemed stationary before us, and, after a time, slowly disappeared from view.

Long will this night's scene be impressed upon my memory. Time cannot bury it. There was an influence and a charm accompanying those forms that can only be known when felt. Often, when we have met together, have we witnessed similar scenes, and even more, of which I shall speak at some future time, even at the risk of being called "insane," and "visionary." But one of the company present at the time alluded to was known to be in a clairvoyant state, and though her observations were the same as my own, our minds were not guided or dictated by her expressions, having myself witnessed what I have related previous to her assertions as to what she had seen. Whether this be the "dawning" of that better day spoken of in the extract standing at the head of this article, others can judge. A few of us, who have met often, and seen, heard and experienced much, feel that it is; and, were the world prepared, we would rejoice to open our private journals, and tell what blessings have been spread before us.

In future numbers of the Spiritual Philosopher, I propose to give brief accounts of what, to me, has been good evidence that the time "is dawning on the world, when many men shall hear these voices, and comprehend the mighty truths their tones impart."

H. D. BARRON.

Troy, N.Y., Sept. 30, 1850.

From the Boston Daily Mail.

#### COMBATIVE.

In looking over your paper of the 26th, I discovered an article relative to the "spirit knockings," purporting to have been written by a person at Auburn. A more one-sided and contemptible production it has not been my fortune to see for a long time. The author must certainly feel that he has distinguished himself by such a brilliant attack upon the spirits.—This amiable individual, who signs himself "J.," would fain give us the impression that he resides at Auburn; but the reader may rest fully assured that that communication never came from beyond the smoke of the city of Boston. He very modestly proceeds, in his own peculiar style, to call the whole matter of the spiritual manifestations an "exploded humbug;" an assertion which is unqualifiedly false, as can be proved. The Fox ladies have never been found guilty of any trickery or deception whatever, and they have submitted to every test which the ingenuity of persons of the first standing in society, and of the first intelligence, could possibly devise; and they have been acquitted of all collusion.

The "spiritual manifestations" are not confined to one place, as the writer would have us imagine; they are heard at a great number of places. I have heard them both at Boston and Charlestown, and under such circumstances that I know there could have been no mistake in the matter. I agree with Horace Greeley, that the sounds are not and cannot be originated by any human agency. Whoever affirms to the contrary, either does not know of what he writes, or is manifestly dishonest in his intention. The phenomena of the "spirit knockings," in this communication I do not attempt to explain. At some future time I may be more explicit. Those manifestations which I have witnessed, have, so far, been very satisfactory. I have seen motion produced by these unseen agents; and they have manifested both goodness and intelligence. The sounds cannot be perfectly imitated by any human being. The tale of a young person in Auburn who can make them in a manner so perfect as to deceive those who have once heard them, is obviously a falsehood. I defy any person to deceive in relation to them for a single instant.—Those who have once heard the sounds know them again beyond the possibility of mistake. I can give these so-called imitations myself, in the way he speaks of, but they are as unlike the true phenomena as they can well be. I have heard these sounds at my own residence, where there was no one present to play upon my imagination and deceive me, or who could thus deceive. I have also witnessed the manifestations at Mr. Sunderland's, and do acquit him and his family of all collusion and deception in the premises; and the public may rest assured, that in this matter, Mr. Sunderland is honest and truthful. Were I to doubt what I have said, I should doubt the evidence of all my senses. Let people ponder and examine before they cry "humbug." So far as "J." is concerned, "believers" have very little to apprehend; he can do

little to bring the "knockings" into disrepute. He is an animal so tame and harmless that it is not worth while to "muzzle" him when he attempts to "tread out the corn;" and I feel conscious that it is a waste of ammunition to notice him at all. If he is desirous to know where the writer of this article can be found, he can learn by calling at this office.

TRUTH.

From the New Haven Journal.

#### THE STRATFORD KNOCKINGS.

Permit me to say a word in regard to these strange doings. In common with others, I heard much, and believed little about them. I have a great deal of skepticism, and little credulity about supernatural agencies. Witches and hobgoblins, and the whole tribe of the marvellous, I was early taught to look upon with distrust. Seeing a notice, however, in one of the daily papers, that these 'knockings' had been revived, I resolved, notwithstanding my prejudices and early training, to visit my old friend, Dr. Phelps, and see all that was to be seen and hear all that was to be heard. I went there on the afternoon of the 19th inst., and I must confess I saw some strange things, which I could not then, nor am I yet able to explain. I will mention some of them. Let it be understood that these things occurred while I was in the house, and most of them fell under my own immediate inspection. A pepper-box was thrown three times across the kitchen; a flat-iron stand was thrown from a table, standing by a window, across the room and broken.—After tea we had rappings, or more properly, poundings, in the kitchen. I asked the privilege of going, with one or two members of the family, to see what was going on. While standing and conversing, a cloaths-pin struck my arm and fell at my feet. I felt then, and still feel, the most perfect conviction, that it was not thrown by any person in the room. There were but two present beside myself, and aside from my confidence in their honesty and integrity, they were standing in a position that utterly forbid their doing it, without my seeing them. Soon after, we returned to the parlor. We had been there, perhaps, ten minutes, when a peach stone fell at the feet of one of the members of the family. I thought it very strange, as I could discover no human agency by which it was done. A half an hour after I inquired for the peach-stone, desiring to preserve it as one of the strange things I had seen. I found, on inquiry, it had been thrown away, and expressed regret that I had not retained it—when Dr. Phelps replied, perhaps they will throw another for my gratification. I anticipated no such thing; but to my great surprise, in less than fifteen seconds, a quarter of an apple was thrown upon the table by which I was sitting.—I was startled for an instant at so strange an occurrence, but soon recovering myself, put it in my pocket, and still retain it. Shortly after an apple, thrown in a most mysterious manner, fell near the table where I was sitting. Soon another was thrown in a similar way, both of

which I have preserved as specimens of these strange doings. A little time after, a piece of anthracite coal, an inch and a half in diameter, fell near where I was sitting, utterly disconnected, so far as I could discover, with any human agency whatever.

The next morning, there was a continuance of these strange things. For instance, a queen's cake cup was thrown some distance, and fell near where I was standing. A large iron spoon was thrown some ten feet, and passed directly over the head of one of the family. Two apples were thrown, and struck two members of the family—one on the head and the other on the shoulder. There are the principal facts that occurred during my visit at Stratford. If I am asked to explain them, I frankly confess I am unable to do it. I state them with all honesty as they occurred—but as to an explanation of them, I have not a word to say. One thing I am certain of—there was no collusion or attempt to deceive me, on the part of any members of the family. I feel as certain of this as I do that the things I saw were wondrously strange. The family has been most grievously wronged by the hard speeches that have sometimes been made. They are asking as anxiously as others, what do these things mean? They are trying every possible method to discover the agencies by which these strange events are brought about—but, as yet, they have been utterly foiled in their efforts. I will just say, in this connection, that the lad who has been suspected of knowing more than he ought to know about these things, is and has been, for some time past, in Pennsylvania. This will be a sufficient reply to the New York Independent, in which the suggestion was made to send away the lad and see if things did not become quiet. The lad is gone, and yet the marvels do not cease. I feel the fullest conviction that these things are not to be explained on the ground of collusion by the members of the family.

But, say some, and so was I disposed to say, "Cui bono?" what good is to come from these strange developments? Surely I know not. And yet these facts, that I have stated, are no less facts for all that. I was as much surprised at their occurrence as any other person would have been. Some, who admit the facts in these strange developments, attempt to explain them on the ground of magnetism, or currents of electricity, or something of that sort.

But what affinity has electricity to peach stones, and apples, and coal, and cloaths-pins? In the minds of many, the frigid things that are done throw contempt upon the whole matter. I am not surprised that it is so, and yet here are facts coming under my own observation, which I am constrained to believe—and yet am utterly unable to explain. I should rejoice, exceedingly, to have some light thrown upon them. *What do they, what can they mean?*

VERITAS.

New Haven, Sept. 21, 1850.

THE KNOCKING IN SANDY HOOK, NEWTOWN.—We learn from an undoubted source, that similar manifestations to those in Stratford have recently been made at the residence of Mr. Lorenzo Bidwell, Sandy Hook. Chairs, tables, and other articles have been moved, much to the astonishment of the inmates of the house, and more recently, communications have been received, purporting to come from several deceased members of the family.—*Derby Journal*.

## PATHETISM.

### TO MY SPIRITUAL CHILDREN.

In the pleasant acquaintance I have cultivated with you during the last thirty years, it had not entered my heart to conceive how very near the present time would bring you and me to the heavenly realities of the spirit world. Indeed, I have often said to myself and intimate friends, within the last six months, "O, this communion with spirits is a better heaven here, than the old theology I once believed and taught promised me, even in the world to come." With those, therefore, who have been intronized to the spirit world, it may truly be said, "old things have passed away," and many things, if not all, have become new. Indeed, no stories of ebesium, nor of the christian millennium, ever equalled the realities which are now daily brought to the test of our external senses. The blind are made to see, the lame to walk, the deaf to hear, the sick are healed, and to the poor, the gospel is preached. How near the preceding and following testimonies are to these realities, let the candid judge:—

NEURALGIA CURED BY PATHETISM.—My wife suffered horribly from *neuralgia* for eight years. The doctor tried to cure her, but could not. Her sufferings were aggravated from the state of her teeth; but one physician said she could not take ether or chloroform with safety. Thus suffering, and when about given up to despair, in Sept., 1849, we applied to La Roy Sunderland, for relief by Pathetism. Thanks for his kindness, he took out seven of her teeth without pain, and since then, he has so much relieved her, that she seems to have risen into a new state of existence. The benefit she has received from his treatment, it is not in words to describe; but we can do no less than, unsolicited, to give this testimony of our gratitude. JOHN A. SPEAR. East Boston, Dec. 10, 1849.

SCROFULA CURED BY PATHETISM.—Our child, a daughter of fourteen, had been feeble and sickly from infancy, and at the time of her first attending the lectures of Mr. Sunderland, (about four weeks since,) was thought to be, by eminent physicians, in a very critical state, and

pronounced past help by them. She had become emaciated to a mere skeleton, and was scarcely able, from weakness and debility, to move about. She began to improve immediately on being pathetized, and has since gained at least *fifteen pounds of flesh*, and from being a peevish, irritable and moping child, has become a joyous, laughing, and sprightly girl!

It was in view of such facts as these, that Dr. Grandin was led to exclaim—"If this is a 'humbug,' it is a bug that hams to some good purpose." J. B. YERRINGTON. Boston, Dec. 21, 1849.

WANT OF SLEEP CURED BY PATHETISM.—The happy effects produced by Pathetism upon my nervous system and general health are more than I could well describe. My mind is entirely relieved of despondency, enabling me to rest better than I ever could by the aid of medicine. H. M. WINCH. Boston, Jan. 14, 1850.

DYSMENORRHEA AND SICK HEAD-ACHE CURED BY PATHETISM.—Let me, from the fullness of my heart, add my grateful testimony to what my husband has written respecting the relief afforded me by Pathetism. The anniversary of the hour in which you blest me with its sacred influence, and saved me from those unbearable pains which I had always been heir to, should ever be kept by me with joy and thankfulness, more, even, than the day of my birth. Such entire freedom from acute suffering I was never blest with before. My back is growing stronger, and now, thirty days have passed, and no headache! My full heart sheds tears of gratitude and joy. Mrs. DR. H. C. STONE. Concord, N. H., April 1, 1846.

LOVE OF INTOXICATION TAKEN AWAY BY PATHETISM.—My dear Mr. Sunderland:—Since the influence exerted over me in your lectures, the *thought* of any stimulants which I had been in the practice of using, produces nausea, and I am constrained to believe that I could not swallow one of them any more. I owe you a world of gratitude, and I can but hope I may never be overtaken by that malstrom again. New York, Dec. 22, 1846. DR. T. T.

LIFE.—The woes of human life are relative. The sailor springs from his warm couch to climb the icy topmast at midnight without a murmur—while the rich man complains of the rattling cart that disturbs his evening repose. In the time of peace, we announce the breakage of a home as a "melancholy event," but in war, when we read of the slaughter of our neighbors and thousands of the enemy, we clap our hands, and shout "glorious victory!"

The diving bell was first used in Europe in the year 1588, in the presence of Charles V. and ten thousand spectators. The performance was by two Greeks, who used a large kettle, suspended by ropes, with the mouth downwards.



For the Spiritual Philosopher.

### TRUE WORSHIP.

Though glorious, O God, must Thy Temple  
have been,

On the day of its first dedication,  
When the cherubim's wings widely waving  
were seen,

On high, o'er the ark's holy station;

When even the chosen of Levi, though skilled  
To minister standing before Thee,  
Retired from the cloud which the temple  
then filled,

And thy glory made Israel adore Thee!

Though awfully grand was Thy majesty then,  
Yet the worship Thy Gospel discloses,  
Less splendid in pomp to the vision of men,  
Far surpasses the ritual of Moses!

And by whom was that ritual forever repealed,  
But by him unto whom it is given,  
To enter the Oracle where is revealed  
Not the cloud, but the brightness of  
Heaven!

Who having once entered hath shown us the  
way,

O Lord, how to worship before Thee;  
Not in shadowy forms of that earlier day,  
But in spirit and truth to adore Thee!

This! this! was the worship that Jesus made  
known,

When she of Samaria found Him  
By the Patriarch's well, sitting weary alone,  
With the stillness of noontide around Him.

How sublime! yet how simple, the homage  
He taught

To Her who inquired by that Fountain  
If Jehovah at Solyma's shrine would be sought  
Or adored on Samaria's mountain.

Woman, believe me, the hour is near,  
When He, if ye rightly would hail Him,  
Will neither be worshipped exclusively here,  
Nor yet at the altar of Salem.

For God is a Spirit, and they who aright  
Would perform the pure worship He  
loveth,

In the heart's holy temple must seek with  
delight,  
That spirit the Father approveth.

And many that prophecy's truth can declare,  
Whose bosoms have livingly known it,  
Whom God hath instructed to worship Him  
there,

And convinced that His mercy will own it.

The Temple that Solomon built to His name,  
Now lives but in olden time story;  
Extinguished long since is its Altar's bright  
flame,  
And vanish'd each glimpse of its glory.

But the Christian made wise by a Wisdom  
Divine,

Though all human fabrics should falter,  
Still finds in his heart a far holier shrine,  
Where the fire burns unquenched on the  
altar!

Boston, October 1, 1860.

G.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE COMBAT OF DEATH!

OR THE CHOLERA VS. THE YELLOW FEVER.

"The yellow fever? Young man, how  
will you brave the yellow fever?"

"I would brave the fire of purgatory  
itself at the call of duty and gratitude."

"But then the cholera—should the  
cholera come, too, oh! then every street  
will teem with a harvest of black hear-  
ses?"

At the mention of the all dreaded  
word, the young man gasped for breath  
and bowed his white forehead on his  
hands; but he soon raised his eyes and  
said firmly—"in such a case there is the  
greatest reason why I should hasten to  
execute my mission. She has given a  
life—let her memory take one!"

"Be it so," answered the old man,  
mildly. "In the morning, I must leave  
for Mobile, and shall be absent for some  
weeks. Here is my card. Should I live  
to return and you be here then, I will  
gladly render you any assistance in my  
power. But the boat will land in a few  
minutes; I must descend to the cabin  
and prepare to go ashore. Farewell.  
Keep the cross and may it keep thee!"

The young man was once more alone.  
The vessel rocked gently to the wind of  
midnight in that magnificent harbor,  
around which the gleaming lamp circled,  
enveloping it in the form which gives it  
the romantic name of "Crescent City."

Many residents of New Orleans still  
remember a very remarkable stranger,  
who, towards the close of October, 1832,  
went wandering about the streets. Most  
persons deemed him partially crazed, and  
some believed him wholly so, and per-  
haps they were right—for his conduct  
was very different from that of other peo-  
ple. He asked after a girl of mean  
clothing, who, as he said, had once lived  
in a cellar and saved his life, and for  
whom he wished to do something out of  
pure gratitude. Such an idea was in it-  
self palpable proof of insanity. What  
man in his sober senses ever thought of  
being grateful to a girl of mean clothing,  
housed in a cellar, even altho' the heir of  
a sweet pale face and serenely dark  
eyes?

But notwithstanding the general opin-  
ion, the stranger persevered in his search.  
The high white forehead lightened along  
numberless lanes, dark with steam of

leprosy and pollution. It shone like an  
aurora in those hells of crime where a  
sun never enters. By the hearths with-  
out fire, tables without bread, the homes  
without love—among all the sinks of  
wretchedness and wrong, the sad blue  
eyes went raying forth their chastened  
splendor.

He watched the doors of the lowest  
theatres, he outwatched the winking  
street lamps in pestilential suburbs,  
threaded the human mazes of "Congo  
Green" on Sundays, when ten thousand  
outcasts of all varieties of character and  
color assembled to keep their great Sab-  
bath revel. He sought the floors of bril-  
liant masquerades, where murder goes in  
jewels, and shame hides itself in rustling  
silks, and looked pryngly into many a  
false face—but the "pale sweet one" was  
not there. And thus a week passed by.

On the seventh night, as the stranger  
was taking his customary rounds, while  
the air seemed softer than ever—soft as  
the touch of velvet—while the ethereal  
arch appeared brightest, ineffably bright,  
and the stars stooped lower, as if about  
to descend and kiss the earth, he sudden-  
ly observed an extraordinary commotion  
in the street. Men, women and children  
were running to and fro strangely.—  
There were pale faces, wild eyes and  
streaming hair. The thought of "fire"  
occurred at first; but no tongue of metal  
pealed its warning, and the iron wheels  
of the engine remained silent upon the  
pavement. Puzzled at so singular a prob-  
lem, he approached an aged citizen for  
explanation.

"The yellow fever!" That terrible  
sentence revealed it all. The pestilence  
of the south had come without a signal,  
and with a power and pomp of destruc-  
tion unprecedented in the history of its  
ravages.

Another week rolled away; a week of  
death to many and gloomy despair to all;  
when another and wilder word swelled  
on the wind, striking dismay into the  
stoutest hearts. The word was the chole-  
ra. The two black wings of the angel  
of death had descended at once on the  
doomed city. The flashing swords of  
two dire contagions had crossed in com-  
bat, to decide the horrible issue, which  
should reign queen of the great empori-  
um.

Then, indeed, there was business for  
the dead carts, rolling from every door.  
Immense became the demand for coffins  
and shrouds. But there were few to nail

the coffins, and the stores had all long been shut up.

Then also a new danger threatened the horror-stricken town. That old *Proteus*, human nature, manifested one of its revolting phases. During the first days of the double pestilence, the police courts were nearly empty; the key of fear had locked the gates of the hells of vice.—The churches were all open, but could not contain the throngs that crowded around the altars with white lips, muttering hasty prayers. But slowly, terror took a different shape, as all hope seemed departing forever. The children of shame plunged again into a sea of riot far gladder than before. Those who knew that they must die to-morrow, resolved to make the most of to-day. Scenes followed, such as no pen should trace on paper. The largest halls could not hold the hideous maskers. Congo Green resounded with roars of infernal laughter. The red knife of midnight murder rivalled the achievements of cholera and yellow fever.

Where were the watchmen? Some were rotting in the graveyard of the swamps, some had flown in terror from their posts, others were dying, and many burying the dead. In the meanwhile, one-fiftieth part of the population perished weekly. Unparalleled mortality!

Long was the combat between the two dread contagions. At length victory perched upon the bloody banner of the cholera. It was decided to be the most powerful; the yellow fever abated.

And yet still that high white forehead and those sad brilliants of blue eyes shone on their wandering way; through the revolting lanes, by the beds of death, near the crape shrouded coffins and around those holes in the swamp where the poor were buried naked; for he had received certain intelligence of the "sweet pale face," from an old woman to whom she had told the story of his robbery. She had been in the city but a month previous. But where was she now? He would find out, or leave his bones in the great swamp grave yard.

One hot, dusty noon, he was toiling along the Rue Levee, then crowded with hearses. He turned his head casually, and the old cathedral, with its four grand towers, arrested his attention. One of those whimsical impulses which sometimes come without a cause prompted him to enter. A deep feeling of solemnity settled on his soul, when standing

within the immense and massive fabric. The tapers burning their religious light; the dead reposing under the stone pavement beneath; the pale, unearthly countenances of the saints looked down on him from their niches; while the roll of hearse wheels and thundering death carts, reached his ear only in confusion and gentle whispers.

A kneeling figure arose from the floor. As she adjusted her veil, the youth caught a glimpse of her features.

"It is she," he cried, in transports of enthusiasm, and the thunders of a thousand echoes from a vaulted dome answered, "it is she."

He sprang to cast himself at the maiden's feet, but ere he had taken these steps, his limbs lost the power of motion. His face grew haggard with its expression of intense suffering. All the fire of a volcano seemed concentrated in his burning brain. His eyes revolved in their sockets with glaring vivacity. Yellowish streaks overspread his features in a moment, as if dashed there by a coarse brush dipped in paint. Sharp pangs trembled in his marrow. His blood throbbed like lightning, as hot and quick in every bursting vein, and then a whirlwind of the wildest delirium wrapped his soul in dreams of fire.

"It is he?" shrieked the girl, recognizing him. "It is he! and oh! mother of Jesus! the yellow fever!"

When the young man regained the light of rational consciousness, he was stretched on a pallet of straw in a small room. He raised his blue eyes, bright as ever, although his frame was that of a skeleton, and he saw a face of exceeding beauty bending over him and wet with tears. It was the "sweet pale face!"

"Thou hast saved me twice!" he murmured, in a scarcely audible whisper. He said the truth. She had watched over him with the tenderness of a sister, during many days and nights, while his spirit hovered betwixt life and death.

When the youth was convalescent, the two were wedded by the old man with the dark luminous eye—the bishop of New Orleans.

"The young lawyer must have been insane; for not even gratitude could induce a rational mind to marry with such an one."

Hear me out, reader—I have but another word. The young girl was not fallen as the man supposed. She was a poor sewer, and like many of her class, had

kept that soul's-jewel—her purity—amidst rags and wretchedness, while many, many who would have shrunk from the touch of her worn fingers, were losing theirs beneath heaps of shining pearls and drapery gorgeous as the rainbow.

And to-day the white forehead graces the Supreme bench of a western State, and the sweet pale face and serenely dark eyes light one of the happiest scenes out of heaven—the hearth scene of a love-illuminated home. And thus, to eternity, now and then doth some kind angel insert a golden leaf of true romance in the cold iron book of human life.

#### NEW ORLEANS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

##### DEATH AND THE HOTEL KEEPERS.

A worthy and eloquent writer, who enacts the part of New Orleans correspondent for the *Concordia Intelligencer*, a newspaper published in the interior of the state of Louisiana, quotes an article from a Boston gazette, relative to a man who once nearly escaped premature burial in New York, during the prevalence of the yellow fever, and adds the following story, by the way of illustration:

The foregoing reminds me of an incident that transpired a few weeks ago.—Having dined at the Planter's, a first rate family hotel, kept by Murray, formerly of the Natchez Mansion House, and repaired to the balcony, overhanging Canal street, to enjoy the sea breeze, I fell into conversation with a gentleman registered on the books as Major H—t, late of the British army. Like all others of his class, he had seen much of the world, and was courteous and communicative. He had served in India, in the Peninsula, in Belgium, in the wars with this country, and, subsequently, was an aid-de-camp to Bolivar.

"More than thirty years ago," said he, "I was at this hotel, then known as Beale's. It was in September, and the yellow fever was prevailing, but as I had long been quartered in the tropics, I felt no apprehensions. My *vis-a-vis* at dinner was Lt. Cameron, a young Scotchman in the prime of life, commercial agent of a Glasgow house. For three days, we dined and spent our evenings together. On the fourth, he did not appear. While sipping my sherry after dinner, I sent for the landlord, and inquired for Mr. Cameron."

"Major," said he, "your friend will never dine with you again, but whenever you like, I will conduct you to him."

"Struck with these words, which, though uttered with a polite nonchalance, had something ominous in them, I rose from the table, and in silence followed Mr. Beale. He threw open a small parlor, and there lay my young friend, with whom I had parted at two o'clock the preceding evening, dead! Sir, I have had my comrade cut down by a cuirassier at my elbow; I have seen whole battal-



lions swept away by artillery, I have seen a storming party torn into fragments by the explosion of a mine; I have seen brave men sink at sea, and hundreds perish in hospitals by the wasting ravages of wounds and disease; but never have I been so shocked and appalled, as by the livid corpse of that young Scotchman! He had been seized with fever immediately after leaving my room, and expired at daylight; and so little impression had it made, and so much was such a death within the every day line of incidents, it had not disturbed the business of the house, nor had the landlord, who knew our intimacy, nor the waiter, who attended us at table, and served us with champagne the evening previous, thought it of sufficient importance to name it to me. In those days, in New Orleans, resident gentlemen never appeared at breakfast. They took their coffee with a *cher amie*, some beautiful quadroon; but if they were absent at dinner, you might, without further inquiry, apply for letters of administration on their estates! My poor friend was already in his coffin, and even in my grief I could not avoid noticing its elaborate finish, solid mahogany, trimmed with velvet, with a silver plate, his name and escutcheon beautifully engraved. I expressed my surprise that these could be procured when the subject had only been dead a few hours.

"Major," said Mr. Beale, "that is easily explained. We have an undertaker attached to this house. Cameron's coffin has been ready twelve months."

"What, sir, had he a presentiment of death?"

"No, major, not at all. But in this city the march of disease is rapid; our fevers kill in a few hours; mortification immediately ensues, and it is the rule of my house, from July to October, to measure every man for his coffin the moment he registers his name. The chances are ten to one he will be dead in a fortnight!"

"As I looked incredulous at this statement, Mr. Beale continued: 'I perceive you do not credit this, major; but follow me, if you please, and you shall be convinced.'"

"He led the way to the attic of the house, and there, ranged around in grim array, stood sixty coffins, of different finish and dimensions, one for each boarder, with my own conspicuous among them, my name and coat of arms blazoned upon it!"

"Major," said the landlord, "your measure was taken the moment of your arrival. You announced your intention to stay three months, and while registering your name, my undertaker, who watches the arrivals, and is very adroit, applied his tape to you. I hope, sir, you are pleased. Inspect the heraldry. It is all right. We consult the best authorities on the British peerage."

I was too much shocked to reply, but immediately retreated to my room, packed my baggage, and rang for my bill, determined not to sleep another night in a city where coffins were made, and probably graves dug, beforehand. My bill was as follows: Major H—, to Beale's Hotel. Dr.—Four days board at \$23. 212

00; Lights, \$1 50; Cigars \$1 00; Paper, 25 cents; Wine, \$20 00; Coffin, \$1 50; E. E. \$180 75.

"I descended to the bar in no amiable mood; threw down thirty-four dollars and seventy-five cents, but refused to pay for the coffin. I had never ordered such a thing; on the contrary, it is a liberty I should not excuse. 'Very well, Major,' said Mr. Beale, with a low bow and one of his blandest smiles, 'just as you please; it makes no difference. The coffin was made in pursuance of a rule of my house. Had you remained a week, you would, most probably, have needed it, and as we bury strangers before they are quite dead, had this coffin not been made, your aristocratic body would have been sent to the trench in a pine box; Do not pay, Major. It is quite unnecessary. But your coat of arms, the escutcheon of the noble house of H....t, is on that coffin, and the first pauper that dies shall be buried in it.'"

"This was too much for my ancestral pride. I threw down the sovereigns, made a bonfire of the coffin, and the same evening hired a barge to carry me from a city where such dreadful customs prevailed. Imperative business, continued the Major, brought me to New Orleans, a few days ago. By a singular sort of fascination, I was drawn to the same Hotel from which I fled thirty years ago; and by strange coincidence, my stay is of the same duration, (I leave this evening,) and my bill is about the same."

"How Major," I exclaimed, "has Murray charged you for a coffin?"

"No, sir, not exactly that—it occurred in this way. While registering my name, I felt some one touch me on the shoulder, as I felt it thirty years before. Indignant that the same trick should be played on me a second time, I wheeled, and at one blow knocked the man down, and placed my foot upon his breast. The mistake was promptly explained. It was an attendant of the hotel in the act of brushing the dirt off my coat. I felt much chagrined, and the least I could do was to ask the poor fellow's pardon, and insist on his accepting the same amount that I had paid for my coffin on a former occasion."

Saying this, the major shook my hand and departed. Curiosity led me to visit the attic, but the rule of the house has been changed, and instead of coffins, I found long rows of Sherry, Madeira, Port, Cogniac, Holland, Old Jamaica and Irish Whiskey, in bottles and demijohns covered with cobwebs, like old monks in their dark gowns, which Murray here holds for his guests.

John Jacob Astor, of New York, was the richest man in America; but his wealth was a trifle compared with the immense riches of Prince Esterhazy, a Hungarian lord. He is the owner of 130 villages, 40 towns, and 34 castles. 2,500 shepherds are among his servants.

The Bible can be read in nearly a hundred and fifty different languages.

#### GEN. PAEZ AND THE ROBBERS.

As narratives of heroic deeds must possess an interest for all our readers, we presume we could write nothing that would suit them better than the following story of the brave South American patriot, General Paez. The incidents are related by a writer in the *Revue du Nouveau Monde*, and are, we doubt not, authentic.

About the month of October, 1827, although the war was drawing to its close, the republic of Columbia was harassed in a thousand different ways. Venezuela suffered with her sister States. One of the principal causes of alarm were the banditti, who, taking advantage of the political disorders, had strengthened themselves in mountainous regions.

The band of robbers which inspired the greatest terror, no less from its proximity to the capital, than from the ferocious character of its chief, was that of Cisneros, whose sagacity always enabled him to elude pursuit.

This bold robber formed his abode in wild forests, and mountains the most difficult of access, and, in order to leave behind him no traces which might lead to his retreat, he caused his men, in passing to it, to tread, one after the other, in the footsteps of their leader. Notwithstanding this precaution, it was ascertained that the band consisted of some two or three hundred armed and desperate men.

The writer in the *Revue*, to whom we are indebted for this account, describes these robbers as men whose names the people trembled to pronounce, and who inspired even the Government with terror. The officers in the Columbian army shared in this feeling, and none dared head an expedition directed against the fastnesses of the robbers. Paez alone had the courage to undertake the perilous enterprise of penetrating to the lion's den. One day it was reported that the bandits had made a descent on the valley, marking their course with murder and rapine.—They had repaired again to the mountains, but an Indian announced his ability and willingness to point out their retreat.

Now this Indian was unknown, and none could say that he was not a spy or traitor; but Paez, notwithstanding, resolved to trust to his good faith and knowledge. His friends endeavored to dissuade him, but to no purpose. He went—and went alone.

Following the mountain-path which had been pointed out as the way to the robbers' strong-hold, he toiled on for an hour, with a firm step, like a man who has already, in his heart, given his life as a sacrifice. Suddenly he heard the click of a gun-lock.

"Que vive?" cried a fierce voice.

"Amigo!" replied Paez, advancing towards the sentinel whose head he spied amid the foliage.

In an instant, he was surrounded by bandits, with savage, bearded faces, armed with pikes and fire-arms. In spite of threats, insults and taunts, the brave man did not shrink. At length the robber chief himself appeared, and measured Paez with a threatening air.

"Ha! is it you,?" said he. "You are called brave, and it seems you do not believe your reputation! What do you want?"

"I came to give you good counsel," replied Paaz, "and to warn you of the fate which awaits you, if you do not abandon your dishonest trade."

"To give me counsel?" sneered the robber. "You are insane! What care I for your advice or your threats? Look around you! Here are three hundred men, who, for six months, have set the soldiers of the republic at defiance. What have I to fear?"

"You are blinded, Cisneros, by your pride, and your success hitherto. But you cannot long continue thus. Do you not sometimes feel remorse, when you direct against your fellow citizens, who battled for liberty at your side, those arms which you might employ so nobly in the service of your country? I came not to offer you insult, but I came as a friend to you and to my country, to effect a peace between you. Turn from your evil course, and I promise you your life."

"I admire your insolence!" said Cisneros, "the protection you extend to me is ludicrous to consider; you forget that you are my prisoner." And waving his hand, his men stood ready to execute his orders.

"You are a skillful general," said Cisneros to Paaz, "direct, then, my men to fire upon you!"

The bandit regarded his prisoner with a look of pity; but Paaz, without changing color, stretched himself up to his full height.

"Take aim!" he cried, in the voice of a commander; and three hundred muskets were levelled at his breast; "fire!" he would have said, but Cisneros rushed between Paaz and his men. The charge was fired in the air. Still Paaz moved not a muscle! Compelled by admiration, Cisneros seized his hand, exclaiming,

"Peace be concluded! General, you are a hero!"

#### JUSTICE IN EGYPT.

The governor, in collecting taxes at a village, demanded of a poor peasant the sum of fifty ryals. The poor man urged that he possessed nothing but a cow, which barely afforded sustenance for himself and family. Instead of pursuing the usual method when a fellah declares himself unable to pay the tax demanded of him, which is to give him a severe bastinado, the nazir (or governor), in this case, sent an officer to bring the poor man's cow, and desired some of the fallahen to buy it. They saying that they had not sufficient money, he sent for a butcher and desired him to kill the cow, which was done. He then told him to divide it into sixty pieces. The butcher asked for his pay, and was given the head of the cow. The owner of the animal went weeping and complaining to the late Mohammed Dey Defurdar.

"My master," said he, "I am oppressed and in misery: I had no property but one cow, a milk cow; and I and my family lived upon her milk; and she ploughed for me and threshed my corn, and my whole subsistence was derived from her;

the nazir has taken her and killed her and cut her up in sixty pieces, and sold the pieces to my neighbors, to each a piece for one ryal, so that he obtained but sixty ryals for the whole, while the value of the cow was one hundred and twenty ryals or more. I am oppressed and in misery, and a stranger in the place, for I came from another village; but the nazir had no pity on me. I and my family are beggars and have nothing left. Have mercy on me, and give me justice; I implore it by thy harem."

The defurdar having caused the nazir to be brought before him, asked him:

"Where is the cow of this fellah?"

"I have sold it," said the nazir.

"For how much?"

"For sixty ryals."

"Why did you kill and sell it?"

"He owed sixty ryals for land; so I took his cow and killed it, and sold it for the amount."

"Where is the butcher that killed it?"

"In Minoof."

The butcher was sent for; the defurdar said to him.

"Why did you kill this man's cow?"

"The nazir desired me," he answered, "and I could not oppose him. If I had attempted to do so, he would have beaten me and destroyed my house; I killed it, and the nazir gave me the head as my reward."

"Man," said the defurdar, "do you know the persons who bought the meat?"

The butcher replied that he did.

The defurdar then sent for the cadee of Minoof, and said to him,—

"O cadee, here is a man oppressed by the nazir, who has taken his cow and killed it, and sold its flesh for sixty ryals. What is thy judgment?"

The cadee replied: "He is a cruel tyrant, who oppresses every one under his authority. Is not a cow worth a hundred and twenty ryals, or more? And he has sold this for sixty. This is tyranny towards the owner."

The defurdar then said to some of the soldiers:

"Take the nazir and strip him and bind him. Butcher, dost thou not fear God? Thou hast killed the cow unjustly."

The butcher again urged that he was obliged to obey the nazir.

"Then," said the defurdar, "if I order thee to do a thing, wilt thou do it?"

"I will do it," said the butcher.

"Kill the nazir!" said the defurdar.

Immediately several of the soldiers present seized the nazir, and threw him down, and the butcher cut his throat in the regular orthodox manner of killing animals for food.

"Now cut him up," said the defurdar, "into sixty pieces."

This was done; the people concerned in the affair, and many others, looking on; but none daring to speak. The sixty peasants who had bought the meat of the cow were then called forward, one after another, and each was made to take a piece of the flesh of the nazir, and to pay for it two ryals, so that a hundred and twenty ryals were obtained from them. They were then dismissed; but the butcher remained. The cadee was ask-

what should be the reward of the butcher, and answered that he should be paid as he had been paid by the nazir. The defurdar, therefore, ordered that the head of the nazir should be given to him; and the butcher went away with his worse than valueless burden, thanking God that he had not been more unfortunate, and scarcely believing himself so easily to have escaped, until he arrived at his village. The money obtained for the flesh of the nazir was given to the owner of the cow.

#### AN ECCENTRIC.

The Bald Mountain is the boundary between Yancey county, North Carolina, and Washington county, Tennessee: and it is a very singular thing that the Tennessee side is covered with a thick growth of stunted beech, of which there is none on the North Carolina side.—There is very little rock on the bald part of the mountain, but we met with specimens of gneiss and milk quartz. After enjoying ourselves for some time on the peak, we descended it on the side opposite to that by which we had ascended, until we reached the rock and cavity known as the Hermit's Cave. The history of the individual, who resided there for perhaps twenty years, and until some nine or ten years ago, is singular and interesting, and I therefore proceed to record a few particulars what I gleaned concerning him. His name was David Greer, and disappointment in love was the reason assigned by him for seeking a residence in the mountain solitude. In accordance with the scriptural injunction to build one's house upon a rock, as he alleged, he erected his log-house, since destroyed, on a large flat rock, (a block of granite, I believe,) on the mountain side, but he would rather inconsistently take shelter in the cave under the rock, during a storm, and particularly during a thunder-storm. He raised cattle on the mountain, and cultivated a farm there, and a ditch is yet visible which, it is said, he dug eight feet deep, without coming to either rock or clay, about a spacious field on the summit of the mountain. His disposition was generally kind to his fellow-creatures, and he would never fail to display hospitality towards the visitors of the mountain. He had some peculiar notions, however, which led him to commit acts of great violence, which will be mentioned in the sequel. He wrote and published his autobiography, and also a new constitution for the United States, in which he fixed the salary of the president at twenty-five dollars per annum, on



the principle that large salaries would induce men to seek public office from mercenary instead of patriotic motives. It was a cardinal principle in his code of morals and justice, that every good citizen was imperatively bound to put the liar or cheat to death; and on this principle he acted, on one occasion, and put to death a Tennessean, named Higgins, whom he accused of having told him a lie. In consequence of this homicide, he was tried and arraigned for murder, in Jonesborough, Tennessee, and was acquitted, on the ground of insanity, his counsel giving his Constitution of the United States as evidence among other proofs of his unsettled wits. His chagrin was very great at having been defended on such a plea. It is also related of him, that many years ago, when the sheriff of Duncombe came to levy a tax on him (which he regarded as a high-handed oppression and invasion of his natural rights) he resisted that officer, and pursued him to Ashville, where the court was in session, and in his rage drove the judge, jury and lawyers out of the court-house, by pelting them with stones. He ultimately got tired of his mountain residence, and sought employment in Tennessee, and was there killed by a fellow-workman, whom for some insult he had declared he would put to death, and who, knowing Greer to be a man of his word, in self-defence sought an opportunity and slew him.—*Charleston Courier*.

#### NOCTURNAL LIFE OF ANIMALS.

Below the mission of Santa Barbara Arichuna we passed the night as usual, on the bank of the Rio Apure, closely bordered by the impenetrable forest. It was not without difficulty that we succeeded in finding dry wood to kindle a fire, with which it is always customary to surround a bivouac, in order to guard against the attacks of jaguar. The night was humid, mild and moonlight. Several crocodiles approached the shore. I think I have observed these animals to be attracted by the fire, like our cray fish and many other inhabitants of the water. The oars of our boat were placed upright and carefully driven into the ground, to form poles from which our hammocks could be suspended. Deep stillness prevailed; only from time to time we heard the blowing of the fresh water dolphins, which are peculiar to the Orinoco net-work of rivers—according to Colebrook, to the Ganges as

far as Benares—which followed each other in long lines.

Soon after eleven o'clock, such a disturbance began to be heard in the adjoining forest, that for the remainder of the night all sleep was impossible. The wild cries of the animals appeared to range throughout the forest. Among the many voices that resounded together, the Indians could only recognize those which, after short pauses in the general uproar, were first heard singly. There was the monotonous howling of the aluates—the howling monkey; plaintive, soft, and almost flutelike-tones, of the small sabajeanous; the snorting grumbings of striped, nocturnal monkeys; the interrupted cries of the great tiger, the cougar, or American maneless lion, the peccary, the sloth, and a host of parrots, of paroquays, and other parrot-like birds. When the tigers approached the edge of the forest, our dog, which barked incessantly, came howling to seek refuge under our hammocks. Sometimes the cry of the tiger was heard to proceed from amidst the high branches of a tree, and was in such cases always accompanied by the plaintive cries of the monkeys, who were seeking to escape from the unwonted pursuit.

If one asks the Indians why this incessant noise and disturbance arises on particular nights, they answer with a smile, "that the animals are rejoicing in the bright moonlight, and keeping the feast of the full moon." To me it appeared that the scene had originated in some accidental combats, and that hence the disturbance had spread to other animals, and thus the noise had increased more and more. The jaguar pursues the peccaries and tapirs, and these pressing against each other in their flight, break through the interwoven, tree-like shrubs which impede their escape; the apes on the tops of trees being frightened by the crash, join their cries to those of the larger animals; this arouses the tribes of birds who build their nests in communities, and thus the whole animal world becomes in a state of commotion. Longer experience taught us that it is by no means always the celebration of the brightness of the moon which disturbs the repose of the woods; we witnessed the same occurrence repeatedly, and found the voices loudest during violent falls of rain, or when, with loud peals of thunder, the lightning illuminated the deep recesses of the forest.

*Humboldt's Kosmos.*

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

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