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As soon as Mrs. Cameron had fully recovered her usual health she sailed for Southern Italy, together with her devoted husband, child and nurse. From thence she went to Spain and Portugal, and then returning to Paris, for a brief season, crossed the channel to England, where she remained in London and its vicinity for a year or two; after which she resumed her travels through Europe and Asia, stopping at nearly all the principal cities on both Continents, and leading, as it were, a life of reckless dissipation and extravagance, to which even the tender and growing claims of a mother afforded no check.

After an absence of nearly eleven years from the land of her birth, Agnes Cameron returned once again to New York, to find the mother who had lavishly expended all the fruits of her yearly income upon her beauteous daughter before marriage, (and

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whom she had left at the time of the consummation of that, to her all-important event, the unenviable proprietress of a fashionable New York boarding-house, alas! quietly sleeping in her grave; her old heart no longer tortured by the thought so long endured while living, that Agnes, in her new relationship of wife and mother, had entirely outgrown all remembrances of parental claims and obligations.

In the death of Captain Cameron, Agnes had lost one of the most noble protectors and affectionate of husbands. So great, indeed, was the former's love for his beautiful wife, that it was with great difficulty that he could bring his mind to the belief that the object of his tender care and solicitude was but a woman, and as such, subject to the frailties and imperfections common to her sex.

The unexpected and dangerous illness of Captain Cameron, on his arrival in New York, after years of absence, at once arrested his wife in the midst of her career of pleasure, and excited no slight degree of alarm in the breast of one who had heretofore lived almost entirely for herself. Days and nights of constant watching, and the best medical aid which the country afforded could not stay the progress of disease, or shut out from the sick man's chamber the stern and dreaded presence of the spectre Death.

Agnes Cameron was a widow, with no one to turn to in the house of her affliction for comfort and sympathy, but the single child which God had kindly lent for her care and protection. It is said that violent grief is more speedily quenched than that of a calmer and less demonstrative nature. For a month after the decease of her husband Agnes Cameron confined herself entirely to her chamber, which she paced to and fro in a state of mental excitement bordering upon insanity. During this period of mourning she partook of but slight nourishment, refusing admittance to all the boarders in the house, many of whom manifested no small degree of pity and sympathy for the bereaved woman, and even repelling the embraces of her little daughter Blanche, who, in her total ignorance of death, could not thoroughly comprehend the cause of her mother's excessive sorrow.

By degrees, however, the tumult of emotion which had so fiercely raged in the widow's breast, began perceptibly to abate, until one day the permanent boarders at the Astor House were surprised at the appearance of Mrs. Cameron at the dinner-table; her dark face rendered, if possible, still more beautiful than ever, by its uniform pallor and melancholy expression, and her tall and well-proportioned form draped in deepest mourning.

It was soon after this that my father took up his residence at the above mentioned hotel, where his chance acquaintance with Mrs. Cameron in a few months ripened into warmest friendship. If I have spoken somewhat at length of a personage whom I have thus early introduced into my narrative, I trust that the reader will pardon me, for in so doing I have endeavored to give the public eye some slight insight into the real character of a woman whose fate was destined to be so closely connected with my own in after years—years which cost my sensitive nature more heart-writhing moments of exquisite torture, than I have either time or inclination to transcribe upon cold white paper!

To return, then, to the period of my school days. For nearly two years I had been a happy and contented pupil of the Ursuline Convent, still standing on Manhattan Island. The natural quietness and seclusion of the place fascinated rather than oppressed my youthful heart, which even at that early age seemed to court solitude, in preference to the numerous sports and pleasures which, commonly speaking, constitute the sole delight of childhood.

During the first year of my life within the Convent walls, my father was in the habit of visiting me semi-monthly, at which times he usually spent a half an hour or more in earnest conversation with the Lady Superior, and the Sisters, whose particular duty it was to impart instruction to the junior members of the establishment. I need not tell you, dear reader, that such reunions between father and child were equally productive of happiness to all parties concerned; for my natural love for study, united to a tender and affectionate disposition, had won for the motherless girl the love and esteem of the several nuns connected with the institution, who never failed to submit to my father, at each visit, a good report of the previous behavior and studiousness of their favorite pupil.

At the commencement of the second year of my monastic existence, my father's visits began to grow less frequent. I was now rarely rewarded with a sight of his handsome and pleasant face oftener than once a month. As weeks rolled on, I became in a degree accustomed to this species of parental neglect upon the part of one who had hitherto guarded the earthly welfare and happiness of his child as dearly as that of his own.

An occasional missive from my father was now my only consolation during the long winter months which succeeded his well-remembered visit to the Convent, in the latter part of October. Even his monthly letters to the Lady Superior, enclosing my customary pin-money, (as my father always laughingly termed the few dollars allowed each pupil of the institution, for spending-money,) were exceedingly brief and matter-of-fact-like in their contents, besides being dashed off in a hurried and careless style of chirography, which seemed to imply that the mind of the writer of said document was thoroughly engrossed with business affairs; so much so as to render him totally oblivious to even the nearest and fondest claims of relationship. At that time my childish heart accepted the excuse before hinted at, as a just one, and which the Lady Superior, (the particular confidante of all my youthful sorrows,) in her ignorance of mankind fully believed; but maturer years have lifted the mystic veil from my once clouded vision, and I now look back upon the past and wonder how a child of ordinary perceptions could have been so blinded to the common frailties of human nature, even in the case of a dearly-loved father.

"Adrianna, there is a gentleman and lady waiting below to see you," said Sister Agnes, (a nun who had recently entered the Convent as a teacher, after a few years' residence in a similar institution situated at Emmetsburg, Maryland,) suddenly entering the infirmary, one fine May morning, where I had spent the most part of my time the past three or four weeks, on account of ill health, induced, as the physician of the establishment believed, by excessive mental labor in my ardent pursuit after knowledge.

The words had scarcely escaped the lips of my teacher, before I sprang up from the couch upon which I had been reclining in a state of extreme

weariness, and with the joyful cry of "It is my father!" I hurried from the room with a velocity of speed acquired by excitement, rather than real bodily strength. Before I had proceeded far, however, I became conscious of a slight sense of dizziness. On reaching the staircase, I hastily prepared to descend, but at the second step which I took, my feet bent under me like a reed, and with a sudden movement I was precipitated into the hall below.

When I awoke to my senses, I was lying upon the sofa in the spacious and gloomy parlor of the Convent, with my father and a tall and handsome looking woman, dressed in deepest black, anxiously bending over me, with a degree of tenderness that was quite refreshing to my sad and weary heart. My first impulse was to twine my arms fondly about my father's neck; but at that moment Mrs. Cameron, the bride elect of my dear parent, darted upon me a glance of such deep anger, that I uttered a faint shriek and shudderingly fell back upon my pillow again.

My father, perceiving the extreme agitation of his child, pressed a fervent kiss upon the pale brow before him, and placing his lips close to my ear, inquired softly the cause of my sudden emotion.

Opening my large blue eyes, which had been momentarily closed to shut out the sight of the dark face which had so frowned upon my first exhibition of childish affection toward my father, I said, in trembling tones, which, low as they were, did not escape the ready ear of Mrs. Cameron:

"Papa, I don't like that lady you brought with you! I'm afraid of her; for she just now scowled at me when I was going to kiss you."

My father must have felt mortified at my very plain language, for he prevented me from speaking more extensively upon the subject, by hastily saying:

"Tut—tut! Ada! I shall be obliged to put a bridle upon your little tongue, if you are not more careful of your words. In regard to Mrs. Cameron's scowling upon you, I am sure you must have been mistaken; for see! she is smiling as good-naturedly at you this very moment, as if my little daughter had not allowed a naughty remark to pass her lips."

I glanced simultaneously with my father toward his handsome companion. She had thrown aside her morning hat and silken veil, and now sat quietly before us in her dark and voluptuous style of beauty. The black eyes no longer glittered with a fierce light, but seemed melting with love and tenderness. Masses of purple black hair were carefully laid back from a brow of remarkable clearness and breadth, that now wore an air of placidness quite in harmony with the general beauty of her face; while around the ripe and dewy lips played a smile of rare sweetness, and revealing to the best possible advantage two rows of large and pearly teeth.

For a moment I became conscious of a feeling of shame engendered by the thought of the seemingly unjust remark which had so carelessly escaped my lips a few seconds before. Whether the lady noticed my confusion, I am unable to state; but taking a hand of mine gently within one of her own, she said, smilingly, in a voice of rich melody that thrilled my childish heart:

"I am very sorry that the impression formed by Ada, concerning her father's friend, was of so unpleasant a nature; but I trust that time will efface an idea which is doubtless the result of imagination in her present weak and nervous state, rather than the decision of a warm and loving heart."

I saw the forgiveness which I had earnestly craved, visible upon Mrs. Cameron's face; but I was too deeply ashamed of my past folly, to vouchsafe a reply; and so I only looked the thanks I had not power to utter.

My father stayed but a half hour longer; but before he left, he had the satisfaction of knowing that I had sustained no bodily injury from my recent fall, although at first completely stunned by the shock which I had experienced in being precipitated so great a distance. I fancied that my father looked pale and worried, when, on the point of leaving me, he was accosted in the hall by my kind friend, the Lady Superior, who informed him of the miserable health under which I had labored for the past month.

"Poor child!" he murmured, at the same time casting a tender, yet half sorrowful glance at my thin and almost colorless face; "she is as frail as her dear mother was before her." And with a fervent embrace, my loved parent bade me farewell, and after imparting a few words in confidence to the Lady Superior, left the Convent, accompanied by Mrs. Cameron, who kissed me so affectionately at parting, that I felt the love which I had at first so cruelly denied her, welling up deep and strong within my heart.

A few days subsequent to my father's visit to the convent, the Lady Superior received a letter from the former, announcing the news of his approaching marriage, and expressing a desire that I should be at once released from school, and return to the city, in order that preparations might be made to further my attendance at the nuptial ceremony.

It was with a somewhat saddened heart that I bade adieu to my numerous friends and teachers at the Convent, which had, since the death of my poor mother—a period of two years—afforded a quiet and comfortable asylum to the orphan girl. A few hours brought me to my place of destination—the Astor House. Here I was warmly welcomed by my father and his intended wife, Mrs. Cameron, who received me with extreme tenderness of manner, presenting me at the same time to her daughter Blanche, a pretty, dark-eyed girl of twelve summers, who, though but two years my senior, had already begun to ape the airs of a fine lady.

A week later and there was a grand wedding at Trinity Church, the bridegroom, Charles Lester, Esq., and the brilliant-looking bride none other than the charming widow of the late Captain Cameron. It was a dashing affair, the papers said, and the opinion of the press ought to be worth something in this land of "the brave and the free," as the poets have styled America. If beauty, attire and riches are the insignia of splendor and greatness, then this wedding of my father's must have been, in every sense of the word, a glorious one. Blanche and I were the only bridesmaids on the occasion, the former being dressed in a showy frock of pink silk, contrasting finely with her olive complexion and dark curls; while I, pale almost to marble whiteness, was dressed simply, yet tastefully, in a double-skirted robe of blue silk. A more beautiful creature than the bride I could not well conceive of. A dress of heavy white moire antique fell in rich folds about her tall and finely-rounded form, and swept in its great length the richly-carpeted aisle, as, leaning upon my noble-looking father's arm, she moved gracefully along towards the altar. A beautiful veil and bertha of

Monition lace constituted the bridal trimmings of a costume elegant in its very simplicity, while upon neck and arms sparkled diamonds of remarkable size and brilliancy—the bridal gift of the enamored bridegroom.

As I heard the varied exclamations of surprise and delight which fell from the lips of the dense crowd that pressed against us upon all sides as we entered the church door, I could not help feeling a degree of pride in the thought that the woman whose beauty and queenly dignity of manner were the admiration of the vast throng that filled almost to overflowing so fashionable a place of worship, was to fill that sacred and endearing office of mother to one who had been for two years a stranger to all maternal caresses and precepts.

A bridal tour to Saratoga Springs and Niagara Falls occupied the next three or four weeks of our time, after which our little party returned to the more lasting engagements of home, in one of the most elegant residences which then adorned Fifth Avenue.

From this time, dear reader, I may safely begin to date my own miseries, as well as those of my beloved father. During the period commonly known as the honeymoon, Agnes Lester was all that could be desired, by even the most fastidious and exacting of husbands, in her double capacity of wife and mother.

As time wore on, however, my handsome step-mother began to exhibit certain traits of character, which, as months sped by, served to sow the seeds of dissension and strife in a household upon which the sun of happiness had once dawned so brightly. Agnes Lester aspired to be what the world properly calls "a married belle." Her great personal beauty, and the high position which she occupied in society, as the wife of the wealthy merchant, Charles Lester, Esq., at once furnished her ample opportunity for gratifying this one darling wish of her base heart, by bringing crowds of flatterers about a shrine which should have been dedicated only to the pure and unfading enjoyments of conjugal love.

For a time my indulgent father, in his great devotion to one who was all unworthy his noble affection, bore all the petty annoyances and little heart-slights to which he was daily subjected by the thoughtlessness and cruelty of his wife, in silence; but when scandal, with its venomous tongue, began to circulate reports relative to the inconsistency and purity of his wife, my poor sensitive-hearted father could no longer bear his domestic troubles uncomplainingly.

It was then, when goaded to madness at the thought of the disgrace which, like a dark and ominous shadow, brooded over his household altar, Charles Lester essayed to rebuke his wife for her neglect and imprudence, that the storm of anger burst unrestrainedly upon the head of my father and innocent self. In secret, the frown which I had learned to forget, as ever distorting the handsome features of my step-mother, now frequently rested upon the face of one whose mobile and ever-varying expression of countenance seemed like Shakespeare's Richard III. to say, "I can smile, and murder while I smile."

Perceiving that I clung to my father in his sorrow of mind, Agnes Lester did not hesitate to accuse me of treachery and deceit, whenever my father's absence gave her an opportunity to rate me on my return from school.

Even Blanche Cameron, (for she still proudly bore her father's name,) consented to be an accomplice of her mother's, in devising numberless plans for my mortification and discomfiture. For a time she almost succeeded in setting the hearts of nearly all my school-mates against me, by circulating a series of falsehoods throughout the academy, whose utter baselessness was at last discovered by one of the teachers, and which resulted in Blanche Cameron's expulsion from school.

This last act seemed to call forth the particular and lasting vengeance of my step-mother upon my unerring head. When at home, I was now treated with the utmost contempt by both Blanche and her evil-hearted mother, who perceiving the love which my father bore toward his innocent child, declared that she would flit more than ever with men of the world, and that, too, in the face and eyes of Charles Lester, whom she no longer loved or cared for. Such was the example, my kind friends, which Agnes Lester boldly set forth before two young hearts just verging into womanhood.

Large sums of money were now lavished upon Blanche for dress by her showy and heartless mother, while I was denied the privilege of even selecting the simplest materials of my by no means elegant attire. The excess to which my step-mother carried her flirtations with other men, caused Charles Lester to isolate himself almost entirely from the society of which he had once been the chief ornament. The world, crediting the false statements of the several male admirers of Mrs. Lester and her daughter, (who had already taken her stand among the first season belles,) were led to look upon my father as a jealous and narrow-minded man, who, having lost all enjoyment for the pleasures of the world, was too selfish to allow his wife to seek her happiness in the society which constituted her particular realm.

Thus was my dear father misrepresented to those who had once professed the warmest friendship for Charles Lester. So passed four years of my father's married life with Agnes Lester—a woman whom he would not have hesitated to divorce himself from two years after he had proudly led her to the altar, had it not been for the publicity of the thing, and the disgrace which such an act would have cast upon the young life of his darling Ada, as he called me.

At last the hand of disease was laid upon my father's brow, and Charles Lester was confined to his bed with what the physician pronounced to be a slow fever. Even her husband's sudden illness did not for a moment arrest Mrs. Lester and her frivolous-minded daughter in the midst of their career of gayety and dissipation; and I, who had long been stigmatized by them as "papa's baby," was left to watch alone beside the sick man's couch.

I shall never forget the night upon which my dear father died. It was the anniversary of my sixteenth birth-night, and instead of the brilliant party which but a few nights previous had assembled within Mrs. Lester's drawing-room to congratulate the peerless Blanche upon her eighteenth birth-night, I sat silently keeping watch over the invalid, who had fallen into what seemed to me a most refreshing slumber. The doctor had just gone out, after informing me that the fever had evidently gained its climax, and that the morrow would, without doubt, find my father much better.

Of a sudden the door-bell rang, and a moment or two after a servant entered the room, bringing me a

card bearing the name of Paul Effingham. I had seen the latter gentleman but two or three times, and then only for the space of a few minutes, when I chanced to be spending an hour or so in the drawing-room below. His fine and singularly intellectual face had most favorably impressed me upon the occasion of our first introduction, and I was not surprised when, in the course of our limited conversation, he modestly revealed to me the fact of his being by profession a lawyer.

Now, however, my heart beat high, as I rapidly descended to the library into which he had been ushered, to meet Mr. Effingham, whom I well knew Blanche Cameron proudly boasted as being a particular admirer of hers. As I had anticipated, Mr. Effingham's first inquiries, after an exchange of civilities between us, were after my half sister Blanche. He seemed surprised when I told him that she had accompanied her mother to the opera, for she had herself invited him to call upon her that evening, previous to his departure for Washington, the following day, on business. Not wishing to lower even one, (who had for the past two years proved herself more and nearer than friend to me,) in the eyes of her professed admirer, I sought to make some excuse to Mr. Effingham for Blanche's breach of courtesy, but I saw by the silent workings of his expressive face, that though I had exerted my energies to the utmost in behalf of Blanche Cameron, I had most signally failed to convince him that such rudeness was attributable to thoughtlessness upon the part of the lady in question, rather than to any premeditated slight or purpose. When I chanced to speak of my father's severe illness, Paul Effingham seemed more surprised than ever at the absence of Mrs. Lester and her daughter, and I half fancied that I saw the young man shrug his shoulders, as if not crediting the truth of my remark, when I ventured to say that Blanche Cameron was quite an enthusiast upon the subject of music.

Mr. Effingham, with the natural spirit of a man who feels that he has been wronged and insulted by a person whom he had heretofore looked upon as a lady, determined to wait until the arrival of Blanche and her mother, for the purpose of showing the former that Paul Effingham at least had been true to his engagement.

Excusing myself from Mr. Effingham's presence, on the plea of my services being needed in the sick room, I hastened up stairs and was met at the door of my father's chamber by the Irish servant, whom I had left watching for a few minutes at the invalid's bedside, with the alarming intelligence that, "The master was either possessed with a devil, or ravin' crazy!"

With a single bound I reached the couch whereon my father was tossing to and fro, and calling by turns upon his poor lost wife to let him in at the gates of heaven, and for Ada, his dear child, to save him from the clutches of that beauteous serpent Agnes, who was fast dragging him down to the bottomless pit. I had known my father to be a little delirious at times during his sickness, but had never seen him in so excited a state as on that night.

With a woman's fears, I bade the servant to ask Mr. Effingham to run for Dr. Farley, our physician, who lived only some two or three blocks distant. When Paul Effingham returned a few minutes later, accompanied by the somewhat alarmed doctor, all traces of delirium had subsided upon the part of the sick man, but the cold moisture of death was fast settling upon his noble brow.

I saw the change which a few seconds had wrought upon my father's countenance, and a sudden conviction that I was about to lose all that was dear to me on earth flashed quickly across my mind. At that moment Dr. Farley moved to my side, and whispered in my ear, "Speak to him, Miss Ada, while he is yet conscious, for all hope is past!" I did not faint at so terrible an announcement, neither did I give vent to my sorrow in tears, but clasping my arms firmly about the dying man's neck, I murmured, "Father! dear father! have you nothing to say to your child?" For a moment he fixed his dark and glassy eye upon me, as if striving to read in that one glance the inward workings of my soul; then drawing me convulsively to his heart, as if fearful that some rude hand would snatch me from him, he said, in low and husky tones, "From the anxious faces of all present, I know that you believe me dying. I had hoped to live a few years longer, for your sake, Ada, but God has decreed that it should be otherwise. I need not tell you to think of me often, when I am gone, for a heart like yours, my dear child, will not easily forget the dead, even when in the midst of the living. Your mother's prayer-book, Ada," he said, "where is it?" Without speaking I drew it out from beneath his pillow. The dying man raised the volume slowly to his lips, and then handing it to me, said, "Take this, my dear child; it was my engagement present to your mother, and as such, cannot fail to be held sacred in the eyes of her only daughter. Ada, my beloved, this is all that I have to bequeath you in dying, and may God bless and protect the fatherless, when I am no more."

The last words had hardly died away upon his lips, before the painful death-rattle vibrated loudly upon my ear. A faint gasp, and the darkly-fringed lids dropped like a curtain over eyes that would no longer beam with love and tenderness; the hands fell powerless at his side, and then I knew that the fierce warrior, Death, had at last slain his greatest enemy, Life, against whom he had so long and unsuccessfully battled. I well remember seeing Blanche and her mother enter the chamber of death, in their opera costumes; and of Dr. Farley and Mr. Effingham's bearing me in their arms away from the motionless body of the beloved dead, to whom I still wildly clung in the anguish of my deep grief, and nothing more. When I at last awoke to a state of consciousness, some three days after, during which time I had lain as it were entranced, I was quietly told by the nurse in attendance, that my father had been laid in his grave, beside the body of his first wife, the day previous. On hearing this intelligence, I wept passionately. The fountains of my grief-stricken heart were now unsealed, and the flood of tears that followed brought relief to my aching soul.

Some three or four weeks after my father's funeral I was summoned to the library by my step-mother, to hear the reading of a paper, in which my deceased father had settled his entire property upon Agnes Cameron and her child, on the occasion of that lady's marriage with Charles Lester. Not the slightest provision was made for me in the will, except so far as Mrs. Lester was disposed to exercise a charitable spirit toward the only child of her second husband. In the presence of a lawyer and two or three wit-

nesses, I was told to examine my father's signature. I recognized the clear and familiar handwriting as that of Charles Lester's, and was then told that my presence in the room was no longer necessary, as the lawyer's business was particularly with the widow Lester.

My first thought, upon finding myself dependent upon the bounty of my step-mother, was to return to the Convent, and there end my days; so thoroughly did I realize at that time the utter friendlessness of my situation, what few living relatives I had being settled in cities far distant from New York. Having expressed my intention to return to monastic life, in the presence of Blanche and my step-mother, I was surprised to find that, far from opposing such a course of procedure upon my part, that they most heartily approved a plan which would, without doubt, rid them forevermore of my presence. Vain hope of their selfish hearts! destined alas, never to be fulfilled according to their cruel desires!

Just at this time, when undecided as to what course I had best pursue, now that I occupied the position of a beggar even in my father's house, my eye was attracted one evening to an advertisement in one of the papers of a Philadelphia gentleman, for a governess to his two children. The chance offered seemed to my inexperienced mind an excellent one, and I at once set about answering it. A favorable reply was immediately returned to me, expressing the hope that I would exercise as little delay as possible in the matter. Without informing my step-mother and Blanche of the new change which I had made in regard to my future prospects, I packed my trunks, and took my departure, as my overjoyed relations firmly believed, for Manhattan Island.

I had filled to satisfaction the post of governess in the family of Mr. Dinmore, at that time the editor of one of the leading Philadelphia journals, when the aforesaid gentleman one day quietly informed the family assembled at the dinner-table, that a young gentleman from New York, a lawyer, whose name he had forgotten, was to lecture the coming evening before the Young Men's Library Association, at their lecture room in Girard College, and that if favorably impressed with him as a man, he should undoubtedly extend to him the hospitalities of his house during the lecturer's stay in town.

Evening arrived, and Mrs. Dinmore being troubled with a severe headache, I was requested by that lady to bear her husband company to the lecture, which was on the "Commercial Prosperity of our Country." A large audience thronged the spacious lecture-room of Girard College. The moment for the lecturer to make his appearance was at hand. All eyes were turned towards the door of an ante-room, out of which the president slowly advanced, followed by a tall and intellectual looking man of some thirty years of age. Advancing to the front of the platform the president announced the speaker of the evening as Paul Effingham, Esq., of New York! A thrill of strange delight shot through my frame at this sudden yet pleasurable intelligence.

At near midnight two persons might have been seen conversing earnestly together in the drawing-room of Mr. Dinmore's residence, on Chestnut street. I have not told you their names, for my readers must have already divined that said couple were none other than Paul Effingham and myself. The young lawyer on being presented to me at the close of the lecture, had at once recognized the daughter of Charles Lester, even in her new position of governess. He listened with peculiar interest to my story, and could not think that my father had ever rationally and intelligently affixed his signature to a paper which cut off his child from any share in his property, except so far as a step-mother might be disposed to exercise her charity towards the only child of her late husband. I told him I had never known of his making a will, but that the one which I had been invited to examine by Mrs. Lester and her lawyer bore the date of the eve of her marriage with Charles Lester. From Mr. Effingham, who had left for Washington, (where he remained for a month,) the morning after my father's death I learned that Mrs. Lester and Blanche were still living in their former splendor at the house of my late father in Fifth Avenue. Upon his calling there upon his return from Washington, to inquire after my humble self, he had been received with great coldness upon the part of Blanche, who sneeringly informed him that his friend Miss Lester was in all probability a shaven-headed nun, and a sojourner in the Convent at Manhattan Island, where she had been partially educated when a child. My blood boiled when I listened to this remark, which no other heart but Blanche Cameron's could have prompted; but I tried to entertain towards her a feeling of pity rather than of anger.

During our lengthy conversation, Mr. Effingham chanced to refer to the prayer-book, which my father had bequeathed to me as a dying gift. At the former's request I went to my room and extracted an object of so much sacredness from the bottom of my trunk, where it had lain untouched for months. My friend unclasped the golden fastening which bore upon its somewhat dingy surface the beloved names of both father and mother. The covers were of velvet, but were now both faded and worn. At sight of it I could not restrain my tears, for I remembered how constantly my father had perused its contents during the last two years of his life. Upon opening it Mr. Effingham discovered that the fly leaf appeared to have been pasted closely down to the cover, as if to conceal something beneath the surface. With my permission Paul Effingham ran the blade of his knife along the edge of the book, when lo! out fell a paper, which, upon examination, proved to be my father's will, made while visiting his two brothers in Baltimore, some eight months previous to his death, and which made his daughter Adrianna Lester sole heiress to his large property.

Another month found the tide of affairs strangely turned in the favor of one who had been for months an exile from her father's roof. The discovery of the forged will was a great blow to the pride of Mrs. Lester, who was just upon the point of being married to the black-hearted lawyer who had been her accomplice in guilt, when I suddenly asserted my claim as heiress of my late father's estates.

Blanche and her mother have accepted the bounty of Adrianna Lester, now the happy wife of Paul Effingham, because, finding themselves suddenly penniless, they knew not where else to look for a home.

"Our girls they are pretty,
And gentle as the dove;
As any the world ever knew—
Talk not about Spanish,
Or Circassian or Danish,
Or Greeks near their summer skies bloo,
But give me our lassies,
As free as the grain is,
When sprinkled with roses and dew."

Written for the Banner of Light.

MY HOME.

BY HENRIETTA.

Beyond those distant hills,
Beyond the deep blue sea—
There, when "the Father" wills,
My happy home shall be,
Oh! beautiful, and fair, and free!

Beyond the purple West,
Beyond the setting sun—
In fadefull verdure dress,
There, when life's toils are done,
Shall be my home of rest!

My mother waiteth there
To welcome back her child!
Her gentle brow such smiles doth wear,
My heart with ecstasy grows wild,
To think of love that I shall share
Beyond! beyond! beyond compare!

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE FIEND'S FIELD.

BY KATE KEITH.

A wild tract of country is that which lies round about, and, in fact, forms the Wrekin; and what the little dreary, desolate, and isolated hamlet of Wrekinswold merit its appellation. The few scattered buildings of which it consisted, stood on ground whose gradual swell assumed in some places the appearance of hills, but which are absurdly misnamed, when magnified, in school "geography books" into mountains.

These hills, like many others, were, as well as the country for miles around them, at the period of which we write, a vast expanse of sterile, treeless heath, generally uncultivated; but were attempted to be turned into arable land, ill repaying the labors of the agriculturist, and far too arid to be converted into pasturage. The inhabitants of Wrekinswold were consequently a poor and idle race; and hand in hand with their poverty and idleness, went ignorance and superstition.

Among the proprietors and cultivators of land, residing in the vicinity of Wrekinswold, was a man named Powell, who had, it was supposed, amassed a considerable fortune by successful experiments upon the unpromising district where his house stood. But Powell possessed another treasure—a lovely and beloved daughter, for whom he had toiled incessantly, and who, it was well known, was destined to inherit the fruits of his labors.

This motive had undoubtedly, at first, stimulated the fortunate farmer to those bold agricultural speculations, in which the risk was exceedingly great, but the success, if achieved, splendid; yet, after awhile, losing sight of his original incentive to exertion, the love of lucre for itself only, took complete possession of his soul, and he became a hard-hearted, selfish, and penurious man. The poor have generally, except where they happen to be personally concerned, a great idea that Divine retribution will almost immediately overtake the evil-doer; and the neighbors of Powell, who had readily attributed his uncommon prosperity to the peculiar favor of heaven, upon this lamentable change in his disposition, expected nothing less than to witness some terrible manifestation of its wrath; it may even be surmised that their "wish was father to the thought."

At length their evil anticipations were destined to be gratified; and not one, but many successive bad seasons caused the farmer's crops to fail, and his cattle to be seized with an infectious disease. Powell was straitened, but not ruined; and while his avaricious heart was filled with grief to find that he had lost the fruits of many years' toil, a sudden and happy thought struck him, that his daughter should, at any rate, become the rich lady he had always intended her to be; the only difficulty was how to effect it.

At Wrekinswold a young fellow lived, styled Tony Rycroft, of whom nobody knew anything but that he was a very disorderly personage, considered himself a gentleman, dressed like a lounging, slatternly country squire—suffered his neighbors to understand that he was as wealthy as idle, (and far from ordinary was his idleness); but whence he and his money came, or the means whereby he made it, was a mystery—for that make it he must, seemed evident to the bores of Wrekinswold, who could not comprehend that heaven showered blessings upon vice and indolence hardly to be obtained by the frugal, virtuous, and industrious. Accordingly some fancied that he must be engaged in the smuggling trade; others more wisely, considering the inland situation of Shropshire, imagined him a shareholder in a mine, or generalissimo of a company of highwaymen; some, again, pronounced him to be "a limb of the law," and others "a limb of Satan," a distinction, he it observed, however, without a difference in the apprehension of wiser people than the inhabitants of Wrekinswold.

Tony Rycroft was an old and ardent admirer of Madge Powell; but the poor girl, by no means captivated with his ruffianly demeanor, slovenly attire, lax principles, and the mystery attached to his birth, connections, and mode of life, had not only received his addresses with the contumely they merited, but had obtained her father's consent to a union with George Bennett, to whom she had long been tacitly engaged, and they were to be married as soon as gold should be added to the good and noble gifts which nature had lavished on him.

Powell, with his affairs in an unprosperous condition, now only became anxious to get his daughter off his hands as quickly as possible, and recollecting that Tony Rycroft was a husband for her at any time, (and, as he had always protested, at any price,) he scrupled not to declare, null and void, all stipulations and promises between himself, his daughter and poor George; vowing that he would disinherit her if she did not immediately accept the proposal of Tony Rycroft.

In vain Madge wept, pleaded, reasoned, and remonstrated; her father (as fathers frequently are) was inexorable. Poor Madge! to her such severity was new; and sad was the lesson she had now to learn, that adversity could steel the heart of a hitherto fond parent, though an irreligious man, against a faithful and loving child.

It was a blustering evening in Autumn; the winds moaned fearfully about the Wrekin, and dark, heavy clouds scudded across the sky. Rycroft was sitting by a roaring coal-fire in the ancient dilapidated mansion which he called his own, and which had formerly belonged to the Lord of the Wrekin, whose family had left it to Tony, upon his first appearance in the hamlet, at a rent little superior to that by which, from time immemorial bats, birds, vermin, and reptiles, had tenanted the ruined edifice.

Tony, we say, was sitting by a large pit-coat fire

—not dreaming, like the poet who listens to the fierce, wild music of the rushing blast, while he conjures up an Arcadia in the glowing carbon—busily engaged in watching a large nondescript vessel upon it, in which an apparently metallic composition of saffron hue was bubbling and steaming.

At no great distance from him stood a table, strewn with lumps of various metals, and a strange assortment of moulds, sand, screws, gimlets, files, gravers, instruments, and combinations of the mechanical powers, for which it would have been difficult for the uninitiated to have found a name or use. Tony, however, was Moscorucian enough to know very well what he was about; his door was bolted and doubly locked, and he expected no interruption to his pursuits on such a forbidding evening.

But a violent ringing at the great gate of his fortress announced a visitor, and though he had given a strict charge to the old woman who officiated for him in every male and female capacity, to admit no one, and though he heard her pertinaciously protesting that he was "not at home," yet, to his extreme dismay, he also heard the intruder exclaim, as with heavy strides he approached the door of his sanctuary—

"Do n't tell me about 'not at home,' I know that he is, and I must and will see him."

The intruder now reached Rycroft's apartment, on the door of which he bestowed many a hearty knock, exclaiming at intervals—

"Why, Tony—Tony Rycroft—let me in, I say."

At last Rycroft, from within, replied in a solemn tone:

"Bubastion theologicus! which, being interpreted, good neighbor, means, Demon, avaunt!"

"I say, Tony," cried the stranger, "please to be putting no tricks upon me. I am neither a demon nor a good neighbor; but as you may know by my voice, if you have half an ear left, your old friend Powell."

"Passpara iconthem dentemastion!" answered Rycroft, "which is, being interpreted, Welcome, for I know thee! and here you shall enter if you fear not."

Then, unfastening the door, Tony said, in his usual manner:

"As you have spoiled all my philosophical work for to-night, and I fear, too, for many succeeding nights, I cannot bid you so cordially welcome as—"

"Ay, but you will, though, when you know what I've come to say. Ugh! what an odor of burnt tin, or copper, or brimstone, perhaps. Why, Tony, what have you there, simmering on the fire? And what do you mean to do with these queer instruments? And, above all, what is come over your tongue, that you talk so outlandish?"

Rycroft replied only with a most mysterious look, and re-fastening the door, stole again on tiptoe to his seat.

Powell took the chair opposite, and as he held his large, tanned hands within an inch of the fire, while his curious grey eyes roved stealthily over the apartment and person of its owner—whose linen trousers, waistcoat opened at the breast, and uncovered arms, on so cold an evening, excited no small surprise—he ventured to ask him whether the warm work in which he seemed to be occupied were magic?

"Even so," replied Rycroft, with all the gravity he could command; "but, my excellent friend, start not; the branch of magic in which you now behold me engaged, does not belong to the black art, but is natural magic—the white, or golden one, which has no kind of connection with the others. Golden, indeed, may I well term it, since it teaches by the science of divine sublimations and transmutations, how to compound—that is, how to make—gold!"

"Whew!" whistled the astonished and delighted lover of wealth, starting up and seizing our alchemist's hand, which he almost wrung off in the fervor of his transport. "There's some sense in that kind of magic! Ah, Master Rycroft, I once fancied that I too had made, though in a different way, and with huge toil and trouble, a little of that same gold; but—"

Here poor Powell bent his head over the molten metal until his nose almost touched it; and whether its deleterious fumes, or the overwhelming consideration of Tony's extraordinary power for the accumulation of wealth deprived him of articulation, is uncertain; but decidedly he found himself unable to conclude his observation.

Tony was kind enough to partially relieve him from his embarrassment:

"My good friend, you mean to say that you find gold of late neither so easy to obtain, nor, when once lost, to recover."

Powell sighed deeply and looked perplexed. Tony continued:

"A man can't help bad seasons. Even with me all is not fair weather; for instance, your visit this evening renders vain all the long labors of an entire day. The contents of that vessel are useless now."

Consternation and horror were depicted on Powell's countenance at this avowal; he managed to stammer out a few apologies for his unlucky intrusion, and tremulously inquired the cause of so strange a fatality.

"Why, you see, my dear sir," said Rycroft, drawing his chair close to Powell's, and assuming one of his best aspects of mystery—"Hiet! what was that?" looking cautiously round the room. "I hope that no one is present but ourselves."

"I hope—I believe so too," replied his terrified listener, not daring to look behind him, lest his eyes should encounter the apparition of a wicked lord of the Wrekin, who was particularly believed to haunt the deserted mansion-house.

"I fancy, Master Rycroft, it was only the wind which shrieks to-night."

"Well, sir, it might have been; but as I was about to remark—when engaged in this little business, I am obliged to be extremely careful, since the White Art has determined enemies in those wicked spirits who are sole agents in the Black Art, and who are sure to trouble me whenever they discover that I am employed in the transmutation of metals. Nay, such is their boldness, that they sometimes intrude upon me in the form of my most familiar friends; and had you, sir, happened to have been other than you-seemed-by-your voice, you could not have withstood Bubastion theologicus. But it is not interruption from the spiritual world only which I have to fear when at my profitable studies, but as there is as much magic in the art of making gold as there is in the shining metal itself when it is made, I can only undertake the employment under certain conjunctions and influences of the planets; and should mortal shadows cross the heavenly houses, the dominant spirits are offended, and my power lost for the space of seventy hours."

This absurd jargon, which was relished by Powell

Good neighbor—a respectful term for the fairies.

in exact proportion to its unintelligibility, so exalted Tony in his credulous hearer's estimation, that after gazing at him for some minutes in silent awe, he ventured to inquire whether so wise a man could not teach him some secret whereby to insure good crops and sound cattle in future.

"To say the truth, sir," replied Rycroft, "I have long been thinking of you in this very matter; for, admiring Madge Powell as I do, I cannot unmoved behold adversity overtake her father; and if I have hitherto, when I knew the means of assisting you lay in my power, held my peace, attribute such conduct to any motives but indifference and unkindness. Perhaps I might dread the charge of impertinent interference in family affairs, which did not concern me; or perhaps I might be aware of certain conditions, which of necessity I must impose upon him whose fallen fortunes I desired to raise, and which would unhappily seem, in his eyes, to compromise the disinterestedness of my heart."

"Conditions! You mean my daughter's hand! By all that's holy, she shall be yours!" exclaimed Powell, in ecstasy; "and to tell the truth, Tony, it was this very matter which brought me here to-night!"

"Indeed!" answered the wily Rycroft; "why, to be candid in return with you, I am not now so anxious about Madge, after her decided rejection of me. But come—my conditions are simply these: that you make over all your property to her whom I once loved; or rather draw up an instrument which shall cause the revenue of your farm to revert, upon your decease, to him who shall then be her husband."

"It shall be done!" cried Powell, in raptures.

"What next?"

"If you can certainly assure me of the performance of this condition—"

"I can—I do."

"Then listen to what I am going to communicate: You are aware," he continued, "that Satan, (Bubastion theologicus!) as Primeo of the Air, is entrusted with the sole command of all tempests, winds, frosts, blights, &c., which, falling upon the earth, injure its fruits and cattle. This power, then, ought, as far as is allowable, to be conciliated; and, if he is not, his vengeance is fearful upon the presumptuous mortal who insults him by disregarding his supremacy. In Scotland, therefore, it has been, from time immemorial, a sensible custom to set apart a small portion, as a rood or two, or half an acre of arable ground, as an offering to the evil spirit, whom, for fear of offending, they designate by some friendly title, as good man, good fellow, &c.; this portion, which is left uncultivated, and, with certain ceremonies in which I am competent to instruct you, consecrated to the demon, is termed the 'Goodman's Croft'; in plain English, 'Fiend's Field.'"

Now, Mr. Powell, it has struck me that the late extraordinary losses of a man hitherto so thriving as yourself, can only be referred to your want of respect towards the dark power, who, perceiving you adding acre to acre, purchasing this field, and enclosing that portion of stony, sterile, waste land, without setting apart so much as half an inch for himself, has resented the neglect you best know how."

"Nothing more likely," answered Powell.

The advice consequent upon this communication was, that Howison should enclose a fresh portion of common—not the old worn ground—and that there should be an annual sacrifice of a black hen and a sheep's heart pierced with pins, in the croft at mid-winter. The ceremonies of the consecration Master Rycroft was to arrange at his leisure.

Powell then took his departure, sincerely thankful and marvelously enlightened; repeating incessantly, during his dreary homeward walk, (as far as he could count the syllables,) the mysterious exclamation to which the alchemist had attached so magical a meaning.

Madge Powell and George Bennett now saw with despair that their hopes were to be frustrated by avarice on one side, and craftiness on the other; and, while they felt themselves the victims of Rycroft, they knew that Powell was his dupe. Madge, however, who still retained, in spite of her father's sordid feelings, some little influence over his hard heart, gained, by tears, entreaties, and other all-prevailing female arguments, the respite of one entire year before her dreaded union with Rycroft; for, as Powell could not help acknowledging, there was some reason in her observation, that he would have an opportunity by that time of proving for himself whether Tony had actually ensured to him the promised prosperity.

It was the evening of the 31st of October, the celebrated vigil of All Saint's Day—more familiarly known, perhaps, as the Scottish and Irish Hallowe'en—when Powell, after frequent conferences with Tony Rycroft, proceeded to act for, and by himself, according to the adopt's instructions. He had lately enclosed a considerable portion of the Wrekinswold, lying at a distance of about three miles from his home, and behind some of the highest of the hills. The Fiend's Field, a full and fair acre of this acquisition, was situated at its extremity, and was upon this auspicious evening to be consecrated.

Powell, who had invited a party of his daughter's young friends, George Bennett and Rycroft among them, to burn nuts, and try charms with her, drank deep potations of strong ale; and, at a signal given by Rycroft, soon after the clock had struck eleven, wrapped himself in his great frieze coat, took down his mossy, oaken cudgel, and sallied forth—joked, of course, by his juvenile guests, who asserted that he was going to dip his shirt-sleeves in the fairy spring beyond the hills.

Headless of their jests, Powell went on his way, but with an exceedingly heavy heart, thus to quit a warm fire-side, blythe company, and excellent cheer, for a long, dreary, and cold walk over the Wrekinswold—the wind howling, the rain falling in sullen, heavy drops, the night dark as death, and such a night, too, the witching one of all the year, and its witching hour so near! And what was he going to do? unto whom to offer sacrifice? To be sure he did it but as a mere piece of foolish formality, to please Rycroft; there could be nothing sinful in such a frolic, more than in those simple charms in which he knew, at twelve o'clock, all the gay youths and maidens at the Grange would be engaged.

Thus alternately a prey to the suitings of conscience, and the sophistries which were to heal them, and frequently whistling, singing, and repeating aloud the efficacious scrap of magical lore taught him by Tony, Powell contrived to find his way across hilly, arable, and waste lands, to his new territory. The walls of an old stone building, of which the country people could give no satisfactory account, stood in the portion fenced off for the Fiend's Field.

Some believed it to have been a Catholic chapel, dedicated to St. Hubert, the hunter's patron, and thence termed Hubb's House on the Hill; some thought it an ancient watch-tower, while others, referring its origin to the Romans, thought they displayed an extraordinary share of erudition by the conjecture.

All, however, agreed that it had been for ages the resort of fairies, apparitions, and witches, who held an annual festival on the Wrekin, though on what night of the year no one could positively say, since no person had ever yet been found sufficiently courageous to watch in and about Hubb's House in order to effect so important a discovery.

The recollection of these traditions by no means tended to raise the sinking spirits of Powell, whose teeth fairly chattered with affright, and whose limbs almost failed him as he groped his way into the building, where Rycroft had assured him he must offer the propitiatory sacrifice. The slightest degree of fear was to be deprecated, as liable to incense the being whom he came to conciliate; a circumstance that added to his trepidation.

Terror and fatigue, occasioned by the pace at which he had walked to reach the ruin ere the stroke of midnight, caused him to sink almost exhausted upon the ground; but, recovering, he took from his pocket a tinder-box and matches, struck a light, and set fire to a previously prepared pile of furze, sticks, and faggots, mingled with turf, damp earth, and stones, in order to prevent its immediate combustion. Then, taking from a niche in the ruined wall, the black hen and the heart, brought for this sacrifice during the day by Tony and himself, he cast them upon the blazing altar, meaning to utter an invocation taught him for the occasion, when, unluckily, out slipped by mistake the more familiar phrase, whose signification, according to Rycroft, was—"Demon, avaunt!"

Immediately a burst of wild, deriding laughter, so loud that it shook the walls of the crazy building, and seemed echoed and re-echoed by every stone, saluted the ears of Powell, and this had no sooner subsided, than a voice, whose tone seemed to freeze the very blood at his heart, exclaimed:

"Fool! Passpara iconthem dentemastion, thou wouldst say. Wherefore am I summoned?"

The white, curling smoke which had, upon the firing of the combustible altar, rolled in gross, suffocating volumes, around the narrow area enclosed by the ruined walls, having found a vent through the roofless tower, as through an ample chimney, now rose majestically upwards in a dense, white column, mingled with bright streams of ascending flame; so that Powell was clearly enabled to discern, standing before him, a black and gigantic apparition, whose dusky countenance was stern and sorrowful, and whose glittering eyes, illumined by the reflection of the burning materials, glowed like living fires.

At length, in faltering tones, Powell gave utterance to the lesson he had studied.

"I, a poor fortune-fallen mortal, have summoned thee, in order to crave for the future fruitful crops and sound cattle; is my sacrifice accepted?"

"Art thou ready," interrupted the power, gloomily, "to fulfill the terms agreed upon by our trusty servant, Anthony Rycroft?"

The mortal bowed his assent, for terror had sealed his tongue.

"Thy sacrifice is accepted then," pronounced the demon; "see that thou fail not in thy compact, lest when we meet again—for we shall meet again—"

"I know it!" groaned Powell; "upon this same night next year, we shall—"

At this moment the distant church clock slowly chimed twelve; the blazing altar suddenly became extinct; a hollow, rushing sound echoed through the ruin, and Powell, half frenzied, darted from its shelter.

Wild, wet, and haggard, at about ten minutes to one, he entered the Grange; his guests were gone, and Madge, beside a cheerful fire, was awaiting her father's return in a mood as cheerful, ready to jest with him upon his secret expedition; but when he rushed in with the wildness of a maniac, and sat with staring eyes fixed on the fire, without uttering a syllable, the poor alarmed girl could only ask him in broken accents, what he had done, and what he had seen.

At length she placed in his damp, cold hand a glass of mulled ale; and, a little refreshed, he replied to her remonstrances:

"Go to bed, child—to bed, I say; but remember your father in your prayers, for he may never pray again."

And, so saying, he left his terrified daughter to muse upon and mourn over the dreadful meaning of his words.

During the ensuing year it was singular that Powell had not the slightest occasion to complain of a bad season, scanty, damaged crops, or diseased cattle. He and Rycroft lived upon terms of extreme intimacy, while George Bennett and Madge still continued, though more covertly than heretofore, their affectionate intercourse; but some rumors getting about that Powell, having entered into a compact with the evil power, had consecrated to him that acre of his estate in which stood the old haunted chapel of St. Hubert, the inhabitants of Wrekinswold, though not, as was hinted at the commencement of this tale, the most virtuous peasantry in existence, looked coldly and askance upon him, taking credit to themselves for superior sanctity, because they had not fallen so deeply into the gulph of perdition.

The marriage of Rycroft and Madge was fixed for the first of November succeeding that in which the sacrifice was consummated; consequently the anniversary of the event, which was to be observed with similar ceremonies, fell upon the vigil of All Hallow's, and of her bridal. A larger party than that which had assembled at the Grange, the year preceding was now met for the double purpose of celebrating the rites of the "spritely" Hallowe'en, and the approaching marriage of so universal a favorite.

When Madge beheld her father depart, as he had done exactly a twelvemonth before, on his mysterious nocturnal errand, she strove to detain the guests, conjecturing that his second ramble would not be longer than the first. One o'clock, however, struck, and the rustic company rose to depart; the rival lovers, only perceiving her anxiety for her father, would not quit her. Rycroft pressed her much to retire to rest, urging that as she must rise early in order to prepare for a ceremony, which was to take place at eight o'clock, she needed repose.

His entreaties were replied to in a tone of bitterness, which with Madge was very unusual; and, after an apology from Rycroft, for having offended unintentionally, the trio maintained a gloomy silence, anxiously listening for the steps of Powell. But nothing stirred to interrupt the awful stillness which

began to oppress the hearts of the waiting party like a weight, save the dropping embers and the unwearied click of the clock.

The hour of two at length struck, louder, each fancied, than it ever had done before; and Madge, bursting into tears, exclaimed:

"I will wait one hour longer for my father, and if he does not come then he shall be sought, for I am sure harm has come to him!"

She described his agitation upon his return—the Hallowe'en past—from his nocturnal expedition, which she now declared was undertaken for unholy purposes, adding:

"And now that we are on the subject, do tell me, Master Rycroft, what my poor father meant by purchasing a piece of land which still lies fallow, and which it seems he never intends to cultivate?"

Tony refused to afford her the slightest information, and his companions witnessed with surprise the ashy paleness of his countenance, and a perplexity, perturbation and terror, which all his efforts at ease and self-possession were insufficient to conceal. He had frequent recourse to some brandy, which, with the remains of the All-Hallowmass supper, still stood on the table; and, at last, overcome by the frequency of the application, he fell into a profound slumber.

"Were it not," said Madge, "for my uneasiness respecting my father, I could laugh at the unlovely figure of that prophetic, and at the trick we have played him. Ah, George! how strangely surprised he will be to-morrow when I declare in church—Hark! I did you not hear a noise?"

Nothing, in fact, was stirring, yet Madge unfastened the door of the house nearest the road by which she knew her father must return, and looked out.

It was a clear, frosty, moonlight night, but no Powell appeared; and as the hour passed without his arrival, Bennett began, like poor Madge, to forebode the worst. So insistent that she should retire, and suffering Rycroft to remain where he was and sleep off the effects of the brandy, he set forth alone in quest of the unhappy Powell.

Madge threw herself upon her bed in her clothes, and having for another hour prayed as fervently as she had wept bitterly, sunk exhausted into a kind of doze, that might be termed stupefaction rather than repose. From this state she was aroused by a violent rapping at her chamber door. It was now full daylight, though the morning was cold and cloudy.

"Madge, my dear girl, for heaven's sake come here!" exclaimed George, as he still knooked and lifted in vain the latch of the bolted door. This was followed by a low, deep hum, as of the mingling of voices in consternation and sorrow. With trembling hand Madge unfastened the door, and drawing her gently from the chamber, George endeavored, in a tender and soothing tone, to prepare her mind for the fatal tidings.

"Oh Heavens!" cried the distracted girl, "my father—my poor father—is then no more! Speak! is it not so? And Rycroft is his murderer?"

"Hush, dear Madge, hush! I may not without cause thus put any man's life in jeopardy. Rycroft, suspicious as is his flight from Wrekinswold, was, as you know, sitting with us when this lamentable accident befel your father, whose body I found at some distance from here, bearing, as you will perceive when you have sufficient firmness to look upon it, every indication of having been destroyed by gunpowder, or something like it."

A neighbor now entered, panting for breath. He brought tidings that Hubb's House was totally demolished—not one stone being left upon another! that fragments of the building were strewn about Goodman's Croft, and the fields near it, and that all were blackened and burnt, as if the place had been destroyed by an explosion.

"How singular it is," observed Madge, looking up through her tears, after an hour or two had elapsed, "that neither my unhappy parent nor Anthony Rycroft should be here on this eventful morning to learn that I became your wife three months ago!"

The opinion now entertained was, that Rycroft had endeavored to secure immediately that wealth for which alone he desired the heiress of the infatuated Powell; and that only a few hours previous to the marriage, when she might fancy that nothing could delay it, luring his luckless dupe, under superstitious pretences, to a lonely and shunned ruin, in the middle of the night, he there accomplished his destruction; having instigated him to light a pile of combustible materials which contained, unknown to his victim, a quantity of gunpowder.

The rustics of Wrekinswold, however, tenacious of the superstitions of their day and country, affirmed that as Powell failed to perform the promise, his daughter being already married, the evil one had thought proper to carry off the soul of the unfortunate man in a tempest of fire and sulphur, leaving behind, to ensure the destruction of Rycroft, the blackened and mangled corpse.

Rycroft was, in the course of a few days, apprehended and securely lodged in Shrewsbury jail. Being convicted upon another serious and singular charge, he was sentenced to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. An execution having been levied upon the rich Tony for debt, among his other property were found certain instruments, engines, utensils, metals and metals, which clearly proved him to belong to a gang of coiners, for whose apprehension the magistrates of Shropshire had long been on the alert. He refused to betray his accomplices in "the divine art of transmutation;" and to the last persisted in denying, with the most solemn asseverations, any implication in the murder of Powell, save that which had unhappily accrued to him by the fatal termination of a mere youthful frolic, got up, he affirmed, for the purpose of obtaining a wealthy alliance, and of creating a profound idea of his own knowledge and power.

Leaving this mysterious subject still in darkness, thus died the crafty Rycroft. But for some years after the catastrophe of our story, it was a tradition current among the inhabitants of Wrekinswold that annually, upon the eve of All Saints Day, those who happened to cross the site of Hubb's House at midnight, would behold the apparition of Powell; an elderly man, who appears with useless labor to be gathering and piling up visionary stones, which sink down and disappear as soon as collected. Should the startled wanderer on the Wrekin take courage to ask the phantom who he is, and what he is doing, he will civilly and sadly reply:

"Friend, go thy way, and heap not up riches which thou knowest not who shall inherit. Beware, I say, of the chaff which flitteth away at the breath of the least wind, even as thou perceivest these stones do, wherewith I strive forever and forever to erect an altar to the Goodman of the Croft, and from which I labor through everlasting years—but in vain—to clear the field of my great master—the Fiend!"

[illegible]

splendid brick structure, in Gothic style—lower eighty feet with dome, the main building being sixty-five by thirty-eight feet. It will comfortably seat six hundred persons, being the finest and largest church in the village. All normal and trance-speakers, North, South, East and West, are most cordially invited to come up to the "fast of the dedication."—*Welcome Guest, Chubbuck, Mich.*

The late C. W. Hovey left by will \$10,000 to Wm. Lloyd Garrison and his wife, Stephen B. Foster, and Abby Kelly Foster, and \$2000 each to Henry C. Wright and Parker Pillsbury. The widow receives \$41,000, two of his sons \$17,000 each, and two \$15,000 each. The rest of the estate, estimated at \$30,000 to \$40,000, is to be used for the promotion of the anti-slavery cause and other reforms.

Mr. William Foster has given the Massachusetts School of Agriculture ten acres of land at Wyoming, in Stoneham, adjoining the lot last year given to the Franklin Institute.

NEW MODE OF CONVEYANCE.—The Amosbury Village says: "Mr. J. H. Towne of this village has purchased the stage line between Newburyport and Exeter, through Amesbury, Salisbury and Kensington. Persons traveling on this route can have the assurance that they are in the hands of a careful driver, and one from whom they will receive kind and gentlemanly treatment."

"How does real estate sell in your town?" "Oh, it's cheap as dirt."

The man who had one of his legs cut off, thinks he has cause to remember the same.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

ROSA T. AMDEY AT HARMONY HALL.
Wednesday Evening, May 25th, 1859.

The lecturer announced as the subject of the evening's address, "The Free Moral Agency of Man."

Are we free moral agents? As Nature is governed by immutable laws, so must man be. In fact we are but a bundle of laws. But, it is asked, are we therefore nothing but automata? To a certain extent we are; yet the immortal principle within us gives us the power to act, to act for ourselves, though always subordinate to the great laws of creation. Almost the first impulse of the child is a desire to govern itself; it is the instinct of free-will, and, acting on that instinct, the child, subjected as it is to the restricting influences of natural laws, still within the limits of those laws works out its own destiny. Intuition demands liberty as the essential right of the soul, according to it even as one of those laws by which it is controlled.

Man lives in a law-sphere every moment of his existence. Governed, as he is, by law, the only condition upon which he can ever attain to a genuine freedom is by the knowledge of the laws which control him. Then will he find his freedom in voluntary submission to the laws of God. Until that time he is not a free man, but a rebel. In his strife to break the bonds which those laws impose upon him, he fetters himself with chains of his own forging.

The lecturer illustrated this principle by remarking on the present yearning of man for spiritual truth—the law of needs. Thus far, indeed, this law has operated upon the human mind—man has craved for more, but from the moral despotism under which he has labored, he has failed to digest what he has eaten. Now, under more perfect conformity to the laws of the intellectual and moral nature, a healthier state of his spiritual system has given more ample scope to the working of this law of spiritual needs; and as the soul has craved for, and received, and assimilated its proper nourishment, the result has been a development of intellectual and moral freedom such as was never before known.

To be true to ourselves is the sum and height of moral freedom. A freedom which refuses to allow another to cut our spiritual food, as we would laugh at the offer of another to cut our breakfast for us, is the foundation of a knowledge of the laws of our nature, of a willing conformity to them, and of perfect freedom. If you would be free as the flowers, you must make your own soil a flower-garden. Self-knowledge is the first step to freedom—truth to our own souls is freedom itself.

The lecture closed with the improvisation of a poem, enforcing the sentiments which had been presented.

Banner of Light.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1859.

Publication Office, No. 143 Fulton Street.

The Old Spiritualist.—No. 11.

MRS. HATCH.

In our last we promised to give Phenix's recollections of Mrs. Hatch. He first saw her in Buffalo when she was but thirteen years of age, and then known as Cora Scott. He met her at the house of a friend with whom she had resided for sometime, and after careful inquiry as to her surroundings, etc., became convinced that her opportunities for education had been extremely limited, and certainly did not include any such studies as would have enabled her to have discussed the subjects in which she has since been so justly celebrated. In her normal condition she was simple, child-like and unaffected, and when in the trance state seemed to become precisely equal to the parties she was representing.

His first inquiries were directed to ascertaining whether this trance were real or assumed, and he satisfied himself perfectly that she was entirely unconscious to all surroundings, and that after passing from the trance state she had no memory of what she had said. Her claims, unlike those of most trance-speakers, were extremely moderate. Then, as now, she did not assume that she could be influenced by spirits far beyond her normal condition; that her organism and its aptitudes was the limit of the quality of what could be communicated through her; that although the spirits could not use her brain far beyond its normal capacity, yet they could, at all times, equal its highest capacity, because she was attracted from all subjects except the one in relation to which she was under influence. In other words: suppose a question to be asked of her in the normal state which she could not answer, and to the answer of which she was nearly equal, when in the trance state, some change in her organism could occur, such as the increase in either of a granular of brain, or of its susceptibility, or of the balance of its power as compared with other portions, and therefore, with such assistance she might answer a question which she was unable to answer in her normal condition; but, forever after her organism having become competent to a higher purpose, she could answer the same question when in her normal state, not from memory of what had occurred while in the trance, but from an increased physical ability. Thus at each entrancement she was gradually developing physically beyond her previous status, and that, therefore, the effect was to continually increase her mental capacity. She certainly, at that time, had progressed, if the quality of her discourses, when in the trance, should be taken as the measure of her progression, far beyond what could be anticipated at her age.

Phenix found that after talking with her in her normal condition and passing her up even with his own knowledge in any particular subject, that when next entranced, she could answer questions connected with that subject, beyond his ability, and as equally beyond her own in her previous normal state. But he never could discover, in after conversations, that she showed the slightest ignorance on any point in which she had appeared learned, when previously entranced; but in many cases in the entranced state exhibited perceptive powers beyond those of her previous normal condition. He states that he had stored during a series of years many questions of a scientific character, which he had been unable to solve, and that these were readily answered by Cora when entranced, provided that he gradually approached the difficult points didactically. On one occasion he asked her "the difference between absolute momentum and continued force," but not until he had asked a series of questions connected with the same subject. The direct question however, had never been clearly answered; our books were silent upon it; this question she answered with the greatest clearness, accompanied by explanations which rendered her replies perfectly intelligible to all present. He visited her at Buffalo, many times, and on every occasion found her materially improved in her general knowledge, and to a far greater extent than could have been achieved by any amount of study during the same space of time. Hundreds of questions were asked of her in relation to different points connected with theology, and in every case her reply was such as to be apparent, correct and conclusive. Soon after Abner Lano invented the gynecoscope, and before it had been generally seen in New York, he placed this philosophical toy in her hands when entranced, and her explanation of this instrument was, and still is, the only clear description which has ever been printed in relation to this invention.

Phenix asserts that no public speaker in this country can equal her in oratory, purity of language, or depth of thought; indeed he believes her to be more generally educated than

any other person of his acquaintance, and as far as he can ascertain, this vast amount of information has been attained by her trance practice, and without the usual facilities for improving her amount of knowledge, etc.

The best proof of her being educated by means beyond those usually appealed to, is the fact that at all times she is enabled to treat the subject of which she speaks, and which in many cases is presented to her without previous notice, more fully than it has been before treated.

Those who would dispute the fact of Mrs. Hatch's unconscious condition, when speaking, and the source of her inspiration, must at least admit that no other initiator has ever been found who could equal her efforts in excellence.

Phenix is certain that she left school at ten years of age; that her education up to that time was of the most commonplace character, and her improvement not at all extraordinary; that from that time to the present she has not been positioned so as to be able to be a student; and that her habit is not to read, but to trust altogether to the influence (which she supposes to be from spirits) for instruction and improvement; that at this time she is more generally and more highly educated than any other person he has ever met. Her present age is about nineteen years; and we believe that no college can present a senior pupil who is her equal, even in classical attainments—unless this term is to be strictly construed to be a knowledge, abstractly, of the dead languages. In the close analysis of words she is not surpassed, and her knowledge of natural law seems to be an intuition, amounting almost to a certainty.

The exact balance of Mrs. Hatch has enabled her to meet a series of troubles and difficulties in a manner which would have done credit even to Plato. At no time has she lost that evenness of disposition which renders her at all times agreeable to her hearers, while her high-toned moral character has at all times defied the tongue of calumny. In metaphysics she shows a degree of erudition before unknown. She renders the most abstruse points perfectly understandable to the common auditor. To give her replies in detail would be unfair to herself and to the powers controlling her, unless a memory of every word, and an ability to imitate the precise manner, could accompany such details. Her addresses which have been published have seldom been exact, and many of them have been so villainously modified in their preparation for the press, by unskillful hands, and, occasionally, even badly reported, as to cause them to lose the precise excellence which they ordinarily contained.

Phenix states that he has spent many evenings in listening to her replies to his questions when in the trance state; that these questions have embraced every point which his ingenuity could suggest, in relation not only to theology but to the history of creation, the application of natural laws to every subject which would tend to elucidate the mysteries of nature, and principally to the examination of such portions of the sciences as are in an unsatisfactory state of progression. That, after being an industrious student of natural law for thirty years or more, he is compelled to admit freely, that her replies have given an extension to his observations, more important than all he had gained by previous study; and that her ability to comprehend propositions of a scientific character, is greater than that of any other individual he has ever met. In future numbers of this series we shall attempt to repeat what she has said in relation to the history of creation; the progression in nature; the creation of man as a consequence; the existence of the spirit of man as a natural necessity, and a variety of *rationne*, from which he arrives at the conclusion that a strict study of natural law alone, apart and distinct from revelation, will clearly sustain most of the truths now claimed as known only by revelation; and that for much the larger portion of those truths he is indebted to the teachings derived from addresses and instructions of Mrs. Hatch. That she is seen frequently to anticipate all those new lines of thought which were necessary to direct his investigations to higher fields, and to elucidate and settle his prior hypotheses. That whatever may be the truth of the present results of his collections founded on these teachings, they are at least consecutive, and in the absence of newer and better truths, satisfactorily and clearly establishing the immortality of man, the necessity of that immortality, its cause, and the relations of man to nature, the relations of nature to God, the existence of a God without a personality, the necessity and use of a Christ, and the cause of the presentation, as founded in Jesus of Nazareth. Some of the current errors of the day, which are generally received as truths from the respectability of the sources from whence they have emanated, have been clearly refuted by Mrs. Hatch and others, all of which will be fairly set forth in the future numbers of this series.

Some of the savans of Cambridge have admitted, after hearing Mrs. Hatch, that while they did not believe in the source claimed for her inspiration, that her efforts were at least equal to any they had ever heard; and that the moral influence of her lectures could not be doubted; at the same time appealing to her to throw off the assumption of the entrancement, and thus to render herself doubly useful to mankind. If these gentlemen could find another individual of her age, or even of a greater age, capable of the same mental efforts, it might be fair for them to doubt that she was inspired; but until they can do this, and until they can effect from the record the testimony of those from whom Phenix has gained his information, that she has never read on these subjects in which she seems to be most learned, they will have at least to admit that she has a means of education patent to herself—at least not known to them.

S. T. Munson's

Bookstore, No. 5 Great Jones street, will accommodate our town friends much better than our regular business office. The BANNER may be found for sale there and letters may be left there for us.

DEAR-ROOM TO LET.—Apply at our office, 143 Fulton street.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

Lectures by Mrs. F. O. Hyzer.

DEAR BANNER.—Our much-loved and eloquent teacher, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, delivered her parting discourses on the Sabbath. She spoke in the morning, on "the education of children—the new and natural mode of training mind and body, that was to supersede the old." Much of this was to be effected by the freedom of intercourse that should subsist between the sexes, as was by nature from the first designed. The opposite course had hitherto been taken from the very cradle. The little girl was taught to laugh loudly, to join in the boisterous sport of her little brothers, was an unbecoming thing; the mother chided her when she acted naturally. And in the school-room the same system was carried out. The highest and most disgraceful mode of punishment consisted in placing the little girl between two boys, thus arousing in that pure, childish mind, the first ideas of an existing wrong, the first impulse thought, that but for this had never entered the forming soul. Boys were taught that it was weak and unseemly to exhibit any womanly qualities, and thus they learnt to shrink from their sisters, to view them as inferior beings. This restraint, unnecessary and wrong, was cast around them for life, and girls were taught to look with distrust and fear upon their brother man. Into all the minutest concerns of life, even, this restraint was carried. Fashionable ladies all talked in the same tone of voice, as fashion imperatively demanded, and laughed in a modulated key. They dressed as Mrs. Grundy dictated, without regard to harmony of colors or fitness; and all this by the dictates of fashionable authority. On woman depended, principally, the removal of all these false restraints, these blinding conventionalities that cramp the soul and deaden the heart's best emotions. Woman by her spirituality was the teacher of man, though intellectually he was the greater. United in true soul-purposes they would do infinite good, when man had learnt to reverence woman, and acknowledge her fitting place in God's universe; when woman, free, pure and untrammelled, had outgrown the worldly formulas, the frivolous pursuits, the fear and distrust of her brother that now so andly characterized her.

Much more the eloquent speaker said on the education of the individual, grown to man's and woman's stature, as well as of the training of the youthful mind; recommending self-culture and investigation, a steady growth in that purity of soul and purpose that is the guiding star of a true man and woman's life.

Mrs. Hyzer's improvisations, and the sweet music of the accompanying instrument on which she plays, comes to the hearts of her audience like poetical breathings from Elysian homes of love and beauty. It is truly the music of heaven. In the evening, the choir sang the good old hymn, "Joyfully, joyfully!" and Mrs. Hyzer said that none but Spiritualists could so well appreciate the beauty and meaning of that hymn, for they most joyfully receive the light, and by it journeyed home, leaving the door open for others to come—closing not the portals of hope and immortality upon any one, but calling upon all to partake of the glories of progression, calling to each brother and sister to come up higher still.

In her inimitable manner, Mrs. Hyzer related the incident

of the house that was found creeping on the fashionable lady's bonnet in church; she saw not herself as others saw her! but oh, how soon she would have noted and criticised the occurrence in another. This gift of seeing ourselves as others see us, if we strove for its attainment, would soon drive us of all our conceits, and we would learn that charity and forbearance with each other's failings, which are the attributes of the angels.

She spoke eloquently of our duties to each other; woman's purifying and elevating power, through the poetry and ideal of her nature, awakening man's latent powers, and leading him to the highest summits of moral purity and spiritual grandeur; of man's mission of strength and aid to woman, and of the great results to be obtained in every department of life by their united efforts in love and wisdom. She spoke most feelingly of the perverted state of public opinion that manifested itself in the recent occurrence in Washington city. Philip Barton Key, the adulterer by the law of the land and the law of higher morals, when laid in his coffin was covered with flowers, and wept over by friends, bevalled by virtuous maidens and matrons; a large concourse followed him to the grave; while not a word of sympathy, not a tone of sisterly interest or of brotherly feeling was awarded to the sad and desolate heart of his victim; but overwhelming and furious, from all parts, poured in upon her the vituperation, the decrees of condemnation, from the Christian communities. He was hailed and honored even in death; she despised and cast out from the cold, heartless society that had made her what she was, for life. In another city, a poor girl, one of the Magdalens of the day, departed this life, and her burning in crime, with that remnant of the angel nature yet burning brightly in her soul, with human sympathy, proceeded to regain her body which had been stolen from her grave, and then they sought a minister of the gospel to say for her the consecrating prayer. In a Christian city, where the name of Jesus is revered, and his holy law of love proclaimed, the contrary of those poor girls was scorned; the exponents of God's word would not profane their sacred mission by attending the funeral of the outcast, though their Master had taken the errand and the fallen by the hand, bidding her go forth and sin no more! But one man was found, a true disciple of the loving Nazarene, and he said the prayers above the outcast's grave, who was committed to the earth with no ostentatious pomp, no numerous followers—who was accompanied only by her weeping companions in sin, in whose bosoms yet dwelt the holy warmth of human sympathy.

Woman, in the present, forgetful of her power, her mighty influence, her weight of example, while she casts out with scorn and bitter loathing the fallen sister, that should claim all her sympathy and guidance, will yet give her hand in legal marriage to the seducer, who should stand abashed before the just rebukes of her womanhood, spoken in behalf of the wronged and suffering victim. While woman smiles upon the libertine, he will pursue his course unchecked; while she with one hand closes the gates of sympathy and redemption upon her fallen sister, while she extends the other to the seducer—never while this state of things continues will society be regenerated, woman hold her fitting place in the affections and esteem of man, nor man be elevated and sanctified by the example of justice, truth and purity it is her especial province to present.

As thrillingly eloquent and appealing as was the lecture, was Mrs. Hyzer's farewell address to her audience. With deep feeling she expressed her heartfelt gratitude for their appreciation of her labors, their kindness, hospitality and friendship so warmly extended to her. Then she sang a sweet poem, in which the angel intelligences promised the return of their "Green Mountain dove," with words of truth and love.

Success, happiness and heaven attend her, where'er she goes, is the uttered and silent prayer of her many friends. My next letter will be from the country, giving you an account of the meeting of Progressive Friends at Longwood.

Yours for truth, CORA WILSON.

Philadelphia, May 31, 1859.

AGRICULTURAL.

BY PROF. J. MAPES.

How Much Manure Should We Use?

What a common question! and still more usual, How small a quantity of manure will answer for my crop? Should not the question be, "How much manure can I use for my crop with increased profit?" In our opinion the greatest quantity of manure that can possibly be used with increased profit, is the very least that should be used.

As an example: let us suppose the produce of an acre in corn at 75 cents per bushel to be as follows:

No. 1 with \$10 worth of manure, 40 bush, worth 75c.	\$30.00
No. 2 " " " " " " " " " "	21.25
No. 3 " " " " " " " " " "	18.75
No. 4 " " " " " " " " " "	16.25
No. 5 " " " " " " " " " "	13.75

Let us now suppose that the rent of soil, taxes, cost of cultivation, etc., costs \$15 per acre, so that with No. 1 the costs of manure and other expenses would be \$25, leaving a profit of \$5, besides the value of the stalks, which will range throughout in a fair ratio with the yield of corn—then the profit would stand thus:—No. 1, \$5; No. 2, \$6.25; No. 3, \$6.75; No. 4, \$7.25; No. 5, \$7.75. Thus, then, if our estimates of relative amount of crop are right, the larger outlay will pay the best profit, even the very year in which the manure is used. But let us now estimate what will be the probable result the next year from another corn crop on the same soil with no manure applied—the expenses, other than manure, being as before, \$15 per acre. No. 1 having had but \$10 worth of manure, will probably have used it all up in the first crop, and therefore the second year would produce less. We do not advocate repeating the same crop the second year, but the relations of profit would be the same if the crop were changed.

No. 1 would yield 30 bushels, worth \$22.50.	profit \$7.50
No. 2 " " " " " " " " " "	18.75
No. 3 " " " " " " " " " "	16.25
No. 4 " " " " " " " " " "	13.75
No. 5 " " " " " " " " " "	11.25

Suppose, for the sake of argument, that we are so much in error in the ratio of increase of quantity of crop, as compared with the amount or cost of manure used, as to decrease the last item half, and we call the profit \$25.12 instead of \$30.25. Still the larger outlay for manure pays more than three and a half times the profit, beside leaving the land capable of yielding larger profits for many years. If the same kind of calculation be made in relation to crops of a larger value per acre, such as cabbage, carrots, beets, etc., and particularly with seeds, the ratio of profit in favor of the heavier manuring would be still greater. What is true of manures is equally true of thorough culture, by deep and sub-soil plowing, and frequent stirring of the surface. There is a limit of course to the amount of manure which may be used with increased profit, but that limit is far ahead of what is generally supposed. With market gardening the ratio is immensely in favor of the liberal outlay. We have raised ten thousand merchantable cabbages on an acre with six hundred pounds of Nitrogenized Super-phosphate of Lime, varying in value from two to five cents each, and averaging probably three cents each, being three hundred dollars per acre gross receipts, with an outlay for the phosphate of fifteen dollars. Other expenses probably fifty dollars, including expenses of sale. Suppose we had used eighteen hundred pounds of phosphate instead of six hundred, and at a cost of forty-five dollars, would not the average quality have been raised to four cents each? We say yes, beyond a doubt, and this would give us one hundred dollars more receipts for an extra outlay of thirty dollars, beside leaving the soil in much higher heart for the next ten years to come. Look at the practice of the market gardeners at Haverhill and elsewhere: they bring a dollar's worth of stable manure home for every wagon load of vegetables they send to market, using frequently one hundred dollars worth per acre each year, and still they find it to their profit to continue the practice, rather than to invest less in manures. Their crops being more valuable per acre, their limit is higher than with farmers, but the principle is the same, and therefore those who have the means should experiment to ascertain "How much manure they can use with increased profit" and not loan out their surplus capital on mortgage at seven per cent, when they could use it at home at a higher rate.

What farmer does not know that to feed his horses well and work them hard, is more profitable than more horses to do his work, with less food? Why not treat his acres as he does his horses?

Leaves as Manure.

In many parts of our country woodlands have deposits of leaves, until the amount contained on the surface is entirely greater than is required for any benefit they can furnish to the growing forests. In such cases the leaves may be removed to the manure shed with great profit. Having parried before their fall, or soon after, with all their aqueous portion, they become a progressed representative of large amounts of inorganic matter, and when properly composted and decayed, form a manure of great value. Woods-earth, to be found in many localities in large deposits, is very valuable as manure,

but first requiring treatment with the lime and salt mixture, we have so often described, to neutralize tannic acid and to disintegrate the fibre so as to render the manure fine for distribution. We have often seen woods-earth of three times the value per cord of the best barn-yard manure. Dried leaves may be used as an absorbent for urine in stables in the place of straw, and they may be gathered up through the woods. The best mode of collecting leaves, particularly where the ground is not level, is to brush them down hill with a March broom. As soon as the windrow is formed, the pushing or rolling over of this windrow will cause it to pick up all the leaves in its wake, and at the foot of the hill it may be loaded into carts. In the making of hot-bed earth, and borders for grape vines, etc., gardeners prize woods-earth very highly. Black mould from the woods is extremely rich in all the inorganic materials; all of which are ready for re-assimilation in plants.

Lime—Its Abuse.

Lime, as a food for plants, is required in very small quantities, and for this purpose should be applied in very minute doses, and frequently. Shell lime is at all times better than stone lime when wanted as manure. When required not to feed plants, but to decompose other materials in the soil, such as inert organic matter, then larger doses may be given, and this should never be mixed with any manure of a nitrogenous kind—such as night-soil, phosphates, guano or barn-yard manure. Lime may be mixed with salt in the manner we have so often recommended, or with sour milk, or any other organic matter not readily decomposable. Never apply lime to the soil within a day or two of the time when manure has been applied. When barn-yard manures have been deeply buried in the soil, a light top-dressing of lime may be used after the plowing. This will gradually sink, and when it meets with and assists in decomposing the manure, the gases in rising will be absorbed by the incumbent soil.

Insect Powders.

All the effective insect powders now offered for sale, owe their efficiency to red camomile. It is sold by some of the druggists. Rub it to a fine dust, mix it with some cheap oil, and it is the best insect powder known. When dusted into cracks about the corners of ceilings, etc., out walks the cockroaches and all other intruders without fail. Dust affected plants and you may keep rid of insects.

SPIRITUAL ANNUAL.

EDITED BY S. B. BRITTON.

Having been frequently solicited by literary friends and many intelligent Spiritualists, in all parts of the country, to prepare

AN ELEGANT GIFT BOOK

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

I have at length made arrangements for the publication of the same, in a style that will not suffer in comparison with the other beautiful Gift Books that annually claim a place on the Center Table.

The Editor feels assured that the announcement of this enterprise will not fail to create the warm sympathy and active co-operation of all who desire to improve the literature of Spiritualism. It is, therefore, with no little confidence that his literary friends—and others whose esthetic acquisitions qualify them for such labors—are invited to forward their contributions to the pages of the new Annual.

Without desiring to circumscribe the range of thought, or to check the free utterance of a single generous sentiment or living idea, it may be observed that the field we propose to occupy is not the appropriate arena for a broadsword exercise, nor just the place for the man who—instead of a polished and jeweled rapier—wields a rusty tomawawk, in his mental and moral conflict with the world. In such a work as we propose to issue, anything like dogmatism would be unbecoming and offensive; and it is moreover desirable to avoid a controversial spirit, as exhibited in the characteristics of violent partisanship. Nevertheless, our sympathies are all with the *Progressive Spirit of the Age*; and contributions—in prose and verse—that shed a new light on human nature and its relations, or that serve to illustrate the Mysterious Phenomena of the times, and the principles of our own beautiful Philosophy, will be most acceptable.

The Annual will be embellished by several original designs, by the best living artists and by engravings, all of which will soon be in the hands of the most skillful engravers. Drawing Mediums and others who may have specimens of Spirit Art that possess real merit, are cordially invited to forward the same, without delay, for examination, with full and authentic information respecting their spiritual origin. Those whose contributions are selected to embellish the work, may each depend on receiving an elegantly bound copy of the Annual, as a recognition of their kindness, together with the safe return of the original—unless the contributor should be pleased to add the same to the editor's permanent collection.

Literary and Art-offerings intended for the Spiritual Annual should be addressed to the editor, Newark, N. J.; or, if more convenient, they may be left at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

S. B. BRITTON.

All manuscript contributions must be in the editor's hands before the first day of August, and those of an artistic character should be forwarded immediately.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. G. AUBURN.—The lowest price we can afford to furnish the BANNER to clubs is at the rates as published—\$1.50 for each yearly subscriber. Our paper is large and expensive and we have established as low rates as we can afford and give the variety of matter we publish.

J. H. B. EAST PAW PAW, ILL.—THE YANQUARD is printed at Cleveland, Ohio.

J. L. LOVELL, YARNOUTH.—What state?

To GEORGE E. LOCKWOOD.—You are wanted at the Annual Jubilee Meeting to be held at Newton Falls, on the Saturday and Sunday preceding the 4th of July.

II. BARNAM, J. G. CALENDER, and N. MERWIN.

OBITUARIES.

Died in Lebanon, N. H., 16th ult., Alice F., wife of J. G. Ticknor, aged 33 years.

She had, for a number of years, been a firm believer in spiritual communion, and when at last she heard the call to "come up higher," and felt the hand of change upon her mortal form, she shrunk not from the touch, and willingly obeyed the voice. Her companion is a firm believer, and breathes forth in his quiet calmness, "Thy will, oh God, be done."

I went from Marlboro', Mass., to attend the funeral, and felt regret for my wearisome journey when I saw how much the friends seemed comforted with what the kind spirits said to them through my humble organism. So, we have a religion that will serve us to die by, as well as to live by. If we make it a practical faith in earth-life, it will prove a living faith at the spirit's change.

M. B. TOWNSEND.

Died in Saxtonville, May 8th, Mr. Noah Parmenter, aged 82 years.

A firm and true friend of liberty, justice and truth has passed away, and many will miss his cheerful countenance. A spirit free as the mountain air, he could accept of no creeds; but living and dying with the fullest confidence that the great Power that hath care for the sparrow is mindful of man. To him all Nature's works were always beautiful—all was well. Should any one ask if he loved the Lord, like Abner Bon Adhem, his answer would have been—

"Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

Lowell, Mass. J. W. F.

Died, May 24th, at Brooklyn, Mich., Albert Whiting, aged 50 years.

Though prostrated by disease in one of its most terrible forms, (cancer), he bore his sufferings with remarkable fortitude. About a week before his departure he saw and recognized his spirit friends. It was to him an angel of mercy—a messenger of love—to bear the immortal spirit from its diseased and pain-stricken tenement; and in the truth of spirit-communion his afflicted family find a consolation which is real and soul-sustaining—in his transit a new tie to bind them to the spirit-world and a living gospel. Deceased was the father of A. B. Whiting, the poet medium.

Departed this life, on Saturday, the 21st ult., Elizabeth Munson, in the 81st year of her age.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

HARMONY HALL, 410 Washington street, will be open every day through the week as a Spiritual Reading Room, and for the reception of friends and investigators from abroad. Meetings will be present, and others are invited. Circles will be held evenings, when the hall is not otherwise engaged, to aid investigators and the development of mediums.

A CIRCLE for trance-speaking, &c., is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1/2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission 5 cents.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, Westminster street. D. F. GODDARD, registrar. Seats free.

NEWBURYPORT.—The Spiritualists of Newburyport have a fine Hall, which they will furnish free to any speaker on reformatory subjects, said lecturer to have for his or her services the whole of the collection which will be taken up in each meeting. Any letters addressed to R. Sherman, No. 5 Charles street, will receive immediate attention.

S. T. MUNSON'S CATALOGUE.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S WORKS.
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PAIKIN'S WORKS.

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SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

Written for the Banner of Light. SPEAK NOT UNKINDLY.

BY MINNIE MARY HAY.

The unkind word, oh, speak it not!
But stay the poisoning dart;
We may not know how heavily
"T will fall upon the heart.
That heart with sorrow's deepest griefs
May now be running o'er;
Then add not to the crushing weight
One single sorrow more.
We may not know the trials sore
Our brother has to bear;
Some grief, perchance to him so deep,
No other one may share.
Oh, speak not words so harsh and chill!
They fill the heart with woe,
And o'er the sunniest, happiest brow,
A shadow of sadness throw.
But to the heart, already crushed,
A greater grief they bring;
Then speak them not, but o'er that soul
Some gentle influence fling.
Speak kindly always, for each heart
Some grief and sadness knows;
Then add not by the unkind word
Another to its woes.
Speak kindly always—we may life
A shade from off some heart;
And by our kindness, and our love,
May strength and good impart.
Then stay the cruel, unkind word,
When'er we feel it rise,
And let us pray for strength of him
Who dwells above the skies.
East Medway, 1859.

OBSESSION.

Mrs. Emma Harrison. This much-misunderstood phenomenon, it seems to me, has been too much overlooked by Spiritualists hitherto, and I am glad to find your intelligent correspondent, Dr. C. H. D. of Boston, has called attention to the subject. Several of my own friends have had to encounter difficulties of a similar character to those referred to in the case of Mrs. Harrison's daughter with members of their own family, whose mediatorial powers were being unfolded, and great distress has been occasioned through a want of knowledge in the proper treatment of these interesting cases.

The old custom of rebuking the spirits—the first resort of the inexperienced—is known to only make matters worse, and I have more than once been called in to try the power of kindness upon a turbulent spirit, all other means having failed, and the spirit having become so fierce and unmanageable that alarm and consternation had taken the place of curiosity in the members of the circle. Love, sympathy and gentle words of counsel were the only means I ever employed on such occasions, and never, except in one instance, without success.

As some of my experiences may be of interest to your readers, and perhaps of service to such as may unexpectedly be called upon to minister to the sufferer of a medium, or the instruction of an undeveloped brother, I will briefly relate one of the most memorable of those experiences and the main incidents connected therewith.

It has been my good fortune to have frequently been brought in contact with those unfortunate who, while on earth, had few if any opportunities of learning the object of their existence or their relation to their fellows; who, having been surrounded on all sides by unfavorable conditions, passed into the next sphere of life ignorant and unprogressed. Many of the most valuable and instructive lessons I have received were taught me while laboring in this sphere of duty, and though much through which I have passed has been exceedingly unpleasant, it has nevertheless been more than equalled by the joy and delight experienced in beholding the progress of scores of sin-stained spirits from a condition of deep degradation and suffering, to one of comparative peace and happiness.

In the early part of the summer of 1854, while residing in Baltimore, I made some experiments in magnetism with a nephew—a lad about fourteen years old, of slender frame but good general health. I found him very susceptible to the magnetic influence, and after a few sittings I could readily induce the clairvoyant state. This soon ripened into independent clairvoyance and direct rapport with the spirit world, rendering my manipulations now unnecessary. Many and interesting were the manifestations for more than a month, and great was our delight that a channel had been found through which our relatives and friends could now so satisfactorily commune with us. An Indian, with the soubriquet of "Young Hawk," assumed his guardianship, and claimed to be his spirit magnetizer. His communications were frequent and instantaneous; indeed, he seemed to be more in the other world than in this.

A change, however, took place in the character of the manifestations. The Indian informed us that he was directed to bring for instruction certain undeveloped spirits, who would come regularly, one or two at a time, until the purpose for which they came should be accomplished. I therefore appointed several hours throughout the day to have interviews with them, and had the satisfaction of feeling that I was performing a labor of love, and knew by the results that I was directing in the right way many who had stepped aside from the true path. These undeveloped spirits, seeking light, were often followed by groups of dark ones, who would endeavor to dissuade them from their purpose, and every imaginable subterfuge would be resorted to, and even threats and force would be employed to deter them from leaving the society of those who claimed them as companions. Unbounded seemed the gratitude of such as were benefited by this intercourse, and often would they come to greet and cheer me, and tell how much they had advanced since last we met. After the first or second interview, or as soon as I had won their confidence, I would obtain from them a short narrative of their earth career, and many of these accounts were full and highly interesting. Each incident connected with the immediate cause of their departure from earth would be minutely related, and not unfrequently would they trace their lives far back to scenes of early childhood. Suicides, robbers, murderers and pirates would give their histories, and the diverse character of these biographies alone would yield convincing proof to those present that the lad had no ability to frame or fabricate them of himself.

It was now that, one more incommunicable than the rest, obtained control and would not withdraw; he seemed to be instigated by bands of dark forms who were bent upon thwarting our well-meant endeavors, even though the medium's life paid the forfeit. This leader, for so he claimed to be, backed by his desperate crew, seemed bent on nothing but evil. No means which I could bring to bear—sympathy, kindness, or entreaty—were of the least avail. Having possession, he defied and laughed at us, and I was forced to see the poor boy, day by day, suffer the most excruciating torture of body and agony of mind conceivable, without power to aid or relieve him. While this spirit retained possession, the medium would be conscious; not so when others had control. The sensation (as described by the lad) occasioned by this possession was like some one getting inside of his person, drawing him on like a glove, until his flesh and skin would feel like burning; at one time the head alone would be the seat of operations; then the chest; again the whole trunk would be convulsed with agony; then the limbs would be terribly contorted, and the whole system made to writhe with anguish. And thus, day after day, an unseen but intelligent power was racking and torturing this slender and delicate frame.

These obsessions became so alarming that, fearful the boy's shrieks would be heard by the neighbors, and knowing the prejudice that prevailed at that time against Spiritualism, upon the first intimation of their recurrence I would close the windows, fasten the doors, and shutting myself up with the sufferer, in agony of soul await their termination. The tears and cries and supplications of the poor boy, to be spared from undergoing the horrid ordeal he knew he had to pass, were enough to melt the most obdurate heart, and like a child in utter helplessness, I have wept in soul-felt sympathy with his sufferings.

This condition also changed, and another phase of obsession was presented. The medium was again rendered unconscious by enticement, and troops of the most disorderly, dark and riotous spirits would congregate around and obsess him. His face would assume the most demoniacal expression; his teeth would grind and gnash; he would rage and foam at the mouth, strike furiously at my face, and endeavor to draw my hand into his mouth to bite it. These obsessions would often occur while walking along the street; and as it was unsafe to leave him alone, they became so annoying to my nephew and myself, that I was forced to resort to any justifiable means to free him, if but temporarily, from the influence. In vain I reasoned and appealed to the better qualities

of these spirits' nature; but reason and appeal were as useless now as sympathy and kindness. I could by a series of reverse passes dispossess them for a time, when the lad's father would come and console with us, regretting his inability to aid us; but with a shout of exultation, his torturer would again obtain possession and retain it until forced to leave by my manipulations. These reverse passes soon lost their potency and were discontinued. Bending over the boy, I discovered by accident that his breath appeared greatly to disturb his tormentors. I then found, that by breathing into his mouth and nostrils I could drive them off quite readily. Sometimes they would declare I had covered them with ice; at other times that I had scorched them with fire; but they would soon return again, and always reinforced. These means, too, failed, and I was obliged to be with the lad night and day to afford what relief I might, as the control was never so violent while I was near him as at other times; when, being worn out by fatigue, loss of rest and undue mental excitement, I was about to give up my charge in utter despair, relief came to us both, as opportunely as unexpectedly.

I shall relate each incident precisely as it occurred, as far as I can recollect, however the skeptic may sneer, or the philosopher pronounce the word, "impossible!" I am stating facts—facts as incomprehensible to me as to others, perhaps, but which, nevertheless, are as true and real as any of the ordinary phenomena we daily witness.

On the morning of August 16th, 1854, I was standing at my desk, my mind engrossed with the strange events of the last few months, thinking of the probable fate of my poor nephew, left to the mercy, as it seemed, of those misguided spirits, (incarnate devils our Christian clergy would style them,) when he was suddenly entranced by his guardian, and coming up to me, his face wreathed in smiles, a spirit purporting to be his father informed me that it was the wish of his guardians and mine that I should without delay send him to Philadelphia, the residence of his mother; also that I should place in his possession a bottle which I would find in an apartment of my desk, with a strict injunction to keep it continually about his person. The spirit then withdrew.

The object of this singular request I could not comprehend; but looking in the place indicated I found a small scent-bottle, which I examined for an instant to ascertain whether there was anything peculiar about it, then handed it to my nephew, who appeared entirely ignorant of what had been said through him. He thanked me, and put the bottle in his pocket. I confess my suspicions began to be now awakened that the lad was attempting to practice upon my credulity, and I determined to watch most narrowly his proceedings, without appearing to be on my guard.

My attention was now arrested by his obsession. The dark ones came as before, howling and shouting, but to my surprise the howls immediately softened down into an inarticulate murmur, and the spirits were gone. Again and again they came and struggled to retain control, but without success. Several times they essayed to take the amulet away with my hand, which they grasped with his and thrust into his pocket, but could not retain control long enough to effect their purpose. Gradually, with each successive effort, they lost their power, and ere the day closed he was completely relieved of their unpleasant influence. Notwithstanding his tears and entreaties to be permitted to remain with us—he had become strongly attached to Baltimore—I felt it my duty to part with him, and the next day he was on his way to Philadelphia. Nearly five years have elapsed, and he has never felt the influence of spirits, nor exhibited externally the slightest susceptibility to their control.

I have never, since these experiences were mine, witnessed an anxiety for the mediatorial development of a child in any one, but I have thought it extremely unwise. These budding blossoms of humanity cannot be prematurely unfolded, save at the expense and sacrifice of the flower. I attribute the obsession of my nephew mainly to his immature condition—his unestablished physique and unformed mind—and his relief to some potent magnetism projected into or thrown around the bottle by wise intelligences, aided, unquestionably, by a change of residence. I think it would be well in all cases to allow both mind and body to mature, ere we place the young in such conditions as will bring them into a more intimate rapport with the spirit-world.

W. M. LARSON.
Philadelphia, May 26th, 1859.

SPIRITISM AND SPIRITUALISM.

The province of spiritism is a positive and external one viz., that of demonstrating the immortality of the human soul in a phenomenal, scientific, and philosophic way. However much we may feel that we are immortal, we can only know it through the demonstrations of past or present Spiritualism, or both. Logicians, who prove immortality from intuitional evidences alone, are thus met by the man of fact: You say "man universally has a desire for eternal life." God would never have given him so deeply-seated a desire, without giving also the appropriate means for its full gratification. "I will give you a parallel case: "Man universally has a desire" to obtain and acquire more and more of this world's goods—God would never have given him so deeply-seated a desire without giving also the appropriate means for its full gratification. "The difference between the two cases consists in the result being hid in the hoping trust of mystery in the one case, and in its being known and daily exposed in the other. If we are immortal, we must know it; and this knowledge can only be obtained by philosophic investigation in the science of spiritism, through the fact of its immemorial and world-wide-spread phenomena.

Spiritualism embraces spiritism as above defined, and also the religion it teaches through the counsels of the earth-born who have had the advantages of the experiences of both earth-life and spirit-life.

Through earth brooding darkness, hurried by angel hands, come in beautiful splendor, bright triangular stars, whose three sides are love, wisdom, purity; these are the lessons from the angel-world to-day.

Spiritualism's first lesson is that of soul-elevating, God-aspiring, heaven-born charity. It has one creed not written in words, but written deep in the yielding tablet of every human heart. Were it written in words, it would mean simply—God, our Father—man, our brother! It begs pleadingly with us to love God. In His image, the noblest work of his hands, and asks us in his love not to treat other than sympathetically and lovingly the darkest spirits in this or the other world with whom we may chance to meet. It teaches us that the more vicious and degraded humanity is, the greater claim it has on our kindness and love. It commands us to "eat and drink" with the "publicans and sinners" of our time; to not be afraid of being seen with the very Magdalen and Judases of society, if by such social intercourse we can be the means of doing them good. The highest enjoyments of the more pleasure seeker are but gilded halls compared with the spiritual heaven there is in the consciousness of doing good through self-sacrifice. Christ's utterance was a beautiful one—"It is more blessed to give than to receive!" "But it costs a great deal to brave public opinion!" says the fear-stricken worshiper of the what-will-people-say despot. Friend, did Jesus, Howard, or Hopper, ask what it cost when they showed the love-lighted way? Or, if we could noble examples to do nothing for our me? Oh, if we could but once realize the power of the Omnipotent in the use of his love in the practicality of daily life, we could never again, with Pharisaical piety, say insultingly to our erring brother, "Thou sinner!"

Spiritism is but the stepping-stone to Spiritualism, and is too often found mingled with and surrounded by the murky atmosphere of earth's bad conditions—hate, distrust, and selfishness. It is too often found drifting in life's ocean, cold as an iceberg; but we find Spiritualism, like a tropical isle, always invitingly warm with the light, life, and love of heaven. To promulgate the former costs many a lightning pang to the latter, as the on-rushing heaven-chariot of love and duty meet.

In its wisdom-lesson, Spiritualism teaches that human reason is paramount to revelation of all other kinds. In this position it has the company of a few Protestants, and of Deists, Pantheists, Atheists, and Infidels, and sceptics of every class and grade. The opposite ground is held by the mass of Protestants, and by Catholics, Latter Day Saints, Mussulmans, worshippers of Fo, Brahma and the sun, and believers in all other so-called Pagan religions. In appealing thus to the God-within, the reason-principle, and in not accepting any external standard of authority in men, books or actions, it opens the way for the harmonical philosophy in detail, of which, in this article, I do not propose to treat. Spiritualism's teachings in this department tend to beget changes of opinion in matters theological—in matters held by men with such tenacity, as to blind them to the great truth; that with the sceptic and believer, Pagan and Christian, religion is one and the same, and in theology alone do they all differ. Its practicality consists in making action, and not belief, the one thing needful for the soul's present and future salvation.

In nature's religious system, spiritism is the passage-way; Spiritualism is the first floor, and includes the former, while the harmonical philosophy is the second floor, including the chambers, attic, and entire structure.

But the great work of Spiritualism is through its love and wisdom to purify, refine, and spiritualize the individual. It

does this by commencing in the physical organism—eschewing all unhealthy stimulants in food and drink, and all unclean, debasing, and degrading habits. A clear mentality and a pure soul requires a clean, healthy body, or, rather, to contain it. The spiritual controls the material; reason, the appetites, and the latter, the outer man. This spiritualization process is the preparation for the real-life—the life to come; thus making each thought, word and deed, in every department of life, count in the laying up of eternal treasures. The rudimental life is thus but the threshold at which we clean the feet of our being before entering into eternity's magnificent temple.

Spiritism says to its disciple, "Go into all the world and preach your newly received gospel to every creature!" But Spiritualism says to its disciple, "Henry W. Beezer, let your neighbor alone to go to work in the field of your own soul, and pluck out the noxious weeds and poisonous plants which earth's rank, gross, and bad conditions have sown broadcast with the seeds which the hand of the Divine has planted, and thus he ever purifying and beautifying your own heart for the dwelling place of God's love, wisdom and purity!"

There is no power in the universe to make us better and purer, which can equal a positive knowledge and consequent belief in the guardianship of our dear loved ones who have passed over death's river. This is a true love and fear of God as manifested through his greatest work—the human spirit. "Your theory is pretty enough," says an on-looker, "but do the facts sustain it?" My friend, I can only tell you what I know. Notwithstanding the class called Spiritualists number more than that of any one other religious belief in the United States, yet an examination into our court records reveals a much smaller proportion of crime among the former than among the latter. Go into the most intelligent and moral portions of the Union, and you find them very numerous, and vice versa. I know, too, that I have never had the good fortune to personally meet with as high an average standard of morality in theory and practice, among those of any other religious belief, as I have personally met with among those called Spiritualists. How can a man plunge into vice and debauchery when he knows his own mother, father, sister, brother, companion, child, or dearest friend, is not only watching his action, but may be reading every thought of his heart. Yet an unprincipled spiritist is a possibility, but an unprincipled Spiritualist, never!

Spiritualism promotes longevity, health and happiness, in annihilating all fear, and substituting in its place a calm, resigned, satisfied and trusting spirit. All hereafter ones know what terrible ordeals are these separations by death. It is as useless to say that Spiritualism takes away all pain from these, as to say that the New England mother feels no pain in parting with the youngest daughter, the pet of the household, newly married, and just starting for a new home in the far west. But it is a satisfaction to know they are still with us, and not separated beyond reach of communication—to be able to say to the dead one who has just passed on—

"Still in thy love I trust—
Supreme o'er death, since deathless is its essence;
For putting off the dust,
Thou hast but died with a nearer presence.

And for this, for all,
I breathe no selfish plaint, no faithless murmur;
On me yet snow-draws fall,
But thou hast gained a more abiding summer.

Striking a plaintive string
Like some poor harper at a palace portal,
I wait without and sing,
While those in life glide in and dwell immortal.

I bless God that the dawn
Of heaven's peace hath dawned on earth's night of sorrow;
My feet are journeying on,
I shall o'ertake thee on some sweet to-morrow!"

H. W. BOOZER.

WISDOM.

To some minds it may appear inconsistent, but nevertheless I am impressed to openly acknowledge my belief in the existence of a Saviour, whose divine and directing power has shown brightly in the suffering and the thoughts and deeds of men on their upward way, ever since the first man fell. I believe that he existed before the world was made; that he was, and is, co-eternal and co-eternal with the Father; that he is an incarnate essence, possessing in a finite degree the attributes of the Infinite. I believe that he was promised, or rather that his presence and spiritual influence were indicated in the morning period of human existence—in the infant or Eden stage, when Adam awoke from the long night of creation, and declared its night and power.

When I gaze abroad over the innumerable situated multitudes that people the earth, and perceive the vast amount of ignorance, woe, misery and suffering that exist, then my belief in this Saviour is the only source of hope and consolation. Then I feel that, although I cannot render my suffering brethren external assistance, I can preach the gospel of ultimate amelioration from error and discord, and reconcile them to their temporary afflictions.

It is the prevailing belief in Christendom that the Father of spirits predestined a savior for our earth; that came, and that through his instrumentality it is rendered possible for all men to be saved with an everlasting salvation. This is a statement of my intuitive belief—a belief justified by reason and common philosophy. But the Saviour of whom I speak, is only known by a good and intelligent who clearly love his precepts and principles, and devoutly practice them; but the uneducated and prejudiced are skeptical concerning his ability to save and elevate. These want, or think they want, something more potent, or something stronger and more authoritative, to render their abilities, and lead them from error and discord into harmony and happiness.

But the Saviour's superior influence, when it gains an expression—his beautiful deeds and unequalled spirituality—elicit even from the ignorant, reason like the most of education and praise. His saving power and noble spirit are manifested in the simplest invention of the age, and in the awakening and reformatory movements of the age. I know that his spirit is immanent in man. In every exertion which man makes to banish evil and discord from the earth—to do good, to advance humanity, to relieve suffering, to subvert the kingdoms of darkness, and to glorify in the glory of God, his spirit is present, and his power is manifest.

There are many, very many, evils from which we need salvation. We need to be saved from physical disease, from war, famine, pestilence, indigence, servitude, injustice, prejudice and uncharitableness. We need to be saved from the evils of present society, and from every obstacle that tends to retard the development of the human mind and body. These evils, I know we will be ultimately free. The life and talents of good men are devoted to the dissemination of those principles which flow up from their philanthropic spirits into speech, and thence into universal improvement. At all times I am made thoroughly conscious of the Father's existence in the human mind, and the atmosphere of truth, which develops their native magnanimity, and enables them to manifest how good is goodness, and how true is truth.

It is by such minds only that the gospel of the true Saviour will be proclaimed and urged into practice. The true Saviour of the human race is not the Creator of the world, and all things, and who is incarnated and represented more or less in every correct movement that has been made since the world began—Wisdom, the embodiment and image of universal harmony, and the ever-blooming flower of the Divine Mind. That Wisdom which will be the Father's exhibit in the human mind, and the atmosphere of truth, which serves and distinguishes them from chaos, is, in a finite degree, the resident, and the bright and protecting angel of the human soul; and I believe that that power which preserves the world of matter from confusion, will also save the world of spirit from error and discord, and will be the Father's exhibit in the human mind, and the atmosphere of truth, which serves and distinguishes them from chaos, is, in a finite degree, the resident, and the bright and protecting angel of the human soul; and I believe that that power which preserves the world of matter from confusion, will also save the world of spirit from error and discord, and will be the Father's exhibit in the human mind, and the atmosphere of truth, which serves and distinguishes them from chaos, is, in a finite degree, the resident, and the bright and protecting angel of the human soul; and I believe that that power which preserves the world of matter from confusion, will also save the world of spirit from error and discord, and will be the Father's exhibit in the human mind, and the atmosphere of truth, which serves and distinguishes them from chaos, is, in a finite degree, the resident, and the bright and protecting angel of the human soul; 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But in order to say in 1850, that I thought union prayer-meetings would tend to bring the different churches together, and fear that if they got the idea that they were being assimilated, this most desirable result would be defeated. We have always wanted union, you know. I never saw the time when we were not united in prayer-meetings, and in all our churches would have become Congregationalists. There is not an Episcopal bishop who would not be glad to see a union of the churches (I'll would become Episcopalians). The Baptists would not have the slightest objection to a union of the churches with the Episcopalians.

When a church was dissolved in a certain town, the people were divided with reference to what it should stand, and the minister had to preach a very strong sermon on the subject. This sermon had the desired effect. I've often brought this to the eyes of the deacons—and it is a good sign when they are brought to the eyes of the deacons—and on another occasion, said to him, "Christy, your dissent, and we are Imperious, the cause of Christ by your direction, and I have come to tell you that we must compromise; and now, you must give up, for I can't." And here is a Pope offering to compromise by saying, "You must give up, for I can't," here is a Presbyterian offering to compromise by saying, "You must give up, for I can't," here is a Congregationalist association offering to compromise by saying, "You must give up, for I can't."

But my own theory is this: Let giving up alone. Let everyone live in a one-story, a two-story, or a five-story house, just as he likes. Let him have a copy house, too, as he may like the more. If a man is a bad, low, dirty, uncleaner. You will find that such a course will do more than any other toward bringing about unity in the world.