



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

[ORIGINAL.]
FRIENDSHIP'S LINKS.

BY THE FOREST BIRD.

Obturbish the links that bind thee here
And cherish the moments ever dear,
Sunshine and shadow—shadow and
shade,
Whisper to moments past that is mild,
Whisper the watchword—whisper it
soft,
Echo the summons slow—aloft,
Brighten the chain that's not forged by
art,
And burnish the links that bind the
heart.

Breathe not a sigh their gloss to impress,
From the lips of cold forgetfulness;
For the world itself will dim their gloss,
And tarnish their lustre with its dross,
Let not a breath from the raucous crowd,
With its midday folds our links en-
shroud;
But treasure them up with jealous art,
The links which friendship binds
the heart.

The world in its breath is cold enough,
And fickle, and false, and rude, and
rough;
And true friendship's flames are scarce
I ween,
And seldom and few and far between,
For life is at best a barren waste,
A swale through wilds of shadow
chased,
Unless we rest by that sacred mart,
Where friendship forms the links of the
heart.

Oh gather the rose, but leave the briar,
And culture the laurel for the lyre,
And guard lest a thorn should pierce
their bow,
Or rankle beneath pure friendship's
dew,
And gather the dew from Hesper's
mount,
Three lords' pure fill has its crystal
fount,
And sprinkle it o'er—'tis an angel's
part,
To water the links that bind the heart.

And guard lest thy links be left to rust
And creaker beneath Coercion's cast;
Corcoran, 12th April, 1853.

But fold them in wreaths of the heart's
own leaf,
Leaves from the tablets of memory,
Wind them within and adward thy
vest,
Make them the gem of thy bosom's
quest,
In life thou'lt find 'tis a holy part
To cherish the links round friendship's
heart.

But scorn not the links the poor may
wear,
Their lustre may be as bright and fair
Nor better for wealth nor true control
The heart's best treasure in friendship's
soul.

For bright gold is but a heartless gem,
Empty and cold like the diadem;
Oh leave these for poe'ts, a pageant
part,
And wear these the links that bind the
heart.

Culture in absence, culture the flow'r,
Whose seed was sown in sunnier hour,
The world may breathe both dull and
drear,
But neglect's cold breath's more blast-
ing here,
Distance may draw them afar from
thee,
But if soldered by sincerity,
Fear not—for no pow'r on earth can
part
Pure friendship's links from around the
heart.

Then breathe o'er thy links affection's
breath,
Breathe on the chain o'er the tomb of
death,
Breathe on thy links in kind fortune's
hour,
Breathe when the cloud of fate may
lower,
Breathe tho' a smile may ask for why,
N'ra the th' a sneer may pass thee by,
Breathe, oh breathe with Samaritan
art,
Breathe on the links that bind the
heart.

is this fore-knowledge communicated to the living soul? How, unless some spirit knowing past and future events imparts it, can the mind know what will come to pass? Or can the soul of itself at times soar from the body and see what is to be and is, far from its location in time and place? Many people believe that dreams are but the wandering thoughts, let loose in the brain without the rudder of judgment in sleep, and that there they fly up and down in all manner of grotesque imaginations, like the myriads of little particles which the eye sees in a dark room, into which the sun's rays are let by some large aperture, rising, falling, and shooting in all directions. Others think that dreams that come about to be true, are chance exceptions, things concerning which the soul has been thinking, and which once in a thousand instances have been by chance verified. But the verification is too exact and seemingly for a purpose, to admit of this chance theory. It can only be accounted for by the belief that the soul, through the whispings of disembodied agencies, or by its own innate powers, is admitted to know what is to be or has been. Read in connection this recital, which is only one of thousands of others equally strange told and untold.—[Ed. Soc.]

SOMNAMBULISM AND PROPHECIC DREAMING.

The following narration is extracted from the Boston Atlas:—A lady having been interested in the perusal of an article on somnambulism, published in the *Phrenological Journal* some time since, communicates the following interesting facts as among the particulars of her own psychological experience. After speaking of a course of unwitting psychological intractions and victimization, by which she lost her health and became a confirmed dyspeptic, she proceeds thus:—"It was at this period, when the enfeebled organs rejected the most simple nourishment, and the morbid appetite was more clamorous than when in health, that I became quite noted for sleep-walking. I would get up at night, go softly into the pantry, and help myself plentifully to all the good things I could find. The moment I awoke in the morning I commenced vomiting, and threw up many things I knew positively I had never swallowed. I, of course, had no knowledge of what I did in my sleep. This was a constant practice for some weeks. My friends became greatly alarmed. They thought I was playing the grossest deception. What else could they think? In vain they threatened and entreated. Vain were all my protestations of innocence. The proof of my guilt was before us; and yet, in the sincerity of my soul I could say, 'In this thing I am innocent.' One night after several weeks of anxiety, my father, as he lay awake, heard a slight noise upon the stairs. Getting up to see what it might be, he saw me in my night dress stealing along towards the pantry. He saw at a glance that I was utterly unconscious of what I was doing. He did not wake me however, but wanted to see what I would do. I entered the closet and made a hearty meal; and he said he never in his life saw a person eat when it seemed to do them so much good. He said he was very much amused to see how much art I used to remove all evidence of my night's work; and so effectually did I do this, that no one ever suspected it till I was caught in the act. Next morning I awoke as usual, too sick to raise my head from the pillow; and, Oh how thankful was I, when my father entered my room with a smile, saying he could explain the mystery. For many years after this, on retiring at night, I had a strong cord fastened around me and secured to the bed-post in such a way that I could not remove it myself. How many times I awoke and found myself tugging away right and main to break this restraining cord! If this was wanted I was sure to get up and do some kind of mischief. At one time I broke all the teeth from a valuable hair comb; another time I prepared breakfast, made the coffee, and after arranging everything more properly than I would have done it when I was awake, I called the family, and wept because they did not come. This was the last of my sleep-walking. From this time I was not permitted to sleep alone. But now comes the strangest part of my story. From that period to the present time, I have very often in my sleep, seen transactions that after a few weeks or days transpired, exactly in accordance with my dream. At one time I dreamed that a horrible disease had prostrated one of our neighbours, a lady who was then in good health. I saw in my

sleep the doctor's horse stand at the gate, saw the lady die, and heard my sisters express their fears of taking the disease if they went in to dress the corpse. But I thought they did go, and that one of them caught the disease; I saw her in a dark room, her whole person covered with a loathsome corruption; I saw her get better, go to the door and take cold. Then came a relapse, but in a somewhat different form. Then one and another of our family came down with the same terrible disease until we were all sick together. The neighbours stood aloof for fear of the contagion; and we were left almost alone in our affliction. Such was the dream as I related it in the morning, but thought no more of it. Two weeks passed by, and the same lady was taken sick with the measles in its most contagious form. The neighbors all fled from the house in terror, except my sisters. The lady died and I heard again the same remarks about dressing the corpse that I heard in my sleep. I spoke of it at the time as a strange coincidence, and one of them said she wondered if the rest would come true also. Suffice it to say it did, even to the most trifling particular. My sister took the disease and was very sick. Recovering, she went to the door and took cold. The same day she was exposed to the small-pox, and again was brought to the very brink of the grave. We all took the disease and were all sick together. Another time I was away from home, and I dreamed that an invalid sister was sick and dying. I saw her laid out after death, in my sleep, and witnessed a post mortem examination. The body before burial, and the grave, after the funeral, was closely watched, lest the corpse should be stolen by medical students. This and other circumstances too numerous to mention I saw in my dream! The very next day the news came that my sister was dead! And not only so, but everything transpired just as I saw in my sleep.

A few days since we engaged a girl to do our house work. The next night I dreamed that she was sick and could not come; but I saw another doing the work whom they called Lizzie. Next morning I told my sisters that Miss C. would not come to us that sickness would prevent. They did not believe me of course, until a note came saying that she had a severe cold and could not come; but we have now another girl, and her name is Lizzie.

Now, sirs, can you tell me a reason for all this? Yes, all this, and very much more of the same character! To me it is wonderful—past my comprehension entirely."

A PETRIFIED FOREST.

One of the most curious discoveries of the present day is the "petrified forest," on the Missouri river. A letter to the editor of the *Illinois Magazine* states that the petrifications of stumps and limbs of trees are abundant for the distance of thirty miles, over an open prairie, on the western bank of the Missouri. The topography of this section of the country is hilly, and much broken into deep ravines and hollows. On the sides and summits of the hills, at an elevation of several hundred feet above the level of the river, and at an estimated height of some thousand feet above the ocean the earth's surface is literally covered with stumps, limbs, and roots of petrified trees, presenting the appearance of a "petrified forest," broken and thrown down by some powerful convulsion of nature, and scattered in all directions in innumerable fragments.

Some of the trees appear to have been broken off in falling, close to their roots; while others stand at an elevation of many feet above the surface. Some of the stumps when measured, proved upwards of fifteen feet in circumference.

As these formations are supposed to be produced by the agency of water and of mineral substance, it is natural to conjecture that this region has at some day been submerged in water. But when? Are they antediluvian remains? or was this region covered at a period subsequent to the general deluge? They must have proceeded from such causes, unless it is granted that petrification may be produced by the simple action of the atmosphere. These are interesting topics of inquiry.

A petrified forest! a vast wilderness changed to stone! Was it the gradual work of ages, and did the land of gray-headed Time deposit the stony particles in the grains of the wood, sand by sand, or was it rather an instantaneous transformation from vegetable life to mineral death, like the sudden change of *Lea* into a pillar of salt? Did the great process of petrification commence at the day when Noah's vessel of old was tossed in the boundless and overwhirling waters of the deluge, or

ARE DREAMS IDEAL PHANTOMS, OR ARE THEY WHISPERS FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD?

We all have three existences—one we show to the world as if were the true one—behind the mask, stands the soul, which as for itself an inner life, whose thoughts, imaginations, waking and sleeping dreams, the world knows little about. Every human breast contains a secret world of its own, full of thoughts, which rise, present themselves, and perish, which are not known to the outward world and will never be known to any one, save the spirit that is concerned with them and the Ruler of the Universe. We also have an unconscious instinctive existence, which affects us from the time we are conceived in our mother, until the knell of death says "unto dust thou shalt return,"—our senses grow and sleep in this state. The inner life of the soul knows many things never revealed, which are the secrets of the future, and go with him to the eternal grave of oblivion. Many things occur, which if the world but knew, would be found to establish this theory and truth, that something comes and whispers to the spirit in deep sleep, of future, passing, or past events, but which the recipient was before perfectly ignorant. He or she wakes up, the strange dream hangs over the soul, and finally fades off, until some accident brings it to pass, or some new revelation of its truth. Thousands of dreams have come to pass about which we never hear anything, they belong to our private life. Hundreds we have heard of, being, in every particular, verified in time. Some of these are remarkably strange, but the truth of the mental phenomenon of fore-knowledge in dreams, there is no question. The wonder is, how and by whom