

ROMAN LITERATURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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NO. 13.

Nor does this promise say nor hint that when a man

I have gone through two great revulsions. One

CONTINUED ON THE EIGHTH PAGE.

Written for the Banner of Light. RECOLLECTIONS.

Oh, recollections of the by-gone years,
What kindly memories ye are in solitude;
How grateful friends to me in joyous tears,
When we recall the loved, the pure, and good!
Still linger near, for I'm deserted now,
And weep for one who falls at her own bow.
She left me with a sweet "I'll come again,"
Some like rich music to my trusting heart,
Which through my anguish soothed in part the pain,
I felt, when first 't was said that we must part.
But ah! I forgotfulness her mind has stored,
And it now seems affection's best reward.
My life would be indeed a summer's hour,
Full fraught with every joy, and pleasure, too,
Could I but trust her love's unflinching power,
And that herself was still unflinching, true,
As when in days gone by she won my soul,
And I found peace beneath her sweet control.
Oh, hearts that win us, to our joy or grief,
Whence is the power ye wield to our annoy,
Or bring to nature as a dark relief,
To touch the stony heart with its alloy?
Lives it in beauty's form, in tender eyes?
Waits it on summer airs, or human sighs?
Oh, once again return to glad and cheer
A life that knows no joy but in thy gaze,
Which once bereft, forever will be dear,
Or by thy blest hand many happy days.
Let hope not die, or I'm deserted now,
And thou wilt weep for thy neglected vow.
Fair Summer smiles with all the countless flowers
The Spring has left upon her budding breast,
To put thy fragrance forth, in fields and bowers,
And all the world about me seemeth blest.
Let me not mourn—return, nor longer stay,
For June is cheerless while thou art away.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE UNHEEDED WARNING.

OR,
BY KATE KEITH.

"Will your honor do a kind turn to a poor fellow who needs a bit of Christian sympathy, but has hitherto found as little of it in a Christian land as if it were a land of savages?"

I looked at the author of this somewhat quaint address with a kindly feeling, for which I could not well account, but which was confirmed the moment I scanned his person and features. He was a young man, apparently about thirty-two or three, dark as a ripe nutshell, with large, liquid and piercing eyes, yet full of an expression of manly though homely politeness.

His legs were bare to the knee; he wore no coat, and the sleeves of his shirt were tucked up to the shoulders, while his neck and chest were uncovered, thus exposing to my view a figure in which the most perfect symmetry was displayed, together with a development and compactness of muscle, which indicated the union of extraordinary strength and agility. Though his face exhibited no sinister lines, but on the contrary an honest unequivocal expression, there was, nevertheless, a look of indomitable resolution in his clear bright eyes, which led me instantly to infer that habit had strengthened the manly daring of his nature. He was altogether a very prepossessing object.

"What can I do for you, my good fellow?" I inquired frankly.

"Why, your honor, I've been turned off the estates of all your wealthy neighbors, and last night I pitched my tent here hard by. My wife is just taken ill, and I only come to ask if your honor will suffer us to remain under God's own sky, and upon God's own earth, though yours by right of property, until she gets strength enough to follow me to a shelter, where, with the wild brutes of the forest, I may claim a free and undisputed inheritance."

There was a rough pathos and a vigorous propriety of expression in this reply which interested me exceedingly, and increased the favorable impression the man had already made.

"That I will, my fine fellow," I replied, "I would not turn a dog from my door that wanted shelter, much more from my land; it is not likely then that I could refuse such an appeal as yours."

A tear started to the man's eye.

"I have been so little used to expressions of that kindred fellowship, which ought to unite men in one common bond, that I can hardly help playing the woman in the fullness of my surprise, and—I shall not be ungrateful," he said, stopping short and dashing away a tear.

"Where is your tent?" said I, in a tone of commiseration that evidently increased his emotion. "Perhaps I may be of some little service to your wife, to whom, in her present condition, some of those comforts may be welcome, which you have not, perhaps, the means of procuring."

He thanked me shortly but warmly, and led the way to his nomadic tenement. In a snug corner between two hedges, upon a small piece of waste land, I found a ragged tent pitched, which was nothing more than a square piece of canvas thrown over a pole, supported horizontally by two forked sticks driven into the ground, scarcely more than five feet high, and about eight feet apart. At the further end a piece of square cloth covered the aperture, while the nearer remained opened for the entrance and egress of the several inmates. These were the gipsy, for such was the man, two children, the mother and grandmother.

The gipsy's wife was lying under a coarse, tattered rug upon a bed of clean straw, while the two children, both girls, were seated on the ground by their mother's side, with only a single ragged garment for a covering. The elder one was a bronzed, dark-eyed girl, rather delicate in feature, but robust in limb, and exhibiting a promise of all the father's fine anatomical proportions, together with that delicate roundness of outline which is the chief attraction of female beauty.

She was, as I afterwards ascertained, only twelve years old; but, as is commonly the case with this race, who still maintain many of the idiotic peculiarities of their eastern origin, she appeared so mature as to make me think it high time that she should be attired in something a little less ethereal than the rather primitive costume in which, with the most perfect seeming of innocence, however, she now stood before me.

The furniture of the tent was admirably calculated for expeditious removal, as the whole of it might have been packed in a handbasket. There were a few cooking utensils scattered about in the unoccupied corner of this patriarchal abode, so insecurely covered by the canvas that the broad light of heaven exposed them to my unwilling scrutiny with all their dingy incrustations of rust and soot. A broken pitcher, filled with water as high as the fracture, stood in the opposite corner, while a small loaf of barley bread and a gillpot of dark dripping

were placed upon a withered cabbage-leaf in the middle of the tent.

I asked the poor woman how she felt. She answered cheerfully, on hearing from her husband, who was evidently extremely anxious about her, that I had promised they should remain unmolested on the spot which they had chosen for their temporary abode. I put a small sum of money into the hand of the poor woman on quitting this vagrant but really interesting family, and, as soon as I got home, ordered such things to be sent as I considered might be required by the wife, and useful to the husband and other members of the gipsy establishment. For a few days the medical man of the neighboring town visited, at my desire, the patient on the common; and within a week I had the pleasure of seeing the hardy woman up, and stirring about, with all her bodily energies recruited and improved.

It happened, shortly after my introduction to this poor family, that the gipsy was apprehended upon suspicion of having stolen some poultry from the premises of a neighboring gentleman who had turned him off his estate. Thinking that he had been taken up and committed upon insufficient evidence, I furnished him with the means of obtaining counsel's advice and assistance at his trial, so that he was happily acquitted, and a short time after the real offender was apprehended and convicted.

Within a few weeks after his acquittal, the gipsy, in whom I really took great interest, for he was one of the finest fellows I ever remember to have seen, called with his wife to thank me for my attentions, which he did with a manliness and warmth that confirmed my liking. After this visit, he packed up his fragile habitation, together with his slender accompaniment of baggage, and departed, I knew not whither.

I confess I could not help reflecting upon the inequalities of the human condition, when I considered this poor man's situation and my own; he contented and seemingly happy, without any resources but those supplied by his bodily energies; I, on the contrary, frequently dull and dissatisfied, with all around me that wealth could administer to the caprices of human desire. The gipsy had not only quitted my estate, but, as far as I could ascertain, the country. Years passed on, and he did not again cross my path. Business or pleasure at length took me to Paris; from thence I determined to cross the Alpine barrier into Piedmont, and pass a few months in Turin, where an old friend of my family resided.

I left the French capital, for this city, the latter part of the summer, and after passing a few days at Lyons, proceeded on my journey with all the impatient eagerness of a novice. When entering Savoy, that country of romance and song, with which we are so fond of associating fruitful fields, luxuriant vineyards, happy valleys, and a hardy, prosperous peasantry, I was greatly surprised at the wretchedness which abounded everywhere. Miserable hovels, squalid inmates, and importunate beggars, formed the most prominent characteristics of a land whose scenery is beyond comparison picturesque; I was glad to quit a country which seemed to me to exhibit every variety of wretchedness; and made the best of my way to Turin, in the hope of seeing more happiness among my species than I had witnessed in the mountains and valleys of Savoy.

I was a perfect stranger in Turin, but soon discovered that there were many English residents in the city with whom it would be easy to associate, as the formalities of introduction are not very strictly attended to where persons of the same country meet abroad. I had a letter of credit upon a banker, who, finding that I had plenty of money, and was likely to be liberal, was as attentive as such a double inducement may be supposed to have rendered him. He had a vulgar shuffle in his gait, a sinister obliquity of vision, and never looked you in the face, except when he could steal a glance unobserved, and then one eye seemed to watch the other, lest it should be detected in a violation of the observances of a calculating and deferential humility.

I passed some months in Turin without anything occurring to me out of the ordinary course of events, when one evening, as I was returning from the opera, a stranger, dressed in the costume of the country, accosted me in tolerably pure Italian:

"A cold night, sir."

I was at a loss what to think of the man, and simply replied:

"Very."

"A sad place, this Turin," continued the stranger: "full of knaves and vagabonds."

"There are knaves and vagabonds everywhere," I replied.

"True; but you, perhaps, have not met them elsewhere, and may meet them here."

"You mistake; I have met them elsewhere."

"Then beware, lest you also meet them here."

"But why do you caution me?"

"Because you are a foreigner, and inexperienced Italian villany."

"I am not the novice you take me for; I am too well armed against the wiles of villany to be readily deceived."

"The fox is a cunning creature, but his cunning does not always keep him out of the trap. Take a piece of honest advice—beware of the banker!"

I was confounded for a moment; the stranger repeated his warning more emphatically, then strode hastily down a narrow alley which intersected the main street that led to my hotel.

It was strange! The warning, however, was not to be altogether overlooked; so the next morning I called upon the banker, and explicitly related to him the adventure of the preceding evening. He smiled sardonically, but without betraying the least symptoms of emotion, observing, with great calmness, though with an evident effort at forbearance, that it was a plan adopted by a rival house to bring him into disrepute, and thus secure a greater accession of business.

He treated the adventure as a trifle, and I, being rationally of a very unsuspicious temperament, was readily persuaded to look upon the warning as the trick of a commercial rival; besides, I had always a peculiar antipathy to mysterious or anonymous communications of any kind.

I was frequently invited by the banker to his house, where I occasionally met some of the first persons in Turin. The man always treated me with singular attention, but there was often an evident effort to be agreeable in his manner, which was oppressive and even painful. He exhibited, too, an occasional abstraction while conversing with me, that clearly showed his mind was wandering to other objects of far more absorbing interest, at the very moment when he was professing the most unbounded anxiety in my welfare.

I had been introduced to him as a young man of considerable property, and this fact I had given him

no reason to question, as, ever since my arrival in Turin, he had retained a large sum of my money in his hands. I considered this to be but prudent policy, having had good reason to know that the respect which a stranger obtains, especially abroad, is everywhere in precise proportion to his purse; and therefore the best course he can pursue is, if possible, to show it to be a long and full one, when he can do so without running the risk of having his throat cut for the sake of its contents.

I happened one day to mention my intention of returning to Lyons, and of visiting some of the most remarkable Alpine passes that might chance to lie within a small distance of my regular route. The banker strongly advised me to hire a couple of trusty guides, which he readily undertook to do for me, assuring me that they were persons on whom I might depend, as he had, upon several similar occasions, availed himself of their services. Leaving a large sum of money in his hands, for which he gave me a letter of credit upon a banker at Lyons, I prepared for my departure.

While I was sitting alone after dinner in the apartment of my hotel which I usually occupied, a note was put into my hands, containing these words: "Have you forgotten, or do you mean to reject, the warning of the stranger? A hint is sufficient to a wise man; you slight this admonition at your peril!"

I was exceedingly annoyed at the mysterious character of this note, and made up my mind to think it either a mere wanton trick to terrify me, or a piece of malice against the banker; and concluding that if there had really been any kindness meant by the writer, he would have been more explicit. With that sullen determination, therefore, which we sometimes feel—a determination of angry recklessness—when our fears have been aroused without the cause of them having been sufficiently developed; under that irritation of mind, produced by what seemed to me the unnecessary mystery of the writer of this, as I then thought it, officious communication, I determined to proceed on the morrow, with my servant and two guides, without any regard to the mysterious warning.

What the banker had stated to me respecting the rival firm, satisfied me that he was an injured man, and that I was marked out as an object to be made a dupe of at his expense. It was clear that he could have no advantage in procuring for me unfaithful guides, since he had all my money in his own hands; so that he could be no gainer either by my being robbed or murdered.

I retired early to rest; but the agitation of my mind—for agitated it was, in spite of my incredulity and stout resolution—a long time prevented repose; and at length, just as I was composing myself to sleep, my servant entered the room to say that all was ready for my departure.

Early in the morning, then, of a chill October day, I set out for Lyons. The weather was remarkably fine, but cold. I was accompanied by my own servant, Andrew, and the two guides recommended by the banker. We traveled by easy stages, and did not commence the ascent of Mount Cenis till the following morning. As I began to ascend the barrier which divides Italy from France, I felt the cold painfully intense; but the increasing beauty of the scenery, in proportion, as I ascended above the champagne country, made me forget the cold in the exciting raptures of admiration. Rocks towered above my head as if they had been placed there by the giants of old, in order to scale the heavens; and the eye, straining to reach the faint outline in which they terminated, dwelt painfully upon their snowy summits and tall spires, which had never been trodden by human foot, and seemed to pierce the skies by which they were canopied.

After a journey of some difficulty, for we had deviated from the ordinary route, we reached a celebrated pass, which I was exceedingly anxious to explore. The path, narrow and rugged, was traced along the edge of a frightful ravine, of which the sides were so precipitous that it appeared as if the mountain had been cleft by some mighty engine of a former world, when "there were giants on the earth," and which had been, either by mistake or accident, directed a little out of the perpendicular. The sides of the precipice presented two sheer walls, that looked like inaccessible ramparts, and many hundred feet below, a deep and rapid stream dashed onward over opposing rocks, and thundering along with the most deafening uproar, was lost in the windings of the valley.

Although at such an elevation above the torrent that foamed beneath, when I cast my eyes upward I appeared to be at the base of the mountain, and when I cast them downward I seemed to be at its summit. I stood upon a narrow ledge which had been cut from an almost perpendicular segment of the circular hill, and afforded a very inconvenient passage for two persons abreast. On the side of the chasm it was secured by a low parapet, over which the traveler might look into the struggling torrent beneath, though not without a sickening apprehension of danger; for it was so slight as to be almost incapable of resisting any sudden shock, absolutely yielding to the firm pressure of the knee, while the masses of loose and projecting rock which every now and then trembled over our heads, kept me in continual alarm lest they should roll down and sweep me into the gulf below.

I had hitherto felt perfectly satisfied with the attention of the two guides, who were stout, active fellows, and very ready to do their duty. One of them had rather a crafty cast of countenance, but this was neutralized in a great degree by a certain expression of quaint good humor, and he contrived to dissipate any unfavorable impression which the voiceless language of his features might awaken, by relating, with great emphasis and energy, those daring feats that had been occasionally performed by the hardy mountaineers.

The other was a dull looking person, who spoke little; his countenance was imperturbably placid, and imparted rather the idea of stupid insensibility than of any more active quality, either of mind or feeling.

I had almost forgotten the stranger's warning, and, conceiving that had my guides been disposed to be treacherous, they had had sufficient opportunity, now reposed in full security upon their honesty.

About noon the following day we reached an acclivity of more than ordinary length and steepness. The road wound gradually up the mountain like a serrated stair, and in many parts projected from the sides, overhanging the abyss beneath, as if hung amid the clouds. Here and there was a solitary traveler upon the terraces above, like a moving dot on the dark surface of the hill.

After a long and weary ascent, we reached a small area of nearly level ground, at the extremity of

which a huge barrier of rock seemed to forbid our further progress, rising to a prodigious elevation above the plain. The industry of man, however, had subdued the rude asperity of nature. An entrance had been hollowed in the centre of the barrier, and a regular road cut with incredible labor through the very heart of the rock. It was a tunnel about twelve feet wide and ten high, continuing the length of about a quarter of a mile; the light was admitted at the apertures at either extremity.

I determined to explore alone this curious excavation, while Andrew and the guides were taking their mid-day repast on the green sward before the entrance. When I had penetrated some distance I fancied I perceived some one pass me. It was too dark to particularize, but the firm, heavy tread satisfied me that it was a man. I inquired who was there, but receiving no answer, began to apprehend that some mischief was intended.

I heard the footsteps returning at a quick pace, and followed, when I distinctly saw the figure of a man pass rapidly through the extremity of the tunnel, and turn suddenly round the angle of the rock which abutted upon the hill. On reaching the extremity I could see no one. Knowing that it would be not only vain, but perilous, to search among the intricate defiles of the mountain for an imaginary robber or assassin, I returned to the guides, who had by this time finished their meal, and were prepared to proceed.

"Friend," said I to the more intelligent of the two, "do you frequently meet passengers on this part of the hill?"

"Not frequently; there are strange legends of Trolls occupying this pass, and ghosts, too."

"Do you believe in ghosts?"

"I never saw one yet."

"But I have," said the other guide somewhat doggedly, "and in this hollow, too. I saw one the very day on which the rich Lyonsese merchant was murdered as he was passing through this tunnel."

He spoke this with his eyes fixed on vacancy, but without betraying either an emotion of terror at the thought of a supernatural visitation, or of compassion at the fate of the murdered Lyonsese. We now proceeded, but slowly, through the tunnel, and soon after we had entered, it suddenly struck me that there was a growing familiarity in the more intelligent of the guides, which he had not hitherto exhibited, and which began to be rather disagreeable. I ordered Andrew to keep close by my side, and at the same time desired, in somewhat a peremptory tone, that the guides should go before.

One of them observed, with a very significant emphasis, that as there was no difficulty in the road here, they should, with the signor's permission, proceed as was most agreeable to them. There was an assumption of civility in the man's manner by whom this was spoken, but it was nevertheless clearly evident to me that I was in the power of men who had mischievous intentions toward me.

They gradually lagged behind, and I whispered Andrew to be on his guard; he, however, felt no apprehension, as they had been extremely civil to him during the whole of the journey, and had thus contrived to lull his suspicions. When we reached the centre of the pass, Andrew, who had been backward in obeying my order, from the impression that my alarm was needless, was suddenly seized from behind, and a handkerchief dexterously slipped on his wrists. Before I had time to draw a pistol, I was also seized and gagged.

"Now," said one of the robbers, "give us quietly what you possess, and no harm shall happen to you; but dare attempt to balk us of our prey, and you shall sleep with the Lyonsese merchant in yonder dark hollow, which is visited only by the dead. If you remain quiet and submissive, you are destined to be the prey of one who, I dare say, will exact a good ransom, but no more than you are well able to pay. Come, shell out; it is but fair that we should get a little of the pickings, before you are drawn by more dexterous hands."

They now began to rifle my pockets, from which they took my keys, and leading me to the further extremity of the tunnel, proceeded to examine the richness of their booty. They were, however, greatly disappointed, finding merely a small quantity of loose cash, as I had taken the precaution of leaving my money in the banker's hands, and almost the whole of my baggage had been forwarded to Lyons by a more secure conveyance. The villains were sadly mortified, and I was apprehensive, lest their disappointment should induce them to wreak their cowardly vengeance upon my person, a practice but too common among Alpine robbers.

After the guides had examined my trunks with the most anxious scrutiny, they carefully repacked them. They then retired a little distance apart, and held a consultation of some minutes, when one of them approaching me, said with a smile, the malignity of which was but very imperfectly concealed by the assumption of carelessness under which it was attempted to be disguised:

"Signor, you have outwitted us. It is a common practice among persons of our profession to levy involuntary contributions upon travelers whom we are hired to conduct over these mountains. We have therefore, only been acting in our habitual vocation. Will you pledge yourself not to raise an alarm if I ungag you? though if you should, the mountain echoes will be your only reply."

I nodded assent, and my mouth was instantly relieved from the rough instrument which had imposed such an unwilling silence upon me.

"You must allow, Signor," continued the robber, "that you have been treated with all due courtesy and respect. You cannot but admit that we have done our duty."

"Certainly," I sarcastically replied, "both to yourselves and to me."

As for ourselves, we shall not be much the gainers by the robbery; we are but poorly paid for staking our credit. Reputation is a commodity that deserves something better for the barter of it than we are likely to get for this day's speculation."

"Are you known," I inquired, "to my friend the banker at Turin?"

The robber smiled with an expression of much meaning on his full, broad lip. "But for your friend the banker I had never been born."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that an inquisitive man belies the proverb if he hears any good. I was not hired to answer questions."

"Neither were you hired to rob."

"That's more than even a better wit than yours can prove."

It now flashed suddenly upon my mind that I did

not know the guides, but that they had been recommended, and, in fact, employed by the banker. My suspicions were by this time fully aroused, and I attempted to sound the man as to his connection with his employer; but the wily knave was not to be drawn out.

"It's no use asking," said the man, with a shrewd, significant twinkle of the left eye; "I hope you'll allow that we've been civil, and will, therefore, keep dark about the gagging and overhauling your portmanteau."

"Why, truly," said I, "for robbers, who are not proverbially courteous, you have been civil enough."

We now proceeded on our journey. The guides, having taken the precaution to deprive Andrew and myself of the pistols with which we were still armed, released us from our disagreeable restraints. They watched us, however, with a keen scrutiny; nor were we, on our part, less alive to the suspected intention of treachery on that of our companions. There was a mutual reserve between us, from the apprehension of renewed injury on the one hand, and the consciousness of detection on the other.

I now observed, for the first time, that the countenance of the more taciturn of the robbers had an expression the most repulsively sullen, and which indicated ferocity of temperament, as well as obtuseness of feeling. He several times muttered to himself, as if he meditated some secret, malicious act. It was evident that the disappointment which had attended his search of my person and valise had greatly discomposed him. The other, on the contrary, was blithe and careless, as if nothing had happened; he even rallied his companion on his sullenness; nevertheless, his quick, piercing eyes were continually turned toward us, so that not a single movement should escape his vigilance.

I began, by this time, to be excessively fatigued, as by the advice of the guides we had left our mules at the last halting-place and proceeded on foot, on account, as they assured us, of the impracticability of the ascent for mules, expecting to find a fresh supply a few miles in advance. It was now evident that we had been deceived, for what purpose has already been shown. Seeing that I could scarcely go forward, the more communicative of the robbers informed me that about half a league onward there was a hospice, where we might obtain a good bed and refreshments.

"I shall keep your secret," said I, willing to conciliate the ruffians into whose hands I had evidently been betrayed.

"Keep it or divulge it, as you like, in these mountains," replied the fellow; "no one will ever suspect foul play from men who have conducted a traveler safe to refreshment and a night's lodging. The robbers of the Alps are known not to spare. Tell your story as you may, you will not be believed, though a cracked crown might reward your loquacity."

"But here's a witness," said the sullen ruffian in an undertone, looking at Andrew; when a rapid but significant glance passed between the guides, unobserved by him who was the object of it, but which excited in me the most painful apprehension.

I quickly perceived that the man who had spoken to me was merely playing a game to alarm me into silence, as he had cunning enough to know that a secret is always secure in the breast of a coward—which, it seems, he most flatteringly considered me to be—where he deems the betrayal of it will bring him into peril. I humored the fellow's self-satisfied discrimination, assuring him that, so far from being indignant at his treatment of me, I felt surprised at the exemplary lenity he had shown, knowing that robbers do not usually study the comfort of their captives. The man gave me a look which sufficiently indicated the difficulty of imposing on his credulity.

Before long we entered a gorge of the mountain, through a pass so narrow that only one person could proceed at a time. The guides went first, Andrew and myself followed. We now advanced into a deep defile, surrounded on all sides by precipitous rocks, and after going a few yards found it terminated by a narrow wooden bridge, thrown over a deep chasm, which yawned hideously below. The bridge was formed by the squared trunk of a large tree, and rested upon two parallel ledges of stone, that were separated by the gulf. Beneath, all was dark, undefined, terrific; while the depth was so great, the chasm so narrow, and the light so perfectly excluded by the projection of the rugged banks, that the eye could not penetrate more than a few yards into this darkness.

I shuddered at the idea of passing this formidable rift, for the bridge rocked and swayed fearfully under the weight of the guides, as they crossed the insecure platform. I had no alternative, however, but to brave the peril of the passage, and was determined to do so without the assistance of the two traitors, who offered their services, which I declined, as I did not at all relish so near a contact with common thieves, and commenced my hazardous progress over the unsteady trunk.

Just as I had passed the centre my foot slipped; feeling myself off my equilibrium I darted my body forward, at the same time seizing the rough edge of the stone with my hands, when one of the guides caught me by the arm and promptly rescued me from my jeopardy. Andrew followed; but, to my consternation and horror, before he reached the hither end of the bridge the more sullen of the robbers suddenly struck him on the breast, and precipitated him into the chasm below.

I heard the poor fellow's body dash from ore to ore in its dark and rapid descent, while my blood curdled as I fancied my ears caught the dull, dead sound of his bones crashing upon the rocks beneath. I dared not utter a word, lest I should be subjected to a similar fate, and therefore advanced in silence. I confess I could not now help feeling the truth of the devil's declaration in holy writ: "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath, will he give for his life."

We now emerged from the gorge into a more tractable path, which led, with a gentle slope, to the summit of the hill. This we soon reached. I observed some mules picking up the herbage which the rugged surface but scantily supplied, and here and there a goat browsing among them indicated a proximity to some human habitation. This was further confirmed, when, after the lapse of a few minutes, I saw a figure issue, as it were, out of the earth and approach the spot where I was standing but what was my astonishment at beholding my old acquaintance, the gipsy, before me!

He advanced, accosted me with the greatest respect, when I grasped his hand with a warmth and familiarity which appeared as grateful to him as it was evidently unwelcome to my companions. I perceived that they both looked surprised, while the countenance of the more sullen darkened as he wit-

nessed our unexpected recognition. The gipsy, perceiving this, drew a small whistle from his pocket, and blew a blast which awoke the distant echoes of the mountain. The uneasiness of the guides increased when they saw four or five sturdy mountaineers start up, apparently from the bowels of the earth, as at the spell of a sorcerer.

"Signor," said the gipsy, turning to me, "you have been betrayed!"

On hearing these words the robbers attempted a speedy retreat, but were instantly secured and bound. "These wretches," continued my newly-found friend, "have sold you to me, as a person who could pay a princely ransom; for I am a reputed robber, though my vocation has been to protect, not to injure the traveler. Here, with half a dozen of my own tribe, I have dwelt for the last six years, and by hunting the chamois and tilling the stubborn soil around us we have picked up a laborious but honest living. Our abode is a cavern, in a rock below the precipice. Let me introduce you to my home."

He further told me, that having become acquainted with my residence in Turin shortly after my arrival, he at once determined to seek an opportunity of introducing himself again to my notice. It chanced one day that he strolled into a *cabaret*, where the two guides, who had been hired for me by the banker, were seated in a corner of the room, engaged in earnest conversation.

Knowing them to be most consummate rogues—for he had frequently seen them in their journeys across the mountains—he stretched himself upon a bench as near as he could without exciting their suspicion; and, as if overcome by fatigue, feigned to fall asleep. He distinctly heard part of their discourse, which related to an Englishman whom they had been hired to conduct to the French frontier, and whom they were planning to rob and murder. Aware that he was considered by them to be connected with a gang of brigands, he advanced, confessed that he had overheard their plans, and offered them two hundred pistoles if they would betray me into his hands, which sum he bound himself to pay upon the delivery of their victim.

They readily accepted the proposal, and thus I was happily delivered from the sanguinary designs of these mercenary hirelings. I further learned that they were both natural sons of the banker by different mothers, whom he still supported, employing their vile progeny to act as guides to travelers, and to rob, or, if needful, murder them, where it would be likely to prevent the risk of detection. The Lyonsese merchant was one of their victims.

As soon as the gipsy had made me acquainted, in a few words, with these particulars, he conducted me toward the extremity of the knoll. It was bounded by a precipice at least seven hundred feet deep. My head grew dizzy as I cast my eyes into the dark vacuity below. I was obliged to retire, and yet it was from beneath the brink of this frightful abyss that the gipsy and his companions had emerged.

The descent was shelving, but so trifling a degree that there scarcely appeared to be footing for a coney, or a mountain goat, while the ridge of the summit absolutely overhung the almost perpendicular declivity beneath. About forty feet from the precipice was the cavern which for the last six years had been the gipsy's abode; just before this period he had lost his wife and younger child. I was absolutely astonished at the marvelous facility with which my preserver and his companions descended the almost perpendicular steep, resting their feet upon a stump or stone, that projected here and there from the tenuous earth, and clinging to a few rough roots of the mountain ash, which sometimes afforded them a slight stay. My old acquaintance soon reassured the steep with a rope ladder, by which he proposed that I should descend into the cavern. I hesitated, in evident alarm at the proposal.

"What!" said he smiling, "do you fear to attempt what my daughter daily accomplishes without any such aid?"

He then called her by name, and she came from the cavern, springing up the bank with an ease and agility that almost stupefied me with amazement. She now stood before me in the full bloom of her beauty—in the pride of her unrivaled womanhood—and greeted me with a smile of easy recognition—with a natural grace, too, not to say dignity of demeanor, which absolutely prevented me from uttering an audible reply. I was actually confounded by the suddenness of the surprise by which my dazzled perceptions were assailed. Let her beauty be imagined by the effects which it produced upon me, for to describe it were but to cast a shadow, and I should fail to produce even a just outline.

She took me cordially by the hand, and welcomed me to their mountain dwelling. The rope-ladder was fixed, and she instantly descended. I could not refuse to follow, and as soon as she had reached the bottom, commenced my new and fearful trial. The termination of the ropes hung about two feet beyond the mouth of the cavern over the abyss. As the edge of the bank projected, the frail machine on which I stood had no support but from above. As soon as I had descended about twenty feet, the ladder swayed to and fro with a most appalling oscillation, and I could not keep myself steady, while from failing to keep a due equilibrium, I twisted round and round, hanging, as it were, between heaven and earth, till there seemed to be but a moment between time and eternity.

The wind whistled round me as I swung with the ponderous regularity of a church pendulum. I heard the roaring of the torrent beneath; I saw the white foam which arose from it; I felt the very air press upon me with so painful an intensity, that my gravitation appeared so irresistibly increased as to defy every effort to resist that centripetal principle of matter which was every moment dragging me into the gulf over which I was so unwillingly vibrating. I could scarcely breathe; my eyes closed, my brain reeled, and I fell. As the precipice began to slope gradually just below the entrance of the cavern, I pitched with my feet foremost against the bank, and was rolling with frightful rapidity into the dark water below, when I found my progress arrested as if by magic, and I was drawn up into the cavern.

The fact was, that a lass had been cast over me by one of the gipsy's companions, who was originally from the Pampas in South America, where he had been no mean adept in lassoing the wild horses of the country.

The novel habitation in which I now found myself was of considerable extent, hollowed out of the bowels of the hill into sundry compartments fitted up with considerable attention to comfort, if not exhibiting any very striking refinement of taste. It was apparently not to be entered down the precipice,

and might be defended by half a dozen resolute hands against a hundred assailants.

I was now conducted into a spacious recess appropriated solely to the beautiful Zina. At the back of what I took to be a fire place, there was a plate of iron, which, by some means, not permitted to be visible to my eager scrutiny, was drawn upward through a groove on either side, exhibiting a narrow shaft cut in the solid rock.

The gipsy bade me follow him, and immediately disappeared through the opening. The aperture was not much more than large enough to admit a person. Deep notches were sunk in the angles of the shaft alternately, to admit the foot; the ascent was nevertheless difficult and tedious, because it was so dark as to render it necessary to grope for the holes; though, after a few steps, becoming familiar with their position, they were easily found.

After mounting about forty feet, as near as I could judge, the light was visible, and we emerged from the shaft amid a thick growth of underwood, a few yards only from the brink of the precipice. This entrance into the cavern was protected by three iron gratings, one about three feet from the top, another in the centre, and a third near the bottom, which might be closed at a minute's notice upon any apprehension of danger.

The gipsy turned toward the guides, who were bound, much to their surprise, and not less against their wills—their legs being tightly fastened with cords; and their wrists secured with the very same instruments in which they had previously confined mine and poor Andrew's.

"You shall now," said the gipsy, while his countenance darkened, "see these devils receive the dues of their countless enormities."

"Leave them to their mortification," said I; "you need not visit them with any heavier punishment."

"They are too hardened for mortification, and shall therefore follow the Lyonsese merchant, whom they so mercilessly butchered."

The men both started and turned pale at hearing their unexpected conviction of a crime, which they imagined to be a secret known only to themselves and their employer.

I remonstrated vehemently against condign punishment being inflicted on these human monsters; but in vain. The gipsy was resolute; he gave orders for their summary and instant execution.

The blackened trunk and branches of an old scathed tree happened to lie within a few feet of the precipice; still, in its very desolation and decay, defying the storms by which it was so frequently and forcibly assailed. A large shrunken arm extended from the trunk which had been given by lightning to the very root. It was an apt emblem of the fate, which it was about to be employed as the instrument in consummating upon the two murderers.

To this hoary branch accordingly, my unrelenting preserver ordered one of the culprits to be hung. By means of a weight attached to the end of a rope, the other end being previously fastened round the man's body, it was swung over the sapless limb. The criminal looked sullen, but undismayed; his features were fixed and rigid, and he did not utter a word; this was the more taciturn of the two. He neither supplicated mercy, nor implored clemency, but fixed his face into an expression of hardened determination, and keenly eyed the preparations.

"Now, hurl him over the precipice!" cried the gipsy, when all was ready.

The obstinate villain did not blanch at this command, but darted upon the speaker a look of savage ferocity. He was now raised a couple of feet from the ground, when one of the tallest of the mountaineers attached a cord to the ligature that confined his heels, and swung him violently forward. By means of the cord, he soon increased the sway of the suspended criminal, and when at full swing, his executioners suddenly relinquished their hold of the rope, when he shot over the brink into empty air.

He almost immediately turned head downward and shot like a plummet into the depths below. One thrilling splash was heard, which was instantly succeeded by the roar of the torrent. The other robber was doomed to a similar fate, but he did not meet it with equal heroism. He was white and cold as marble; his lips quivered, his eyes dilated to an intense stare, and his whole countenance was convulsed with the terror that vibrated through every nerve. He entreated for mercy, but his supplications were unheeded, and he was dragged to the fatal tree, hurled over the cliff shrieking, with outstretched arms, and then silently dropped into the dark torrent. One sullen splash again was heard, and then followed the same fierce rushing of the stream.

I was shocked beyond measure at the sight of so signal a retribution; I felt that the punishment was indeed merited, but its infliction was so appalling that I stood mute with emotion.

"They deserved to die," said the gipsy, seeing the horror expressed in my countenance. "Do not think me either hard-hearted or cruel, because I punished those miscreants; and as for the manner of their death, though it may seem terrible, it was the easiest they could have died. I have only crushed two vipers, and saved innocent blood."

The banker shortly after received the due reward of his villainy. The friends of the Lyonsese merchant, through a communication from me, finding that he was implicated in the murder of their relative, took immediate measures for his arrest, and he was finally convicted upon the evidence of the mother of the eldest robber. His execution followed, amid the howlings of the rabble and the execrations of his more respectable fellow-citizens.

After the punishment of the robbers, I remained a short period with the gipsy, and for two days had the best accommodation which his habitation afforded; then, at my earnest entreaty, he and his daughter accompanied me to Lyons. I learned that his wife and younger child had died of a fever caught in the Pontine Marshes, where they had fixed their temporary abode, shortly after quitting England. He had then retired to the mountains, where he so timely rescued me from the rapacity of the banker and his confederates.

Now comes what the world will call the romance of my narrative. I was at this time just thirty-three, and the only relative I had in the world was an uncle in India, whom I had not seen since my boyhood. My only knowledge of his existence was derived from the East Indian Register, in which I saw his name regularly set down every year as Judge of one of the conquered provinces in the Honorable East India Company's dominions.

My income was more than abundant; I was master of twenty thousand a year, with no one to control my caprices, or influence my actions. I determined to take full advantage of the perfectly unshackled

condition in which I found myself, and consult my inclination to the very minutest whim.

Accordingly, I married the gipsy's daughter! Well—what then? Zina was a noble girl, beautiful beyond what I had ever before, or have ever since witnessed, except it be her own daughters, and by nature gifted with talents which, after cultivation, were most brilliantly developed. Shall I be sneered at for having married an honest and lovely girl, though the daughter of a gipsy, when the mighty magnates of the land have occasionally raised to rank and position the fair priestesses of song, the votaries of the sock and buskin, or the delicate servants of the kitchen, the pantry, or the chamber? Who, then, shall arraign me for a far worthier choice? My gipsy bride, though poor, had in her veins the untainted blood of her race, and was, though not daintily, yet purely bred from one of the most ancient stocks upon the face of the earth, and perfect as the mountain daisy, as fair within as that is without, and though of a darker, yet of a brighter complexion; while in after life she proved the pride of my heart, the admiration at once of my own and her sex.

We lived abroad some years, when I returned to England, and again took possession of my paternal estates. It is now just thirty-three years since I made Zina the sharer of my heart and fortune. I have not yet lived to repent it; she has made me the father of three lovely daughters, and has done no discredit to the society into which I introduced her.

In my eyes she is still beautiful, though she has passed the equator of the centenary circle. Her affection for the husband of sixty-six seems as strong as it was for the bridegroom of thirty-three. We are still happy in each other, and I never cease to recur with joyful satisfaction to the day when I resolved to set at defiance the scoffs of the fashionable world, and trust my future happiness to the Gipsy's Daughter.

Written for the Banner of Light.

Sybil Leaves.

BY CORA WILDER.

They fluttered downward from the forest's hazy depth in autumn time, they swept the azure skies of summer, and fell a massive shower at my feet in spring. Bright, vivid, with the earliest hues of the advancing year, empyrean by the vintage charm, dyed by the autumnal glory, I read their messages unto my soul, and learned of life and source, of love and heaven, from them.

As a dream, that borders on the first consciousness of infancy, I beheld a shadowy form, ethereal and beautiful, with lustrous eyes, and waving golden hair, stand by my bed. Was it the melody of affection or the music of another sphere that fell so soothingly from the moving lips? Perhaps the breezes of Paradise had swept her misty veil, and scattered around them the delicious fragrance lingering there; a something as of regal glory decked her brow; I know not was she spirit or mortal; but I felt that she was my mother, that my heart beat faintly in response to the rapturous pulsations of her own.

I went abroad into the woods, a little child, and talked with the swaying leaves, the blossoming flowers, and soon their language was revealed to me, and I heard the faint, sweet melody, stirring the leaflets' every fibre, the joy-bells ringing from the roses' heart; the liquid strain arising from the water-lily's cup of beauty; the simple chaunt of the dancing violet; the grandly-mingling chorus of the adorning foliage, bathed in sunlight, or illumined by the silver magic of the midnight moon. And from afar the swelling anthem of the ocean's surges proclaimed the truth of earth and heaven, as it sang and thundered Immortality!

I write no history of the outward life; you have enough of such; it is of the unexplored regions of the inner realm that I would tell you. The visible joys and sufferings of humanity are fully and ably portrayed in the thousand pages of fiction; they reveal themselves in dread and pleasing reality to every seeking eye; it is of life beyond and below the surface that I would speak; of experiences that mayhap never stamp the brow, but leave a life-long impress on the spirit; of heart changes, that clothe the earth in garb of funeral, then draw back the pall, disclosing all its renovated summer beauty; of gems deep-hidden, priceless and magical in power, found by the watchword of eternity when angels recall its heavenly name. I speak of Love, the benefactor of the soul, the seraph guest of invocation, the inspirer and the God-like messenger; and of Sorrow, the veiled glory, the chastiser, beautiful with his brow of marble, its lessons of spiritual advancement.

I said that when a child I read the messages of the leaves—the music in my Father's universe—and in glimpses of overwhelming beauty burst upon me the landscapes, oceans, forests, mansions, of another and a fadeless world. I heard the singing of its celestial choirs; the delicious fragrance of its winds swept o'er my upturned brow; its flashes of light divine dazzled my eyes; to heart and soul vibrated the snatches of its songs, the melodies imbued with love and knowledge.

I saw the earthly rose-leaves flutter at my feet carelessly, and I saw the golden word of Love inscribed on them by angel fingers. I learned humility from the wild flowers' breath, and the prayer of purest aspiration from the lily's soul. I laid my cheek upon the cool and vivid green of earth; it sang its secrets to my listening ear. From household discords, and the outer life's repulsion, I fled to the wild-wood shade; there all was maternally inviting, spiritually caressing and beautiful; there life was distinct and lovable; and images of grace and loveliness, music, peace and joy, received their own. I fled from the feast and festival, with its hollow mockeries and discordant tones of falsehood, to share in the more than royal banquet spread by Nature's bounteous and poetic hand. I fled from their wails of sorrow, too, when the death-angel invaded the heart-leave, and amid the dense and clustering forest-leaves sang peacefully the requiem for the spirit freed. I fled from alteration, mirth and gloom; from worldly gladness and from the glitter of my home, unto the inviting haunts of the all-beauteous mother, stretching forth her leafy arms, calling, with her varied intonations, all beautiful, and musical, and loving.

I saw them weep for the white-haired man, departing with a smile upon his face, the signet of immortality upon his placid brow, and I could not understand their selfish grief. I saw the babe, rosegardened, a lily in its hand, sleeping the sleep that precedes the first grand awakening; and stricken mourners surrounded the little bed. I looked upon

their faces, prematurely aged by worldly cares, by fashionable follies, and I deemed the babe so happy in her escape to the angels' home, that I fled to my favorite haunts and sang aloud unto the listening flowers the triumphant song of deliverance for that soul's freedom from the heartless examples that would have chased the angel from its face and spirit all too soon.

I saw them weep for wealth's departure, and looking deep into their souls, I felt that they were poor indeed; but I could not comprehend the false pride that strove madly with adversity to uphold appearances before the world. I could not tell wherefore the heart-enclosures, the purities, the falsehoods sanctioned by religion's voice—I deemed them useless, evil all.

I grew to girlhood; I felt the angels of awakening thought stirring many a slumbering rivulet of consciousness and emotion; I heard the paradisaic chaunt of strange and beautiful birds of promise; I heard the distant rolling of an ocean illumined by the light divine; I found new and glorious flowers upon my path; I trod ascending regions of the beautiful, and the vistas of life revealed themselves vague, grand and gloriously inviting.

Sometimes the hidden storm upon the way pierced painfully the passing clouds of youth's springtime; obscured awhile the golden radiance of the skies; the tear drops of the tempest clung to my garments, and the gloom of Nature was imparted to my wandering spirit. But again the sunshine burst forth, the winds resumed their musical discourse, the flowers bore to me the messages of the invisibly beautiful; the mantle of poetry and inspiration was cast over the prayerful and receptive earth.

I trod upon the enchanted region of a land overshadowing the spiritual glory of the Unseen—the land of Love. Its morning dawns, pearly and roselike, ever unclosed to music's sound, when the shy and trembling votary advanced. There amber and azure clouds dispersed over the altar's indescribable magnificence; golden and silvery mists rolled athwart the vision, bearing cherub forms of divinity origin. There, the amethystine hills embraced the bluest skies; the waters flowed o'er gemmed beds; the flowers bloomed with a vividness unknown to other regions; the leaves were the emerald's lustre; the dew-drop the diamond's brilliancy; the winged forms of life were gorgeously arrayed, fantastic, beautiful and fleeting; the songs resounding there entranced the spirit in forgetfulness of all of earth beside. There was a potent magic in the waters there.

How long I rested, slept, or wandered, in that bewildering realm of dreams, I cannot tell; for I never counted life by years and days. It must have been a short period then, for the dazzling sun arose and set not many times ere change, then the bane, as now the acknowledged blessing of life, fell dark and silently upon that hitherto so blessed land. The altar's glory was o'ercast, and leaden clouds had chased the Tyrian dyes there once assembled; dark birds of omen and warning swept shriekingly athwart the gloomy skies; deep mist dwelt on the amethystine hills, veiling their beauty; the waters turbid, with no flower-gem glistening 'mid their storm-lashed waves, rushed threateningly adown the mountain sides. Dark phantoms jeered and jabbered from the passing clouds—the cherub-form of innocence and truth had flown to another and a higher realm. The veil was rent in twain. I stood with bleeding feet, pierced heart, and aching soul, upon the burning sands of the land of lost illusions; the angel of experience, by my side, beckoned me sadly on.

I passed o'er desert wastes, past mocking waters, alluring and deceiving; past the inviting shades that proved most deadly foes. I gathered fruit that, seemingly ripe and good, was bitter to the thirsting lip, or crumbled to ashes in my eager grasp. I drank of many a bitter fountain, and pierced my tender hands with many a hidden thorn. I twined the seeming laurel 'round my brow, to find its pressure painful, its weight intolerable. I bound there the coronet of wealth, and sank fainting 'neath its bitter mockery of happiness. For a time the vintage-crown of success decked my brows triumphantly; its intoxication brought no peace. I cast it, sorrowing, to the earth.

Many, many sybil leaves of record and remembrance, of hope and warning and despair, fluttered across my path of life. I read them fully and aright, and learned from them the lessons of experience and use. Long years did the teaching angel of sorrow abide with me, in disguised forms, with veiled countenance and trailing, mournful garb; then, gradually, her beautiful self was disclosed, and her radiant, star-crowned brow uncovered, and I beheld, in characters of living light, the signature of divinity, the symbols of use and beauty, there impressed. Then I folded her to my breast in prayer, and found that her robe was dazzling with gems of truth; that the tear-drops, the griefs and conflicts of the past, emblazoned in immortal life, glistened, the soul gems of eternal record, in the woof of life. I blessed the beneficent hand once deemed so cruel. I bowed in admiration to the wand once deemed my earthly scourge. Around my brow, long pierced by thorns, played the sweet airs of reconciliation; musically clear the announcing melodies of attainment reached my soul. Through turbid and swollen streams, over rugged paths and dense, impenetrable thickets, I had been led by the all-overruling hand; and, ransom'd, taught and purified, I stood upon the threshold of another realm—no more the land of illusion, but at the portals of the Real and the Beautiful.

I had taken seeming for reality; the fleeting pomp of earthly love for the abiding and the spiritual truth. To its fantastic and gorgeously-decked altar I had brought the first offerings of inexperience, the hopes and joys and groundless fears of the undisciplined spirit. With heart-wealth gathered by the search of years, with discipline accepted, duty fulfilled, and the world's temptations overcome, I stood beside the opening portals of the angel-world, not prepared to pass over the crystal stream of eternity, but humbly and joyously prepared to admit its ministering angels of love and wisdom to my earthly home.

They came, with the fluttering, music-breathing leaves of spring, the spirits of loveliness and poesy. With the rustling melodies of the deep summer foliage, volumes of truth and beauty were unfolded. With the departing glory of autumn a shower of celestial benedictions fell across my path. Each season brought its teachings; ever nearer, and nearer still, the angels came unto my soul. Amid the earth's wintry solitude, sweet messengers, that passed unharmed amid the storm, brought from immortal realms the sybil leaves.

Sometimes a shadow of the past will darken the sunny leaf of daily record, a passing cloud obscure the flower-radiance of its significance; but interpreting angels are ever nigh to bid me read aright my Father's mandate, to teach me the entire holiness of submission unto his will.

I live now in a world of prophetic dreams, not in a land of vain illusions. I stand beside the altar-flame kindled by the breath of Deity. No lingering mists obscure the towering majesty of the progressive heights of soul; they are bathed in the sunlight of God's everlasting love. I drink from the pure streamlets of eternal truth; the flowers uprising in my path are spirit-monitors; the melodies encircling me ever breathe of the fulfillment of each sacred duty. The unveiled glory of love, inspiring and triumphant, leads me ever upward to fresh planes of thought, to beautiful and unexplored regions, to oceans of infinite grandeur, resounding with the anthems of the heavens. For me, now, earth is glorious and life is holy. I see the slumbering angel in the lowest soul. My spirit feels the forebodings of future life and power—the Eden-beauty of the harmonized and love-bound earth.

They flutter downward from celestial realms, the sybil leaves of thought and feeling; the records of life by emotion, strength, and imparted good. I see them wave upon the infant's brow, speak musically from the maiden's hand; rest close and nestling to the tired and sorrowing heart. I see the record woven in a chaplet dark and sunny, deck the matron's head; twine with the white locks of the tot-

tering old man. And amid its darkest folds, as on its sunniest surface, ever I behold inscribed the watchword of redemption—Love!

Through trial, suffering, days of gloom, and nights of sorrow, have I attained to the blessed boon of divination, that reads aright the sybil leaves of life. Turning from the outer hollow allurements, to the inner pure attractions; from form to soul, from semblance to truth; from the worship of the purely material to the love of the holy, enduring and spiritual, I have found the boon of life, and fear no more that the dark wing of disappointment will overcast the sunshine of my happiness. And, ever welcome, the sybil leaves float downward, and I greet their messages; ever in the roses' heart, the lily's soul, the wild flowers' beauty, I hear the music tone—I read the words of Love.

From the New York Tribune.

JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER FIVE.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

SIR—I now proceed to consider the manifestations of this character, which are addressed to the senses of hearing and seeing; and I must of necessity be brief and general.

I. *Hearing.* It was to this sense that the first manifestations which I witnessed were addressed. I was then so situated that the thought uppermost in my mind was in regard to the dead—"Shall we ever meet again?" I am bound to confess that all I have heard of religious teachings for some fifty years had engendered in me doubts if there was a future beyond the grave. It was not my fault that this was so. I did not want to be an infidel, but they who were my theological teachers were so full of absurdities and contradictions that, in spite of myself, I could not believe. The future they taught was revolting alike to my judgment and my instincts, and, unable to conceive of any other, I was led to doubt whether there was any; yet the idea of an eternal separation from the departed was exquisitely painful to me.

It was in this mood of mind, and while I was searching for the truth on this topic, that one evening, when alone in my library, a voice spoke to me in tones which I feared had been silenced forever, and answered the question, "Shall we meet again?"

The voice was soft and gentle, but distinctly audible, and oh, how familiar to my ear! I was startled, and of course the first thought was what a hallucination! I could not conceive it to be anything else. Yet, as I knew whether I could hear or not, I could not get rid of the idea that it was a reality. I never dreamed then of such a thing as the spirits of the dead being able thus to speak, and for several weeks I debated the matter in my mind, trying to convince myself of the falsity of what I was obliged to know was a fact.

Then I heard the "Rocheester knockings," at a seance or interview, lasting only ten or fifteen minutes, but crowded full of interest. In that interval it appeared that the sounds were not made by mortals, but by some unknown power that was intelligent enough to spell and to write, to hold a conversation, to read thoughts and answer questions not uttered, to know what minute I was making of the occasion, to display the characteristics of the person professing to be present, and to show emotions of joy and affection. Here was enough to awaken my curiosity, and I entered upon a course of investigation. For several months I heard the sounds in a great variety of forms. I heard them on a railroad car, while traveling; on the floor in an eating-house by the wayside; on the ground, when standing outside the car; on a door high above our reach; on a floor, following two or three feet behind the medium, when walking; alone in my bedroom, in different places; on a door standing open, so that both sides of it could be seen; on a window and a looking-glass; on my person and that of others; on the chords of a piano; on the strings of a violin; besides the oft-repeated displays on the floor and the table. I have known the sound motions of a hand, a hairbrush, a candlestick, and a chair, and I have heard them imitate the whistling of the wind, the creaking of a ship laboring in a heavy sea; saving and planning boards; the falling of sods on a coffin; the sound of an molian harp, of soft and distant music, and once a scream as of persons in agony.

And in all these forms conveying intelligence, not merely that of the peculiar sounds made, but spelling out words and sentences letter by letter.

This spelling out words was done by some one calling over the alphabet, and the sounds being made at the proper letter, with certain sounds to designate an idea. To facilitate the work, this unseen intelligence devised a set of signals, by the aid of which my earlier conversations with them were had.

I annex hereto their scheme, premising that each dot in it stands for a sound, and made more or less heavy, or more or less near to each other, as indicated by the size or position of the dots:

—No.	—We.
—End of a word.	—You.
—Colon.	—And.
—End of a sentence.	—Alphabet.
—Semicolon.	—Qualification.
—Yes.	—Disapprobation.
—No.	—Sit close.
—Comma.	—Emphasis.
—Dash.	—Succession of raps—Go back.

It has been supposed by many that the sounds were such as mortals could not make. So far as my experience goes, this is a mistake; for I have never heard one that I could not imitate, and I have known that mediums, failing to get the sounds, would make them. But the fact was clearly demonstrated, that most frequently they were not made by mortals, nor merely fortuitous, but by an intelligence which had will and purpose, and could express them, and which, when asked, who and what are you who do this? could answer to the satisfaction of any rational mind, and establish identity.

Writing. It was not long after the mode of communicating by raps had been discovered, that the table-tipping came into vogue. I do not know where or how they originated. They seem to have grown up from circumstances. Half a dozen persons sitting around a table with their hands upon it, was the method most commonly used to obtain the rappings, or any other physical manifestations. Moving the table was often one of these, and it was soon found to be even easier to do that, than to make the sounds; and signals were concerted in like manner, whereby different motions of the table were used to convey ideas. Thus, as with the rappings, words were spelled out. Some one would call the alphabet, and the table would give the concerted signals, as the proper letter.

In Spain a different mode of using the table was devised. The alphabet was reduced to 24 letters, and each letter was numbered. The corners of the table were numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, and the corners No. 1 and 2 were moved. It was their fifth letter, and so on.

In this simple manner, though awkward and tedious, did the intercourse begin with hundreds and thousands of people, who thus learned the great truths which it teaches. It was our primary school, and we began with our alphabet.

There were embarrassments about it. Sometimes, when a spirit had not learned to read, it could not spell out words. Sometimes, when a spirit had had been poor, it would spell wrong; and, sometimes, when unacquainted with our language, it could not frame a sentence in English.

Still, this mode of communication was used, and became the most common of all. The sense of seeing was appealed to mostly in the moving of ponderable matter, and it was not always for the purpose of spelling out words. Occasionally, it was chiefly with the view of showing the presence of power.

I have seen a chair run across a room, backward and forward, with no mortal hand touching it. I have seen a man rise from the floor, and suspended in the air. I have seen them move their arms, and touch. I have known a small bell to fly from the room, over our heads. I have known a table, at which I was sitting, turned upside down, then carried over my head and put against the back of the sofa, and then replaced. I have seen a table lifted from the floor, when four able-bodied men were exerting their strength to hold it down. I have heard, well vouched for, of a young man carried through the air, several feet from the floor, through a suit of parlors. I have seen small articles in the room fly through the air and fall at the place designed for them, and sometimes so rapidly that the motion was invisible, and all we could see was that the object had changed its location.

This is a very meagre account of what only I have witnessed, aside from the countless incidents witnessed by others in different parts of the world. But here is enough to show that these manifestations were not made by mortals, but by a power which had all the attributes of the human mind and heart. To repeat a remark I have more than once made, there was an intelligence that could read, and write, and cipher, divine our secret thoughts, and speak in many languages. Whence came it? Not from electricity or magnetism,

as said by many, for intelligence is no attribute of things. Not from mortal action, for here was innate matter moving without mortal contact, and sounds made without human intervention. Whence, then, but from that source which appeared to Hagar in the wilderness, which opened the prison door to Peter, and which caught up Philip that the council saw him no more?

But, be it what it may—a delusion, deception, or satanic—from this much contained source, the physical manifestations, alone comes the proof of intercourse with spirits—the answer to the question, "Shall we meet again?" and the demonstration of man's immortality.

Yet, this is but the beginning. There are higher and holier truths than even these, that are revealed to us, and other means that are used, far more important and effective; and to them I shall next address myself.

J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, May 23, 1859.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

BY S. B. BRITANN.

CHAPTER III.

CONDITIONS AND LAWS OF VITAL HARMONY.

The elements and forms of physical nature are not controlled by a single force acting forever in a direct line, but by opposite forces in equilibrium. The planets revolve, all nature moves, and countless living forms are organized through the harmonic action of positive and negative forces that govern all the elements of matter. A precise balance of these forces is indispensable to the uniform and orderly operations of Nature. When the equilibrium is temporarily interrupted the motion becomes irregular, uncertain and destructive. The elements furnish familiar but striking examples.

When the evolution of electricity—no matter from what cause—is more rapid in one place than another, the atmospheric balance is liable to be interrupted. Electrical currents first move toward the negative regions of the earth and atmosphere; the air is put in motion in the same direction; tempests arise, and the wild rush of the elements—in seeking their equilibrium—often spreads ruin like a mantle of darkness over stately forests, smiling fields, and the abodes of men. In like manner, when the explosive gases are suddenly ignited by electric forces and chemical fires, in the deep bosom of the earth, proud cities are demolished; continents are rent asunder; islands rise like bubbles in the midst of the sea; and the great globe itself trembles beneath the terrible pulse and the gigantic tread of the earthquake!

It is well known that two opposing forces govern the movements of the heavenly bodies. Should one of these preponderate, there would be a sudden and awful pause in the music of the spheres. The planets would reel from their orbits and scatter their ruins through the immeasurable fields of space. Annihilate one of these forces and it is probable that all organized bodies would be decomposed, and all matter in the Universe be reduced to its primary elements.

That the forms and functions of animated nature depend on a similar law must appear exceedingly probable to the mind of the philosophical observer. In the last Chapter it was shown, that the existence of positive and negative electrical forces could alone account for the distribution of the animal fluids. If, therefore, the circulation and all the organic functions depend on the presence and equal action of such forces, it will follow that the moment these become unequal a functional derangement must ensue, and this would be the incipient stage of disease. But here it may be well to define the terms I must employ as the representatives of ideas.

Health is the natural condition of a living body. I use the word to indicate that equal development and perfect state of the physical system wherein the several organs are sound, and their united action characterized by freedom, precision and harmony. On the other hand, disease is any condition of an organized body in which the vital harmony is disturbed, so that the functions are rendered abnormal or irregular. In other words, disease is the loss of the equilibrium of the forces which produce the vital and voluntary functions of the body. Whenever this occurs it may readily be perceived by an ordinary observer. The irregular beat of the pulse, the impaired digestion, nervous irritability and general derangement of the secretions, all furnish infallible evidence that the conditions of health have been disregarded and the laws of life violated. Health being the normal or natural condition, disease, or vital derangement, necessarily presupposes a departure from a true state of Nature. As certainly as all causes produce corresponding effects, health cannot continue where the laws of vital motion and organic harmony are perpetually infringed, nor can disease be developed where those laws are clearly perceived and scrupulously obeyed. To secure health, therefore, it remains for us to adapt our manner of life to the precise requirements of Nature.

The first, and therefore the most essential condition of vital harmony, is a sound and well developed body. When the organs are disproportioned at birth, or their subsequent growth is unequal, there can be no certain and lasting harmony in their functions. A perfect organic action is only possible when the organism itself is complete. Precision in the movement must depend on perfection in the vital mechanism. For example, if the vital organs be unusually small, or the space they occupy inadequate to admit of their free exercise and full development, the individual will suffer from constitutional debility; health will be rendered insecure, and the continuance of life uncertain. Again: If the brain be very large, and the cerebral action intense and unremitting, the forces of the system will be unduly attracted to that organ; this may occasion congestion, insanity, a softening of the brain, or some other local disorder. At the same time the extremities—not being properly warmed and energized by an equal diffusion of the vital principle—will be cold and weak; digestion will be slow, respiration imperfect, the secretions irregular, and the enjoyment of uninterrupted health impossible. The opposite extremes in the development and action of the nutritive system may produce a Calvin Edison and a Daniel Lambert—the one a suitable subject for the anatomical museum; and the other a huge mass of carbon, that only waits for a deranged action of vital electricity to set it on fire; when the whole system may be consumed by what the doctors call an intense fever or acute inflammation—familiar terms to represent the process of accelerated vital combustion.

Next in importance to a sound and well-developed organization, is the proper application of the force on which the functions of the organs depend. When this is unequal, or is not so distributed as to supply each organ with its appropriate share, the vital movement of necessity becomes irregular. The motive power—which we have ascertained to be vital electricity—cannot be unduly concentrated on a particular organ without producing a correspondingly negative state of other portions of the body, and this condition occasions disorder in the organic action. Whatever, therefore, disturbs the nervous forces, and thus interrupts the physical equilibrium, must produce disease. And yet—disease being an unnatural state of the system—it requires a more potent cause to permanently destroy the vital balance than to restore the equilibrium when it has been temporarily interrupted. For—it will be perceived—when we undertake to derange the forces and functions of our being, we must contend single-handed against Nature; whereas, when we labor to preserve—or to re-establish if lost—the essential harmony, we have Nature to aid us by her constant and powerful co-operation.

The operations of the mind, state of the affections,

exercise of the passions, and our pursuits in life, determine how far the physical harmony may be preserved; also, to what extent it is liable to be sacrificed. The intense action of the mind may weaken all the involuntary functions of the body, and a frail organization is often prematurely destroyed by a mind of unusual activity and power. When the affections are deep and strong—especially when they have been given to unworthy objects—when confidence is lost and bright prospects vanish like dissolving views; when friends hold the wormwood to the lips, and Hope disappears or stands in the distance with veiled and averted face; when the heart is crucified, and one is left to wear a crown of thorns for the sake of those he loved—Oh, then the nerves are swept with a tempest of human feeling; the brain reels and burns, and the vital flame may be extinguished as the cold floods roll over him!

When the passions are excited to great intensity, and the soul falls amid the darkness of its wild delirium; then, too, the vital powers and processes are deranged and Life trembles in its mortal citadel. Moreover, when our pursuits are of such a nature as to exercise but a single class of the faculties; when Reason's commanding voice is silenced by the suggestions of a selfish policy; when conscience is immolated at the polluted shrines of Custom and Mammon, the vital balance will soon be lost; for the individual who has no mental or moral equipoise may not hope to enjoy health, or to preserve the integrity and harmony of his physical nature.

It is greatly to be lamented that our modes of instruction and discipline are so poorly fitted to promote the normal growth and the true life of the Race. They usually occasion an abnormal excitement of certain faculties and affections, while others—not less essential to the perfection of human nature—are permitted to remain inactive. These partial aims and defective methods produce various angularities of form and function, while they seldom fail to destroy the symmetrical proportions of body, mind and character. If educated for a religious teacher, the man's reverence is liable to be unduly exercised at the expense of his reason; if trained for the law, his moral sensibilities may be blunted in the process of sharpening his wits; if armed for the arena of political strife, his peculiar training too often renders him regardless of moral obligation and indifferent to the sanctions of religion; and, finally, if prepared after the most approved method for society, he becomes the idle votary of fashion, and a servile worshiper at the shrine of Beauty.

Among the multitudes that crowd the great avenues of business, we rarely meet with a man who, in every act of his life, is governed by a clear perception of justice and an enlightened sense of moral obligation. We should be troubled to find a politician who steadily holds the demands of his party in subordination to the claims of his country. In the palace homes of wealth and the gilded drawing-rooms of fashionable society, we meet with few women in whom the uncorrupted love of natural grace, simplicity and beauty, predominates over the passion for the modern, corrupt and frightful distortions of human nature. Instead of men and women, such as God made, with forms and faculties symmetrically developed and harmoniously exercised, we have stuffed effigies of the natural form, and painted caricatures of "the human face divine." Such distorted and diseased images and forms of real life and health, move with artificial grace and automatic precision in all the gay saloons of Paris and New York. Not a few of them, when fairly disrobed, are found to be little else but filthy sepulchers of human hearts and minds.

But when the body is rounded into complete human proportions, the temperaments properly blended, and the faculties and affections equally developed—when the appetites and passions are wisely restrained and truly spiritualized, health is rendered secure; Man becomes a sweet-toned lyre, and the vital, mental, moral and spiritual powers of the world, all combine to sweep the chords and wake

"The living soul of Harmony."

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE HUMAN HEAVEN—No. 3.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

Man's animal nature is as apt for enjoyment as that of any brute. The human organism contains, in fact, a better apparatus of sensation than is to be found in any lower grade of life. Why then are men generally less abandoned to the gratifications of sense, than inferior animals? Simply because they are cognizant of a higher range of delights, in the exercise of their rational and spiritual faculties. The enjoyment of brutes is limited to indulgence of the bodily appetites. This is equal to their natural want, and they are satisfied, because they dream of nothing more excellent. Human beings crave superior joys just in proportion to spiritual development. The soul is never enticed by the flesh, nor does it descend to prostitute itself at the bidding of carnal propensities. There is no fall to men or angels, more than to God. "The sow that has been washed may return to her wallowing in the mire," and be imitated by circumstantial hypocrites in human form; but character ever holds its own, on earth as well as in every higher sphere. The individual is always rising in aspiration and attainment, and prefers instinctively, that is, by divine guidance, the highest species of enjoyment of which one is constitutionally capable. The vicious is never a child of Virtue gone astray, nor the fool a wise mind infatuated; so the wicked is not a depraved man, but a large animal. Socrates and Jesus were men of sense, but not without souls. Paul, who styled himself a "chief of sinners," learned to "keep his body under." Libertines and debauchees are always little men. It is not sensual endowments which make mankind low and groveling, but the want of spiritual growth. The way to heaven, therefore, is not by suicide, but by education—not by murder nor constraint of our animal nature, but by development of the rational and moral—not by emasculation or celibacy, or any of the ascetic methods which the Church has proposed; but by fidelity to those better impulses of Soul, which distinguish mankind from brutes.

The present population of our earth embraces all stages of human development, from infancy to age, and every conceivable variety of character, from the savage to the sage. How far behind New England is New Zealand. The antipodes of humanity are reformers and cannibals. Between them, what a medley of individualities! Except in the most general sense, mankind neither look nor act alike. They differ not only in physical form and feature, but in conformation of brain. A practical phrenologist never finds two heads of the same cast. Accordingly, dissension is an obtruding fact in social intercourse. People disagree in intellectual capacity, in taste and moral impulse, and consequently in habit, influence and enjoyment. Now, death is confined to no class; but the young, the base and the wretched disappear from the land of the living as often as the mature and virtuous. It is estimated that nearly a hundred thousand persons die daily; in which event even more varieties of character are translated than when a whole city is swept off by some sudden catastrophe. And since all are not alike fitted to be happy here, how are they to become so on entering the spirit-world? Death is only the parting of soul and body; it adds nothing to the immortal part, but rather deprives it of animal powers; for that which destroys the individuality of brutes, must take from human beings all but the memory of brutish propensities and habits. What then? They who have neglected to cultivate their spiritual nature in this life, will be very poor in means of enjoyment, until they do so in the life to come.

Leaving to speculation all its own, whatever the

supramundane state, with personal identity it must conserve remembrance of sublimity experience. Ties of earthly affection must remain as whole after the soul's exit as before. The mother who still remembers, does not cease to love her child. The miser recollects and vainly clutches his gold. The worldling who was loth to die, regrets his sensual loss. May be the soul will thirst no more for gin; yet he must miss the smack of his bibbing habit. Perchance the lecher puts away satiety; but images of his old villainess haunt memory's walks, and mock his prayer for Purity. Will not Remorse tutor the tyrant there? Will not the murderer seek a place to wash his bloody hands? And all whose crimes are branded on their brows—must they not make their way to heaven through shame and bitter ruing? The hateful are nothappy here, nor can they be hereafter. Poes many separate, yet not forget. Vindictive souls must learn to love, or never breathe the air of human bliss. And is the blessed art to be acquired at once? If not in the present sphere, why in the future?

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE OLD SPIRITUALIST—No. 12.

USES OF SPIRITUALISM.

This series of articles has already embraced nearly every variety of manifestation which has been given during the progress of this new philosophy; and the rest of the series will be devoted to deductions from those manifestations, together with detailed accounts claimed to have come from spirits, explaining the whole philosophy of modern Spiritualism, the history of creation, the connection between man and matter, the cause of spirit, the inherent laws belonging to and emanating from matter, etc. In the present number, however, we shall give Phoenix's views, as to the uses of Spiritualism, up to the point where the previous articles have already placed it. He claims that thousands of individuals conventionally attend churches, and claim to be Christians, without really having any settled views, even as to the truth of a future state of existence. Most usually their minds may admit a future state, rather as the result of education, than of conviction; at times they have doubted the truths of revelation, and at all times have been ready, flatly and unequivocally, to deny anything like a repetition of what is claimed by revelation to have occurred. A preacher, from the pulpit, will announce that our "spirits-friends watch over us," but the very moment that you ask him the question abstractly, "Do spirits influence us?" are the claims of Spiritualists true even to the extent that you seem to have admitted in your sermon of last Sunday?" he answers "No." To all this class, then, a confidence in the truths of revelation can only be established by duplicate truths to those which revelation contains. Deists and atheists are to be found in every household, although not ready to acknowledge such belief to others. Indeed, the whole mercantile community, united as a mass, merely view the church as a cheap species of preventive police, and only as such respect it. Thousands of individuals, by attempting to investigate Spiritualism, with a view to show it to be false, have gone far enough at least to render them true believers in what before they only professed to believe to others and denied to themselves. This is true, even with many who have not embraced Spiritualism at all, but who have been rendered, in its partial pursuit, capable of appreciating such truths connected with their previous teachings, as to convince them of the truth of immortality. Thousands of others, who have been guilty of the sin of indifference toward their families, intertemperance, and a variety of other equally deleterious practices, have been arrested in their course by being convinced of the necessity of brotherly love for the well being of society. Those have adopted a religion which has been at least an advance upon their former status. Spiritualism has reformed more drunkards than has the temperance societies. To the mere student of the common affairs of life it has been useful in developing that necessary property of the human mind, imagination, and, after its development, chastened the imagination sufficiently to render it profitable. Thousands, who consider their five senses as the immaculate tests of everything, have at least learned to know that their exercise is far inferior to the apprehension of many truths, which have before passed by them unnoticed in an educational point of view. It has at least caused thousands to listen to lectures of an instructive kind, who before spent their time in less profitable avocations; and the mediums themselves have been educated (as was clearly set forth in our last number, in relation to Mrs. Hatch,) far beyond such education as the ordinary conventionalities of society could give. Phoenix says that he has known great numbers of instances which in degree resemble that of Mrs. Hatch. Men have formed within themselves powers of thought which they did not before then know they possessed. And all our churches have been liberalized by the exercise of such thought, while the sermons by Messrs. Beecher, Chapin and others, now being published in the BANNER OF LIGHT, are received and read by Christians of all denominations with profit. All must acknowledge that views differing so broadly from the starchy doctrines of the sects of twenty-five years ago, could not have been received. It is true that a few individuals, without examining the subject, imagine that all who give the least thought to Spiritualism are stepping away from the pious teachings of their grand-parents, and therefore repudiate the whole subject unexamined; still they cannot but know that in their own churches they may find an instance in almost every pew, where a human being has been awakened to religion, and that by spiritual investigation, but who, before its somewhat general announcement, heard his minister as a task, and read his Bible as a penance.

Spiritualism has taught thousands, for the first time, that proper attention to their health was part of their religious duty; and it will make millions to be more tolerant if, even at this hour, all further manifestations were to cease. Whatever may be said of religious sects, as they existed before the introduction of Spiritualism, it at least must be acknowledged that it was distasteful to a very large class of the community. That thousands were not blest with the gift of faith; therefore, that something was required other than the mere assertion of teachers to arouse their faith and to develop it into activity. This certainly has been done by Spiritualism, and we have yet to find any individual, who, after examining the subject for a single year, has not rid himself entirely of his fanaticism consequent upon its adoption during the first three months. No people are more tolerant than those who have examined this subject in whole or in part; and even where they have failed to become convinced of its truth, they have at least learned to respect the views of others sufficiently to examine them. On this point alone is a great progression as compared with the intolerant feelings of the last generation. Those who know nothing of Spiritualism will be quite surprised to find that the Spiritualists, as a body, are never intolerant towards other sects, after their first year's investigation, and even while abused by the intolerant, who have never benefited by investigating Christianity at all, they bear their gibes with Christian fortitude.

It has carried the subject of the relation of man to his God to a greater or less extent into every house where it has formed a part of their amusement or the study of its occupants. Men, by investigating any subject which their minds admit to be useful to themselves to understand, increase their receptivity for the thoughts of others, and many a man has passed through life without obtaining the slightest capacity to benefit by others' thoughts,

simply because he has had no incentive to look for them. Spiritualism, therefore, has done much to increase the receptivity of mankind, for it is not the quality of information presented at all times, which decides its usefulness, but rather the receptivity of those who hear it. And this power of the human intellect can in no way be more permanently increased than in the investigation of such subjects as are directly and indirectly connected with Spiritualism. Before its introduction there was a dividing line between truths of science and theology, and the amalgamation of the two species seemed to be sinful to the religious devotees of all sects; that barrier has been in part removed by Spiritualism, and although many of the liberal religious writers of the day may suppose that they have arrived at their conclusions without the assistance of the new philosophy, they cannot suppose that they would have had so many hearers without it. What minister is not aware that among his hearers are many who profess to be what he calls tainted by Spiritualism? and he must be dull indeed if he has not discovered that their fondness for hearing even his opposition to their views has increased with their investigation or attempted investigation of their future state of being.

In our next and the following numbers we will attempt to give a consecutive account of creation, as furnished by spirits, through the various media visited by Phoenix. It will be impossible to give the precise words of each, and impolitic to attempt to give all, but rather to give a consecutive result of all he has heard, which impresses him as possible truths. These will be found not to contradict in essence the truths of revelation, but rather to sustain all that is valuable to man, without entering into the various disputed points claimed by sects, but rather to represent that platform common to Christians, sustained by the examination and application of natural laws, so as to render the fact that man has an immortal spirit, understandable; and also to define many of those principles and conditions which have formerly been viewed as localities and personalities, leaving all nicer and intermediate points for bigots to wrangle about, as they ever have done.

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INSTRUMENTS.

The ordinary current of a man's own fortunes will best tell him that, master though he may esteem himself within a certain limit, he is nevertheless no more than an instrument, at the best, in the hands of superior and far-sighted powers. There are plenty of individuals who are addicted to flattering themselves that they are primal builders, architects, molders of their own fortunes, and fabricators of the wealth they may chance to possess; and to a certain extent, and within certain restrictions, this may be very true; yet nothing in all nature is more a fact, palpable and plain, than that, in a certain other sense, every man who ever does anything in the world is but an instrument of higher powers, oftentimes blindly, and quite as often, too, against his wish and will.

In one light, it is truly ennobling to contemplate the greatness of every individual, measured by the extent of his inherent capacities, his instincts, and his hopes; but it is not less necessary to regard him also as an agent in the hands of a creative and all-caring power, an humble but useful instrument at the best, oftentimes a blind and ignorant workman, going to his allotted task unwillingly and with open complaint. In truth, if man were the sole maker of his own destiny, and found for himself the means of development, selecting only those by whose aid he expected to grow strong and harmonious—he would never discover that a certain fatal necessity so often pressed him in upon all sides, compelling him to do the very thing he would not otherwise do, and exciting in his heart even a repulsiveness to the work he finally goes about. Alas! this same necessity comes in at all points, and on all sides, to make us different men and women from those we might otherwise be. We scold about it; we rebel against it; we formulate sounding proclamations against its offensive presence; we even turn traitors to our own nature, and deny that we are the creatures we know we are, in order to testify our disapprobation of any other rule than the irregular and poorly responsible rule of our own wills; and still this same giant presence stalks across our landscape, throwing down dire shadows wherever it goes, and asserting at all times its superiority and its lawful supremacy. We say that it goes by the name of Necessity with us; it may, however, be the result of a combination of powers, of whose operation we know nothing at all. There is just as beautiful a law for seeming chance, as for what we term regular events, occurring logical sequence. The only difference about it is—in the latter case we are able to see and read the law, but in the former we are so badly puzzled, possessing the little spiritual insight the most of us do, that we are quite ready to conclude there is no law at all.

It is a favorite, but very superficial theory with many persons, especially those who are wedded to certain theological views, that God works no great good in the world save through perfectly holy instruments; that these instruments should be in every particular assimilated to the spirit of the work to be accomplished; and that, unless it is a good man who puts forth exertions for a holy cause, that cause cannot by any fair possibility flourish, nor, indeed, would these self-constituted and one-sided judges wish to see it flourish. They are the same class of persons who profess to believe that no good can come out of evil, and that God himself would not choose to have it so. Superficial entirely are they, regarding the show more than the substance, and entirely destitute of that faith in humanity which best attests its future possibilities.

These are the very ones who could not believe that Washington ever used an oath, because, forsooth, he marshaled military forces in a truly lofty and noble cause. They denounce Napoleon as a treacherous tyrant, as very different men have likewise done, long ago; and because they have thus denounced him, and he has shown himself the ambitious autocrat he is, they insist that no good can be wrought for the world by

his employment as an instrument of a superior power. It is absolutely childish to talk in this strain; man ought not to think he knows much about God, unless he is first satisfied that he is somewhat acquainted with human nature. For unless he can behold the divine principle all the time working among the contradictory elements of humanity, he evidently is not able to see it when entirely dissociated from the mistakes and ignorance and shortcomings of that humanity.

Every man is short for something, and to that specific work Nature fitly applies him. A vast network of unseen circumstances, combined after millions of forms of variation, hedges him in; he may protest that he is free, yet he is not free; from the moment of his birth he finds circumstances ready placed at his hand, which he had no agency whatever in originating, and from which he cannot hope to escape if he would; still, so free is the play allowed to all his individual faculties, and so wide is the margin permitted him in which to operate his own plans, that to all practical purposes he is free in his own eyes, and works all the more effectively for being allowed so to consider himself. Yet while he says he has the power to choose out of the thousands of these same circumstances continually presented to him, there is ever present this same necessity, compelling his choice, modifying the action of his will, and shaping his destiny very, very differently from what he thought he was going to do for himself.

We said that each one of us, in the arrangement of creation, was adapted to some special work, or sphere. One man makes shoes, and another follows the roll of the hollow drums his hollow ambition summons into the field. One is a teacher by public discourse—oral or written—and another teaches out of dumb lips; with the wonderful influence of a beautiful life and a silent example. There is no end or limit to the variety. Nature sets every person and every thing in its proper place. When some rebel, they rebel because of these same genuine impulses of Nature; they feel that they are illy placed, and will have Nature properly vindicated. A bad man may perform a noble work, though he knows not how or why he is doing it. Ambition is made subservient to divine ends. Selfishness contributes powerfully to the accomplishment of grand results. No man would work without a motive; and the stronger that is, the better things he will of course accomplish. Hence it is highly necessary, as human nature is made up, that every act, great or small, should centre in self; and the more deeply it is rooted there, the greater the force spent in the act by the individual. Napoleon may help to accomplish as great a work as Washington, because he dashes in pieces, from motives purely of ambition, the powers that are entrenched around him, with their iron heels on the necks of the people; but it would not be proper, therefore, to say that the character of Napoleon was as pure as that of Washington, or that his motives proceeded from so elevated a plane of being. What is true, however, is this: that the Almighty Ruler employs only fit instruments to work out his purposes. Less than this would be radical mistake in Nature.

Jesus chose his apostles, the fishermen and the tax-gatherers, because he found them best adapted to the plan he was to work out. Had the men of our day been deputed to select proper instruments for the spread of the Gospel, they would have been likely to pick out the brilliant and famous from the regular, Orthodox pulpits, men of vast learning in theologies and contradictory dogmas and doctrines, precise and particular persons, against whom, from youth up, not even a breath of scandal was ever breathed; and these men they would set clear apart from the rest of their kind, investing them with an awful dignity and a terrible piety it would chill any human heart to approach, and counting them hardly below gods in the grandeur of their moral sentiments and the holiness of their lives. Now all this morality, and all this holiness, and all this perfection, is undeniably of the first and last importance, nor can it be gaisneyed at upon it, as a foundation, rests the whole superstructure of religious preaching and teaching; yet it is just as necessary to admit that no man ought to think himself above humanity, or that he can exert any influence upon the race, except he allies himself to the rest by the strong bond of practical, homely, every-day sympathy. Jesus, therefore, judged more wisely in selecting his personal followers than the men of our day would judge; and it was because of his superior spiritual insight, and his ability to see the need there was of so combining temperaments and capacities, that there would at all times be a harmonious circle of spirits around him.

He who despairs because his allotted task is not on the same high plane with his ambition, confesses that he is ignorant of himself, and of his true relations to the universe. He must needs learn to lower his ambition, grading it by the conditions of his being and the circumstances of his position. It is true that anybody may aspire to anything he chooses; but it is not so true that he can reach the object of his aspirations. We must work more with Nature, and not so much against her; she throws out hints that we do not teach ourselves to respect and follow; if we throw ourselves into the great current and were content to swim with it, instead of vainly trying to stem a tide which is set in motion by a power above our own power, there would be more headway made, and with a much less waste of individual power.

To accept this doctrine of instruments and instrumentality, is to do nothing but to lie like children in the lap of the vast intelligence and love that holds us all. We cannot get out of it, if we would; and therefore to kick and squirm because we are not willing to see by what we are held, and because we would fain be the supreme masters ourselves, is the supremacy, not of reason, but of folly itself. There is a divinity in every object that has life. Our natures, low and narrow as they are here, are nevertheless divine and immortal. We are agents and instruments, and can be no other; and yet we shall find freedom for our faculties, if we receive this idea as we ought, in the true direction forever. We both work and are wrought upon. If we let the spirit work through us, then our own exertions are in perfect harmony with the divine laws of the universe, and become irresistible because God works with us.

Mrs. C. D. Wilson.

We have received a printed letter from the pen of Mrs. C. D. Wilson, addressed to the Rev. J. S. Backus, pastor of a Baptist Church in Syracuse, N. Y., in which she clearly and ably shows the contradictions and inconsistencies of his doctrines as advanced in a funeral sermon, in Elbridge, to which she listened. She fears not to call in question the palpably erroneous teachings of an "Orthodox Divine," though she is a woman, and says that "such Protestantism needs to be protested against."

Frederick Douglas.

Publisher of a reform weekly newspaper in Rochester, N. Y., is rather severe, in his last issue, on Spiritualists, because they do not plunge head and shoulders into his favorite reform—rabid anti-slavery. The anti-slavery movement, in a "mild" attitude, aims a blow only at one branch of error; while Spiritualism, in an anti-militant attitude, aims a blow at all error.

T. W. Higginson.

It is announced that this gentleman will preach in defence of Spiritualism, before Rev. Theodore Parker's Society, in Music Hall, on Sunday next. Our friends should go early to secure seats.

Our Circles.

We shall resume our sittings on Tuesday, the 22d inst., if circumstances beyond our control do not prevent.

that their precepts have been useful to themselves. Let them remember, also, that if by their practices they have been able to deny the existence of higher powers, they are not the standard-bearers of a movement that, beginning with individual purity, radiates out through the family circle into society and governmental reform.

Already can be discerned signs of the decay of this mercenary crusade against common sense. Inspiration should be free as air, not to contribute to the marvelous in man, but to strengthen and individualize. When angels descend to earth, we may be sure it is for some nobler purpose than to minister to the overgrown acquisitiveness of falsely-styled mediums.

Let the vast and increasing body of spiritual drones remember that physical independence is the foundation of mental liberty; that *paid gospels* always partake of the peculiarities of those to whom they are addressed; that the men and women who daily toil at ordinary vocations are thereby rendered more acceptable and truthful mediums than those whose time is constantly spent in endeavors to draw down "inspiration" to meet the demands of eager purchasers thereof.

We are satisfied our article will be condemned. We know it is all true, and rest contented, whatever the result may be.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Written for the Banner of Light. APOSTROPHE TO CHARITY.

BY SARAH B. J.—MS.

I love your boundless gratitude,
I love your warm rays,
I love your fount of purity,
And all your charming ways.

I love your smiles, and the sweet bliss,
Which ever they impart;
I love your sympathizing kiss—
It cheers the sweetest heart.

I love your every sweetest thought,
Your every cheering word;
I love your pleasant, charming voice—
Oh, 'tis the voice of God!

Yes, Love and Truth and Peace abound
Wherever you abide;
Your pleasant feet shall tread where'er
The True and Good reside.

Oh, Charity! your sweetest joys
The angels daily know;
As on some heavenly errand they
Are sent to friends below.

Spirits and the Bible.

Henry Ward Beecher, Miss Hardinge, Mr. Foster, and others, criticized.

The wretched ignorance and perversion of the Bible, which the clergy and churches of different denominations have exhibited, has always been exceedingly distasteful to me, and from boyhood upwards I have been in the battle I have had with learned D.D.'s of various schools on this important subject. I am, consequently, neither very much gratified nor delighted to find mediums and spirits, whose professed object is to enlighten mankind, quite as lame in this particular as the learned doctors of the Gospel have proved themselves to be; and, as a general thing, the more a medium or spirit borrows the Bible and condemns the church, the more blunders does he make, on the very points on which he ought to be well posted.

A brief reference to Henry Ward Beecher will show one of the greatest errors into which the clergy have been most apt to fall in their treatment of the Bible. In his discourse of April 24th, [see Report, BANNER OF LIGHT, May 7th.] Mr. Beecher, making two or three attempts at scriptural quotation, remarks:—

"It says, 'You are to be sons of God.' What does that mean? I do not know. It says, 'You shall be kings and priests'—not earthly kings and priests, but kings and priests in heaven. I do not know (he adds) what it is to be such kings and priests, but I know it is something great."

I do not wonder that Mr. Beecher says he does "not know" what it is to be a "son of God," or a "king and priest" unto him; for he falls into the same mistake which has long characterized his entire church, and gives this beautiful subject a more reference to the future state of existence, which the Bible certainly never gave it. That book (in what he calls the "light of the future") never said to the Christian believer, "You are to be sons of God;" but, on the contrary, the emphatic language of the Scriptures is, "Now are we the sons of God." And precisely so in respect to the term "kings and priests." In the Bible the vital and active co-workers of the church are repeatedly informed that they "are a holy priesthood"—"are a royal priesthood." The Apostle John has an ascription of praise to God, who, as he expresses it, "hath made us kings and priests," &c. And the only passage in which the term "shall be kings and priests" is used, is one which has evident reference to the reign of Christian influences in earth, and not "in heaven," as Mr. Beecher has it.

The truth is—through misconceiving and misapplying this, (also other subjects) as it has done—the church has become lost to a clear sense of its own true glory and its highest privileges. All professing Christians ought to fully understand the sublime Scripture sentiment, that "such as are led by the Spirit of God are sons of God;" and Mr. Beecher standing up in his true Christian integrity and religious manhood, in his pulpit and elsewhere, ought to be deeply sensible that he is one of that "royal priesthood"—one of that sublime and powerful cohort—who are reigning with Christ, and in Christ; not as "priests" only, but, in the true sense, as "kings," also, here below. But, alas, *begotten* Bible yet supplants the most beautiful and blessed testimonies of the legitimate scriptural records, and casts a cloud over the conceptions and convictions of the brightest minds.

And, now, concerning the "spirits" and their "mediums." Very few spiritualists are aware of the gross and outrageous mistakes which are frequently made by those whom they now consider their most talented and eloquent speakers. When they have more fully understood this, they will, perhaps, be willing to yield a little more attention to a class, both of spirits and mortals, whom they have been strongly inclined to keep in the background.

To begin with; let me notice an assertion made by (or through) Miss Hardinge, at Philadelphia, not a great while ago. [See report of her discourse in BANNER OF LIGHT, April 2d.] Speaking of what are called "the contradictions in the records of the Evangelists," Miss H. remarked that there was a contradiction, "even with respect to the birth of Jesus; St. Matthew stating that he was born in the time of Herod the King; and St. Luke, that it was in the days of Cyrenius, Governor of Syria—periods of time about fifty years apart." Is this true? No! For the birth, not only of Jesus, but of John also, was assigned to "the days of Herod," by Luke, as it also was by Matthew. [See Luke 1:5.] And as to Cyrenius, there is not even a hint that Jesus was born in his day, "fifty years apart," as Miss Hardinge says; but, on the contrary, it is simply announced that the "taxing" or "all the world," by Caesar Augustus, "was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria." [Luke 2:3.] The tax upon "all the world," first instituted under Cyrenius, was one thing, and the birth of Jesus, announced in a previous chapter, and ascribed to the "days of Herod," was assuredly another thing, as almost any "spirit," in the body, or out, would have decided, had due attention been given to the subject, ere presenting it to the public.

Even if it is insisted that the birth of Jesus is described in the second of Luke, when Cyrenius is spoken of, it would by no means make the birth "fifty years apart" from the days of Herod; for even Josephus shows that Cyrenius was "Governor of Syria" not more than seven years after the usual chronological era assigned to Christ's coming "in the flesh." And a close observer will readily see that the birth of Jesus [Luke 2:] occurred about the time that a decree "went out" from Caesar Augustus "that all the world should be taxed;" and when the people of Judea went up to be enrolled for the tax; all which might, probably, have taken place sometime previous to the coming of Cyrenius to carry the decree into effect, and call in the assessments. This general "taxation" was an unusual thing, and caused a great commotion, leaving room for an ample margin of time between the first publication of the "decree" and the consummation of it under Cyrenius—room enough to make the second chapter of Luke in keeping with the first chapter, where he makes the angel announce the birth of Jesus in "the days of Herod," thus rendering his testimony corroborative with that of Matthew.

But a mass of spirits and mediums are full of mistakes like these. Why, I have even known a finely-conditioned medium (or the spirit through her) to blunder in a way that would have given the veriest Millerite the utmost advantage in the argument. The medium or spirit, in this case, said

that "Jesus never could be expected to revisit the earth after his ascension!" that "his gentle spirit would never again consent to mix and mingle with the strife and turmoil of time!" and that "consequently we found in the Bible that it is never Jesus who is described as 'coming,' but always Christ." The spirit in this instance was evidently desirous of making a distinction—which most spirits of the same class are evidently inclined to make—separating "the Christ" from Jesus in his personality, making Christ merely the principle or inspiration, and not the person. But what a mockery of truth to assert that the Scriptures speak never of Jesus as "coming;" but merely of Christ; when in one of the very first allusions which the angels made to the "coming," the statement was very distinct to the effect that "this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into Heaven." [Acts 1:11.] And so, substantially, in other testimonies.

Mr. Foster has lately fallen into an error very similar to this last, and also kindred with that of Miss Hardinge, above specified. In his lecture at Philadelphia, reported in the BANNER OF LIGHT, April 30th, Mr. Foster, among other things, said that "the injunction to kiss the son" (Jest he was angry, etc., see 2d Psalm), "alluded to the son of David, and was a laudation of that king, and not an injunction to do homage to Jesus, who never persecuted, as David did." But by a reference to the context immediately preceding, it will be seen that the allusion is not to any personal son of David, but to some one whom "the Lord" is addressing by the title of "son,"—some individual, too, who was to possess universal empire—to "have the heathen for his inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession." Jesus claimed that title, "Son;" he also asserted that "all things" were given into his hands—and since his departure from earth, he has, in his "kingdom," been steadily marching on to the true extension of his principles, or influence and empire, over the "wide, wide world." And it will take more than the mere ascription of a "spirit," in the body or out of the body, to garrison these facts. And if Spiritualists and others will take pains to study the "anger" of Jesus—the "wrath of the Lamb," etc.,—as the Scriptures present it, they will enter into one of the sublimest subjects of human contemplation, and will see why, wherein, and how there may be an "indignation," angel-borne and heaven-forever, but which is the very antipodes of the vindictive and persecuting spirit of earth.

Much more might be said by way of just criticism upon various positions assumed by Messrs. Beecher and Foster, Miss Hardinge, and others, whose names and fame are well known to the readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT; but sufficient has been said, for the present, to suggest more reflection upon the topics alluded to, and to incite a further consideration of these most important and beautiful subjects. I would, however, additionally suggest that all, whether Spiritualists or not, would do well to study the doctrine of the "immaculate conception" more closely, by the light of Spiritual facts as they now exist around us, notwithstanding Miss Hardinge is reported as requiring her hearers, "with a thrilling burst of eloquence," to "reject it as blasphemy."

There are some searching considerations which are yet to be brought to bear upon what are yet, to many, the mysteries of Christ's nature—considerations which will absolutely unhinge mere Rationalism from its many crude assumptions, and strike the true balance between the conflicting dogmas of the church. The absolute ignorance of the Bible, which a great mass of prevalent spirit communicators exhibit, is truly astonishing. I might quote numerous illustrations from the contributions given weekly through Mrs. Conant, but will just now content myself with one, that of Nathaniel Norton, who says [see BANNER OF LIGHT, May 14th] that "the Bible used to tell him that mortals returned no more to earth-life," and he thinks that the Bible therefore cannot be true, because he now returns to earth and communicates. Now all intelligent Spiritualists are well aware that the Bible directly teaches, not only in word, but by actual example, the sublime truth that the departed do return to earth; so that all can at once see how great a lack of insight into Biblical truth that Spirit-brother displayed.

And yet, it is from Spirits of this class that a multitude of Spiritualists have drawn and are drawing their conceptions of the Bible, and other subjects. I speak with no prejudice against any individual, whether present in the body, or departed; but I speak with an affectionate and determined desire that professed "guides" and teachers of truth look a little closer to the ideas they advance, under the presumption that they are a superior class of instructors. Look, for instance, to the notion which has been so greedily caught up, that God is not a "Person," but a "Principle." Are the vagaries of the Church concerning the Trinity, etc., any more trashy or ridiculous than the verbiage which has been repeatedly uttered by mediums and Spirit-believers concerning the Divinity, in opposition to his personality, etc.? The Spiritual idea begins, already, to run into more absurdity than the Trinitarian idea; for, to prove God "a Principle," Spirits, mediums, and others, are, of late, frequently saying that bright spirits are our Gods—that every man is himself God; and, once in awhile, we are sagely told to look in the glass and we shall see God; while occasionally it is said that God had a beginning, as in a tadpole, or in the two particles of matter which became first united or amalgamated. Verily, is there any special effort, just now, to make a Theology which shall be a thousand fold siller than the "Old Theology"?

But this will suffice for the present. In conclusion, let me say that it is quite as necessary to look closely to the New Theology, as to that which is more firmly established. I never yet saw a "spirit" or "medium" that was pompous and "eloquent" against the Bible, who did not show an utter ignorance of the points most essential to his (or her) discourse, and who did not blunder the most, where he was the most positive. While, on the contrary, I never saw spirit, medium, or other person, who truly appreciated the Scriptures for their intrinsic beauty and truth, who did not exhibit a matter-of-fact knowledge on the subject, far surpassing the other class; and mediums of this character have repeatedly, sometimes with closed eyes, made numerous, invariably correct references, frequently turning over the leaves of the Bible with the rapidity of lightning, and pointing out passage after passage with unflinching accuracy and much wisdom of application.

The blind identity of the Bible which the church exhibits, is one source of its wretched ignorance of the truths therein contained, and is a legitimate subject for the castigation of those who see its policy; but the one-sided Rationalism, or Spiritualism, which discards the Bible, or even denounces it, is quite as fruitful a source of error as the "Old Theology" itself, and equally needs criticism and rectification. Spiritual assemblies, who are strongly inclined to the denunciation and discarding of the Bible, will please take notice that any sensitive, unconscious medium who visits them, will be exceedingly apt to be impressed from their own sphere of spiritual association, and will make many mistakes; and mediums themselves will yet see the importance of attaining a condition where they can exercise their own judgment in connection with their inspiration, and study the subject of their discourses in connection with their true spirit-counselors. In order to secure the utmost reliability and correctness on any and all subjects.

D. J. MANDELL.
[Each mortal and spirit interprets the Bible for himself, according to his own powers of perception, and what he has been taught. Hence the differences of construction put upon certain passages. The spirit, Norton, stands in the same darkness that thousands do on the part of spirit-communication, taking their cue from their prejudices, not from a knowledge of the Bible.]

What is Carbon?

Spiritualism challenges and impeaches the dogmas of both Theology and Science. While others contest the popular theories and teachings of sectarianism, I ask permission to join issue with doctrines authoritatively urged by Science. I do this, believing that its errors induce a seriously false system of agriculture, and also constitute the main pillar of materialistic skepticism.

To the question, "What is Carbon?" I answer, it is a compound, consisting of oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen, so perfectly combined by nature that the chemist cannot analyze and detect its constituent parts. As this assumption is in direct conflict with the accepted teachings of science, I concede the duty of proof rests with me. In attempting to perform this duty, my appeal will be to the mental, rather than to the sensitive vision of man; to his reason, rather than his experiences; and in discussing the question thus, I must appeal mainly to analogy and induction for my conclusions.

First: as to the alleged limited power of the chemist to detect constituent parts. This is seen in the fact that when he analyzes water, he finds oxygen and hydrogen only to be the component parts thereof; but when he attempts to recombine them, his experience is, that another and third element—to wit, heat or electricity—is necessary to induce the union of these parts as a compound, or water. I assume that heat, or electricity, being thus a necessary element in

constituting water, nature uses the same to cause the continuation of oxygen and hydrogen, though the chemist fails to detect its presence when he resolves water into its component parts; and in this is exemplified the limitation of his powers of analysis. Analogy teaches, that if thus limited in resolving water into its several parts, the like inability may exist in other substances. It is taught by science that the air is a compound, composed of oxygen and nitrogen, with an infinitesimal presence of carbonic gas therein. Second: that plants, trees, &c., inspire air, decompose it, and expel oxygen. Third: that carbon constitutes the bulk of vegetable organisms. Fourth: that nitrogen constitutes the bulk of animal organisms. Fifth: that vegetable food—composed mainly of carbon—constitutes the source of animal organisms thus composed of nitrogen. I accept these teachings as my premises, from which I attempt to deduce my conclusions.

I submit, that, if plants decompose the air inspired by them and expel the oxygen, the inference is, they retain and appropriate the nitrogen thereof, as well as any carbonic gas contained therein. As nitrogen constitutes about four-fifths of the air thus respired, while carbonic gas is scarcely one hundredth part thereof—and as nitrogen is conceded to be as substantial a substance as carbon or carbonic gas, the conclusion follows that nitrogen must be correspondingly present and manifest in the vegetable organism, though science almost ignores its presence and claims that carbonic gas alone contributes the physical to plants. If its teachings are true, what becomes of the large volume of nitrogen so inspired, retained and appropriated? for it is a real substance and must therefore constitute a corresponding part of the organism it is embodied in. If we assume, what I respectfully submit is true, that nature, in the perfection of her chemical skill, takes the oxygen contained in the mineral forces of earth, and absorbed by plants through their roots—the nitrogen contained in air and inspired through their leaves, and the hydrogen contained in water, which they drink in through roots, leaves, &c.—and combines all these—to wit, oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen, as a new and compound creation, or carbon—then we can rationally account for the disposition of the large volume of nitrogen inspired and retained, and the fact of the organism consisting almost wholly of carbon, while it will also explain why oxygen contained in air is expelled. This view is further illustrated and confirmed in the fact that while vegetable food, consisting wholly of carbon, constitutes the source of physical supply for animal organisms, these organisms are found, on analysis, to consist almost wholly of nitrogen.

It is conceded that animals decompose the air they inspire, retaining the constituent oxygen, and expelling the constituent nitrogen. As they do not derive nitrogen from air, and as it is not a constituent of water, it follows they must derive it from their food, or there is some other and unknown source of supply than air, water or food. If derived from their food—it being, as stated, almost wholly carbon—the inference is, that carbon is either capable of chemical progression into nitrogen, or is itself, as suggested, a compound of which nitrogen is a main constituent. Between these alternatives the latter alone seems rational; and I respectfully submit that when "our savans" venture to fairly meet the question, What becomes of the nitrogen contained in the air inspired and decomposed by plants? they must accept this solution, because they can suggest no other having any plausibility, particularly if they connect it with the further inquiry, Whence is derived the nitrogen of animal organisms? This may seem immaterial to many Spiritualists; but allow me to suggest that it involves and embraces the science of agriculture, the subject of human food, and also the basis of skeptical materialism. We have been told there are numerous "primaries" in nature, each and all having its special mission to perform, while we are also taught there are but two principles of action, to wit, attraction and repulsion, through which all power is exerted. These scientific dictas have governed the human mind in its searches for truth.

If it can be shown that carbon is not necessarily a "primary," because the chemist fails to successfully analyze it, the door will be opened to explore further; and thus we may be free to challenge other dogmas, such as "that only from acorns can oaks originate," and kindred teachings, which ignore the possibility of "spontaneous life."

There is a valid, operating cause for the presence of fly and weevil in our cereals, and of worms in our fruit trees. That cause is a false idea of Nature's economy and laws. It is a part of the mission of Spiritualism to disabuse man of his blind deference to the dogmatic authority of science, and thus enable him to more intelligently cultivate the earth—to do this an issue must be made; and to my mind this can as well be done in the question, What is Carbon? as in any other way. I hope some savan will favor me with his criticisms hereon. If not, I ask permission to continue the subject and frankly meet its issue.

PHILADELPHIA.

A Dream.

MEASURES, EDITORS—I send you the following singular dream, vision, or whatever you may choose to call it, in hopes that some of our "spiritually minded" friends may be able to solve the riddle. Its solution I have not received myself, nor been able to explain satisfactorily.

After passing a restless and sleepless night, toward morning I fell into an uneasy slumber. Hardly had I closed my eyes, when I seemed to be suddenly carried away; and found myself, after the first surprise was over, sitting in a large hall, unfurnished, and desolate enough to freeze the coldest spirit. Nevertheless the spot appeared to be a familiar one, where in my dreams I had often been before. I sat me down on a rude seat beside a window, looking out upon an equally large and dreary courtyard, where no tree or shrub lent its only living green to beautify the scene—cold, grey stones without, and bare walls within! As if to add to this cheerless picture, a misty rain began to fall, darkening the window-panes through which I gazed. The door opened, and a blunt but honest-looking man looked in, saying at the same time—

"The train is coming in a few moments—it will not wait for you, but you must be ready for it!"

I heard in the distance the sound of an approaching railway train, as he finished, and rising with a slow, careless step, replied, as I crossed the hall—

"I am ready in one moment."

"You are not ready!" was the brief rejoinder of my strange companion.

Entering an ante-room adjoining the hall, I noticed a small case of drawers containing—as I found by inspection—a part of my wardrobe, which I proceeded to take out for my expected journey. Again the sound, yet nearer, of the rushing train. I was obliged to call for aid before all my preparations were complete, but which in the end retarded, rather than assisted, my progress. A strange apathy seemed to have control of me. I was conscious of the need of haste, and yet paralyzed in every motion.

Again I turned listlessly to the window, looking out upon the same courtyard. The rain continued to fall, but to my surprise, what I had supposed (looking from the hall window) a bare pavement was now, magic-like, transformed into a soft velvet green sward, over which rolled two beautiful little dogs. They were sporting with the rain-drops as they fell, catching them in their mouths, ever and anon shaking their long, silky ears, then bounding away again in wild glee. I was startled by a low footfall, and, looking up, beheld the most exquisite female standing upon the threshold of my room, gazing with an anxious look upon me. A flowing robe of snowy white, confined at the waist by a girdle of soft pink, thickly studded with small shining stars, which glittered with each wavy motion of her graceful form like so many brilliant in the deep blue arch of heaven, completed her dress; whilst over her head was flung a fleecy veil, one corner of which was drawn so as to nearly conceal her face.

Advancing toward me, she held out a flower, saying slowly before she permitted me to touch it, "I have brought you this offering; deem it not of small value! And (here she fixed her gaze searchingly upon me) do not forget these words,"—handing me the flower—

"Its leaves are three, and two, and one—
None rarer blooms beneath the sun."

Instantly my fair visitor was gone. Much I wondered at her strange words; but still more at the flower, the stem only of which I could distinctly see. The cup, as it was held by her, resembled a tulip or lily, I should judge; but when I took it, a thin shadowy mist rose instantly from it concealing both form and color. Long, beautiful green leaves depended from the mossy stem; but this was all I could discern.

My surprises were not ended here. Whilst I was studying my floral gift, the rough, uncouth personage made his appearance once more, this time, as I presumed, to inform me that my time was up. "Are you ready?" "Yes," was my reply; "not quite, but almost," his. A smile of kindness, but fixed and firm determination of some secret purpose, rested on his countenance. It seemed to say, "I sympathize with you, but nevertheless must do my duty." He held in his hand a crystal bowl, filled with the most beautiful liquid fire. This he poured over my head until it gushed in floods down to my feet. Now his face grew fairly radiant; the ungainly form had disappeared, the mask had fallen, and I beheld him

as an angel of light, bending over me. "How shall you thank me for all this? Oh, thou art ready now. But remember, frail one, water may cleanse, but fire alone can purify! Now thou art healed, though the process was painful."

Suddenly the sun burst out, and oh! its light was overpowering to my feeble sight! Joy unutterably filled my soul to overflowing. I turned to thank my benefactor; but he was gone. Then I awoke; but the dream has ever seemed a reality, whose influence I could not put off. HENRIETTA, New York, 1850.

The following explanation to the above dream was given through a medium in Boston:—

"The large, unfurnished, desolate hall represents this world; it is an emblem of the dreamer's earthly life; to her this life is but a dream, desolate and lonely; she looks upon the bare walls of earthly existence, and the cold grey stones without, and the rain and mist of affliction do but darken her physical vision. The blunt and honest-looking man who came into the hall and said, 'The train is coming,' is Death, rapping at the door of her external consciousness, giving her timely warning, and telling her to make herself ready. The railway train heard in the distance, is emblematic of our ideas of approaching Death coming to take us away. The dreamer felt a consciousness of the need of haste in making preparations for the train, while yet she was paralyzed in every motion, and could make no preparation. The railway train that shall carry one off, is a fitful emblem of Death—so is any effort in preparing to die—things of the past, not realities of the present. The soft, velvet green sward is her emblem of living hope. The little dogs represent the tender fidelity and affection that hold a place in her heart—prominent objects in her barren earthly existence. The female who entered the dreamer's room, clad in beauty, is the true, real messenger of Death—a messenger of light, of love and beauty—a messenger sent to bear the soul away, when it has done with earth. The flower the messenger brought the dreamer is an emblem of her own soul blended with another soul kindred to her own; and the spirit of God pervading both, makes the true flower of immortality—its leaves are two, and three, and one. Earthly vision can only see the stem that bears this flower."

Newburyport Items.

Mr. M. V. Bly recently visited this city for the purpose of exposing Spiritualism. He met with very poor success; there were, all told, fifty-three persons present, including printers and "deadheads." His total receipts were \$4.75, while his expenses must have been near \$20. The audience, as a general thing, were disgusted with the man; his attempts at exposing the different physical phenomena were very bungling. He commenced with the ballot test, and wanted a committee to distribute his paper among the audience; but the shrewdest refused to use it, and the result showed that he could only be successful with his own paper. The first ballot he gave correctly; but the person who wrote it, on being questioned, admitted that he knew Mr. Bly, and had been in his company before that evening. The next two ballots, the writers refused to show themselves, and without doubt they also were accomplices. The rope was the most bungling of all. The first person who attempted to tie his hands, gave up after three trials, stating that he (Mr. Bly) would not let him tie him, but kept his hands moving in such a manner as to make it impossible. He was tied by another person, and got clear in about two minutes; but any one in the audience could have got clear as easily. He wound up with one of the silliest exhibitions ever given, which he called trance-speaking, and said it was a fair specimen of Mrs. Hatch's lectures.

The clergy of this city appear to be getting a little liberal. Sande's Circus recently exhibited here, and among the visitors were a number of the Orthodox clergy. I observed in the afternoon, the Rev. Mr. Dimmick, D.D., the oldest Orthodox clergyman now settled in this city. He showed his pleasure at the performance by clapping his hands, and other demonstrations, equal to any one in the audience. As an offset, in the evening, Rev. Mr. Campbell preached a sermon, in which he said that all who went to the circus were on the road to hell! When doctors fall out, who shall decide?

Dr. Dimmick also recently attended an exhibition of a magician at the City Hall. He even went on the stage and shook the bag wherein eggs were produced in such profusion, and seemed surprised at the tricks of the operator. He has attended anti-spiritual meetings, &c., but although invited by letter, and personally, has never been willing to attend a lecture by any of our speakers. In fact, one night when Mrs. Hatch lectured here, all the different churches got up special meetings, and had the bells rung to keep people from hearing her. Such a course is unworthy of these times, but is in strict keeping with the acts of the Jews during the time of Christ. Such acts appear in strange contrast with some of the liberal tendencies of the Orthodox church and clergy.

Bishop Fitzpatrick recently performed the rite of confirmation at the Catholic church to about four hundred persons. His address was highly spiritual. I was very much surprised to hear such sentiments from him. He told them that they each and every one had a guardian spirit, who attended them in all their actions.

Among the tracts which I have recently seen published by the Presbyterian board of publication, is one with the following title: "Advice to sinners under conviction to prevent misapplying in conversion." Can anything be more absurd than this? Supposing it to have emanated from a Spiritualist, should we have ever heard the last of it?

A case of restoring speech to a person who, for a long time, had been unable to speak, by spiritual agency, I shall relate in my next; it is a truly wonderful case. I should give it now, but I wish to have it revised, so as to be correct in all particulars.

In your issue of June 11th, I observed an article from this city, headed "Correction," which justice to myself as well as Mr. E. Wilson, requires notice. In answer I will say that my last letter was written, and you had received it, before Mr. Wilson had lectured here, consequently nothing therein contained had any reference to this gentleman. I feared a misinterpretation of my letter, when published, and regretted that you did not affix the date, as thereby it would have been seen when it was written. VERITAS.

The New Dispensation.

B. B. MUZZEY, NORWICH, ME.—"While I know the BANNER OF LIGHT is a very welcome visitor to a large circle of subscribers over the country, it gives me pleasure to know, also, and to say, that in this region it is read with increasing interest. It is certainly true, too, that the world is now obtaining those truths which it has long needed to know. There is a deeply convincing power at work in the minds of men. That there is in this age an unfolding of new truth and life, cannot be denied. Even those who will not own themselves convinced, confess themselves confounded and amazed. Men look each other in the face, and ask, 'What meaneth this?'"

This heavenly power which we, as Spiritualists, are happy openly to acknowledge, is reaching, not only the ears, but the hearts of the people. The very words and sentiments, characteristic of Spiritualism, burst forth from the lips of those who deny its truth and power. These are the outbursts of inner convictions of truth, and they are common. The proofs of Spiritualism I have long regarded as indisputable.

I rejoice to see the day in which so much truth is prevailing; so much light shining; so much interest in spiritual things awakened and still awakening. I rejoice that so many mourners have been comforted, having received so much intelligence and so many testimonials of the existence and continued affections of their friends, who have gone before them to the blest spheres of spirit-life. I rejoice to see bigotry, fanaticism, ignorance and sectarianism, disappearing.

Spiritualists are composed of persons who have, heretofore, entertained a great variety of religious views and irreligious opinions. These become convinced of the truth of spirit intercourse, and are called Spiritualists. But they still retain many, very many of their former errors. The Free-willist, a freewillist still; the Calvinist, a fatalist still; the Universalist is in for immediate and perfect happiness after death; many believe all spirits to be true and good, while the Athanasians are content with Nature, or at most, a blind principle, for their God; others make out man to be the highest intelligence—so that it seems, in the spirit realms, there must be as many Gods as there are individual intelligences. These errors, however, will finally be corrected. One Supreme, Intelligent God—one brotherhood—together with progressive knowledge, goodness and happiness, depending upon established laws and conditions, must stand the scrutiny of intellect, the common sense of time, and the developments of eternity."

De-fencing grave-stones by stealing daguerotypes from them is a very grave offence. Two girls in Lowell were recently detected in an act of this description.

JOY.

Oh pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be!
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and bewitching power,
Joy, virtuous Love, Joy that never was given,
Save to the pure, in their purer hour,
Life, and life's influence, cloud at once and shower,
Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,
Which, wedding nature to us, gives in downer
A new earth and a new heaven,
Triumph of life for the sensual and the proud—
Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms our ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colors a suffusion from that light. [COLMAN.]

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent free.

MISS EMMA HARDING will lecture in Worcester, Lowell, Portland, Oswego, and various adjacent places during June. Next Fall and Winter she designs to labor exclusively in the West and South. St. Louis, Memphis and many other places are already promised, and she desires to complete her route via Pittsburgh, &c., before September, early applications will be still received, addressed to No. 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

WARREN CHASE announces that he will lecture in Chicago, Ill., June 26th; Berlin, Ohio, July 1st, 2d and 3d; Geneva, Ohio, July 10th; Conneaut, July 13th and 14th; Buffalo, N. Y., July 17th and 18th; Rochester, N. Y., July 21st.

DR. E. L. LYON will attend to calls to lecture, Sundays, on all subjects connected with the Spiritual Philosophy; and those desiring his services in this capacity will address him at Providence, R. I.

DR. JOHN MATTHEW from the first of June to July 14th will attend to the wishes of various friends, on or near the La Crosse and Milwaukee route, including Blueyogon, Neenah, Appleton, and the region roundabout. From July 14th to August 31st, he will be on the Michigan route, from Grand Haven to Detroit.

Mrs. J. W. CURRIER will answer calls to lecture. Address, Lowell: box 815. She will speak as follows: Springfield, Mass., June 28th; Putnam, Ct., July 3d and 10th; Milford, N. H., July 17th; East Stoughton, Mass., July 24th; Foxboro', July 31st. She will stop a few days in each of the above places, and will sit for tests of spirit-power, by trance, clairvoyant and physical manifestations.

MR. J. D. ORIN having completed the subscription for the New England University, is now prepared to address the friends of reform upon other subjects connected with Spiritualism. His addresses are mainly in the trance or impersonal state. He will examine the sick free of charge. He will speak at Laconia, N. H., June 30th. He will also deliver a subscription and form clubs for the BANNER. Address, Lowell, Mass.

LOUIS MOORE will answer calls to lecture anywhere, on Sundays and week day evenings. Address, Malden, Mass. He will speak as follows:—Nashua, N. H., Sunday, June 24th; Waltham, Mass., Sunday, July 3d.

H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak in Tolland, Ct., Sunday, June 28th; in Milford, N. H., Sunday, July 3d; in Portland, Me., Sunday, July 10th. He expects to spend the month of August in visiting friends in that State wishing to engage his services. He will address him early at Greenwich Village, Mass.

Mrs. H. M. BROWN, of Cleveland, Ohio, Editor of the Agitator, may be addressed at Boston, care of Ella Marsh. She will lecture in Buffalo, N. Y., Sunday, June 29th.

Mrs. LEZZIE DORRAN will speak in Taunton, June 28th and 29th. The remaining Sundays in July and the month of August she will be in Plymouth, Mass.

Mrs. A. W. SPRAGUE, through the month of June, will be in Plymouth, Vt., and in July and August she will speak in Oswego, N. Y.

Mrs. ALICE P. THOMPSON, trance-speaker on Bible subjects, Address West Brookfield, Vt. She will speak at West Randolph, Vt., Sunday, June 28th.

GEORGE ATKINS, trance speaker, will receive calls to lecture on the Sabbath

