

"My own Jessica," said he, in a low voice, as soon as he could recover his former calmness, "when shall this be? On what night shall my gondola be at the charge of your garden wall? All things shall be ready, just as my heart's dear love shall desire. I will arrange everything, so that perfect safety shall be assured us both. Name the evening, dearest Jessica!"



She stood and looked thoughtfully down upon the ground. It was something for a young girl like her to take so great a resolution upon her, and it made her, for the moment at least, more than ordinarily thoughtful.

"I shall be on the night after to-morrow," said she, "I will be all ready."

"What passed further between these devoted lovers, it brooks not to know. Their last resolve had been taken. Jessica was to flee from her father's house with the chosen one of her heart; and flee, too, because she would not consent to marry that other one whom her proud father had selected for her. There are many, very many—not in Venice altogether, either, who are forced into exactly poor Jessica's straits.

The night appointed for the proposed elopement was not as bright as this one on which the lovers met in the garden; and each felt it to be all the more favorable a circumstance for their purpose.

A black gondola, with but a single occupant, was to be desecrated working its noiseless way up to the stairs of the garden-wall, by which Jessica was intending to effect her freedom. Its prow seemed almost endowed with intelligence, so cautiously did it find its way from one spot to another, and so thoughtfully did it appear to be searching out its own secret purpose and plan.

The person propelling it over the water was glad precisely like the one who exchanged the secrets with Jessica, only two nights before, in the garden of her father. He was exceedingly cautious in his movements, looking in all directions about him as he proceeded.

Near the stairs, and within the garden enclosure, stood the disguised figure of a young maiden, her heart fluttering with a wild excitement, and her face alternately flushed and pale with her changeable emotions. Ever and anon she turned and threw her quick glance up at her father's stately mansion, and felt a new sense of security when she saw that all was there silent and wrapped in gloom. The moon was shrouded in clouds, and only at intervals did the stars twinkle through the murkiness of the night. A cool, moist breeze drew up from the water, fanning her brow and refreshing her unquiet spirit. She was evidently intent on the event that was just before her, and oblivious of everything else, whether in the past or future.

The gondola drew nearer and still nearer, with scarcely the splash of an oar in the dark water beneath. Its prow reached the bottom stair that conducted to her father's grounds, and there rested.

A figure sprang out with a light and agile step, and landed on the stairs. Hastily seizing his little boat, the figure proceeded with an air of great mystery to secure it to the spot, and then betook itself up the marble stairs.

Reaching the gate, fastened on the inner side, it came to a stand and listened.

"Is it you?" asked a voice from the garden.

"Jessica!" was the low answer the figure returned.

"I am ready," said the young girl. "My father sleeps. Marie is keeping watch for me against the coming of harm. We shall not be interrupted. Wait until I undo the gate, Anselm!"

He came forward in the darkness to assist her in performing this office, and, between the excited efforts of both of them, it was unfurnished in about twice the time it would otherwise have taken.

The instant Jessica emerged upon the stairs, she threw herself into the arms of her escort.

"I confide all to you, Anselm!" she said, in a voice that would have aroused any man's nature, however sluggish, to acts of honor and nobility.

"Do it so, dearest!" he answered, in a husky voice. "Come! the greater haste now, the greater safety! All depends upon time, from this hour!"

She suffered him to lead her down the steps, at the foot of which she embarked in his little gondola, with no soul save herself and him on board. The prow was quickly turned away from the garden stairs, and the two lovers went sailing silently and swiftly up the canal, out of which they afterwards emerged into one of the many cross-canals that intersected the fair Queen of the Adriatic.

For a long time, not a solitary word was spoken. They glided on and on, with nothing around them but the night and the occasional glimmer of lamps from the houses. The heart of each was full—too full, perhaps, for expression. Besides, it was no time to talk; the only safety lay in placing as much distance between themselves and the palace of Jessica's father as possible.

But the gondola had not carried its precious freight far from the garden stairs, before the prow of another was turned up to the self-same spot from which this one had just turned away. It was at least a curious coincidence. It looked as if there was some mystery in it. Its solitary occupant alighted on the stairs, and stole noiselessly up them to the garden gate. It was still unlocked. He started with deep surprise.

Instantly opening it wider and passing through, he peered all about the grounds and looked into the thick darkness as if he would have had some one emerge from the clustering shadows and accost him. But he waited in vain, for no answer came out of the silence and gloom for him.

The gondola, containing Jessica, worked its swift way onward, taking her into portions of her native Venice, into which she confessed to herself she had never been before. Her eyes were everywhere. Her thoughts it would be impossible to describe. Running away in so mysterious and resolute a manner from the home of her childhood, from all that from her earliest infancy she had held so dear, and entrusting the whole of her rich young life to the one whom she felt she could safely confide in—was certainly no common undertaking; and now when the silence around her compelled serious and more calm thought, the matter having thus been safely accomplished, her sweet face assumed an altogether different expression. She was trying to realize the whole of her purpose in that single hour.

Suddenly her silent companion found his voice. It woke her out of such a deep, such a profound reverie, that she almost started as it fell on her ear.

"Jessica," said he, "I have at last found you out! I know everything! This is proof enough!"

The blood left her face and rushed back upon her heart.

"Do you know with whom you are?" was his first inquiry.

She was unable to speak even yet.

"You think it is that perfidious Anselm," continued he; "but you should by this time be undeceived!"

"Anselm! Anselm!" she almost shrieked out, ris-

ing from her seat and raising her hand deprecatingly.

"Is not this Anselm? Are you not Anselm?"

"No, I am not," he answered; and he brought his gondola to a rest near the entrance of a dark, cavernous-looking place, which, it was apparent, Jessica herself did not yet particularly notice.

"Oh, merciful Heavens!" she exclaimed. "Where am I? Who are you? Why do you bring me hither? Father—father!"

"Be calm, Jessica," coolly answered the other. "You know who I am very well. I brought you to this place, thus far away from your home, for nothing but your own good."

"For mercy's sake, then, tell me who you are! Indeed, I know you not! Why am I here? Who are you?"

"My name is Ludovico. You thought not to meet me on this night, Jessica, I very well know."

The astounded girl fell back, almost in a swoon, into her seat again, burying her face in her hands. Such agony as rent her heart, it lies not within the power of pen to describe. For a time not a syllable was spoken. The gondola lay motionless on the water, or rocked only by the slight waves that rose and fell in the canal.

Presently she raised her head, and her proud spirit seemed to have recovered itself again.

"I demand to know," said she, "why you are carrying me away from my own house, so like a bandit, or a robber! Do you know what you do?"

"Very well, Jessica—I will answer you. I bring you away, that another person may not do it! Do you understand me now?"

"By what right have you presumed thus to enter the grounds of my father, and entice me by your perfidious deceit into your gondola? Tell me that! I will know it once!"

"By the same right that Anselm was going to do it," answered he, with provoking coolness and determination.

Jessica's delicate physical organization could scarcely contain her chafed spirit, at hearing these words. But what hope of present redress had she? She found herself, for the time, completely in Ludovico's power.

He spoke again, after a pause:

"Now, Jessica," said he, "think seriously of this step you would have taken but for me. Only consider whether this rash impulse would have carried you. Consider that I have saved you!"

"You saved me?"

"Yes, so you will see it soon. Had it not been for my overhearing the proposal of this Anselm to you, in the garden, the other night, you would have been elsewhere with him at this hour, instead of here with me, and your father's high house would have been soiled with disgrace."

"You have done what you could to disgrace it already!" she interrupted.

"Let me say what I was about to say, Jessica. You shall then do as you choose. Now either go back with me in my gondola to the garden stairs whence I took you, or let me at once inform your father of your frustrated intentions. You very well know with what a punishment his proud spirit would visit this violation of his parental authority."

"You shall do neither!" she replied, scarce knowing what she did say; for, if he did not return her to the garden whence he had taken her, in what a sad plight would she be, left where she then was.

"Either promise me, this night, Jessica, the boon your father has promised me so often, or you shall be placed at once where escape will be impossible, and I will then immediately acquaint your father with what I have done, and the necessity of the act. And do you think you will live long outside of a convent, child, if your father knows what I now know? Do you really think so?"

She rose in the gondola, and moved to go on land by herself. He seemed in a measure to aid her, and so she hoped he was ready to be satisfied with doing. But no sooner had she placed her foot upon the shore, than he drew his arm gently but firmly about her waist, and seized her at the same moment by one of her hands. She instinctively turned upon him to know what this meant.

"You will be safe here, Jessica," said he, in a voice that was full of threatening.

She struggled to release herself. He gave a peculiar short cry, or call, and out from the cavernous hole already alluded to came a couple of rough-looking men, who appeared to know very well for what they were summoned.

"Into the cellar!" ordered Ludovico, as he released Jessica into their hands. "Treat her tenderly, but on no account permit her to escape."

She had scarcely time to speak, before she was hurried away down a flight of steps, chilling and damp to her lightly-clad feet, and thrust, as it were, into a darkened apartment that might very well be called a dungeon. There was little furniture in it, and that little only sufficient to keep her in a state of comfort and security while she remained.

"Why do you this? What is this for? Let me go out!" were exclamations that she made to them all the while, but of course made in vain.

Ludovico entered his gondola, after seeing his prisoner, safely escorted away, and made off again with all rapidity. Without doubt he thought that time and shame combined would be sufficient to induce her to come over to his plans at last. He only showed how little he knew of the secrets of the human heart, and especially of the mystery and power of the passion, Love.

Not many minutes after, two gondolas chanced to meet. It was but a short distance from this same locality into which Jessica had been taken. One grazed the other with considerable roughness, the persons in each having evidently been engaged in thinking of something else beside the management of his boat.

"Villain!" exclaimed the one.

"Who says villain?" demanded the other. "He is a coward and a slave!"

By this time the gondolas had come to a rest, and were, in fact, close upon one another. The occupant of each rose in his seat, and approached the other menacingly.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded one.

"Answer that question at your own leisure!" was the reply.

Whereupon the first brandished a dagger, whose gleaming blade flashed fire into the very eyes of his opponent. The other rushed upon him in an instant. Seizing him around his waist, and carrying him with main strength to the side of his boat, he threw him over into the water, with difficulty saving himself from going over with him.

There was a shout of madness from the throat of the discomfited one, but he seemed to beg for mercy

or favor. He threw out his hands wildly, brandishing his drawn dagger with even more fury than before.

"Wretch! Fiend! Slave!" he cried, in the frenzy of his madness. "You shall suffer for this! You shall pay the forfeit for this with your life, base wretch!"

His more fortunate enemy continued to stand over him, beating him about the head with the oar of the boat, silent in his iron determination. It was evident that such a contest could last but a little while. The curses that rose from the man in the canal were horrible to hear. The waters were black, and no lights from surrounding houses served to show the faces of either of the furious combatants to each other. So sudden and vigorous an onslaught could hardly have arisen from the careless contact of their two boats; it was evident that they were, in this contest, only working off the deep passions that lay smouldering in their hearts just before it began. They would have been quite as likely to have vented their rage on any other object, each of them, had that object happened to have fallen in their way.

At length the victor drew off, and retreated to his gondola again. The cries of the other in the canal had now ceased altogether. Not even was there a plashing of the waves. The conqueror stopped not to see what he had done, nor did he care what was the result of the contest from which he was now withdrawing.

The night kept its lid shut over this mystery. Venice slept, nor did its men and women know a lie of this tragedy. There were other tragedies enacting in that fair city, on that self-same night, too, to which this was but an idle tale.

Away went the victor stranger, therefore, into the darkness, and was speedily lost to the scene of his recent struggle. His eyes glared into the gloom, as if they could see the ray of light by which the darkness was threaded.

Three men were seated over a table, in an apartment underground, drinking and carousing to their hearts' content. Their countenances betrayed the possibility that this present loose way of life was not altogether congenial to them, but that they might have once seen better times. They were laughing and talking with great freedom, their wine evidently beginning to mellow them.

"What does the devil mean to do with her, though?" asked one of them—the one who had remained behind while the other two were gone out on their diabolical errand.

"St. Marco knows," was the answer, "but I do not. He has plans of his own."

"It's a bold stroke, though," said the second man. "What if her father finds out where she is? There will certainly be a search made for her by morning. This will all be noised abroad."

"Her father will not find out where she is," replied the first ruffian. "We shall take excellent care of that."

"But what is finally going to be done with her, then? She must not be kept here always!"

"Ludovico will take pains to see that she is provided for. Do you think he would suffer a hair of her head to be harmed?"

"This is the strangest of all strange mysteries!" said one of the others. "I cannot comprehend it!"

"Well, can you comprehend that?" the first one asked, as he threw down a bag of gold upon the little-table at which they were seated.

At the sight of the coin, all eyes sparkled with a wild delight. They filled their glasses freshly with wine, and drank them off in their new excitement at a single draught.

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed the second of the three; "Ludovico is our man! He knows what belongs to generosity! Ah, ha! the gold comes from him! He treats a bandit as he ought, and knows his full value! Give me Ludovico!"

At this moment there were to be heard knockings on the outer door, and, directly after, a low, shrill, expressive whistle, let cautiously in at a crevice, which all knew the use of very well.

Instinctively all three started in their seats. "No danger!" said the leader. "It's Giacomo; I know his signal." And he arose and proceeded with great caution to let him into the place with which he was probably as familiar as the rest.

The door presently flew open, and in stole the one whom they called Giacomo, clad in the dress and after the style of a bandit. He was young, and his figure was set off to the handsomest advantage. Dark curls escaped from beneath his cap, and found their way down over his temples. His eyes were keen and bright and evidently full of excitement; his step was elastic and quick, and he walked as if he trod the very air. As soon as the door was secured again, the leader returned to his seat at the table, and all made room for the new comer in their mysterious circle.

The sight of the money instantly fired the eyes of Giacomo, and he asked what recent good fortune had brought that to their crib. "It's just in time," said he, with a careless air.

"That's to-night's earnings," answered the leader. "Here, drink three flagons of this wine—there, I say—and you shall be let into our secret."

Giacomo poured out one, drank it off, and set down his vessel again. He would drink no more. Then he waited to hear the mystery of so much money.

"One Ludovico," said the bandit—

Giacomo started in spite of himself.

"One Ludovico, the son of Olfanza—perhaps you may know of him—wanted us to undertake a piece of work for him; it's nothing—nothing more than keeping a prisoner for him a little while."

"A prisoner!" ejaculated Giacomo. "Who is it?"

"Yes; swear to keep the secret with the rest of us!"

"I swear! I swear!" eagerly answered Giacomo.

"It's a female," added the other. "She's in yonder room this moment!" and he pointed with a hasty gesture to the door. "Here is the key that holds her safe!" said he, taking the same from his pocket.

Giacomo's eyes seemed like burning coals of fire. The perspiration stood in beaded drops on his brow. With an impatient gesture, he called on them all to pour out more wine, and filling his own cup, they were speedily engaged in the excitements of deep dissipation.

Before two hours more had gone by, three of them were completely stupefied with their deep potations; Giacomo alone maintained his self-control. There was a power upon him that kept in check the potency of wine, and it had no visible effect on him. When he could do so with safety, he stole around from his seat where the leader was, slipped his hand in his leather pocket, and drew from it the key. They were all unconscious now, and Giacomo felt that he was safe. He flew to the door of the apartment that had been made the prison of the unhappy Jessica;

fitting the key to the lock with all haste—threw back the bolt, and gazed all about him within its four walls.

A young female was crouching in mortal terror in the further corner of the room. Their eyes met, looked steadily each pair at the other for a moment, and then they were in one another's arms.

"Jessica!"

"Anselm!"

These were the only words spoken; but these sufficed to tell the whole of that sad story.

"Come at once! at once! Come with me!" whispered the pseudo Giacomo.

They started from that den at a rapid pace, and in an instant, almost, were out in the open air. The three besotted men below had scarcely observed what was done. Only the leader looked up stupidly, and began to mutter something; but the fugitives caught no syllable of its meaning. They were perfectly safe.

Jessica put her foot into the gondola of her lover Anselm, he seized the oar, and in another moment they were gliding away in safety, and into the darkness.

Next day, there was much excitement in Venice, at finding the dead body of Ludovico floating in the water, not far from where the affray between the two gondoliers took place the night before. It was he that had perished; he had righteously given his life a forfeit to the violence he was himself practicing on a defenceless and deceived young girl!

Jessica became the bride of Anselm. And Anselm? He was not long afterwards recognized as one of the leaders of liberty in those Italian cities where liberty was so long cherished and protected for the salvation of the world.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## THE MINSTREL LOVER TO HIS SPIRIT BRIDE.

BY D. S. FRAKIER.

The moon is up, my spirit one, and all the air  
Is fragrant with the breath of fresh young flowers;  
I tune my harp to mirth strains and watch for thee,  
And light winds sigh amid each leafy tree,  
To bid thy radiant form and cheek so fair,  
And lift from thy white brow the silken hair;  
While thy minstrel lover, mid wildwood bowers,  
Waits for thee, dear one, through banquet-hours.

I sing for thee, my blessed one, and music's tone  
Wings softly trembling o'er the startled sea—  
And like some nautic soul-inspiring shell,  
Along the shadowy shore the murmurs swell,  
While round thy angel couch, oh beauty bright!  
The dream-notes linger on this lovely night,  
Sad as the Peri's death the trembling sea—  
Oh, hearest thou my prayerful song for thee?

The moon is up, oh bright-eyed one, and pale  
White clouds are floating in the orient sky  
Like glittering isles—call amid the trees  
Thy name! and echo answers in the breeze;  
And yet I seem to hear thy low, sweet tone,  
In dream-like music murmuring back my own.  
Oh, heaven-robed beauty, from thy lattice high,  
Look down, I pray—the worshiper is nigh!

Bright one, I watch for thee—the night is grand  
With diamond dews and fragrant blooms—oh where,  
In thy radiant car, art thou, to-night?  
Come from celestial realms and make earth bright  
With the powerful glance of thy lustrous eyes—  
The soft winds wait to kiss thy tender cheek. Arise,  
And make the night more beautiful and fair—  
Come to thy lattice, love—thy worshiper is there!

Slowly the moon descends behind the clouds—  
The wind is still—the waves are hushed—along  
The dim white shore I hear thy gentle song;  
Starbeams grow dim amid the morn's red glow,  
And songs of forest birds come faint and low  
From out the leaves and trees—oh, spirit bright,  
Thou comest now, crowned with the morning light!

BROOKPORT, N. Y., FEB., 1850.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## The Heir of Radburn; OR, THE BROKEN VOW.

BY ORIELLA MARGUERITE CLOUTMAN.

There was mourning and lamentation at Radburn House. The home of wealth and luxury had suddenly been transformed into the cheerless abode of sorrow, for the morose destroyer, Death, had garnered into his eternal storehouse one of the fairest flowers of England's aristocracy—the lovely Lady Katharine. Yes, the beautiful mistress of Radburn House was dead, and a shadow dark as that of mid-night rested upon the pale and lofty brow of Lord Radburn, as he sat silent and alone beside the couch of the inanimate sleeper, with no light pervading that sumptuously-furnished chamber, but the pale and silvery beams of the fast-rising moon. For five years, whose brief passage had been marked only by moments of exquisite joy and happiness, Philip Radburn had called Katharine Clifford by the sacred and endeared name of wife.

The infant boy, for whom the fair young mother had but just sacrificed her life, was her first-born; the darling babe, for whose coming Katharine Radburn had so long and earnestly prayed, in order that her devoted husband's pride might be gratified, and the noble name of Radburn saved from extinction.

Yet even to the ambitious mind of Philip Radburn, the deep pain experienced by the loss of the dear and faithful partner of his joys and sorrows, was far greater in realization than all the bright hopes and fond anticipations he had dreamed of in connection with the birth of an heir to his family title and estates. The earthly gift which his soul had so much coveted, seemed robbed of half its value, when rudely severed from the maternal stem. For once the proud master of Radburn House began to murmur at his fate, and, in the terrible abandonment of his grief, the bereaved man complained loudly of God's lack of mercy and gross injustice to his children; thus approaching the Author of his being for the affliction with which he had been pleased to visit one of the most favored of his creatures.

Calmer hours and more peaceful thoughts at length succeeded, until when, some three days later, Lord Radburn stood beside the grave of one whose short life had been as serenely lovely as a summer's day; and an observer would have been strangely affected upon beholding the seeming indifference and utter heartlessness with which the proud and handsome master of Radburn House listened to the impressive burial services of the English Church, as pronounced upon the sainted dead by the old Rector of Oakvale. Even the small knot of relatives that clustered about the richly-carved coffin, with its pall of heavy black velvet, dried their tears for a moment to gaze in wonder upon the blanched but immovable countenance of one, who, to their knowledge, had been to the departed the most faithful and devoted of husbands.

As the funeral cortege retired from the old churchyard, a few of the elder portion of the neighboring

tenantry lingered behind their companions, with the view of addressing a few words of heartfelt sympathy and consolation to their beloved master, in this his severe hour of trial and affliction. But to their proffered words of comfort, Philip Radburn paid little or no heed; for, drawing his hat closely over his eyes, he extended his arm to the aged nurse, (who had watched over the Lady Katharine from her earliest infancy,) and with slow and solemn step, moved quickly towards the spot where the spacious family coach, with its mourning trappings, stood awaiting their presence.

The kind-hearted old nurse perceiving the effect of her master's coldness and discourtesy upon the sensitive natures of his worshiping followers, momentarily excused herself from the society of Lord Radburn, upon the pretence of having some special errand to communicate to one of the villagers; but, in reality, to apologize in a measure for the strange and unnatural conduct of Philip Radburn—who had hitherto been noted for his extreme courtesy towards a people whose chief pleasure had ever been that of their noble master.

A month passed by, and things began to assume a more cheerful appearance at Radburn House. The heavy shutters were removed from the windows that for weeks had almost excluded the light of day; the mourning drapery had been taken down from the white walls of the elegant and commodious drawing-room; servants no longer moved with noiseless tread from room to room, but went about the performance of their several duties with much of their accustomed ease and gaiety.

But Philip Radburn was an altered man. Refusing the sympathy of kindred and acquaintances, he would shut himself up for whole days in his library, partaking, at such times, of little or no nourishment, and with no companions to beguile the weary hours but such as he derived from intercourse with the valuable books comprising his extensive library, and his own melancholy thoughts.

Meanwhile the boy babe for whom the beautiful Lady Katharine had so generously yielded up her own precious life, was rapidly increasing in size and strength. Its nurse, Dame Margery, looked upon the frail creature committed to her care and keeping with a degree of pride peculiarly her own, while the tender solicitude which she expressed concerning its future welfare would have done honor to many a maternal heart. Lord Radburn saw but little of "the young heir," as the household servants termed the fair babe, for on first discovering the close resemblance which the infant Percy bore to his loved Katharine, he had covered his face with his hands, as if to shut out the painful vision, at the same time begging its nurse to take him back to his nursery, as the sight of the little cherub recalled a host of bitter memories that he had long since believed slumbering in the dark caverns of his heart.

Thus, for five years, the little Percy was almost a stranger to the caresses of his father, who seldom requested the child to be brought into his presence, unless at the earnest desire of some near relative, who, upon making a flying visit to Radburn House, felt no slight degree of curiosity to behold the infant boy, whose anticipated birth had so swelled with joyous delight the hearts of both Lord Radburn and his gentle wife. In vain kindred and friends looked for some spark of filial affection in Philip Radburn, which is rarely denied to children of the most humble and degraded origin. But such a state of things could not long hope for a continuance, in this world of constant and ceaseless change.

Scarcely had the youthful heir of Radburn entered upon his sixth year of life, before the angel of Death once more brooded over the dwelling, which, five years before, it had so desolated. She upon whose brow rested the impress of fourscore years, was the chosen and not unprepared victim. The spirit of Dame Margery had suddenly, and at an hour when least expected, commenced its flight heavenward.

Again the church bell announced to the astonished villagers that another soul had been called to its last account, and the words "poor Margery!" trembled on many a rustic's lip, as the funeral train slowly wound its way toward the little chapel, where but the Sunday before, the venerable Dame had bent her knee in prayer. There were few moist eyes among the peasantry, as they stood in respectful silence beside the newly made grave of the old nurse, for during the last ten years which she had lived in Oakvale, whither she had come upon the occasion of the marriage of Lady Katharine with Lord Radburn, their hearts had been strangely endeared to one whose hand and purse were always ready to relieve the poor and suffering.

There was one, however, in that small congregation, whose little heart seemed well-nigh breaking with its load of grief; the boy Percy, to whom Dame Margery had performed, as it were, the double office of mother and father, since the first hour of his birth. As Lord Radburn looked upon the weeping child, his own cold heart became moved, and for the first time in his life he clasped the youthful Percy to his heart, and strove by words of tenderness and comfort, to mitigate the sorrow he had not the power to check.

From that moment a new life seemed open to Philip Radburn's vision. He was no longer the sullen and morose man he had been since his wife's death; while for all who chanced to pass beneath his notice, he had ever ready a friendly word and smile of welcome recognition. The beautiful boy who had hitherto been extremely shy and timid in his intercourse with one whom he had been taught to respect rather than love, grew daily to count upon that parental dotage and affection which is ever so dear to the heart of innocence and childhood.

When Percy Radburn was ten years old, his father sent to London to procure a suitable man to assume the office of tutor to the young heir of Radburn. Such a one was at last found in the person of Mr. Haskell, a former graduate of Cambridge, who had, owing to some affection of the throat, been obliged to renounce his chosen profession—the ministry—soon after entering upon it.

The rapid progress made by Percy, under the guardianship and instruction of the young ex-clergyman, more than realized the fondest expectations which Lord Radburn had formed concerning his son. At the end of five years diligent labor, during which time a proper amount of care had been bestowed upon the physical as well as the intellectual man, it was at last agreed upon by Lord Radburn, that Percy should go abroad, for the double purpose of mental improvement and pleasure. Mr. Haskell still accompanying him as tutor and traveling companion. The first two of the five years' leave of absence, which Lord Radburn had reluctantly granted, was to be spent in study at the celebrated University of Göttingen, on the Seine; the remaining three in travel over the entire European continent.



After some slight preparation and many affectionate adieux, father and son separated. Proceeding directly to Germany, Percy was soon comfortably established as a pupil in one of the first German Universities, during which time his former teacher and guardian, Mr. Haskell, embraced the opportunity of perfecting himself in the study of German literature.

A few days after the departure of Percy and his tutor, which took place in the early part of September, Lord Radburn announced to his household his intention of spending the ensuing winter in London. About the first of October, Philip Radburn, attended by a single servant, set out for the English metropolis, leaving Radburn House, with its remaining inmates, in charge of old Roderick, a trusty and faithful Scotchman, who had occupied the post of steward in his father's family for nearly twenty years.

The re-appearance of Lord Radburn in fashionable circles, in which, previous to his marriage, the man of wealth and position had figured so extensively, was hailed upon all sides with universal delight. Handsome widows, with still handsomer fortunes at their disposal, donned their sweetest smiles at his approach; while blushing belles just entering upon their first season of gayety and dissipation, were quietly informed by their ambitious mammas, that the title of Lady Radburn was an enviable one. Contrary to the desires of the fascinating daughters and scheming parents, however, Lord Radburn remained heart-proof against the numerous arrows which Cupid shot forth from his bow at him. Constant to his old love, which even the grave could not swallow up, Philip Radburn seemed almost instinctively to dread the society of women, as, if fearful that in an unguarded moment he might possibly be drawn into the tempter's snare, in matters relative to the heart.

"But, Master Percy, I tell you that you are mad to think for a moment of pressing your suit in favor of this new danseuse, who has already turned the heads of nearly all the married and single men at court, simply by her great proficiency in the art of dancing!"

"Your pardon, Monsieur Haskell," replied Percy Radburn, now a tall and handsome youth of twenty years, who, having finished his studies at the University, was now spending some two or three months in exploring that particular portion of Southern Europe, commonly designated as the Spanish Peninsula; "but report says that Inez Henriquez is as pure and good at heart, as she is beautiful in person, which circumstance renders her in my eyes worthy of even the proudest nobleman's love!"

"That may be," carelessly rejoined the ex-clergyman, "but you know in England, one must conform to the general laws of society, even in love matters. Marriages there are, commonly speaking, mere matters of convenience, in which the heart on either side has little or no part to perform. Allowing your utter distaste for such mercenary alliances, I cannot for a moment believe that the young and accomplished heir of Radburn, would willingly jeopardize his worldly reputation by marrying an humble opera-dancer, whose mother, if she ever had one, was nothing more nor less than a wandering gipsy."

"Monsieur Haskell, it is well that you part here," quickly replied Percy Radburn, as, choking down the words of anger that rose to his lips, the young man respectfully lifted his hat from his head, as a sign of farewell to his kind, but sometimes too deeply prejudiced guardian, and then passed into the vestibule of the Queen's Opera House, (one of the finest public buildings in the handsome, but gloomy city of Madrid) leaving the vexed and annoyed tutor to pursue his way in silence to his lodgings.

To Percy Radburn, the queen of the ballet, the admired court danseuse, Inez Henriquez, had never seemed so transcendently beautiful as on this particular night. Her deep olive skin, richly tinted with crimson, her large, dark, and dreamy Spanish eyes, and luxuriant wealth of raven hair, were in beautiful contrast to the delicate lace of snowy purity, with its deep border of silver, that encircled her lithe and graceful form. The opera was a Spanish version of Don Giovanni, and followed by the exquisite ballet of La Giselle, in which the fair dancer displayed her wondrous skill and perfection of limbs in the celebrated Shadow Dance, which few youthful aspirants to Terpsichorean fame have had the courage to attempt since the glorious age of Taglioni and Cerito. Seated in a near stage-box, Percy Radburn feasted his eyes upon the dark and brilliant beauty of one to whom his heart had bowed in silent homage and adoration since the first moment of their meeting.

Among the score of suitors—most of them Spanish gentlemen of wealth and renown—there was not one that had so moved and stirred to love the passionate heart of Inez Henriquez, like the talented and handsome Englishman, Percy Radburn. They had met by chance, at a ball given at the royal palace by the reigning sovereign, Queen Isabella. To obtain an introduction to the beautiful danseuse from her majesty, was an easy matter; for the high birth and varied accomplishments of the heir of Radburn, had gained for him the immediate favor of Isabella, upon the occasion of his first presentation at court.

That Percy and Inez were mutually enamored of each other, no one could deny who had ever been in their company a single half hour. Isabella, the patron of Inez Henriquez, was delighted at the growing intimacy existing between the youthful Englishman and the favorite danseuse of Madrid; and did all in her power to facilitate a marriage, which, although it would deprive the ballet of its fairest flower, would nevertheless be productive of happiness to both parties concerned.

After a short struggle within the breast of Inez, between a desire for fame in her chosen profession, and love for Percy, the young girl reluctantly consented to renounce public life, and become the bride of the distinguished Englishman who had for weeks past solicited her hand and heart in marriage. As yet, Percy Radburn had thought best not to communicate his deep passion for the Spanish dancer to his father, who still continued to spend his summers at Oakvale, and his winters in London. A week or two previous to the intended union of the lovers, Percy received a letter, post-marked London, whose bold and elegant chirography he at once recognized as that of his father. Subsequent examination of the letter only confirmed what the young man had long feared, that his secret was well known to his father. The epistle, commencing with words of tenderness and endearing, at last ended with the threat of disinheritance, in case of Percy's refusing compliance to his father's wishes, which were, that he should settle five hundred upon the opera dancer, with the view of obtaining an honorable release from

a contract which impulse, rather than discretion, had planned.

Percy Radburn did not ask who the betrayer of his secret was, for a moment's thought assured him that Mr. Haskell—his hitherto highly esteemed tutor—was at the bottom of a transaction, which, if seasonably prevented, would still further ingratiate him into the favor of his aristocratic employer, besides bringing him in, in ready money, the sum of some twenty or thirty pounds, for his timely interference.

Without communicating the fact of his having received a letter of recent date from his father, to Mr. Haskell, Percy Radburn commenced his preparations for the solemnization of the marriage vows between the admired danseuse and himself. At last all things were in readiness. The wedding ceremony was to be performed in the Queen's private chapel, in the presence of a few near friends and invited guests, after which a grand ball was to be given at the royal palace by Her Majesty, as a mark of honor and approbation upon the part of the royal sovereign.

The beautiful bride stood beside her intended husband, at the small but brilliantly lighted altar in the Queen's Chapel, attired in a dress of almost regal magnificence. The ceremony commenced. The priest had given to the bridegroom a ring of odd workmanship, which the young girl had herself secretly given to the priest, and whose singular history she had promised to communicate to her husband the day after her marriage. While in the act of placing the sacred gem upon the ex-dancer's finger, it suddenly fell to the floor; and although of solid gold, fell in two pieces upon the marble pavement at their feet, as if it had been made of brittle glass.

The words, "Miranda, my poor mother!" escaped the lips of Inez, as stooping to the marble floor, she seized the half ring which lay nearest her feet; but ere she could recover the other portion, a tall and grey haired man, stepped forth from behind a pillar, which had afforded a safe place of concealment, and quickly snatching the golden fragment from the foot of the altar, whither it had rolled, cried out in a loud voice which vibrated clearly, and distinctly throughout the shadowy aisles.

"Here is indeed some mystery! And I, for one, forbid the bans!"

All eyes were turned upon the intruder, to all of whom the tall and powerfully built man seemed a stranger, but to Percy, who beheld in this unannounced visitor before him his own dearly beloved father, Philip Radburn!

By a singular fatality the history of the shivered ring proved to be equally connected with Lord Radburn and the intended bride of his only son. Miranda Gonzalez was the beautiful daughter of the queen of a gipsy tribe, inhabiting a large cavern in the vicinity of the Castilian Mountains. Some three years previous to Philip Radburn's acquaintance with and marriage to the Lady Katharine Clifford, a noted London heiress, he had chanced to visit Spain, while making a tour of the continent for pleasure. After some two or three days' sojourn in Madrid, Philip Radburn proposed making one of a party of three, with the intention of exploring the surrounding country. While traversing the chain of mountains known as Castilian, the young Englishman became accidentally separated from his other two companions. Night was coming on, and Philip Radburn knew not where to turn for shelter. After a few moments' deliberation, he concluded to follow a branch road, which led to the right of him. A solitary ride of a half hour brought him suddenly to the mouth of a large cavern, which proved on close examination to be a gipsy encampment. Of course the young Englishman was at once made captive by the chief of the tribe. Here Philip Radburn remained prisoner for several weeks, during which time he became devotedly attached to Miranda Gonzalez, the daughter of the gipsy queen. Captain Henriquez was the gallant leader of a band of gipsies, numbering about one hundred. Perceiving the growing affection which Miranda felt for the young English prisoner, who had expressed his willingness to wed the lovely daughter of the gipsy queen and join their ranks, Captain Henriquez actuated by jealousy, in his great love for Miranda, who had heretofore scorned his suit, contrived means to allow the escape of Philip Radburn under cover of the night, who, delighted at being released from his painful captivity, at once returned to England, where, shortly after, he married Lady Katharine Clifford. The poor gipsy girl, annoyed and imperturbed by Captain Henriquez, at last became his wife. She never forgot, however, her great love for the young Englishman, who so cruelly deserted her. Upon her death-bed, several years after, she gave to the safe keeping of her only child—the beautiful Inez—the golden ring which Philip Radburn had drawn from his own hand and placed upon one of her fingers, some two weeks after he became a sojourner in the camp of the gipsies. Her dying injunction to the little Inez, was never to allow the ring which she had so cherished to pass out of her hands, until a chance should some day, sooner or later, find out for her the betrayer of her mother's first and only love. Kneeling beside the couch of her mother, Inez had vowed to seek out her cruel lover, if living, for the purpose of avenging the wrongs of a parent in whose passionate and loving breast not even death could entirely quench the flame of revenge!

Face to face with the betrayer of her gipsy mother, stood the trembling Inez, looking more like some rare old painting, than a living, breathing woman. A moment more and Philip Radburn knelt before the Spanish girl, begging her to retract the cruel vow which but a second before she had strongly resolved to fulfil. Woman's love at last conquered—Philip Radburn was forgiven! The vow was broken! and with eyes suffused in tears, Lord Radburn placed the hand of his son within that of Inez Henriquez, and in a husky voice, bade the marriage ceremony to proceed. Disappointed in his moneyed prospects, Mr. Haskell left Spain for Germany, with the hope of obtaining employment in Berlin as a teacher. Radburn House is still the home of Percy Radburn and his bride, the lovely Inez.

LITANY.—From the want of gold, wives that sold, maidens old, and by sharpers "sold"—preserve us! From foppish snarers, mock auctioneers, and woman's tears—deliver us!

From seedy coats, protested notes, and sinking boats—protect us!

From creaking doors, a wife that snores, confounded brooks, and dry goods stores—protect us!

From modest girls, with waving curls, and teeth of pearls—never mind!

Especially the latter.

Acts of love and kindness naturally conciliate esteem.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## IMOGENE: A HEART HISTORY.

BY CORA WILBURN.

The pages of the world's history are written over with the records of stirring change, of dazzling careers and fallen fortunes; those who bore a prominent part in the wars and oppressions; the kings and rulers; the few great ones inspired with the love of liberty; the conqueror and the captive; the renowned wit or beauty; the tyrant and the liberator, and their names enrolled in the records of past and great events. But the silent, yet more heroic struggles of the soul; the angel and demon-guided warfare within; the holy renunciations, and offerings of self-denial—these claim no place in the emblazoned page. But they live, these heart-histories; life-poems are recited by the recording angels that attend humanity; hymns of victory, trumpet-tones of encouragement, re-echo along the silent chambers of the listening soul, that robes itself in royal garments to receive its seraph guests. I will tell you a simple story of one who lived and suffered, and passed from earthly conflict to the palace of beauty and honor prepared for her by angel-hands.

That saddest of all earthly things, an orphan, Imogene, the fair-haired, pretty child, was left to the care of strangers—sordid, cold and uncongenial. They were strangers to her in the spiritual sense, for their hearts were worldly, cruel and unsympathizing. She called the tall, proud matron, aunt; but no heart-throb responded to the name; the peevish, domineering children she called her cousins, were utter strangers to her life and thoughts; and in the neighborhood no hand had been outstretched with loving impulse, no voice of affection had responded, no sun-ray of love had fallen from thronging visitors, upon the neglected, voicelessly imploring child.

She knew not that spirits left their bright abodes to minister to earthly needs and sufferings. She had heard but little of God and angels, or of heaven, their abiding place; but intuition supplied the place of knowledge; and through tears and amid darkness she gazed up to the midnight skies, and hailed one lustrous star, her mother's resting-place.

"What are you doing there, gazing out into the night, like an imp of darkness? Come down stairs and do some work, or off to bed with you!"

The loud, harsh voice of her aunt recalled her from reverie and happiness. She would turn round with flashing eyes, and cheeks that burned with anger; but the indignant reply was never uttered. Something, that was not fear, checked her utterance; a soothing, holy influence bathed her soul in calm, while it fortified it with strength and patience.

"Dull, pale, stupid child!" said all of the household and many outside. They saw not the glow of enthusiasm upon her face at sunset time, nor the fervor of faith and prayer illumining her eyes, when the stars like angel watchers lighted up the dome of night; they heard not the rapt eloquence of her untaught prayer; they knew not of the true religion forming its habitation in that neglected soul, that shrank from the narrow teachings, the bigotries of the faith they knew. They called her irreligious, because she wearied of the formal recitation, the studied posture of devotion; because she kissed the flowers and called them angels, and said that earth in her summer glory was beautiful as heaven. In that child's heart solitude fostered great and holy thoughts, the buds enfolding the future's action; and untrammelled by pride, or creed, or custom, conscience erected there her judgment seat, and gave from thence her just decrees.

With a mind untaught, yet uncontaminated by example, they cast her forth into the world, with her untutored innocence for guide—her helplessness and ignorance of life. They sent her from the quiet country home to the city's snares and turmoil; unearning how she fared, so they were relieved of the burden of her presence. Imogene went forth into the world, the blush of maidenhood upon her cheek, the grace of childhood in her step and voice—purity, worth and dignity within her soul. The conscious rectitude within, the holy heavenward aspiration, guarded her from earthly allurements, from the siren voices that call so sweetly, from entering upon the flowery paths leading to precipices, to yawning chasms, to depths of dread and darkness. Instinctively she shrank from the veiled and rose-garlanded forms of vice; she felt they were not the veiled shapes of angels; she fled in terror from their festal groups, the flowers they held exhaled a poisonous vapor. Imogene fled to that safe, maternal sanctuary, that even amid the city's bustle can be found—in solitude. To every tempted human heart the angels of the Most High come near to strengthen and console, when sought where they ever willingly alight, in communion of the soul with prayer.

The plenteous stores of wealth were poured at the maiden's feet, and robes of costly fabric offered her; but she turned away, not without a sigh and a pang, for the daily labor, hard and uncongenial, claimed an unwilling heart; but the voice within cried loudly. She could not barter truth and love for gold, for he who offered her these glittering things, was one from whom her spirit recoiled in aversion; to become his wife would have been a mockery too bitter—a sin too deep. Imogene turned to her daily toils with a heavy heart, but with a conscience free from guilt. Men high in station nobly have repelled the bribings of wealth and flattery—patriots have bled for the country a foreign and mighty foe invaded; the conqueror offered gold and honors—the son of freedom accepted death rather than become a traitor. Noble and beautiful example! recorded on the pages of undying fame, till all the world applauds, and future generations shall read with congenial fervor, of the heroes, patriots and martyrs who died so bravely!

But the greater, loftier conquest—the moral victory—who applauds? What history enshrines the sacred records of affection, duty, self-denial? The sacrifices offered up with tears; the idols broken by a mighty hand that God and truth alone may reign—who speaks—who writes of these? The great and gifted, crowned with the ensigns of majesty and power, laureled, sceptred, enthroned, the world bows to the anointed of earth. Who bends in reverence before the heavenly-crowned, the lowly-meek, the purely good?

Let us look around. A thousand founts are welling, golden and dark—sunlighted or tempest-rising, their waters may be sweet or bitter, but their source is pure—is from the soul that God has given. There are pale robes and cheeks—lips that quiver at the glance, or word of sympathy; perhaps they are tempted fellow-sufferers, these silent ones; they may be conquering angels. Let us not pass them by, so

carelessly. Perhaps our timely sympathy may save a soul from countless ages of suffering; perhaps, communion with the pure and exalted we know not of, may benefit and purify ourselves.

The lowly Imogene, type of a large, suffering, uncomprehended multitude, lived on through many eventful scenes, though outwardly her life flowed even and monotonously on, as does the toiler's life. But in her soul what changes! What wild tempests uprose, unlighted by a single star—how black and threatening the foam-crested waves, on which the demon-spirits rode triumphantly! And yet, that still, small, ever musical voice, heard amid the tempest's wildest blast, telling of green and peaceful shores and sunny skies, to be attained by the pure heart only. Then, the pervading thrill of conscious affinity with the divine, the true, the beautiful; the stern, high resolve: "I will be true to the right!" and night and storm departed, and morning dawned and sunshine streamed over the broad and flowery land, and angels hailed that weak and trembling woman's heart, and placed on it the seal of holiness!

Towering to a dizzy height, the spires and turrets of ambition glittered with gold and gems, and for a while the toiler's heart grew faint with longing, and the eager arms were outstretched to the inviting fiends. But soon the bewildering dream passed by, and stern reality, bleak and bitter, presented anew its rugged front, but angels crowned the steep and thorny pathway with emblematic, purely fragrant flowers.

The dream of earthly love, dazzling with princely garb, and rainbow hues of deep and sweet illusion, steeped her soul awhile in forgetfulness of the stern vow of life. The thousand spells of its acknowledged power wound around her; the cup, glistening with its magic draught, was almost lifted to her lips, when the still, silvery, rebuking voice within, called "hold!" And the maiden paused and trembled, and the rosy veil was rent asunder, and life and duty stood before her, cold, bleak, unalterable, yet good and true. She knew that the honeyed draught was a forbidden one; that angels called upon her to renounce the blissful hopes of youth and love. She wavered not; alone, untutored, unadvised, she learned her earthly duties from unseen and ministering angels, and the sacrifice was rendered with a bleeding heart, and the summer beauty of life obscured awhile by grief and disappointment.

Emerging, bright and free, from the great trial, with no outward signal visible to the world's curious eye, she passed on through the fields of labor, gleaming spiritual flowers, amaranthine blossoms; learning the language of the clouds and stars, of ocean and of night.

Man and woman, too, illy repaid the labor of her hands; her works of love were unheeded, save by the appreciative few. Misconstruction, envy even of her, the lowly one, followed her through life; her best and holiest motives were misrepresented by the many who would not read her heart. But life has its compensations also. Solitude brought peace and lofty thought for its attendant angels; exempted from wisely and motherly cares, the spirit worlds sent forth their messengers to her who had the time to welcome and cherish them; and largely, bountifully, they showered their gifts of inspiration on the receptive soul, that wept for thankfulness at each favored gift of Heaven.

Imogene lived for many years in various towns and cities; by the sea-shore, and near the mountains; never wandering far, never claiming one place as home. Peace and contentment beamed from every lineament, and the grace of youth never departed, though her hair whitened, and lines of age were marked upon the sweet and spiritual face, for she led a true life, a life of self-devotion, of duty, purity. Yet was her name unknown to the world; no great achievements ascribed to one who had lived and suffered silently. But in her heart, skies, earth and life were changed; dangers and deserts passed, and stormy oceans lull'd to rest by angel lullabys. There, all strong emotions, temptations, wrongs and warfare, had subsided into peace—into a silent consciousness of victory—and she knew that the rosy and golden portals of the "Morning Land" were opened wide.

One who saw with clairvoyant sight the troupe of summoning angels, come to guide the wanderer to the second life, said: that the foremost spirit brought for this lowly child of mortality a regal robe and a starry crown, with a lily sceptre; that triumphant music sounded as the spirit recognized its loved companions of the solitude; that one who called her in affection's sweetest voice, was the mother yearned for so long—radiant, azure-robed and smiling; that a triumphal car conveyed the strangely-awakened soul to a palace of rare beauty and spiritual grandeur; that an awaiting multitude of the pure and gifted welcomed her, and that the heart-history of the earth-unheeded one, was the theme of song and praise in the celestial land.

Imogene! one of many thousands. Like thee, many angels walk our earth unrecognized. We fly to the realms of fiction for narrations of beauty and wonder, forgetting the heart histories, ready to reveal themselves to friendship's eye. In our eager longing for communion with angels, transported to a holier soil, we pass by in culpable neglect the suffering, toiling angels in our midst. Oh, for kind, cheering words to the tempted and the fallen! who are our brothers and sisters still—children of the same good Father! Oh, that we would bend in homage to lowly goodness, and reverence purity and truth, wherever found—not grandeur of intellect alone; that we would read more of one another's lives, learning and teaching, and profiting thereby. How blest a world were this, if Love, the watchword of the spheres, were also the password of humanity.

Why not seek to read living heart-histories, beautiful poems of faith and life? We may throw sunshine and flowers upon the darkened page; our tears may fructify some barren soil and bring to life some blossom of Immortality.

Life, beautiful and earnest! shall we not strive to read aright thy lessons, by charity, love and faith to one another?

Philadelphia, March, 1859.

A young exquisite was listening to a lady friend singing a song, in which the following lines occur:

By that fair brow where innocence reposes,  
Like moonlight resting upon snow.

Looking at him intently, she divided her words in the first line in a manner rather different from the true version, thus:

By that fair brow where no sense reposes,  
Like moonlight resting upon snow.

Modesty conciliates and subdues opposition; courage defies and overcomes it.

## Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,  
That on the stretched fore-finger of all Time,  
Sparkle forever.

Away with all life's memories,  
Away with hopes, away!  
Lend, take me up into thy love,  
And keep me there to-day.  
I can not trust to mortal eyes,  
My weakness and my sin—  
Temptations I alone can judge  
Who knows what they have been.  
And I can trust Him who provides  
The thirsty ground with dew,  
And round the wounded beetle builds  
His grassy house anew.  
For the same hand that smites with pain,  
And sends the wintry snows,  
Doth mould the frozen cloud again  
Into the summer rose.  
My soul is melted by that love,  
So tender and so true;  
I can but cry, my Lord and God,  
What wilt thou have me do?  
My blessings all come back to me,  
And round about me stand;  
Help me climb thy dizzy stairs  
Until I touch thy hand.—ALICE CARP.

Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one, on which we must first erase.

Wherefore, art thou over sad?  
Heaven smileth o'er thee,  
Tread the earth erect! be glad;  
Years are yet before thee.  
Can replinings bring again  
Wealth, or love, or beauty?  
No! the soul that shrinks from pain  
Will falter in its duty.

Some pleasures, like the horizon, recede perpetually as we advance towards them; others, like butterflies, are crushed by being caught.

Teachers, if throughout your duties,  
Ever faithful you would be,  
Not by words, but by your actions,  
Teach in all sincerity.  
Youthful hearts are on you gazing,  
Youthful hearts your thoughts receive;  
Eagerly they catch your accents,  
Eagerly your words believe.  
Then beware! lest by your actions  
Untrue principles you teach,  
And forget not you must ever  
Strive to practice what you preach.

There are many things that are thorns to our hopes until we have attained them, and venomous arrows to our hearts, when we have.

Earth is an island, parted round with seas;  
The way to heaven is through a sea of tears;  
It is a stormy passage, where is found  
The wreck of many a ship, but no man drowned.

The beauties of the Legends of Ireland many of them, are not properly estimated, and perhaps, because they have mostly passed from the memory of man. Among the many, is that of Kathrine, of the house of Finlay, which has been made the subject of the following verses. Finlay and his retainers had been summoned North in a time of civil strife to check the further progress of a lawless band from the mountains. Among those who voluntarily followed his standard was the only son of the house of McLellan, long betrothed to Kathrine. She raised many objections to his resolve to follow Finlay, based upon a premonition of his death. He however followed the retainers, who left with the first light of the sun. They returned at evening, during which time Kathrine had kept unceasing watch from the towers of her father's castle. Their numbers were greatly lessened, and not seeing her betrothed in the train, she descended hastily to the court-yard, and, accosting her wearied father, she exclaimed, "Why rides not McLellan here with your band?" After some hesitation, Finlay replied, "The horse and its rider sleep with the dead, Kathrine." She stood like a statue by his side—moved not, sighed not—dill, suddenly speaking, "Erin is free; but it is Kathrine's to bless her from another world," she fell dead on the pavement. Early on the following morning, during preparations for her funeral, the guard from the wall rushing afrighted into Finlay's presence, declared that, just before the sun's rays fell upon the bay, he saw the shade of Kathrine on the green in front of the moat, looking steadfastly towards the west. On following her gaze, he distinctly saw McLellan mounted on his steed riding away. As he disappeared in the wood, the shade of Kathrine passed the gate and appeared on the tower, where she remained for a few moments, until the rays of the sun falling upon it, it vanished away. It is said that she thus appeared for several mornings, and for years, it was the firm belief of Finlay's retainers.

KATRINE:

A LEGEND OF IRELAND.

"Farwell, dear Kathrine! the bright morning is creeping,  
With soft step of light over my silvery bay;  
The bands of proud Finlay have risen from their sleeping,  
And Erin and glory, love, call me away.

Our coast is surrounded; the false foe are pouring  
The might of their strength on this isle of the sea;  
Our honor is tarnished by too long imporing,  
And my war-cry to-day shall be Erin and thee."

Thus spoke the brave lover to Finlay's fair daughter,  
Still sighing and weeping as they stood on the beach;  
"This Erin that calls me," he kindly besought her,  
And left her to sorrow and visions of death.

She watched him away on his steed proudly prancing,  
With the deep, sad emotions the heart can but feel;  
Yet smiled as he rode at the sun's arrows glancing,  
As they struck and re-struck on his corselet of steel.

She passed through the gate and appeared on the tower,  
And kneeling she prayed with the tones of despair,  
As the shock of the foe in the pride of their power,  
With the groans of the dying, was borne on the air.

"Oh, Father of mercies, protect my dear lover,  
All danger and death let him escape in his pride;  
Oh, guard him, ye angels that over the waves hover,  
Though Erin be lost, bring him safe to my side."

In the wood by the castle the glad birds were singing,  
As the sun drank the dew from the opening flower;  
And when at the zenith, the rays he was flinging,  
Shone bright o'er Kathrine, who watched on the tower.

When at evening his light in the forest was burning,  
Among the dim hills that shut the west from her view,  
She heard the rich music of Finlay's returning,  
And looked for the many, and saw but the few.

Within his courtyard the worn Finlay alighted,  
A tear in his eye as he cheered up the few—  
"Death smiled in your ranks, but loved Erin is righted,  
And the light of her glory is entering from the dew."

Down from the tower came the fair watcher, sighing,  
"Why rides not my lover in Finlay's brave train?"  
With a long, heaving sigh, said Finlay, replying,  
"The horse and its rider are low with the slain."

He roared not, she sighed not, as the knowledge was given,  
She stood like an angel by sad Finlay's side—  
"Loved Erin is free, and I'll bless her from Heaven's  
Thus speaking, she sank in the court-yard and died.

And the guard on the walls, as each morning is creeping  
With soft step of light through the dawn's dusky gray,  
Sees the shade of Kathrine, in disquietude, keeping  
Watch of a spectre that is riding away.

And she sighs as she looks on his steed proudly prancing,  
With the deep, sad emotions the heart can but feel;  
Yet she smiles as she sees the sun's arrows glancing,  
As they strike and re-struck on his corselet of steel.

Then she enters the gate and appears on the tower,  
As the sun, swinging higher, beams over the height,  
Bearing day in his arms and awaking the flowers;  
When she passes away is, the flood of its light.

J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.







The Busy World.

CONTENTS.—First Page.—A Sermon by Chapin, and an interesting story, entitled "Ludovic." Second Page.—Poetry, "The Minister's Love to His Wife," by D. S. Fracker; "The Hero of Radburn," a story by Miss Ophelia M. Cloutman. Third Page.—"Imogene: A Heart History," by Clara Wilburn; "Pearls," a story by Miss Ophelia M. Cloutman. Fourth and Fifth Pages.—Editorial, Communications, Reports of Lectures, etc. Sixth Page.—Communications from the Spirit-World—three columns; interesting Correspondence; Miss Harding's Lecture in Philadelphia. Seventh Page.—Public Press articles, as follows:—"A Logical Phenomenon," by La Roy Sunderland; "Answers to an Inquirer," No. 10; "Olat," by W. Oak; a bit of poetry by Grace Leland; Letter from Dr. Wellington; Movements of Lecturers. Eighth Page.—Deborah's Sermon, Emerson's Lecture, etc.

Lecturers on Spiritualism, who are contemplating a tour through the Western States, and desire to visit Chicago, will please address Mr. Russell Green, (P. O. box 295), as early as possible, stating what Sundays they will be there, that provision may be made to give all an opportunity to be heard.

Mrs. A. L. Coan has taken rooms at No. 5 Haywood Place, where she will hold private sittings for the investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism. Terms \$1.00 per hour for one or two persons.

Rev. Jonathan Post, a Baptist preacher, and his wife, were killed on the 25th ult. by their son. The murderer was about thirty years old, and had been insane for several years, but was thought to be harmless until this occurrence. It made no effort to escape.

Professor Otis.—In answer to several inquiries made respecting Mr. Otis, we state that he has been confined to the house with sickness for some weeks. It was quite a long time before we heard of his illness.

II. P. Fairfield will lecture in Providence, R. I., April 23d and 24th. Friends in the vicinity of Providence wishing to engage his services for week evenings, during his stay in that place, will address him in care of Henry Simon, No. 250 Friendship street, Providence, R. I.

DISCUSSION.—THE WORLD'S CHAIR, of March 23d, says:—"We (Editor Miss Grant) are to have a discussion at the Quinburg Hall, Putnam, Ct., with Mrs. C. M. Tuttle, a distinguished trance-speaking medium, on Thursday evening, March 24th, commencing at 7 o'clock. Subject—Resolved, 'That the Bible, facts and philosophy, teach the immortality of the soul.'"

Will some friend forward us this result?

The following question was recently discussed, before the Dogtown Lyceum:—If a poor traveler visits Greece for his health, are the chances in favor of his becoming fat? The Professor in Greek was not present.

Mr. Pullip, coming home late, "pretty full," finds the walking slippery, and exclaims:—"V-very-singlar; when-ever water freezes, it affus fr-freezes with the all-slippery side up; dem' d' singlar!"

NOT OF THIS DEAD, BUT THE LIVING.—That was a beautiful idea expressed by a Christian lady on her death-bed, in reply to a remark of her brother, who was taking leave of her to return to his distant residence, that he should probably never again meet her in the land of the living. She answered: "Brother, I trust we shall meet in the land of the living. We are now in the land of the dying."

LOSS OF A BRITISH WAR STEAMER.—A passenger by the Saxon nation to New York from Nassau, reports the loss of the British war steamer Nassau, from Jamaica, on a cruise. She struck on a hidden rock on the night of March 4th, and sunk soon. Officers and men, sixty in number, took to their boats; ten of them were subsequently swept on board in a heavy gale. One of the boats, containing the captain and nineteen men, managed to reach the southern coast of Cuba, but the other boat, containing thirty men, has not been heard from. The party suffered terribly from cold and famine, and were on the point of perishing when their boat was driven on the Cuban coast.

There is a beauty in the name appropriated by the Saxon nation to the Delty, unequalled except by his most venerable Hebrew appellation. They call him "God," which is literally "The Good," the same word signifying the Delty, and his most endearing quality.

A young lady who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended, justified the act by quoting the passage, "Whatsoever that men should do unto you, do ye so unto them."

In the Massachusetts House of Representatives, on Thursday week, the bill concerning the payment of criminal costs by cities and towns, coming up, an amendment was offered by Mr. Griffin, of Malden, providing that all laws punishing drunkenness shall be repealed, except that for common drunkards. The amendment meets the favor of ultra temperance men and many others, and will probably be adopted. A bill, having the same object in view, has been offered in the Senate by Mr. Butler.

The Commandant of the United States fleet before Vera Cruz states to the Department that the applications of the American agent, Mr. Churchill, of Tennessee, for liberty to land a naval force to protect American interests, if the city be stormed by Gen. Miramon, has been denied, on the ground that if one nation has such permission, others may require it. It is stated that the Liberals at Vera Cruz are confident of success.

The Boston Natural History Society have received a valuable donation of stuffed birds, etc., from Dr. John C. Reinhardt of Brazil.

A post office has been established at Corvallis, Pike's Peak region, and Matthias Snyder, formerly of Virginia, is appointed the Postmaster. The contract for the daily mail service from Leavenworth to Corvallis has been given to Benj. McCulloch, and P. F. Ficklin. Extensive arrangements are being made by them for the transportation of passengers also.

Capt. Hudson, recently commander of the frigate Niagara, has been ordered to the Charlestown Navy Yard, to supercede Com. Stringham.

Rev. William Watson, pastor of the Methodist Church in Glenwood, Iowa, was recently arrested while preaching a funeral sermon. In his cellar was found the entire apparatus for manufacturing counterfeit bank bills, together with a large amount of bogus money. He had preached in Glenwood three years, during two of which he acknowledged he had been connected with counterfeiters.

THE SUBURBAN, printed at Buffalo, N. Y., is a slightly little sheet. We bid it a cordial welcome into our ranks.

FUNERAL.—The Boston Evening Gazette says that Mr. Wm. Boals, of the Post, will shortly leave for Europe, where he will study into the art of modern Journalism.

The Cincinnati Eagle says that a farmer in the suburbs of that city, while digging a cellar recently in a location which had formerly been a forest, and was apparently never dug over before, found a large number of potter vessels, in some of which were silver coins and a heavy gold chain; also, an ivory sword hilt, and pistol butts, made apparently of wrought copper. With these things were found a human skull, of singular phenological developments, and apparently perforated by a ball. The coin was of a Spanish die, three hundred years old, and the chain supported a heavy gold cross and crucifix. There is a strange mystery about it, and speculation is rife.

Why is a fashionable lady like a rigid economist? Because she makes a great deal of bustle about a little waist.

A member of one of the New Bedford churches tendered his resignation (which was accepted) a short time since, because his pastor disagreed with him concerning the meaning of a Greek word.

Mons. Bolly's canal project has been postponed. It is said, on account of the intestine difficulties in Nicaragua.

The building in Paris in which Benjamin Franklin was made a Freemason, in 1778, in the presence of a brilliant array of members of the order, has been taken down.

The library of a clergyman lately deceased, was valued at fifteen dollars, while his wife was estimated to be worth three hundred dollars. Some one has observed that he must have thought, as an apostle did, that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

Why is Morphy, the great Chess Champion, supposed to be one of the most honest men in the world? Because all his actions are upon the square.

We learn from the Norwich Courier that Mr. John W. Rollins, a very pious, exemplary and active Christian, in Windham, Ct., recently committed suicide by hanging. He was sixty-five years old.

Jerome Taylor says that Jove, in matters of opinion, can do no good, but is very apt to do hurt, for no man can change his opinion when he will. But if a man cannot change his opinion when he list, nor ever does heartily or

resolutely but when he cannot do otherwise—then the use of force may make him a hypocrite, but never to be a right believer; and so, instead of erecting a trophy to God and true religion, we build a monument to the Devil.

FOR THEIR MONEY.—A correspondent from Mill Brook, Ct., writes:—"Von Vlock has been in this vicinity trying to 'astonish the natives'; but it is acknowledged by all that he did our cause more harm than good. He said 'as come for their money,' and he got a pile out of those that are afraid of being humbugged by Spiritualism."

A new forty-two inch main is to be immediately laid from the reservoir in Brookline to this city.

Our Legislators are hurrying up business. They will make an effort to separate about the 6th inst.

The Postmaster General has dismissed thirty-one special post-office agents, thus affecting a saving of \$30,000.

It is stated that a secret filibuster expedition is ready to start for Cuba, on the receipt of instructions expected by the next steamer. The headquarters are in New York, the arms and ammunition in Southern cities. Men will depart simultaneously from all parts of the Union, and secret agents are already in Cuba to pave the way for the filibusters.

The Book Trade of Boston has appointed a committee to take into consideration the feasibility of having Book Trade Sales in Boston.

Banner of Light.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1859.

Publication Office, No. 5 Great Jones Street, WHOLESALE AGENTS.

ROSS & MOSLEY, 121 NASSAU STREET, WHOLESALE AGENTS.

It may not be known to most of our New York friends that our columns are open for articles from them, and that we should be pleased to give them space in which to express their ideas upon the philosophy of Spiritualism, or progressive topics. All articles for publication may be handed into our New York office, No. 5 Great Jones street.

An Old Spiritualist—No. 5.

In the last letter we promised to give a continuation of the manifestations which have been witnessed by Phenix, many of them varying in kind from those before referred to. Our present letter will be confined to manifestations witnessed in the city of Buffalo, where the Davenport boys as mediums, Phenix says that he has no confidence in those boys, having caught them in tricks, but still there is no doubt as to their powers as mediums, and that many of their manifestations were entirely beyond the possibility of deception. He sat with them more than twenty evenings, and the entire party were persons selected by himself, with a view to test what might occur. The circles were held in the upper room of a building, two stories higher than those which surrounded it. The only entrance was a single door at the rear end, which could only be approached by a staircase outside of the building, and which, on more than one occasion, was guarded by one of his friends. The room had been built for a lodge room. The ceiling was at least five feet higher than is usually the furniture in the room consisted of two tables, one near the door, and the other thirty feet from it in the middle of the room, a few sofas about the sides of the room, and four chairs. On the table was a speaking trumpet, a tamborine, a banjo, a guitar, two violins, and a bell. The mediums sat on two of the chairs and at opposite sides of the table; Phenix and his friend occupied the two chairs placed at the two other sides of the table. The feet of these examiners were placed upon the feet of the mediums, and their hands on the hands of the mediums on the top of the table. On the sofas, far from the table, sat the other friends of Phenix, and the father of the mediums was always seated between two of these friends, who placed their hands upon him, so as to know if he moved. Thus it will be perceived that neither the mediums nor their father could move without its being known. The elder Davenport then closed the dark lantern, the only light in the room. Occasionally lights would travel round the room, near the ceiling, sometimes slowly and sometimes with almost electrical velocity. All the instruments, the bell included, would pass about the room in the atmosphere, all being sounded at one time, and moving with such velocity that the same note on the violin would be heard through the whole length of the room before its vibration ceased. These instruments would touch the members of the circle on their heads, hands, knees, feet, etc., and were often placed upon their laps. During all this time the mediums were held in the manner described by the two examiners at the table. The speaking trumpet would pass about the room, and while in motion would be spoken through, professedly by the spirit of John King. The examiners at the table were frequently changed, as were the two who held the elder Davenport. Whenever the cover of the dark lantern was removed, the audience and the mediums were always found seated in their places, and the change of the dark lantern was in turn deputed to every individual in the room. The voice claimed to be that of John King was often heard in response to questions put by different members of the circle.

On one occasion the boys cried out that the table was rising; a crash was heard, the lantern uncovered, the boys and the examiners still in their places, the feet of the examiners on those of the boys, and their hands in contact with the boys, which contact they insisted had not been broken, but that they had simply pulled the medium's hands off the table as it ascended, and this table, too downward, was on the table near the door, having moved at least thirty feet. This and similar movements of the table, occurred almost at every sitting. On one occasion the elder boy called out, that he was rising to the ceiling, and asked, "What shall I write?" Phenix answered, "Write me names." A moment after the boy was heard to fall; the cover of the lantern was lifted, the boy was seated on the floor, with a piece of red chalk in his hand, all other parties in their places, and the name asked for was plainly seen written on the ceiling. Phenix then suspected, as the only means by which the boy could possibly have reached the ceiling, that a chair had been placed on the table, the boy had stood upon the chair, the chalk in the mouth-piece of the trumpet, and that the boy, by holding the lower end of the trumpet, had written upon the ceiling. This experiment was then tried, when it was found that the combined heights of the table, chair, boy, arm and trumpet, would not reach within six feet of the ceiling.

On another occasion, when the party entered the room, they threw their coats and hats on the table near the door, after all were seated, fifteen being present, the dark lantern was covered up. One of the party remarked, "It is rather cool," and in an instant something fell upon each person; the cover of the lantern was suddenly raised, and each one was found to have a cloak or coat on his shoulders; but the most curious part of this manifestation was, that each had his own garment. On another occasion every one's hat was jerked from his head, and at the same instant of time. One of the party had a cap, in the side of which was a heavy pair of riding-goggles, lined with woolen. In an instant more these hats and caps were replaced on the heads of their owners, and the supposed voice of John King, through the trumpet, called for the light. The lantern was uncovered, when every one's hat was found to have been turned wrong side out. One of the party, who wore the cap, on taking it off, found his gloves within it. There were also wrong side out. The lantern was again covered, the hats and cap again removed, and subsequently restored to their heads. On reproducing the light, they were all found to be right side out, except one of the doctor's gloves, which required more time to reverse its condition than had been occupied for all the other changes. During all this time the elder Davenport sat between two of these gentlemen, and was held, while the boys were held, at the table by the two examiners.

At some of these meetings the boys were tied in their chairs, two full pieces of bed-cord being fastened to each boy, and in such a manner as to render it impossible for them to extricate themselves. The same piece of twine was then passed through a button in the coat of each member, and the two ends passed again around the circle, and held by the hands of each, so that no one could move without every other one being rendered aware of it. While this condition existed, most of the manifestations, before described, occurred frequently. The boys were untied, and entirely freed from the cord, in a miraculously short space of time, and on many occasions the cord so arranged as to be in a slip-loop around their necks, passing down the table, so as to prevent their moving without choking the other. Still, when all these conditions existed, the moving, and playing of the instruments through the air, the supposed speaking of John King through the trumpet, and finally the untying of the boys, would occur. It has frequently been suggested that one of the boys spoke through the trumpet in an assumed tone of voice, but Phenix says he has heard this voice while he held his hand over the mouths of the boys. On one occasion, while the room

was lighted, a small dog belonging to Mr. Davenport ran under the table on which Phenix alone was seated; the light was covered, and the voice through the trumpet said, "What do you wish done now?" The dog replied, "Fetch the dog's tail," and immediately the dog jumped violently, and in a manner which fairly indicated that his tail had been suddenly and severely pinched. The trumpet was frequently placed alongside of the ears of the audience, and replies to their questions given through it in a most melodious voice. In light circles, held with these mediums, with the musical instruments on the floor under the table, they were frequently played upon.

In our next article of this series we shall give an account of the performance on the piano, through the mediumship of Miss Sarah Brooks, without any contact of hands with the keys.

Catholic Bells.

The war still goes on in the Catholic quarters, and the publication of belligerent letters between John, Archbishop, and Alfred J. Davenport, still continues. The letters of the former, instead of being confined to the ecclesiastical error, if any, of the latter, deal in petty personalities, which can surely reflect no credit upon their writer. The Archbishop writes that the Rev. Mr. Dayman came to him "furnished with feeble testimonials." If so, why would ask, was he accepted? In answer to which Mr. Dayman produces his testimonials, received from the Diocese of Birmingham, where he was priest for five years, which reads as follows: "Alfred Dayman is a 'secular priest,' of our diocese, of good repute, and excellent morals, involved—as far as we know—in no ecclesiastical censure, or canonical impediment." Then the Archbishop takes up something, the truth or falsity of which is a matter of no earthly importance: "Mr. Dayman was introduced to the captain for his passage, or some part of it." The reply to which, "I was indebted to him for neither. The whole was paid before starting of course."

Now what has the above assertion to do, in any way, with the question whether or not the gentleman is fit to fill the position from which he has been seemingly most unjustly suspended? Not satisfied with this extent, the Right Reverend deals in a little stronger personality: "It has come to my knowledge within the last five weeks, that Mr. Dayman was accompanied by a young female, which female was a child under fourteen years of age, in whom Rev. Mr. Dayman manifested interest enough to procure residence successively in Mount St. Vincennes and the Ursulines of Moscow; after which he adopted her as his niece, and states that a most faithful guardian he has proved. This is quite a scandalous imputation for a prelate to suggest. Says Mr. Dayman, 'In his Grace, or all his clergy, or the clergy of the whole world, prepared for the same impudent interrogatories?'"

And much more of this play upon words, by which means the Archbishop probably hopes to shadow the character of the suspended priest, is indulged in. There is little of the spirit of Christ manifested in the prelate's treatment of one over whom he assumes to hold control. This controversy bodes to continue for some time, and doubtless through it will gleam the light of many shortcomings on the part of those who hold the reins of power over so many who are ignorant and blind in abject faith.

LIZETTE DOTEN AT THE MELODEON.

Sunday Evening, March 20th, 1859.

Miss Doten spoke on the subject of "Free Love and Affinity" last Sunday evening in the Melodeon. The following is an abstract of her remarks, which were listened to by a large audience.—Her basis being a portion of the 8th chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke:—"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." "Woman, where are those three accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?" She said, no man, Lord, and Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." Perhaps no question could have been more judiciously chosen to possess more general interest than this one, for the reason that it relates to the most important social matters—because all are in social relationship, one to another—and because all are subject to the great governing law of life, without distinction of sex, of color, of race, of age, of station, of high or low, from the prince to the beggar. The child as well as the aged—the young as well as the middle-aged; in some degree or other every human being has an interest in it. But the idea of free love and affinity is what we more especially desire to speak of, and let us regard it in this point of view. It is not the free love and affinity of the kind common supposition embraces, but of the love which is sanctioned by God and the angels. A definition of this love is asked by many in the audience, as the influences which govern the speaker are the laws of the universe. The answer comes in the form of a question: "What is the law of the universe?" The answer comes to them as varied in its form and promptings as are the parties present different from each other—in degree as separately distinct as is the love principle found to be implanted in the souls of the hearers. Springing from that condition of the soul, the answers already elicited, to meet the question are tinged with darkness, or radiant with light, according to the mode or measure in which this love principle has been consulted, or as it has been transmitted to individual present from their parents. The answer comes forth as varied by its practical application.

There are two meanings of Free Love—one high, and holy, and clinging around the throne of God; another low, debased and groveling—meaning, in plain words, Free Lust. Here, this day and hour, you have pointed the finger of scorn and denunciation at certain members of the society—saying that they indulge in the lusts of the flesh, and that they are strange gods in form of men and women, without knowledge in your condemnation. There are such persons, but they are not all embraced in the number of social licentious. They are not alone the low and degraded that stand up to the name of Free Love, but they are even those who are called by the name of Free Love, who are examples of the deformation of the human soul. They are not those alone who grovel in the lower depths of the human passions, for they can be seen in all classes. In the highest of all, and example is as vividly to be seen in the soul of the noblest of men, as in the soul of the lowest. For the great go as far into the depths of repulsive debilitation as they. There is a truly sore evil to be corrected, as it exists among refined sentimentalists—the gentleman and ladies who live and move sentimentally—like good society. They are not alone the low and degraded that stand up to the name of Free Love, but they are even those who are called by the name of Free Love, who are examples of the deformation of the human soul. They are not those alone who grovel in the lower depths of the human passions, for they can be seen in all classes. In the highest of all, and example is as vividly to be seen in the soul of the noblest of men, as in the soul of the lowest. For the great go as far into the depths of repulsive debilitation as they. There is a truly sore evil to be corrected, as it exists among refined sentimentalists—the gentleman and ladies who live and move sentimentally—like good society. 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### Philadelphia Correspondence.

**Philadelphia Correspondence.**  
**Synopsis of Eloquent Discourses by Miss Emma Har-**  
**dingo.**  
 DEAR BANNER—Miss Emma Hardinge, the eloquent

exponent of truth and religious freedom, addressed us on the Sabbath morn. Her subject, "Christ and Christianity," boldly and clearly placed before the numbers assembled, the effects of bigotry and superstition, to which the pure and holy name of the good teacher, Jesus, had been appended by his followers. She spoke of the contradictions in the records of the Evangelists, even with respect to the birth of Jesus;

St. Matthew stating that he was born in the time of Herod, the king, and St. Luke, that it was in the days of Cyrenius, governor of Syria, periods of time about fifty years apart. In tracing the genealogy of

Jesus, it is not that of his mother, Mary, but of his father, Joseph, the carpenter, which is given. With a thrilling burst of eloquence the medium appealed to her hearers; to the reason, the morality of the times, that would reject as blasphemy the announcement of a miraculous birth and immaculate conception, yet received such an account as truth when given eighteen hundred years ago. In the history of the Indian God, Crishna, that of the child Bacchus, in the traditions of Egypt, this idea is heralded, and was by the Christians borrowed from them. No mention is made, by the historians of the time, of the appearance of the star in the East, nor of the wonders that followed upon the crucifixion, the darkness and earthquake. Pliny, the historian, who noted faithfully the changes occurring in heaven

and earth, makes no mention of these things. She spoke of Constantine the great, the first royal patron.

of the Christian faith, who, with his hands imbued in blood, sought for relief from the upbraidings of a guilty conscience, by appealing to the priests, and demanding of them to know what expiation could be offered for murder. And his priests told him: the gods could never forgive murder; that no sacrifices would atone; that he must suffer the consequences of his crimes. He seemed to be surrounded by invisible phantoms, and his soul knew no rest; then he turned to the Christian religion, and was forgiven his sins, was told that Jesus had died for him, and made atonement for the sins of all.

"Oh, monstrous absurdity!" said the inspired

spenser; "that gives impunity to sin, casting on the good, innocent, and holy Jesus, the burden of men's crimes! Who, in this age of thought, can believe in a God so cruel and revengeful as to form the plan of the much-vaunted vicarious atonement; offering up himself to appease his' own wrath, for the sins of his children whom he had made so imperfect?"

Not the simple teachings of Jesus, not that law of love which he taught and which embraced all human duties, was the religion handed down to his followers: but the creed of St. Athanasius, the sanction

of a blood-stained, royal despot, erected the standard of Christianity, and gave its mandates to the world. And after the conversion of the Emperor Constantine, he continued his career of crime, putting to death his sisters' husbands, his nephew, and the priest who had refused him remission of his sins. And in the blood of Christ his crimson sins were whitewashed, and he was heralded the champion of the Christian faith. Jesus performed natural cures,

called miracles in those days; performed them by the power of his magnetism, his unfolded spiritual nature. In all the record of his life, we find not one line written by himself, even his statements regarding himself, as given by the Evangelists, are strangely contradictory. We find his shrinking human nature

ture turning from the terrible doom awaiting him, praying that the bitter cup might pass from him, yet strong in his adherence to the truth, sealing the beauty of his teachings and mission by a malefactor's death. As Spiritualists, the medium said, we

revered and held sacred the name of Jesus, and accepted him as a teacher, turning from the absurd narrations that rendered God a God of vengeance; from the contradictory statements and endorsements

of shackled minds, to the views of truth and reason. I is impossible to render even half justice to those discourses; the pen of a ready phonographer may; as it is, I humbly strive to give but a faint outline; but those who have heard cannot forget the array of

facts, the soul-felt eloquence ; the bold, brave, noble truths uttered by those lips, in vindication of our Father's love, in behalf of justice and true religion.

In the evening, long before the time for the commencement of the lecture, Sansom Street Hall was crowded. The discourse was a continuation of the morning's subject, and treated of the effects of theological

The Crusades, that carried so many thousand brave young hearts from home and happiness, to find their graves upon a foreign soil; the slaughters and cruelties committed beneath the standard of the cross ;

the horrible butcheries, the revolting outrages committed by that zealous band—the Knights of the Temple and of Malta; the persecution of the Jews as a people, accusing those of the death of Christ who were not guilty of it; for it was the priests, and not the people, who had condemned him. And when the Church turned against her own children—these chosen emissaries of her will—it was when some among them sought to protect some miserable Jew

or Pagan from the fury of the priestcraft; they were then accused of witchcraft, of holding intercourse with spirits, and were put to death in their turn—all this for the honor and glory of God!

The assembled intellect and strength, and inventive power of the Christian nations in earlier times, what was it employed upon? the processions of monks and friars, bearing aloft the sacred emblem of Christianity? They were employed in inventing instruments of torture and punishment, wherewith to tear the limbs and rack the joints of unhappy unbelievers; strong men, trembling, fragile women, hapless children, condemned to the tortures of the

The night of St. Bartholomew, ushered in by massacre, stands a record of the effects of that religion ushered into the world by force; the followers of the Prince of Peace, armed with the sword of vengeance, slaughtered the peaceful, sleeping inhabitants of the city, by whose bdd the guardian angels may have been standing; and the Christian King and the Christian Queen looked on; and the wretched vic-

times, striving to escape from the fury of their fellow-beings, sought the waters, preferring that death to the one awaiting them at the hands of the brutal soldiery, who, at the sword's point, drove them to

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that last refuge from their pursuing enemy—all this for the honor and glory of God!

Not yet have the groans of the sufferers ceased to ascend into heaven, from the dungeons wherein the victims of fanaticism languished; their cries yet fill the air, their blood cleaves to the spot; although these gloomy prison-houses have been destroyed, the effect of the evil committed there has not yet ceased. Bloodshed, and tyranny, and oppression, slaughter and persecution in the name of him who bade us love one another—all for the honor and glory of God!

Thousands of spirits sent prematurely and violently from the earth, from the tenement allotted them by the good Father! Mourning and desolation spread over the face of the beautiful world! The blood of man—that oil of life so mysteriously feeding the lamp of existence—shed by his brother's hand—all for the honor and glory of God!

The medium spoke of the Reformation, that benefited in its results, yet had its rise in expediency, and owed its acceptance to a despot's will. Henry the Eighth of England desired the freedom to slay with impunity, and when it was denied to him by the Pope, he accepted the doctrine of Luther to serve his own purposes. This was the inauguration of the Protestant faith in England, and like the Roman Catholic Church, it continued to enkindle the fires of persecution, to perpetuate bigotry and intolerance—all for the honor and glory of God!

In the name of religion, the fires of Smithfield arose to heaven; the souls of loved, innocent young children, were doomed to eternal misery; curses were launched from one seat upon another, war declared, and all human feeling put aside—all this for the honor and glory of God!

Grandly eloquent was the medium's concluding address. She said that the spirit Jesus, the pure, good, peaceful teacher, was surely in our very midst, as he had said that where only two or three were assembled in his name, there would be he also. Then to our Father, the beneficent Creator, the loving and sustaining God, she commended us, with a fervent burst of true religion, that moved many hearts, and caused many eyes to overflow. Truly, our spirit-friends overthrew the ancient idols, but in their place they put our loving Father.

Yours, for Truth, CORA WILBURN.  
Philadelphia, March 21, 1859.

## The Public Press.

### A LOGICAL PHENOMENON.

DEAR BANNER.—The article in your issue for March 12, signed Inquirer, is certainly a logical phenomenon, characteristic, I am sure, of no other person but the one who wrote it. On at first reading that strange production, I became quite doubtful whether any further notice from me could be due to one who had done me so much injustice, and, withal, who evinces such an utter inability for comprehending what I have so fully and freely explained. In the candid question put to me, as I thought, in a candid spirit, about the trance, I gave prompt, truthful and explicit answers. I referred to my public labors, to thousands of my show bills and advertisements, and I may now add, some five different works which I have written and published on Psychology, and by which I demonstrated the great mistakes into which Inquirer had fallen, and I was simply enough to suppose that this writer, whom I took to be a lady, would rejoice in being set right, and that she would, of course, make the amende honorable, and correct the mistakes into which she had so manifestly fallen. But in this hope I expected too much of candor and justice from the writer whom I had "attempted" to oblige, by giving her a generous, manly answer to her interrogatories. She persists in her errors; nor is this all—she confesses she has no proof of what she had affirmed of me, not a particle of proof, when she made her statements; and, even now, she has none except what she thinks she may distort from an article I have written since her erroneous statements were at first made! And, here is a logical phenomenon! Inquirer made erroneous statements of my views of the trance; I denied their accuracy, and demonstrated their falsity by my published advertisements and books, for the past seventeen years. And, now, what does Inquirer do? Does she retract? Does she even admit the possibility of her having misapprehended me and my views? Nothing of the kind! Nay, she don't admit that Mr. Sunderland may, probably, know what his own views have been for the past seventeen years, so well as she does herself! His disclaiming the views she had attributed to him, is to her, "sufficient proof," that she is correct! Well, this is logic with a vengeance.

And, now, suppose I point out the errors into which Inquirer has fallen in this, her second article! She speaks sneeringly of a candid answer which I have already made to her inquiries. It was a mere "attempt." I gave to each one of her questions a candid, explicit, and generous answer, which she has failed to appreciate. I will now show that she has erred again, stumbled upon the very threshold of this subject, having either willfully ignored my explanations, or from incompetency to understand the language I have used, she has built another castle in the air, thus:—

I have over and over again, explained that the human WILL has no power in producing the trance, until an influence is previously gained over the patient by addresses made to his mind through one or each of his external senses; but that in rare, very rare cases, one who has been entranced through addresses made to his external senses, may become sufficiently susceptible to be influenced, to a limited extent, by the mere volition of the operator. Now, bearing in mind how this person has become subjected to my will, (through addresses made to his external senses) we will designate him as No. 1. Then let us suppose that I have ten or ten thousand other persons, entranced by their own minds, by suggestions which I have made to them through their external senses; and thus, nine, or nine hundred and ninety-nine such subjects, are in a state of trance, below No. 1, varying in degrees from one to one thousand. These are all in sympathetic rapport (as the French call it) with No. 1. They all know that I wish them to feel certain emotions, and to do certain acts; and thus, when No. 1 speaks or acts in any given way, these ten or ten thousand other subjects do the same; because they hear what No. 1 says and does; they get their cue from No. 1 through their external senses! The cue is as obvious as the nose on a man's face. And yet Inquirer says:—

"It is a well known fact that many persons who were entranced in his lectures, went upon the platform, and it was ever understood by his audiences at the time, that said persons went upon the platform because Mr. S. wished them to come. Did his will cause them to come, or did they come of their own accord? If his will operated in the case to draw them up, to which one of the external senses was that will directed? Now it must be remembered that each subject is seated in the hall, with eyes closed and hearing stopped, and yet they go upon the platform an entire stranger to all others of his subjects, and perform what he wants them to."

And all this, and "more of the same sort," is repeated by Inquirer, precisely as if I had not given the above explanation! Subjects always come upon my platform because I "will them to come;" but they could never have known what I willed them to do, if I had not told them, by addressing the external senses before named. Soldiers on the field of battle fight, fearless of death, because their commander "wills" them to do so; but if he did nothing but "will" them to fight, my opinion is that the commander's will would accomplish just nothing at all; and so in Pathetism—the operator's will does nothing,

except what it does in his own words and actions, addressed at first to the senses of sight, hearing and feelings of his patients. Nor is it susceptible of proof that "spirits" have ever entered into mortal, who had not heard or seen something "alleged of spirits," before the trance came on? And when persons of a certain temperament once get impressed with a notion or an idea of an influence, (in Pathetism or Spiritualism), which they are made to believe is sufficient to entrance them—no matter whether that "influence" be real or fictitious—such persons fall into that state which we call the trance.

Another important mistake made by Inquirer, in the foregoing paragraph, is in supposing that "each subject" introduced in a public lecture had his or her "hearing stopped." I am sure that no one subject, the world over, ever had the sense of "hearing stopped," when first entranced. Scarcely one in a thousand ever has the hearing stopped at all; the mind may be diverted and the patient may be made to believe that he does not see, or hear, or taste, or smell, or feel, when at the same time they have the use of each of the external senses. It is a rare thing to find the sense of hearing wholly suspended in a state of Trance. Were it wholly "stopped," how could a patient hear what I said to him?

When Inquirer, therefore, says that subjects "entire strangers" have come upon my platform and done what I willed them to, I admit this; but she overlooks the fact that these "entire strangers" are guided by their external senses, with which they are in communication with No. 1, who may be cognizant of my will; or, at any rate, they hear all I say to them or to the audience.

From the following it is manifest how very slow Inquirer is, in comprehending some of the first principles of Pathetism:—

"Now I would inquire how these thousand persons could be operated upon through that one of whom he speaks, when that one is not previously known to them, or brought in contact with them?"

I have, over and over again, told you how this is done. The thousand persons, each of them, hear what No. 1 or No. 2 says; they take their cue, always, from what is suggested to their external sense. Inquirer says again:—

"Mr. S., can you tell how your subjects were addressed through the external sense of hearing, when they were unconscious, (as I was)?"

I reply: If I entranced you, I am sure that you were not unconscious of what I said to you; nor were you unconscious of what my other subjects said or did in your presence. This is a mistake, which, I am sure, a larger experience will correct.

The hallucinations I induced in Inquirer's mind, when she attended my lectures, she calls "facts," that is, I made her see "facts;" I made her believe that she saw a ghost, and "it was a fact," she says, which she saw. Yes, it was one of Dr. Weatherspoon's "second-class facts." Dr. Weatherspoon had two classes of facts; first, those facts which happened, and secondly, those facts which never did happen! All entranced people see a great many "facts" which never happen. I wish I could, indeed, cause Inquirer to see the facts, the fundamental laws of Pathetism. She would be a wiser woman, I am sure. Let us see, now. She dreams, it may be, that the son is made of green cheese. The dream is a "fact," sure enough; but it is not a fact that the moon is made of green cheese, or it may be one of Dr. Weatherspoon's second-class facts—those facts which all hallucinated people see more or less of.

Inquirer speaks as if I had, or would, deny her right to judge for herself, as to whether she does or does not really see a ghost when she is entranced or hallucinated. Not so; I do not, and never did, deny the right of any one to judge as to whether the things they think they see be subjective (in their own brains) or objective outside of them (in their minds). What I affirm, is, that all persons entranced are more or less liable to mental hallucinations. She inquires again:—

"Will Mr. S. be so kind as to inform me how I am more liable to come in contact with spirits who would make a tool of me, by giving up my organism to their control, than would be practiced by mortals?"

You mistake what I said. What I affirmed was, that we are more liable to be injured by surrendering our nervous systems to invisible personages whom we do not and cannot know, than we are by being pathetized by mortals whom we do or may know. When, therefore, you say that a mortal could as easily make a tool of you as any spirit, of whose personal identity and whose real grade you know nothing at all, I see the plane you occupy; I differ from you. We cannot hold the spirits to any responsibility whatever for what they do, or what they fail to do. It is not thus with mortals.

If Inquirer seek any further light from me, I beg that she may not repeat, for the third time, the errors I have already confuted. She has put numerous questions to me, and to each of them I have given a respectful and candid answer. I now put one to Inquirer, who has represented herself as a pathetist subject, wholly "unconscious," and who was controlled by the mere will of the operator, without any use of her external senses; and I understand and she is now a medium, and controlled by the will of the spirits, in a similar manner. Now my question is this—Will you submit to a reasonable and appropriate test which I shall institute, to prove whether you can be controlled, now, by mere volition of another, (in the body or out), or not? This whole question is in a nut-shell, and if you will allow me to test you, we can very soon determine whether or not you have not misjudged yourself, as well as me, in this matter. If you answer in the affirmative, we can easily arrange the preliminaries. The time and place may be left to the Editor of this paper, so as to suit your convenience. LA ROY SUNDERLAND, Boston, March 23, 1859.

### ANSWERS TO AN INQUIRER.—NO. 10.

My method of reasoning on the spiritual phenomena, does not exclude examinations into the competency of persons professing to be media.

In giving a general plan of treatment, I did not have particulars in view. You know that details and particulars, each, have an individual feature; if of importance, they should be investigated.

I see by your remarks upon the progressing character of the age, and particularly of the human mind, that you have mixed ideas upon the subject. You retain early impressions, and they form a deep stratum on which your more recent impressions are laid. True, the human mind is being developed to a higher plane. In this, as in some other particulars, a higher development requires a throwing off of old matter. That is to say, it is in one sense analogous to death, as I understand it. But I fear I take you into too deep water. We will try it on another course, and enter into minutiae. The present condition of the mass of mind is nearly that of passivity as relates to religious faith, belief, or views on theology. I mean by that, that at the present time there is a very marked indifference in the minds of the mass toward these subjects. It is equivalent to throwing off old matter, for if, in the first place, the mind be filled with erroneous teachings, and then becomes indifferent, it performs an excretory function; for, such is the nature of things, that unless matter must be removed from the organism in which it exists—and the same process can be very easily conceived to be paralleled in the human mind—when this condition of passivity or indifference is arrived at, the mind is in condition to receive other impressions, and, by a law of nature, retrogression is the exception; accordingly higher truths are received by the mind, or rather the mind is opened in a higher plane of truth. This is all in accordance with the law of progression, as is taught in connection with Spiritualism; and a constant progression of this character must result, eventually, in elevating the human mind into that plane where it will receive those impressions and truths that we may reasonably suppose are enjoyed by the decepted (if I may invent a word) persons who have lived on this or any other planet.

If this be a reasonable supposition, or a reasonable explanation of things, I see no positive reasons why, when mind is developed to a higher plane, it may not associate with mind in that plane, especially if the development carry the mind into a plane corresponding with the lower planes of decepted minds, or into the same plane.

Now it does not seem at all likely that man, when he becomes decepted, finds his powers very much greater than they might have been here, if circumstances here had been such that his interior development would have had a normal, uninterrupted, external exercise. I think that I understand how it is that the human mind, as manifested in its corporeal form, does not readily acquiesce to the spiritual theory of the so-called spiritual phenomena. It is because the exterior functions so completely engross the powers of the soul (or consciousness) that the interior powers do not react through consciousness.

I see I am getting out into deep water again, but I do not know how to explain the subject as I wish to, only in my own way.

If man's exterior and interior perceptions were made to harmonize, there would be no difficulty in the matter at all. If each were allowed an equal share of consciousness, man would not question and doubt as regards his spiritual nature.

I leave the present train of thought, hoping to resume it after awhile.

But, science has killed the old theology, and people who have heard of the death, have not gone into mourning. They have simply cogitated a moment: "He is gone at last, poor fellow. I always felt a great respect for him; but he was too arbitrary and ridiculous in some of his pretensions, and we must try to get along without him." Thus hundreds—yes, thousands, are at this moment scattered over our country. They constitute more than a majority of our people. Now, in this state of things, where there is a vacancy or vacuum in the great mass of the human mind, do you suppose that it can long exist? Would not truth naturally flow in to fill up the space where evil once was? Would it not naturally be filled with a higher truth than that which was there before?

I have already written to you about those laws which men seek out as an explanation for various classes of phenomena, and have adverted to the methods by which the laws are found—i. e., by first becoming acquainted with facts, then deducing laws by generalization.

In all matters relating to spiritual nature, we have only the pulp theories, or notions. We are presented with a class of phenomena which are claimed to be spiritual. The pulp theory does not support the claim. Science ignores it, because there are no laws for it. The salaried Professor is no more ready to learn of an unlettered ignoramus, born nobody knows where, than were the priests of ancient Jerusalem to receive instruction in the principles of love from the unpretending youth who was said to have been born in an obscure building.

Here we have phenomena that the Professors reject, because they do not conform in measurement to their squares and angles; and, as had often been said, some do not believe it "because it looks inconsistent," or because there never has been any rule since Christ's time, or for some other equally satisfactory or unsatisfactory reason, or for no reason.

But, my friend, all this results from one thing only, and that is, from the habit men have of exercising those external reasonings, from the visible, sensuous causes and effects of crude matter—supposing that all forces must be measured by pounds or tons, and that all distances may be resolved into miles; and that weight and distances are the universal measures of all things.

Thus man reasons. He shuts out from his consciousness that delicate, invisible, and almost imperceptible part of himself—his interior perception; unperceivable, because shut out. So long as man stands isolated in his individual capacity, and wars with the world in a struggle for existence, selfishly seeking his own ends, so long does he shut out his interior perceptions from his consciousness, and so long will he sneer at Spiritualism; but the evidences are that this may not be long. We have these evidences. Man's efforts are constantly tending to ameliorate the condition of the mass. We have our hospitals for the sick, our asylums for the insane, the blind, and various other unfortunate; and charity is manifesting itself in thousands of forms, daily increasing. We only need now Brotherly Love.

Brotherly Love is the grand test by which man shall be redeemed from that thralldom by which his consciousness is withheld from his interior perceptions. When this principle shall have been sufficiently developed, then we shall have more light. You see how it operates in the circles where spiritual manifestations are given. Brotherly Love is one of the principles from which is formed the bases for these developments. No circle where Brotherly Love was excluded, ever obtained any spiritual developments.

The preceding may not answer definitely all you have suggested; but it covers it. We need yet Brotherly Love, because men do not love each other. But the thing is sprouted, and I am inclined to believe that, unless something of the nature of a great calamity should overtake the whole world, it will grow into a flourishing tree.

### CHAT.

DEAR BANNER.—Already dear, although it is but a short time since I made your acquaintance. You seem to me just the paper required at the present time—large enough to afford food for inquiring minds in all stages of progress; never forgetting the thousands in our broad land who have yet to learn their A B's in the school of free thought between us and the Infinite. After reading several of your numbers—made up as they are of contributions from such a multitude of earnest men and women, from all parts of the nation—the reflection which most rejoices my heart is this: How great has become the liberty of thought! How charity is displayed towards those who differ from us in opinion! Very, if in these days so many persons exist, of such widely differing sentiments, and yet command mutual respect, how rapidly must the day be approaching when one can walk through life, incurring no odium for his peculiar religious belief! If in time past, in spite of bitterest persecution, the world has witnessed such sublime instances of individual development, what shall we see in the future, when love has taken the place of hatred, towards those divine men who would struggle to elevate themselves, and point their brethren to a better life!

It may be remarked here, parenthetically, that the world's great reformers were developed by the necessity of their day. When the "good time" or "millennium" comes, we may have many good men, and great—after the largest pattern—but none with that peculiar angularity of character, so effective in its own time, but which must be needless in the best age of the world.

The wise traveler, who finds in the wilderness some fruit or vegetable that has great virtues in appeasing his hunger and giving him strength, knows that the same plant—when rescued from its strife for life with the overshadowing terrors of the forest, and planted in some more genial soil, and nurtured according to the laws of its existence, will produce tenfold better and more beautiful fruit. So with man. Let him be cultivated. Let him have a rich and sweet soil to grow in. Let him reach out his arms and expand himself in the love of God—the Sun of his life. Never attempt to prune him into arbitrary shapes. Engrafting and dwarfing are but temporary shifts in horticulture, and end in death. The perfect and long-lived tree comes from the seed. The cultivation of man, without regard to the eternal laws of his physical life, has ever been a fruitful source of discord and misery to the race. Many of us can readily see errors of this nature in the past. You will hear from any pulp, occasional denunciations, of false forms of human cultivation in ancient times. So much have we been accustomed to condemn old notions in this particular, that we have neglected to learn the good that existed among ancient and so-called heathen nations.

There is much said about the well-being of the soul. Men have been anxious concerning its fate

whenever they have believed in its existence. The practical question has been, How shall we secure the best interests of our immortal part? Many have looked upon the body as an enemy, to be despised, and thwarted in its appetites, as wholly corrupt, and never to be trusted in its instincts and desires. They have considered the mortal part as so distinct from the immortal, even in this life, that the first may be abused with impunity without detriment to the latter. At least men have acted such a thought. How many have zealously punished the body by fasting, scourging, abandoning society, and even mutilation, as if they believed that what weakened the body strengthened the soul? We need not look far in the past to find substantially the same doctrines taught. Who has not heard some religious teacher confess that in the days of his scholarship he lived upon bread and cheese, potatoes, &c., without shame or sorrow for his ignorance, although the man's decayed teeth, putrid breath, and sallow complexion, gave testimony of his sinful and unnatural habits. Orthodox Christians are more ignorant of the laws of life than any other class among us, excepting the filthy poor of our large cities. However, in all great and widely received errors, there is somewhere a kernel of truth, else they would never be accepted by the human heart.

A certain amount of manure (you'll excuse a farmer) will benefit an orchard; but if one should enclose a few apple-trees within his barn-yard, they would die. There is a medium between planting trees in a sand-blow and in a compost-heap, which must be followed in order to secure perfect fruit. Too much nutrition is as deadly in human as in vegetable life. The most of us have often felt the better for an occasional spare meal, or the omission of one. We have often experienced a clear head as resulting from a clean stomach. Very few of us never eat too much, so that often we find a benefit in fasting. Pain, we recognize as a great teacher; it should and does cause us to reflect, and makes us more loving, kind and charitable. The stronger passions of anger and love are among the highest attributes of man, when governed by reason and law. Hereabout lies what of truth ever existed in the theories of those men who believed that the soul was made more pure by hating and sacrificing the body.

Some Bible writers speak scornfully of one "whose talk is of cattle," nevertheless I shall venture to introduce another illustration from the farm. There are men in England who have made it the chief occupation of their life to breed neat cattle. Some of them have succeeded in producing much finer animals than any we have ever known; better for milk, for beef, and for work. How much attention was paid to improving the disposition, the character, the mind, I cannot say, although no one would willingly perpetuate the qualities of a vicious horse or other animal, while it is admitted as a fact that the peculiar virtues or vices of its disposition may as well be transmitted to its offspring as any peculiar formation of bone and muscle.

Now these cattle-breeders avowedly used physical means to bring about such improvement as they have made. Judicious crossing, to mingle excellences and cover defects, connected with a generous diet of natural food, pure air and sufficient exercise, were the principal means. It was a wholesome and healthy combining of art with nature. The master of the herd probably did not allow the progenitors of the present race to be teased and baited with dogs, and was uniformly kind and attentive to their wants, which was the only semblance to moral means used. Now for my application of this chapter of cattle-breeding: Man is an animal, possessing the qualities of all life below him, and something more. If you wish to improve him permanently, it must be done in the old way of generation and nutrition. The race must literally be born again—yes, and affected. The inherent qualities of the soul can only be agitated through the body—the soul being but a more attenuated form of matter. Not being in fact, it should not in imagination be separated from the body until after the dissolution of body and soul—death. It is capable of proof that the higher qualities of the man are as much derived from the soil and climate he lives in, as are his bones and muscles. Great men and women are only produced under certain favorable circumstances of nutrition—I use that word in its broadest sense—continuing for several generations.

It is a very common idea that a child can be moulded as we please, if taken in early life; but it is refuted scores of times in the experience of every one. This is another of those errors with just enough of truth in it to make it a curse. Parents and teachers are quite apt to assume, in case a child should make a useful member of society, all the credit therefore, as being due to their peculiar method of training. When a child proves unworthy in after life, then no one claims the merit of being his instructor, and we are told, foreforth, that the child has been led astray by his nature. This is just one half of the truth, for we do good as naturally as we do evil; both good and evil are liable to be produced in the course of nature, even as weeds among grain. How are the best men and women produced—by culture, or generation? Many instances have occurred where cultivation has been profitably added to inherited talent; but while culture has never made a full man of a brutish lout, our most wonderful geniuses have ever made themselves known and felt in the world, in spite of obstacles, through their innate and hereditary powers.

Somebody said that one able woman in a family would keep it clear of fools for several generations. My Orthodox friends concede the truth of that; but when I ask them the effect of having an able woman and pure man in each generation, they hug their dogma of human depravity the closer. It is a great deal easier, if we can only have faith in it, to depend upon a "scheme of salvation" for our progeny, than it is to live so pure lives that our children shall as naturally love each other and God, as the rose emits its fragrance. The ancients knew how to rear men fit for soldiers at least. The Spartans, were at one time a nation of princes. They paid particular attention to physical development—intellect was probably secondary. In New England we have—perhaps unwittingly—erred the other way. Our giants are mostly so in the head—being thin in the chest, and weak in the legs and arms.

Our large cities consume the flower of our population. The best of our young men and women are lost to the world, inasmuch as they bear no fruit after their kind. New York and Boston are full of young men, occupying unfruitful stations, who, had they remained in the rural districts, might have been shining lights, and have bred children better than themselves. We in the country like books and newspapers, and sermons, and labor saving machinery, and the thousand things we are told to thank cities for; but we prefer men and women to them all—men and women, no more perfect than human nature will allow them to be.

The present writer joins himself to the multitude who have gone before him, each living in hope that the truths he saw developed in his own age would lead his race to a higher practical life. Have we not great reason to be thankful and to hope in these days?

### Written for the Banner of Light. A FRAGMENT.

BY GRACE LELAND.

Lo! I am here  
To do thy will, oh God!  
In doubt and fear  
The path of pain I tread—  
Nor thought I led my Father's house so near!  
Down-cruel with woe,  
Helpless, forsaken, lost,  
I did not love me most  
When through the dreadful waves he bade me go.  
'Tis well to thee,  
Oh God, our Father, here  
My song shall be  
Praise evermore: no fear  
My soul shall know, if thou wilt go with me!

No woman should paint except she who has lost the power of blushing.

### A FRIEND INDEED.

In my former communications I have promised to give Inquirers, who wished information concerning the *Jamestown Institute*, references to individuals who know what the school is. I have no better evidence than the letter below, written by a gentleman whom I never saw, until he brought his son to the Institute. He once before expressed his confidence, and strengthened ours, by a Christmas gift of \$100, and his letter will explain his present feelings. I wrote to ask his consent respecting the sale of ten scholarships, and the best means to find some Spiritualist who would take the mortgage now held by those who have no interest in our welfare. We did not think of asking a donation from any one—much less from him. I give his letter without his knowledge or consent. He must excuse me:—

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 8, 1859.

MY FRIEND AND BROTHER—I have given your letter of 25th ult. received yesterday, as much attention as my perplexing business will allow. Just as I received it, and of our most, I believe the most, wealthy Spiritualist, called in. I read your communication; I stated your plans and its needs. Alas, I met with another instance of a "friend of reform," very zealous in propounding theories which cost nothing; but who starts, alarmed, if there is a possibility of a demand being made on his dear purse—and even to carry out his own theories. This class of "reformers" have nothing of any account to give but words!

My friend, I get heart-sick when I hear and see so much philosophy in expression, and so little of it in *humanity*—a whiggy comes to me—*do them—act those—practice in these things to others!* So I sent you enclosed a bank draft on New York for five hundred dollars. This is a free donation. Pay off your present urgent indebtedness, and take care of your own health. If you go away from the body, this reformatory movement may be put back for years. I don't think it will ever get to the point of doing any good, as you suggest. If parents could be made to feel the importance of your invaluable system of youth culture, instead of "ten patrons or scholarships for two hundred, for one year, pay in advance," there would be hundreds of applications.

If you will send me a description of the property, I will try and see if it is possible to get money so far from security. Some exertion must be made! Your school must go on! It shall not go down. o o o o o

Yours truly, in sympathy, LOUIS BRIDGES.

As we have often had the most unqualified approbation of our school and family from those who have examined our method carefully, given through the press, and by letter, may we not hope that in the whole band of Spiritualists and Reformers there are ten who will take scholarships for one year, and pay in advance, and one who will buy the mortgage, which is well secured? O. H. WELLINGTON.

### MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

REV. JOHN PIERCE will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism. Address at Medford, Mass.

Miss Emma Harding will lecture in New York, Williamsville and Naugatuck, during April; in Providence, Worcester, Lowell, and other places, during May; and in Portland and Oswego during June. In the Fall and Winter Miss Harding designs to labor exclusively in the West and South, and requests letters of application for her services to be addressed to 194 Grand street, New York.

Miss Rosa T. Amedee will speak in Worcester, April 17th; Cambridgeport, April 18th; Marlborough, April 19th; Foxboro', April 24th. She will answer calls for lectures, and attend funerals. Address No. 32 Allen street, Boston.

Warren Chase lectures in Evansville, Ind., April 1st, 2nd and 3rd; Cincinnati, Ohio, April 10th; Cleveland, April 24th; Chicago, April 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th and 29th; May 1st; Adrian, Mich., May 15th; Battle Creek, Mich., May 22d; Harmonia, Mich., May 26th and 27th; Kalamazoo, Mich., May 29th.

E. S. Wheeler, Inspirational Speaker, may be addressed at the Fountain House, Boston, Mass. He is engaged in Connecticut, Boston, until April 11th.

J. H. Currier, of Lawrence, will speak in Concord, N. H., April 3d; Union Bridge, Saurborton, N. H., April 8th.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend will speak in Cambridgeport, April 3d; Watertown, April 10th; Cambridgeport, April 17th and 24th.

Mrs. F. O. Hoyer may be addressed, in care of J. H. Blood, Box 346, P. O. St. Louis, Mo.

Loring Moody will lecture in Woburn, Sunday, April 3d; South Dedham, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 6th and 6th; Andover, Thursday and Friday, April 7th and 8th; Foxboro', Sunday, April 10th; Marlborough, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 12th and 13th; Norton, Thursday and Friday, April 14th and 15th. Will some friend in each place, who may see these notices, make all needed arrangements without further request.

J. P. Fairfield will lecture in Providence, R. I., April 3d and 4th. Friends in the vicinity of Providence are requested to engage his services for week evenings, during his stay in that place, will address him in care of Robert A. Potter, Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Folton will lecture during the month of April in such places, on the stage route from Utica, N. Y., to Birmingham, as the friends may desire. Address, until May 1st, Willard Barnes, Boston, High street, N. Y. Mr. Folton, having to return to lecture in Michigan and Wisconsin, by the New York and Erie route in the month of April, would thank the friends who desire a visit for two or three lectures, to forward their requests by April 1st, as on that day he will conclude his appointments. Address Doctor Mayhew, care of S. T. Munson, No. 5 Great Jones street, New York.

Miss Lizzie Doten will speak in Plymouth, April 3d; A. B. Child, April 10th; Mrs. Charlotte F. Works, April 17th and 24th; George Atkins, May 1st; and J. C. Crier and daughter, May 8th.

Prof. Payton and Amanda M. Spence will respond to invitations to lecture, addressed to Jamestown, N. Y.

Miss Munson, clairvoyant physican, has, since the commencement of her engagement to speak in Philadelphia and Baltimore during the last month, been unable to leave her home, in which she has hitherto been so successful. She has taken the rooms formerly occupied by her at No. 718 Sanson street, where she may be found during ordinary business hours. She may be addressed, care of Dr. H. T. Child, 510 Arch street.

Mrs. M. M. Middlebrook (formerly Mrs. Henderson) will lecture in New Oswego, N. Y., every Sunday, except on St. George's days, during the month of May. Friends in the vicinity of Oswego, wishing to engage her services for week evenings, during her stay in that place, will address her, Box 422, Bridgeport, Ct.

J. C. Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism. Mr. Hall is one of the first apostles of Spiritualism.

Mrs. J. V. Currier will lecture in Norwich, Conn., April 10th and 17th; Putnam, Conn., April 24th. Evenings intervening will speak in the vicinity of the above places, if desired. Address, Lowell, Mass.

E. V. Wilson, Fountain House, will answer calls to lecture Sundays or week-day evenings, upon the practical uses of Spiritualism, and its truths, relating many wonderful incidents which have taken place, with name and place for proof.

J. C. Crier will answer calls for lectures on Spiritualism or Temperance, and his daughter, Susie C. Crier, will accompany him to give readings. Mr. C. will act as agent for the BANNER. Address at the BANNER office, or 12 Chapman st.

George Atkins will speak in East Taunton, Sunday, April 3d; Orleans, April 10th and 24th; and Taunton, April 17th.

Miss Sarah A. Mapson will answer calls to lecture in the towns of Taunton and Taunton, on week-day evenings, during the summer in the East. Address, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Mrs. M. M. Macomber, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to



