





Ingeburg; her stately husband was as capable of sympathizing with her in such moods, as one of the marble pillars in the hall; but to compensate for this, he was devoted to her service—every wish was gratified almost before expressed, and the most unbounded liberty allowed; her very caprices were respected, and no reasons ever asked concerning any line of conduct she chose to adopt.

The wild day-dreams of her girlhood were finally realized—she was an acknowledged leader of fashion; the most ambitious schemes for her child seemed likely to prosper. The first twenty years of her life appeared like the half-forgotten history of some stranger.

The season in London had been unusually gay. The birthday was long since past, and yet the pleasure-seeking crowds lingered for a succession of brilliant entertainments which followed each other with increasing rapidity, as if conscious such a state of things could not last much longer.

At the opera one evening, in the middle of a gay *repas*, Lady Coningsburg turned suddenly pale, and gazed with stony fixedness at the opposite side of the theatre. She was instantly surrounded by the ladies of her party, much alarmed at her singular appearance; but in a moment recovered herself, declaring it was nothing—the air was close, and she felt slightly faint, but it was entirely gone; and finding that any notice annoyed her, they ceased their attentions.

But not another note of the liquid melody did Honoria hear. A tall figure standing in the shadow of a balcony destroyed all warmth and life in her veins; she felt oppressed as by some terrible dream, scarcely daring to move or speak lest she should be observed by that fearful presence. She could hardly realize the blow that threatened to fall on her unprotected head, and her mind was too bewildered at the approaching danger to avoid it, or clearly follow out the result. She vaguely foresaw the position, reputation, and every worldly good she had so long and successfully striven for, snatched from her at one deadly grasp, and disgrace, humiliation, neglect substituted; there stood the man who could condemn her to degradation, who held her future in his power—Alfred Maxwell.

Presently her courage revived; she had escaped him once—why not again? But the stake was so great as to nearly paralyze her energies. As yet it appeared he had not seen her, and the plan of leaving the theatre and setting out for Hatherstone immediately, or—if she discovered Maxwell was intending to remain sometime in England—going abroad, suggested itself to her troubled mind.

While waiting for a favorable opportunity to effect an exit unobserved, the door of her box opened, and a young author, whom she had patronized considerably, entered; with a pre-occupied attention she listened to his conversation until he mentioned the dreaded name; then, suddenly arousing, she requested him to repeat his last remark. He stated that a Mr. Maxwell had recently arrived in London, bringing letters of introduction to several families of note who were highly pleased with, and made quite a lion of the young American. He also added that this new acquaintance was much struck with her ladyship on account of a strong resemblance to an old friend.

Honoria trembled violently. Could it be that he had not discovered her identity? Her resolution was instantly taken to quit the country, and thus, by disappearing from his sight, cause him to forget any suspicions in regard to herself. As soon as possible she left the scene of her acute suffering, followed by the opera glass of Maxwell till out of sight. When Sir Radford heard his lady's wish to leave London immediately, he expressed no surprise, and silently acquiesced, according to custom.

The agony of the succeeding night may not be estimated by any common standard. To lose all she had spent years in securing—worldly ruin stared her in the face—the necessities of wealth and position acquired a treble value in her eyes, as she seemed about to be deprived of them. She dreaded the approach of daylight—as if the darkness were safety, and could arrest the progress of evil.

#### CHAPTER IX.

The next morning orders were given to prepare for leaving London, and Lady Coningsburg remained alone in the splendid drawing-rooms, that only increased her misery by reminding her of the game at stake, calculating the chances of each possible move, when, without previous warning, Mr. Maxwell was announced.

The violent start and flush were not lost upon the villain, who advanced with winning deference to present a letter of introduction. Nearly overwhelmed, at this sudden progress toward the dreaded danger, Honoria rose, and, scarcely conscious of her actions, extended her hand mechanically for the note. As she did so her arm was exposed to view, and on it glittered its inseparable ornament—the pendant Spanish doubloon!

Every lingering doubt vanished from Maxwell's mind, and with an instant change of manner he boldly said:

"This farce is useless—we need no introduction, Honoria!"

His helpless victim sank tremblingly on a seat, while her fiendish persecutor gazed in greedy triumph at the evidence of his power. Her pale lips were speechless; she could only clasp her hands in silent despair.

"Well, my pretty fugitive," was his unfeeling address, accompanied with a sneering laugh, "this is making out pretty well for a runaway slave; you seem to have a natural gift at bewitching white people into forgetfulness of your negro origin. Features and complexion are pretty well toned down, though," he added, scanning her critically.

In the wild hope inspired by a stray word of this sentence, the insult was unheeded. She was now equal to any emergency, and with all her customary composure awaited an opportunity to use her newly-formed defence. This change did not escape Maxwell, who supposed, however, that it proceeded from a determination to deny her identity, and, glorying in the certainty of triumphing at last, he proceeded to heap indignities upon her.

"You cannot escape me!" he said; "I cannot claim you, it is true, but I can deprive you of everything you value."

"I defy you!" was her scornful answer.

"Ah! you defied me once before, and what was my revenge?"

"But you were foiled; I escaped you."

Furious at her fearless disdain, Maxwell forgot all prudence, and, clutching her arm forcibly, hissed into her startled ear—

"Not so, madame! you did not escape all. Who

destroyed the idol that formed your sole happiness? Who doomed you to the awful suspense of a second slavery? Who condemned you to a life long exile, or future bondage, by secreting your free papers? I! I did all this, and I will again envelop you in a net whose meshes you cannot break so easily. I have sworn a glorious revenge, and I will obtain it!"

A deep thankfulness that St. George had actually provided for her safety, that she was free, though unable to produce the proofs, was happiness too great for utterance, and it was several instants before she could reply to his threat and cruel boast:

"You could not have done me a greater service than to withhold my papers. But for that theft, I should not have been in the position I now occupy, from which you are at liberty to dislodge me—if you are able!"

Rage and malice glowed in his eyes as he retorted: "You believe, perhaps, that your proud, high-born companions will continue loyal to your capricious sway, when they discover that their oracle is a fugitive slave, the ci-devant mistress of the man whose wife she called herself, the artful adventuress, who, by her deceits, has entrapped a nobleman into placing her in the position she now occupies. And these facts I will proclaim in the ears of every one."

"Are you determined to do this?" Honoria calmly inquired.

"I am; nothing shall induce me to forego my revenge. An hour ago you might have bought me off; but now I will do as I have sworn."

"I have no desire to purchase your silence. If you declare my origin, you will but surround me with more devoted friends than I now possess."

Amazed at the wonderful composure of his intended victim, he demanded if she intended to deny his statements.

"Not at all. But there are a few doors that are closed even upon me, who lead half London. Once enlist the sympathies of their proud owners, (and nothing will so surely do this as the plan you propose), and my popularity is increased four-fold. Even should that fail me, my husband cannot be alienated by any efforts, and we will find a home abroad, where distinctions of race are only noticed to be admired. There I can rest secure from your malice."

Although realizing the truth of these assertions, such was her unutterable loathing of African taint, that, rather than her origin should be suspected, even with the addition of fresh honors, she would have preferred the lot of the most miserable white woman. This she carefully concealed from Maxwell, however, although trembling at the result of his threat, if executed.

In vain did her persecutor attempt to arouse her fears. He was entirely deceived by her affected indifference; and at length, completely baffled, took his leave, vowing that if ever she fell into his power, every scornful word should be avenged with interest.

Maxwell had discovered Honoria by chance, and the old emotion of rage at her having foiled him once, awakened within his heart, urging him on to injure her if possible. Convinced that any such attempts were useless at present, he proposed to complete his tour abroad, and abide a better opportunity. He was now seeking to establish himself in life, and having just run through his large fortune in various extravagances, was seeking anxiously for some heiress to repair his losses.

When his first anger at the result of his efforts was past, the thought occurred that much more might be gained by professing friendship instead of enmity toward Lady Coningsburg. Acting under this impulse, he wrote to her, stating that if she would assist him in winning a wealthy bride, he would remain silent concerning her past history. Rejoiced at this prospect of safety, yet aware the display of too much joy would be impolitic, Honoria returned a brief reply to the effect that so long as he treated her courteously she would show equal civility to him.

A truce was thus established, and both parties met in society as acquaintances. But Honoria lived in constant terror, somewhat lessened by the reflection, that after so long a period as had elapsed since their meeting, Maxwell could not expose her without losing his own reputation for manliness and honor, even if his story was credited. These facts suggested themselves to Maxwell also, and he clearly perceived that his power was gone, and that he had now outwitted himself.

In order to retrieve his broken fortunes, he plunged deeply into gaming; but before long, his success being such as to render his associates unwilling to engage against him, he turned his attention to heiress hunting instead.

As it chanced, his choice fell upon a young but plain girl, already in possession of her property, and so unattractive that not even her golden charms had yet procured her a suitor. But she was amiable, sensible, and capable of deep and true affection. Of this, Lady Coningsburg, for whom she entertained the most enthusiastic admiration, was well aware, and on her part much preferred the society of this painfully shy, but really gifted girl, to many more brilliant, but also more shallow ones.

Maxwell now demanded that Honoria should assist him in this enterprise, and her haughty spirit chafed like a caged lioness at the reflection that the man she despised above all others could with impunity demand her to participate in his nefarious schemes, betray the confiding trust of an esteemed friend, and subject herself to his degrading companionship. An hundred times she was tempted to wish that the ocean had become her grave after her escape from bondage. But regrets were useless, and Maxwell became more impatient every day, relying on the good offices of Lady Coningsburg, who perceived that her young friend was so prepossessed in his favor, and flattered by receiving attentions so unusual, that the slightest attempt to influence her according to his wishes would be entirely successful.

She was spared the dreaded humiliation, however. She heard a report one day that the fascinating American was about to return home to take possession of a large fortune just left him. This was almost too much a relief for Honoria to credit; but when Maxwell called to take his leave, she felt as if the springs of life were renewed within her. Rejoiced at this unexpected release, her manner was almost cordial, and they parted on civil terms.

But as Maxwell pondered upon the events of the last few months, his pride was aroused that he should have been thwarted a second time by a woman who had once been his undisputed property, yet was able to set his threats at defiance. He was thankful but for one thing—that he had not committed himself to the ugly heiress, since the necessity for a wealthy wife no longer existed, and he resolved to choose the fairest woman he could win to grace his new estate, and banish the remembrance of past mortifications.

He was now master of one of the most elegant residences in Virginia, left him by his uncle, Mr. Talbot, and, with the large fortune attached to it, was subject to but one restriction—that the widow should make it her home as long as she pleased, and also receive half the income till her decease. This, Maxwell did not regard as an incumbrance, for his share sufficed to supply all his wishes, and as Mrs. Talbot was an aristocratic, elegant woman, he was pleased to have so fine a hostess when he entertained his friends. But between himself and this proud lady there was little familiarity; for his selfish and unworthy nature did not escape her notice, and had he not been her husband's nephew, she would not have treated so considerately a man whom she had always kept at a distance during Mr. Talbot's lifetime.

Day by day her dislike increased, until Maxwell scarce felt that he had any claim to continue at Mount Clare, so distant and contemptuous were the manners of its mistress, who, on her part, thoroughly aware of his true character, regretted that the estate had not been left to a worthy stranger, rather than to the underserving heir. Time passed on, and despite his wealth and position as one of the most extensive landholders in the State, his acquaintances were few, and friends still less numerous, till at length Mount Clare was almost as solitary as if uninhabited, and its master held in general dislike, as a sarcastic, unamiable man.

#### CHAPTER X.

Increase of years did not bring additional happiness to Lady Coningsburg. All the distinctions which surrounded her did not suffice to fill her heart; there was a vague longing for something she had not, and could not define. Every resort of the fashionable world for the cure of ennui proved unavailing, and finally, after exhausting the continent for change of scene and amusement, some enterprising member of her coterie ventured to suggest a trip to Canada.

This met with instant approval from all. A party was soon formed of the cream of Lady Coningsburg's circle, and the intended route carefully marked out. Lily, now a beautiful girl of sixteen, was to accompany them at her earnest request, and Sir Radford's petition on her behalf, who could not bear to be separated from his pet.

The voyage brought vividly to memory all Honoria's early life. The contrast between the first and second passage, so hateful to contemplate, irritated her almost beyond endurance. The days spent on ship-board were one continued trial to her haughty spirit, and she was silent from joy when they neared the land. As she had no associations connected with this part of the country, novelty of scene and occupation amused her awhile, until but one more sight remained before their departure for home—the Falls of Niagara.

When within a day's journey of the falls, Sir Radford was attacked by a slight illness, which prevented him from journeying with the party. He finally persuaded them to proceed without himself and Lady Coningsburg, intending to join them again shortly. He would not hear of Lily's remaining behind, but insisted that she should go on with her friends.

An indecipherable fear seized Honoria at hearing this decision. She had never felt uneasy when separated from her daughter by the breadth of nearly a whole continent, and now, when but a few hours were to divide them, she was filled with sad presentiment and groundless alarm.

Lily, however, experienced nothing of this, and promised to be very cautious, to avoid all dangerous places, and to keep constantly near her friends; yet when they departed, Honoria turned pale and cold, vainly struggling against the seeming weakness.

As the travelers journeyed along, little dreaming of the anxiety in Lady Coningsburg's heart, Lily was the life of them all, her beauty and gaiety attracting the admiration of those with whom they came in contact. The day after their arrival at Niagara was spent in viewing the Falls, and lamenting the absence of two of their number. The next morning they crossed over to the American side, and Lily, who was unusually gay, received frequent cautions from her companions for her fearlessness, which made her too bold to guard against danger.

Presently the party turned homeward. Just as Lily, who was in advance, was about to step onto the bridge, one of the gentlemen called her by name. She turned to reply, and as she did so, three men, who had been lurking about at intervals all the morning, came rapidly forward, and one who seemed the leader, laid his hand on her shoulder, saying—

"You are my prisoner, young lady!"

Trembling and terrified beyond the power of speech or action, she could only gaze helplessly into the man's face. The next moment her friends were on the spot, and one of them attempted to thrust the intruder aside, furiously demanding by what right he dared to touch Miss St. George.

"By the authority of the United States' laws," was the calm reply. "I arrest this girl as the property of Alfred Maxwell of Virginia, who purchased her with her mother, Honoria Phillips, twelve years ago, of the heirs of Cecil St. George, Esq., of New Orleans."

Utter amazement silenced them all for a second, and then the gentleman who had spoken before, exclaimed:

"Impossible! There is some mistake here. Release the lady," and he attempted to draw her away. "Hold, young man," replied the officer; "there is no mistake in the matter—I have a warrant for her arrest, and you must permit me to execute my orders peaceably, or I shall be obliged to use force."

Further resistance was useless; and after accompanying Lily to the place where she was to remain for the present, her friends returned to their lodgings, and despatched a message to Sir Radford and Lady Coningsburg, desiring them to hasten forward without delay. This done, they vented their indignation on this outrageous imposition, as they termed it, and pictured the reparation that Sir Radford would probably demand.

It so chanced that the baronet and his lady had started to rejoin their friends, and missed the intelligence, so that on their arrival it was very evident they were ignorant of evil. Honoria's first inquiry was for her daughter, and the embarrassed silence of her companions struck with leaden weight on her heart.

"You did not receive our message, then?" inquired one of the ladies.

"No—there is something you hesitate to say; I beg you will tell me instantly what has happened."

"Pray, be calm, my dear friend—it is nothing—that is, all will be well now that you are come."

"My child! she is ill—she—no it cannot be that any harm has befallen her—oh! say it is not that!"

Lady Coningsburg's agonized suspense was terrible to behold; and, unable to restrain her emotion, the lady summoned her brother—the one who had attempted to prevent Lily's arrest—to relate the circumstances.

"Oh, Lord Hardings!" Honoria cried, as he entered the room, "do not conceal anything from me! Tell me the worst, and at once—I can bear all but this dreadful doubt."

"It is only a strange mistake, or the malicious invention of some enemy," he replied, and indignantly narrated the occurrence.

Ere he had finished, she comprehended the whole; and, for the second time in her life, sank under the burden of unbearable distress into insensibility. When she recovered her senses, she thought that her history could no longer be concealed, and that a public exposure must follow, nearly deprived her of reason. All the results of twelve long years' toil and "exhaustion of spirit" were dashed at one blow—crumbled into dust!

She thought of her darling child, imprisoned, treated like a criminal, and heart-broken at this disgrace—alone among strangers, and no mother to comfort her in this desolation—until the bitter cry arose: "Why am I thus persecuted?"

Then, conscience, whose voice she had so long silenced, became a relentless accuser. The towering ambition, the wasted opportunities of usefulness, the tact desert, the thoughtless pursuit of pleasure, all her worldliness, the disregarded warnings of affliction, and the stifled repentance, that, if heeded, might perhaps have averted this last overwhelming stroke of chastisement, rose up like ghosts from the past, and caused her to shudder at the retrospection—to remain awed and silent before the avenging angel, as the just retribution so long delayed was dealt upon her.

Amid this chaos of emotion, one impulse shone out clear and defined—to see and defend her child from all unnecessary suffering—for she never realized the almost idolatrous love she cherished for Lily until now. Yet it was impossible to go to her, without being herself arrested; this she would not have heeded—nor, when her past life was disclosed and the name of slave affixed to her, the state of slavery would be no additional misery to her diseased mind; but if she joined her daughter, and resigned herself to voluntary bondage, no benefit could result, for it was very uncertain if Maxwell would allow them to remain together, lest his revenge should not be complete, or they should effect a second escape, unless guarded so warily as to become a burden.

And she had supposed this long-dreaded danger vanished forever, years ago. On his quitting England, she had parted peacefully from her persecutor, and dismissed the idea of an event like the present from her thoughts, as a settled impossibility! Who could have imagined that Maxwell would learn their arrival, when residing in another part of the continent! These reflections passed through the mind of the sufferer; and the contrast between her present wretched situation and that of a short time previous, added its silent sting, reproaching her for the restless, ungrateful disposition that had not permitted her to receive with thankfulness unnumbered blessings, but urged them all on to ruin, which fell most heavily upon the innocent—her husband and child—from whom she, the cause, had experienced nothing but devotion and blind obedience.

The faint hope that perhaps Maxwell would permit the purchase of Lily, kept her from despair. Horrible thought! She shrieked at the sound of her own expression—her child a slave—that loathed and accursed thing—could it be this awful degradation would be allowed! Her brain seemed on fire; at this crisis, only the conviction that the utmost self-command and energy were indispensable to rescue Lily, if within human power, preserved her reason.

Most bitter of all was the fact that they were actually free; that their fiendish enemy, who unjustly defrauded them of liberty, was the one who had deprived them of their idolized protector—the cowardly murderer of the fond husband and father.

The consternation of her friends, when the truth was known, was only equalled by their pity and indignation. Every falling of the really charming Honoria was forgotten, and every excellence of herself and child magnified like the virtues of the dead. But at this season human sympathy availed the victim little, and she had not yet learned to seek the tender support of that God whose righteous judgment and punishment she acknowledged.

#### CHAPTER XI.

Honoria's worst fears were realized. Maxwell refused to part with Lily, and prepared to depart immediately after the trial was concluded. Nearly distracted at the prospect of a final separation, the unhappy mother resolved to see her darling once more in the vague, wild hope—of she knew not what. The ladies of the party had visited Lily during the trial, and much surprise was expressed that the cruel Southerner should allow his prisoner such consolation. He had even permitted notes to pass between his victims, and in the last which Lily had sent, she begged her mother not to attempt seeing her, and bade her a touching farewell.

The poor child now sat crouched in a corner of her grated window, looking into the dusky shades of gathering twilight, with her mother's last reply clasped to her bosom; the sweet face flushed with recent tears, and the long, fair hair in disordered, heavy masses about her shoulders; she was endeavoring to comprehend the full extent of the calamity which had befallen her; her desolation—the horrors of her position—brought on by the bewildering fright, she hid her face in her hands and sobbed with tearless eyes, striving to still the suffocating throbs of her aching heart.

She dashed the damp curls back, and clinging to the iron bars, gazed forth again, striving to be calm, and to banish the thoughts of mother, home and friends. Fortunately her ideas of slavery were very undefined, and she could not comprehend much more than that she should always be a servant among strangers, and never again see her beloved country, as she termed England, nor her dear old acquaintances; but this nearly benumbed her senses.

The shadows deepened—on the morrow she should be beyond the reach of the loved ones. Oh! was it indeed true that she should never behold that fond mother's face? It could not be so. Vainly she tried to realize that this was not all a horrible dream. If she could but gaze once again on her mother, rest her weary head a few short minutes on that sheltering breast, everything in the future might be cheerfully borne.

Would she not come even yet? Could not a mother's yearning tenderness devise a way to comfort,

if not rescue her? Could she live otherwise? No, she was conscious that death or a maniac's fate must then relieve her, and there was joy in the thought. But she was thankful that a meeting would not be allowed—that the safety of that most loved one would not be periled, and strove to find comfort in that fact.

But oh! only to hear her voice—but one word! And the tears ran down her pale cheeks again, for nature was stronger than reason or religion.

The door of her cell was opened to admit a visitor, and then securely fastened as before. A tall, veiled figure advanced a few hurried steps, tottered, and, stretching out its arms toward the trembling girl, who had risen, uttered the cry of "My child! my child!"

With a low, broken murmur of gladness, Lily sprang forward, and the arms were folded closely around her.

For a moment not a whisper broke the silent happiness of either; and then the poor girl, flinging herself down on her couch, drew Honoria beside her, and poured out a flood of incoherent, joyous phrases, interrupted by tears and caresses.

Presently Honoria collected her wandering senses and proceeded to execute the plan she had formed for Lily's liberation. She was to remain behind, while the young girl should depart in her stead, unknown to the jailer. Lily would not listen to this, until her mother represented that she could doubtless effect an escape before long, and they would then be united; instead of which, a lasting separation must ensue, if one so young and inexperienced as Lily were to depend on her own efforts for a reunion. Honoria finally declared that if she would not avail herself of this opportunity of freedom, she would also stay and share the same fate.

Thus urged, Lily disguised her face and form, and, nearly overcome with the thoughts of leaving her mother to suffer instead, applied for permission to pass out. But a taunting laugh, and the reply, "that both birds were caged at last," fell on the ears of those within with startling force. The next moment a perverse joy, that they had now no choice but to remain together, filled both their hearts, and, ere long, nestling in her mother's arms, worn out with fatigue and sorrow, Lily fell into a gentle slumber.

Maxwell experienced a fierce pleasure at learning that his schemes were successful. Now he could revenge the past with usury. In addition to slavery, his proud victim should pine to think that, could she but escape, her former position might be restored, and that day by day she was losing her youth and beauty—wasting her existence, tortured by the knowledge that her lovely child was doomed to a life of degradation, just as the most brilliant future seemed opening to her.

It was owing to mere accident that he became aware that Honoria was in America. Wearing the loneliness of Mount Clare, he had accompanied Mrs. Talbot on a visit to her brother, Judge Tracy, residing near the Falls, and, having heard some person mention a beautiful Miss St. George, traveling with an English party, at once surmised the truth, and laid his plans accordingly. He had permitted Lily's friends to visit her, in the hope that some such step as Honoria had taken, would place both in his power.

The consternation of Sir Radford, on discovering the last misfortune that had befallen him, resulted in a severe illness; his pride was now completely prostrated—a Coningsburg a slave! He could never lift up his head again—the glory of his unsullied thirty descents was hopelessly stained—and nothing remained to the desolate old man but to die.

Honoria was also humbled. She felt that she would willingly resign those vanities which had never satisfied her heart, for the lowest station in life as a free woman, and labor cheerfully to support herself and child.

Sir Radford, who had watched the progress of events with trembling eagerness, became acquainted during Lily's trial, with Judge Tracy, and when Honoria was detained by Maxwell, requested an interview. He inquired if no inducement could be offered that would persuade Maxwell to release his claims, and implored the Judge to effect a compromise. This the latter knew would be a useless attempt; but the baronet could not endure the thoughts of so public an exposure as must ensue at the trial, and his misery was doubled at knowing the suffering it must cause his haughty, but idolized wife. In consideration of his urgent petitions, the Judge consented to undertake the task, but suggested, as a last hope, in case Maxwell was immovable, that some person might be commissioned to purchase the mother and daughter, without the agency of their friends being suspected. To this chance Sir Radford clung with despairing tenacity.

As he had predicted, Judge Tracy found that the plaintiff would make no concession, and, deeply interested in the matter, requested to see Honoria. Disliking to refuse, yet inwardly unwilling, Maxwell ordered that she should be brought from the apartment where she was confined. As she entered the room, the Judge gazed at her with evident surprise, and instinctively offered her a seat; he could scarce credit his senses, and addressed her with deference—it might be that a deeper feeling than respect actuated him; there was a tenderness in his manner, which increased as they conversed. She said but little, and appeared calm and unshaken, for she was resolved to afford no satisfaction to her enemy.

Soon after her entrance, Maxwell was called from the room to attend to some important business, and although very uneasy at leaving Honoria with the Judge, was obliged to submit, aware that any display of such feelings would appear suspicious, and, indeed, he scarcely knew what he feared during his absence.

But the instant that he was fairly gone, a great change passed over the hitherto passive face, that her companion so much admired. Rising quickly, she clasped her hands, and advancing toward him, exclaimed:

"Oh! save me and my child—we are free! Maxwell himself told me he destroyed our papers."

"What do you say?" replied the Judge, nearly bewildered at this singular procedure.

In a few rapid but comprehensive words, Honoria stated the case, and implored him to rescue Lily and herself. Deeply moved, he gazed sorrowfully at her, saying:

"My poor child! although I firmly believe your statement, it can avail you nothing—there is no proof. But do not lose courage. If Mr. Maxwell retains you in his possession, at Mount Clare, you will be well treated; for Mrs. Talbot, who is his uncle's wife, and also my sister, resides there, and will protect you, I am sure."

"Do not attempt to soothe me thus," Honoria ve-



hemently cried. "Would such words reconcile you to a fate like mine?" and she covered her face in hopeless despondency.

"Madam, will you permit me to examine that bracelet?"

Honorio looked up in surprise. She could not recognize the calm, measured accents of the aged Tracy, in the hurried, unsteady utterance of the judgment man before her. She mechanically did as he requested, however, and offered the ornament to him. Seizing one of its pendants with trembling hands, he scrutinized it narrowly. It was the Spanish doubloon she still wore—unable to part with it, even after it had betrayed her to Maxwell.

"Where did you obtain this coin?" the Judge inquired.

She related the circumstances connected with it, and especially still more at his increasing emotion, wondering when she mentioned the name of her mother, and the charge concerning the date of her birth, and preservation of this medal. She was yet speaking when Maxwell returned. Making a sign for her to cease, Judge Tracy said to him:

"I wish my sister to see this interest, and will go for her on one. I am much interested in her appearance."

Maxwell assented, unable to comprehend the notice taken of Honorio, or why Mrs. Talbot could not as well see her for their departure for home. But, aware that it was for his interest to stand well with the Judge, and apprehending no evil from granting so simple a request, he awaited the arrival of the lady with curiosity.

#### CHAPTER XII.

When Judge Tracy returned, he was accompanied by Mrs. Talbot, and, despite her agitation and suspense of mind, Honorio was deeply impressed with the majestic elegance of the lady.

"Maud, this is the person I spoke of to you," said the Judge.

Mrs. Talbot glanced toward Honorio, and turning to her brother again with troubled countenance, inquired—

"You have something to tell me—what is it?"

The gentleman requested Honorio to raise her left sleeve, and quietly pointed to the bracelet. Mrs. Talbot looked wistfully at the medal for a moment, and then sat down, quite pale, but collected. A few low-spoken explanations followed on the part of the Judge, who afterward addressed Maxwell, stating that his sister contested his claim to Honorio.

Maxwell could scarce speak for astonishment, and the Judge added: "I prefer this person should not be present during our conversation. Will you allow her to retire to the next room?"

When Honorio was gone, he continued: "Thirty years ago Mr. Talbot sold a quadroon slave to a Southern trader, for some fault she had committed; but, immediately after the purchase, she escaped, taking with her, as it was supposed, the little daughter of her former master, whose nurse she had been, and to whom she was devotedly attached. Revenge, it is thought, prompted the action. No tidings of either were ever obtained from that day to this, though the strictest search was instituted—but we hope there is a clue. This woman, who has just left us, we believe to be the daughter of Philip Talbot.

Maxwell was astounded. Having been abroad when this great occurrence, and visiting but little at Mount Clare in his youth, he had ceased to remember the circumstance that made so slight an impression on him at the time.

"But what proofs have you sir?" he now demanded.

"The coincidences of dates and names, for Honorio is but a slight departure from that of your cousin—Onora. There is no vestige of mixed blood in this person—her foot alone would declare her European origin—it has the peculiar Tracy instep, arch, and slender delicacy. None of her ancestors could have been slaves for many generations. But, above all, this medal certifies her identity. Before my sister's marriage a Spanish doubloon came into my possession rather peculiarly, and Maud expressed her admiration of the piece on account of its intrinsic beauty and interesting associations. I therefore had it marked with a cross and Philip Talbot's initials, and attached it to a bracelet, which I presented to her. This is the very coin which I now hold in my hand."

"But I should not consider this any proof at all!" exclaimed Maxwell, furious at the possibility of losing his victims. "If the woman Rosalie was the same whom my uncle sold, she might have taught any child to repeat certain dates, and to give its name as Honorio. The medal she probably stole; but I do not think it likely she would have encumbered herself in her flight with a helpless child of four years. Besides, I purchased this woman in New Orleans, and her former master was a slave trader, who was most likely never further north than Kentucky; and, at any rate, how should Rosalie have become a slave again, when she doubtless fled to Canada?"

"I cannot answer these questions," replied Judge Tracy, "but this matter can probably be proved to the satisfaction of every one. We will trace out her different owners, and thus discover the truth or falsity of our suspicions."

Maxwell was confident that Mrs. Talbot and her brother would perceive their mistake at once, and, desirous to have the matter settled without delay, gave Brownell's address, believing that he had owned her from her birth, till St. George purchased her. Mrs. Talbot declined seeing Honorio again, lest if she became more interested in her, a disappointment would be harder to endure.

The most intense anxiety was felt during the period that elapsed before Brownell's reply was received; and when it finally arrived, the death-blow was struck to all their hopes. The trader stated that he had indeed purchased a quadroon named Rosalie, from Mr. Talbot, at the time mentioned, but that she was recovered soon after her escape. Several years elapsed when she attempted to free herself again, taking with her this time her child, about seven years old. But he at length traced her, and although she had died from exposure to a storm that overtook her while on her way, had claimed the child, whom he afterwards sold to a New Orleans gentleman.

Such was the statement, which dismayed the sanguine hopes of Mrs. Talbot and her brother. There could be no doubt of its truth, for the town where Rosalie died was given, and no one would dare expose himself thus to the discovery of a dishonest statement. It was therefore settled that Rosalie had probably named her child after the little one to whom she was so much attached, and the doubloon had been taken by design or accident, as it had always hung round Onora's neck from infancy.

Maxwell's claim was no longer contested, and Honorio was adjured to him. Since the interview with Mrs. Talbot, she had not been allowed to see her friends, or send any message to them, for Maxwell was desirous to avoid further interruptions, and return home as soon as possible.

But in leaving the courtroom at the close of the trial, one of the gentlemen belonging to Honorio's travelling party stood in the doorway. As she advanced to pass out, she cast a significant, imploring glance at him, and, enobled amid the crowd, placed a note in his hand. Hastily quitting the place, he examined it, and found it was a slip of paper hurriedly scrawled in pencil, and addressed to Judge Tracy.

The gentleman lost no time in forwarding it to him, and begged to know if it contained anything favorable. As the Judge glanced over the lines, his eye lit up, and he exclaimed—

"Favorable, indeed! If this date is correct, she is free to her certainty."

These were the words that so encouraged Judge Tracy:—

"I do not know on what ground you disputed Mr. Maxwell's claim, or why you have failed to rescue me; but if because you were unable to learn my early history before Mr. Brownell took me from New York State, and inquire concerning Rosalie Phillips, who left that place with her little girl, then about seven, twenty-six years ago."

"Now, if this statement is correct," said the Judge, "it overthrows Brownell's testimony at once, as it is not thirty years since he purchased Rosalie, and he declares that Honorio was born since that time. But not a whisper of this to any person, lest we should be defeated in obtaining proofs."

The gentleman promised silence, and they set out immediately for Greenbank. On arriving at the place, which was an obscure village, such as would naturally be selected by a fugitive, they found many who recollected Mrs. Phillips perfectly, and found the strangers that she had resided there three years with her little girl, who was very unlike its mother, and persisted in calling itself Onora Talbot for a long time. This caused some to suspect it was not the woman's child; but Rosalie said that this was because a lady of that name, with whom she had formerly lived, taught her to do so. They added, also, that Rosalie had left Greenbank very abruptly, without informing any one of her destination, and that the next day several men, whom they suspected to be officers, came to the village in search of her, saying she was a fugitive slave.

Judge Tracy was not satisfied, and returned to Niagara with the utmost despatch, hoping to arrive before Maxwell's departure. He was just too late, and instantly set out to overtake him. He did so on the platform of a railway station in one of the Middle States; the train was on the point of starting, but preventing Maxwell from entering the cars, he briefly explained the reason of this unexpected interference. To the surprise of his companions, instead of quietly preparing to await the issue of the case, Maxwell burst into an ungovernable fury; uttering the most horrible imprecations, and finally drawing a weapon to assault Judge Tracy.

He was held back by several in the crowd, which had now assembled; purple with rage, he struggled for a few seconds with desperate but fruitless force to free himself, and then sank down in a fit, while a dark crimson stream gushed from his mouth, rendering still more hideous his black, distorted face.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

The whole matter being now thoroughly sifted, a succession of deep laid plots was brought to light. On finding that Judge Tracy was resolved to discover the truth of those suspicions, suggested by the trinket which Honorio wore, Maxwell had at once written an exact account of the matter to Brownell, inquiring if his claim to her had been undoubted. Brownell, finding that he must make a confidant of his correspondent, or be convicted of illegally detaining a free person, preferred the former alternative, and acknowledged that Honorio could not lawfully be held; but expressed his readiness to adopt any course to screen himself and oblige Maxwell.

The unprincipled villain lost no time in communicating the plan that met with success, calculating that an event which happened so long ago, and was of so little consequence as the removal of a pauper, would not impress the date of its occurrence indelibly upon the minds of the overseer or inmates of the Norwood poor-house—at least not beyond the power of a bribe to erase.

This undoubtedly would have been the case, had Judge Tracy pursued the matter further. But the fortunate impulse that had prompted Honorio to refer him to Greenbank for the portion of her life which she was unable to repeat, had overthrown the plots at the eleventh hour, and they only escaped that punishment they so richly deserved, through Mrs. Talbot's refusing to prosecute her husband's nephew.

His fear lest Honorio should unconsciously betray him, had been the cause for Maxwell's keeping her so secluded after the alarm he had received, and had not Judge Tracy overtaken them that very day, Honorio's fate would have been irrevocably decided.

On the morrow he would have entered the Slave States, and, secure of protection there, secreted the mother and daughter beyond the reach of justice, pretending he had disposed of them in such a manner that all hope of tracing them would soon be abandoned.

Words cannot describe the overpowering tide of wild hope that filled the heart of Mrs. Talbot on receiving these two lines in a hurried message:—

"All's well. Expect us at Niagara without delay."

What this might mean, she could not tell. Who were included in the pronoun us? But she banished every anxiety, confident that her grave brother would never have spoken so triumphantly, had there not been some unusual fortune in store. But despite her endeavors to remain calm, her pulses fluttered at every sound, and the hours seemed interminable. Rest and sleep were quite out of the question, and imagination painted every incident in the future with colors brighter than reason could warrant. Several days had elapsed, and Mrs. Talbot was alone in the hall, gazing at the sunset streaming through the open doors, when the sound of carriage wheels on the gravelled drive met her ears. Instead of flying to meet the new comers, she trembled so excessively, that all power of movement was gone, and she was half inclined to hope there might be a little delay. But the door opened opposite, and three figures entered—her brother, Honorio, and Lily.

She sprang into the arms of the former, who exclaimed—

"Welcome me home, Maud, for I have brought

you back the long-lost child of your affections."

Placing her in a chair, Judge Tracy led Honorio to her, saying—

"Was there ever a more perfect family likeness?"

By this time all Mrs. Talbot's calm staidness had returned, and addressing the pale, earnest woman, she directed her to sit down, that she might scan every feature. Then kneeling before her, Honorio bore the scrutiny of those intensely anxious eyes. Laying a hand on each shoulder, Mrs. Talbot gazed down into the exquisite, upturned face, colorless as a delicate ivory statue, whose clear dark eyes were troubled to their crystalline depths, and wore so wistful, patient, yet suffering an expression, that, moved to tears by their eloquent pleading, the witnesses turned silently away.

As Mrs. Talbot gazed, her lips trembled with indistinct murmurings, which became more audible—

"No chance resemblance must deceive me now," she said.

In another moment the fearful suspense vanished, her features were lit up as by a flash of sunshine, and exclaiming—

"Yes, yes, there is no mistaking that speaking likeness. My child, my child, indeed!" and she clasped her to her heart.

Then Lily crept to her mother's side, and the weeping Honorio begged her dear parent to grant her a place in her heart also. Mrs. Talbot laid both hands caressingly on the shining, golden head, and impressively invoked a blessing. But it seemed that for the present she had no eyes for anything but her long lost treasure; and it was not till a late hour of the night that she would permit Honorio from her sight. She evidently could not realize the lapse of time since they were parted; and it was touching to see the same solicitude for her daughter's safety and comfort, as if thirty years had not changed the little child into an experienced woman, herself a mother.

The presence of Lily appeared to oppress Mrs. Talbot, as if she could not understand the relationship between them, and felt that she somehow made Honorio less her daughter; but this Honorio knew would soon pass away.

The news of this wonderful discovery spread with the rapidity of sound, and even strangers rejoiced at the results so different from those anticipated. But there is no happiness without alloy. The morning after the joyful return, before daybreak, a summons came for Honorio from her husband. Quite feeble, by the startling events of the preceding weeks, this last revelation, on hearing too suddenly the great and good tidings, had completely overwhelmed Sir Radford, who was struck down with paralysis, and begged to see his wife and Lily without delay.

They hastened to him at once; but it was horrible to witness his distress when unable to embrace or speak intelligibly to them. He was so prostrated that there was no hope of his recovery, and Lily and her mother watched beside him alternately, day and night. Their vigil of affection was not a long one—in less than a week he expired, holding a hand of each. Lily mourned him with the depth of a daughter's love; but her mother, although truly attached, reproached herself with ingratitude for his reverential adoration and unwavering indulgence, not only towards her, but also to her child, whom he had entirely adopted in his heart; she had never made an equal return—St. George was never forgotten.

Sir Radford's vast fortune was left equally between Honorio and Lily. Had any of his relatives been living, they would have shared with them; but the baronet was the last of his family, and too reserved to have made any intimate friends. Still Honorio could not feel justified to receive so much from one whom she had only esteemed in return for an idolatrous love, and bestowed a large part of her portion on public charities, and in improving the tenantry of Ashford Park, which estate Sir Radford had ordered should revert to Lily at her mother's death.

There was nothing now to detain them in this part of the country. Mrs. Talbot was anxious to return home, and Honorio desired to see her birth-place. A gentleman who had accompanied Sir Radford and his lady from England, wishing to see the United States, requested permission to travel with them to Washington, and the other members bade a long farewell to one who had so long been the leader of their circle, which would now be obliged to elect another in her stead; for although Honorio expected to return to that country which seemed dear to her as her native land—for there she had first tasted liberty and the bewildering cup of fancy and homage—it would never be to resume her once thoughtless, worldly life. The fires of affliction and trial had refined her nature, till naught but pure gold remained in the crucible.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

The soft shades of twilight were settling down over the broad lands, the dusky avenues, and leaf-embosomed roof of the grand old Hall at Mount Clare, as the travelers entered the gateway and proceeded along the drive that wound to the house. Not a sound broke the silence, save the hum of insects, the katydid's song, and the chirp of birds, settling to sleep among the boughs.

Each of the little circle was too full of thought and emotion to speak; but when they arrived before the stately old mansion, Mrs. Talbot gently said:—

"Welcome home, my children," and led them into the hall.

As Honorio crossed the threshold, a calm joy, such as she had never known hitherto, settled upon her spirit. She felt that here was rest—her highest standard of earthly happiness now. Although she did not recollect Mount Clare, the apartments seemed familiar and pleasant, as if endeared by old associations. And here for the present was she to remain.

That night, the first spent in the home of her birth since childhood, was thronged with retrospections of mingled character. Along in the hush of night she sat by her open window, while the soft summer winds came laden with sweet odors, and the leaves that contained the caressing rustled in the breeze. High in the deep blue arch the glittering groups wheeled their ceaseless round, and nature seemed to repose in the brooding stillness. The far-off, circling woods were like dusky lines of shadowy sentinels, and the stream whose distant murmur rose and fell with the gentle gales, reflected back the shimmering stars in twinkling lights.

The crust of worldly selfishness had been long since broken up in Honorio's heart; but in this holy hour, not only did every vestige of former weakness vanish forever, but a new strength was imparted. The days of early happiness seemed very near, as memory brought them before her—she was renewed

by them; all the freshness of youth descended upon her cherished likeness of St. George, she gazed upon the dear old manhood of her father, the old bitterness of desolate repining did not cloud her spirit, or send the hot tears to her eyes. Pride, despair, and selfish sorrow, gave place to gratitude, hope and trust in a future union.

Her many causes for thanksgiving blotted out past suffering, and promised future peace. She was not one of that race from which she instinctively shrank even yet, and that was in its nature for thankfulness. She had found a tender mother, whose love would end with death; earthly prosperity was showered upon her; and above all, her child was spared to her in health and beauty.

But beyond these blessings, out of her heart shone the light of her long buried love. She was now free to revive the memory of those halcyon days, when each was the other's nearer, dearer self, and her eye and cheek kindled with a proud thrill at the thought that she was once his wife, was happy in his love, the mother of his child; and nothing could ever take those consolations from her. No evil could now befall her—she was rich in those treasures of the soul that life's ills cannot destroy, and she waited for the time when her bark should leave the stream of Time for the golden shores of Eternity.

Far different were the emotions surging through Maxwell's desperate brain. He cursed the blind folly that had urged him to his destruction. He gazed at his own hand, and his heart throbbed with revengeful tyranny, his cousin had never been discovered, and he had still been master of Mount Clare, which was now wrested from him. To what depths had his evil, ungoverned passions brought him! Penniless, disgraced, an outcast from society, caught in his own toils.

The remembrance of his willful crimes maddened him. Whither should he turn for relief from the ruin that faced him on every hand? In his frenzy he resolved to seek a dreamless sleep, and a suicide's death was his.

But perpetual sunshine reigned at Mount Clare. In the course of a few years, Lily became the wife of that young Englishman who had attempted to defend her from Maxwell's cruelty, and accompanied her to the South on her release. The long silent manor house at Ashford Park again resounded to light footsteps and merry laughter, while in the walks where Lily had been bound along in the buoyancy of childhood, she led her two lovely children, a proud and blithe young mother.

Honorio resided at Mount Clare till the death of Mrs. Talbot, who was spared longer after their restoration to each other, and then returned to Ashford Park, to spend the remainder of her days.

She is now in the evening of life, revered by one generation and the delight of the other. Her still beautiful face is serene and joyous, and the quick, kindling eyes, have lost none of their olden power; while her heart is in all good works, all high-souled purposes, and all noble deeds. "Her gray hairs are a crown of glory," and her children rise up and call her blessed."

Written for the Banner of Light.  
KATE AND BEN: A Rural Scene.

BY J. M. SQUIRE.

Kate.  
Come sit beside me 'neath the shade  
Of yonder trees and hanging vines,  
Through which the sun drops pendant lines,  
Ere half his heavenly journey is made.

Ben.  
From where we sit, when from the hill  
The scented breezes sweep along,  
By listening we can catch the song  
Sung in the meadow by the rill.

I used to lie here at noon  
To read, or with my fingers play,  
Or watch my brother making hay—  
Then evening found me all too slow.

You were away then; yes, I know,  
You left us in the month of May;  
You were remembered while away,  
How long you stayed! and I felt so.

The sun looks splendid, doesn't it?  
"There, see its light in yonder oak!"  
How still you are—your head's not a speck!  
Look, see where those two squirrels sit!

You look real sad; what ails you, dear?  
I mean—I hate to see you so;  
Come, shall we go, then, shall we go?  
No! not you are not happy here.

Say something to me; what's the matter?  
And sighing, Ben? well, let's away;  
I'll not come here another day,  
Do, hear those little squirrels chatter!

The sun is almost lost to view,  
And twilight's gathering in the glen;  
Come, smile just once, one smile, oh, Ben,  
Why, what you smile? I'd smile for you.

Ben.  
Well, Kate, I'll speak, Kate, if I can;  
Think not I mean not what I tell,  
Though young, within me I bring down  
Deep thoughts that make me feel a man.

You know I know you are I had;  
To go away to school last Spring;  
You'll think it is a foolish thing,  
Yet I was very lone and sad.

Dear—Kate I feel—I know—you see—  
It has been so since first we met;  
I deeply—that is—I forgot—  
How funny you look at me!

Kate.  
Come, tell me, Ben, speak, Ben, do, pray,  
The sun is lost in evening's gloom,  
The light is lit in father's room;  
It will not do for me to stay.

Ben.  
Then, if you really want to know,  
Do n't think me foolish, 'tis n't fair,  
I told before, but I don't dare;  
I'm sad, because I—love you so!

Kate.  
Dear Ben, I've longed to tell you all  
That I felt too; here, dear, take this—  
I give my heart with this first kiss;  
Dear Ben—good-by—there's father's call.

THE QUEEN WORLD.—The following passage closes the Baccalaureate Address of Hon. A. B. Longstreet, President of the South Carolina College at Columbia, to the recent graduating class—"You are embarking upon a strange world, my young friends. It banished Aristides, poisoned Socrates, murdered Cicero, and crucified the Lord of Glory. The spirit of Themistocles, of Melitus, of Anthony, and Caiaphas is still in the world; greatly subdued and law-bound, to be sure, but not extinguished. You may expect, therefore, at times to be depressed by your rivals, condemned for your privations, and tormented for your benefactions; to have your confidence abused, your integrity derided, and to suffer a thousand impositions in a smaller matter—than from those from whom you had a right to expect better things.

## Pearls.

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

A nameless maid, amid a crowd  
That thronged the daily mart,  
Let fall a word of hope and love,  
Unstudied, from the heart—  
A whisper on the tumult—  
A transitory breath;  
It raised a brother from the dust,  
It saved a soul from death,  
O gem, O fount, O word of love!  
O thought at random cast!  
'Tis words but little at the first,  
But mighty at the last.

Pleasure is a rose, near which there ever grows the thorn of evil. It is wisdom's work so carefully to cull the rose as to avoid the thorn, and let its rich perfume exhalate to heaven, in grateful adoration of Him who gave the rose to blow.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
Though to itself it only live or die;  
But if that flow' with base infection meet,  
The sweetest weed turns poisonous to the sight;  
For basest things turn sour by their deeds;  
Lilies that foster, smell far worse than weeds.  
SHAKESPEARE.

Trust not implicitly to anybody but God—not even to yourself.

When Faith, too young for a sublimer creed,  
Her simple text from Nature's volume taught,  
She 'wakened Melody, whose shell and reed,  
Though rude, upon her spirit gently wrought.  
But soon from glystan altars she took wing,  
And Music followed still the Angel's flight;  
Savage no more, she touched a golden string,  
And sung of God, in Revelation's light!

It is not easy to straighten in the oak the crook that grew in the sapling.

When Summer heats our veins oppress,  
And the woods awaken;  
When faint with noon-tide sultriness  
We pine for shelter;  
When, weary with the daily walk  
O'er moor and meadow,  
We long for change, for fir-side talk,  
And the lamp's shadow—  
Still sings the anthem of our woes—  
"To sigh is folly;  
The same kind hand that brought the rose,  
Shall bring the holly."

Written for the Banner of Light.  
"HOME AGAIN!"

BY MARY GREY.

"Home again!" "Home again!" sings the heart,  
If not the lips, as the first glimpse of the homestead  
roof, through the maples, fills your soul with joy.  
You've been gone four long years, from "the loved  
ones at home," and now joyful anticipations of  
the welcome awaiting you, sit like sunbeams through  
your busy thoughts. Visions of home have oftentimes  
thrusted themselves between your brain and an un-  
learned page of Latin or Greek before you, much to  
the detriment of your recitation; but now, thanks  
to your perseverance, and the kind aid of teachers,  
you are free! The long-coveted "sheepskin" is yours,  
and yourself on a prancing horse are galloping  
homeward. How very happy the thought makes you!

Eagerly you gaze upon the familiar landscapes, to  
note the changes which you fancy have taken  
place in your absence; but its various features are  
all the same as when your eye last rested upon  
them.

As you ride on—so full is your heart of home—  
that the warbling of the birds in the cedar-hedge  
and alder-bushes, seems one repeated chorus of  
"Home again!"

And now you've reached your father's farm.  
Away to the left, across the morning mist the cattle feed-  
ing, and vividly the recollection comes up to you of  
the time when, a little boy, your business it was to  
drive the cows from pasture to dairy-yard, and back  
again. Then that river on a sultry summer day—  
and what real enjoyment you've had in its cool,  
crystal-like depths, with fellow school-mates. Happy  
days, those, you think. Next, your eye rests on the  
newly-mown meadow; and, with a laugh, you recall  
your first day's experience with a scythe. There, a  
little aside from the river, stands the large walnut  
tree, where you used to hang your sythe; or, when  
tired, rest on the grass under its shadow. There,  
too, sister Nell—the dear girl—used to set the basket  
of lunch, leaving faithful Carlo as sentinel on duty,  
to keep all intruders at a proper distance. Under  
the same tree—later in the season—a ter the kindly  
Nell had opened the close, green rind of the nuts,  
frost and you gathered them for the cheer of the  
family on the coming long winter evenings.

Quick as thought can fly, these—and so many  
others—have winged through your memory; and  
now you are at the yard-gate. Checking your horse,  
just under the morning shadow of the old chestnut,  
you pause with quickened pulses, and moistened eye,  
to take a near survey of the spot dearest to you of  
any on earth—the scene of your boyish sports and  
troubles. Neither the early sun, nor light breeze,  
have driven away the jewel-like dew-drops showered  
so plentifully over the grass and shrubbery. How  
home-like the lilac and rose-bushes look! In another  
yard you'd think them homely; but, in your  
own, you'd not have their places filled by even the  
rarest of trees or plants.

You throw yourself from the panting horse, and  
hasten up the lightly-graveled walk, to the half-  
open door, thinking "they're not looking for me so  
early;" but, ere you are half way from the gate,  
your glad sister is by your side, with eyes brimful  
of joy, and the merriest laugh upon her lips, as she  
greet you home. In the door stands little blue-eyed,  
curly-headed Willie, clapping his chubby hands, and  
shouting lustily, "Fred's come!" Half way through  
the parlor, your father meets you, with such a genial  
smile, and a word of kind feeling in his hearty  
gasp of the hand, that you are quite sure he has  
forgotten those "college pranks." Close by is your  
mother—just dear mother, whose image has oftentimes  
been with you—and the loving clasp of her ever kind  
hand, and her warm kiss, you will never forget.  
And there we'll leave you—in the midst of the hap-  
piest group on earth—an unbroken home circle!

A young woman ought, like an angel, to pardon  
the faults she cannot comprehend; and an elder-  
ly woman, like a saint, because she has endured  
trials.

"Shall I have your hand?" said an exquisite to  
a belle as the dance was about to commence. "With  
all my heart," was the soft response.







by this standard? How many have been burned at the stake and canonized by the church for their sacrifice to the faith? How many have bestowed their goods to feed the poor, and have retired from the world to worship the Deity in solitude and in secret? Yet how few have possessed this vital quality, without which all profit is nothing? It is the comforter of the afflicted, the protector of the oppressed, the reconciler of the differences, the intercessor for the welfare, forgiveness to our enemies, and solicitor for the welfare of all. In short, it is love for love's sake.

#### DIVINE HUMANITY.

The doctrine of the incarnation of God is as old as history. Man has ever loved to believe in some instance in which the Deity has manifested the greatness of his love for him, by putting on the human form. Never more than at present has this part of religious belief been prevalent. It is a profitable thing to compare present opinions with those of the past. Some will be surprised to find views of truth which they suppose to be new, to be so very old. The present generation read little beside the news of the day. This is true, not only of the common people, but of our teachers. See the confusion of Edward Beecher in a recent sermon, (published in the *Banner*), that he has lately been reading the history of some dogmas of the Christian Church, and the mention he makes in the same sermon, that Horace Bushnell found himself able, after examination, and to his own surprise, to accept the Nicene view of the Trinity. It is a good thing to know the experience of our predecessors, and there are many who would value the Bible more were they to read it. And further, there are many who would receive strange ideas with greater tolerance, if by reading they would inform themselves as to the many modifications the doctrines of their own church have undergone.

Old writers speak of "the Mysteries of Eternal Generation" in regard to the second member of the Trinity. To be eternally generated, is to be continually generated, in which view the expression of the old writer has much meaning. Is not that portion of the Trinity manifested in Christ to be continually made manifest? I believe so. The Christ is continually generated, and incarnations of God exist upon all sides of us. It is common enough for preachers to recognize a divine spark within us, and not uncommon to have it directly appealed to and enlarged upon; but it is rare for any, even among the most liberal, to declare, that God shines out of us, just as much as the opaqueness or transparency of our natures will permit; that God is absolutely and unreservedly present in the flesh to-day; that we have all of us seen as much of him as we could had we lived in the days of Jesus. No, they won't go as far as that, although it is time they should.

H. W. Beecher says so much, and shows such an appreciation and knowledge of human feelings, that I wonder that he can stop where he does. No, cannot, if he will, say anything more of Jesus than he has done of other men and women—especially women. He has not done so in his sermons. Unconsciously to himself, he worships God to-day in the human form. No one of our public men is so ready to recognize true heroism. I should like to talk with him.

Men may say what they will of Christ's example; even among the best of Christians it has never had the influence of the flesh and blood around them. In practice they have found their Saviour among those they have met in their lives. Ask any man, and you will find that he has endeavored to fashion his life after that of some worthy and loved one whom he has met. Christ's example would be worthless, could we not see the same admirable qualities in human nature in our own day. The character of Christ would be rejected as impossible, did we not see that his divine nature was continually manifested—that the "Mysteries of Eternal Generation" were a perpetual fact.

In this view of the incarnation of God, we can see His justice. All ages and all times have been equally favored by His presence. No hungering soul has failed of finding a supply of aliment according to its needs, within its reach. Each human being has been able to find a Teacher and Saviour in one higher than himself. We are not obliged to strain our eyes by peering through the dust and fog of religious contention, to get a glimpse of God as manifested in the crucified Nazarene, for the humblest walk in life show us as worthy examples of truth and devotion to duty—God manifest in the flesh at our very doors.

W. OAK.

#### THE PATENT OFFICE.

The Patent Office, with its pillared front and its noble flight of marble steps, wins you to its entrance. Our first entrance was into a room where the large cases were filled with a strange medley of very old machines and inventions of a past day, all thrown together in a confused, unclassified mass. A new wing has lately been added, and many of these are to be ascertained and removed there.

We passed on by cases of stuffed birds, animals, mineralogical specimens, &c., to the upper rooms, where we at once found business enough for feet and eyes. Here, everything is arranged in the most complete order and system, and all one needs is plenty of leisure to examine curiosities from the four quarters of the globe, and Yankee contrivances too numerous to specify. The arrangement, however, is such that you can take any one section and see immediately the models relating to one branch. For instance, here is a part of the room devoted to cooking stoves. What an endless variety! We sit down and look at these specimens of Yankee handwork, none of them too large for a doll's baby-house, and wonder at the ingenuity of the human brain which has been expended upon this one branch. Some hope to win favor by their elaborate construction, tier upon tier, of two or three iron stoves, many-sized boilers and double ovens; others, by their simplicity and neatness. Here is the poor man's wood-burning stove; here the model of a large hotel range, where the cook can rejoice in the multitude of her steamers and boilers; here is a machine to cook by gas—here by steam; here a bachelor's apparatus to cook a steak and make coffee by his spirit-lamp, &c., &c.—and we could spend a whole day here; but there are so many other things of greater interest, that we must pass on.

Above us are beautiful models of bridges spanning the cases, and near by a vessel all rigged. In this case are specimens of India rubber work, and perhaps nothing attracts you more than the variety and ingenuity exhibited in this branch of the useful art. A portrait of Daniel Webster, life size, painted upon rubber cloth; a complete representation of the animal kingdom for the use of children—lions that roar and birds that sing, besides illustrations of Mother Goose, the old woman that lived in a shoe, with all her children around her, and Mother Hubbard's dog waiting for his bone. Tumblers, soap dishes, funnels, syringes, medical instruments, water hockets, table covers, gloves, spring beds, &c. It is only fifteen years since it was discovered that garments could be made of rubber, and it has now become a very extensive and profitable business.

But we must not try even to enumerate the different classes of articles in the halls—all mechanical inventions are here represented. There were some cases of modeled imitations of fruit that were very fine. Almost all the fruits of the temperate climate were represented, and most of them so perfect, that we should not have detected them as imitations, had we not known that the natural fruit could not remain long on exhibition in a perfect state. The bloom of the pearmain, the down on the peach, the rust on the russet, were so perfect as almost to defy suspicion. The peculiarity of every species of pear and plum was admirably represented. Attached to each specimen was the name and habits of the fruit, to what soil adapted, its flavor, and value, as a market or table fruit. These cases form a complete fruit grower's manual, and are well worth the study of every horticulturist. They are made of a composition, and colored—the process I could not learn, and I know not but it is a secret with the inventor.

We reluctantly leave these cases, for the feet and brain will grow weary, and turn to a large case containing some valuable historical memorials. Here are specimens, carefully preserved, of the hair of all the Presidents from Washington to Pierce; the hair, if I recollect right, is the only dark lock there—dull, or nearly all, the rest being white or gray. Mr. Polk's, I was told, turned gray while he held office. The only wonder is that even one should come out of the White House with the locks of youth. The burden of the office is enough to make the heart old and the head white.

Here are relics older yet—statues taken from the ruins of Pompeii; and here is Franklin's printing press—a poor, simple, clumsy contrivance, compared to the steam presses of the Herald and Tribune office, but a precious relic nevertheless. Near by is a collection of Cashmere shawls, sent by the Turkish Sultan to some of our Presidents and government officers—dingy things they seem to be, and, were it not for the foolish value attached to them, would not be much coveted. Far more precious is this other relic near us—a torn fragment of Washington's tent, the one which sheltered him during nearly all his campaigns. Here, too, is his sword, and a suit of his clothes. These last are a blue coat, with

buff facings and large metal buttons, and buff cloth breeches. Near by is his camp-chest, open, with bottles and tumbler inside; his writing-case, a pair of bellows, and some other little household relics. Franklin's case, that you will find in Washington, is with them. There is, also, the original copy of the Declaration of Independence, but so worn and faded, that you can decipher but little of it.

We leave reluctantly these upper rooms, so full of amusement and interest, and, going down to the basement, we find a large, ancient sarcophagus of stone, elaborately wrought and carved. It is very massive, and was once a resting place for the body of the Roman Emperor, Severus. It was sent to General Jackson, as a depository for his body when the grave should claim it; but the sturdy old republican had no fancy for such a dusty old tomb, and no particular reverence for it, because an old Roman had turned to dust there, so he wrote a letter, returning thanks for the compliment intended, and politely refused the present, adding, that he wished to be buried, without pomp or ceremony, beside his beloved wife, near their own home in Tennessee, there to rest in peace till the resurrection. The sarcophagus is deposited for show in the basement of the Patent Office; but, if some ambitious, disappointed aspirant for the presidency, who has failed to achieve greatness in his life, wishes the honor of a burial in old Severus's tomb, perhaps he can obtain it. It would be better for the country if some of them could be there now.

NIXA.

#### ADA L. COAN.

To the Editors of the *Banner of Light*:

DEAR SIR—As there seems to be many rumors afloat in relation to my position as a medium for spirit communications, allow me through the columns of your paper to throw some light upon the subject. It is rumored that I engaged with M. V. Bly in publicly exposing Spiritualism; but such is not the fact. I have not seen Mr. Bly since the meeting held at the Melodeon, and with much pleasure, I here say have never appeared upon the public platform with once with him, and I should not have done so then, had it not been for the urgent request of numerous friends of Spiritualism to meet him; and I complied, much to my own chagrin and disgust; for I must here say that *fair play* was not granted me on the evening in question. I did not appear the second evening of his challenge, for I knew of whom the audience would be composed, (namely, Mr. Bly's friends.) Being a lady, of course I had a certain degree of delicacy in being invited before an audience comprised almost exclusively of men. I therefore expressed my opinion, *honestly*, that he (Bly) could perform more without the aid of spirits, than any medium I had seen could perform with the aid of spirits; but this does not make Spiritualism any the less true, for Bly performs his manifestations by trick, and therefore can do more; whereas other mediums and myself do not perform by trick.

I would say to friends and opposers of the cause, I am as strong a Spiritualist as ever, and whenever I appear, either on the public platform or in the social circle, it will be as a Spiritualist medium, and with a firm belief in the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism.

Respectfully, ADA L. COAN.

Boston, May 7, 1855.

### The Busy World.

PRINTERS' BANQUET.—The Boston Printers' Union entertained their visiting guests, last Thursday night with a supper at the Rogers House. Speeches were made by Joseph T. Buckingham, Ben. Perley Poore, Albert J. Wright, A. J. McCoubrey, Z. K. Pangborn, Charles Hale, H. A. McGinnis, Wm. Madigan, Hon. Moses Kimball, Mayor Lincoln, Hon. A. H. Rice, Col. F. F. Shepard, J. M. Wightman, Esq., Hon. Henry Wilson, Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., and others. On Friday the delegation were grouped about the statue of Franklin, when a photograph was taken by Heywood.

RESURGE OF BROTHERY.—The Presbyterian Church at Cortland, N. Y., has suspended one of its most respectable deacons, for attending the meetings of Henry Ward Beecher, Theodore Parker, and other reform clergymen.

CHELSEA HERALD.—This lively and spicy little sheet seems to be rapidly growing into popular favor. Instead of quoting its local news from the Boston papers, it is getting to be quoted from. John W. Day, Esq., whose contributions have formerly often enriched the *Banner*, has lately entered its editorial corps, and will probably give the paper no small impetus.

The children's May-day Festival at Music Hall was a splendid affair.

Hon. Wm. H. Seward has gone to Europe.

There will be a regatta on Mystic River on the 17th of June under the auspices of the Charlestown City Government.

The Thorndike Will Case came up in the Probate Court on Monday week, and under an act passed at the last session of the Legislature, Judge Ames passed an order allowing Mrs. Thorndike, the widow, \$8000 during the litigation of the Will, and \$3000 to each of the children, save Mrs. Maritt.

The colored people are to have a convention in Boston on the 1st of August to consider what course they shall take in the next Presidential campaign.

Washington Irving was visited on the 3d inst, his 70th birthday, by his neighbors, who greeted the venerable man with congratulations.

Mary Snyder committed suicide at Baltimore on the 10th ult., because her parents required her attendance at a church of a certain denomination, and obnoxious her for non-compliance with their wishes.

A SENSIBLE PLAN.—We see it stated that in the new church to be built by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's Society, in Brooklyn, N. Y., there are to be two large parlors, a study and kitchen arranged for public parlance.

It was said by Sheridan:—"Women govern us; let us render them perfect. The more they are enlightened, the more the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men."

"SPIRIT OF '70."—This is the sounding name of a new paper which has lately made its appearance in this city. It seems to be an ably conducted sheet, leaning strongly towards Native Americanism. Its columns are partly filled with religious matter, well selected, and its literary department is much above the average of weekly papers. This is just such a paper as many may wish, and we rejoice that in the providence of God there is genius enough of every sort to accommodate the wants of all.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—This week Mr. Warren has a benefit on Monday night; Mr. Ring on Wednesday, and Mr. Barrot on Friday. These are the times when the admirers of these popular actors can give them a solid proof of their appreciation.

PETERSON'S PHILADELPHIA COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR and Bank Note List for May, has been received. It is one of the best and most complete works of the kind published in the United States. Every merchant should have a copy.

If an onion is planted in the hill with melons, cucumbers, or other vines, it will protect them from the striped bug.

To Interference a man must sacrifice the ambition of being something. He must content himself with being an unpecked cypher; devoid of reputation and influence.

PRATHEWORTHY.—Mrs. Ann Halsted, living on the line of the Detroit and Toledo Railroad, by raising a white cloth on a pole, succeeded in arresting the attention of the engineer, and thus saved a train from being run into a tree which had fallen across the track. Superintendent John D. Campbell, has presented her with yearly presents to Detroit, Toledo, and Chicago.

BURIED ALIVE.—The tomb in which the body of a young lady was placed about two months since, at Albany, N. Y., was opened on Sunday last for the purpose of affording the parents of the deceased, who had just arrived from Europe, an opportunity to look at the remains of their much-loved child. The grief and horror of the parents, as well as the spectators around, can be imagined upon finding, as they did, the body lying on its side with one hand under the head, showing that the woman was alive when placed in the tomb, and awakening from the trance in which she had fallen, had endeavored to extricate herself from her entombment.

The INVESTIGATOR contains many words of wisdom. We extract from one of its editorials:—"As knowledge is the handmaid of freedom, so is freedom the patron of useful knowledge. Our people well know that without public virtue and intelligence, there is no security for the permanency of republican institutions, and therefore great effort has been made to advance the noble cause of popular enlightenment. In consequence of this, we not only have a large number of scientific and ingenious men, to whom we are constantly indebted for important improvements and discoveries, but it is not extravagant to assert that the great body of the American people are more intelligent and better educated than any other upon earth. Indeed, under the beneficent influence of

our national government, which protects the freedom of speech and of the press, the American mind may literally be said to revel in the enjoyment of its privileges and its powers. Nothing can elude its search, or escape its grasp. It cleaves the skies and penetrates the earth. It chains the winds and the waves, and subjects the elements to its stern dominion."

PLANTS TO SUE OUT.—Mr. F. Thiele's greenhouse plants are for sale at the Boston and Maine Railroad Depot in Boston, viz.: healthy fine verbenas for seventy-five cents and one dollar per dozen, and a great variety of other greenhouse and hardy plants, for low prices. Mr. T. has been confined with rheumatism for over two months. All who read the *Banner* love flowers, and love, also, to lend a hand to the suffering.

APOTHECARIES, physicians, and all others who are purchasing Botanic Medicines, will find at B. O. & G. WILSON'S, Botanic Druggists, Nos. 18 and 20 Central street, Boston, the largest assortment to be found in the country—consisting of every variety of Medical Roots, Herbs, Barks, Seeds, Leaves, Flowers, Gums, Resins, Extracts, Ointments, &c., etc. Also Brandy, Wines, Bourbon Whiskey, and other liquors, perfectly pure, for medicinal purposes; Glass Ware, Medical Books, Syringes, &c.

Late advices from Port au Prince state that the Dominican Government has negotiated with an American Company to work the gold mines of that country.

The weather has been warm and pleasant the past week, and many trees in this vicinity are in blossom.

BOSTON THEATRE.—Mr. W. E. Burton remains at this theatre during the present week. On Monday evening was produced the powerful and original drama, "The Upper Ten and Lower Twenty." The house was well-filled, as it will be every night during the week.

The last European steamers from New York and Boston took out about \$1,400,000, in specie.

PAWNERS' BANK.—The Charter of the Pawners' Bank was unanimously accepted at a meeting of the petitioners held on Friday week. Many subscriptions have been offered by Merchants and Savings Banks, and books will soon be opened for the balance of the stock.

A Frenchman, wishing to speak of the cream of the English poets, forgot the word, and said, "Do better of poets." A wag said that he had fairly churned up the English language.

A clerical friend up town, says the New York Evening Post, characterizes his cat as a blackleg, because she is all the time gambling. He says she plays very high, but is not partial to poker.

FROM WASHINGTON.—The President expresses his belief that England means to carry out her understanding with this country with regard to Nicaragua, notwithstanding the operations of Sir Gore Ouseley. Senator Bates has had a long interview with the Secretary of State with reference to Mexican affairs. His letters from Mexico are encouraging, and he entertains no doubt of the triumphant success of the Liberal party.

It is intimated that Mr. Richard Cobden, during his late sojourn at the White House, availed himself of the opportunity to sound the President on the subject of a moral interposition of the United States in the present entangled and menacing affairs of Europe. It is certain that English statesmen are greatly alarmed, and the wisest are unable to foresee to what terrible issues the present complications are to lead. The Mormon imbroglio bids fair to be speedily and permanently settled. It appears that Brigham Young has submitted a proposition to a company of capitalists to sell all their right, title and interest in Utah territory for a reasonable sum of money, and to leave the territory within a specified time. Some of the company are said to be here consulting with the administration.

Special despatches, received at the French legation, confirm the report of strong words having passed between Lord Cowley and Count Walewski relative to the course pursued by the English Cabinet.

Napoleon thinks the English Cabinet has proved false to the professed *entente cordiale*, and expresses confidence that the English people will never sanction the subjugation of Italy by Austria. The approaching elections for Parliament, he thinks, will prove the correctness of his judgment.

The President, it is said, considers the action of the British Minister to Mexico, in threatening to hold Vera Cruz for the payment of English claims to be a direct violation of the Monroe doctrine.

### Banner of Light.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1855.

Publication Office, No. 5 Great Jones Street.

#### An Old Spiritualist—No. 8.

In our last of this series, we promised to devote the present number to Phenix's recollections of Hume. Late of a summer afternoon, several gentlemen were in the office of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, asking where they could obtain a medium. They were all unknown to Phenix, and most of them apparently to each other. Mr. Hume came in, and it was proposed to him that he should act as medium for a sitting that evening. Mr. B. offered the use of the back room. At the hour appointed the circle was formed. The usual style of manifestation occurred. A German present, was addressed by Mr. Hume, while personating an aged female. The German seemed to recognize the assumed face at once, burst into tears, and asked a question in German, which was answered by Hume in that language. A conversation ensued between them, the German claiming that it was the spirit of his mother, and that the facts communicated by her through Hume were strictly in accordance with his memory of them as they occurred in Germany, before her death. Hume's face then changed to that of a little girl; and so peculiar and appropriate was it, as to be recognized by all to be the face of a young girl. The German held a conversation again in his native tongue, and apparently with so much feeling as to gain the confidence of all present as to the reality of the manifestation, Hume professing, at this time, to be in a trance state. A musical instrument was called for. One of the company went to the store below, which was a music store, and tried to borrow some instrument. The lad in attendance lent him an old accordion, which had been for many months in the window, as a sign, and was out of order, being much warped by the sun. This was brought up. Phenix held the left hand of Hume, while the medium's right hand held the accordion beneath the table. While so held, "Sweet Home" was played, in a manner far beyond that he had before heard. All hands, except the right hand of Hume, were upon the table, and the instrument was claimed to be worked by spirits. The gas light was partially turned down, but still it was light enough to read the heading of a newspaper. Raps occurred on the backs of chairs while occupied by the sitters. Some one asked if the spirit could shake the house, as in the olden time; and immediately the floor seemed to shake with some violence. This evidently was an impression made upon the members of the circle, or by a peculiar motion of the chairs in which they sat; for the boy in the store below, as we afterwards learned, was not aware of any motion. A variety of tests, similar to those referred to in former numbers of this series, were given, some of which were entirely outside of the doctrine of chances.

The second sitting with Hume occurred in a house in Fourteenth street. Indeed, many sittings there took place, and the following incidents are recollected by the members who attended:—

While all were seated at the table, a couple of the doors suddenly were slammed to. Phenix asked whether the spirits could not do the same with other doors throughout the house; and immediately the doors commenced slamming, almost like the beating of a long roll on a drum. Every door in the house seemed to be suddenly shut to, with force. A guitar, standing in the corner of the room, moved out towards the table. This guitar, when placed upon the table, was played upon, while passing around upon the knees of the sitters; and, while the playing was going on, would respond, by one, two, three vibrations, in answer to questions asked. On one occasion the medium sat in a rocking-chair, and it commenced to rock with some violence. Phenix thought the medium was doing this with his feet, by resting them upon the floor, and thus forcing the chair back; and, therefore, when the medium remarked that the spirits were rocking him, Phenix asked, "Will they rock me?" The answer was in the affirmative, and he took his seat in the chair, the medium, and all the others, being at some distance from it. The chair was violently rocked without his volition. Each member of the circle, in turn, was seated in the chair, and similarly rocked. A bell, placed under the table, was rung, and passed up into the hands of different members of the circle; and on one occasion, it seemed to answer the mental questions of persons present; but Phenix states that his mental questions were not so answered.

Three tables were placed touching each other. Dr. H., J. O. D., and Phenix, were requested, by alphabet, to get on the centre table, and they did so. The other two tables were removed; and while neither the hands of the medium, nor those of any member of the circle touched this centre table at all, it was lifted from the floor, and suspended for a few seconds in the atmosphere, the weight of the three individuals on the table being equal to six hundred pounds. A lady—Mrs. H.—seated at the table, spread her handkerchief on her lap, and requested the spirits to take it. It was immediately drawn under the table. In less than a minute we were directed, by alphabet, to look. The handkerchief was lifted up, and found to have been folded in the form of a flounced dress, with extreme beauty, such as might be accomplished by a French milliner, after some hours' labor. Frequently chairs were pushed from and towards the table, apparently without the contact of hands, or any mechanical device. Various musical instruments were played upon; when on the floor under the table, while the hands of the medium, and of all the members of the circle, were upon the table.

On one occasion Dr. G., who stated that he was most anxious to remain, at the same time said he must leave, and go to Jersey city, as a patient there was slightly deranged, and would be very bothersome if he did not call. It was immediately spelled out, "You need not go; Mr. — thinks you are standing at his bedside, and that you have hold of his hand." Your medical associate will so report to you in the morning." Dr. G. was persuaded to remain. The next morning, at nine o'clock, he received a note from his medical associate at Jersey city, stating, "Last night Mr. —, with one exception, seemed to be perfectly rational. At twenty minutes past eight he insisted that you had just left the room; that he had been talking with you for some minutes, and that you had forgotten to prescribe for him." This was the hour, precisely, when Dr. G. proposed leaving Hume's circle; and at the next meeting he brought the note of his Jersey associate, and showed it to us.

Much occurred at these sittings equally interesting with the above, which so closely resembles what has been, or may be told of other mediums, that it is not necessary to repeat it. Much occurred, also, which gave rise to suspicions of trick, and gave great cause to doubt the sincerity of the medium. Still, the incidents detailed above were conceived to be entirely outside of any ability on his part to deceive, and perhaps he was wrongly adjudged when suspected.

In our next we shall give Phenix's recollection of some strange manifestations, which occurred with a clerical gentleman from Oxford University, and a fellow of that institution.

Two tables were placed touching each other. Dr. H., J. O. D., and Phenix, were requested, by alphabet, to get on the centre table, and they did so. The other two tables were removed; and while neither the hands of the medium, nor those of any member of the circle touched this centre table at all, it was lifted from the floor, and suspended for a few seconds in the atmosphere, the weight of the three individuals on the table being equal to six hundred pounds. A lady—Mrs. H.—seated at the table, spread her handkerchief on her lap, and requested the spirits to take it. It was immediately drawn under the table. In less than a minute we were directed, by alphabet, to look. The handkerchief was lifted up, and found to have been folded in the form of a flounced dress, with extreme beauty, such as might be accomplished by a French milliner, after some hours' labor. Frequently chairs were pushed from and towards the table, apparently without the contact of hands, or any mechanical device. Various musical instruments were played upon; when on the floor under the table, while the hands of the medium, and of all the members of the circle, were upon the table.

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#### New Patent Cordage and Line Machines.

Two of these very ingeniously constructed machines are now in operation at No. 12 Spruce street, which the public are invited to examine. One makes cordage—the other fish-line, curtain cords, &c. The proprietors assure us that these machines will turn out more and better work per day than any other machines in existence; and we do not doubt their statement, as we never before saw better specimens of work in this line, and the rapidly with which the machines operate is truly astonishing.

Rev. Dr. Bellows, of this city, presided at the inaugural services of the new Unitarian Church of the Redeemer in Cincinnati, on Sunday, the 24th ult. The services were held in the Unitarian Church, on Plum street, the use of which was given for the occasion, and Dr. Bellows preached both morning and evening to overflowing houses. Dr. Bellows thus defined his theological position:—

"No feared one of two things—either that the old orthodoxy would be revived, or that there would be a sudden rush into rationalism. The duty of the Unitarians was maintained in a definite and demonstrable theology, to show that 'Jesus Christ was not God' in any honest sense; that he never said he was, but that he was 'God manifest in the flesh,' 'God's truth, and love, and character in man.'"

#### Notice.

Mrs. AMANDA M. SPRUCE will lecture at Dedworth's Hall, on the third and fourth Sundays in May, (the 15th and 22d).

### Philadelphia Correspondence.

Lecture by Miss Emma Hardinge.

DEAR BANNER—On last Wednesday evening Miss Emma Hardinge lectured on the "Cause of the Indian." As usual, with that powerful and eloquent speaker, the discourse was grandly suggestive, and appealed to the best feelings of our nature—sympathy with the wronged and oppressed. Most eloquently she portrayed the sufferings of the red men, the cruelties perpetrated against them under the guise of justice and authority. She read several passages from a pamphlet, entitled, "A Plea for the Indians;" with deep emotion she depicted their sufferings, and called upon humanity to avenge to the sense of justice that is their due. Towards the conclusion of her discourse, she addressed herself particularly to the Spiritualists, recalling them to the view of the beneficent character of the Indian spirits, who returned to earth to bring gifts of healing and good will to those who had despaired and oppressed them.

The venerable Mr. Beeson, author of the "Plea for the Indians," then addressed the audience, and eloquently called upon their earnest co-operation in the cause. He was listened to with much interest.

Dr. Wellington, of the Jamestown Institute, then addressed the meeting, giving briefly and clearly his excellent views on the subject of education. Surely he is one of the earnest laborers in our Father's vineyard, one of the chosen guides to human redemption from the false systems of education so long in vogue. He addressed a small audience at Sansom Street Hall on Thursday morning, and although but few were present, he touched their hearts with the clearness of his argument, the beauty of his illustrations, the humor of his narrations, as well as with the just, humane and loving spirit displayed. With him no faculty is left dormant, no aspiration is crushed, no ridicule is attached to the slow or incompetent mind, no vain applause bestowed upon the forward intellect, no degrading punishment, no pride-serving rewards are bestowed beneath his roof. He sees the children learning of life and wisdom through such an instructor. Noble and disinterested man, exceeding great is his reward.

This blessed Spiritualism! reviled and scuffed at by the many, what glorious reforms does it not advocate? It forms no narrow circle around its own favorites, seeking to draw its heavenly benefits alone into its adopted children, but world-wide, boundless, all-embracing, it reaches every wrong, and by its earnest exponents of truth and justice, co-operating with every effort of reform, strives for the poor, neglected Indian, driven from his home and hunting-grounds by the arrogant usurpations of his unjust white brother. God speed the Indians' cause, for it is a just one. A meeting is to be held upon the subject this week.

A petition is going the rounds to allow our colored brethren the privilege of riding in the passenger railway cars. Who can believe that in this democratic city they are excluded from that right? But snobbishness would rather sit beside the empty-brained dandy, who is filled to sickness with perfume, or inhale the repugnant odors of rum and tobacco, characterizing so many gentlemen, than sit beside an intelligent, well-bred, temperate, colored person.

The weather, after a lengthy cold spell, the last lingering adieu of cross old Winter, smiles in balmy airs and cheering sunshine. The gems of Nature, the beautiful and varied flowers, uprise to greet the blue sky; the dancing waters, the grateful birds, the mingling voices of sweet Nature, heard even amid the city's din, join in the universal chorus of the angel-world, proclaiming, "God is Love!"

Yours for truth, CORA WILSON.

Philadelphia, May 2, 1855.

#### Writing for the Banner of Light.

#### IMPROMPTU.

BY CORA.

I love the modest violet that nestles 'mid the grass,  
Its tender purple blossoms that drink the morning dew;  
It tells me of the summer, with her gentle, balmy breath—  
Of flowers in budding freshness, and fragrance ever new;  
It speaks to me of virtues, that live although unseen—  
Though buried oft in silence, yet always spring to view;  
Like gleams of golden sunshine, when clouds have veiled the sky,  
It seems to us the brighter when the rugged heart is true.

The blue that tints the violet is borrowed from above—  
Its fresh and richer richness betokens Nature's care,  
For nursed by April showers, that gently fall from heaven,  
The tiny, drooping flower beams out upon the air,  
A true and faithful type of kindly seeming worth,  
That kindles into glory when each other's woes we bear;  
For what is life in our world, unless we live for all,  
And ever in our wand'ring a brother's burden wear?

#### OBITUARIES.

Died, on Sunday, April 26, Miss LIZZIE T. DAWDS, of North Street, Maine, aged 41 years. Miss Lizzie was attacked with a paralytic shock, from which she could not recover. But through all her languishing and distress, she was comforted by the hope of immortality, eternal life, and progression in the higher spheres. With charity and a relation to herself, she gave forth expressions of her faith, and her love. When the last moment came, she turned her head aside, as if something attracted her attention, and smiled, while, silently, her spirit left the fragile form, the smile still resting upon the faded lips. The storm of life was passed. The spirit was over. The joyous spirit was greeting its angel friends, who had



## Correspondence.

**An Excellent Suggestion.**  
H. W. CLEMONS, CONTOOCOOKVILLE.—"The BANNER comes to me each week with its lap full of rich fruit, gathered from the various gardens and vineyards, where gems of beauty are springing up to bud, and blossom, and to shed forth their fragrance in praise to the great Creator of everything that exists."

**William Chapin.**

Cap'n, what's the weather? What latitude? What a craft this is, Cap'n? Is this cabin or fo'castle? Cap'n, is it Sunday? I want to ship. What's yer rules? Aye, aye, sir, I can give you all that. Name—Billy Chapin—William. I halted.

ance to talk to my brother  
then told me to come here."

I want Charley to come within hailing distance, if he can, to tell him I'm pretty happy—do n't see as I have lost anything, but the main point is to let him know I can come. When

Well, Cap'n, I'm myself in one way, and not in another. How is this? I ain't myself, and I am, too. Say to Charles that I've been here and would like to talk to him, and to Charlie.

Young. He hails from the State of Maine, somewhere, but can't tell where. Mighty nice skipper; I'd like to talk with him. Mr. Clark, the first officer, is a good fellow. We had talk one night about Spiritualism board ship. I'd like to talk with him. Tell him I'm here—I've got on a new rig, but it's me, nevertheless.

can I come here again? I can't run out of this harbor—wind is dead ahead; just now. Now there's a bit of a breeze springing up; I shall run before it pretty soon. All right Cap'n. April 2.

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**William Hamilton.**

A thought has suggested itself to my mind, and the thought is this: perhaps my own dear friends have called for me; perhaps they are ready to receive me, provided I shall bring suitable proof of my individuality and identity. I bore the name of William Hamilton when on earth. I was a trader and resided in Boston. I have been in the arctic

world seventeen years; I was sixty-four years of age at the time of my death. My disease was called consumption of the liver. I was attended by one Dr. Freeman. I have a wife in Boston, one son and two daughters.

If it be possible for me to commune with them, I wish to do so. While looking around your circle to find, if possible, some familiar face, I was carried back in thought so powerfully

the time I was with my own little family on earth, that I was scarcely able to control my medium; my desire to be with them was so intense, so overwhelming, I could scarcely control myself. I was reflecting on the past, and striving to wed to the present.

I am told many come here to reach their friends. Oh, happy thought, that we who have passed beyond the Jordan death, can commune with our friends, to comfort them while

they pass through this vale of tears. They tell me that thousands have done this, and that the passage is free and open to all.

What was then thought to be a strange phenomenon, took place in my chamber the evening previous to my death. It is known only to my family and a few friends, perhaps may be as well to relate it here.

I was not able to hear much light, and therefore all High

I was not able to sleep much longer than I did on the night I was removed from my room as quick as they could be dispensed with. About eight o'clock, my wife set the lamp in an adjoining room, so that the light would not reach my bed; soon after eight o'clock the room became suddenly lighted, so brightly that those present could not hold the eyes open, although all were anxious to do so. This was repeated three times that evening, and was seen by several pe-

sons besides myself. The last time, my wife said she distinctly saw two hands outstretched towards me, as if to take me away. My wife cried out with fear, and said she believed my time had come, and God had graciously given me to know of it. On the following night, at the same hour at same moment, my spirit took its flight to the spirit-life.

I was there told my condition at that time rendered it easy to produce the lights, or, in other words, that through me

medium powers the spirit-life was partially opened to us. My wife has often wondered what this meant; and since this new Light has come to mortals, she has half believed it true, founding her belief upon that circumstance.

I have given this to my friends to convince them I have indeed come to earth, and have power of memory to carry me back to the scenes of earth previous to my decease. My business is, I intend to be ready on Washington street.

Lo, here is Christ and there is Christ, and yet he is within you. "Come," say the Baptists, "for Christ is within." The same is reiterated by all the churches in the land.

Now men need not travel to the different churches to find Christ; men need not set apart one day in seven to worship the Lord God; for if he is worthy of being worshipped at all, surely he is worthy of being worshipped every day. Now let

Baptists will tell you you must repent, and be baptized, or you will be damned. Very strong language this—presumably a great deal—standing upon a foundation insecure.

Do as we tell you, or you will be eternally wretched; come into our sanctuary, and worship at our altar, or you will no wise enter into heaven. See how much bigotry, how much self-esteem is held within the churches, each arguing that it alone is the true church, and that all others are false.

that their way is the only way. And all their theology founded upon nothing; they draw certain supposed facts from the Bible; build altars thereon, and fasten in their God thereby, and worship in their own way. And one is constantly throwing scorn from this temple to the other, dealing out damnation to a brother who stands outside of the church. Oh, horror! the blackness of midnight hangs over them, but they see it not. The resurrectionists will tell you that on

certain day all the old bodies that have long since mingled with the dust are to return to life, and they are to inhabit their own. Monstrous ideal an embodiment of folly! But the rabbis of the past and the present have a peculiar faculty of causing their hearers to believe just what they believe. No man is fit to be a teacher, unless he is governed by power beyond himself. But the rabbis of yesterday and today are governed by their own peculiar selfishness alone.

Note, if you will, the vast variety of changes that are taking place among the rabbis of the land—the theological teachers that stand in high boxes, and deal out damnation to the people. When the congregation is silent, there comes

Let us see what God hath called him. Is it the God who rules all nature, or is it the idol of the nation—the golden world? We are inclined to think it is the idol, and not the God.

ous gift of our God—is not found with them. It is, "Believe as I believe, and you shall be saved; walk in a different path from what I have marked out, and you shall be damned."

Thanks be to a good Father, the light of the present driving away the darkness of the past and present. As the light is positive, we are certain that the rabbis will step down from their high pedestal, and walk with the people.

When on earth I had much charity for the ministers of

was one myself. But thanks be unto God, I did not stay upon an Orthodox platform. But as I return to-day in obedience to a call from my friends, to give my opinion of clergymen of this day, I find myself obliged to cry out against them, and to tell them that they have no more idea of a God than the dumb animal that moves by their side. These priests are very willing to send others to hell, but not to go themselves.

Let one of them lose a child who has not met with the change they prate so much about. Ask the man if his child is happy, and he tells you he *hopes* his child is happy. Maybe the dear one has gone to heaven, but none know. The know nothing of heaven, because they sit idle themselves and will not come down to seek for truth. But as the multitude come passing by, they will point out the way—they never have traveled, and know nothing about. Why

Each child of the Father should be his own teacher; should not go forth to learn of the faith of his brethren, each one has a light given him to guide the way. I would not advise my friends to walk in that path the Christian is marked out, but walk in that which wisdom has pointed out that will guide all to the birthplace of peace. What is that

that with gladness to the triumph of peace. What is this?—Renson. If you truly believe with all your spirit that you will be damned for doing thus and so, you should not do it, as you hope to escape damnation. But show me the man who believes in damnation for himself—there is not one; a Christian is like a ship without compass, drifting here and there without any definite port in prospect. Christ is within you; the light shines within all, warn-

men to wander in the wilderness no more, or in the church  
to find it—for in the sacred temple of the soul it lives, a  
will guide all men aright; so, then, worship God in secret  
and the light within will guide on in happiness, even when  
you wander in the dark places of life.

I have come here to-day in answer to one George Stoddard  
bridge. I give you my name as John Wesley. And may the  
God of all, in his mercy, guide you all to peace, is the prayer.

of one who loves all mankind. April 2

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"When fortune frowns and summer friends,  
Like birds that fear a storm, depart,  
Some, if thy breath hath tropic warmth,  
Will stay to nestle round thy heart—  
If thou canst rear no lowly won.

No good is gained, by sad repining;  
Gems buried in the darkened earth  
May yet be gathered for the mining."

A thorough renovation is needed, and we shall yet see ourselves rid of all, except those who are the true teachers of life and immortality."

[illegible]



## Miss Rosa T. Amodey.

H. H. Babson.—"Miss Rosa T. Amodey has just given the people of this place a public lecture, the first of the kind ever before listened to in Bedford. An attempt to describe it and its transcendently beautiful effect upon her hearers, would not be a fair and just thing to do. I fear, full of short of doing it, anything approaching to justice. She seemed entranced by minds far superior to earth, or anything that appertains to mortality. One young man, who has always admitted the idea that spirit is an moving matter, and by sound logic attempted to disprove it, says he does not believe in it in her natural condition, or that she spoke her words thoughtfully, but that she was doubtless moved by some kind of inspiration.

Her subject, from Matt. xii. 27, was poetry by a committee chosen from the audience. The poetry with which she closed, and which occupied in the time of delivery just fifteen minutes, was of the most lovely and elevating character. We all seemed lost to everything else, and, like the speaker, were so deeply entranced by its appealing force.

If such as Miss Amodey are to be the advocates of spirit raised its standard against it. Let all who love purity, and holiness, in their most lovely forms, better than vice, immorality, and overreaching craftiness, see to it that they do not array themselves against so righteous an inspiration—one that aims at the pinnacle of all that is purely just, good, and true."

## Compensation of Mediums.

WINTFIELD S. TRIPLETT, PARIS, OXFORD CO., MAINE.—"While looking over your paper of a few weeks since, I saw an article from the able pen of Dr. Child, on 'Commerce in Spiritualism,' and, having myself some experience as a medium, I have concluded to give a slight history of my career since I commenced practicing on spiritual things—not for my special benefit, but for others. I commenced as a healing medium, and trance speaker in the autumn of 1888, and have practiced since that time considerably; have examined one hundred and twenty persons, and prescribed for the same; have healed or taken away the pain in many cases of headache, rheumatism, and diseases of the lungs, by the laying on of hands; have spoken a number of times untraced, and have given in all cases very good satisfaction. All that have listened to the teachings through my organs have been well pleased, and thanks have been most of the coin that I have received as compensation for my services. I have never had any price set for my services—and in all cases, when I have been asked what my price is, I invariably say, 'If I have done you any good, you are perfectly welcome—'or, 'If you wish to make me a present, you can do so; my services are free.'"

The 26th of December, 1888, I examined four persons in one family, and told them if they felt able to pay me anything they might do so; but if not, it was perfectly free. I received fifty cents. At another time, in December, I examined one person, and he paid me forty cents. This is all the money compensation that I have ever received; but I have received that which is worth far more than anything that can be procured with mere money—I mean spiritual improvement, harmony of mind, and happiness of soul; all procured by doing good to others; bleeding up the broken heart, and comforting the mourner under whatever garb, and under whatever circumstances. If I can do good to others, and have that assurance in my own mind, it is all I ask for. But there is still another consideration connected with this—i. e., will thanks and good will, without anything else, pay my bills for clothing and the other necessities of life? In consequence of trusting to the generosity of others, I am now greatly embarrassed; although I do not say this in spirit of bitterness, but as an actual history of myself, and as the experience of one that tries to place infinite trust in the superior, overruling Power that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. If you think this will do any good to your subscribers, and if you will be so kind as to print it, you will have my blessing, and the blessing of an approving conscience also.

You will please say in your paper that I will answer calls to lecture at any place; and if reference is wanted as to my ability, you can address your agents, William K. Ripley, North Turner Bridge, or H. A. M. Bradbury, Norway, Maine. They have both heard me, and are good judges of spiritual lecturing. I am in the field of all truth, under whatever form, and your brother in faith."

[We commend the course our correspondent has pursued, as being of a remarkable unselfish character, but ask if it were not better to exercise the material body in material pursuits, for the supply of its material demands, and devote the balance of time to spiritual things?]

## Free Lecturer.

GEORGE W. HOLLESTER, NEW DENVER, WIS.—"My field of labor, as a lecturer on spiritual philosophy, will be in the Northwest—Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa. I shall remain at Waukegan through the month of May and part of June, when I shall be happy to answer calls to lecture in that vicinity. My travels in Illinois and Wisconsin assured me that in the Northwest the fields are ready for the harvest, and laborers are needed, and those who are willing to labor for humanity and the truth's sake (not for money)—those who are willing to earn the necessities of life by some useful employment in the field, independent of their lecturing, and not bleed the inquiring minds after truth, and disgust them at the very threshold, by sticking the contribution-box in their faces, thereby encouraging that monstrous fraud that has so long crushed humanity, by peddling out opinions to the masses at ten to fifty cents per head, or from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars a year.

Laborers are needed that have outgrown the hireling priesthood of the past, that must always shrink from the application of truths that will deprive them of their bread and butter; those that have passed off from the animal plane that enslave the mind and body, or seek to enslave others to gratify its sensual desires; those willing to preach a free gospel, as pure as the sunlight; those in all ages sought to do—this cause we much need: 'The laborer is worthy of his hire.' Nature is a perpetual pay-master, ever fully compensating for laborers. Physical labor supplies physical wants; intellectual labor, intellectual wants; spiritual labor, spiritual wants; and no individual can claim that as a right, which he has not obtained by his own labor. 'Cursed is the man (or woman), that earns his bread by the sweat of his brow.' Cursed is the man that hires others to think, to philosophize for him!—disappointed is the man that trusts others to feel for him!"

Bond on laborers with warm, throbbing hearts, with clear heads—not to war with our national faith, or tear down our household gods; not to arouse the selfish antagonism of our erring brother by denunciation, but to teach him the higher life—by living it out before the world, in purity, in love, in an untrusting labor of unselfish devotion to the highest interests of man."

[We most heartily agree with our correspondent in his views, here presented.]

## Miss Gibson's Discourses.

A. H. OLIVER, BOSTON, MASS.—"Miss Gibson still continues to lecture here with increased power and success. She commenced with a congregation of about fifty, in the City Hall, which holds about six hundred, and has been obliged to take the largest hall in the city, in order to accommodate all who wish to listen to her teachings. She has, since February 21st, delivered in this place thirty-two discourses, and seven in towns in the vicinity.

Notwithstanding we have had, since Miss G. came among us, the renowned Prof. Orin; the 'Medium Detective' Bly; an attack upon her by one of our most critical and prejudicial sacred desk; a powerful discourse against Spiritualism from the actors; and any quantity of false reports, yet she still lives, and nobly sustains herself as a speaker and a woman of chastest and correct conversation and deportment. Crowds still flock to hear her, though it is sincerely said that it is only the common people—the low and baser sort. We have respectable audiences, made up of the intellectual and common-sense people of the city. Yes, the truths of Spiritualism still live, and will live, unshaken and unharmed by all the calumny, lies and misrepresentation that foolish, silly men can bring against it."

## Nature.

LUCIA BURT, MILAN, OHIO.—"Surely this world is not so bad as some would have us think. It is not all sorrow, pain and gloomy clouds. The sky is not always overhung with dark and gloomy clouds. The thunders do not always sound, or the lightnings flash, through sometimes dark clouds and fearful thunders roll around our heads. Still, however dark and gloomy, every cloud has a 'silver lining'; and if we could only see through the darkness to the sunshine beyond, we should be happy, even in sorrow; for 'this world is full of that is so bad, but the people in it. This world is full of beauty, and should be full of happiness. The feathered warblers sing it in their morning songs; the forest trees repeat it in their moving branches; the tiny flowers, peeping up from every wood and dale, repeat it louder than words; the

little child, gathering all the sunbeams and flowers that cross its path, repeats it; the young student repeats it, as on some beautiful night he casts his eyes upward to the clear blue sky above, dotted with his myriads of twinkling stars. Listen but a moment, and you will hear 'creation's deep musical chorus' sounding up the anthem, 'This world is full of beauty.' But why was earth made so beautifully? Why did the great Creator strew the flowers so thickly along our pathway? Was it to make us miserable? Then why did he not place thorns instead? Why not cause our land to be covered with poisonous reptiles of every shape and name? Why not cause in every breeze that wafts across, some deadly plague or pestilence fragrance? Why not make all things unlovely and hateful to the eye of man? Methinks I hear a sweet echo answer from my own heart, which softly says, 'God hath made all things beautiful, that his children may be happy while traveling through to their spirit home.' Let us then strive to seek out earth's beauties; cease our complaining, and be content. Then we will be happy."

## A Good Plan.

G. WARDEN, NORTH DANA.—"I have proposed to some of the most prominent Spiritualists of this place to raise money enough to procure twenty copies of the BANNER gratuitously, and let those who feel disposed read and profit by them. By this course, I am satisfied more will be done to spread the truths of Spiritualism, with the same amount of money, than can possibly be done by paying high prices for lectures."

## "What is Truth?"

HARRIET W. MANSFIELD, GILSUM, N. H.—"The question, 'What is Truth?' has been asked, and as many times these there have been attempts to answer it. Truth to me is what my conscience tells me is right. I know but little of truth, but expect to be ever hearing and also receiving more. Men profess to know a great deal of truth, which is at last proved to be nothing more than error. That which they obey not, and cannot live, is not truth to them. A conscience of right lived up to is only truth."

## Spirit Communion, &amp;c.

MRS L. FORKMAN, MINNEAPOLIS.—"I am pleased to say that the BANNER has furnished me with a great amount of spiritual reading. With great delight do I peruse its pages. I embrace the truths of Spiritualism at the opening of the new year. How thankful we ought to be for its blessed privileges, which we realize as coming from the Giver of all good. Why has not God created us to hold communion with the loved ones that have gone before? I know no reason. The great truths of Spiritualism make the corner-stone of our soul's growth. It is a sure foundation to build our hopes upon in this life and in the life to come. How much do these spiritual communications lessen the cares and anxieties of our every-day life."

There are quite a number of Spiritualists, and also several mediums, in this immediate vicinity. The West is a vast field, and we need more lectures to fan into the flame the fire that has been kindled. I am a well-wisher in your noble exertions in spreading the BANNER and the glorious truths contained therein; and may success ever crown your efforts in carrying on the work of salvation."

## Written for the Banner of Light.

## THE FUTURE.

BY E. E. LYNDE.

Oh, truly earth is lovely, fair,  
But heaven is brighter far;  
The contrast it would well compare  
Like sun to evening star.

Oh, 'tis but little mortals know  
What God hath now in store  
For those who do his will below,  
When life with them is o'er.

Though clouds may rise that grieve us here,  
And fill our hearts with sorrow,  
Yet recompense our souls shall have  
In that eternal morrow.

Melrose, 1889.

## LETTER FROM EMMA HARDINGE.

Editors of the Banner of Light:  
DEAR FRIENDS—I am requested by a spirit, whilst writing on other subjects and in other directions, to address a few lines to your paper on the subject of drugs as an agent for procuring abnormal conditions in the human system. I must premise, however, that, although I have heard of, I have not read, the discussion growing out of Dr. Child's remarks concerning Hasbick. Whatever opinions may be put forth in these remarks, therefore, must not be received by way of endorsement or antagonism to any one else's thoughts. Furthermore, I am not in the habit of sending spirit-communications to the papers, and only do so now at the request of the spirit of whose name or identity at this point of my communication I am ignorant. The spirit says:

"For many years previous to my partition from my earthly form, I was in the habit of drinking coffee in moderate quantities. During these years I was favored (as I considered) with daily intercourse with, and visions of, spirit-land. What I recorded as the result of this communion, I need not now speak of; enough for me to declare that, I spirit, and inhabiting the very world into which my mortal vision penetrated, am now engaged in comparing the experiences of my actual condition, places, persons, ideas and things, with all that I beheld through the aura of my human surroundings; and I behold to this conclusion—namely, that I did see spirit-land; its places, persons, societies, and its use a familiar and therefore impeded phrase—its introduction; but I beheld them all, without a single exception, through a universally pervaded medium; I beheld through an aura, which I can now only describe, as the carrying inwards of the human emanations upon the spirit, everything which I should have seen, and now see, by the spirit passing outwards through the grosser emanations, and yet not partaking of their character. I have met and conversed with many spirits whose experience has been similar to my own, and they agree with me in the opinion that the spirit is a plate upon which is daguerreotypied every thought and action of the earthly life; the thoughts become fused, as it were, into the great cauldron of identity, making up a general character; but the actions stand out in individualized, objective realities—shaping that character and engraving themselves in forms upon the spirit-body. Thus every earthly action affects the spirit through a human medium; and thus any condition of the spirit, induced by physical causes, carries with it a physical as well as a spiritual effect. Any affection of the spirit, induced, then, by eating, drinking, smelling, or even touch, producing cataplexy or partial unconsciousness, carries into and bears upon the forces of the spirit all the body's emanations, forming a mask through which the spirit has to appear; when, on the contrary, the impression made on human consciousness comes from the psychologic power or magnetic influence of a disembodied spirit. The interior consciousness is the first touch. The magnetic sphere or seat of sensation, is the next recipient of the spiritual influx; and the body's forces are thus subordinated, or rendered negative, without any disturbance of, or interference with the emanations. The influx of 'reaction' may ensue upon the withdrawal of the influx, must be pure and beneficial, carrying outwards the grosser emanations of the body, and never drawing injuriously upon it.

Not so with drugs. The effect upon the body is the first thing felt. The body's force is the magnetic sphere which acts upon the spirit; this, in turn, acting through these emanations, beholds, as through a veil, realities presented to the body's shape, and scenes and persons all distorted to the sphere of morbidity, the more I consider the nature of this mode of influx, the more am I convinced the result must ever be perilous to the body, whilst to the spirit it brings with it a foul and heavy vapor, likely to touch the reason with its weight, besides leaving its thick breath on the mirror, wherein the spiritual eye will never see the image of spiritual things reflected, unless the glass be pure and undisturbed by earth.

Not as a dictator, but as a friendly guide,—himself once shipwrecked on the reef of material, spiritual second-sight,—I would ask leave to add, cultivate nature has endowed you with the wisdom of the seer, cultivate the gift sublimely by aspirations toward lofty thoughts; and by pure spirit forces attract pure spirits around you. Prepare yourself by similarity of nature for whatever influx you desire. Pray to the All God for the reception of good; and for your body, keep it pure and healthy—pure with exercise, but never excessive fasting—healthy with air and moderate, labor and wholesome diet, and then no angles in your sensuous nature will break the line of sunshine on your spirit. Where nature has herself closed up your spiritual vision, artificial means may break the lock, but it only spoils the casket. The spirit-flower of sight within it not only ripe, cannot fulfill the part assigned without the gross aid of drugs and vapors. These are but

earthly spectacles, at best,—helps to delude, rather than helps to see,—and nothing you read, but not the spirit volume. This God and nature only can unshroud. You may improve, by growth and study, in this noble page; but when on earth, its knowledge is denied you. God velle in mercy light you cannot bear; and earthly art will wear your sight, not add it."

No name is given to this communication that I would choose to sign. I have been instructed by my spirit guides to accept truth, and tender it again for its own intrinsic worth, to accept the more authority of great or small names, of whose identity I can give no evidence. If the above is of any interest to you or your numerous readers, I shall have additional pleasure in complying with the charge of my spirit friend in presenting it to you.

Most cordially yours,  
EMMA HARDINGE.  
Providence, R. I., May 2, 1889.

## EVIL AND GOOD.

[CONTINUED.]

Do we desire to know what our own condition is; how much we possess of heaven, and how much of hell? Let us examine ourselves. Heaven is peace, and hell is war. How much wrong do we find in the world? Our opposition, our warlike feelings are active in proportion to our discovery of wrong, and the heaven is commensurate with our peace; harmony in the soul with all things. A heavenly condition of the soul does not see or resist any wrong. Is our condemnation sent forth to everything, and everybody? Are people all to blame, all very wicked—and almost everything wrong? If so, we are in that condition of spiritual growth when the laws of nature are throwing off the elements of wrong in us. This is a necessity in one degree of the soul's growth, which degree is war, antagonism, inharmonious, and hell.

"Seek first the kingdom of heaven," says the holy Jesus. By our natural growth we will find it. Have we grown to it? How near are we allied to that heavenly condition, where all is peace, harmony and love; where all that exists is right, and nothing that exists is wrong?

A soul of heaven has confidence in God; in all his works; sees no wrong there; sees beauty in everything; sees God only in nature; unmeasured beauty in the immortal soul; beauty in deformity the same as in symmetry, for the hand of God is in both; sees through the filmy vapor of pollution and degradation emanating from one soul, as being only the result of a purifying process of that soul; the lawful effect of a means our Father uses to bring his child to heaven sooner. The soul of heaven sees unutterable beauty in mortal life; whatever may be its condition of progress or degree of growth. All God's children are beautiful; all life and all things are God's. The soul of heaven is in harmony with the lowest life, with even the elements of a stone; there is no repulsion; can be with serpents without a shudder or a shriek, and see the work in them of a divine hand; can behold the worst manifestations of human life without reproach or blame. Are we at peace with all men and all life? Do we see no wrong, but everything right? If so, there is peace within the soul; the kingdom of heaven is there, and the soul is rightly allied in condition to that world where all is peace, harmony and love—where there is no evil, no fault, no wrong.

Thus we may measure our capacities for hell or heaven, for an early or a more advanced condition of spirit-life. Our attractions for evil are determined by our perceptions of evil—our attractions for good, by our perceptions of good. Evil is a low degree of good, as cold is a low degree of heat; and every immortal soul must pass through every degree of spirit development in its journey home. Each degree is in its natural order, and produces its legitimate manifestations. This is life as it is.

To admit the immortality of the soul, is to admit that the soul cannot be injured; for repeated injuries would, in time, destroy it. If the soul is immortal, it cannot rot; for repeated rottings would land it sometime in nonentity. The immortal soul is something that is never hurt or injured by any material influence; it is divine; it comes from God; it grows by the unseen power of God, and no human effort can retard or advance its growth, injure or benefit it. All its capacities are in the latent germ, and the germ quickens, grows, expands, and in its time unfolds in beauty after its own nature. If the soul is immortal, such must be its properties. The soul is above material influences. "The body is dust—the soul is a bud of eternity." Our material life is an effect of the soul, and never is the soul affected by it. The body, and all its manifestations, are the offspring of the soul. Our loves of material life are the necessary surroundings of the soul, produced by the soul for its covering while it grows in the body; it lives in this house of clay and earthly loves while it grows to the stature and manhood of a spirit.

The soul of man, acted upon by inherent law, produces all there is of a man; there is nothing of man independent of the soul. Every manifestation of life is the manifestation of the soul's power, acting through the mediumship of matter, of the body. And it seems to me that it is as absurd to say that those manifestations, which are of the soul, influence it, for good or evil, as it would be to say that the smoke rising from the burning fire has any influence upon its burning. The soul is the master of the intellect, the will, and the passions, and it uses them at its pleasure—they are its servants. The soul is not a little inferior thing, to be nurtured and fed by the frenks of the will, intellect, and the passions; it is not a function or faculty; it is the whole of our being—the background of all our existence. The soul to each one is an immensity, unmeasured and unpossessed, shining through the frail instrumentality of material life. It is the receptacle of all that is good—all that is holy—wherein abides all the wisdom and power that man possesses. The soul must have its way; it is made by law; it is in the hands of law, and the laws of God govern it. It is wrong to rest in confidence in the government of our Father's laws? We answer no.

This is destiny, from which man can never fly. When man can write his name in water for future generations to read—when he can be the knots in the wind that cannot be untied—

"When angels on air shall find,  
And flash on land and sea,"

man may take a step or two outside of destiny; outside the laws of God.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

FRIEND BANNER—My mind has been troubled for some time with the idea that there is one portion of the community that you might benefit very much by leaving a little corner in your valuable paper for the instruction of that much abused portion of humanity, the little children; and, believe me, that the interest that is manifested each week for your paper in the small circle of my acquaintances here, would be greater if you would comply with this request. You have got some beautiful writers for your journal, some of whom might be induced to lay aside the man or woman, for the time being, and become as little children, and by their loving words of instruction, lead the young minds into paths of pleasantness and peace. I hope you will not think that I wish to dictate to you, or that your journal is not conducted as it ought to be—far from it—no such thoughts have ever entered my mind. I hope you will not laugh at me when I tell you that I have resolutely writing to you three several times on the subject, and I now do so because it cannot be helped. You may call this an imposition, if you please. If it is, I consider it a good one. Hoping that you may enlist the minds of the rising generation in your behalf, by contributing to their gratification and instruction, and thereby secure them as your faithful subscribers, I am, dear sir, your friend and well-wisher.  
Philadelphia, April 17, 1889.

[We think there is talent enough to supply this demand, and we hope some one of our readers will take advantage of the hint thrown out in the above. If any desire to do so, let them down to me, hereafter has been needed. Their perceptions are clearer than most people suppose, and while they cannot digest the same mental food which the deep thinker digests in, yet reason is powerful in them, and when dressed in the pleasing garments of Romance, will be eagerly sought for. A prominent truth of Spiritualism may be taken and woven into a short story with much effect. We like the suggestion of our correspondent, and trust some of our readers, gifted with proper talent to undertake the work, will do so.]

Education, truly speaking, says a recent English writer, is the work of a lifetime. Exposed to every diversity of influence, the mind cannot remain stationary; if we do not advance, we retrograde. The school or university ought to furnish us with a method of study—how best to lead out, or evolve, whatever is noblest or highest in our nature. Soft culture is but the conjugation—the legitimate application and use of the method acquired. Our whole life is a training, it ought to be a perfecting—for 'spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues.' Self-education neglected, man wrongs that which is peculiarly his own.

## The Public Press.

## MARRIAGE AND SEPARATION.

The holy and beautiful views of this subject, impressed through Lizzie Doten, as reported in the BANNER OF LIGHT of April 2d, are truly worthy of record. They are almost fully up to the present standard of the "Highest Unfolding" on this plane; and they differ so much from a class of ideas which have already become somewhat popularized in connection with Spiritualism, that any person, with half an eye, can see that there has been no mistake—no visionary folly in pre-announcing a truer philosophy—a fuller expression on this, as on all other topics of spiritual and humanitarian interest.

It seems that Miss Lizzie D. did not exactly agree with her spirit communicators in their idea that two persons who are not precisely harmonious in their conjugal relations "should bear it to their best ability." But blessed is the medium whose spiritual connection is of a character so true and noble as this; and even greater blessing has that person, medium or spirit, whose own development is equal to the spirit, and whose practical expression of an inspiration so effulgent and exalted.

I knew such a medium once—I know her now—a woman who struggled and labored under toils and difficulties which might well dishearten and overcome even an hundred earnest souls like hers—a woman who did, actually, to her "best ability," bear the burden of conjugal and domestic infidelity—where the husband and children, which friends repeatedly urged. Spirits, through other mediums, said she would be happier if she was living with a different companion. Spiritualistic friends wondered that those who purported to be her brighter guardians, should continue to hold her down so long to such conditions; but her sympathy for her husband and family even went beyond that degree which her best surroundings wished her to exercise. In one thing she did not hold that check upon her sympathies toward her husband, which she should have done, to enable her to help him through effectively; and through that she became completely prostrate—was obliged to forego her cherished duties. She fled her home, and amidst the wreck of her system, struggled for life. The friends with whom she found refuge were not fully equal to sustaining her moral energies; and what with the force of a sympathy once again misdirected, together with the pressure of surrounding circumstances, she became warped into a sphere and sentiment entirely different from that which was indicated in her former lofty course of mind and action, and now dwells in a distant spot, with one who is not her husband, but the wedded spouse of another, who indeed sits deserted and forlorn.

And in which act of her life was this woman the truest to herself and to all the noblest faculties of her nature? In her faithfulness to her husband, and his redemption? or in her wanderings with the husband of another?

I know there are many excuses for her conduct, in the premises, and also for his connection with any such affair. I also know that there are good reasons for almost any or every disturbance or disarrangement in conjugal relations. But I am none the less aware that all this is more the work of impulse, weakness or willfulness on the part of one, if not both the parties of a broken marriage covenant, than it is of true wisdom.

There are parties now separating or separated, who could have continued to dwell happily together, had one or the other of them been willing to make a little of that concession, or to cultivate a little of that firmness or candor, or a trifle of that mutual helpfulness, which principle itself required. There are mediums and lecturers in the spiritual field, as well as preachers, teachers and other persons, elsewhere, who have made us truly practical or persevering effort to produce that state of things which would have harmonized this or that difference between themselves and their respective companions in marriage, but who have been ever ready, at the suggestion of a friend—it may be at the bidding of a spirit—to hurry up a "divorce" in some convenient, "free and easy" State—and to run after affluence throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Around some who have thus been thus endangered, (male as female,) I have thrown a sheltering sphere of watchful and sustaining regard, to preserve them from the influence of those who would not have been so tender of their truer nature and higher sensibilities as they should have been. Many a noble-minded and sensitively conditioned person, (of the masculine gender as well of the gentler sex,) has been held down to inferior conditions by the persuasive voice of a professed friendship and love, which was more sinister and selfish—more plausible and persistent than it was true and royal. And hence it is that many things which are called for—"congenial," and were lauded to the skies as none of your "priestly" concerns, have proved no more happy and enduring than the common, every day unions under the seal of Church and State.

Of course there is no intention to bring odium upon those who have tried their best to promote domestic unity and peace, but have failed through want of the requisite stamina in themselves; neither would we subject to condemnation or derision those who have taken other partners than those to whom they are legally allied, when they have been apparently driven to the step by dire necessity; but still, beyond all this, stands out prominently the truth, that faithfulness to the conjugal relation is one of the highest and purest principles to which Human Nature can devote itself; and that steadfast fidelity to matrimonial obligations, even under disagreeable conditions—even where self-protection requires some special interference or relief—is a virtue which the brightest of heaven's messengers will invariably advocate and most heartily commend.

And more than all this, on those who are the truest, and have been the most effectually tried, in this sublime department, will devolve the true leadership and the most efficient interest, in a great moral and beneficent movement, such as the world has never yet witnessed, and which will bring true hearts, in all directions, into such a concentration of effort, in behalf of misdirected and down-trodden humanity, as will reach the very dregs and dragons of society, and lift all its interests above the slime of their prostration and corrosion into the very light and steadfastness of heaven.

Hence it is that this views so much beyond the average ideas of Spiritualism—so diverse from the popular opinions of even the gentle-hearted Lizzie Doten herself—are thus far being promulgated more generally than they thus far have been. May they be multiplied everywhere through such organs as the brighter intelligences can effectively use; and may each and all whose present conceptions are not clearly up to such lucid and ennobling expressions, duly strive for the higher attainment which they indicate; for not only man, a "medium," but likewise many a man and woman, in every direction, and on more subjects than that of marriage, is held down to inferior views through a surmounting social influence, which savors more of earth than heaven, as did Peter, when the Master "saluted him as Satan."

Athol Depot, Mass. D. J. MANDELL.

## WHAT AND WHO IS GOD?

MESSRS. EDITORS—Since the term God is being made to run the gauntlet of newspapers, and public discussion, started by the peculiar ideas of H. W. Beecher, perhaps I may be permitted to put in an opinion, as the subject passes. Every person must reason out his or her idea or opinion of God, or a supreme power, in accordance with the development of his or her mind. A little child can have no idea or conception of the solar system, and much less of the stellar. How then could such child have an idea of infinity, either in power, attribute, condition,

knowledge or locality? or what difference would it make whether this child were ten or fifty years of age? If the mind is in childhood, the idea of God must correspond to childhood. Toys for children are as necessary in theology as in play-houses. A man with the mental capacity of Henry Ward Beecher must understand this, and in his preaching must adapt his views to the capacity of those he teaches; and many of them must have an incarnate God, personal and local, with individuality, (diameter and circumference,) date, (time of life,) and place; and in our country, no name could be given more acceptable for that purpose than Jesus of Nazareth or the Christ of Christians. Yet Beecher, and every ripened school-boy, must know that infinity and personality are incompatible with each other, entirely neutralizing and destroying the subject as two negatives in a sentence. Omnipotence and locality are as inconsistent to each other as a bright light in a dark room—when one comes, the other goes. If anybody's God is personal, he is not infinite nor omnipotent; he may be where, but he is not everywhere; he is a toy in the great universe, as we all are, for we are all toys for the play-houses of superior powers and beings, nearly as much as the dolls and tops of our children are.

Personal gods are playthings for religious childhood. Divine essences and attributes are playthings for religious boyhood. Omnipotence and omnipresence are comprehensible terms, referring to incomprehensible subjects, and may be applied to a subtle, substantial, elemental existence, comprising all motion, life, sensation, intelligence and aspiration. We may call it Divine Mind, or God, or any other term, leaving off all qualifying words that limit or conflict with omnipotence, omnipresence and infinity, and then we have God, or subject of devotion, for manhood. To Omnipotence there could be no past or future—no yet but the present—all events are in the now—and yet of what use to tell this to a mind untutored in mental philosophy? Such persons would be as sure that the events of last year and of next year cannot be in the now at the ancient were; thus they should fall off the earth if it turned over.

Times, dates, facts and future are all in the now of Omnipotence, as places are all here to Omnipresence. Where has no use or meaning. How absurd to talk of going into the presence of an omnipresent God, or coming from God, etc. These terms, with all the prayers of Christendom, are appropriate to and for a personal and finite God, with such passions and qualities as we have, only in degree above each worshiper. Our Gods must be made a little lower than the angels to meet the wants of the people of our time.

The idolatry-loving priests are alarmed at the sacrilegious tendencies of Parker, and Beecher, and Emerson, and are ready to cry aloud, "You take away our Gods!" These men are only feeling the pulse of the people, to ascertain if they are ready to advance to another department of the school—to go higher. The teachers below are not willing to give them up, as they are supported by the scholars, and of course do not wish to have them go above their instruction. Well, hold on, old fogies; you may get your mantle as it falls from the ascending spirits.

Chagrin Falls, Ohio, April 23. WARREN CHASE.

## MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

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

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

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in Worcester, Lowell, Portland, Oswego, and various adjacent places during May and June. Next Fall and Winter she designs to labor extensively in the West and South. St. Louis, Memphis and many other places are already promised, and she desires to complete her tour. Address, care of Rev. J. Pierpont, New York.

Prof. Payton Spence and Amanda M. Spence will respond to invitations to lecture, addressed to Jamestown, N. Y., or to New York city, care of U. W. Westbrook.

WARREN CHASE announces that he will lecture in Adrian, Mich., May 15th; Albion, May 17th; Battle Creek, May 19th; Ironsides, May 21st and 24th; Kalamazoo, May 26th; Grand Rapids, June 2d, 4th and 5th; Grand Haven, June 9th and 10th; Milwaukee, Wis., June 12th and 13th; Chicago, Ill., June 18th and 20th; Berlin, Ohio, July 1st, 2d and 3d; Geneva, Ohio, July 10th; Cincinnati, July 13th and 14th; Buffalo, N. Y., July 17th and 21st.

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

MISS J. V. CHERRIE will answer calls to lecture. Address Lowell: box 85. She will speak as follows:—Milford, N. H., May 15th; East Southbury, May 20th; Portland, June 6th and 12th; Springfield, June 19th and 20th; Putnam, Conn., July 2d and 10th. She will stop a few days in each of the above places, and will sit for tests of spirit-power, by trance, clairvoyance and physical manifestations.

MISS SARAH A. MAGOON will answer calls to lecture in the tract which on Sundays and week day evenings. Address No. 34 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass. She will speak in Quincy, May 18th, and at East Princeton, May 20th.

LORINE MOODY will answer calls to lecture anywhere, on Sundays and week day evenings. Address Malden, Mass. She will lecture as follows:—Franklin, May 10th and 11th; St. Paul, May 12th and 13th; Blackstone, May 16th; Milford, May 17th and 18th; Mendon, May 19th and 20th; Milford, May 22d. He will also act as agent for the BANNER and AOE.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, of Cleveland, Ohio. Address of the Agent, will lecture in Utica, May 15th; in Boston, Mass., May 20th. She may be addressed, Rochester, care of Mrs. S. A. Burdett. At Salina, care of Mrs. John H. Hulseman; at Utica, care of Dr. Caroline Brown; at Boston, care of B. H. Marsh.

Mrs. L. WADSWORTH speaks at Lowell, May 15th, and



