

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 repartee, 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 trembling 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 de-viant 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 modifications.

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 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 his 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 dispatched 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 Harlidge!" 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 " vexation 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 taunt desec, 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—for, 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 vanquished 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—till overcome with 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 more 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—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 these 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—if 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 Judge Tracy, in the hurried, unsteady utterance of the agitated 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 wondered still more at his increasing emotion, especially when he mentioned the name of her mother, and the charge concerning the date of her birth, and preservation of this medal. Making as 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 on 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 wily 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 concealed 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 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 occurred, 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, arched 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. "Unless 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, some time after her escape. 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 for 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 adjudged 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 court-room 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, unobserved amid the crowd, placed a note in his hand. Hastily slipping the paper, 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 eyes 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 failed to rescue me; but if because you were unable to learn my early history before Mr. Brownell took me from New-wood, where my mother died, go to Greenbank, in New York State, and inquire concerning Rosalie Phillips, who left that place with her little girl, then about seven, twenty-six years ago. HONORA."

"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 informed 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 now 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. This he did 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 out 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 such 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 plotters 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 of 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, 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 relation ship 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 unfeebled by the startling events of the preceding weeks, this last revulsion, 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 embracing 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 his 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 curtained the casement 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 fragments.

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 wretched likeness of her old bitterness of debate replying 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 itself reactively 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 had devoted from his insane thirst for 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 bounded 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 long 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. N. M. SQUIBB.

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.

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

I used to hie me here at noon To read, or with my fancies play, Or watch my brother making hay— Then evening found me all too soon. You were away then; you, I know, You left us in the month of May; You were remembered while away, How long you stayed I and I felt so.

The sun looks splendid, doesn't it? There, see its light in yonder oak; How still you are—how two neat specks, 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! no! 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 gloom; 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 my being dwell 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 forget— How faintly 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 not think me foolish, 'tis not fair, I'd told before, but did not 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.

THIS QUEER WORLD.—Of 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 Caiphas 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 patriotism, and tormented for your benefactions; to have your confidence abused, your integrity derided, and to suffer a thousand impositions in a right matter— from those from whom you had a right to expect better things.

Parls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five 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 tumultuous, 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 here 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 exhaled 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'r with base infection meet, The basest weed outrives his dignity; For sweetest things turn sourst by their deeds; Lilies that foster, smell far worse than weeds. SHAKESPEARE.

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

For Faith, too young for a sublimer creed, Her simple text from Nature's volume taught, She wakened Melody, whose shell and seed, 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 wail; 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 firm-side talk, And the lamp's shadow— Still shines the soother 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, fit like sunbeams through your busy thoughts. Visions of home have oftentimes thrust themselves between your brain and an unlearned 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-creeping "sheepskin" is yours, and yourself on a coveted horse are galloping homeward. How very happy the thought makes you!

Especially you gaze upon the familiar landscapes, to note the changes which you fancy may 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 meadow and rattle, you see through the cloudy morning mist the cattle feeding, 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 an irresistible temptation it used to prove 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 shadow; or, when tired, rest on the grass under its sythe. There, too, sister Nell—the dear girl—used to set the basket of luncheon, leaving faithful Carlo as sentinel on duty, to keep all intruders at a proper distance. Under the same tree—later in the season—after the kindly frost had opened the close, green rind of the nuts, Nellie 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 dearer to you of any on earth—the scene of your boyish spirits 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 greets 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 grasp of the hand, that you are quite sure he has forgiven those "college pranks." Close by is your mother—with that dear, loving image has oftentimes been with you—and the loving grasp of her ever kind hand, and her warm kiss, you will never forget. And there we'll leave you—in the midst of the happiest group on earth—an unbroken home-circle!

A young woman ought, like an angel, to pardon the faults she cannot comprehend; and an elderly 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.

Banner of Light.

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CIRCLES. We shall continue to hold our circles on Saturday afternoons, at this time, making five sessions each week.

WHERE DO YOU START FROM?

A tree grows from its centre, adding a new ring every year. An apple grows from its heart, and the skin stretches over the expanding pulp to suit the advancing needs of the pippin. A young animal is true to nothing but its nature, knows nothing better, and assimilates everything to that low nature's needs.

So long as growth and development, therefore, proceed from the centre, so long they are true and healthy, and certify to a corresponding increase of manhood and power. But do all men—nay, does one man in one hundred start in his career of growth from the centre of his nature?

How many ever think they have any particular nature of their own, but are satisfied to imitate and copy, to laugh when others give the signal, to shout when they shout and groan when they groan?

This inquiry, in making up one's estimate of a man, is a most important, as it is a most searching one—"Where do you start from?" It is the last analysis of character. One will straightway tell you—and without uttering a word about it, either—that he goes in for making his pile of money; he intends to be rich, even without understanding what riches really mean and are; and in his answer you get his point of departure at once.

Man, go down into your deep heart to-day; look into your own soul; look into the spiritual nature that God has implanted within you, and see its wants. For in these wants of your spiritual nature you may recognize the greatness of the humblest opportunities; and when you come to realize their true greatness, you will thank God for every truth that he speaks to you, in however humble words, or upon however ordinary occasions.

Written for the Banner of Light. TO BY CORA WILBUR.

I love thee! not with passing fancy's gleam. Not with the wildness, waywardness of youth; My soul wraps round it no illusive dream. But sees thee mirrored in the fount of truth; Apart and holy, conscious and divine, Bending in homage at Love's spirit shrine.

I love thee! o'er my brow careless sweep The wafled benedictions of thy thought; And heart-sent angels guard thy dowered sleep With gentle memories; recollections fraught With pure affection's guiding light divine; With songs of worship from Love's spirit shrine.

A CHRISTIAN.—The Pendleton (S. C.) Messenger says:— "We have shown what we consider quite a curiosity, though others have seen the same things heretofore. It is a rose, graded on the peach tree. The tree is now in full bloom, and many present a beautiful appearance. The rose is, we think, of the Multi-flora variety, has no scent, and the branches, of course, produce no peaches."

HUMAN NATURE.—It may be put down as an almost universal fact, that when you see any great criminal who astounds you by the atrocity of his deeds, there you will also find a man who would equally surprise you, could you only perceive some of those excellences that dwell in his heart to a far more than ordinary degree.

upon the experiment of yielding it a perfect obedience but for a single day. The highest must ever remain the most rigid and exacting law of all.

Let us disparage nothing, not even the making of fortunes; for upon this thirst for and habit of accumulation rests the buttresses of civilization; you must needs climb up to spiritual exaltation by the slow ladder of material comfort and ease and prosperity. Instead of sullenly and sulkily decrying these helps and needs in growth, let us only look to it that they do not themselves take the place of the real growth; for there is the seat of the whole trouble.

DO YOU FORGET?

Yes—if you profess a friendship, or a love, do you forget, as soon as the object of your regard, or the immediate motive that led to this friendship, is out of sight or ceases active operation? Because circumstances change their combinations, and outward relations do not now present the same scenes they did, and the zest of personal contact is in a measure gone, do you therefore suffer your old love to fall away and crumble into the dead ashes of forgetfulness?

How very easy it is for some natures to forget! They all the time need visible reminders of the object of their regard. They are devoted to the outward person alone. There is not a spiritual and silent love, a close secret from all the world beside, and a living principle continually within themselves. True, it is sweet for eyes to look straight into loving eyes, and there read the evidences that bring the soul of each abiding happiness; but if that cannot be, may not the spirit itself make amends for this deprivation, and put forth its silent manifestations, unknown even to the very object of its love, and at times when that object is unconscious that it is thought of? Let us ask the reader once more, then—do you forget? If another forgets, do you? Is it not a necessity of your nature to be true to its deepest instincts? And even if another seems to have forgotten, will you therefore forget, and give up all the precious memories that now inspire you, in obedience to a feeling of pettish selfishness?

THE NEARNESS OF HEAVEN.

If a spiritual newspaper, or writer, or speaker, has anything to say on this subject, Orthodoxy either gives back a sneer, or holds up its hands in horror. Yet the Orthodox folks themselves are at liberty to speak as freely on it as they choose; such elasticity—on one side—has the religious judgment of sane men.

The New York Independent has a leading editorial with the above title, introducing a letter of nearly a column in length, from a Western correspondent, who, in the course of a long fit of sickness, believed that he experienced a foretaste of the real delights of heaven. Instead of denouncing its correspondent, as would have been done if he had been unorthodox, the Independent not only gives the whole letter, but prefaces it with the following truly Christian comment:—"It is undoubtedly difficult to decide in a case like this how much of what seemed to him an immediate perception of heavenly glory is to be attributed to the disordered working of a delirious mind; and for a skeptical, or a merely worldly and sensuous person, his narrative will seem on this account to have little value. But the fact that his mind acted in this way during his very delirious wanderings, and that while he appeared to those around him to be suffering, he was, on the other hand, so far as his own consciousness was concerned, enjoying an experience more high and ecstatic than he had ever previously conceived to be possible—this may well give, to a thoughtful and reverent mind, some new impression of the kindness and goodness of God to his children, and may teach us that those whom we love and watch over are not necessarily in pain, because the body writhes and is tossed.

We know not yet what shall be met by us, when we pass through the veil, and are forever at peace with the Lord, on the other side of its shadowy folds. It is not intended that we should understand it, until we attain it. But the experiences of those who have gone so near the Invisible World, through the ministry of sore sickness, that they have almost heard what is uttered, and seen what is done in its glorious realms, must always have exceeding interest for us. And therefore, without hesitation or criticism, we lay our correspondent's narrative before our readers, omitting a few sentences from it, for greater brevity. May it prove as profitable and animating to others, as it clearly seems to have done to him."

DR. FRANKLIN ON DEATH.

In the published works of Benjamin Franklin occurs the following beautiful and highly spiritual passage:—

"We have lost a most dear and valuable relation. But it is the will of God and nature that these mortal bodies be laid aside when the soul is to enter real life. This is rather an embryo state; a preparation for living. A man is not completely born until he is dead. Why should we grieve when a new child is born to immortality? A new member added to their happy society? We are spirits! That bodies should be lent us while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or doing good to our fellow-creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure—instead of aid become an incumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them.

Death is that way. We ourselves, in some cases, prudently choose a partial death. A mangled, painful limb, which cannot be restored, we willingly cut off. He who plucks out a tooth, parts with it freely, since the pain goes with it; and he who quits the whole body, parts at once with all pains and possibilities of pains and diseases it was liable to, or capable of making him suffer.

Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party of pleasure which is to last forever. His chair was ready first, and he has gone before us. We could not conveniently start together; why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow, and know where to find him?"

LECTURE AT THE MELODEON.

Mr. Pierpont spoke, last Sunday afternoon, from the text, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" He compared Spiritualism and its advent, to the birth and character of Jesus the reformer, so disreputable and scorned, yet growing up to such mighty results. In the evening, after reading what he termed a portion of the fourth chapter of the poem of Job, he took for his text, "There be many that say, Who shall show us any good?" In his lecture he replied to those who urge objections to Spiritualism on the ground of mercenary use, and spoke of its good results in a sensible manner. Both of these lectures were thickly embellished with facts from the personal and private experiences of the speaker—facts of manifestations which will admit of no other hypothesis than that of Spiritualism.

This was the last lecture at the Melodeon, and this week workmen will commence the demolition of this time-honored edifice—one of those temples of free speech which will in future history bear a reputation as the natal place of many of those thoughts which have agitated the world for a score of years.

LECTURERS.

Miss Rosa T. Akendy will lecture at Salem, on Sunday, 15th inst., and at East Abington, on Thursday, 19th inst. Mrs. Ada L. Coan may be addressed at Boston, Mass. Miss Emma Houston will speak in Blanchard's Hall, East Stoughton, on Sunday afternoon and evening, 22d inst. Miss A. F. Pease will lecture in Northampton and vicinity until the first of July, and has engagements till the first of September. Lorenzo Moody will speak in Framingham Sunday, May 29. GEORGE ATKINS will speak at Putnam, Sunday, 16th, and East Weymouth, 22d insts. H. P. FAIRFIELD speaks at North Brookfield May 14 and 15. [For a full list of Movements of Lecturers, see seventh page.]

THE DUTTON CHILDREN.

An advertisement of these wonderful works of nature appears in our columns. We visited Muslo Hall on Saturday afternoon, and take occasion to recommend our readers to visit them. We can only say they are the most interesting and astonishing productions of nature in the phase of humanity, which we ever saw. There is nothing dwarfish in their appearance, but limb and form and feature are perfect, and they are exceedingly pretty children. The larger of the two is four inches less in height than the renowned Tom Thumb, who was considered a prodigy. It is only by comparison with misers of their age, that one obtains a conception of their dimly tiny size. They sing several songs and dance a polka and waltz in quite a pretty manner.

NOTICE.

Mr. L. G. Chase, of St. Louis, writes us that he is about to take an excursion which is explained by the following paragraph, taken from his circular. He will take subscriptions for the BANNER OF LIGHT during his tour.

"Between the editor tied to his chair and the farmer confined to his farm, is a large field for operation, and in this large arena I purpose to work for a series of years. With a horse and buggy, I intend moving around among the workers of the soil, passing from one State to another, from Minnesota to Texas, visiting the Northern States in the summer, and moving South on the approach of winter. My object is to acquaint myself thoroughly with the present condition and future promise of the agricultural resources of the Mississippi Valley, and to put the facts and figures I may gather into a readable form for publication through the leading journals of the land, interested in the progress of agriculture. Not only will farm statistics be collected, but any facts that will tend to the development of the country."

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The circulars we sent out in our subscribers' copies a few weeks ago, offering the BANNER for three months at favorable rates, were intended to apply to parties who had never taken the paper, not to those whose names were upon our books.

NEWS DEPOTS.

It will be considered an especial favor by us, if persons who wish to read the BANNER, will patronize the NEWS DEPOTS in the town in which they reside. They will generally find it to their advantage so to do, and we wish to encourage dealers in their efforts to increase our circulation.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We shall hereafter commence new subscriptions with the issue following the receipt of orders, instead of the issue of the same week. Thus all orders arriving after Monday of any week will be entered in season for us to send the following week's paper.

[From our special St. Louis Correspondent.]

SPIRITISM AND CATHOLICISM.

Messrs. Editors—Spiritism has never been so prosperous in St. Louis as it is to-day. The Catholic church has volunteered material aid to advance the truths of spirit progression. Some few weeks ago Father Samaritus, of the Catholic College in this city, gave a lecture in their college hall upon Spiritism. The lecturer was listened to by many Spiritists, and well received by them, as the Rev. Father admitted the fact of spirit manifestations, but said they were evil spirits, and ought to be driven out of the human body by the aid of the Holy Spirit. This lecture pleased the Catholics so well that a large number of the reading, most influential and wealthy of their sect, and by the way many of them are leading citizens, along with friend Mittenberger and others, invited the Rev. gentleman to repeat his lecture in the large hall of the Mercantile Library Association, which he did last evening. Our Catholic friends thought it would advance the cause of truth; the friends of progress knew it would, only differing with them as to its mode of action.

The Protestant churches were well represented at the lecture, though their members hate the Catholics with a holy zeal, still they could harmonize, fraternize and dine with them to annihilate their common enemies, the friends of progress. The hall, which will seat some fifteen hundred persons, was filled to overflowing. The Protestant and Catholic churches seemed to have vied with each other to see which would turn out the greatest number, and all were expecting a great treat. It did prove a great treat to the Spiritists, but a bitter pill to our dear friends of the Protestant church, as the speaker—though I do not give his exact language—told the audience that Spiritism was the tall-end of the reformation, and all that could be expected from it; that when it and Protestantism shall have died natural deaths, the Holy Catholic Church will be on the road to prosperity; and though he did not send them all directly to hell, very politely left them suspended over that pool to fall by their own laws of gravitation. This was more than the Protestant church-members had paid their quarter for; they expected that the new philosophy would catch it, but were not prepared to be told theirs was not any better. Many of them naturally hostile to Catholicism went to their homes feeling there was more of the cloven foot in the doctrine of the priest they had listened to, than in that he was combating.

The lecturer read lengthy extracts from leading works of the new philosophy, and the more liberal of both churches seemed to receive it with more pleasure than the denunciation of the same by the speaker. The Spiritists should return him their sincere thanks for calling such a large body of people together, and reciting to them so much truth. They could well afford to pay for the hall whenever he is disposed to lecture, for I verily believe this one lecture has done more for truth, more for a liberal philosophy, than a full course from any liberal mind in the Union.

A. J. Davis and Mrs. Iizer came in for a good share of notice, worth at least two months' advertising in all our city papers, as it will only help them to draw good audiences when they come again. As to any arguments against spiritism out of communion with those in the flesh, which the public were expecting to be given, he maintained a respectful silence; but rather giving them by implication to understand that he did not believe it possible, though in the more private lecture he admitted the fact. Father Samaritus is a big gun; but he only brought down very small game, and thinking minds were disappointed at the result.

When a crowd of fifteen hundred persons, at twenty-five cents admittance each, can be called together in a city to listen to a lecture against spiritism, know ye then that it is founded upon a rock. It is a sure indication of its strength and its opposers' weakness; neither Protestants nor Catholics dare to meet it alone; and joining their forces, after being so long sundered by mutual hatred, betokens a weakening of the knee, a faintness at the heart, a crumbling of their institutions—that their work is well nigh done.

Allow me to make a suggestion in relation to the BANNER. Having felt it myself, and also heard many others express the same, that the messages from the spirit-world are very interesting, serving, by giving each its due weight, to help

form correct ideas of that home whither all are traveling, and that even more space devoted to that department would be well received. Bear in mind that suggestions cost nothing, and that your big basket under the table will hold many of them. Your humble fellow mortal, E. G. CHASE. St. Louis, April 29, 1880.

SPIRITUALISM IN IRELAND IN 1708.

Messrs. Editors—I have lately found a work written by an Irish nobleman, who flourished in Dublin in the latter part of the eighteenth, and the beginning of the nineteenth century. As I have never seen or heard of this book before, I judge it is not very widely spread; and for this reason I extract from it the following remarkable incident, which I hope to see in your paper, if you think it sufficiently interesting. This work is entitled, "Personal Sketches of His Own Time, by Sir John Barrington;" and is a collection of anecdotes mingled with his biography. Sir John had been appointed "King's Counsel" in 1703, and subsequently "Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland." The following occurrence happened to himself, on an estate in the county of Wicklow, of which he became possessed in 1708. I copy it entire, verbatim et literalim:—

"This intimacy at Mount Kennedy gave rise to an occurrence the most extraordinary and inexplicable of my whole existence—an occurrence which for many years occupied my thoughts, and wrought on my imagination. Lord Rossmore was advanced in years, but I never heard of his having had a single day's indisposition. He bore, in his green old age, the appearance of robust health. During the vice-royalty of Earl Hardwicke, Lady Barrington, at a drawing-room at Dublin Castle, met Lord Rossmore. He had been making up one of his weekly parties, for Mount Kennedy, and had sent down orders for every preparation to be made. The Lord Lieutenant was to be of the company.

"My little farmer," said he to Lady Barrington, addressing her by a pet name, 'when you go home, tell Sir John that no business is to prevent him from bringing you down to dine with me to-morrow. I will have no *qu* in the matter—so tell him that come he must.' She promised positively, and on her return informed me of her engagement, to which I at once agreed. We retired to our chamber about twelve; and toward two in the morning, I was awakened by a sound of a very extraordinary nature: I listened; it occurred first at short intervals; it resembled neither a voice nor an instrument; it was softer than any voice, and wilder than any music, and seemed to float in the air. I don't know wherefore, but my heart beat fiercely; the sound became still more plaintive, till it almost died away in the air; when a sudden change, as if excited by a pang, changed its tone; it seemed descending. I felt every nerve tremble; it was not a natural sound, nor could I make out the point whence it came.

"At length I awakened Lady Barrington, who heard it as well as myself; she suggested that it might be an Eolian harp—but to that instrument it bore no similitude; it was altogether a different character of sound. My wife at first appeared less affected than I; but subsequently she was more so. We now went to a large window in our bed-room, which looked directly upon a small garden underneath; the sound seemed then obviously to ascend from a grass-plot immediately below our window. It continued; Lady Barrington requested that I would call up her maid, which I did, and she was evidently more affected than either of us. The sounds lasted for more than half an hour. At last a deep, heavy, throbbing sigh seemed to issue from the spot, and was shortly succeeded by a sharp but low cry, and by the distinct exclamation, three repeated, of 'Rossmore—Rossmore—Rossmore!'

I will not attempt to describe my own feelings; indeed I cannot. The maid fled in terror from the window, and it was with difficulty I prevailed on Lady Barrington to return to bed; in about a minute after, the sound died gradually away, until all was silent.

Lady Barrington, who is not so superstitious as I, attributed this circumstance to a hundred different causes; and made no promise that I would not mention it next day at Mount Kennedy, since we should be thereby rendered laughing-stocks. At length, wearied with speculations, we fell into a sound slumber. About seven the ensuing morning, a strong rap at my chamber door awakened me. The recollection of the past night's adventure rushed instantly upon my mind, and rendered me very unfit to be taken suddenly on any subject. It was lighted to the door, when my faithful servant, Lawler, exclaimed on the other side, "Oh Lord, sir!" "What is the matter?" said I, hurriedly. "Oh, sir," ejaculated he, "Lord Rossmore's footman was running past the door in great haste, and told me, in passing, that my lord, after coming home from the castle, had gone to bed in perfect health, but that about half after two this morning, his own man, hearing a noise in his master's bed, (he slept in the same room) went to him, and found him in the agonies of death, and before he could alarm the other servants, all was over."

I conjecture nothing. I only relate the incidents as unequivocally matter of fact; Lord Rossmore was absolutely dying at the moment I heard his name pronounced. Let sceptics draw their own conclusions; perhaps natural causes may be assigned, but I am totally unequal to the task. Atheism may ridicule me; Orthodoxy may despise me; Bigotry may lecture me; Fanaticism might burn me, yet in my very faith I would seek consolation. It is, in my mind, better to believe too much than too little; and that is the only theological crime of which I can fairly be accused."

I was attracted to the above sketch by the fact of its having occurred so long ago, and its resemblance to spiritual manifestations of the present day; also by the source from whence it originated. It must have required much moral courage on the part of the author to write and publish an assertion which he knew would be disbelieved and ridiculed by hundreds of those who read it. If Sir John still lives, he has probably become confirmed in his superstitious belief of spirit visitations. A SUBSCRIBER.

THOUGHTS ON MAN'S RELIGIOUS NATURE.

Religion is said to be the strongest element in man's nature; to think truth, to will justice, and to feel love in its widest extent, is said to be the highest act respectively of the intellectual, moral, and affectional powers. This element overrides the body, mutilates the instinct, and masters all the other attributes of his nature. It appears to be that portion of his being called into exercise by the exhibition of a superior power to himself. In early ages the nebulous conceptions of superiority connected themselves with the changes of the physical elements of nature. These changes, misunderstood, gave rise to fear; and to save themselves from apparent destruction in exhibitions of violence in these changes, they thought the gods were angry, and endeavored to propitiate them by mystic ceremonies of sacrifice and worship. This fear transmigrates through man's existence to the present day.

Mrs. Hatch, in her discourses on the religious nature of man, states that in the history of nations we see man was never taught to worship; that the savages of America worshipped and adored a Divine Being, and that the heathen world carved idols from wood and stone, and worships them, &c. That savage and heathen nations did worship and adore is true; but that which called this principle into exercise, was fear of the superior powers of nature, is equally true. We see the inferior inhabitants of every clime outwardly manifesting their inward ideas by the erection of idols.

And to this day, do we find temples erected in dots over Christendom, built by man in acts of veneration and fear. How many worship in these temples from the same cause? fear of the shocking summons of death? fear of that hideous monster, the devil? fear of the terrible torments of fire through endless ages in the future world—these are taught by the churches to all their proselytes. Even among the most advanced in religious truth, how many go on from perfection to perfection, from the hope to escape an inferior condition in the spirit-world?

Man progresses as the infant; he has to pass through all the various changes from childhood to old age; first feeling his way by stumbling in the right path, and wanderings in the wrong, till, by experience and observation in "Nature's book of lessons for every day," he solves many of the problems of existence, and dispels the superstition and ignorance of former times.

Nature's divine revelations have piled up truths mountains high, the results of which have changed the character of his conceptions of Deity, and the sensations of fear and dread have given place to just and truthful ones of love and goodness. Man has, by searching, found out God. The new testament of science has demonstrated his immortality beyond the grave, and the continued progress of the spirit in future existence. It is not strictly religious in any department of his nature, though living in concord with his brother, in harmony with himself, and in unity with his God, unless he possesses that active living principle so beautifully described by St. Paul, named Charity. This is the fountain of all virtue. How feeble are the hopes of Christians when measured

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 professed nothing? It is the comforter of the afflicted, the protector of the oppressed, the reconciler of the differences, the intercessor for offenders, forgiveness to our enemies, and solicitude 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 confession 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 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. It 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, 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.

Man 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 shows us as worthy examples of truth and devotedness 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 those are to be assorted 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 those 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 stories, many-sized boilers and double ovens; others, by their simplicity and neatness. Here is the poor man's wood-saving 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 arts. A portrait of Daniel Webster, life size, painted upon rubber cloth; a complete representation of the animal kingdom for the use of children—bons 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 buckets, table covers, gloves, spring beds, &c. It is only five 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 mementoes. Here are specimens, carefully preserved, of the hair of all the Presidents from Washington to Pierce; the latter, if I recollect right, is the only dark lock there—of, 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 cap-closet, open, with bottles and tumbler inside; his writing-case, a pair of bellows, and some other little household relics. Franklin's case, that he willed to 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 depositary 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 a while 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 Sirs—As there seems to be many rumors afloat in relation to my position as a medium for spirit communications, I feel it my duty to state, 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 once have never appeared upon the public platform but 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, and with a firm belief in the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism.

Respectfully, ADA L. COAN. Boston, May 7, 1859.

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. Peirce Poley, Albert J. Wright, A. J. McCoubrey, Z. K. Pangborn, Charles Hale, H. A. McGlennan, Wm. Madigan, Hon. Moses Kimball, Mayor Lincoln, Hon. A. H. Rice, Col. I. 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.

RESURF OF BIOGRAPHY.—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 a 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 endorsed 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 Thordike 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. Thordike, the widow, \$3000 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 chastised 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 arrangements for public dinners.

It was said by Sheridan:—"Women govern us; let us render them more perfect. The more they are enlightened, so 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 Intemperance a man must sacrifice the ambition of being something. He must content himself with being an unpecked cypher, devoid alike of reputation and influence.

PRATSWORTHY.—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 superintendence 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. V. Thiel's greenhouse plants are for sale at the Boston and Maine Railroad Depot in Boston, viz.: healthy fine verbena 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 about \$1,400,000, in specie.

PAWNEES' BANK.—The Charter of the Pawnees' 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 dream of the English poets, forgot the word, and said, "De butter 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 that 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 evict our understanding with this country with regard to Nicaragua, notwithstanding the operations of Sir Gore Ouseley. Señor Mata 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 force 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, 1859.

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 fact 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 any 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 spirits 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 under 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 and 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 free 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; no; 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 free 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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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 corings—the other fish-lines, 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.

New Patent Cordage and Line Machines.

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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 Universalist 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:—

"He feared one of two things—either that the old orthodox would be revived, or that there would be a sudden rush into rationalism. The duty of the Unitarians was to maintain 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 Dodworth'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 avow 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 despised 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 apparatus 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 scorned 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 unto its adopted children, but worldwide, 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 Indian's 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 nobility 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, CONA WILSON. Philadelphia, May 2, 1859.

Written for the Banner of Light.

IMPROMPTU.

BY CONNOR.

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 worth having, unless we live for all,
And ever in our wand'ring a brother's burden bear?

OBITUARIES.

Died, on Sunday, April 24, Miss LIZZIE T. DAWSON, of North Turin, Maine, aged 17 years.

Some five months since, Miss Brown was attacked with a paralytic stroke, from which she could not recover. But through all her languishing and distresses, she was comforted by the hope of immortality, eternal life, and progression in higher spheres. With the relation to her friends, she gave directions relative to her funeral, chose her speaker, rejected her hymns, divided her earthly treasures amongst her kind friends, charging them to weep no more for her—to mourn not for her when past the boundaries of earth-life, but to rejoice on her behalf, and to wear to her behalf, the same bright and cheering account of her departure as to her friends. 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 strife was over. The joyous spirit was greeting its angel friends, who had passed to the other side of Jordan long before.

In the evening, after her burial, her spirit manifested itself through a medium present at the house of her friends, with the same smile that played upon the marble face in death, giving them words of consolation, and in relation to herself, gave directions relative to her funeral, chose her speaker, rejected her hymns, divided her earthly treasures amongst her kind friends, charging them to weep no more for her—to mourn not for her when past the boundaries of earth-life, but to rejoice on her behalf, and to wear to her behalf, the same bright and cheering account of her departure as to her friends. 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 strife was over. The joyous spirit was greeting its angel friends, who had passed to the other side of Jordan long before.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sunday Morning, May 1st, 1859.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY T. J. RAINWOOD.

TEXT.—Seeing, then, that we have a great High Priest...

When it is said that Christ was tempted in ALL POINTS...

It is not important, therefore, to show the identity of that experience...

We can imagine a being to be helpful in various degrees...

But there are relationships in which men are affected by another's experience...

Now the teaching here—and it only corroborates what is abundantly taught elsewhere...

Let us, for the rest, consider the character and nature of the Being...

But consider that universal government is on the shoulders of this Being...

We go to some sort of idea when we say INFINITE in relation to physical things...

When the French government took steps to adorn the Academy of Design...

There is a man with a great head, a vast volume of sensitive brain...

Now that such a Being should, by reason of his nature, be such a Being...

What is his language to us? Cast all your care on me; Come unto me...

Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again...

Let us now bring home this thought of God in his greatness and majesty...

through long files of laws that have no design; we are walking through a world that has natural laws...

I went back, last summer, to the place where I was born. I would not go into the house—there is a school kept there...

These things will have applications which one can hardly think of in a sermon...

There is a man with a great head, a vast volume of sensitive brain, and a slender body...

Now suppose you were to shove that man, as he is, out into life...

When, therefore, God says, "I am in this respect just as you are to your own child...

Now do you suppose that when such aspirations are locked up in a man's bosom...

Here are persons to whom God has given sensitive, poetic natures—golden poets, with hearts overflowing with elevated thoughts...

all find a response in my own; I sympathize with you! I am touched with the feeling of your infirmities...

"The word of God"—that is, God's mind—is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword...

What a tremendous expression of God's insight into his familiarity with, and the universality of his knowledge...

Now this is the foundation of the comfort of this passage. The Apostle says, "Here is this mighty God, with a clear, unblemished eye..."

In view of this exposition of the sympathy of Christ with us, I remark, first—Are there any here who have been repelled on account of the view presented to you...

Are there, secondly, those here who have long been wandering after, and striving to trust in a poetic, a transcendental, a vague, a visionary God...

To every noble and generous nature, I say, thirdly, ought not confession of sin, and repentance before such a Being as this...

Are there any in this congregation who have hitherto experienced feelings of attachment to the Saviour, but who are to-day conscious that they are not in the love of God...

large and small, beautiful in form, and fragrant in their nature, crowded this platform, before which these hundreds were to be received into the church...

Have you if you are filled with confidence and shame on account of your backsliding; if you are obliged to say, "My love of God has burned out; or, "It is like a burnt brand by the fire of my heart..."

Are there any here who have not been what you meant to be? If you are filled with confidence and shame on account of your backsliding...

Are the radiance of our outer eyes, Which gleam from the wings of love, Had mingled and unlinked us, like twin skeins...

THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE DUTTON CHILDREN.—The smallest girls of their age in the world, being 9 and 11 years old...

S. T. MUNSON, Book Publisher and General Agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT, No. 5 Great Jones street, New York.

PARKER'S WORKS. Introduction to the Old Testament Translation of DeWitte, 2 vols., including postage...

ROSS & TOUSEY, 121 Nassau Street, New York, General Agents for the BANNER OF LIGHT.