

with your tradesman's daughter, that would involve you in trouble with the nobility. Leave her with her father in gentle banishment, in one of your country seats, and she will be tolerated and forgotten, while you can live in the capitals, and amuse yourself with your wife's money; and of course you will find the best reception in all high and noble families, if you come alone, and do not compel our aristocracy to call the merchant's proud little daughter 'my lady Countess!'

"Indeed, you ought to be prime minister, if there was any justice in the land!" cried Reichenstein; "your advice is grand, I will follow it, and you shall enjoy its golden fruits with me. That is all settled now. Now to something else. I have already told you that I love a young girl; but the father is a moderately wealthy man, an old-fashioned, strong principled, stern and pious man. I cannot obtain free admittance to his house; only on plea of business can I go there. The little Maria is a real Madonna in beauty, but I cannot approach her with the usual flatteries. What shall I do? Advise me, prime minister."

"Have you given your name?" inquired his friend. He had not, but had appeared as a wealthy Hano-verian gentleman.

"That lessens the difficulty," said the adviser. We will carry her off, and it will not even be necessary to take her out of the city. I will arrange it all for a little money."

"Excellent! Let us settle upon the plan of operation at once, and then to its execution!" cried Reichenstein, triumphantly; and he rose from his seat, took his friend, the noble Herr von Lichtenfels by the arm, and, with him, left the pavilion.

Utterly unconscious of the danger that threatened the two beings so dear to their hearts, Herborn and Mainert sat on the other side, hearing only the confused murmur of voices, unconscious of the contrast between their own aspiring, noble souls, and those of the puppets of fashion, discussing in heartless glee their vile plans for the destruction of innocence and virtue.

They remained after midnight on that silent, sheltered spot, and each sought to cheer the other by pleasant converse, for neither cared to seek their dwellings, where the power and gloom of solitude awaited the heavy hearts of the sufferers.

The bell of the near St. Peter's church announced, with hollow clang, the first hour of the morning of the fifth of May, that was to be marked eventful in the year 1842. From amid dark clouds appeared suddenly the waning moon, and, cast a strange, red, dazzling light upon the softly murmuring waves of the Alster, and upon the white, stately edifices of the Jungfernstieg; the entire surroundings appeared flooded with crimson light.

The friends were deeply moved by the beautiful scene; they stood long silent, as if in devotion, leaning against the parapet of the gallery; at length Mainert exclaimed—

"What a strange and glorious spectacle! As far as eye can reach the Alster is a sea of flame, advancing as silently and weirdly as if it would overflow the city."

Scarcely had he said the words, when from every church of the city, almost simultaneously, rang out the alarm bells, and from the nearest streets the alarm of "Fire!" resounded. Their eyes turned from the river towards the city. There, with amazement and terror, they beheld in the south, in the Elbe neighborhood, a lurid glare upon the heavens. They hastened from the pavilion towards the place of danger, obeying their highest impulses, willing to risk their lives in the exercise of human duty.

The city of Hamburg was on fire!

CHAPTER III.

For many years the frequently-occurring fires in and around Hamburg had been extinguished with so much promptitude as to cause but slight damage, and the citizens reposed their entire confidence in the fire regulations of the city. Relying, therefore, on the experiences of the past, they were not alarmed by the crimson glare that overspread the heavens, arising from the Elbe region of the *Altstadt*; but as the flames spread on with maddened haste, enveloping entire rows of houses, aided by the dry wood-work upon them, the combustible matters these dwellings contained; as the sharp wind fanned the blaze, and the slight resistance of water failed; as, perhaps, too, the lack of energetic action on the part of the firemen was noticed, the blind confidence hitherto reposed in them, in all human power gave way, and the gloomy spirit of foreboding—of dread—knocked warningly at every door.

The morning sun rose on the scene of destruction, and by its light the extent of the night's injury was known. It exceeded all calculation—it terrified the beholders!

From all the neighboring towns came help in numbers, and yet the courage of the city's inhabitants drooped and fell; for, despite of the united efforts—the utmost strain of will and muscle—the fire continued, passing on in gigantic, all-devastating fury. Like a black, thick pall, a huge cloud of smoke enveloped half the city; here and there the red flames quivering through, like torches at a death-sacrifice. As if a volcano had suddenly opened its fiery mouth, there poured a shower of glowing ashes far and wide upon the doomed portion of the city; like writhing serpents, flying firebrands passed through the air, tossed aloft by the aiding winds, whirled over streets and canals; and where they fell upon the distant roofs, they made a burning nest, and kindled in a few moments the forked flames that enveloped in destruction the property of man. The noonday sun fell on pale, anxious faces, from which all the light of hope had departed; for still the devastation spread, hastening on, an unconquerable foe, rendering human effort powerless.

That afternoon, the flames seized on St. Nicholas's Church—that ancient temple of the Most High, that had withstood the storms of time for nearly seven hundred years; the fall of its high, flaming steeple gave anew the signal of destruction; the fiery flood rolled onward, spreading ruin on every side. From more than twenty streets rushed the fugitives, laden with whatever they had saved, rushing on blindly with the speed of terror. Vehicles of all kinds barred the way, filled with goods of all descriptions, and running against each other confusedly; while all around the gables were overthrown, the walls of buildings fell; shooting engines, accompanied by powder-wagons, rolled through the streets, with the intention of blowing up those houses not yet attacked by fire—confusion, bustle, the thunder of the cannons, the cries for help, terror and despair, on all sides, wherever eye or ear could turn!

Night advanced, and still the lurid glare over-spread the stricken city, and was reflected on the

waters and the distant sky; still, as if in scorn of human endeavor, the unchained element exulted in its freedom, and rushed victoriously to its destroying work. The confusion augmented with every hour; the authorities, hemmed in by cares and fears, could scarcely uphold the necessary order; and every citizen beheld himself compelled to act in his own defence.

In that time of dread and danger, shone forth most brilliantly the divinest attributes of humanity; examples of daring heroism, of unsurpassed nobleness of character—of self-sacrifice; but the low and sordid passions also revealed themselves. From the bosom of the wild, eventful night, came forth the outcasts of humanity, who, taking advantage of the sorrow and panic, plundered and robbed, adding to the universal terror. The deep cellars, the famed "Beggars' Retreat" of Hamburg, and other darkened dens of vice, gave forth their inmates, who, burdened with the load of vice and crime, mingled their fiendish shouts with the wailings of the great wretchedness! Amid the devastating flood they danced exultingly, and found rich booty in the yet untouched property of the unfortunate.

It was nearly midnight when the street in which Robin Hunter lived was attacked on both sides by the flames. The house which he had bought soon after his arrival in Hamburg, was furnished in the most costly manner in the English style; everywhere in it the power of wealth, the taste for luxury, was apparent. As the threatened danger drew near, advancing with giant footsteps, the merchant found himself alone with his daughter in the vast and elegant mansion; surrounded by the cold, glittering splendors his wealth had obtained, all of which seemed valueless, in view of the imminent and approaching peril; but they were deprived of that highest blessing, that is often awarded to lighten the burden of adversity—a true friend's presence. The servants of the house, who were not bound to them by love, had left them in their stately home—had removed themselves and their humble effects as far as possible from the region of the fire. The few acquaintances of Robin Hunter, appeared not to remember his existence in the time of necessity; and his only business friend in the city, his banker, from whom he hoped to receive advice and aid, had left his own burning house, and was compelled to seek a shelter in a friend's dwelling. The merchant and his daughter found themselves forsaken by all. Incapable of action, outside of business matters, Mr. Hunter had been accustomed to the services of numerous agents, and had spent the whole day in listlessness; missing the opportunity for safe retreat when it was nearest, and now, that no hope remained of his exemption from the universal misfortune, he sank into a state of utter despondency and hopelessness.

He saw his house, its luxurious appointments, irretrievably lost to him; and this thought, and that of the future, with its privations and humiliations, weighed heavily upon his soul. Helena, almost unconscious with grief and fear, was not capable of speaking one consoling word; she was herself inconsolable; for not only dread of their approaching loss of property, but another, and a deeper sorrow gnawed at her heart. As usual, the Count Reichenstein had paid his morning visit on that day; he had spoken of the conflagration, and of the heart-rending scenes occurring in the neighborhood; but he evinced no sympathy with the sufferings of the many; he spoke of them with smiles and jests—with his customary frivolous manner. When Helena mentioned her fears that the flames would reach their dwelling, he had replied to her indifferently, and had laughingly mocked her apprehensions. He regretted that the great misfortune had interrupted so suddenly the various public amusements and cheerful assemblies; and said that he had resolved to flee from the tedious scene, and, in company with a few friends, to pass the afternoon and evening at a choice circle in the country. With this he left her presence, repeating the assurances of his love and devotion, with the same fluency that the parrot repeated his lesson.

His manner awoke Helena from her proud dreams, and compelled her to reflect upon the future opening before her. The result of her meditations was not a consoling one; she felt wounded, and a dread of that future, she had invoked, stole to her heart. Although, like her father, she had sought the glitter of wealth and station, as the only means of securing earthly happiness, she felt that the man she had chosen for his titled name could never offer her a manly heart; that he never could represent the ideal she had hoped to meet in him. In her own heart lay hidden many treasures of feeling, noble, true, exalted; but these treasures, like a gold-vein deeply imbedded in hard rock and concealed from the day, had not revealed themselves in the rosy light of life—had not sought expansion, or bled a human heart with their abundance. The hard, cold rules of a fashionable education, which, only intent on cultivating the understanding and the pride of wealth, had even from childhood restrained the natural, pure, and tender feelings of her heart, but had not annihilated them. Sometimes they glimmered through the ice-crust of conventionalism, yet dared not come forth in their fullest glory. All that she had ever read or dreamed of love, was based on exalted feeling that she deemed eternal and necessary to the happiness of marriage; and this she demanded of the man of her choice, deeming his feelings elevated, true and noble, a fit accompaniment to his worldly position. She missed this state of thought, for the first time, in the count; for he had that day, for the first time, undisguisedly revealed himself. Disappointed in his estimate of her fortune, he had been more careless than usual, and she had taken a glance into his soul. He had thus destroyed the sweetest of her illusions, for she deemed his love a disinterested affection for herself, her personal beauty, her gifts of intellect; and a dream foreboding whispered that he sought her hand in the light of a mere business speculation—an exchange of a noble name for gold.

She felt deeply wounded by his want of sympathy, yet she hoped he would return that evening, to offer consolation, hope and aid. The evening passed; it was near midnight; the last hope of his return vanished, and with it the last ray of faith in his love. He had forsaken her in necessity and danger; what dare she expect in the future from him?

The wild sea of flame still reared their dwelling, and she entreated her father to leave the house with her and seek some shelter in the suburbs. But she received no decided answer; he did not seem willing to leave his property, until the most pressing peril compelled him. She persisted in entreating him at all hazards to seek safety in speedy flight; and in her hurry and confusion of mind, still conscious of the value of gold, she determined on saving her

most precious valuables, and the costly silver. She left her father, and hastened to an upper story, where these things were kept, and quickly choosing from among them, she placed all in a large basket, resolved to carry the heavy weight herself. While she was thus occupied, Robin Hunter sat alone in a spacious and elegant room on the first floor; his face was gloomy, his features contracted as if with soul-pangs of memory or remorse; with both hands he held a large pocket-book, which contained his most important papers, and the half of his fortune in bank-notes; his fingers were pressed convulsively upon his treasures, and his thoughts roamed amid the past, until the danger of the present seemed banished from his mind. He heard not the wild confusion, the mingled shouts and cries that suddenly arose from the street, and a few moments later sounded from his own threshold. Only when the door of his room was burst open, did he look around, as if awakened from a painful dream.

He saw a band of miserable-looking, drunken wretches, shouting, swearing, laughing, enter his room; they were all poorly clad; some of them in rags; and they carried axes, hammers, ropes, and various tools; they bore upon their faces the unmistakable impress of vice and crime.

"We are deliverers!" they shouted all together, and in frenzied haste they took hold of the costly furniture. Their address, rough as it was, awakened a faint glimmer of hope in Hunter's breast, for he thought they might be the emissaries of the Insurance Company, sent to aid him, and dispose of his effects in a place of safety. He called to them with a more cheerful tone than was usual with him:—"God be thanked! You came at the right time! Take hold, good people, help, help quickly! I will reward you well!"

He had not ceased speaking, when a tall, ragged fellow approached him with a laugh, and said, ironically:—"I advise you not to budge more than a lantern-post, you high-nosed aristocrat! We are deliverers, not for you, but for ourselves. The devil has kindled this fire for his best beloved children; so we move ourselves and take whatever pleases us. You need not tell us to help ourselves; we have learned that in the best schools, and we shall find our pay for ourselves, when we turn out your pockets."

With a threatening gesture he was forbidden to leave the room; and then the robber turned to two of his evil-looking companions, who were busied in taking down a handsome mirror with a heavy gilded frame. "Don't spend your time with that breakable stuff!" he cried; and with his ponderous hammer he shivered to pieces the costly Venetian plate, and then continued demolishing a mahogany bureau, and searching for its contents. The rest tore down the heavy silk curtains, broke open a glass case, destroyed, with furious shouts, the precious vases it contained, and with their instruments pierced holes through the rare oil-paintings that adorned the walls.

Robin Hunter was unable to utter a word. He was overwhelmed by the dread spectacle of such barbarous destruction; that so suddenly was enacted before his eyes. He observed not the young man who approached him, who had been long regarding him. He was dressed as a sailor, and looked cleaner than the rest; he put his hand on the merchant's shoulder, and with faltering voice that denoted intoxication, said to him in the mother language:—"Do we behold one another again? Don't I bring a merry company with me? For there are few among them whose ancestors have not swung from the gallows! Am I more worthy of your name? Shall I now have my inheritance?"

With a look of amazement and horror, Hunter looked into the bloated, changed face, striving to enforce his doubts; but the well-known features were there, recognizable amid all change; the familiar voice could not be disguised, even by the heavy tongue. With the loud, heart-wringing cry of "Ralph!" throwing his hands before his face, the father sank into the nearest chair.

The heavy pocket-book to which he had clung with the tenacity of despair fell from his nerveless grasp. Ralph took it from the floor; opened it and viewed its contents; his glassy eyes, gleamed brightly, his features expressed a wild, almost fiendish joy; with hollow accents he spoke to himself:

"Thanks to the Satan! Here lies all the mammon in my hand at once! My beautiful inheritance—enough for my whole life! A deep sigh escaped him; with bitterness he continued:—"What enjoyment could I procure with this, that I have not drained to the dregs? Have I not cradled myself upon the splendid heights of social life; am I not now grovelling in the mire of life, exulting in animal enjoyment? and here as there, all is satiety, disgust; nowhere peace—nowhere cheerful contentment? And to whom do I owe this miserable existence? To you, man with the metallic heart!" he cried wildly as he took Hunter's hand.

"You, who educated me systematically for a spendthrift; you, who cast the spoils of the world, because your own work afflicted you—the work of your own heartless calculation! Why did you allow me, as a child, day by day to look into your glittering show-box, that I might in time become acquainted with the power and influence of gold? There I admitted to my soul, the pictures of vanity, pomp and indolence, haughtiness and love of pleasure, that smothered all the better feelings of my heart! Did you not sow and cherish all the faults, humors and vices that in after years, like demons, stormed against God and reason, until the maddened brood that you had raised and strengthened, grew to monsters and turned their poisoned stings upon yourself, and with frenzied hunger devoured your gold? Then you trembled for what you had done; you demanded gentleness, repentance, reformation! But your fetters were all too weak for the full-grown will; the lack of consciousness gave no place for the uprising of repentance; reformation was impossible, for you had culpably neglected the soil of my heart—with glittering stones the soft ground was filled and overgrown with weeds that left no room for noble thoughts to flourish. The sculptor breaks the misshapen form, and makes a new and better one; you were not master enough to give the sinfully lavished clay a new form, so you cast the bungled figure from you, that it might not wound your eye, uncaring whether it would be a terror to itself or others! You have disinherited me, cast me from you, thrown me out upon the waste of misery and bitter necessity, and yet I am no prodigal, no lost son—I am a neglected one! See, I hold your mammon in my hand; I can take a part, or all of it as mine, and say: the father owes bread to his son, and if he has fed him on the food of wealth, he has no right to take from him forever the golden nourishment. But your gold is dis-

gusting to me, for I cannot purchase with it one joy of life. I despise life—it has no charms for me except in danger—no aim except in death. I have fought in Algiers against the wild Bedouin hordes; I have dedicated myself to the sea as a common sailor; I have not forsaken the burning portions of the city for twelve hours; I have ventured in the midst of the rushing flood of flame—but all in vain! From conflict, storm and fire I emerge untouched—I cannot find the peaceful goal so much desired! I throw myself, as night advanced, into the arms of these vagabonds, and sought for relief from pain and memory in the work of destruction. But be not troubled, man! thy precious name shall not be mentioned in suspicious company; my name is Ralph—the family name of those who discarded me I have long since cast from me. Fear not, either, that I shall find pleasure in the vices of my companions; for never, sunken and degraded as I am, shall I become a beggar, a thief! Therefore I return your mammon; I will not rob you of your idol, although you have deprived me of my god. From this day we part forever, and may chance never bring us together again! I shall never demand anything from you, not even your blessing; but I beseech you take to my sister my heart's last greeting!"

He gave him the pocket-book, and turned away; the fumes of intoxication had left his brain, and the violent tone of indignation in which he had first spoken, had given place to the accents of deep and wounded feeling.

A mighty struggle raged in Robin Hunter's soul; with the power of that voice seemed mingled the accusing tones of conscience—for every word contained a fearful truth. As he looked upon his neglected son, now the companion of the low and vile, he became conscious for the first time of his culpability towards him; and yet his heart was full of vain, proud plans—the cold pride yet dwelt in his bosom—he could not give admittance so quickly to the warm repentant feelings of humanity. The betrothal of his daughter to the Count von Reichenstein, forbade the idea of acknowledging the outcast son, but in secret, he would gladly have brought a sacrifice, to elevate once more the unhappy Ralph, and restore him to society. Time was pressing; no resolve was formed in his soul, and before he had found the gentle answer, the same tall fellow who appeared to be the leader of the band, and who had listened anxiously to the conversation, approached the merchant and cried laughingly:

"Do you think I do not understand your English? I served five years under Admiral Stophord, in the English marines. By Satan's grandmother! that is the funniest story that ever tickled my ears since I ride Nickel List's hobby-horse! The tpr-jacket there, Ralph, has found his father. Who would have thought the fellow had such an aristocratic gold-papa? Come here and see, boys! that heavy pocket-book that the old marmot hugs so closely to him, Moses and all the prophets stick in there! He has not yet offered his finger-tips to welcome his son. Hurrah! here is an inheritance for us all, for are we not Ralph's brothers? Have we not sworn eternal brotherhood in the market-place, by the ton of port-wine that we tapped there! Hollo, boys! there will be shares enough for each of us to go a long way through the world. Out with the inheritance, you hard-hearted father! we are all your loving sons, merry gallows' birds, that long to see your shining gold!"

With his hammer threateningly uplifted, he came still nearer to Hunter, stretching out the other hand for the pocket-book, which the frightened, deadly pale old man sought vainly to hide in his bosom.

Before he could touch his booty he was met by a thundering "Hold!" and a strong blow sent him staggering back. It was Ralph, who, like a loosened tiger, had sprung upon him; he seized from the hand of the robber next to him the cudgel he held, and thus armed he approached to defend his father from violence, as he swung the weapon and cried:

"Let no one venture to attack this old man, if he values his life! I have not opposed your brutal destructiveness, because it was too late to save, and the house is already doomed to the flames; but whoever touches but a hair of this man's head, or stretches his hand for the property he carries with him, him will I cut down like a wild beast!"

The gigantic leader of the robber band, had, in the meantime, recovered from the blow, and fearing a laugh, he cried:

"See, the fine little brother! he will not share with us! But his skull is not of iron, and my hammer is no honey-cake! Seize him! I help you! upon him, boys, upon him!"

There was a terrible conflict; Ralph stood before his father, who lay almost bereft of consciousness in a chair; he swung the cudgel above his head, evading many a blow, defended himself valiantly against the robber crew that pressed upon him; their fury increased; the ringleader had aimed a heavy blow with the ponderous hammer; others sought to reach him with the heavy-gilded bars torn from the curtains; but none succeeded. He maintained his position gallantly, following their attempts with flaming eyes, and always intent on protecting his father, even at the cost of his life. But at length two of the most cowardly of the vagabonds succeeded in throwing a noose around him, and thus throwing him to the floor. Dismayed and helpless, he sank down with a groan, and the shouting band surrounded him with jibes and menaces; his life was at their mercy.

They would have killed him in their fury; but their uplifted arms were stayed, for suddenly heavy footsteps were heard approaching; bayonets glistened, arms clashed, the word of command resounded, and a detachment of the Citizen's Guard surrounded the surprised miscreants. The men were under the direction of a sergeant, and hearing the tumult from without, had hastened to the deliverance of the oppressed.

"There, we have the whole band!" said the sergeant—a man of stern but noble countenance—and turning to them, he continued—"See, you wretches! the mercy of God permitted your escape this morning, from the vestry of St. Nicholas's Church, which you broke in to plunder; but in the present, justice has overtaken you. Bind them!" he commanded his men; "and let us place them where they can do no more harm."

In a few moments they were disarmed, and bound with the same ropes, part of which they had used upon their intended victim. The sergeant deemed it necessary, for the moment, to have some intimation of what had occurred; he took his memorandum-book, and requested the name of the party saved from the hands of the thieves, as well as some account of the outrages they had committed.

"My name is Ralph. I am a sailor on board the American ship Washington," replied the young man; and then in silence he looked upon the ground.

But his father, who, since the appearance of the guard, had collected his scattered senses, now added with some hesitation:—

"I am deeply grateful to the stranger; he came to my assistance at the moment of most imminent danger; and protected my person and property at the risk of his life."

"Go, then, with God, brave young man!" said the sergeant; and before the arms of the father, in obedience to awakened feeling, could unfold the son, he had vanished from the room. A bitter pang of shame passed through Hunter's breast; he had denied his unfortunate son, had cast him away the second time; and in an hour when he owed him the deepest gratitude; and yet he was too weak and irresolute to call him back, and offer him peace and reconciliation.

The sergeant had not until then closely observed the merchant; but when he heard his name, and saw his features by the clear light of the astral-lamp that illumined the apartment, a sudden pain seemed to convulse his frame, and the hand that held the memorandum trembled visibly. A cloud of gloom and sorrow overpread his face, but it was only for a moment; then he was himself again, and with his usual urbanity of manner, with a gentle voice he said:—

"You have waited too long with the safe disposal of your effects, but I will take every means to find trustworthy persons to save what is possible of your household goods. You must leave your house, for you do not appear strong enough to meet the danger that every moment is advancing. I offer you the shelter of my home, which I hope will be spared by the fire this night. Do you accept? Then come with me quickly, for my business calls me to be active and ready."

The old merchant, since the departure of his son, had been tortured by a thousand gloomy thoughts, and had not half understood the friendly offer and the meaning of the good sergeant; so that, in place of thanks, he stammered promises of reward and pecuniary return, but was interrupted by the good man, who replied to him with a noble consciousness:

"Not another word, sir! I do not need a reward; and when I fulfill the duties that God and humanity demand of me, I demand no other compensation than that which I find within myself."

He gave the signal for departure; six men escorted the prisoners; he himself kindly supported the old man, who, exhausted by the terrible scenes of the past hour, was scarcely able to drag along his failing limbs. They all left the house; but when Mr. Hunter reached the last step of his mansion, and gained the street, a loud cry of anguish burst from his lips, and with the one word, "Helena!" he sank fainting to the pavement. He had forgotten his daughter amid the stormy scenes, the pressing danger, and the sudden recollection that he had not seen her for an hour, overcame totally his failing strength.

The commander and his men heard not the cry of the unhappy father, for at that moment all their attention was directed to the prisoners. The sergeant, who had left him for a moment, sprang towards him, and endeavored to awaken him from his swoon; it was in vain.

"Away, away!" he cried; "away with him from the reach of the fire; he needs a physician's help!" He ordered two of his guards to assist him in the conveyance of the wretched man, upon whose death-like face and rigid form he looked in pity; as quickly as they could they took up their burden and marched on.

They had scarcely passed on some fifty paces, when the lawyer Herborn rushed from a neighboring street, and stood for a moment before the merchant's house. The clear light streaming from the apartment on the first floor led him to suppose that the owner had not yet left; that perhaps his help might be needed. The thoughts of the keen insight that had been offered him were driven back by the holy feelings of human love and pity in view of the advancing danger. He passed the threshold; hurriedly entered the house; the well-lighted room was empty; disorder and confusion reigned in place of the usual luxurious order and neatness. Filled with inexplicable dread, he hastened up the wide stairs; in the entry leading to the second story he found Helena, rendered insensible through fear, lying by the heavy basket that contained her jewels. The red flames were already passing over the roof, and the windows were splintered by the glow, the glass falling around in showers. Every moment was precious.

Herborn lost not a moment in snatching the insensible girl to his bosom, in throwing the handle of the basket over his arm, and in flying from the burning house. He scarcely seemed to feel the weight of his burden, but sped on through the flaming streets. Flery showers fell around upon him; chimneys and gables fell before, behind him; his foot trod securely over the glowing ruins. In a few moments, following the direction he had taken, he had almost reached a spot of comparative safety, in the streets yet untouched by the fire. But there, at the end of the rolling, fiery flood, was the greatest conflict with its power. There, was the densest crowd, the wildest confusion, the loudest outcries. Fire-engines, wagons, hand-cars, vehicles of all descriptions mingled together; the fire-companies and their voluntary helpers; the military; fugitives, laden with their household goods and wares, all were mixed together; commanding, calling, weeping, shouting and supplicating.

Herborn saw the utter impossibility of passing through the crowd and tumult; a burning portion of a roof had fallen upon his right knee, and he felt his strength forsaking him. Seeking some way to escape, he looked around, and observed to the left a small street in which but few of the houses appeared as yet touched by the flames. As far as he could see, the street was empty and forsaken; and he saw not that it was closed off, and its entrance guarded by the military; the soldiers were concealed from his view by a passing engine.

Without a second thought, and unseen by the sentinels, he fled into the empty street. He walked a few paces on, then his knees trembled beneath him, and black clouds seemed to float before and obscure his sight. He paused in utter exhaustion, and leaned for support against an iron gallery that enclosed a cellar stairway, leading from the street. He saw that they were out of immediate reach of the flames, for although they followed over the roofs, the nearest houses were yet untouched; and he thought to allow himself a few moments' rest, in the endeavor to restore Helena to consciousness.

The door of the cellar dwelling was wide open; in a large room beneath, a hanging lamp burned cheerfully. As he descended the steps, the sentinels at the entrance of the street, which was now again unobstructed, observed him, and seemed to urge him

to retrace his way; for they called in tones of alarm and command: "This way! Back—back!" But he heard only the sounds of the warning voices—the words reached not his ear.

Without heeding them, therefore, he descended, and found a room that bore the appearance of the hasty flight of its inmates. It was empty of its furniture; only the lamp remained suspended from the ceiling; and an old, heavy sofa, that was probably too cumbersome to be taken away. It was, however, comfortable, and served as a resting-place for Helena, whom Herborn gently placed upon it; and when he put down the heavy basket, a deep and grateful sigh burst from his heart; for he believed himself and his lovely companion to be safe from the danger.

But at that very moment, the ground beneath him trembled; a sound as of rolling thunder shook the air; then confused and terrific noises, as if of falling walls and rafters—thens sudden stillness succeeded. The lamp in the cellar was extinguished, and Herborn lay insensible upon the ground. The adjoining house had been blown into the air by powder, and the falling fragments had filled up the subterranean abode, forbidding all egress to the unfortunate Herborn and the young girl he would have died to save. They were buried in darkness beneath the earth!

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

The Words of Spring.

BY CORA WILBURN.

I come, answering gladly thy varied invocations, oh summoning earth! I come with the awakening life of flowers, the vivid green, the singing "joy of waves." I come with love-lays thrilling to the forest's heart; with plenteous gifts and rich abundance dowered. Over my hopeful mantle fall the hallowing sunbeams, and my aerial lyre gives forth responsive music to the asking winds that fit petitioning amid its golden strings. I bring to earth the dream-groups of the beautiful; my hand unbars the starry portals of the inner life and reveals to the heart's vision the angels clustering there. Abroad, o'er field and mountain, wood and vale, my flowery mandates have gone forth—my budding sceptre waved in benediction. From the rolling sea, and murmuring fount, in the musical interchange of leafy greeting; from the swelling anthem of the universal joy of welcome—in all nature's tuneful voices, has the acknowledgment of my power gone forth; over all of life and beauty, song and love, has my spirit shed its wealth of light and harmony.

I come to thee, oh asking earth! bringing far richer gifts than ever commissioned spirit brought before. A richer lustre has been added to my ever renovated robe; a holier signet is on my brow; a diviner mission wings my feet—a purpose broad and high and holy swells my heart; for, earth! I come to thee with angel tidings. Arise, long creed-bound, beauteous mother! the call of freedom echoes from the mountain tops!

I bring the vivid sunshine that lights up the blooming face of earth with smiles, and the love-light of diviner realms is there; the dew upon my fragrant robe are diamond truths, that will not vanish 'neath the sunlight's power. The gemmed and starry lustre of my flowery crown fears not the assault of storm or blight; it is formed of jewels gathered amid worldly conflict—the victory and the harmony of souls shines there resplendent and forever.

I bring, with the rose's breath and the violet's wafted sweetness, no more the sudden recollections of the loved and lost. But with the illuminating light of heaven I cast o'er souls awakening to the joy of life, the response of the hearts still beating true and love-warm in the spirit lands—rejoicing there amid unending glories for the coming and the songs of Spring. My sunlight falls not upon the responsive earth alone—it seeks and finds the inner realm of consciousness, and loosens there the frozen founts, and calls the tiny blossoms from the arid soil. The human heart is warmed by me, the spirit messenger I see the token flowers I bring unto the darkened, solitary homes of earth! No cypress wreath is mine; I bring the amaranthine blossoms of eternity—I bring the living, heart-warm messages of the loved and found. Oh! I am richly freighted! pure and loving immortals thus have decked my trailing robe—little cherub fingers have arranged these flowers—spirits of wisdom have thus crowned my brow!

I come, beloved and long-suffering earth! I come to thee with freedom, light and joy. Beneath the dome of heaven thy children shall know and feel the fervency and depth of prayer. The God-smile shall rest on their longing hearts, a blessing worthy of the soul's acceptance; the open pages of the beautiful perused by every eye, their willing study; and the fulfillment of the law of love, the angel offering of man to God. Already, see, the towering steeples stand a mockery amid the land; the cold and formal worship is deserted—the creed-bound souls are struggling; daily, hourly the altars of superstition crumble. It has been Winter long; joy, joy to earth, the Spring-time of the soul has come!

Lo! children, on my smiling face! lingers there a faint reflection even of the Universal Father's wrath? In my gloriously renovated youth, in all the magic of my spiritual and visible beauty is there a shadow lingering, cast o'er my light and buoyancy by a dread Deity's hand? Do not a thousand voices proclaim my undivided empire? Is not my music charming, and my influence all powerful for good? Bring I not the cherished hopes of youth, enshrined with holiness, and entwined with hearts-wealth, to the seeking soul? Bring I not the household angels to the accustomed spot, and with my earliest songs mingle not the familiar melodies of yore? My promises of love and reunion, bear they not the sacred seal of truth? I have never mislead my votaries through winding labyrinths to a sea of doubt. With poetry and music, light and beauty, dwells religion; the pure, the uncontaminated; from misty creeds and idol volumes, the children of earth have gathered fear, distrust and unbelief. On my rainbow-tinted wings I bear the soul to heaven.

I come, no more to depart from among you! Ye may "welcome the Summer on soft winds borne," the waning glory of the Autumn, the braiding joy of Winter time—but I shall dwell among you henceforth, a willing guest to every home and heart that bids me welcome—a messenger betwixt advancing earth and nearing heaven. And I will dwell as gladly with the aged as with the young—in the heart matured by sorrow or by years—for my spirit re-echoes not by days and months; the heart-beats of the affections; the soul-tracks of progress, are all I know of time. My fairest roses, ripe and blushing, fragrant and beautiful, shall blossom by the venerable

matron's gates; the lilies of my choicest store bloom overhanging for the pure hearts that gather them; the violet-blossoms of memory exhale their choicest perfume for the loving, truthful soul. I go not hence, for my mission is to earth; here for the seeker, shall my hand unbar the mystic gateway; for the poet, shall the divinity of the real be made visible; for the loving, shall the heaven of beauty unfold; for the pure in heart, the presence of the Everlasting God be found. With love, and truth and purity, with childhood and with maidenhood, with youth and age, I dwell henceforth, the brightener and the inspirer of life, the harbinger of heavenly tidings—the spirit link betwixt God and man.

I come, gladly responding to the myriad voices that call me from the summoning earth. I bring rich spiritual gifts, gemmed stores of truth, and fragrant blossoms of immortality—and my gifts are free to all mankind! The humblest heart, attuned to love's diviner music, may interpret aright my songs—my choicest flowers upspring in lowly places. I do my Father's bidding with a joyous heart, and am to all a messenger of peace.

JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUALISM.

INTRODUCTORY.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

Sir—I am permitted to address a series of articles to the readers of the Tribune on the subject of Spiritualism, and I embrace the opportunity. In doing so, I do not mean to address myself to believers, though they are a pretty formidable band, being numbered now by millions in this country alone; nor to the five or six millions of professing Christians in our nation, for I am bound to accord to them the privilege I claim for myself, of enjoying their own opinion without molestation; but I shall address myself to the fifteen or twenty millions of our people who belong to no church, who scarcely possess any religion, but who seem willing or compelled to trust to luck, and let the future take care of itself.

To them I will proffer a faith which can relieve their painful doubts as to the future; will dispel the anxiety which, in spite of every effort, will at times intrude upon every mind; will open to their comprehension a view of the future beyond measure attractive to an immortal nature; and, while it may conflict with many of the doctrines taught as the religion of the day, will enjoin upon all who receive it an unvarying life of public worth and private virtue.

To do that, I shall aim at two things. One will be to demonstrate the fact that they who once lived on earth and have died, can, and do, communicate with those yet living; and the other, what it is that they can and do reveal to us through such communion.

To fill this task full, would require vastly more room than will be accorded to me in these papers, and I shall therefore be compelled to be very—very brief in my statements—contenting myself, of necessity, with affording my readers mainly a guide to assist them in their researches, rather than a full disclosure of all that is known on the topic.

Of course, I shall have to repeat many things I have said at other times, and may not be new to some of my readers. Tedious as that may be to them and to me, I can not well help it, for my object is not to pandor to a craving for the novel or the marvelous, but to bring together in one view the vast mass of evidence on the subject now lying in scattered fragments all around us. I am to bear my own testimony as well as that of others, and therefore I ought, first of all, to show that I am competent to do so. Am I trustworthy? This paper will be dated on the day I attain the age of sixty years, nearly forty of which have been spent not obscurely, but professionally, politically and judicially before the public, where all could judge of my character for veracity. Am I easily deluded? Let my private and public career answer. Am I credulous, particularly on this subject? Let this statement answer for me:—

It was in January, 1851, that I first began my investigations, and it was not until April, 1853, that I became a firm and unquestioning believer in the reality of spiritual intercourse. During twenty-three months of these twenty-seven, I witnessed several hundred manifestations in various forms. I kept very minute and careful records of many of them. My practice was, whenever I attended a circle, to keep in pencil a memorandum of all that took place, so far as I could, and as soon as I returned home, to write out a full account of what I had witnessed. I did all this with as much minuteness and particularity as I have ever kept any record of a trial before me in Court. In this way, during that period, I preserved the record of nearly two hundred interviews, running through some 1600 pages of manuscript. I had these interviews with many different mediums, and under an infinite variety of circumstances. No two interviews were alike. There was always something new or something different from what had previously occurred; and it very seldom happened that only the same persons were present. The manifestations were of every known form, physical or mental—sometimes only one, and sometimes both combined. I resorted to every expedient I could devise to detect imposture and to guard against delusion. I felt in myself, and saw in others, how excluding was the idea that we were actually communing with the dead; and I labored, as I thought successfully, to prevent any undue bias of my judgment. I was at times critical and cautious to an unreasonable extreme, and when my belief was challenged, as it was over and over again, I refused to yield except to evidence that would leave no possible room for cavil.

I was severely exacting in my demands, and this would frequently occur: I would go to a circle with some doubt on my mind as to the manifestations of the previous circle, and something would happen aimed directly at that doubt, and completely overthrowing it, as it then seemed, so that I had no longer any reason to doubt. But I would go home and write out carefully my minutes of the evening, cogitate over them then for several days, compare them with my previous records, and finally find some loophole—some possibility that it might have been something else than spiritual influence, and I would go to the next circle with a new doubt and a new set of queries. I was in the habit, on such occasions, when alone by myself and in preparation for the next circle, of putting on paper every possible question that I could imagine to test the matter. I saw that the circumstances of the interview often prevented my framing on the spur of the moment questions sufficiently searching, and therefore I took my leisure, when alone in my library, with nothing to interrupt the current of thought, to perform that task, and I used often to attend the circle with a series of questions thus deliberately framed, which I carefully concealed from every human being, so that I knew beyond peradventure that no mortal could know what questions I meant to ask, and no mortal could be prepared beforehand to answer them.

I look back, sometimes now with a smile, at the ingenuity I wasted in devising ways and means to avoid the possibility of deception. Still, there was the danger of self-deception or mental delusion on my part, and I tried to be equally astute on that point, not merely when at the circle, but alone, in the calm of my hours of study. It was a remarkable feature of my investigations that every conceivable objection I could raise was, first or last, met and answered. Let me take the rappings as a specimen:—

When I first heard them, it was in the presence of three females, whose characters were enough of themselves to assure me against any attempt at imposition. As I entered the room where they were seated together at one side of a table, the rappings came with a hurried, cheerful sound on the floor near where they sat. I took my seat at the opposite side of the table, and listened, with the idea in my mind, "One of them is doing it—perhaps with her

feet or hands, her too or knee-joints." Directly the sounds came on the table, and not on the floor, where their hands could not reach. "It was ventriloquism," I said to myself. I put my hands on the table directly over the sounds, and distinctly felt the vibration, as if a hammer had struck it. "It was machinery," I imagined, and then the sounds moved about the table in different parts, and the vibration following my hands wherever I put them. At other times, though not on this first occasion, I have turned the table upside down, and examined it so carefully as to know there was no machinery.

Thus I went on, at this time and at other times, testing the rappings in various ways by these questions. And in answer they would sometimes come on the back of my chair, when there was no one behind me; sometimes on my person, when there was no one near enough to touch me; sometimes in a railroad-car, when in rapid motion; sometimes high up on a wall beyond the reach of any one; sometimes on a door standing open, when I could see on both sides of it, and no one was near enough to touch it; sometimes four or five feet distant from any person; sometimes following the person when walking to and fro; sometimes when the medium was immersed in water; sometimes when they were placed on a feather pillow; sometimes when isolated from the floor on glass; and sometimes I found, beyond doubt, that they were the sheer fabrication of the medium.

Still, it might be ventriloquism; and so we tested it by jays of quicksilver, so placed that the least vibration of the material on which the sound was made would be apparent. And, finally, after weeks of such trial, as if to dispel all ideas in my mind as to its being done by others or by machinery, the rappings came to me alone when I was in bed, when no mortal but myself was in the room. I first heard them then on the floor, as I lay reading. I said, "It's a mouse." They instantly changed their location from one part of the room to another, with a rapidity that no mouse could equal. "Still, it might be more than one mouse?" And then they came upon my person, distinct, clear, unequivocal. I explained it to myself by calling it a twitching of the nerves, which at times I had experienced, and so I tried to see if it was so. It was on my thigh that they came. I sat up in bed, threw off all clothing from the limb, leaving it entirely bare. I held my lighted lamp in one hand, near my leg, and sat and looked at it. I tried various experiments. I laid my left hand flat on the spot—the raps would be then on my hand, and cease on the leg. I laid my hand edgewise on the limb, and the force, whatever it was, would pass across my hand and reach the leg, making itself as perceptible on each finger as on the leg. I held my hand two or three inches from my thigh, and found they instantly stopped and resumed their work as soon as I withdrew my hand.

But I said, to myself, this is some local affection, which the magnetism of my hand can reach. Immediately they ran riot all over my limbs, touching me with a distinctness and rapidity that was marvelous, running up and down both limbs from the thighs to the end of the toes, and two or three times with force enough to hurt some, as if a child had struck me with a blunted nail.

Thus they proceeded, for some half hour or more, as I thus watched, until I gave up that there was any but one hypothesis on which they could be explained, for they were intelligent, and by their changing met my mental objections, for I uttered no word aloud. I put down my lamp and lay down to sleep. They immediately left my limbs and went to other parts of my body, and I fell asleep with them gently tapping my left side.

Still there was another question: may not this be some unknown power belonging to a peculiar mortal organization, and subject to its control? The answer to that was—though not the only answer—that it would often come when the medium did not want it, and as often refuse to come when it was most earnestly wanted. And it was the same with the desires of the circle. It would come when it pleased, and as it pleased, whatever it was, and not as we wished. I have gone into this detail here, of events which were spread over several months, merely for the purpose of showing the precautions which I took, and how I investigated. And I will add that, with all the other manifestations of which I shall hereafter speak—and there are very many others beside the rappings—I dealt in the same way for a period of about two years, before I yielded my belief as to their spiritual origin.

At the end of these two years, I left the country on account of my health, and spent about three months in Central America. I took with me four volumes of my manuscripts, and, having little else to do during that time, I carefully reviewed the subject. I compared the proceedings of one meeting with those of another; I hunted for discrepancies and contradictions; I was away from the excitement of the circles, and I was able to examine the subject, and I did examine it as carefully and as critically as I ever tried or decided a case in court in my life.

I discovered a grand scheme displayed in the work—an intelligent design, persisted in amid all discouragements and difficulties—returning ever to its purpose, however diverted by obstructions at the moment, and I became a believer in the spiritual theory. I ought not to say I yielded my belief. Belief came in spite of me, as it does that the sun shines at noonday, and nothing short of the blindness of insanity could make me doubtful as to the light that was shining around me.

Since then I have been a firm and unwavering believer in the idea that the spirits of the dead do and can hold communion with us. I have been sorely tried, temporally and mentally. I have been excluded from the associations which once made life pleasant to me. I have felt, in the society which I once hoped to adorn, that I was an object marked for avoidance, if not for abhorrence. Courtied once and honored among men, I have been doomed to see the nearest and dearest to me turn from me with pity, if not disgust. Tolerated rather than welcomed among my fellows; at an advanced age, and with infirm health, compelled to begin the world again, and oh! amid what discouragements! With the subject so dear to me—tainted with man's folly and fraud; destined to see fools run mad with it, and rogues perverting it to nefarious purposes; meeting in its daily walks, (owing to the sad imperfection of the instrumentalities used,) much that was calculated to discourage and dishearten; and beholding how the world, for whom this glorious truth comes, turns from it and reviles it; I have never, for one moment, faltered from that hour in my belief.

It is not my fault that I have not. It is no merit in me that I have persisted. Belief was not, as it ever is with man, matter of volition. But the evidence was so conclusive that it compelled conviction, and I could not help it. Mountains may fall and crush me, but they cannot make me believe there is no earth under my feet, and no stars over my head.

There is in my profession a saying, that he who tries his own cause has a fool for a client. Perhaps I shall realize that, in the tribunal in which I now appear; but how difficult it is for one to stop when talking of one's self! I had no idea I should carry my egotism so far. I know how ungrateful the strain must be to my readers. But what can I do? I have ascended the witness's stand, and am getting ready to bear my testimony before my fellow-men. I desire that my jury may know in what mood of mind I bear witness, that they may the better judge what credence to yield. Having performed that task, I leave that topic—I forget the inconsiderable advocate, and dwell henceforth more on the mighty theme, and in my next number I will begin the work of describing the various kinds of manifestations, from which I claim, that the same mind cannot escape the conviction that it is a voice from beyond the grave that is now speaking to man. It is not

"Hark! I from the tomb a doleful sound," But listen! it is a voice from beyond, bringing glad tidings of great joy! J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, March 13, 1859.

JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER TWO.

MEDIUMSHIP.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

Sir: I shall devote this and the next paper to Mediumship and the Circles—the chief instrumentalities of spiritual intercourse. And I remark—

First—That the manifestation of the spirit-power seems to be generally connected with the living human form. I say generally, because there seem to be some cases where the phenomena do not require or are not connected solely with the person. Haunted houses are of that kind. So are cases of inanimate objects moving in the absence of any person. And the brute creation are sometimes affected. The devils' entering the herd of swine, and Balaam's ass seeing the angel before his rider did, are instances of this. So I am informed of a case, where a fierce watch-dog saw a spirit at the same moment his master did, and fled affrighted. And in the "Seeress of Provost," it is said—"A black terrier that was in the house was always aware of the presence of the spirit, and crept howling to his master; neither would he lie alone at night."

These, however, are exceptions to the rule that the living human form is necessary to the intercourse. Second—The existence of the mediumistic power is the result of physical rather than of mental or moral organization.

What that peculiarity of organism is, I confess I do not know. I at one time thought the power was connected with a nervous, excitable temperament; but I have seen it just as strong in a stupid, stolid person. It does not depend upon age, nor upon sex, nor upon color; not upon climate or locality, nor upon condition; for rich and poor, high and low, educated and ignorant, married and single, male and female, young and old, white and black, are alike developed as mediums.

And my marvel is that men of science, instead of acting like second children, do not look into it like men of sense, and find out what it is that is thus strangely affecting all classes. Surely, it may as well be discovered as many other things connected with man, which were once as profound mysteries as this is. Its existence in our midst cannot be ignored any longer, nor will thinking people be much longer satisfied with general denunciations, of its delusive or demoniacal nature. And science owes it to mankind to meet the question, not with self-complacent sneers—

The Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Dearly offered—

but with careful, judicious investigation. In France, it meets with such sensible treatment. But among the savans of America, with the exception of Prof. Hare and Prof. Mapes, it is received as the appearance of a comet was in the days of my childhood among frightened boys, with anything but philosophic calmness.

Third—Mediumship is capable of being improved by culture.

I have known physical mediumship to begin with faint and almost inaudible rappings, and end with loud, clear and distinct sounds; to begin with a slight motion of a table, and, after awhile, itself make a riotous movement of inanimate objects. I have known the mental kind to begin with writing mere "pot-books and hangers," and unmeaning characters, and are long to write with ease and distinctness; to begin with seeing a faint, shadowy form, and end with so distinct a vision of the spirit as to be able to identify the person; to begin with a confused perception of something to be communicated, and progress to the point of receiving thought clearly and distinctly from this unseen intelligence.

It seems to be like other of our attributes—like our power to read, write or cipher—to paint or make music—belonging to us as part of our nature, and capable of being made available by culture. I found it so in my own case. The first signs of mediumship in me came when I was alone in my library, and in the form of an impression on my mind. It might be called imagination, for it was very like the process of building castles in the air, and yet it was different. It was presenting to my consciousness an acting, continuing scene, with a lesson told by the totality of the incidents. The process was novel to me, and I watched it with a good deal of interest. I discovered that I had nothing to do with it, but to be a passive recipient of a train of thought, imparted to me from a source outside of, or beyond myself; that is, the thoughts did not originate in my intelligence.

My next step was to behold a scene presented to my vision like a moving panorama, and not merely a mental impression. I seemed to see, though I knew I did not see with my usual organs of sight. And it was remarkable that the intelligence that was dealing with me, presented the picture more or less rapidly, as it discovered I had taken in its details; and after going through with it once thus deliberately, it presented it to me a second time, but more rapidly, evidently for the purpose of so impressing it on my memory that I could narrate it.

My next step was to see an individual spirit, that of an old friend, who had been dead six or eight years. I was in my room at work, not thinking of him, and suddenly I saw him sitting by my side, near enough for me to touch him. I perceived that I could exchange thoughts with him, for, in answer to my question, he told me why he had come.

Next, I beheld spirit scenes, which I was told were the actual, living realities of the spirit-world, scenes in which individuals and numbers were moving, acting, thinking, as we do in this life, and conveying to me a vivid idea of life in the next stage of existence.

During all these steps of progress, I could converse with the spirits whom I saw, as easily as I could talk with any living mortal, and I held discussions and arguments with them as I have with mortals.

My daughter, who had long resisted the belief, one day requested to witness a manifestation, and I sought an interview with her mother, in order to bring it about advantageously. The spirit came to me, and I communed with her for half an hour. We reasoned together as in life, discussed various suggestions, and concerted a plan.

It will hardly do to say this was imagination in me; for the plan thus concerted was, after a lapse of a few weeks, carried out without my intervention. A female, a stranger to both mother and daughter, was brought to my house from a distant city, and through her, when entranced and unconscious, was finished to my daughter a parting injunction of her mother, which death had interrupted two years before.

Nor will it do to say this was a mere reflex of the minds of the living, for my daughter alone knew of the injunction which had been given, and knew not the conclusion until she thus heard it.

Thus has my mediumship progressed from a shadowy impression of an allegory, to seeing spirits, conversing with them, and receiving thoughts from them with ease and distinctness. Why may not this be equally true of every one?

Fourth—Mediumship has an infinite variety of phases—the same that is witnessed in human character and human action, and absolutely precluding the idea of collusion.

Fifth—It comes at its pleasure, and not ours. By observing the proper conditions, we may aid its coming. So we may surround ourselves by circumstances which will retard or prevent its coming; but we cannot make it come at our pleasure. There is no greater anomaly connected with the subject than the extent and manner of our control over it, and no part of it where improvement by culture can be greater. This control seems to belong to man as part of his nature, and can be so required by him as entirely to forestall any power to do harm.

Sixth—Wherever it appears, in whatever part of the world, it has the same general characteristics. Thus, among the slaves at the South, I learn that it comes in the same form as among the free at the North. I have been told by a missionary in San Domingo, that such was its appearance among the ignorant negroes there. A French gentleman, who had been in Algeria, described to me the same thing

among the Arabs. Two Spaniards, who had never heard of the phenomenon, found it obscurely in Cadiz with the same features. An English gentleman came to my house out of curiosity, and, hearing it described, exclaimed that it was the same thing which had occurred at his father's country mansion years ago, but they did not know what it was.

This accordance in feature everywhere, is a pretty formidable argument against the theory of collusion and delusion.

Seventh—Though I have said that it depends mainly on physical organization, I must not be understood as implying that mental or moral causes do not affect it. I know of no kind of mediumship that is entirely exempt from the effect of the human mind, and I know many cases where, the power being abused, it has been interrupted. The most frequent cause of interruption, is the perversion of it to selfish purposes. One medium, I knew, who became grasping, avaricious, in spite of warnings. His power was suspended until he reformed. A young girl, taken from the streets as a rag-picker, with great powers, was used by an old woman to make money out of. Not only was the child taken from her, but the power taken from the child. When it is necessary for my daughter to rest from her labors, the power is temporarily suspended.

But it is not always that it will be stopped at our pleasure. When the desire to stop is purely selfish, they will often pay no attention to it. I know a case, where a female, afraid that her business might be hurt, refused to be used. She was followed by the manifestations until she yielded, and then all was well. My daughter and niece long resisted the belief, and for a whole year my house was haunted with noises and other performances until they yielded, and then it stopped. If they omitted their evening devotions on going to bed, they would be disturbed until they said their prayers, and then all would be quiet.

I could enumerate many kindred instances, but my space compels me to be content with saying, as the result of my experience, that where the power is yielded to and used with good sense and from pure motives, it seldom hurts, but is generally productive of good; but when perverted to selfish purposes, it will, first or last, be interrupted, or bring punishment in its train, and sometimes both.

Eighth—Mediumship frequently changes in the same person in its form of manifestation, and this is not at the option of the instrument. I know one who, at first, was a medium for rapping, table-tippings and the like; then she wrote mechanically thoughts not her own; then she spoke in many tongues; then she sang and played words and music unknown to her; then she personated the departed; then saw spirits; then spoke by impression; then saw clairvoyant, seeing earthly distant objects; then she prophesied; and then communed freely with the dead, and conveyed their messages of affection and instruction to their surviving friends.

Ninth—I have observed that though ill health will not always prevent, yet a sound state of health is most favorable to the manifestation, and the health will never be injured when the power is discreetly used. Over-indulgence in it, as in other things, will be injurious.

And, finally, (for want of space compels me to stop) I have observed that, in every form which mediumship has assumed, there has been ever manifest one great object in view—steadily aimed at throughout—and that was to open a communication between mortals and the invisible world; and to that end intelligence displaying ever itself, and forcing upon the rational mind this most important inquiry, *Whence comes this intelligence?* J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, April 2, 1859.

Written for the Banner of Light. TO "GENIE."

BY MRS. FRANCES C. HYLER.

God bless thee, little darling!
In thy home amid the hills,
Where nestled down and sheltered
From the winter's dreary chills,
Thy little heart like that within
The bosom of the dove,
Sends forth to call its mother back,
Its cooing notes of love.

Thy little message came to me—
The precious, tiny thing!
Like a bright downy-plume plucked from
A woodland warbler's wing;
And as I pressed it to my lips,
My heart's warm tears-drop flowed
In gratitude to God, that he
Such blessing had bestowed.

I remembered, little darling,
How a few short years ago,
I hovered o'er thy cradle
In an agony of woe;
While fever-fire burned on thy cheek
And frenzy in thine eye,
And all who stood around us said
My cherished one must die.

And oh! I well remember, too,
That whisper, low and still,
That sent through soul and heart and brain,
Its deep magnetic thrill
Of prophecy that thou wouldst live,
My darling child, to be
Even in my earthly path of life
A "guiding star" to me.

My heart beat wildly in its joy
That thou couldst be restored.
In health and beauty to my arms,
My precious! my adored!
And that from pain and anguish thou
Wouldst be again set free;
But deemed not how in future life
Thou'dst be a "guide" to me.

But how that blessed prophecy
That through my inmost thrilled,
Hath been in thought and word and deed,
In potency fulfilled!
For every hour I'm telling
In my life for all to be,
What I would have had the angel
And the mortal be to thee.

If I falter in the struggle
For the spirit's higher birth,
I ask if thou I'd have thee yield
To any power of earth;
And thus 'mid all temptations which
Beset my mortal way,
By what I'd have my child become
I'm "guided" day by day.

So twinkle on in beauty, thou
Dear little "Northern Star!"
I'll catch each tiny, golden ray,
Thou sendest from afar,
And though my bark be tempest-tost
Upon life's stormy sea,
I can securely guide its helm,
If thou dost shine on me.

And in its pure and hallowed light
Will linger by my side,
The poorly-mantled ministrant,
Who said thou'dst be my "guide."
And when the bright spring song-birds come
To warble round thy nest,
Thy mother will return and clasp
Her darling to her breast.

Buffalo, N. Y., 1859.

A poor son of the Emerald Isle applied for employment to an avaricious hunk, who told him he employed no Irishmen—"For the last one died on my hands, and I was forced to bury him at my own charge." "Ah, your honor," said Pat, brightening up, "an' is that all? Then you'd give me the place; for sure I can get a certificate that I never died in the employ of any master I ever served."

Right is a dull weapon unless skill wield it.

THE AVENUES OF HAPPINESS.

"The pursuit of man is happiness." "No man may put off the law of God."

Both passages are true; yet some may say, that most men are in the pursuit of unhappiness, and that God's laws may be and are put off.

My experience thus far has taught me that man pursues happiness at all times, in all places and in all conditions; and all laws are God's laws; laws that may not be put off; they are inevitable, unchangeable, fixed and certain.

This complex web of life is made up of all the avenues of happiness in which man naturally runs, governed by the law of God; law which Christ came not to destroy, and has said that not one jot or tittle of it shall pass away till all be fulfilled.

Many and varied are the avenues of the soul of man in which he runs out, to find happiness. In each he goes, as law directs, as the peculiar organization is developed out of the germ of eternal life planted in each, tends. The unerring law of God governs, and the nature of the spirit-gem points the way. God sowed the seed of human life and governs it by his laws. "God rules the destinies of men." No man rules or governs; yet he thinks he does. All the avenues of life in which the human soul wanders in pursuit of happiness tend to one grand ultimate, "faith in God." All the little streams of life, on which we sail, flow into the great river of God and the ocean of eternity is the destination of all.

Each man follows his inclinations, though he may think he thwarts them; these are his pursuits of happiness; these are the avenues in which he goes to find the precious boon. Each and every effort, of every one, tends in the direction of natural inclination, the object of which is happiness. We drink when thirsty, eat when hungry, get warm when too cold and cold when too warm; these are natural demands, and the inclination and effort to obey them is natural too. And so it is in all the actions of life. We may drink too much; if we do, it is but the gratification of an inclination; we may eat too much, and if we do, there is a cause, and there is no cause outside of nature, outside of law, and no nature or law outside of God. We may get too warm, or too cold; if we do, there still we find exists in the current of nature the ever-running course of cause and effect; while the life and action of the human heart ever pulsates for happiness.

Every man is launched upon the stream of life; his bark is shaped by his soul's capacities; he meets obstructions, adverse waves and winds, but, clinging however hard he will to the banks of earth, all these tend but to turn him into the deeper current, and he sails more happily and serenely on, and on to the infinite ocean of endless life.

Allice Jones, that farmer's girl, brought up in a log house, puts on her calico dress, and pins on her bonnet with red ribbons, and goes to meeting on Sunday. William Jones, her brother, goes a fishing. Allice and William both are led in the avenue of happiness as their inclination invites. Law directs both.

Cotton Mather preached eternal damnation of the human family, save a few. Murray preached universal salvation of the human family. Both these men were in the pursuit of happiness, governed each by the law of the peculiar organization and development of their spirits, each obeying their inclinations, each running in some avenue of the soul after happiness.

Webster, the murderer, sought happiness in one avenue; Webster, the statesman, in another, and Webster, the dictionary-maker, in another; each obeyed the bent of inclination, obeyed the law of their nature; each was in pursuit of happiness.

Patrick pursues happiness in the avenue of his pipe, and Mrs. Patrick in storming the children and Patrick too. Mary, the amiable young woman, walks gently in an avenue of happiness in obeying and loving her parents, and Sukey, the Tommy, in disobeying and hating them. Flossie is inclined to be happy in wearing high heels and dressing better than the other girls, whose fathers are not so rich as her father, while the lowly Emma is inclined to be happy in appearances without attractions, without show, in humility, in loving everybody and keeping God's commandments as she thinks. Each walks in an avenue of immediate happiness; neither without obedience to law. Lucy, the courtizan, is led in an avenue of happiness where her inclinations immediately direct, with the deeper longings of her soul, held for a time in check, and her sister Frances, the faithful wife and mother, in another avenue of happiness, where her inclinations lead.

"The man of popularity is inclined in the way of popularity; he seeks happiness in that avenue; while the man covered all over with scandal and scorn, hated and rejected by all, has no less love of happiness, and is no less faithful to his inclinations, is no less an object of the law that governs him—the law of God that may not be put off.

Willie goes to school and learns his lesson; Joe plays truant and goes gunning; Daniel goes to college, and Harry goes to horse races and turkey shoots. What makes these boys different? Inclination. And inclination ever seeks happiness; the nature of the soul-gem makes them what they are, which, in its growth, is subject over to law.

A man of conscience is faithful to his inclinations, his life is passed

In justifying and condemning sin."

A man without a conscience is no less faithful to his inclinations; he justifies or condemns no sin. It is pleasant to one man to proclaim his infidelity; it is pleasant to the other man to tell him his destiny is eternal misery; because he don't believe as he does. Each of these men obeys the laws of God in nature; the nature of the soul makes the cause, and law the effect.

Henry Ward Beecher follows in the wake of his natural inclinations; he pursues happiness spontaneously. Peter Mahoney does the same thing in a different direction. Theodore Parker says the church is a fad, and the church says Theodore Parker is a demon, and both are in the pursuit of happiness in their vituperations.

Spiritualism is a humbug, say its opposers; Spiritualism is beautiful, say its believers. Nothing is said without a cause, and that cause is in the bosom of the speaker, in nature. One says that a certain belief is debasing and injurious, and writes "Ignominy" on it in letters of brimstone. Another says that same belief is elevating and purifying, and cherishes it in the heart with the fondest affections. Inclination to different avenues of happiness in each is the immediate cause of this difference of opinion.

One man loves to get drunk; another hates, detests, abhors, condemns drunkenness; there is a cause for this love in one, and this hate in the other; it is natural inclination seeking happiness in the avenue where nature directs.

One man robs a bank; another builds a meeting-house; but the consequences of evil you speak not of, says one.

The skillful mariner steers best; but all voyagers on the sea of life are liable to be driven upon quicksands and rocks by the capricious elements, by storms and winds, in darkness and clouds, which no human hand can keep back. The law that governs cannot be put off. The action of the soul is its reaching for happiness, which draws it over upward. It is only the covering of the soul, the material body and its loves that is torn, wounded and injured by shipwrecks and adversity, disfiguring its material coverings, and preparing it sooner for freedom, for its garments of enduring beauty.

But what are the consequences of nature? the workings of nature's laws? In the natural inclinations of the human soul in the pursuit of happiness, it needs not, it knows not, consequences. The inclinations of men and women are spontaneous, ever and forever; a secret spring lies behind that moves the tongue, the hands, the feet, and the thoughts, to action. We think our actions are self-made, are the fruit of individual effort, but analysis of the operations of life will prove the contrary. If a man resists evil, or what is apparently evil to him, he may think it is himself that does it, but for this there is a natural inclination, a fresh, immediate, unseen cause, that is spontaneous; it is the God-power acting, both in the man that resists evil, and in the man that resists not evil.

"We do not make our thoughts; they grow in us like grain in the field; the growth is of the skies; The skies are of nature; nature is of God."

Has nature consequences? Only the just effect of law. Is there responsibility? None above God's laws in nature; nothing in nature is lost, and nothing can be added to it by man.

—no soul

Though buried in the centre of all sin, Is lost to God—

No soul is nearer, or further off from God, for God is every where. The law of gravitation makes muddy waters run down hill; it makes pure waters do the same; the law of cohesion is the same in both, the laws of nature cannot be put off; destiny holds every drop of water. A drop of turbid water makes as pure vapor as the glistening dew-drop makes.

God's laws are fixed; they permeate every avenue of space and every particle of matter.

The soul of man, like the drop of water, may be turbid with earthly matter; man knows no law whereby a drop of water may be annihilated, or injured; its elements exist forever, and tend ever to a higher condition. Mix water with the most filthy matter of earth, do with it what you will, and the water is unchanged, uninjured; its nature tends upward, is expansive, it rises unceasingly in greater magnitude, with increased power, and is no less pure because it has been mixed with earth.

It is the same with the soul; it exists in matter; its tendency is ever upward to a higher and purer existence; ever increasing in purity and in power as it rises above matter. The soul is no less a subject of the laws of God than is the rain-drop, or the dew-drop. God is infinite in his attributes, and when we can see God's power and wisdom in every manifestation of motion and life, ever tending upward to a better and higher existence, like little children we shall fall into the arms of trust, and in confidence have faith in God. When the soul has grown to that condition of beauty, where it sees God in all nature, the ruling hand of God in all life, then the soul sails serenely on the great river of God, which is the great source of happiness unto which all life is tending, all life is flowing.

Written for the Banner of Light.

IN REPLY TO A POET WHO EXPRESSED A WISH TO DIE.

BY ACOLITE.

A poet did! Not till you glorious sun

Quenches his splendor in oblivion's wave;

Not till each radiant planet leaves her throne

And vells her beauties in Chaos's grave.

A poet did! Yes, when the electric fire

Shall cease to burn—when all that's grand and good,

And beautiful, and noble; shall expire,

And sink in dark annihilation's flood.

A poet did! Go read great Nature's page!

Think'st thou can He who panned it cease to be?

Then read thine intellect—behold each line

Sparkling with rays of immortality.

Survey imagination's glorious scenes—

Those pictures grand of heaven-sketches light and shade;

Can those bright visions of Elysian choirs,

In depths of nothingness be doomed to fade?

A poet did! Not till a universe

And all its grandly moving systems fall;

Not till eternal beauty breathes her last

And endless life lies "neath a funeral pall.

A poet wish to die! Avast the thought!

Does earth oppress thee? use thy telescope—

Survey thine heritage, and plume thy wings

For loftier spheres—soothe of the poet's hope.

Let's lift the veil. See'st not your glorious realm,

So oft portrayed before the poet's eye?

'Tis but the substance of his spirit's dreams

While in the prison of mortality.

There, each pure joy he missed while here below

Will greet his raptured soul; friendship and love

Danted on earth he'll find, and genial mate

Will clasp his hand; in union sweet they'll rove

Through groves melodious with the songs of love.

Mus. Dell, Virginia, January, 1850.

PROFESSOR MAPES'S FARM.

[Concluded from our last.]

For some years past Professor, in company with L. S. Gibbs, has employed his inventive genius in improving upon the rotary digging machine of the latter, and after an expenditure of several thousand dollars, has got a tool that is said to be capable of disintegrating soil to a depth of eight or ten inches, and to a surface width of about two feet. The working of the machine is performed by successive pairs of finger-like teeth, which are forced into the earth in turn as the revolution of the machine causes them to come out of the ground, tearing the clods above and about them. The great objection to this machine is its enormous cost—\$125 being the price charged by the builders. Arrangements are about being made to reduce the price to about \$50, at which figure the machine will certainly be gradually adopted by our improving farmers. We further entering into detailed descriptions of these various tools, and many more which are worthy of adoption, as they may be seen at any of our first-class implement warehouses, and outwitted would be necessary to make them familiar to our readers.

The universal use of the above-mentioned labor-saving tools, enables Professor Mapes to give thorough attention to the great variety of crops cultivated on the place, and to do all the work with the small force of unskilled labor, the subjoined table of farm expenses, and we would recommend a careful study of the figures to such of our farmers and large market gardeners, as are bewailing the necessity to employ many more men, and take much less profits than this "fancy farmer" seems to have done.

Before we proceed to a consideration of the expense, it may be well to mention that another expensive experiment, tried upon this place was the cultivation of mushrooms. Over nine hundred feet of "caves" were made, eight feet in width and seven in height inside. The roof was of boards, supported on stout rafters, and covered outside with sixteen inches of straw, which had been dug from the Rhine district. The beds of manure properly prepared, were made, the spawn carefully set, and before long a fine crop of young mushrooms made its appearance. But the experimenter soon found his roof sagging, and after numerous ineffectual attempts to mend the roof, it was found that it was not necessary to make the cave with brick or stone arches, but an outlay that would swallow up all profits, and so the mushroom speculation was abandoned.

The sales of seeds to dealers, and at retail, form the most considerable item on the list, and will be seen. It is impossible to give the area employed in raising this amount, for single strips are sown here and there on every part of the farm, the varieties that would be likely to hybridize with each other being kept as far apart as possible. We were informed that one dealer in this city has engaged to take the produce of an acre of corn alone, that that over two acres will be devoted to this next year, and an increase in all the leading seeds will be made. If the venture proves profitable, the result will be, as we previously intimated, to gradually divert more and more land from market garden vegetables to seed production.

The sales of plants from the hot-beds and cold frames, and of the small fruits, are a large source of revenue. The locality about the Professor's farm does not seem favorable to the growth of the vine. In the vineyard, at the very edge of the hot-beds, there are a few vines of the *Rubra*, *Catawba*, *Norton's Seedling*, and other standard varieties. The vines have been well pruned and fully matured, the ground is drained, and the situation is favorable, but still this is not a leading feature of the farm. Some time since, one of the black-knives from the Rhine district was imported, and carefully set out, but they all failed, and were rooted up, and thrown away. If, however, the vine does not flourish, it is more than we can say respecting some varieties of dwarf pears, for the *Napoleon*, *Duchess d'Angouleme*, and *Winter Nellie* on this farm can scarcely be considered in either nursery and rapid growth, or prolific crops. From thirty *Duchess d'Angouleme* trees, eight years old, \$120 worth of fruit was sold in 1850, the prices obtained from our city fruit merchants being \$12 and \$14 per hundred pears. What say our old farmers to that? Last year the crop was not so abundant, and the prices were not so high, but still over four hundred dollars were realized, from about a hundred and fifty trees. This summer, six hundred and twelve trees, set out in 1850, will bear from three to six pears each, and as more wood will be suffered to grow this year, the crop will be abundant, and the prices will be high. This berry is not so much valued as the pear, and is not so much cultivated. The rows are made twenty-one feet apart, the trees standing ten feet apart in the row. Previous to setting out, the holes are dug four feet wide and four deep, so as to give abundant room for the spread of the roots. In the bottom of the hole a surface-sill of the black-knives from the Rhine district are mixed, or a given quantity of the Professor's phosphate of lime. When the hole has been filled up to where the tree should be set, a half shovelful of unleached wood ashes is thrown in and well mixed with the soil, and then a night sprinkling of soil having been put over the earth in which the ash was mixed, the tree is carefully set out. The roots are spread out in their natural direction, and the earth is thrown in among them, which is compacted upon them by the hand of the operator, and never under any circumstances, attempted down by the foot. In this berry is not so much valued as the pear, and is not so much cultivated. The rows are made twenty-one feet apart, the trees standing ten feet apart in the row. Previous to setting out, the holes are dug four feet wide and four deep, so as to give abundant room for the spread of the roots. In the bottom of the hole a surface-sill of the black-knives from the Rhine district are mixed, or a given quantity of the Professor's phosphate of lime. When the hole has been filled up to where the tree should be set, a half shovelful of unleached wood ashes is thrown in and well mixed with the soil, and then a night sprinkling of soil having been put over the earth in which the ash was mixed, the tree is carefully set out. The roots are spread out in their natural direction, and the earth is thrown in among them, which is compacted upon them by the hand of the operator, and never under any circumstances, attempted down by the foot. In this berry is not so much valued as the pear, and is not so much cultivated. The rows are made twenty-one feet apart, the trees standing ten feet apart in the row. Previous to setting out, the holes are dug four feet wide and four deep, so as to give abundant room for the spread of the roots. In the bottom of the hole a surface-sill of the black-knives from the Rhine district are mixed, or a given quantity of the Professor's phosphate of lime. When the hole has been filled up to where the tree should be set, a half shovelful of unleached wood ashes is thrown in and well mixed with the soil, and then a night sprinkling of soil having been put over the earth in which the ash was mixed, the tree is carefully set out. The roots are spread out in their natural direction, and the earth is thrown in among them, which is compacted upon them by the hand of the operator, and never under any circumstances, attempted down by the foot.

Apples, peaches, and plums, are not cultivated—the former giving too little profit; the peach not doing well; and the latter being eaten up by the black-knives from the Rhine district. Many experiments have been resorted to in order to destroy this latter pest, but all in vain have failed.

Of raspberries, the kinds most raised are the *Fastolff*, *Franconia*, and *Brinkley's Orange*. The latter is a fine-flavored, melting variety, but it is not so much cultivated, as the other two, and is not so much valued.

The Lawton blackberry has been somewhat largely cultivated, and gives good satisfaction; but it has not proved sufficiently hardy to withstand the two previous winters, the canes having been killed to the ground. This berry is not so much valued as the other two, and is not so much cultivated. The rows are made twenty-one feet apart, the trees standing ten feet apart in the row. Previous to setting out, the holes are dug four feet wide and four deep, so as to give abundant room for the spread of the roots. In the bottom of the hole a surface-sill of the black-knives from the Rhine district are mixed, or a given quantity of the Professor's phosphate of lime. When the hole has been filled up to where the tree should be set, a half shovelful of unleached wood ashes is thrown in and well mixed with the soil, and then a night sprinkling of soil having been put over the earth in which the ash was mixed, the tree is carefully set out. The roots are spread out in their natural direction, and the earth is thrown in among them, which is compacted upon them by the hand of the operator, and never under any circumstances, attempted down by the foot.

Suppose, (which we admit to be frequently the case,) a man and wife, after being united in wedlock for some time, discover that, instead of congeniality of natures, dissimilar affinities and conditions, which would be the loveliest, noblest and truly happiest course for them to pursue in reference to themselves, their relatives, society and the world at large—to crush and subdue the antagonistic propensities, which stir up discord, until they are subjected by the glorious God-given faculty, will, and this couple thus become a model of conjugal excellence, or to indulge and cherish unsanctified passions, which degrade them to the level of beasts, till, like cats and dogs, they snarl and bite and scratch, till in a fit of extra passion they flout and pout, to the scandal of themselves and all associated with them, and thus draw down the just censure of an outraged community? Which, I ask, in the name of all that is sacred, is the most noble and beautiful example to hold up to an imitating world? And even though the husband should prove incorrigible, (I say the husband, for what true woman's heart could remain thus?) what sight beneath the sun so interesting as that of woman—timid, confiding, dependent woman—struggling under a burden of domestic troubles, bearing up bravely and patiently, hoping on and ever, sacrificing health, nay, life itself, could she but yet reclaim the unworthy being around whom the tendrils of her bleeding heart still cling firmly and fondly as ever? Oh, this was a sight sufficient to attract admiring angels from the loftiest spheres; a sight at which angels might weep and yet rejoice.

top-dressed with phosphate after hoeing, and early in Spring with unrotted manure.

Of currants, the *Red Dutch*, *Cherry*, and *Black Naples* are the kinds most prized. The entire crop of red currants was last summer made into wine, and the black into jelly, for both of which products a good price is obtained. The method for making the wine is as follows: To each quart of juice add three and a half pounds of best loaf sugar; and after the entirely dissolved, add for each quart of juice enough water to make a gallon. Place the barrel in the cellar and let it stand until the working is over; then bung it up and let it rest until the sediment is well settled, when the wine may be bottled.

One hundred varieties of gooseberries have been imported from Scotland, and are in cultivation on this place. The golden hennet, their branches are well mulched with refuse hay, and the branches are thinned out so as to leave none nearer together than five inches on the same stem. By this plan good crops of berries are obtained, and the millow is in a great measure avoided.

It has been a long and wearisome task to get the place up to its present condition, and by man with the determination that the Professor it would have been long since abandoned. For all the unfruitful years, for the large expenditure of labor and money, he is now apparently reaping his reward. The fruits, large and small, are healthy and delicious; and the respective annual returns from this source is of course large. The land having been brought into a high state, the expenses of working it are much less than in the earlier years of the operations. Other improvements are projected for this year. The old market-house and the two old barns are to be torn down, and better ones erected on a more suitable spot. More than an acre of choice dwarf peaches are to be set out; the hot-beds and cold frames, which now form an unsightly adjunct to the house, are to be removed, and other important changes will be made. The present condition of the farm, which has been duly certified to by him as correct, will show the actual sales and expenses of the first year.

SALES FROM APRIL 1, 1850, TO APRIL 1, 1850, INCLUSIVE.

Timothy Hay, 50 tons,	\$750 00
Salt Hay, Sedge and Black Grass, 91 tons	604 20
Apples, 100 bushels,	40 00
Peas, 200 bushels, (some sold by the bunch),	220 00
Greens, (Spinach, Sprouts, &c.),	108 00
Cabbage, early and late Cauliflower,	675 00
Kohl Rabi,	10 00
Carrots, 300 bushels, at 45c.,	301 50
Celery, 100 bunches,	185 20
Corn, shelled, 550 bushels, at 85c.,	467 50
Corn, sweet,	60 00
Egg plants,	61 00
Lettuces,	120 00
Raspberries,	45 00
Onions,	140 00
Paranips, 250 bushels, at 5c.,	12 50
Peppers,	6 00
Squashes,	55 00
Radishes,	510 00
Salads, 100 bunches,	65 00
Salads, (Oyster plant),	25 00
Tomatoes,	45 00
Turnips, 1,200 bushels, at 85c.,	420 00
Potatoes, (mostly sold at second), 700 bush,	700 00
Seeds, (all kinds),	2,620 10
Hot-bed and cold frames,	315 17
Rhubarb plants, Grape vines, Raspberry,	
Blackberry, Currants and Strawberry	
plants,	1,017 00
Grapes, Strawberries, Raspberries and	
Blackberries,	375 00
Pears, sales—1857—\$303	
Pears, sales—1858—\$403	
average sales,	610 40
Fruit wines on hand,	470 00
Corn fodder—sorgho stalks and green rye,	240 00
Hogs, milk and butter,	386 00
Two choice calves,	60 00
Total,	\$11,627 88

Eight workmen, eight months, at \$20,	\$1,280 00
Five workmen, four months, at \$20,	400 00
10,825 lbs. Super-phosphate of Lime, at	
2 cents,	216 50
30 lbs. 1-4 acid, at \$5,	308 00
Rent for 52 acres, salt grass, at \$1 25,	65 00
Taxes,	31 00
Wear and tear of tools,	100 00
Use of team, at \$3 per day,	453 00
Total,	\$3,162 00

Total receipts, \$11,627 88

Deduct expenses, 3,162 00

Net profits, \$8,465 88

It is proper that we should state that, inasmuch as professional engagements detain Professor Mapes in this city the greater part of the week, the fine condition of the farm, and its large pecuniary results, are, in a great measure, due to the overseer, Mr. Quinn, a young man who has been educated for many years past by the Professor himself, and who is not only well acquainted with all the chemical theories, but possesses the necessary energy, intelligence, and practical ability to put them to good use.

The Public Press.

THE MARRIAGE RELATION.

DEAR BANNER—I would not deem it of sufficient consequence to reply to J. O. for subjects of far higher importance demand my attention and the little time I have to devote to the pen, only that he, or she, has contorted my views and misrepresented my plans to such a degree as to make them in some instances appear quite the reverse of my opinions and sentiments. Having lost or mislaid the Banner of December 18th, I cannot refer to my precise words; but of this I am confident, that it is not, and never was my belief, that "every man and woman bears a true standard in the world from the part they act." Neither do I, nor have I ever believed that "every man's note are his highest conceptions of right." Neither do I recollect of having written to this effect; but so far from it, that, as near as I can remember, I stated in substance, that every man's conscience, unless enlightened and purified, could not be relied upon as a correct standard of right.

J. O. would know that, "if mediums are possessed and become unfit for the marriage relation, what that influence is that characterizes so much 'inharmony' in other ranks or stations in society?" Does J. O. profess to be a Spiritualist and ask information upon this point? I would say that it is precisely the same sort of influence that actuates some mediums—a demoniac influence. J. O. seems to think that no two in wedded or social life, whose spheres, affinities or conditions are dissimilar, can live harmoniously. I, for one, do not believe this theory: First, because it has no foundation in moral law, making man to appear of no more importance in a machine, or the mere plaything of circumstance. The idea is degrading. Secondly, it admits of no moral training or cultivation of the mind, either as it respects duty or affection; whereas, we know that the organism of the human brain is such that the propensities can be either increased or diminished by the power of the will. Thirdly, it renders man but a poor cypher in existence, and robs him of that which alone distinguishes him from the brute, awarding neither merit to virtue, nor blame to vice hereby, paralyzing every mental effort awakened in the bosom, to practice good and avoid evil, or to battle with the selfishness of the heart. I ask, which is the most worthy of imitation, the man or the woman who cheerfully sacrifices self-gratification upon the altar of love and duty, or they who crush the hearts of others—perhaps their best friends—upon the altar of self-indulgence and self-love?

Suppose, (which we admit to be frequently the case,) a man and wife, after being united in wedlock for some time, discover that, instead of congeniality of natures, dissimilar affinities and conditions, which would be the loveliest, noblest and truly happiest course for them to pursue in reference to themselves, their relatives, society and the world at large—to crush and subdue the antagonistic propensities, which stir up discord, until they are subjected by the glorious God-given faculty, will, and this couple thus become a model of conjugal excellence, or to indulge and cherish unsanctified passions, which degrade them to the level of beasts, till, like cats and dogs, they snarl and bite and scratch, till in a fit of extra passion they flout and pout, to the scandal of themselves and all associated with them, and thus draw down the just censure of an outraged community? Which, I ask, in the name of all that is sacred, is the most noble and beautiful example to hold up to an imitating world? And even though the husband should prove incorrigible, (I say the husband, for what true woman's heart could remain thus?) what sight beneath the sun so interesting as that of woman—timid, confiding, dependent woman—struggling under a burden of domestic troubles, bearing up bravely and patiently, hoping on and ever, sacrificing health, nay, life itself, could she but yet reclaim the unworthy being around whom the tendrils of her bleeding heart still cling firmly and fondly as ever? Oh, this was a sight sufficient to attract admiring angels from the loftiest spheres; a sight at which angels might weep and yet rejoice.

No, J. C. Spiritualism is not the only theory invested with discord and other evils; but truth is truth, and, when called for, it must come. I positively and unhesitatingly assert that in thirty years' close observation of the various sects of which I have been cognizant, in my own country and of those of other countries of which I have had information, I have not discovered so much domestic discord, nor the separation of so many husbands and wives, as has been presented by those professing Spiritualism, in the much shorter space of ten years. Neither have I seen in other sects, runaway wives and husbands, occupying the pulpit or platform as public teachers of moral purity and heavenward progression. Call it free-love, if you please, or what not, they class themselves with Spiritualists. This speaks volumes. J. C. asks, "What matters it if evil spirits do teach love, purity and truth, under the grab of Heaven's livery?" I presume, to a man or woman who possesses a large share of what is by some called "the gift of the gab," whether he or she be a devil or a saint; but as it respects the aggregate of the world's weal, I consider the difference to be very important. The words of a good man are like precious seed; they are watered and nourished by his own holy example; they germinate and grow and bear the fruits of a pure and useful life. But the words spoken by a bad man, or an impostor, although closely resembling in many respects good seed, are not genuine, because not obtained from the granary of Heaven. They are not of God, but of the devil, or evil. Jesus said, "A good man out of the treasury of his heart bringeth forth good things; but, on the contrary, an evil man, out of the evil treasury of his heart, bringeth forth evil things;" and, like rank weeds, they speedily spring up, take deep root, thrive, blossom and bear not the fruits of the spirit of God, for that would be contrary to all law and experience; but the fruits of pride, hypocrisy, self-conceit, vanity-glory, deceit, and every evil tolerated in the church and out of it. "Like preach to like people." Although no overt acts, cognizant by the laws of the land, may have discovered themselves to the public eye, still the spirit, gifted with eyes to read the inmost thoughts of the spirit of man, could with a single glance penetrate through the deceiving outward form with all its gilded attractions, far down to the profound depths of the black, deformed heart they concealed, and read there the true character of the man. Nay, even the commonest eye, could at times discover not only perversities, but faults, quite incompatible with the station of the man.

"Well," says one, not skilled in physiognomy, physiology, nor phrenology, "if such a man as Mr. — could be a hypocrite, there is no reality whatever in religion. I'll not trouble my head about it any more." "I am completely amazed," says another, "that any man can be thus capable of deception; for my part I have lost all confidence in teachers of every sect, and can scarcely believe there is any God." "Oh," says the volatile Mrs. —, laughing, "I'm not much surprised; I've seen actions that I thought didn't baffle him, and heard speeches too. Women have sharp eyes and ears. Mrs. — hinted something long ago, and told me how she often fixed his eyes upon her, and how they would sparkle, which she often wondered at, knowing as he did, that she was a married woman; but, in spite of all this, I did like to hear him lecture, he was so eloquent and fascinating, and his gestures in the pulpit, so engaging, that I verily believe had he long ago been guilty of any overt, immoral act, I would have feigned not to believe a word of it, so that by it I might have shielded him from public censure and kept him in his station."

These are some of the results caught up by the ears and laid away in the memory of youths and children, to be practiced upon at a future day. But the evil stops not then; it grows and gathers strength, rolls onward and spreads till at length in a greater or lesser degree it sways the world of mind. It ends not there. Alas! earth is not its boundary; it passes through the mysterious portal of eternity, and happy will it be for humanity, if, possibly, its deep struck stain may there be effaced.

The quotation of the words of Jesus, "By their fruits ye shall know them," I believe to be applicable to both teachers and their converts. The answer to J. C.'s remarks upon this is included in the above. Reason rightly cultivated is the chief principle we require whereby to decide whether or not the teachings we hear flow from a pure source.

Individuals who fill the office of teachers are not hidden under a bushel. They are lifted up, and the eyes of the world are fastened upon them, nor does it require great discernment to ascertain whether or not they walk and talk as did Jesus, or whether or not they observe in

