

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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THE SUNDAY MORNING SERMONS  
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Written for the Banner of Light.

## REFINEST; OR, THE SMUGGLER'S SECRET. A STORY OF THE PAST. BY GEO. F. BURNHAM.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE EYRIE.

High up on one of the loftiest bluffs that overlook the Bay of Torres, upon the westerly coast of Portugal, there is a narrow defile in the rocks, a sort of chasm, that may have been caused at some early period by a revolution or convulsion in Nature, or it might be that the hand of man had originally cleft it and scooped it out, for some purposes unknown. Be this as it may, the passage to it, from below, is tortuous and perilous; and it is approached with the greatest difficulty even by the initiated.

The *Sierra d'Estrella*, a long range of mountains, extends along the northeastern bank of the Tagus, from the Atlantic coast to the great passes on the westerly extremities of the Castilian mountains, and terminates at this point, along the sea, as far south as Cintra and Lisbon.

A rare retreat is this region, and especially above Torres, to the northward, for the numerous bands of smugglers that are associated with the low bandits of the mountains referred to, there, and who for many a long year—at the period when our story dates—had held almost undisputed sway and possession of the region described, for several leagues northward and inland. In vain had the local authorities and the then inebellable government of Portugal endeavored to ensnare, dislodge or rout the bands of hardy men who inhabited these barbarian districts. The banditti were constantly well armed and powerful in numbers, and the smugglers were cunning, shrewd in their operations, and so "packed" in their associations and interests, that they were able to cope successfully with diplomacy, or to resist opposition, at all times, in all the positions they assumed.

At the apex of the elevation first alluded to was located the abiding place of the chief of the smuggler tribe—Antonio Ostrello, so called—a noble looking fellow, of stalwart proportions and indomitable courage, who was not a native of that country, but who had long dwelt among the gangs of reckless men who inhabited or visited that *localité*, and who had been looked upon as the worthy leader, and acknowledged without scruple by his associates as the head and front of the clique and cliques of seamen or landmen there. This spot was known as the "Eyrie," and from its secret recesses and seldom frequented privacy—save by those most intimately the confidants of Ostrello—issued the directions and plans of its chief for the various expeditions and enterprises which he controlled and guided for gain.

From the westerly front of the "lookout," which was located at the very pinnacle of the great bluff, by means of the superior telescope always in use, the horizon could be constantly watched; and it was by no means an uncommon occurrence, during a twelve months' time, that a well freighted prize was seized at sea, and her most valuable contents summarily disposed of, by some one of the choice armed cutters continually under Ostrello's supervision and control. The retreat of the pirates could not be found, however. The defenceless but well-laden vessels that suffered from these attacks and robberies, were usually permitted to proceed upon their way after the sudden and unwelcome visits of these peremptory cormorants, and their subsequent complaints were never heard by those who committed the outrages upon them. The booty was borne to the "Eyrie" by a circuitous route, after being landed by night; a division of the plunder was immediately made—under the auspices of the chief and director of all their affairs, Ostrello, to whom, by right of leadership, the lion's share was cheerfully accorded—and the men who served him, and themselves, thus advantageously and with curious alacrity, separated only to return, at an early season, with more plunder and richer stores.

Below the surface of the main rock or bluff we have described, and distant several rods from the lookout, there was a narrow passage, lined on either side by a ledge, which ran along upon a gentle slope for a considerable distance, and apparently terminated abruptly within the very heart of the rock. The intruder who chanced to find himself at this point, saw before him a ragged, craggy wall, lighted but dimly from the crevices overhead, and solid, apparently, from base to top. As this seemed to be the final terminus of the passage, he turned back, weary with clambering to reach this gulch, which he found only a walled opening, that led him—nowhere.

Upon returning to the light, or rather as he turned back to retrace his way to the light once more, he proceeded but a brief distance when a similar wall, at the opposite end of the passage, met his view! This could hardly be possible, he would argue to himself; for, within a few minutes, he had entered this passage and had only turned a little to the right or left, through the windings of this darkened path; but he must have lost his way; and so he would go forward and begin to return anew.

This was utterly futile, however. Ostrello was no

dabbler in human blood; and his universal orders were to make prisoners, if necessary, but never to take human life, save either in self-defence or in the extremest emergency. The "Eyrie" was always effectually guarded, day and night, and its interior and exterior arrangements—its traps and chasms, its entrances and exits—were most curiously but thoroughly arranged for its entire protection from without. The straggler or the intruder who thus chanced to find himself within the private passage leading to its entrance, never returned into the open air again without an interview with its lord and master! A rough mass of rock, that turned upon concealed machinery, at the outer end of the lane, slid noiselessly back and forth, (at the will of the outer guard,) and the unfortunate and adventurous stranger there was sure to find himself a prisoner—he knew not how or why.

Within the cavern that lay below this passage and beyond it, surrounded by all the luxury that ill-gotten wealth could command, dwelt the chief we have spoken of, when he was not occupied in some more daring and important enterprise than he was disposed to trust in the hands of his subordinates. His mind was active, however, and he loved the perils and dangers attendant upon his precarious occupation. He feared no hardships, and when the best of his men were worn out with fatigue and excitement, at his side, whether upon the deck of his little brigantine, or abroad among the mountain passes of his temporary home, he was on the *qui vive* while they slept, ever ready for the chase or the attack.

He was enjoying his sip of claret one afternoon, and a favorite attendant, a Spaniard by birth, was near him.

"Malech!" he said, suddenly.

"Captain, I am here," replied the attendant.

"Malech, I have a mission of some importance that I will entrust to your charge, if you can manage it."

"I will endeavor to obey, captain."

"You can be silent, I suppose?"

"I can be whatever you direct, captain."

"Yes, I remember, Malech. You are fortunate in your disguises, ordinarily."

"I have been a faithful student in that class, captain," said the attendant. "Try me."

"Go, then. Your appearance must be such that your friends—our friends, here—cannot know you. Within the next hour let me see how you can aid me in this respect."

The attendant bowed and retired. He instantly returned, however, and said in a low tone—

"Captain—we are surprised, here."

"What? My pistols, Malech. The Guard—bail them!"

"Don't fire, captain—ah! He is alone and unarmed, I see. He has found his way—a crippled stranger—into the outer passage, and the Guard have closed the wall."

"Is he alone, say you?"

"Yes, captain."

"Present him, then."

Malech glided through the curtained passage, opened the outer door of the next apartment, and was heard to say—

"Come in, senior—this way. The captain would confer with you."

The outer door was then heard to close, and the curtains were slowly put aside as a lame and crooked young man crossed the threshold of the inner apartment, and stood before the powerful and august Antonio Ostrello.

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE TRANSFORMATION.

The mind of the captain was for an instant excited, for he thought it possible that a certain person whom he had in his remembrance might possibly have sought out the route which led to his private quarters; but he quickly recovered himself, and said in an authoritative tone—

"Who are you, senior?"

"A poor peasant, captain, from the mountains, who seeks to make favor with the world-renowned Ostrello."

"Favor with me! For what purpose?"

"To help me to live, captain."

"How can I aid you?"

"I would join your band."

"Are you not aware that we know no strangers here—that we acknowledge no authority but our own laws—and that a prisoner within the limits of our province fares but poorly?"

"You will be lenient, captain, when you know how a poor peasant may be of service to you and your clan."

"Well—what can you do?"

"Anything."

"That is nothing, fellow."

"I can cheat and lie and deceive—with the foremost of your adepts in the arts of your profession."

"That is something," said the captain with a smile. "But you have a poor opinion of our fraternity, I see."

"I will join you, nevertheless. I possess talent, but I lack the facilities for displaying it. Your calling will supply this. Can I be enrolled?"

"First give me a taste of your quality, and then I will decide."

The stranger hobbled into the next room, and quickly returned, to the utter astonishment of the captain, so changed that he could not suspect him as the same being. He was in a neat undress uniform of the French Chasseurs, (over which he had just worn the poor peasant's garb, which he flung

off in an instant,) and his straight form, commanding person and address, and his soldier-like bearing pleased the captain greatly.

"Ah, Monsieur!" shouted Ostrello, "this is admirable! *Avez vous soif, Monsieur?* Come! join me in a glass of wine."

The soldier declined.

"No? What will you have? What is your wish?"

"Parler au capitaine," said the soldier, in French.

"Je suis le capitaine, Monsieur—allez!"

Drawing his sword, the soldier instantly went through the exercises of his calling with such precision and promptness that Ostrello was delighted, and the mock Chasseur disappeared behind the curtain.

Before his astonishment at this dexterity had had time to subside, a hooded old woman, staff in hand, hobbled before him, with squeaking voice and trembling limbs, beseeching charity.

"This is not the same!" cried Ostrello. "Whence come all these disguises?"

"Ah, senior captain," mumbled the old woman, "charity, for the love of heaven!"

"Who are you, woman?"

"Charity, captain—a real only, for poor old Mag."

"Your name, then," demanded the captain.

"Poor Mag is very deaf, more's the pity!" continued the old crone, with admirable emphasis, "and she cannot hear anything the good man says. Give her a coin, to buy bread."

"That will do—that will do!" replied the captain. "Now let me see you in your real character, if you have any," continued Ostrello, "and I will determine what service you may be placed in."

The mock old woman threw off her cloak and cowl, and the captain sprang from his chair at beholding his attendant, Malech, before him!

"What!" exclaimed Ostrello, "is it you?"

"Your humble Malech, only, captain, who is now ready to serve you."

"And the first one—the stranger; where is he?"

"He stands before you, captain."

"Have n't you been away, at all?"

"A false alarm, captain. I have not been outside of the two inner rooms, as yet."

"Excellent! Malech, I will entrust this mission to you, and I am sure you will acquit yourself to my satisfaction."

"I will endeavor to perform whatever you may desire," said Malech, respectfully.

"At sunset, then, be ready with horse to depart for Lisbon. In the meanwhile, leave me, and I will get ready your despatch."

In conformity with this order, Malech retired to prepare for his mission. This man was one of the oldest subordinates in the band that was attached immediately to the person of Ostrello, and had been one of his intimate body attendants for several years. He was shrewd, careful, faithful to his master, and one of those upon whom the captain knew he could rely at all times and under all emergencies. The business he now had in hand for him was but an apparent trivial errand; but the result that depended on his faithful and judicious execution was a matter of importance to his master—who rarely entered into unnecessary details regarding the orders he wished to have executed—though he was always prompt, explicit, and exacting in the matter of their fulfillment.

"Are you ready?" asked the captain, as Malech reappeared at the close of the day.

"Jennie champs her bit uneasily, captain, at the gate of the lower pass," said Malech, respectfully; "and he would be swift of foot who can overtake us, when Malech occupies her saddle."

"Go then—to Lisbon. Here, take this packet. On the road to the city, less than half a league from the Cathedral, on the right as you approach the town, stands a small inn, which you will remember."

Malech nodded assent.

"Halt at this house, and enter the public room. You should find a common looking peasant there, in green tunic and slouched hat, who will assist you. When you meet him say simply, 'What's o'clock?' If he answers 'Past sunrise, senior,' say no more, but watch his movements. He will pass you thrice, without further comment; and depart. Follow him at once, see what he does, and do the same thing yourself. You will find a parcel similar to this in his possession. He will finally point his finger upward, thus; you will take this as the signal that your mission is accomplished, and make all speed on your return hither, without another word. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly well, captain."

"Away, then! And, for your life, remember—not one word else to any being living, save the exchange of passwords, till we meet again. Both these packets are of value—see to it. Away!"

"You may trust me, captain; I will be cautious."

He was furnished with the secret countersign to pass the various sentinels posted along the ravine and adjacent passes, and in a few minutes his favorite Jennie was dashing down the side of the ragged mountain with her intrepid rider.

"Who goes there?" shouted a man at the base of the hill, as he galloped along on his mission.

Malech reined up, whispered "Refinest," and went forward without further molestation.

After a hard drive, which put even the indomitable Jennie to her mettle, Malech reached the little inn spoken of, and throwing his bridle over the door post, he quietly entered the main room, where a plainly attired peasant sat alone.

"Friend, what's o'clock?" said Malech, indifferently.

The stranger looked at the rider an instant, and answered in a low tone, "Past sunrise, senior!" and, after passing him three times, immediately went out, and mounted his Spanish donkey, near by the inn.

The peasant rode out as fast as his pony could carry him, to a spot half a league from the public house; when he suddenly turned into a narrow path leading to a piece of woods, where he finally halted, secured his donkey, and went forward some distance on foot—closely followed by Malech, who, in conformity with his instructions, had been dumb up to this moment.

The peasant went up to an old tree, looked carefully about, to satisfy himself that no one was observing him and his follower, and drawing forth a small package, thrust it into the hollow of the tree. Malech approached, deposited his own parcel in the same place, took out the other, and looked at the peasant again. The fore finger of his right hand pointed upward, Malech touched his hat to him, and the two dumb men separated, immediately, each going the way he had come to the inn.

In a few hours afterwards Jennie came clattering back with the faithful servant, who bore in his breast the parcel that Ostrello so coveted. He appeared before his master instantly.

"Did you meet the peasant, Malech?"

"I did, captain."

"And you delivered the packet?"

"Yes, senior; and here is the exchange I made."

"Good! You did well, and your promptness I will not forget. Get some sleep now. I shall need your services again soon," continued the captain, "and as you pass, send Orson hither."

Malech retired, and Ostrello hastily broke the seal of the mysterious parcel he had received.

The missive was covered with a piece of common rough parchment, upon the outside of which there was no address, no indication of the name of the party for whom it was intended. It covered a letter, only, which was without date or signature; but, judging from the smile of satisfaction that lighted up the handsome features of the captain, it was clear that the letter was by no means an unwelcome one; and, though it was not signed, it was also pretty plain that he knew from whom it came.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE CORRESPONDENCE.

The package which Malech had so carefully obtained, and which he exchanged for the parcel he bore so mysteriously to the hollow tree, contained only the letter, which Ostrello now pored over attentively, and which ran as follows:—

"Yes! if you be the true knight I believe you to be. Antonio, how much do I venture! Our meetings have been the result only of accident and stealth, thus far, and now your Eugénie is a prisoner within the walls of the castle, under the surveillance of the priest and his satellites, who watch every breath she breathes with lynx-eyed alacrity. But one attendant remains in my confidence—the poor peasant—who will bear this to his hiding place, and return when he can with safety, with your expected and wished-for letter. Do not think of violence for an instant. You say you will come, with your tenants and followers; and force my guardian to retract his promise to Alberto. That you will punish the padre, and release your lover with your clan. Do not, I beseech you, entertain the thought a moment. The shedding of blood, Antonio, of innocent blood, must follow such a course; and even you—brave and daring as you are—might fall! Where is Eugénie then? No—trust me, and wait with patience. Some means may be devised to cheat my oppressors, and give me the liberty which you yourself and the prisoner so ardently crave. In the meantime we may confer in this manner—but not too often, lest the peasant be watched; and time will bring about a state of things more favorable to our wishes. Let me pray for your happiness, and believe me, under all circumstances, ever faithfully your own."

"And I have waited and watched with patience for a twelvemonth," said Ostrello to himself, as he closed this communication, and deposited it in his bosom. "I have been very patient, for me. If I but say the word, the walls of the Castle d'Esilrone are not strong enough to hold out an hour against the force I could bring against it. Its cringing, lying, miserable lord should bite the dust—ay, long ago, but for her gentleness and prayers in his behalf. Be it so; I will wait at present," he continued; "but Alberto must be provided for. He is getting importunate and troublesome. The padre, too—a reverend rasoul, who, under his garb of outward holiness, seeks to poison the ear of our guardian, and hopes to aid my rival in his suit—his case requires attention. We must be busy. Who waits?" he continued peremptorily, as he heard approaching footsteps in the midst of his reverie.

"Orson, captain," replied the attendant, entering the apartment.

"It is well. I sent for you, Orson, and had business for you; but you may wait. I will mature my plan, by and by, and confer with you again. In the meantime, Orson, ascertain how many men and horse can be spared, and put in readiness for marching at an hour's notice, by the setting of to-morrow's sun."

The attendant retired, and Ostrello continued to reflect upon his future schemes.

While this was passing in the mountains, there sat alone in a large square room of the Castle d'Esilrone—a short distance west of the town of Cintra—a delicate looking maiden, a child, apparently, in years, who, from some cause or other, was evidently ill. Her clear, white forehead was unusually pale, and her lips lacked the fresh color of health that was common to her in other days. She was

some sixteen or seventeen years old, only, but care had begun to write its traces upon her face and features. She had no parents, and was the ward of the lordly owner of the castle where she now tarried. To his care she had been entrusted ten years previously, by her then dying patron; and, up to within a few months, he had well provided for her ordinary wants. It was said that a considerable amount of valuable property belonged to her, of right, but she knew nothing of the whereabouts of the fortune, or whether any such thing existed at all. Her governess and the Abbe Dugarre, both her constant attendants at the castle, pretended to know nothing except what they learned through his lordship; and thus the young girl was deprived of the knowledge of her real pecuniary situation, though she had latterly pressed the subject upon her tutor's attention with considerable importunity.

She was of late restricted in the limits of her exercise. She had been wont to ride in the open air, and run and walk when and where she elected; until within three or four weeks; but the reverend padre had conferred with his lordship, for reasons of his own, latterly, and the fair girl was suddenly required to confine her rambles to narrower bounds, and under the supervision of an attendant chosen by her guardian, at the monk's suggestion.

The watchful eye of her religious counsellor had accidentally fallen upon the retreating form of a young huntsman, at the outskirts of his lordship's preserve, one evening when the lady tarried out later than was her custom; and this was the sudden cause of the curtailment of her liberty. She was now in her own private apartment, however, and she held in her hand an open letter, which she had just finished reading, and which had found its way into her hands through an unsuspected and unknown channel, arranged by herself and her present correspondent. The letter was a pleasing one, evidently, for her pale cheek flushed a little as she devoured its contents:

"EUGENIE—You are now the light of all my earthly hopes. I look upon your favor as the bright star of my existence; your frown would blast my ambition, my expectations, my desire for life. Destiny has decreed that I can never love but once. Upon you are centred all my affections, all my hopes in the future. Do you believe this? Will you entrust your heart and your peace in my keeping? Will you not fly from the annoyances and the restrictions that surround you, and find a happy home in the bosom, and amid the wealth which fortune has showered upon him who adores you? If you answer 'yes,' I will fly to your side. With my own hands I will cross the moat and batter down the gates of the castle that imprisons you. I will come with a troop of men who know no law but what I utter, and who never can know what it is to fear. I will rescue you and possess you. You shall come to my mountain retreat, and we will be happy—ah! how happy, dear Eugénie, loving and loved, in the midst of the pleasures and joys of a chosen home."

Come, then, permit me to fly to your succor, and to bear you away from the perils that surround you. I am impatient of this weary delay. Our meetings have been interdicted, and even this poor means of communicating with you will be cut off, we cannot say how soon. Let me come, then, and take you from your bondage; and once under my protection, all the world cannot disturb or harm you. Will you not fly from your oppression? Will you not respond to the call of your ardent, your devoted, your faithful lover?"

The sweet girl smiled, and a tear fell from her dark eyelid upon the letter before her. Had Antonio been a witness of that little scene, the Castle of Esilrone would not have held its beautiful captive to see another sun descend upon it. But "Antonio" was far away from the weeping beauty, and other eyes were at that moment secretly gazing upon her, and upon the letter she held so unconsciously in her hand. A sigh escaped her, and then she sprang quickly to her feet and thrust the missive into her bosom, for she thought she heard a curious but subdued noise, indescribable in her own mind, but unnatural and novel, as if some one were near her, or present in the vicinity of her person. She could see nothing, and though she listened until the throbbing of her own heart was audible, almost, in the still and lonely room, yet she discovered nothing at present.

The Abbe Dugarre had just seen the letter in Eugénie's hand, and he was on his way to report the fact to her guardian. The means he employed to penetrate into the privacy of the young lady's apartment were peculiar, and will be explained in due course of time.

We have seen how Eugénie implored her lover not to make use of any force to carry out his plans, at present, and we shall soon see how he profited by the advice.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### ARREST OF THE ABBE DUGARRE.

The captain had been busy during the day succeeding that upon which his messenger had returned from Cintra with the little package. Orson reported to him that nearly two hundred men could be mounted and in readiness to follow him whenever he issued the call.

"It is well, Orson. I do not need so great a force now. But bring me half a score of chosen men at nightfall, and bid Malech attend me instantly."

Malech appeared, and the captain said to him:

"Now, Malech, do you remember the uniform of the King's Guards, such as they were at Oporto, when we met them there on a certain occasion?"

"Perfectly well, captain. I have had the opportunity to see the same dress several times since, twice at least, on state occasions."

"Yes, I recollect—you are right. How long will it take, Malech, to furnish me with a dozen of the King's Guards, equipped, and in uniform, complete?"

Malech was quick in his perceptions, and saw



what his master wanted, probably—though he had no hint of the actual service to be performed. He reflected an instant, and said, "The Guards can be furnished—duly caparisoned and mounted—in five days, at furthest, captain."

"Five days is a long while to wait, Malch," ventured Ostello.

"Three days, then, captain. It will necessarily require a little time, you know. But I may expedite matters, if you are urgent."

"Present the Guards to me, at our rendezvous, at nightfall, on the third day hence, Malch, and an hundred moldores will be added to your private purse," said Ostello.

"Who will command the expedition?" asked Malch, modestly.

"Yes, yes; I see, Malch, I will think of that. You are a brave fellow, and shall stand upon my right. It is an enterprise of hazard."

"What of that?" exclaimed Malch, proudly, and stretching himself to his full height, as he spoke—"what of that, captain? Your orders will be obeyed, and if—"

"I shall command the Guards in person, Malch. You shall accompany me."

Malch was satisfied with this promise, and withdrew at once to prepare for the duty assigned him.

The resources of the storehouse of the Eyrie were ample. A long series of successful adventures on sea and land had furnished the apartments of Ostello's private quarters with every variety of materials, from the finest India and Italian silks and velvets, to the commonest French and Spanish cloths—and there were bullion and fringe, and golden tassels and lace—epaulettes and plumes and beavers and military equipments of all descriptions, to select from, at a moment's notice. Malch went to work with a will, and having chosen his dozen men, as directed, they were forthwith uniformed, equipped and armed cap-a-pie, on the day designated.

At early sunset on the evening proposed by Ostello, they sallied forth, each man being mounted upon his favorite horse; and Malch reported himself before the door of the rendezvous, in readiness for further orders.

His promptness and faithfulness was duly appreciated by his captain, who came forward to inspect the detachment.

"Admirable, Malch—well done!" said Ostello. "Upon my word, the King himself would be gratified with such an array as this. Here"—he continued, handing Malch a heavy purse of gold, "take this; you have done nobly, I will join you, instantly, and you shall be my 'lieutenant' on this occasion."

Half an hour afterwards the little band, led by Ostello himself, emerged from the forest and then disappeared below among the fastnesses of the Sierra d' Estrella.

At the expiration of a forced march (or rather a hard gallop) of nearly two days, the captain called his band to a halt, as they were about to emerge from a deep forest, a mile or more to the northward of the Castle d' Esilrone.

"Our business to-day," he said, in a commanding tone, "is but a matter of diplomacy, gentlemen. We shall require no service save the customary implicit obedience to orders, and the observance of a soldierly and determined dignity—on this occasion—and I rely upon the firmness and spirit of each man to carry out the character he has now assumed, in order to effect my object with certainty and without bloodshed."

The men responded satisfactorily to this little speech, and Ostello then continued—

"We are now a detachment of His Majesty's Guards. Yonder lies the Castle of Esilrone, and within its walls there is a man whose presence is desired at Court, gentlemen. There will be no need of quarrel, and least of all must we shed blood, there, remember. Beneath my saddle bow I carry the King's warrant for this man's arrest. He is a priest, by pretension, but he is a knave and a coward, both. Such a wretch commands our pity, and he must not be abused. My object is to remove him from the castle without tumult or unnecessary display, and hence our present form of disguise. Before the inmates of the castle shall have had time to discover whether we are the King's Guards, or not, I propose to have this lying, false-hearted priest safely demolished at our head-quarters. Are you ready, men?"

"All ready—all ready, captain!" they answered.

"Be firm and respectful, then; prompt, dignified and lynx-eyed, lest something adverse may transpire. I anticipate success, and with little delay. Forward!"

For further effect, a somewhat circuitous route was taken, after leaving the great forest, in the approach of the gang toward the castle. There was still sufficient daylight to permit the residents of the castle to see the men as they came towards the gates; and, as they neared their destination Eugenie chanced to be standing at one of the tower windows which looked out upon the path they had chosen. By her side leaned the Abbe Dugarre and her governess.

"Look, father!" cried Eugenie, suddenly, "what causes the cloud of dust yonder?"

"The priest took a glass from within the recess, and turned it upon the approaching objects."

"I fear," said the abbe, "they are well-mounted, and in dashing uniform."

"Who can they be, father?"

"I wot not, child, upon my faith."

"They are of gallant bearing, surely, added Eugenie, whose heart beat fearfully in her breast, as she began to suspect what she so much dreaded."

"I will go below," said the abbe. "They are here; and if I remember rightly—from the dress they wear—they come from the Palace of his Royal Majesty."

The band of soldiers dashed up to the bridge that crossed the moat, and Ostello instantly shouted in a loud tone—

"Open! open the gates in the name of the King!"

There was a pause, a brief consultation within the castle, and the ponderous gate swung back upon its swivel.

"Forward!" cried Ostello to his men; and the band galloped instantly within the spacious courtyard, with drawn sabres.

The leader of the detachment, whose uniform was at once recognized as belonging to the King's Guards, held in his hand a piece of parchment, attached to which was a huge green seal and ribbon, evidently emanating from high authority. Holding this document before him, as the chief attendants of the lord of d' Esilrone appeared, he read, in a clear voice, the following warrant:

IN THE NAME OF THE KING:

Whereas, one Philippe Dugarre, a reputed priest and abbe of the order of Saint Christina, has abused

the holy privileges accorded to his fraternity, by falsely and impudently deposing himself, and whereas, the said Dugarre is charged with manifest, hypocritical and other high and heinous crimes, unbecoming the true Christian and pastor, and whereas said Dugarre is now a resident of the Castle of Esilrone—against whom and which, for our own good purposes, this warrant is now especially directed—

Now, therefore, we command you, Sebastian Delmonte, commander, for the time being, of our Guard, to seize the person of the said Dugarre, and him safely keep and bring before the Justices of our King's Bench, forthwith; that he, the said Dugarre, may there answer in propria persona to the allegations herein made, &c., &c. Fail not, at your peril!"

After reading this warrant, Ostello instantly reiterated his demand, in the name of the King, that the abbe be forthwith delivered into his custody.

There was no chance here for evasion or argument, and no opportunity was afforded for unnecessary parley. The sun was setting, and the captain of the "Guard" was in haste to make good his return.

All explanation was interdicted, and he said his mission was at an end, if the abbe were not forthcoming, immediately.

"You must depart!" said the lord of Esilrone Castle. "There is no appeal here—it is his Majesty who commands. Your blessing, abbe, and adieu!"

"Are we not safe in the hands of our King, my lord?" muttered the abbe, with a pretension to submission and confiding humility.

"Yes—go, father; and confound the abusers of his Majesty's confidence," said his lordship.

A horse was saddled, the abbe mounted, and flanked by half a dozen of Ostello's men, he left the castle in custody of the disguised "Guard of the King of Portugal."

Eugenie had been a close observant of all that passed, from a station she took on the balcony near the scene; and her confidant (the peasant who had aided her before, and who was among his lordship's household,) approached her stealthily as the soldiers rode away with their prize.

He dropped an envelop into her extended hand, without a word of explanation, and retired.

## CHAPTER V.

### HOW THE ABBE WAS ASTONISHED.

The band of Guards, who so carefully surrounded the abbe, rode considerably harder than his reverence was accustomed to do, and the exercise was anything but agreeable to him. However, at midnight, they halted at a small and isolated dwelling upon the way, where Ostello proposed to wait for refreshment and a little rest for his men and horses. A brace of sentinels were posted at the door of the little room where the abbe slept, and a few hours' repose greatly relieved himself and his guard. At daybreak, after a cup of wine and a dish of fruit, supplied by the host, who seemed to be well acquainted with the captain, the party set out again for the mountains.

Up to this time, though the abbe could not comprehend the reason why his escort traveled thus rapidly, and through the woods and forests in preference to the more convenient roads or paths, yet he went on, almost in silence, believing himself in charge of the King's officers and soldiers. But his doubts gave way to fears, at length, and fear gave utterance to his suspicions. He had already passed the Rubicon, however! The Abbe Dugarre was safely beyond the limits of "civilization," and he was now within trumpet-call of the head-quarters of Ostello, chief of the smuggler tribes of the mountains beyond Torres.

"This is not the road to the capitol, surely," said the abbe, suddenly reining up his steed.

"Forward!" shouted the captain, peremptorily.

"I will proceed no further, until I know your purpose," he added, addressing Ostello, firmly.

"Forward, I say!" repeated the captain, in a loud tone.

The abbe persisted, and fell back, closely pressed by the horses of the Guards near him.

"Will your reverence go on peaceably, or will you give us the trouble to compel your obedience to orders?" said Ostello, quickly.

"Answer me—whether are we bound," replied the priest, "or I refuse to proceed, determinately."

"We answer no questions, here," responded the captain. Then, turning to his men, he added, "seize the knave, and bear him to the cavern. Secure him, and report to head-quarters, forthwith."

Saying this, Ostello put spurs to his horse, and scrambled along the ravine. The party was already close by the foot of the hill, upon the summit of which stood the Eyrie; and the prisoner, after loudly protesting against the abduction and deceit he had been made the victim of, was placed where he could do no further harm for the present. Malch set a watch over him, and immediately repaired to the apartments of his commander.

When the Guards left the castle with their prisoner, and, as they turned, at the gate, Ostello gave a sign to the disturbed and anxious Eugenie which she quickly appreciated. As soon as they passed beneath the walls of Esilrone, her faithful "peasant" placed in her possession the note to which we have alluded, and which came from the hand of her lover. As soon as she found herself alone, a few moments afterwards, she broke the seal and read as follows:—

"DEAR EUGENIE—Have no fears for the result of this bold step. In the name of the King, much may be done peaceably, that would otherwise require controversy and trouble. Rely on my discretion. I shall have removed from the castle—when this finds you—at least one powerful oppressor of yourself, and an enemy of my own. I will see that he annoys neither you nor myself, henceforth."

"I have read your last epistle with joy. Find means to absent yourself from the castle, if possible, at an early day—if but for a single hour; and we will fly, safely, from further interference or persecution. Let me hear again from you, through our late means of communication, and believe me devotedly, as ever. Yours."

In vain did Eugenie strive to manage to absent herself from the espionage to which she was subjected. By day and by night her every movement was closely watched, and she was not permitted now to be alone at all. Her rambles were confined to the walks within sight of the castle, and it was impossible for her to plan a successful chance for elopement.

It will not be forgotten that, but a little time previously, while Eugenie was reading one of the letters of her lover in the privacy of her own room, she thought she heard a slight noise, and felt that an intruder was near her. A secret spring in the wall of her apartment—known only to her guardian and

the abbe—had been sprung by the latter personage, on that occasion, and after he discovered the young lady in the act of perusing that communication, he hastened to the lord of the castle, and made known his discovery with all possible despatch.

"Is it possible?" cried her guardian.

"Even as I tell your lordship."

"A letter? Whence comes it?"

"That I am unable to answer, my lord."

"I will see to it," said the guardian of Eugenie.

And, true to this promise, he had now taken all requisite precautions to retain his ward directly under the supervision of his own eyes, or subject to the control and surveillance of those whom he placed to watch over her every movement. She was so closely dogged, that she was unable to write or to send any sort of favor to her lover. And thus time passed wearily away.

On the morning succeeding the return of Ostello to his haunt, the Abbe Dugarre was suddenly summoned to appear before the tribunal that was to judge and pronounce sentence upon him. He followed the guide who came to conduct him into the presence of his accuser, and his heart smote him as he passed from his cell to the trial room. The abbe was now destined to be more astonished than he had hitherto imagined.

He soon came to the apartments of Ostello, which he entered, followed by a portion of the Guard. A magnificent and beautifully furnished room opened before him, at last, and he entered it with becoming grace and dignity, crossing his breast as he passed the threshold and stood, alone, in the presence of his judge and his captor!

As soon as the attendants and soldiers had closed the partition doors behind them, Ostello commenced to interrogate him; the "abbe" standing, and replying as he thought proper.

"You are the Abbe Dugarre," said the captain, looking into his face, earnestly. But the priest did not reply.

"Are you not the so-called Abbe Dugarre?" repeated Ostello, again gazing intently at his prisoner.

"First you so assert," responded the priest, impudently, "and then you question if it be so."

"Your answer?" said Ostello, firmly.

"Then I answer yes; and I claim the right to ask, in return, who is it that accuses me? Why am I here? And to whom am I called upon, thus extrajudicially, to answer?"

"You are here by my orders, Dugarre. I am your accuser. You are called upon to answer to me, for your offences and your knavery."

"Are you the Abbe Dugarre, I repeat," said the captain, once more.

"I have answered, yes."

"Then I say you are a bold liar, Dugarre!"

"How?"

"You are a bolder liar than I took you for, upon my word! You are not the Abbe Dugarre."

"Who are you, that thus presumes to insult and throw contumely upon a servant of the Church?" said the prisoner, boldly.

"I am both church and state, in this province, as you will find, at your leisure. I know you, Dugarre, and I propose to give you a lesson in experience that I hope will profit you, in the end. You are a deceiver, an impostor, and a villain. I am Ostello, the captain of the brave bands of the Sierra d' Estrella. You have probably heard of me ere this, before!" said the chief of the smugglers, in a tone of authority not to be questioned.

The "Abbe" Dugarre (for once in his life) was sincerely astonished; and this threatening announcement, for the moment, greatly disturbed his temper and his equanimity!

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE EXAMINATION AND THE VERDICT.

The prisoner was at first disposed to be insolent, but he soon changed his tactics. He found that Ostello was an even match for him, at least, to say nothing of the advantage his captor enjoyed in point of his position and present relations to him.

"And do you dare thus to insult and annoy a servant of his Catholic Majesty, and a supporter of the Church?" demanded the abbe, indignantly. "What if I call down upon your guilty head the punishment you have so justly merited?"

"I repeat to you, Dugarre, I am not here to submit to your vaunted superiority of character, and least of all to listen, for a moment, to your pretended show of holiness. I tell you you are a polished knave, and I know it. You are no abbe, but by assumption. You have chosen the cloak of virtue and religion to serve the devil in, and you have already carried your deceit and bigotry quite too far for the safety of those whom Fate has placed in your care, of late. You will now have ample leisure to repent and to reform, if I am certain; for your stay in this mountain will unquestionably be somewhat protracted!"

The pretended "abbe" was greatly alarmed at this speech from the lips of Ostello, whom he plainly saw was high in authority, here, at any rate, and who he was satisfied—from the manner and adroitness with which he had contrived his arrest—was no mean adversary to contend with.

Besides this, the captain had touched him upon a point where he was evidently tender. He was far distant from the scenes of his earlier years, and the days long passed he did not care to recall! His captor knew him! If so, he had no chance for defence, and but little hope of escape. He yielded, however, but slowly, and the captain continued—

"Listen to me, Philippe Dugarre!" said Ostello firmly, as he looked intently into the eye of his prisoner.

The false priest had not heard his name so familiarly pronounced for many years—and the sound of it, in that lonely cavern, under the peculiar circumstances of his case, really startled him.

"I see," continued Ostello, "that you begin to believe me, though I doubt what you have asserted."

"Me? I—I believe—believe nothing; nothing that you say can effect the Abbe Dugarre."

"—Ah! Philippe! Let me point you far back to the days when you were a boy at school. Do you remember one Anthony Leclaire? Do you forget the daughter of Bertier? Can you not turn back the leaves of your memory, and see the playful, charming, bright-eyed Charlotte Debrisse? And Elverton, the noble Henri Elverton, and Bosque, and Chandelier and Ivis? Ah! I see you do remember your old mates," continued the captain, watching the effect of his words upon the mind of his victim.

"I recollect—"

"I know you do!" added Ostello, interrupting him.

"I say I remember nothing of the kind. This

mummery is naught to me. Why am I here? I command you—I demand of you to bring me before my accuser. If I have done ought to injure you, or him, or any one—"

"Peace, Philippe! Have I not already assured you of the fact that I am your accuser? So am I your judge, at present, Philippe Dugarre!"

"Then I protest—"

"There is no appeal here, Philippe. Hear me! Your further attempts to deceive me are futile; and, since you are thus stubborn and foolish—as well as guilty—I will refresh your recollection; but I must not be interrupted. Listen to what I have to say, then, without further interrogation, or our conference is at an end, and you will find that there are apartments in this cave not so agreeable or so pleasant as that which you occupy at this moment."

Philippe had had, already, evidence of the captain's power, and he believed what he said. The culprit was silent.

"More than a score of years ago," said Ostello, impressively, "there was an old man residing upon the banks of a quiet river in the South of Europe, whom sickness had laid its heavy hand on, and who was lying, finally, near the door of death. His estate was valuable, and he had a steward whom he had confided in for many years, but who had continued, from year to year, to rob him of his means, until at last, when the dread destroyer called him away from his long sufferings and pain, he had been rendered penniless, from that steward's treachery."

A sigh escaped the breast of the abbe; but Ostello did not seem to notice it.

"This dying man, of all his once happy family, had but a single child then living—a tender boy—whom he loved most devotedly. As the vital spark was just departing, he grasped the flinty hand of his attendant and confidant, and said—'Take the child; husband my lands and means, be faithful to my boy, and heaven will not forget you!' The old man died, and the steward took possession of the estate."

"You are certain of this?" asked the abbe, unexpectedly.

"So runs the story, as I have heard it," replied the captain. "The man in whom this kind old parent had placed his hope, whom he would have trusted—whom he did entrust—with gold and lands untold in value; the miscreant into whose custody he placed the fortune and well-being of his only darling child—a child who had no other friend on earth, at that moment to look up to for succor, for counsel, and for advice—proved faithless to the mission thus confided to him, and robbed the heir of lands and gold, and all that he should otherwise in right and justice have possessed!"

The abbe would have replied, but Ostello continued.

"The grave had scarcely closed upon the poor remains of that fond parent, ere his steward contrived to trammel this estate and distort a will—forged for the purpose—so as forever to exclude from all chance of redemption, the rights of the parentless child. The boy was cast adrift, and in the midst of temptations and sin, he only found a precarious subsistence, for years, thereafter. He soon became a reckless, daring youth, and then found those who were his seniors in age and crime, who gathered round him and pushed him forward in iniquity."

"This was his choice of fortune," said the abbe.

"It was no choice of his. He was pushed into associations with crime, by his adversity, before he knew or realized the perils and the heinousness of his acts. When he would have reformed, the finger of scorn had come to be pointed at him; and he looked for sympathy, for friendship, for worthier companions—but it was too late!

He was driven from his home, at last, and the law proclaimed him an outcast! A price was set upon his head—he was hunted by the hounds of legal justice, and he fled—far from pursuit and further present persecution."

The ill-gotten gold thus obtained by the faithless steward I have spoken of, was quickly squandered by that robber, in riotous dissipation. The lands which he had stolen from the helpless child soon followed. Mortgage after mortgage was piled upon the estate, until at last the thief had neither money nor rental to his name—all had vanished, and he was a pauper. This was his fate, and he awoke to his realization when all was beyond his reach forever! But he was cunning, shrewd in his villany, and of a plausible exterior. He could not dwell longer in the neighborhood where his crimes had been committed, and he, too, fled from among his former fellows. He disavowed his name and calling, foreswore the country that gave him birth, and for ten long years he was a lying, cheating, swindling wanderer."

The priest was deeply disturbed by this recital, but Ostello did not suffer him to utter a syllable.

"The effects of time had changed the appearance of this man, and he at length put on a hood and cowl. His head was shorn, and his appearance of sanctity gained him new friends. At last he met with a nobleman who sought his acquaintance because he believed him honest and austere in his religion; and he brought the soundless into his household, and placed in his charge another child, more innocent than the one he had first ruined! What might have been her fate, but for a lucky turn of fortune's wheel in her behalf, time and opportunity alone could have told. You have heard the story, Dugarre. Is it a romance?" asked the captain, with deep feeling.

"I do not know—I am a—"

"You are Philippe Dugarre, the cheating, lying, guilty knave I have described, and I am Antonio, that fatherless boy!" shouted Ostello. "Look in my face, Philippe!" he added; but this was unheard by the false priest, who lay at his feet, senseless, upon the stony cavern floor!

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE RAVEN.

About an hour after the scene described in the last chapter had closed, between the captain and Philippe Dugarre, a sail was reported from the lookout, bearing down toward the bluff from the northwest. The priest had been duly disposed of in the meantime. Upon coming to his senses, he begged that Ostello would not take his life, and, if he could so far forget his injuries as to permit him to depart, he promised, by all the solemn oaths he could muster, never to molest either the captain or any one whom he coveted or cared for.

"Never," he cried, piteously, "never will I divulge your secret, Antonio, if you but spare me!"

"I do not intend that you shall have the opportunity, at present," said the captain; and calling his guard, the pretended abbe, now fairly unmasked, was placed in close confinement.

"Do not injure him," said Ostello to his men,

"but see that he is secured beyond the possibility of present escape. He is a desperate villain, but I will settle his account at my leisure. Afford him food and comfort—but keep him quiet and a close prisoner, until further orders. Away!"

The abbe found himself alone, a few minutes afterwards, and all his appeals, his protestations, his promises and his threats, were received alike with contempt by those to whose care he had been entrusted. Wearied, at last, with chafing and raving, he fell asleep upon the floor of his cell.

Just after sunset, the dark hulled vessel that had been in sight from the bluff some hours, settled down toward the promontory, and finally she tacked, run up by the reef, and a signal appeared suddenly, as she passed, from her peak. It was instantly answered from the shore.

"Who is it?" asked one of the sentinels, of his comrade.

"A new comer, surely," was the reply. "I have never seen her before, at any rate in this rig."

As they spoke, a beautiful little schooner, with coal-black hull and masts of the same color, rounded up toward the cove that skirted the base of the bluff; and as her mainsail swung down, she came to anchor, close to the rocky shore.

Upon a nearer view, it appeared that her masts and tapering spars—like the hull—were all of the same deep hue, and as her nose swung upward to the current, her name was discovered in a line beneath the small cabin windows. It was the "RAVEN, BALTIMORE."

She was a clipper schooner, of about a hundred tons burden; and though not so sharp and narrow as the clipper craft of the present day, she was narrow enough and sharp enough to outtail most of the vessels of that time. Her cargo was valuable, and consisted entirely of contraband articles, which were to be landed and concealed, forthwith.

The master of the schooner immediately came ashore, and was recognized by several of the band. He was soon in communication with Ostello, who received him kindly, and they proceeded to business.

"You are here earlier than I anticipated," said the latter. "I am glad you had so fine a passage."

"Never better, captain," replied the other. "The Raven is a glorious sailer, and we have had good winds and fine weather from the start."

"And your freight?"

"As usual. I hope to clear the hold in the next four-and-twenty hours."

"We are all ready, then. Shall we commence directly?"

"Immediately after night-fall, I will haul in, and we will go to it with a will."

The requisite orders were given, at once, and a squad of men was furnished from the head-quarters of Ostello to aid in discharging the clipper of her choice cargo. In the course of two hours, the Raven had been hauled alongside the inner cove, under the shadow of the high bluff, and a small basin, within the shelter of this rock, afforded a convenient and safe landing-place for the goods that were secreted on board her. There was no respite, day or night, until everything had been got out in safety, and the smuggled merchandise was finally stowed away, out of the reach of further present peril. The Raven's topmasts had been hauled, and she was finally dismantled altogether, for a time. Her masts were taken out; she was safely secured, fore and aft, away from danger of chafing, and she finally rode quietly and safely at anchor, out of sight except from the inner shore.

The master of the Raven soon after started off, for the interior, for the purpose of arranging for the future disposal of the smuggled property, and Ostello now had a little leisure to reflect upon his plans for the release of Eugenie.

"If," said he to himself, after a little reflection, "if it were possible for me once more to entice her out of the reach of those who encompass her, and who now watch her movements so intently, I would very quickly manage to arrange it so that she would never again return to the bondage she suffers. She is right, in her wish to avoid violence, however. I do not desire this; though, if she were but to utter the wish, I would remove her, at the head of a regiment of undaunted men, were it necessary. But Eugenie is discreet beyond her years."

"This abbe, too! He will answer nothing, he says, except upon promise of his liberty. He even boasts that he knows a secret in my history that will yet confound me! He insists that I cannot dream of the import of it, too. Ha, ha! Philippe Dugarre, you are an old deceiver, and I have you where you can do me no harm. So, be quiet—if you will—and your boasted 'secret' will keep, I warrant me!"

"Sweet, innocent, beautiful Eugenie!" he continued, as his thoughts turned again to the captive of Esilrone, "how artless in your affections, how inexperienced in your amours! Your chance meetings with the gaily-attired hunter have been but few and very brief. You have scarcely noted that care and hardships have already traced their lines unmistakably upon his features! You are young, tender, lovely to look upon. Your lover is your senior more than a score of years, too. You are not discerning in your taste, or you are quick to love. So much the better, Eugenie! Your Antonio will cherish you with a deeper and a firmer devotion. And the day shall not be far distant when we will meet, not again to be separated."



"Set about doing good to somebody; put on your hat and go and visit the sick and the poor; inquire into their wants, and minister to them. I have often tried this method, and have always found it the best medicine for a heavy heart."







[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

## B. W. EMERSON AT MUSIC HALL,

ON

## Instinct and Inspiration.

Rev. Theodore Parker's Society was addressed, on Sunday, July 3d, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, Esq., on "Instinct and Inspiration."

Instinct, he described as a kind of seminal intellect. It never pretends; nothing is lost, nothing more. It is no disputant, no talker. It is a spark in the mind, but inextinguishable; that glimmer of inextinguishable light by which men are guided, and which, though it does not show objects, yet shows the way. This is that by which men feel when they are wrong, though they may not see how. It is that source of thought and feeling which acts on masses of men. It makes the revolutions which never go back. Thus, the world, "All men are born free and equal," though resisted and denied by all laws and politics, and our own among the rest, is the key-word to our modern civilization. Here, alone, is the field of metaphysical discovery. No metaphysician has thrived who has denied this. It works by tendency, by surprise. Its source is as deep as the world. All men are in this respect on some sort of equality. There is a singular equality, which no experience can cure us of, that another man may see more than we of the primary facts. Eye for eye, object for object, their experience is invariably identical in a million individuals. This instinct is absolute science. Why should I give up my thought because I cannot answer an objection to it? I have to consider only whether it remains in my life, the same as it was. When we know not where to steer, we can drift; the current knows, though we do not. When we must know the coast, we may begin to put out an oar, or raise a sail. The rule of this guidance is, that it is given as it is used. As another illustration of this principle, children are not deceived by the false reasons which their parents give them in answer to their questions. Another wonderful monument of instinct is language, a structure built by all men, and which no man can much affect. The wisdom of words might every day surprise us. After the student has scaled new heights of thought, the old words, made before he was born, still fit his thought. And those words are fixed and unalterable as the works of nature. We cannot afford our own definitions to them; they will stand to our children what they stood to our fathers. Again, go to a gallery of art, and the marble and the details impose upon us. Long after we have quit the place, all objects begin to take a new order: the inferior are forgotten, and the truly noble come to our remembrance as a strain of music heard further than the rude notes about it. Instinct demands a proportion between the individual and his acts. And it demands a recognition of the facts and interests by which we are surrounded. The man who is interested in nothing that concerns the people, may have his place in another sphere; but he has none here, and the people will not recognize him.

Here instinct begins, at the surface of the earth, and thence rises to the recognition of higher laws. But what is inspiration? It is this instinct, whose normal state is passive, at last put in action. To coax the instinct to impart itself, to bestir its depths, is the object of all wise endeavor. Could we prick the sides of this slumbering giant, could we rouse this oldest angel, who was with God before the world was made? We ought to know the way to prophesy, as well as the cow and sheep know the way to the running brook. The lecturer believed the rudest mind had predictions of nature and history in itself, though now dim and hard to read. All depends on some investigation, some impulse. Inspiration is the play of the powers at their highest level. But this inspiration we fail to evoke. Who knows not the quenching of genius that makes the tragedy of life? The star never reaches its zenith; it culminates low, and goes back whence it came. Often those who get great men build substructures, only, which are never finished. There is a conflict between the tendency of the individual mind to repeat itself, and wisdom. We exhaust a man, in seeing him two or three times, and he becomes tiresome. Genius, however, becomes tired of its own mind as others are, and it puts nature between you and itself. So every part of a good poem is a surprise, and to the poet no less than to his readers. The Muse may be defied as super-voluntary ends effected by super-voluntary means. It is as impossible for labor to produce a sonnet of Milton or a song of Burns, as Shakespeare's Hamlet, or as Homer. It is this element of super-voluntary power which denotes the inspired artist.

We must try our philanthropies so. The basis on which the reformer wishes to build his new world is a great deal of money. What is gained? Certain young men or maidens, he shows us, are to be screened from the evil influences of trade. But those who give the money must be just as much more shrewd and worldly, in order to save so much money. How is any virtue thus gained to society? It is a transference. But he instructs and aids us who show how the young may be raised without degrading the old. The capital discovery of modern agriculture is, that it costs no more to keep a good tree than to keep a bad one; that our work is to turn the operations of nature to private account. "But how is this to be done?" The question is most reasonable, but proves you are not the man to do the deed. The mark of the spirit is to invent means. It has been in the world from everlasting, and knows its way up and down. Power is the mark of the spirit. The sign of the great man, we say, is to succeed. We call genius divine, to signify its independence of our will. Every man is a guest in the earth, a guest in his house, and a guest in his thought. Wisdom is like electricity; there is no permanent wise man, but men who, being put in favorable conditions, become wise for a short time. What a revelation of power is music! and yet when we consider who and what the professors of that art usually are, does it not seem as if music falls accidentally and superficially on its artists? Is it otherwise with poetry? Often there is so little affinity between the man and his works, that we think the wind must have written them. When a young man asked Goethe about Faust, he replied, "What can I know about that?" It is true in the experience of all men, that for the memorable moments of life, that we found ourselves as it were, in a meteoric zone, and passed out of it again. Yes, this wonderful source of knowledge remains a mystery. We must lose many days to gain one. It commands, and is not commanded. Suddenly, and without desert, we are raised serenely up into the higher air. For months the capital questions of human life are hidden from our eyes, and suddenly, in a moment, they come before us. A sudden rising of the road shows us the system of the mountains which have been there all the time, though out of our view. Our thoughts have a rule of their own; of our will they are independent.

And so with inspirations. How to impart is the problem of education. And yet our teachings will be those of our character, and our genius and nature will give our intentions the slip. That secret which was never taught us, we can never teach others. The instruction and inspiration of mankind exist as somewhat outside of our wills; and virtue, in spite of Boston, and London, and universal decay of religion, re-appears forever. The great gardener, after all his experiments in refining his fruits, said, "My secret is—sow, sow, and sow; in short, do nothing but sow." Socrates told his pupils that it was nothing of him that they grew wise; it was because they were with him. He says—"of the demon," of whom he was ever speaking—"The demon is adverse to some; with many, however, he does not prevent me from conversing. For if it please the god, you will make great and rapid proficiency; you will not, if he does not please;" and advises them to consider "whether it be not safer to be instructed by some one of those who have a power over the benefit they do to others, rather than by me, who benefit, or not, just as it happens."

Quite above us is this secret affinity and repulsion made. All our good is magnetic; we teach, not by lessons, but by going about our business. There is something pathetic in this experience—not to have any wisdom at our own terms. All beauty of discourse, or of manners, or of action, lies in launching ourselves on the thought, and forgetting ourselves; and though the action of the intellect seems to be out of our volition, yet we may place ourselves beforehand in a state of being wherein the will shall hereafter penetrate and control what, it may not now reach. If there be inspiration, let it be in your thought. Let us by all means invite it.

It is a sort of rule in art, that we shall not speak of any work of art except in its presence; there, we will continue to learn something, and will make no blunder. It is also a rule of this inspiration, that we shall not speak of the mountain except when we are on the mountain. There are certain problems one does not willingly open, except when the irresistible oracle incites us. All men are inspired while they say only the words of necessity. But the moment they begin to say these words by memory, charlatanry begins. It is the exhortation of Zoroaster—"Let the immortal depth of your soul lead you." So Pythagoras—"Remember to be sober, and to be disposed to believe; for these two are the conditions of wisdom."

Every man comes into nature impressed with his own bias, in obeying which his strength lies. Society is unanimous against his project; he never fears, for he knows that he is

right—right against the world. He has a facility, which costs him nothing, to do something admirable in all men. The secret of power is in one's own work. The true man finds his work-bench everywhere. As long as he serves his genius, he works where he stands, when he sits, when he eats, when he sleeps. The dream which a few years ago floated before the eyes of the French nation, that every man shall do that which, of all things, he prefers, and shall have three francs a day for doing that, is the real law of the world. And all the labor by which society is really served, will be found to be of that kind. He whom we call the fortunate man, is he whose determination to his aim is such that he is never in doubt. Sometimes, it is true, this determination does not appear early; but it appears. It is as strong in each, that, were it not guarded by checks, it would make society impossible. As it is, men are best by themselves, and always work in society with great loss of power. They cannot keep step, and life requires too much compromise. Men generally attempt to make first their brothers, and afterward their wives, understand the drama that is going on in their private ears; but they desert when they find that their confidants also have a farce or a tragedy enacted in their hearts; and each at last remains in his private box, with a whole play performed for himself alone.

Every creature is its own weapon. The man's work is his sword and his shield. The way to mend a bad world is to make a good world. The way to conquer a foreign workman is to beat his work. The American workman who strikes ten blows, while the foreign workman strikes only one, as really vanquishes him as if he struck the blows on his person. The true workman is he who works for love. The state and the world is happy which has men who finish their work because they love to finish it. Men talk as if victory were something doubtful. Wherever work is done, victory is obtained; there is no chance and no blanks—all draw prizes. We want but one verdict; and if we have our own, we are secure of all the rest. For no man was ever so wise or so good, but Heaven sent into the world some companions who could appreciate him.

The soul seeks no private good. "If truth live, if justice live, I live," said one of the old saints. Do not strive for your own immortality. If immortality, in the sense in which you seek it, is best, you will be immortal. But let the life you seek have continued into eternity be not worthy of being ashamed of in the few days you have here. Men wish for death, from the trials they experience. How will death help you? They are not to be dismissed when you die. The weight of the universe is pressed down on the shoulders of each slave, to hold him to his task. The only path of escape in all the universe of God is virtue. We must do our work before we shall be released.

The religion which is to guide and save coming ages, whatever revelation it be, must be intellectual. "There are two things," said a wise man, "which I abhor—the learned in his infidelity, and the fool in his devotion." Let us have nothing new which is not its own evidence. Our books are full of biographies of saints, who know not they were such. But one fact is seen in them all—that there is a religion, which survives all fashions, pronounced again and again by some holy person; and men, with their weak incapacity for principles, and their passion for persons, have run mad for the pronouncers, and forgot the religion. There is surely enough for the heart in religion itself; let us not be pestered with assertions and half-truths, with emotions and snuffles. Surely, all that is simple is sufficient for all that is good. There is to be a new church, founded on moral science—at first cold and naked—a babe in a manger; again, the mathematics of ethical law. It shall send man home to his central solitude, tired of these social, supplicating manners, and make him know that he must have himself, and himself only, for his friend. He shall accept no embrace; he shall walk with no companion; with a nameless power of super-personal inspiration, he shall repose on that. He needs only his own verdict, and no good fame can help, no bad fame can hurt him. Laws are his consolers. The good laws themselves are laws; they know if he have helped them; they animate him with consciousness of great duty, and an endless horizon of honor and fortune is before him. Who always recognizes the neighborhood of the great, always feels himself in the presence of high influences.

## The Investigator.

The editor of the Investigator thinks we are illiberal, because we refused to publish some ungenerous and bitter words—words of blame and condemnation poured out against churches and ministers. If it is being illiberal to leave off blaming and condemning others, we are willing to bear the reputation. We have carefully examined the practical manifestation of the churches, and find that fault-finding, blame and condemnation of others, are the leading features. We are anxious for reform, and we cannot see that condemnation of others is a feature of reform; if it is, it is very old and orthodox. If Brother Beever likes fault-finding and condemnation better than we do, in this respect he is more orthodox than we are. We do think the Investigator practically inclined to orthodoxy in some respects, though it has professedly been out of it a quarter of a century. But it takes a quarter of a century and more to wash out all the shades of religious prejudice. It is just to give credit in this direction to the Investigator, for it has, with its noble pilot, Horace Beever, wrought a good work. The ideas of morality inculcated by Horace Beever and his paper, come as near to the teachings of the real Jesus of Nazareth as any paper we know in all Christendom; but they are in the fog when they deny immortality of man. We do not desire to "take to ourselves airs," and say that our paper is number one, and Brother Beever's is number four, or is the next number after nothing. We believe that every religious paper of every denomination has its use and its place; and every editor has a right to live, and act, and talk as he pleases; and so of churches and members of churches, and men who are not members of churches.

It is our great aim to avoid denunciation and condemnation. Our platform is as broad as the universe; we are chained by no sect, no party, no creed, but are willing to receive Truth, no matter who gives it.

## Error Corrected.

An item has been going the rounds of the press of late that Warren Chase, a lecturer on Spiritualism, stated in one of his discourses at Grand Rapids, Mich., that Henry Ward Beecher was a Spiritualist, a medium, and preached by inspiration of the spirits; in consequence of which Mr. Beecher declines the imputation in the last number of the Independent.

That Bro. Chase was misrepresented in the paragraph alluded to above, which has called out Mr. Beecher, the following explanation by Mr. C. will fully show:—

"I gave five lectures in Grand Rapids, Michigan, to very intelligent audiences. In one of them I referred to the present evidences of spirit influence and inspiration, and cited Henry Ward Beecher, E. H. Chapin, Corn. Hatch, and others, as specimens of inspired oratory from spirit influence, although to most of them from an unknown and unrecognized source. Upon this, some writer in the New York Tribune represents me as saying Henry Ward Beecher was a full believer in Spiritualism, and a medium."

It seems strange to me how an intelligent person could have so mistaken; for I certainly never attempted to tell what Henry Ward Beecher or any other Beecher believed, for I neither know nor care. It is what I saw and heard, that I speak of, and explain the causes. I do not estimate belief as many people do, and consider it as unimportant in religion as in politics or speculations. The editor of the Grand Rapids Eagle, who was present and heard my lecture, corrected in his paper the error of the Tribune's correspondent; but the error has been run the gauntlet of the press, and the correction stop with the generous editor of the Eagle. It certainly was never in my head or heart to misrepresent Henry Ward Beecher, or any other laborer for the redemption of man."

## Free Meetings.

In answer to the inquiries of friends, whether we are to have Free Meetings in Boston, we reply that the matter is in the right men's hands, who are alive to the wants of the people. They are determined to have a respectable, commodious, airy and cheerful hall to commence the enterprise in, and will not commence until such a place is found. They are in treaty for the new hall building on the Melodeon site, and have also in view a hall which it is proposed to erect in the vicinity of Music Hall—entrance from Tremont street.

It is better that the Spiritualists of Boston wait until such a place is ready for them, which it is hoped will be in October, than that such a praiseworthy enterprise be started in a dingy, ineligible hall, or in one not sufficiently under their control, as to insure it to them permanently.

Meantime it will be seen that Mrs. Ilyzer is to speak under the auspices of Dr. Gardner, and there is a probability of Mrs. Hatch speaking under the management of her brother, and by the invitation of leading men in the ranks of Spiritualists.

## Writers in the Camp.

The Emperor Napoleon has banished all newspaper correspondents from his camp; they are not to go beyond Milan. He has also interdicted all officers from writing letters to the Journals; and over the entire correspondence of his army he exercises a very strict supervision.

## Important War News.

The last arrival from Europe brings intelligence from the seat of war in Italy that another great battle has been fought, with triumphal loss of life on both sides. It took place on the 24th of June. The following telegrams contain all that is known in regard to the battle:

"NAPOLION TO THE EMPEROR. Carlsruhe, June 25th.—It is impossible as yet to obtain the details of the battle of yesterday. The enemy withdrew last night. I have passed the night in the room occupied in the morning by the Emperor of Austria. Gen. Niel has been appointed a Marshal of France."

Carlsruhe, June 25th 11:30 A. M.—The Austrians who had crossed the Mincio for the purpose of attacking us with their whole army, began late in the night to abandon their positions, and withdrew to the left bank of the river. They had blown up the bridge of Grotto. The loss of the enemy is very considerable, but ours is much less. We have taken thirty cannons, and more than six thousand prisoners, and three flying squadrons. The Austrians have covered themselves with glory, as well as the whole army. The Saradina army inflicted great loss on the enemy, after having contended with great fury against superior forces."

The following is the order of the day published by Napoleon after the battle of Solferino:—"The enemy who believed themselves able to repulse us from the Chiese have recrossed the Mincio. You have worthily defended the honor of France. Solferino surpassed the recollection of Solferino and Castiglione. In twelve hours you repulsed the efforts of 150,000 men. Your enthusiasm did not rest there. The numerous artillery of the enemy occupied formidable positions for over three leagues, which you carried. Your country thanks you for your courage and perseverance, and laments the fallen. We have taken three flags, thirty cannons, and six thousand prisoners. The Saradina fought with the same valor against superior forces, as well as the whole army. The Saradina army inflicted great loss on the enemy, after having contended with great fury against superior forces."

The following is the Austrian official account of the battle:—"Verona, June 25th.—The day before yesterday, our right wing, composed of the divisions of Solferino, and the left wing pressed forward as far as Gualizzola and Gualizzola, and were driven back by the enemy. A collision took place between the two entire armies at 10 A. M., yesterday. Our left, under Gen. Wimpser, advanced as far as Chiese. In the afternoon there was a concentrated assault on the Solferino. Our right wing repulsed the Piedmontese; but, on the other hand, the order of our centre could not be restored, and our losses are extraordinarily heavy. The developments of powerful masses of the enemy against our left wing, and the advance of his main body against Verba, caused our retreat, which began late in the evening."

The Austrian correspondence contains the following:—"Vienna, June 25th.—The day before yesterday, the Austrian army crossed the Mincio at four points, and yesterday came upon the superior force of the enemy in the Chiese. After an obstinate combat of twelve hours, our army withdrew across the Mincio. Our headquarters are now at Villa Franca."

The London Times says that the Austrians have most candidly admitted their defeat, and that history scarcely records a bulletin in which such a defeat is more explicitly avowed. A message from Carlsruhe announces that Napoleon, on the day of the battle, was accompanied by the Emperor of the Austrians, Gen. Larrey, who accompanied him, had his horse killed under him.

The Monitor says the battle will take the name of the Battle of Solferino. A dispatch from Vienna says that the attack of the French on Venice and Tagliamento, about 45 miles northwest of Venice, was expected to take place on the 25th of June. The Austrian reserves, numbering 175,000, were on their way to Italy. They are considered the flower of the Austrian army. Not a man of them served less than eight years. The Gazette de France says the preparations are making to get together within two months a force of 450,000 men.

PAPAL STATES.—A despatch from Rome announces that Ferrara, Ravenna, Forli, Ancona, and other towns, have been replaced under the authority of the Pope, by intervention of the Pontifical troops. The officers who commanded the Swiss troops in the affair of Perugia, it is said, are to be promoted.

## Provincetown Banner and Mr. Higginson.

The Provincetown Banner had for its leader, in a recent number, a very handsome and just notice of Rev. T. W. Higginson's lecture on Spiritualism, delivered June 28th before Mr. Parker's Society in Boston. The article concludes by saying that Mr. Higginson "is a man of fine talents, open and earnest, and one of the most sensible and successful writers of the day—void of all foggyism, fanaticism and fustian."

The Provincetown Banner has "backbone" and independence enough to talk about things as they are, while most secular newspapers are too feeble and fearful to talk about Spiritualism at all, except to ridicule it.

No one who reads the Provincetown Banner can deny that it is fresh, fearless, independent, just, reasonable and interesting.

## Picnic at Norway, Me.

Bro. D. B. Murray writes us under date of July 6th, as follows:—

"Our Spiritualist Picnic came off yesterday. The day was fine; the air healthful; the grove beautiful; the fixtures all commodious; the banners with their appropriate mottoes, gently waving in the breeze over the speakers' stand, appropriately significant. The smiling countenances of the many friends assembled on the occasion, bespoke the joyfulness of their hearts; and the energetic grasping of hands, the expressions of congratulation, all conspired to produce that very desirable result, Harmony."

From ten in the forenoon, until three in the afternoon, the time was well spent. Several trances and normal speakers were present, who, in demonstration of the spirit and power, proclaimed those truths which stir the minds and cheer the hearts of all such as reflect upon the future and the transitory present.

Speeches were made by the President; Mrs. Haskell, of Bucksford; D. H. Hamilton, of Lewiston; W. K. Ripley; Mrs. J. Harris, of Taunton; Capt. J. S. Daily, of Livermore; S. B. Gurney, of Greene; and Mrs. J. W. Foster, of Danville. Many were present, whose ears had never before been greeted with the sound of a speaker's voice, attuned to the sentiments of ministering angels. But the candid attention paid, the eagerly listening ears, the beaming countenances, expressive of internal convictions and heavenly aspirations, gave promise of future good to be revealed in them."

## Lecturers.

GEORGE M. JACKSON will speak in Pultneyville, July 17th 18th, 19th and 20th; Wolcott, Sunday, July 24th; Wampsville, July 28th; Clayville, July 29th; West Winfield, Sunday, July 31st; and go thence to the Convention in Plymouth, Mass., and speak in Taunton the 2nd and 3rd Sundays in August. He may be addressed, by friends desiring his services, at Taunton, until August 21st, care of Willard Tripp.

Mrs. EMMA HOUTON begs leave to inform her friends that she has removed to No. 6 Edgerly place, Boston, (out of South Cedar street,) where she will be happy to receive calls to lecture Sundays or week evenings.

ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK (formerly Mrs. Henderson) will speak in Rockford, Winnebago Co., Ill., July 17th; Fairwater, Fondulac Co., Wis., July 24th; Milwaukee, St. Joseph's Co., Ind., July 31st. Address, during August and September, Box 422, Bridgeport, Ct.

[For a full list of Movements of Lecturers, see seventh page.]

## Death of Father Miner.

This worthy and venerable brother, who is still remembered by those who have attended the Spiritualist meetings in Boston, died in Australia in February last. He went there to introduce a quartz crushing machine, and while one was in operation, on the 2nd of February last, his leg was drawn among the wheels and crushed. From these injuries he died on the 11th of the same month. Doubtless he is happy and at rest in our Father's home of many mansions.

## The Crops Abroad.

The Mark's Lane Express, reviewing the breadstuffs market, says there is a promise of large crops in Spain; in Holland, also, the prospects are very good; in England and France there is every indication of a fine harvest; and at Berlin, Prussia, wheat, barley and peas were offering cheap, in consequence of the promising looks of the growing crops.

## Monument in Baltimore.

During the next fall season, a monument twenty-five feet in height, of pure white marble, will be erected in Ashland Square, Baltimore, in memory of Wells and McCombs, the two young riflemen who killed Gen. Ross, commander of the British forces at the battle of North Point, but who were immediately shot themselves, in consequence of that deed.

## Answers to Correspondents.

"A. A." PHILADELPHIA.—"A Dream of a Lonely Heart" is accepted.

"PHIL." PHILADELPHIA.—Your letter did not come to hand in season for our last issue, as we were obliged to go to press at an earlier date than usual on account of the Fourth. Of course it is too late for this year.

O. W. BLOOM, MOHAWK, N. Y.—Yes.

J. B. C., LEXINGTON, MASS.—Yes.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

2d. I have commenced upon our first page the publication of a well-written, highly interesting article, entitled "EMERSON ON THE SPIRITUALIST'S EXPERIENCE"—from the pen of George P. Burleigh, Esq. It will run through four or five numbers of the BANNER.

3d. The Fourth of the Series of Mrs. Hatch's admirable lectures at Dudley's Hall, New York, which we have reported *verbatim*, will be found on our sixth page.

4th. We call the reader's special attention to Rev. Mr. CHAPIN'S Sunday morning discourse, which we have placed on our third page. It is, in our opinion, the best effort of this eminent divine we have yet printed.

THE FOURTH passed off "gloriously" in this city—as it always does. Sumner's oration was a fine production, and so were the fireworks.

"THE CROOKED SHALL BE MADE STRAIGHT."—A Malden correspondent informs us that the "Straightenings," who, while, buckled on their armor and did battle against the "Crookshanks," have come off victorious, and that the enemy have beaten a retreat.

Forty persons were killed by the recent railroad accident at South Bond.

The execution of James Stephens, which was to have taken place in New York, is postponed, and the case is to be reviewed. Mr. Stephens is confident of being able yet to establish his innocence.

The Sonora Indians are in a high state of insurrection, probably goaded thereby by the villainous conduct of the whites there, who are the worst class of creatures that ever infested even an American country remote from civilization and its influences.

The newspapers are filled with—"Greedy as Pike's Peak." He says there is plenty of gold there; but returned miners say there is none to speak of, and that the suffering of the deluded men who are already there is intense. The question forces itself upon our mind, is not Greedy deceived by interested parties in the West? We have no faith in his statements, and we hope people will not leave their comparatively comfortable homes in New England on the authority of one man. Three hundred deaths have already occurred in that quarter from starvation. This ought to suffice for the present at least—to prevent men from following after the phantom, gold!

The Atlantic Telegraph Company have issued their prospectus, inviting subscriptions to the new capital of \$200,000, on the terms already made public. The Directors pledge themselves to enter into no contract without seeking the advice of the highest scientific and practical authorities of England and America. The first operations are to endeavor to raise the old cable.

As was earnestly wished by ninety-nine hundredths of our people, the sentence of Cyrus W. Plumer, condemned to be hanged for piracy on Friday last, has been commuted by the Executive to imprisonment for life; and the prisoner has been removed from Jail to the State Prison in Charlestown.

Late advices from the Brazil squadron state that the U. S. brig-of-war Dolphin, Perry and Bainbridge were in the River Plate, June 10th, having concentrated there for the purpose of protecting the persons and properties of American citizens, should the hostilities threatened in those latitudes break out.

The Hon. Thomas G. Cary, who died on the 3d inst., was one of the noblest men Boston ever possessed. His talents, both as a public man and a merchant, were of a very high order, while as a scholar and a man of reading, he had few equals in this country.

The Kansas Constitutional Convention met at Wyandotte on the 5th of July. The state of parties in it is: Republicans, 35—Democrats, 17.

"PROFESSOR" DAVIS, of the City Reporter, intends to "lay off" at the Atlantic Ocean, Wells, Me., during the "heated term," as he expresses himself; consequently his paper will hereafter appear monthly, instead of weekly. In the meantime, he says, he shall "make some important improvements."—In his paper, we suppose—although his article upon the subject is headed "personal." The Proprietor should be careful, while feasting over "Horn's glorious fish coveys," not to be too partial to any other kind of horns.

BALLOON VOYAGE.—On the 1st inst., Messrs. Wise, La Mountain, Gager and Hyde left St. Louis in a balloon, bound for the Atlantic coast. The expedition was experimental, to determine the feasibility of a trans-oceanic trip. The aeronauts left at half past 6 P. M., on the 1st, and landed at Henderson, Jefferson Co., N. Y., distant 1,100 miles in a little less than twenty-four hours.

It is said Queen Victoria is again associated with anxieties more than ordinarily "interesting."

Hon. Edward Everett contemplates visiting Europe this summer.

The sum of \$1,541 98 has been legitimately collected in Boston for the Mount Vernon Fund.

Arrangements have been made between the City and the Mill Dam Corporation, by which the new main of the Cochituate Water Works will be laid on the Mill Dam avenue from Brookline Village to Charles street. Workmen have commenced operations on the new route.

A hospital for women and children will be established in this city in connection with the New England Female Medical College, in Springfield street, and will be ready for the reception of patients early in September.

The committee of business men of Boston, appointed at a meeting to take into consideration the subject of a mechanical bakery, assert, in a statement to the public, that one in Boston would pay a large interest upon the capital invested, while it would provide a great public benefit, and call upon citizens to subscribe the sum necessary for the erection of one.

THE CROPS.—The wheat crop of Montgomery county will nearly all be harvested this week, and it is the general belief that the present crop will be one of the largest ever gathered in this vicinity. Corn and tobacco come on finely, and the traces of the late frost become less and less visible.—German Town (Ohio) Independent, June 30.

It is estimated that over one hundred thousand children and adults visited the Public Garden on the Fourth. Not a single accident occurred. The duties of Rev. Mr. Barnard and his assistants were arduous, and they deserve the thanks of the public for the excellency of their management.

Mrs. Everett, wife of Hon. Edward Everett, died in this city on Saturday.

The corner stone of the State Agricultural College at Ovid, N. Y., was laid on Thursday week. It will be ready for pupils in the spring.

## From the New York Tribune.

JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUALISM.

## NUMBER SEVEN.

## HEALING MEDIUMS.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

Sir:—Now, when John had heard in the prison the words of his disciples and said unto him, Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another? Jesus answered and said unto them, Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see; the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk; the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear. But not alone by him were these things done. He ordained twelve, and gave them power against unclean spirits to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sicknesses. He chose seventy, and sent them forth, saying, "Heal the sick, and say unto them, The Kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." And when it was reported to him that others, not his followers, were casting out devils in his name, he said, "forbid them not, for there is no man, which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me."

Now mark the parallel. I take this phrase as I find it in Scripture, as indicating that the subject is possessed by the influence which produces violent trances, or, as is said in Scripture, "Straightway the spirit took him, and he fell on the ground, and wallowed, foaming."

I was once at a circle in Troy—some twenty persons present—when a strong man became unconscious and violently convulsed. He bent the table with great force with both his hands, and heaved up his head against vehement struggles on his part to prevent it, and in a few moments he was restored to quiet and consciousness. I once had a man similarly affected in my own room, who bent his head violently on a marble-top table, and fell on the floor in convulsions. He was recovered by the same means, though more slowly. A man from Chicago walked on me, afflicted with continuous convulsions of his arms and legs. He was restored by the mere exercise of the will. Last year, at my house, I found a man lying on the floor, distorted and convulsed. I lifted him up, compelled him to sit in a chair, and then with a few words, addressed not to him but to the spirit that was influencing him, he was at once restored to composure. These instances are enough for illustration. They may be startling to one not acquainted with the subject, but it is ignorance and not credulity that makes them so. It is not difficult to see, and it is easy to learn how to control it. Good sense, firmness and unselfishness afford always, first or last, an adequate remedy for what, often, from the ignorance of friends, consigns the subject to a lunatic asylum or condemns him to a course of injurious medical treatment.

2. Insanity.—This is a frequent charge against Spiritualism; and it is not long since that a newspaper in this city, in support of the charge, cited from the reports of several physicians proof that one out of fifty cases was produced by insanity. But it had not the candor to say three or four times as many cases were cured by religious excitement, and greater proportion by dispiritualism, than by the ordinary medical treatment; and while it was earnest in insisting that therefore Spiritualism should be put down, it failed to draw the still stronger inference against falling in love, pursuing wealth, or seeking religious excitement.

It is true that Spiritualism, like every other exciting cause, has sometimes unsettled a weak mind; but it is also true that it can often discover the cause of insanity, and thus indicate the remedy. I will mention an instance:

We once received a letter, telling us of a female who was occasionally seized with attacks of mania. Physicians had tried her cure in vain, and her friends were about sending her to an asylum. We replied that she was at times influenced by the spirit of a relative who had died insane, and we pointed out a course to be pursued. The parties were all anxious to try my advice, and were assured that her father, in a fit of insanity, had committed suicide



around the sun, which sun was the centre of the solar system. By absolute process of reasoning, of mental induction from cause to effect, or from effect to cause, he came to the inevitable conclusion that the world must be round, that it could not exist; and though he was imprisoned, and that he was made to acknowledge that it was false, he still maintained, "The world moves on!" His mind could not be convinced, though the science and the philosophy and the religion, and all the mental conceptions of that age were opposed to his conception; his mind could not be convinced, because it had been positively demonstrated to his own absolute satisfaction that the world really did move.

Again, lightning and thunder, and all the agencies of







