

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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VOL. V. {BERRY, COLBY & COMPANY,} NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1859. {TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,} NO. 12.
Publishers. Payable in Advance.

THE SUNDAY MORNING SERMONS

OF REV. EDWIN H. CHAPIN AND HENRY WARD BEECHER, are reported for by the best Phonographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN

At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning, June 6th, 1859.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY BUBB AND LOMB.

TEXT.—Jesus saith unto them, My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work.—JOHN IV, 34.

Whatever conclusions we may draw from Scripture concerning the nature of Christ, there can be no difference of opinion as to the purpose for which he came into the world. He himself declares that purpose in numerous instances. He declares it in the text, and he asserts the same thing again and again in this very gospel of John. "I seek not mine own will," he says, "but the will of the Father which hath sent me." "I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me." "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in me; and abide in me, ye shall have my Father's love abiding in you." "I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love." "Everywhere he presents himself in this attitude of service. Continually he speaks of himself as one sent by another—as doing and having done the will of God. So devoted is he to this service, so assimilated and congenial is it to his inmost being, that it supplies the place of all things else. When in the passage before us, his anxious disciples urge him to partake of food, he replies: "I have meat to eat that ye know not of," and tells them what that meat is. In that prayer at his last communion with his disciples, just before his death, under the shadow of his own cross—needing no other joy, needing no other consolation—he exclaims: "I have glorified thee on the earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." And yet again, in that lonely hour of agony, in the darkness of Gethsemane, conscious not only of the nature of his mission, but of the personal suffering and sacrifice required of himself, he cries out: "Nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done!"

Now, in this characteristic alone, let me say, there is that which separates Jesus from all others who have appeared upon the earth claiming the office of teacher or prophet. There is here something peculiar in Christ. He does not stand merely as a teacher and prophet, but as one especially sent to work out and exhibit the divine will upon earth. From all others, he stands forth distinct, as having, in a peculiar sense, a divine purpose to fulfill, a divine work to do; as representing, I repeat, and performing God's own will. No other being who has ever appeared upon earth could say, in the peculiar sense in which he said it, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work."

And yet there is a sense in which every man should do and say this: a sense illustrated and rendered significant by Christ's life and action; a sense which explains the real purpose and the true end of every human life. And this is the special point which I wish to urge in the present discourse. I shall endeavor to convince you that the essential excellence of every man's life—all real liberty, power, happiness—are attained in proportion as we find that it is our meat to do the divine will. Christ represented, Christ interpreted God's will, not only by what he taught, but by what he did. And this, I repeat, is what we all should do, whatever our light or condition in the world. And this we accomplish, I may say in one word, simply by submitting to God's will, whether in endurance or in action, whether we suffer or achieve, for in either case we thus represent and interpret that will. And for this conclusion, I really want no other argument than the fact that Christ is our example, and that he is to set before us, not only to love and to follow, but to follow and to imitate. He is the highest, the only perfect ideal of human life, and, therefore, in proportion as we approach and assimilate that ideal, of course we approach and assimilate his moral attitude of obedience to, and harmony with, the will of him who sent him. In that proportion we find the substance and end of life, to which all things else are means; and it becomes our meat to do that will. But, as I may prove profitable for us to meditate still further upon this truth, I ask you to consider its grounds in reason, and of its practical results.

In the first place, then, let me direct your attention to the analogy of nature. It is a very familiar proposition to utter, but it is a very great truth to realize, that the material world, in all its forms and motions, is an expression of the divine will. We do not know how near we get to God, when we touch the smallest grass-blade by the roadside, or look upon the pebble scarred by the records of a million years, or look up into the immensity of night, or wander abroad amid the dreariness of the morning—wherever we touch this living world of nature, I say, we are not apt to realize how near and substantially it brings us to the very life, and personality, and will of God. It is a great thing to realize it as well as to see it. The natural world is an expression of the divine will, and especially is it an expression of that will in its order, in its harmony, in its steadfast regularity.

Now, the crude, half-cultivated mind, recognizes the divine only in the unusual and the anomalous. When there comes an earthquake, the ignorant man says there is a God; or in a comet he traces the peculiar action of the divine hand, and a special warning and portent of some great event to take place; and if anything is inexplicable, it happens to puzzle his knowledge for the time being—if it appears to be something that he cannot refer to a familiar cause—then he infers, of course, that that is spiritual. There are a great many people who, the moment a thing becomes mysterious and they cannot explain it, call it spiritual; but in that which is regular, that which is steady, and that which is orderly—they see no God there. I like the spirituality that recognizes God everywhere; not in unusual and strange things, but in all things. And I think the true position is, and will be, in order, especially, and in regularity—in the familiar coming forth of the host of heaven; in the steady unfolding of the seasons; in the dropping rain; in the shifting clouds; in the flowing sunshine; in the circulation of the waters—in all these things, especially to recognize a divine intelligence and presence, and to feel, as the grandest scientific minds do feel, that in every fact, and in every phenomenon of nature, as it stands, they witness, and, so to speak, handle the very thought of Almighty God.

This being the case, then, I repeat, we find in nature an expression of the divine will, and a perfect fulfillment, in its sphere, of the divine purpose; and man, in the study of the material world, becomes, as Bacon calls him, "a servant and interpreter of nature"; or, as I repeat, and interpret through nature, of course, so far as he is a servant and interpreter of the divine will. This, then, is a characteristic of nature; this is its peculiarity, that it is an expression, and manifestation, and accomplishment of the will of God.

Now, my friends, if this is the case, then surely we may reasonably infer that the prime characteristic of all God's works will be obedience to his law, and fulfillment of his will; we should infer that in so far as any other kind of works, any other creations of God Almighty fulfill the purpose which he designed, just in so far as they would come to fulfill his will also; because he would not establish in one department of his government a law that would not apply in any other department; because all law is substantially one, all truth is one; and if it is good that God's will be fulfilled amid the wheels, and springs, and movements of nature, it is in the highest sense good that God's will be fulfilled in the department of mind, amid the faculties, the emotions, the spiritual life of man.

Therefore we may conclude that the normal state of man—the most perfect state of man—would be precisely the same regularity, the same order, the same accomplishment of the divine will, as that which we find in nature, precisely the same in result, but very different in the processes. And this marks the distinction between the world of mind and the world of matter. Whatever is discordant in the universe about us, is the discord of the human mind, the discord of the human soul, the incongruity of the moral nature of man.

And that this should be so, is the direct and necessary consequence from the very nature of man, as God designed it. Man, sent here to fulfill God's law, and to do God's will, cannot fulfill it, do it in the way nature does, because man has within him a grander power than nature—the power of voluntary choice—the power of free submission—the mysterious, awful, yet noble power of doing right or doing wrong. The glory of the world of the two worlds is different. The glory of matter is its necessity, its limitation. The planet running in a defined orbit, each atom gravitating, by a necessary law, to its kindred atom—that is the glory of nature. The glory of mind is its freedom, its limitless possibility, its power of voluntary choice. The glory of nature is that it is a machine, and every part of it may be made into a machine, so that it will serve just the end which you wish it to serve, blindly, but surely. You can impress upon it your purpose, and it will carry it out. That is the glory of it; in that consists its utility to man. He depends upon this steady, certain law, he knows that, such things being done, such things will follow by an inevitable necessity.

But the glory of mind is precisely the opposite to that—that it is not a machine, that you cannot determine beforehand what end it will pursue, and what work it will undertake. Therefore, I say, although the result at which God aims, so to speak, in the two branches of his universe, is the same—that is, the perfect fulfillment of his will—the processes are different. Nature, blindly, instantly submissive, without thought, fulfills his will; man, acting upon his own freedom, starting from the ground of his own voluntary choice, does not fulfill his will, or only fulfills it as he surrenders to it by voluntary choice. Yet here is the point. The great end, I say, in creation—the great end of human life—is the same as the great end manifested in the natural world; to fulfill, to accomplish, to do the will of God; and Christ, in his own life, illustrated the chief end of man.

But I observe, in the second place, that in all real excellence, all blessedness of human life, is in doing the will of God. It is not only the purpose and end for which God has assigned us, but, I say, all real excellence, and all essential blessedness of human life, consists in doing the will of God. The highest and best estate of the human soul—the estate which God himself appoints for us—is submission to the will of God. And here, my friends, is the only true liberty; here is the core, the essence of all liberty, individual, social, political, or in whatever form it may be expressed; its core and essence is in submission of the individual soul to the will of God.

There are two kinds of liberty in this world—if we must not rather call the one kind anarchy, instead of liberty. There is the conceit of freedom from all restraint. Some call that liberty: "as few laws as possible," say they. We find large organizations and bodies of men who enunciate as a distinctive proposition that that community is best off that is the least governed—as though there were something in government itself that is evil and tyrannical; not stating the proposition that existing governments are tyrannical, but assuming the fact that government itself is essentially so. Their idea of liberty, if you take it to its logical conclusion, is a state of perfect license—liberty to go where you may, to do what you choose, to be what you please. Now, this is not true liberty. If it were, then you see at once that those things to which we attribute the poverty of life, those things which we look upon as base and mean in many respects, would be nobler than those which we look upon as sacred and good. If this were the true definition of liberty, the idle man would be nobler than the industrious man, because he has more liberty. He can go where he will, while the industrious man is fettered by certain limitations, has certain works that he is bound to do, certain duties that he must perform. He acknowledges an imperative law, he quickens him to industry, and confining him in his work, while the idle man acknowledges no such thing. So, then, the idle man has the most liberty; but is he, therefore, the more noble? The animal has more liberty according to that definition—he runs where he will on the wild hills, follows his instincts, and does as he pleases; but is he nobler than man, who obeys the dictates of conscience and the laws of society, and who feels that he is hemmed in by imperious and eternal restraints? Is not man, in this very limitation upon wild, reckless liberty—a limitation which he voluntarily obeys—a nobler creature than the animal that runs where he chooses?

You see, then, that this definition of liberty, which means being above all law and beyond all restraint, is not the definition of true liberty. The noblest kind of liberty is that which consists in submission to law, just as the noblest expression of God in nature is by the submission to the divine law; only these laws are to be laws of our highest good, laws of our essential welfare. And here comes in the true conception of liberty. True liberty consists not in cutting loose from all things and running where we will; but in freedom to choose the highest, in freedom to do the best. It consists in freedom to have a law, not in freedom to violate all law. And here is the essential evil of all despotisms and of all oppressions on the face of the earth. More insulting to God and man than the wretched fetter or the smiting scourge is the interference of one man with another's free power to choose the highest, to do the best, to be in the noblest sense a man. Whatever thwarts this is despotism, is the very malignancy and death-spirit of despotism. Whatever puts a man in a condition where he must violate conscience, where he cannot develop conscience, where he cannot acquire truth, or where he cannot give free diffusion to it—whatever puts a man in such a condition that in his noblest faculties and being he can not be and become a man—that is the darkest kind of despotism; and whatever delivers him from this is a freedom worth striving for, worth suffering for. Whatever breaks the bondage that makes man a brute in spirit, that leads him to violate conscience in any relation of life, that shuts him out from the world of God, that gives him no liberty to use law, no free thought or expression of his own opinion, that is despotism to be struggled against, and the deliverance that comes out of it is a freedom to be sacrificed for and suffered for. Not to gain broad lands as a mere material possession, not merely to acquire certain facilities of civilization, is the real object of liberty; these are but symbols of true liberty. Oh, bleeding Italy, trampled Italy, cheated Italy, abused Italy, little will it avail thee to rise up from the pressure of one despotism if thou art bowed down by the burden of another; little will it avail thee, if in thyself thou become merely an expression of material civilization, of merely human and worldly grandeur and good, unless the liberty thou gainest give freedom to the soul, to the individual heart and conscience—freedom to know and love God—freedom to do and to serve that which is right and good. Better let all thy efforts for liberty cease; better let thy inspired patriots sleep in the tombs of the mighty dead that are springing upon thy soil; better let them be trampled down forever, than seek for that spurious kind of liberty which is based on merely material or worldly grandeur! For it is a little thing to pass from the despotism of human authority over to that of our own passions, lusts and false conceits.

All true views of liberty embrace the perception of this distinction—a distinction between human and

divine authority. It is not a deliverance from all authority. Man, in the idea of true liberty, throws off unlawful masters, not that he may have none, but that he may serve his rightful master—God; because God is the only being that can claim the service of his heart, the only being that can claim to own him, to direct him in the freest and most essential life of his nature. I repeat, therefore, true liberty does not embrace the idea of getting rid of all masters and all authority, only of false and deceptive masters. Priests and despots have been cunning enough to see this, and hence they have always assumed divine authority. "James, by the grace of God, king I!" The Pope as the oracle and utterance of God! They have never dared stand up in their human and natural relations alone, but have always claimed to control men by authority of the Almighty; and hence they have assumed to be vicegerents and ambassadors of God. And when this assumption has arisen to its most outrageous point, and pressed too hardly upon the welfare of men, man has always been led, in the providence of God, to think that there was some final bar of appeal. No doubt there are some nations or communities that are not fitted for civil freedom, but such nations or communities never struggle for freedom. You may be sure, whenever there is great yearning for freedom in a community, God has inspired that emotion—just as sure as that he breathed it in the soul of John Hancock and Samuel Adams. Whenever you see a great people struggling for liberty, whether it be civil or religious, do not say that they are not fit for liberty. God has given them the instinct and perception that they are fit for liberty, and there comes a time when they dispute this divine claim of the priests and despots, and rise up and say, "God is our authority, God is our master, and not you who have abused his name by trampling upon those he loves and cares for."

Hence, in this point of view, Christianity will be found to be the most revolutionary of all systems in the world, because it insists upon the rights of man. No, it goes deeper than that; Paine wrote upon the rights of man—that is not the thing—it is the duties of man; they are deeper than his rights. Man should be free in this sense: not because it is right to be free, but because it is his duty to be free—his duty to rise to that elevation in his nature by which he can follow the free resolves of conscience, and serve God in opposition to all that would hinder him from doing the will of God.

And here is the foundation of that doctrine of individualism concerning which so many are so eloquent and earnest in our day. While it is true on the one hand that all genuine liberty, individual and social, springs out of Christianity in its demand for the freedom of the soul; on the other hand, remember that Christianity, in its deepest and most comprehensive sense, is not a system of liberty that implies freedom from all restraint. In the sublimest sense of the term it is a code of law—not formal law, not ritual law, against which the Apostle Paul was speaking when he said, "We are delivered from the law." Christianity does not rise up and say, "God is our authority, God is our master, and not you who have abused his name by trampling upon those he loves and cares for." These beatitudes are all laws, and Christianity is a system of just such spiritual laws as those. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The only blessings that Christ pronounced are based upon obedience to those deep spiritual laws.

Moreover, the ideal of Christianity is not in laws obeyed; but in laws fulfilled, accomplished, carried out. We not only obey the law, but it becomes a part of us. It is our meat to do it, because it is the will of God. Therefore Christianity does not place man, strictly speaking, in opposition to law. It certainly does not put him in a condition to violate law. It places him at the core of all law, at the core of all law, at the sanction-root, so to speak, of all law. So the Christian, rising into the true liberty of the son of God by his adherence to the law of God, does not rise in opposition to good human laws; for if he is in harmony with God's law, he will not be in opposition to them; but he is in that condition where he himself is in no need of such laws. The Christian does not need human laws; he knows that they are good in their places, that they are good for those that need them—for the profane, for the vile, for the cruel, for the criminal. We want laws for them; but what does a man need of a law against murder, who has Christ's law in his bosom; or a law against theft, who loves his neighbor as himself? The moment he rises to the height of sublime obedience to God's law, he feels that he is not in opposition to man's laws, but that he is above them and does not need them; that he is at the centre, at the core of them, and has something better than human enactments.

This is the general and comprehensive idea of truth in its necessary qualifications: that man's highest estate is not liberty, but law—that is God's law—adherence and submission to the divine law. The highest estate of a nation is not liberty in the sense of no restraint and no possibility. Whatever that nation may be, whatever its power, whatever its splendor, if it has merely struck off the hands of human authority, to follow the devices of its own lust and ambition, to law do we reach the highest estate of man. It is also true that there is the largest liberty—freedom to be, freedom to do the noblest and the best. That is the consequence of submission to God's will; it is in perfect harmony with it. Freedom to be the best and to do the best—that is true liberty, while it is the expression and realization of the highest law.

I observe again, that, as in human life here upon the earth the only essential liberty is in doing the divine will, so also in this is the noblest work; in this is the only genuine success anywhere. Man is living truly; man does basely when he lives and does for himself alone; that is, if he acts from the mere dictates of his own self-will, he fills a base position. The true and noble thing in all life and in every department of action, is to do God's will—to do it in truth, in justice, in love, in whatever form it may be required or expressed; in all we do, to serve something higher than self; to do something better than self. That is the main point; carry it out everywhere, in every department of life; remember it in all you do. Serve something higher than yourself, do something better than yourself, and you have reached the great end of life.

That is the case with all noble art. The artist who really achieves the great end of his pursuit, who really gives power and success to his work, does it when he serves something higher than his own conceit, when he serves the everlasting truth and beauty of God, when he transfers the life and beauty of nature, but the moment he begins to follow his own conceit, his own idea of what looks pretty and beautiful, that moment art becomes artificial, that moment it becomes mean and base. He is only noble and successful as his art is not the mere mirror, but the interpretation and expression of the truth and beauty of nature.

It is so in all intellectual work. In writing or in speaking, the moment a man begins to follow what he thinks is clever and pretty—what looks well or sounds well—that moment we feel that all is wooden and hollow. The language may be glittering and the ideas splendid, but they fall dead. Some rude son of the

wilderness, who is hardly able to read his English Bible, but who feels the great truth of God's love and Christ's salvation, comes into the pulpit, and preaches that law that shines in jets of light through him, and the congregation feels its power, and are awayed by it; and why? Because he is only the medium through which truth comes. But the moment he becomes artistic, and thinks he will admit truth in lights and shadows, that moment it is blank and cold. It may be scholastic, it may be classic and beautiful, but it is dead. The truth serves something higher than you and me, coming through us. That is the condition of all noble art, and all the power of art. And so it is in all business of life, in all action. Let a man, for instance, instead of serving rectitude and God's law, set up the idea that he is to serve himself in business. That is the idea, I suppose, that most people do set up—to make money, to gain in any way, at whatever cost of principle, of honor, of love. Well, he gets gain—and what does he get with it? The praise of the world. I think it is one of the most fearful tokens of our time, that we are disposed to praise success, no matter where it comes. The successful man is a hero, whether he makes money, or steals an island; no matter what he does, if he is successful, glory to the man! That is the tendency of the time—to praise success. Only see what it does; take it up in the simple matter of business; see how much evil is wrought by it there. A man conceives that his only chance, perhaps, of getting a name and a standing in society, is to make money; he finds that it makes comparatively little difference how he gets it, provided he is successful. He is praised for his success, no matter in what way it is achieved. Is it not a deplorable state of things, when the people sanction so much evil and fraud in business? Do you think if the dishonest men of our day were branded with dishonesty, they would dare thus to sacrifice principle and honor for this fawning respectability? For, though man may forget that God sees them, they will have some regard for what their fellow-men think and say. Do you not see that they encourage the root of this evil when you make success the great criterion of a man's position in society and in the world—success, no matter whether achieved rightfully or wrongfully? Men do not stop to put the question whether a thing is sinful, whether truth is promoted, whether God's eternal justice is served by what they do. It is enough for them to reach their point, to attain their end, regardless of the means.

Look at the moral looseness that grows out of it. Is there any real blessedness, any real power in life, when a man is serving his own ends, rather than God's requirements? Oh no. And yet the divine truth teaches that the only success is in doing God's will. Oh man, with strong and alluring temptations around you, hold on to integrity, hold on to purity, hold on to the sanctions of conscience—do God's will. You may be poor, you may be scorned, you may break, you may fail, you may be disappointed in this world; but you are a hero, and something of the dew that distils from the immortal palms in heaven drops upon your forehead, though you live and die in poverty. For in this case a man has set up the noble end of serving God, and in that case he has set up the mean end of only serving that which temporarily gratifies and elevates him. In one case his meat and drink is in doing the work that God has assigned him; in the other the work is done for the meat and drink merely. One is noble; the other is base.

Oh, be assured, my friends, all real power, all real success, is in doing God's will, with any faculty, with any power, with any opportunity we may have, in any condition, in any circumstances—doing God's will alone. How do you evoke and apply the power of any piece of mechanism? The answer is a truism. By putting it to the use for which it was designed by the maker of it.

Now a man, in the ignorance and vanity of his own conceit, says, "I can make something more or something different out of this machine than it was designed for." He touches some wrong spring, puts something out of gear, and confusion ensues. So, you see, in a piece of mechanism, that if a man, instead of following out the design of the machine, undertakes to make some contrivance and conceit of his own out of it, just so sure he makes a miserable failure. And is it not so in all life—so in regard to soul and body, as in regard to every spiritual privilege in life? Put all things to the use for which God designed them, and you will make the most of them. Let all the work you do, be it doing a nail, selling a piece of goods, placing the bar maintaining on the canvas, utterance in the pulpit, let all the work you do be an interpretation of God's will. Let all your actions be an expression of his will. That is the rule of life. How is it with the drunkard? He has got his liberty, he does as he pleases; look at him. He has dared to insult this body, which is the temple of the Holy Ghost; he has dared to debase this soul, which God breathed into him, to be an immortal aspiring power; he follows the impulses of his own lusts. Look at that kind of liberty. It is the following of our own conceit, and not the requirements of God's laws. So with the self-indulgent, the selfish man. God made man to be a diffusive mechanism of love to others; to carry like a candle, to give and bless to all around him. The selfish man has shut them all up in himself; he brings all the good of life to flow in upon himself; he condenses it upon himself, instead of diffusing it among others. Look what a poor, slimy, dead thing that man is in the world, because he follows the conceit of his own will, rather than the purpose and use for which God designed him!

When we do his will, and not our own, then, rightly, harmoniously using our gifts and powers, we of course strengthen those powers. This is power—to put our faculties to the use for which God designed them—to devote our bodies and our souls to the purpose for which God made them. Here is power, here is joy, here is victory; here is peace like a river, and all the blessings of heaven upon him who has come into this condition—that is, recognizing the will of God and living in submission to it, experiencing no pang from his success, looking upon what he may have gained as having been obtained honorably, and feeling that there is no rust of fraud upon it, no blood of violence, no sweat of unrequited toil, no trace of woman's anguish! Such a man can say, "God has permitted me to be successful in life; I have endeavored, according to my circumstances and ability, to live up to his law; he has rewarded me for it, and to him be the praise." And, also, in sorrow, it is a blessed thing to be able to say, "God has poured sorrow upon me; trial and disaster have overtaken me; dark clouds are round about me; but I am obedient to his will, for I know it is a good will; I know he loves me, cares for me, and has in store for me something higher and better. Sorrow may flow in upon me, grief may settle upon me, but I will submit, I will bow down to it, remembering the sorrow of one greater than I, who prayed that the cup might pass from him, but, nevertheless, that God's will and not his should be done; remembering him who said, 'My meat is to do the will of him that sent me.' Is there not all power, all success in life, in that submission to the divine will?"

Observe, however, one important fact. This doing God's will is free service; it is voluntary action; it is chosen and rejoiced in; it is not constraint; it is not doing God's will because you must know, you need not do God's will. You can sin if you have a mind to; you can live basely, foolishly, selfishly, if you please, because God calls upon you to do his will with your own free choice. Remember the words Christ uses—"It is my meat to do the will of him that sent me." He who does God's will by constraint, does not find it his meat to do so; it is his fetter, it is his bond; it is his scourge. But the true soul finds it his meat.

Oh, what a doing of God's will, professedly, there is in the world! What a galley crew, a tread-mill religion there is! Men doing God's will with fetters around them, but they fall dead. Some rude son of the

CONTINUED ON THE FOURTH PAGE.

Written for the Banner of Light.

The Destruction of "Castle Eden."

BY CHARLES A. SEYMOUR.

"Castle Eden" was the beautifully poetic name of a spacious mansion-house or villa, built during the years 1840 and '41, by a wealthy gentleman of Louisiana who, at the earnest entreaties of his wife, a brilliant New Orleans belle, consented to sell his extensive plantations at the South and find a home among the romantic hills of Western Massachusetts. Louis Dornier, the original proprietor of "Castle Eden," was the last surviving member of a noble and aristocratic French family—whose ancestors had been among the early settlers of Louisiana—but who, in connection with their large property, were unfortunately joint heirs to a kind of constitutional insanity, which for four or five generations past had been, alas! the scourge of the Dorniers.

Adele Dornier, or Madame Dornier, as she was respectfully called by her inferiors, was the second cousin of her husband, whom she married against the strong opposition of her numerous friends who predicted for the handsome and accomplished heiress, Adele Le Clair, the sad and melancholy fate of a suicide's wife.

Of five brothers and three sisters who had grown up from childhood to maturity, Louis Dornier was now the only living representative, all the others having met death, either by their own hands or been the miserable victims of a deep-seated and consuming melancholy—a thing more horrible to contemplate than sudden dissolution. With a knowledge of the above-mentioned fact the reader will clearly see that the alarm exhibited by the several friends of Adele Le Clair in contemplating her proposed union with her cousin Louis—though at that time apparently a man of sound health and unimpaired reason—was perfectly justifiable, especially upon the part of those persons who had been intimately acquainted with both parties from childhood.

Whether love or passion most actuated the heart of Adele Le Clair, in marrying her cousin Louis, I am not able to state; but as the former had evidently arrived at years of discretion—being then full twenty-five years of age, and an orphan with a large fortune entirely at her own disposal—no one dared attempt the checking of so firm and independent a spirit as Adele posse sed.

A brilliant wedding, at which the majestic and queen-like bride shone resplendent in moire antique and diamonds, and the noble looking bridegroom seemed both proud and happy at the high honor which was about to be conferred upon the last of the Dorniers, by one of his nearest kinswomen; a bridal tour to Saratoga and Niagara, and the happy couple returned to Louisiana, thoroughly sated with pleasure and the dust and fatigue of travel, to take up their future headquarters at Dornier House, a fine old baronial residence, (which had already begun to show visible signs of decay,) situated upon the banks of the Father of Waters—the glorious Mississippi—at a distance of some five or six miles from the city of New Orleans.

For the first few months of their married life, things went on swimmingly, (to use an aqueous expression,) at Dornier House; Madame Dornier and her devoted husband living a life of uninterrupted harmony and pleasure, to which indulgence their boundless means seemed more than adequate. Of a sudden, however, Madame Dornier was missed from society, of which she had for years been one of the most brilliant ornaments, attended with the rumor that failing health urged upon Monsieur Dornier the necessity of a sea-voyage—probably to Europe.

A month or two after this report was circulated throughout New Orleans, Dornier House passed quietly into the possession of other hands—the numerous plantations of its former proprietor were turned into ready money and railroad stock, and Monsieur Dornier and his lovely wife silently took their departure for Europe, as it was generally believed by their friends and acquaintances.

Whether it was with the hope of averting that terrible calamity, which for hundreds of years had brooded like a dark shadow over the race of the Dorniers, that induced the young wife to persuade her amiable husband to settle up his affairs at the South and build for himself a new and elegant home at the North, I know not; but one thing is certain, which is, that the corner stone of the foundation of "Castle Eden" was laid during the month of February, in the year 1840, under the immediate superintendence of Monsieur Louis Dornier, who, together with his wife, had taken up their abode in Boston, whilst the work of erection was in progress; and that beautiful edifice, with its extensive out-buildings, which forms the subject of our story, was not considered finished and ready for occupancy until very late in the fall of the following year.

Built on the broad and sunny slope of a high hill, overlooking one of the most picturesque villages of Western Massachusetts, "Castle Eden" commanded from the windows of its azure tinted tower, a view which for mingled beauty and grandeur is rarely to be met with in countries more favored, in a physical sense, than our own.

The central or main structure of the group of buildings, known as the Dornier estate, was a kind of Italian villa, of light and graceful architecture, with innumerable wings and piazzas, giving to the entire edifice an air of careless irregularity, which, when guided by the hand of good taste, rather relieves than offends the eye, after a painful contemplation of more studied and stiffly-proportioned dwell-

ings. The lawn in front of the house resembled a Turkish solimar in form, and being kept closely shaven, looked in the summer time like a carpet of emerald velvet, having for its dark rich border a row of lofty elm trees. A stranger beholding "Castle Eden" for the first time, would have been puzzled to decide in his own mind, as to whether God or man had been preeminent in the creation of so lovely a district. If Nature had done much for this region, art had certainly in no way detracted from its charms by her lavish contributions.

The carriage drive leading up to the house was through a sort of miniature forest, composed mostly of oak trees, whose branches interlacing, formed a kind of natural arbor for the most part of the way, thus affording to the traveler, either on foot or horse, a line of uninterrupted shade in the summer months for the distance of nearly a quarter of a mile.

Standing upon the piazza, at the back part of the house, the eye would catch occasional glimpses of the beautiful Connecticut river—the pride of New England—between the thick spreading branches of the surrounding foliage, looking in the bright sunlight like bars of shining silver, connecting tree with tree. Chosen pieces of marble statuary gleamed out in the pale moonlight like ghosts from among the dense shade, while snowy vases filled with flowering plants were scattered here and there in liberal profusion about the grounds.

Vine-covered summer houses of Gothic shape, with rustic seats made from the roots of the hemlock, seemed to invite the wearied frame to shelter and repose. Attached to the house was a spacious conservatory, which was filled all the year round with choice exotics, whose varied and delicious perfume Lubin might have exhausted himself in attempting to imitate. Miniature fountains, throwing delicate sprays of water into the most fantastic shapes, in whose deep basins beautiful gold and silver fishes seemed to glide almost imperceptibly, lent a refreshing coolness to the otherwise heated apartment, with its dazzling roof of glass.

The several rooms in the interior of the villa were fitted up with a degree of elegance and luxury that more than realized our childhood's dreams of Oriental splendor and fairy-like enchantment. Long windows, draped in gold and green damask, led out from the spacious drawing room, upon a piazza, whose sides and graceful columns were twined about with roses and clematis. Rare paintings, in sombre tints, reposed upon the delicately colored walls, while a variety of musical instruments, including the harp and guitar, a piano, whose case was richly inlaid with pearl, filled appropriate places in the several recesses of the apartment. Chaste and elegant statuettes, in bronze and parian, adorned the marble mantel, or looked down upon you with a subdued and mournful expression from their shallow niches in the wall.

"Sofas 'twas half a sin to sit upon,
So costly were they; carpets, every stitch
Of workmanship so rare, they made you wish
You could glide o'er them like a golden fish."

completed the almost magical beauty of a room in which every article of bijou seemed multiplied indefinitely by constant reflection in mirrors extending from the ceiling to the floor of the apartment, until one could almost delude himself with the belief that he were enjoying a series of constantly changing pictures, by looking through a kaleidoscope of large dimensions. In the library, with its extensive collection of valuable books, were also to be seen cabinets of beautiful shells, coins and medals, with cases of stuffed birds of the most gorgeous plumage. Each one of the eight or ten chambers was fitted up in a style of magnificence that was in perfect harmony with the lavish adornments of the villa below stairs. The whole number of out-buildings on the premises, including the porter's lodge at the entrance of the avenue leading up to the villa, barns, grain-houses, graperies, the gardener's cottage, etc., was about twelve, if I remember rightly.

While "Castle Eden" was in process of erection, Monsieur Dernier seemed likely to recover his former good health, his mind being diverted for a time from the melancholy disease which was preying upon his vitals, by a general superintendence of a work which was day by day slowly progressing. But the pleasure and happiness which the noble hearted southerner had counted upon in the future was, alas! destined to be of short duration; for just one year from the day that Louis Dernier and his handsome but aristocratic wife took possession of "Castle Eden," the melancholy man was found hanging dead from a beam in the centre of the carriage-house, where he had purposely suspended himself by a stout rope one morning before any of the inmates of the villa were astir. Thus, at the early age of twenty-nine years, Madame Dernier was left a childless widow, in a home which, though of almost regal magnificence in point of splendor, was yet desolate and cheerless to the proud hearted woman that moved silently from room to room in her utter wretchedness of soul, like a Grecian captive, cursing and bewailing her cruel fate.

It was during the third year of her widowhood, that I first met with, and made the acquaintance of, Madame Adele Dernier, the beautiful and haughty mistress of "Castle Eden." Business of a strictly legal nature first called her to my office, in Boston, where she was at that time sojourning for a few weeks at the Tremont House. Her dark, rich style of beauty, united to a form of queen-like majesty and grace, and heavy sable robes, at once arrested my attention and fascinated my senses.

Throughout our somewhat lengthy interview of nearly an hour, I observed that Madame Dernier kept her large, black, magnetic eyes constantly fixed upon the pale and interesting face of a young clerk in my employ, by the name of Philip Massinger, who had, upon the occasion of her entrance, ushered Madame Dernier into my private room, or inner sanctum.

That my stately visitor in black was deeply interested in the young man before mentioned, was a fact not to be disbelieved; for when, after a serious discussion of law matters, in which particular department of science my lady client seemed to exhibit no slight degree of tact and knowledge, Madame Dernier rose to take her leave, I noticed, with no little signs of surprise, that in making her exit from the office, she took occasion to pass close beside the desk before which Philip was seated, writing, and whisper some words in his ear that caused the color to rush rapidly to his cheeks and brow. As he respectfully wished the fair stranger good morning, she at once dropped her thick black veil, and hurriedly left the spot.

I did not question my clerk concerning the remark made to him by Madame Dernier, after that lady had taken her departure from the office; for, knowing Massinger's sensitive nature, I felt it my duty

to allow no singular yet apparently trifling circumstance to pass without mention. A day or two after, I called upon Madame Dernier, at her apartments in the Tremont House. I found the lady surrounded by a hory of gentlemen, among whom I distinguished some of the first statesmen and literary lights of the land, who seemed equally charmed with the majestic beauty and cultivated intellect of their lovely companion. By a single movement of the hand the several gentlemen rose from their seats, and respectfully bowing their adieus, Madame Dernier and I were at once left alone, if I except the coquettish French waiting-maid, Julie, whom Madame Dernier had brought from New Orleans with her on the occasion of her removal to the north.

The reception extended to me by my beautiful client, though a strictly courteous one in every sense of the word, was nevertheless not unmarked by coldness and restraint. In the course of conversation, Madame Dernier alluded to the poetic and classical face of my clerk, Philip Massinger, which reminded her very distinctly, she said, of an exquisite piece of sculpture she had once seen in the Vatican, while visiting in Rome, some three years previous to her marriage with her cousin, Louis Dernier. Thinking that we had entered upon rather an interesting topic, I proceeded to enlighten the lady in regard to the history of Philip Massinger, whose father had once held an important office under the English government, but owing to some slight political offence, had had his estates confiscated, besides being exiled from England. Arriving in New York with his only child, an orphan boy of twelve years, sick and penniless, the heart-broken man had been removed at once to the city hospital, where he died of ship-fever some five or six days after.

Madame Dernier seemed pleased when I related to her how the fatherless boy, braving the numerous temptations and trials of city life, had at last, through the influence of some two or three liberal-minded men of New York, been furnished with the means of procuring an education at one of our best schools, and afterwards placed in my office for the purpose of studying law, where he had enjoyed a remunerative clerkship for the past two years in my employ.

Upon taking my hat to leave, my haughty client bade me to present her compliments to Mr. Massinger, and say to him that she would be happy to see him at her hotel the following evening. "Thinking that Philip had at last excited the sympathy of one who undoubtedly desired to prove her friendship toward him in a pecuniary sense, I chuckled at the success of my first visit to Madame Dernier, as I hurriedly pursued my way to the office, in my great anxiety to communicate to Philip the message I had been so kindly entrusted with.

That the call made by my unsuspecting clerk upon Madame Dernier the following evening was only the precursor of many others of a similar nature, I doubt not; for, some four weeks after Philip Massinger had first made the acquaintance of Madame Dernier, he entered my own particular sanctum at the office one morning with a face as pale as death; and, having closely secured the door, took from his vest pocket a letter bearing a large black seal, which he quickly handed to me for perusal.

The document proved to be an offer of marriage from the beautiful and aristocratic Madame Dernier to Philip Massinger, the humble clerk of an attorney! Upon my refolding the letter and returning it to him, the young man drew a chair beside my own, and, quickly seating himself, begged me to extend to him my counsel and advice in the matter. The confidence which Philip was pleased to repose in his employer in so strange an affair highly gratified me, and I did not hesitate to speak out to him the honest conviction of my heart.

Finding that Philip reciprocated in a great degree the singular attachment, or fancy, which Madame Dernier had so suddenly conceived for a person full seven years her junior, I bade him to think well upon the subject for a few days, and if, at the end of that time, he felt assured that love, rather than any mercenary principle, thoroughly actuated his mind in the matter, to accept without hesitation the brilliant proposal of Madame Dernier, which might confer upon him the greatest amount of earthly happiness ever realized by mortal heart.

Some three weeks later, there was a private marriage performed in the presence of some two or three witnesses only in the ladies' parlor of the Tremont House, at the hour of midnight, by an attendant chaplain, who soon pronounced those few holy words which made Philip Massinger and Adele Dernier husband and wife.

With a consciousness of having formed new ties and associations, Madame Dernier (for the strange woman stoutly persisted in retaining the name given her by her first husband) hastened back to "Castle Eden," after having first extorted from the adoring Philip a rash promise to renounce his chosen and dearly loved profession, the law.

It was now, dear reader, that my acquaintance with "Castle Eden" and its inhabitants fairly commenced. Being the legal adviser of Madame Dernier, as also the former employer of her young husband, I was often invited to partake of the lavish hospitality of the beautiful mistress of the villa, from time to time, when business claims were not too heavy to keep me prisoner within city walls.

There was one thing, however, that I often wondered at when visiting "Castle Eden." It was the fact of Madame Dernier's studied reserve and coldness toward her worshiping husband, even during that pleasurable period commonly called "the honeymoon."

There were no returning signs of affection manifested by her when, perchance, the ardent and warm-hearted Philip, forgetting my presence, bestowed a deep and fervent kiss upon the fair brow of his wife, or softly passed his arm about her slender waist, as a token of affectionate appreciation for some slight act of kindness or pleasure bestowed. Months rolled on, and still there came no visible change in the conduct of Madame Dernier toward her sensitive yet adoring husband.

Whenever Philip Massinger visited the city, it was his custom to call in at my office, and it was then that I noticed a sad and mournful look about his deep blue eyes, that, unsought for, told a tale of heartfelt sorrow. Thinking that Madame Dernier's marriage was as likely to prove childless as her first had been, and knowing Philip's extreme fondness for children, I proposed to him the idea of adopting a small child, if only to become the future heir to "Castle Eden" and its surroundings.

My friend thanked me kindly for my suggestion, but, looking up into my face with an expression of acute misery, he said, in tones not a little tremulous with emotion: "My dear fellow, when I die I shall

have nothing to transmit to posterity but a pure and unstained name—the common legacy of any honest fellow. As for 'Castle Eden,' I can only say that neither the superbly decorated villa or its queenly mistress are mine, except in imagination. In a word, I am the slave, not the husband, of a woman who married a poor man that she might the better subject him to her caprice and tyranny. Adele never loved me; although God in Heaven will bear witness to the purity and strength of my affection for one who is my wife only in a civil and religious sense. Life without love, my kind friend, is a barren waste, an arid desert, wherein the traveler often dies from thirst and soul exhaustion."

When next I visited "Castle Eden," I stopped at the village tavern over night; having reached A—about ten o'clock in the evening, an hour too late to present myself at the villa. From my host and his chatty little wife I heard the customary amount of village gossip and scandal about the great folks at the villa. "Madame was cold and haughty, and Monsieur was miserable and unhappy, and often spent whole days and nights in the solitude of his own apartments, which were far removed from those of his wife." At least so said Julia, the little French waiting-maid, and she, if any one, ought to know about matters and things at the villa. Madame grew daily more irritable and violent in her temper, and even went so far as to dismiss the old Scotch porter and his wife from their home at the lodge, because the latter had accidentally torn a finely wrought handkerchief belonging to her mistress, while washing the delicate fabric. By some accident or other, Madame Dernier had, some two months previous, discovered a tie of distant relationship existing between a poor, sick widow woman and her only child, by the name of Linton, the story of whose poverty and sufferings had reached the not altogether hardened ear of the mistress of "Castle Eden," through the medium of her servants.

Mrs. Linton was a connection of Madame Dernier's on her father's side, and had once seen better days—before the failure and subsequent death of her husband, who was at one time a flourishing merchant of the Empire City. According to mine host's account, Madame Dernier had at the death of Mrs. Linton, which occurred some three weeks before my arrival at A—, generously offered her daughter Sallie, (a sweet girl of seventeen summers,) a home at the villa, with the prospect of making her sole heiress to her entire property on the occasion of her husband's death.

Upon visiting "Castle Eden" the next morning, I found Madame Dernier and her protegee just in the act of partaking of a late breakfast, in which I was cordially invited to participate. A half hour later, while we yet lingered in conversation over the well-filled board, my friend Philip appeared, clad in dressing gown and slippers, but looking far more like a man of forty-five years, than a youth of twenty-seven summers. Poor Philip! he was sadly changed, both in appearance and heart, I well knew at a single glance. His great delight at seeing me was readily discernible in the sudden brightening of his blue eye, and the warm pressure of his hand. After bidding the ladies a pleasant good morning, the unloved husband sat down to his silent breakfast, while Sallie and myself, at the request of our fair hostess, repaired at once to the drawing-room, for the purpose of listening to some fine music.

Sallie Linton was the natural possessor of a sweet soprano voice, and Madame Dernier, being herself a fine musician, had determined to become herself the teacher of her youthful charge, whose blonde and spiritual style of beauty was in such strange contrast to the midnight hair and olive skin of her haughty preceptress. After an hour spent in listening to vocal music and instrumental performances on both the harp and piano, Madame Dernier and Sallie, exclaiming themselves from my presence, retired to their respective apartments, while I went out into the breakfast room in search of my friend Philip. I found him after some little difficulty, shut up among the books and philosophical instruments which filled one of a suite of rooms at the further end of the building, to which he freely welcomed me, adding with a bitter smile, that this was the only "Eden" he enjoyed.

After a long, but nevertheless pleasant ride in company with my friend Massinger about the surrounding country, I returned to the house, to take a hasty farewell of Madame Dernier and her charming protegee, Miss Linton, whose artless simplicity of manner had, from the first moment of our meeting, strongly impressed me in her favor; and having paid my respects to Philip, I walked quickly back to the tavern, where I found the stage in readiness to convey me to the railroad station, some six miles distant.

When I again turned my footsteps toward "Castle Eden," some six months subsequent to my last visit, it was in obedience to the express command of Madame Dernier, who had directed Sallie to address me a brief note, requesting my immediate presence at the villa. Upon my arrival at "Castle Eden," I was met by Sallie, who, with tears in her eyes, told me that Madame Dernier had for the past two or three days shown strong symptoms of approaching insanity. Not wishing to credit her story, I laughed at her fears, and bade her to banish so gloomy a thought from her mind. On being ushered into the chamber of Madame Dernier, I found her bolstered up in bed, but looking so wan and haggard in the face as to preclude even the possibility of recognition, had it not been for the large black eyes that now gleamed wildly forth upon me.

Upon my approaching her couch, the invalid made a faint effort to greet me with a smile; but the attempt was a sickly one, and it was with a feeling of pain that I saw the now thin features resume their wonted severity and coldness of expression. Perceiving that Madame Dernier wished to speak with me alone, I motioned both Sallie and Julie to leave the room, which they having done, the miserable woman bade me lock the door, and listen to what she had of importance to communicate.

Taking a package heavily sealed with black from out a rosewood casket which stood near the bed, Madame Dernier placed it in my hands, and bade me to swear to her upon the Holy Bible that I would not open said parcel upon any condition, until after her death.

Having pledged her my word of honor, both as a gentleman and a lawyer, I seated myself in a large easy-chair beside the couch, at her request, to wait further orders from one whose powerfully magnetic glance could make one instantly go or come at her bidding. With great composure, the wretched woman spoke of her approaching dissolution, which she declared to be near at hand. I tried to change so

painful a theme of conversation, but my companion looked at me with a smile of contempt, as she said, in a husky voice:

"Do you think me a coward, that I fear death? No—no, my worthy friend, I have exhausted life's pleasures; and to die is to step forth from the purgatory in which I have dwelt for the past two years, into heaven." And the strange woman uttered a low, maniacal laugh, that made me almost tremble to be alone with her.

After a few moments' pause, reason seemed to have resumed its full sway; for the dark eyes became clouded as with tears, and the tone of the proud woman's voice grew tremulous, and she slowly continued:

"From the time of my marriage with my cousin Louis, I have felt that the Dernier curse of insanity had rested upon me. Friends cautioned me against entering upon a marriage which involved parties sustaining such near relationship, but vainly; my great love for Louis Dernier knew no bounds, neither would my fearless and haughty spirit suffer the slightest check at the hands of any of God's creatures. The last of his race—an ill-starred one—I sought to snatch my beloved husband from the melancholy gulf which yawned at his feet, by bearing him to a colder climate, and submitting him to a change of scene.

Accordingly we removed to the north; my husband occupying his mind for nearly two years by an immediate superintendence of the beautiful villa, to which he romantically applied the name of "Castle Eden," but whose beauties he lived to enjoy but a short time. One morning, just a twelvemonth from the day that we both stood arm in arm upon the piazza, looking out upon the lawn before the house, contemplating the glowing panorama which met our vision, and thinking in unison, 'This fairy structure, with its natural and artificial surroundings, is our own'—my poor Louis was found by the gardener, dead, in the carriage-house, where he had, in a sudden fit of insanity, hung himself. I had now nothing left to live for, and in my extreme anguish of spirit, I called upon the Lord to let me die also, and share a common grave with him whom I had idolized while living, to the utter neglect of all other fellow-creatures. God heard but would not grant my sinful prayer! I lived to walk through life childless and unloved. The world pronounced me beautiful, but proud; I felt the bitter sting of that last cruel word, but could not strike out from my heart that pride of spirit which I had nursed from my mother's breast.

Time wore on, and I was tiring of the solitude in which I had persistently dwelt since Louis's sad death. Chance threw in my path a young man whose beauty at first sight excited my admiration, and deluded me into the belief that, could I but succeed in winning his heart to myself, I should again experience happiness. Vain hope! for Adele Dernier was not born to love but once, and then until eternity! You know, my good friend, how short a time was necessary to bring Philip Massinger to my feet. My beauty (pardon me, sir, but I have been beautiful,) and my strong magnetic will soon made a slave of him who was not born to servitude. The brilliant overture of my hand in marriage was a thing not to be refused by an attorney's clerk, who had for years experienced only poverty and its privations. We were married, Philip and I; but even while uttering the marriage vows, something seemed to reproach me for what I was doing, and from that moment the terrible presentiment fastened itself upon my mind that I, too, should, sooner or later, become a victim to insanity—and, like my poor lost Louis, rest in a suicide's grave. That wretched thought has never left my mind since the hour of my marriage with Philip Massinger, save for a few moments at a time. In my dreams I saw nightly the livid and discolored face of my dead husband peering out from beneath the coffin-lid, and cursing me for my inconstancy to the spirit of the departed. From such dreams I awoke wretched in mind and exhausted in body. The fond caresses which I so dexterously extorted from Philip were repelled by me with coldness and hauteur. My husband grew sad and despondent at heart, as he saw me shrink from his fervent embraces, as if a bullet had pierced my breast. I pitied but could not alleviate his sufferings. The love I thirsted for, and demanded so rightfully from him, I had no power unfortunately to return. The few seeds of affection which God had sown in my barren and unproductive heart, had been choked out in their growth by the tares of remorse and self-esteem.

My young husband, in his misery, would gladly have sought relief from domestic ills, in the exercise of his chosen profession, the law; but my great pride of spirit would not permit Madame Dernier to see her husband toiling for his daily bread like a plebeian. Weeks, months, rolled on, and every hour which went by seemed only to widen the gulf of estrangement between two persons who had drawn only blanks in the world's great lottery—marriage!

By mere accident I discovered one day, while dispensing some slight charity to a sick widow of A—, that the invalid and her only daughter, a smart girl of seventeen summers, were distant connections of the Le Chairs, on my father's side. The novelty of the thought that I had living in my midst two persons in whose veins coursed the same noble blood as my own, pleased my hitherto gloomy imagination. Mrs. Linton died, and Sallie was offered a home at Castle Eden. Pure and innocent at heart, the gentle creature would have lavished upon me a daughter's wealth of tenderness; but even to her I was at times cold and distant—so much so, as to cause the poor child to turn, grieved and weeping, away from my presence. The mutual restraint and heart-check which both my husband and Sallie experienced when in my society, soon established a mutual bond of sympathy between the unhappy pair.

By degrees I learned the overwhelming fact that Philip Massinger, him whom the law had so ridiculously constituted my husband, was in love with Sallie Linton, the protegee of Madame Dernier, as the villagers termed the beautiful girl. Although to my eyes Sallie seemed wholly unconscious of the nature of the affection which my husband grew daily and incessantly to bestow upon her, I could not prevent the rise of the hideous monster, jealousy, in my own unloving breast! I did not speak to Philip upon the subject—for angry words have never passed between us since the time of our marriage—but I resolved to watch him carefully in his moments of intercourse with my young charge.

Last night, when all was dark and still, I stole down stairs from my chamber, where I was thought to be soundly sleeping, and, entering the conservatory, screened myself from observation behind a

thick-spreading orange-tree—waiting for, I knew not what. Presently a slight and girlish figure, draped in white, slowly entered the conservatory, and moved almost mechanically toward a flowering moss rose bush, near by the spot where I crouched in my concealment. By the faint rays of the rising moon, I perceived that the spectral figure before me wore the face of Sallie Linton!

I now suddenly remembered to have heard Mrs. Linton say, in her illness, that her daughter was a somnambulist, who frequently walked in her sleep at midnight, particularly when anything which had occurred through the day worried or disturbed her mind. As if a shadow of what was about to follow crossed my suspicious mind, I forbore waking the innocent child, who still stood culling a bouquet of roses from the heavily freighted bush, apparently unconscious of time or place.

A hand softly lifted the latch of the door, which the sleeping girl had carefully closed after her upon entering the conservatory. The dark shadow of a man fell across the white-planked walk; I held my breath with fear, as I saw the figure move silently toward the spot where Sallie was standing. Just then a flood of delicious moonlight pervaded the entire hot-house, revealing to my astonished gaze the form and countenance of Philip Massinger, my own lawful husband! What should have called him forth from his chamber at that time of night, thought I to myself, unless for the guilty purpose of meeting Sallie Linton alone? The young girl's extreme love for flowers might have directed her steps toward the conservatory, even in her sleep; but how should Philip have learned the fact of her being a somnambulist, if he had not both seen and heard her walking in her sleep before?

I did not scream as I saw Philip Massinger bend the knee before the sleeping girl, until his lips touched the very hem of her garment, for my eyes were too firmly riveted upon the features of Sallie to give utterance even to a sigh. I watched him with cat-like eagerness, as he gracefully rose from the flower-strewn walk, whereon he had knelt for a moment in worshiping silence, and passing an arm caressingly about the lightly-girdled waist, fervently pressed a kiss upon the pure white brow of the entranced girl. My cold blood grew hot within my swelling veins, as I saw a smile, half angelic, half earthly, flit across the beautiful child's face. Could it be that she realized what was passing—that she felt, with exquisite pleasure, the thrilling sensation of that sinful kiss? Frantic with this thought, I quickly drew forth from my bosom a tiny siletto, which I had worn secretly about my person for years, and had half-resolved to strike them both dead, when I remembered that Sallie Linton was, unfortunately, a somnambulist, and, being such, ought not to be held accountable for things either done or said in that singular state.

With this thought, my heart gradually softened toward my innocent protegee; but hate, deep and imperishable, was fast filling my soul for Philip Massinger. With suppressed rage, I heard him pour forth a volley of endearing terms—epithets which my husband had long since ceased to bestow upon his wife—into the apparently unheeding ear of the sleeping child. In burning words of passion he declared his love for her whom my hand had snatched from poverty and suffering. With tears he besought her to listen to his suit, and make him happy by bursting the gilded bars of their common prison wall, and escaping with him to Cuba. In vain he called her "Angel of light," and the "Idol of his soul;" yet to all these fond appellations the sleeping girl made no response, until, growing impatient at his lack of success, the importunate lover called her by her own simple name.

"Sallie!"—there was magic in that word, for, with a sudden start and a sharp cry, the bewildered girl awoke to consciousness. A deep blush stole over her cheeks, as realizing the indecency of her position, she freed herself with almost superhuman strength from the passionate grasp of Philip; and, with the spring of a startled deer, bounded away from the spot, dropping, in her exit through the conservatory door, the cluster of moss roses which her own fair hands had pinned on her bosom.

For nearly a half hour after, my husband remained in the conservatory, alternately cursing his bitter fate, and pressing the flowers which Sallie had accidentally left fall in her flight to her chamber, to his feverish lips. Several times, in his passage from one end of the hot-house to the other, my husband passed so near to me, that I fancied I felt his hot breath upon my cheek, and would instinctively shrink back, lest my hiding place should be discovered. After a tedious while, Philip Massinger softly retired to his chamber, and I as noiselessly returned to my own apartments, situated, as you well know, at a considerable distance from those of my husband. The feeling of respect, not love, which I once felt for Philip Massinger, is now changed into intense hatred! But I perceive that I have already wearied you by a lengthy recital of my own miseries, which I ought not to impose upon a stranger's ear. My object in sending for you, Mr. Seymour, was to bid you farewell,—for I feel that the hour of my death is fast approaching,—and to deliver into your safe keeping this package of papers, containing my will, which you have solemnly pledged your word not to open until after my decease."

With feelings too much affected for utterance, I momentarily clasped the hand of Madame Dernier, who bent upon me a wild, questioning look, and hurried out of the room.

To my inquiries after Sallie and Philip, of a servant whom I encountered in the hall, I learned that the former had gone to lie down for a short time, with the hope of overcoming a violent headache; and that Monsieur Massinger, as their mistress had always instructed her domestics to call her husband, had been absent to the city on business for three or four days, but was expected home that night, as he was intending to sail for Cuba the first of the coming week.

That night I returned to Boston, in the midst of a pelting rain-storm, after exchanging a few words of greeting with Philip Massinger, whom I met at the railway station at C—, preparing to take the stage home. He spoke briefly of his anticipated voyage to Cuba, and expressed a desire that I should accompany him, if only for a short visit. I thanked him for the kindness which it was not in my power to accept of, and left him reluctantly, after having extorted from him a promise that he would call upon me at my office before starting for Havana. Toward night of the following day I was startled from my perusal of law papers, by the sudden entrance of Sallie Linton, who rushed unceremoniously into my sanctum, and, with blanched

lips, informed me that "Castle Eden" was a heap of ruins, having been razed to the ground about one o'clock the night previous, by the explosion of several bags of gunpowder, which had been placed in the cellar beneath the house. No one was in the villa at the time but Madame Dernier and her husband; all the servants, and even Sallie, being absent to a kind of fair and levee holden in the church vestry at A——. Who was the author of this terrible gunpowder plot was not known; but people at the tavern had suspicions that the porter, whom Madame Dernier had so rashly discharged a year before, together with his wife, might have been actuated to the commission of such a crime, by a deep feeling of revenge. The bodies of both Philip Massinger and his unhappy wife had been found buried among the ruins, at daylight, by the villagers, who, out of curiosity and love of plunder, were ransacking the premises. In a few short moments Castle Eden, that garden of wealth and beauty, had been mercilessly destroyed, while two human souls, alas! unhappily united, had been hurried, without an hour's warning, into eternity!

Before Sallie left the office that night, curiosity prompted me to break the seal of the package which Madame Dernier had only the afternoon before confided to my care. The parcel contained the will of that lady, in which, to our mutual surprise, Sallie and myself were left the joint heirs to the remaining large property of Madame Dernier. Among the documents was found, also, a carefully folded and sealed letter, which proved to be a written confession of Madame Dernier's intended design to destroy Castle Eden, together with its unhappy proprietors. The gunpowder plot was, then, the result of Madame Dernier's insanity, to which she had so long dreading becoming a victim. The evidence of this letter, written in Madame Dernier's bold, legible orthography, was sufficiently strong and clear to remove even the taint of suspicion from the poor old porter and his wife, whose innocence and goodness of heart I had never even doubted, from the first. Sallie Linton is now Mrs. Charles Seymour, and has kindly lent me her aid in preparing for the press "The Destruction of Castle Eden."

IT WILL COME!

BY MRS. E. A. KINGSBURY.

It will come! that day expected—
Looked for without fear or dread,
When within the silent chamber
They will whisper, "She is dead."
Softly smoothing out the pillow,
Laying straight the frigid clay,
Shrouding it in burial garments,
They will carry it away.
Deep beneath the green grass digging,
They will place the coffin form,
Where no eye of man can enter,
And no ray of sunshine warm.
But the spirit! with what rapture
Will it view the wondrous change!
Borne aloft by beams of beauty
To a home so bright and strange.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

DEAR BANNER—I have been to the great social gathering annually convened at Longwood, Chester Co., by the Progressive Friends. With my heart strengthened by the benign influences there existing and exercised, I returned to the busy city, feeling assured that many hearts respond to mine in the prayer and the effort for the advancement of mankind. Truly, the loveliest virtues have found a resting-place in those secluded homes; there I met with the widest hospitality, the most generous freedom, the most prayerful desires for the good of all. I have grasped men and women by the hand, whose soul beamed brightly from every lineament. In their meetings emotion was not checked by fashionable conventionality; the angels of peace and truth stood by the platform, bearing to other worlds many beautiful records of true benevolence, world-wide charity, and aspiring thought. My heart was full of tears when I left there, for I felt at home among them, and I knew that the spirit of ostentation and pride, yet lingering in larger places, could find no shelter in the homes and hearts of the Progressive Friends.

I was whirled to Wilmington in the cars, early on Monday morning, but was compelled to wait for the stage coach until one o'clock. That primitive-looking vehicle made its appearance, at the appointed time, and my friend Annie M. Stambach, M. D., of this city, and myself were lazily dragged over twelve or thirteen miles. Some beauty-loving soul had decked part of the wayside with a hedge of roses; they called up many visions of everlasting youth and loveliness to the eye and heart of the travelers.

We drove up to the door of the meeting house, through the grounds thronged with carriages; the hall was filled with residents and strangers, and the eloquent Thomas W. Higginson was just concluding his speech on Spiritualism—that darling topic of so many souls. Friend Edwin H. Coates, from Mulliken Hill, N. J., an earnest Spiritualist and untiring reformer, soon made us welcome, and introduced us to several friends. We rode home with Isaac Mendenhall and wife, to his beautiful "Cottage Rest," as his commodious and hospitable farm is named. I cannot tell you how many sat down to the supper-table, so abundantly spread with the delicious things of the country, but it was a very large company, of strangers—some of them from the far West. The Friends take a heartfelt delight in this annual visitation from abroad; no ill-humor throws its gloom upon the housewife's face, because of the increased cares and the added expense, the invasion of their quiet and orderly homes; it is for a good purpose, for a sacred cause, these hundreds and thousands meet, and the stranger is welcomed with smiles and heart-warmth, so real, the soul feels and accepts it as the foot passes the hospitable thresholds. The fields and woods, clad in earliest summer's vivid green, the impressive stillness of the evening, the soothing melodies of the morn, the influence of the earnest, cheerful spirits there assembled, all combined to bring to the earth a portion of that beauty, harmony and joy, foreshadowed in our dreams of Heaven.

At ten o'clock next morning we were assembled at the meeting-house, and the business for the occasion continued until twelve, when we adjourned to the woods, and took our dinners beneath the shading trees. Innumerable baskets, filled with the good things of the land, were set down upon the grass, and friend and wayfarer were made welcome to their contents. At two we returned to the house, and continued in session until five; then we all rode home, some one way, some another, but all courteously and kindly provided for. We went home with

William Barnard and his kind and dove-eyed wife, whose hospitality was extended to many others. We slept by the music of the swiftly descending rain. Grey clouds spread over the azure skies next day, and the rain compelled us to remain indoors; so our merry company—for there was no lengthened and would-be sanctimonious faces among us—ate their dinners in the meeting-house, and then, with renewed energy, continued the business of the day.

Perfect order was preserved throughout; no confusion prevailed, even when the discussions were warmest and loudest.

Some of the speakers would have graced any assembly in the world, for heartfelt earnestness, true purpose, and sincere utterances.

Thos. W. Higginson spoke briefly, but most eloquently, on Marriage; a feeling akin to awe, in view of the momentous importance of the subject, seemed to pervade the audience. I know that women's souls responded in a prayerful Amen to all he said, and that the listening angels of purity recorded that speech, uttered from a true soul's depths in defence of our wronged and long degraded sex. Several women, true enough to themselves to think, and free enough to speak upon this vital question, arose and endorsed the sentiments just given; and many said in their hearts, though their lips moved not, "God speed the time when man shall truly honor woman, the freed and saving spirit of the regenerated world!"

There was no strong opposition to Spiritualism. The Friends have been debarred from almost every opportunity of witnessing the various phases through which its philosophy and manifestations are given to the world. They are too liberal and progressive not soon to admit its glorious truths and hallowed influences. Will not our mediums and lecturers, while engaged in this city, pay a visit to the Friends at Longwood? They would find warm hearts, and intellects fully adapted to receive, comprehend and practice the teachings of the angel world.

Our friend, Thos. W. Higginson, spoke also against Sectarianism, demonstrating its baneful influences upon the world. He was admirably sustained in his position by several persons. Isaac Treseott, of Ohio, one of those noble souls from whom the weak and battling gather moral strength and fortitude, also spoke on this and kindred subjects. The dogmas of eternal punishment, an angry God, the atonement, and the everlasting rest of a monotonous and stationary Heaven, find no admittance to that progressed assemblage of thinking men and women. The old dogmas lie buried, deep, deep from sight, at Longwood, and the true religious principle reigns lovingly in its place.

There was an animated accord on the subject of Tobacco; the acknowledged sinfulness of its use and abuse fully detailed. Many interesting accounts of its pernicious influence, of the slavery in which it held its votaries, were given; its abolition was gladly voted for.

All species of slavery, mental and physical, were denounced; all legitimate means for the attainment of freedom advocated for one and all.

The untiring and zealous advocate of the Indian, the venerable John Beeson, spoke feelingly upon the subject of the Indians' wrongs; his memorial to the government, for the restoration of their rights, was adopted with much interest.

J. H. W. Tooley made some excellent remarks on Physical Education, which elicited much attention and approval. He spoke on other subjects, and was listened to with much interest. His ideas of prison discipline, placing those together whose phenological developments rendered such companionship salutary and improving, and of keeping those apart who tended to degrade each other more, were considered excellent, as also his views upon the management of prisons, by those who understood the laws of mind, the science of phenology.

Alfred Love, of Philadelphia, spoke feelingly upon this subject. Several others also spoke of the stronger influence of the law of kindness. Joseph A. Dugdale, one of the Godlike hearts of to-day—Godlike because of his Christlike charity and love for the erring—drew tears from many eyes by his recollection of his own experiences in administering the law of love. His trees had been robbed of their fruit by mischievous boys, but the good man uttered no threats and vowed no punishments upon the delinquents. He bade them come to the house and demand the fruit, when they desired it, requesting them kindly not to take it again without permission; and the result was perfect obedience to his request—the overcoming of wrong by goodness. It was some years since this occurred, and he has had no fruit stolen from him again. Our friend, Edwin H. Coates, made some forcible and feeling remarks on this and other topics.

Of course the Friends were in favor of the strictest temperance. Its effect was visible in the whole character of the meeting; for amid the dense crowd, the many strangers, no profligate nor drunkenness, not even in a single instance, was known; and no tobacco smoke rendered impure the fragrant atmosphere; no puddles of the filthy juice of the weed stained the floor of the meeting-house. In their dove-like garbs the female Friends passed in and out, unmolested by the fashionable annoyances of the city. Oliver Johnson, of New York, took a prominent part in the proceedings. His eloquent, just, humane sentiments gained him the approval of all. He was ably assisted by his wife, one of the earnest co-workers in the cause of reform. Many were there, whose names are recorded in the proceedings of the meeting, who gave life and strength to the movement. Noble and self-sacrificing spirits, whose motto is "to live and labor for others," graced the assemblage with their words of encouragement and love; and many silent ones felt deeply the importance of this body upon the world, and hailed it with thanksgiving.

The meeting continued in session four days. On the first day of the gathering (Sunday), I was told that fifteen hundred carriages were assembled. Three speakers addressed the thronging multitude in "God's vast temple in the open air," as one of their number felicitously said, while the meeting-house was crowded with the numbers from far distant States. I cannot, in the short space of a letter, attempt to convey to the BANNER readers (that numerous and ever increasing family) the beauty of the discourses there delivered, the many subjects involved and questioned, the marked success of the movement, and the liberality of sentiment there displayed. On that free, wide platform of equal rights, all men—aye, and all women—may stand, regardless of worldly conditions, or of caste and color. There no worldling will point the finger of scorn for past errors, and no dimly veil of pretence will screen the hideous and sanctioned vices of the age;

for there all are "friends of Progress, Truth and Purity."

The singing of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," and other hymns, was sweet and impressive, though sung only by a few. The closing prayer by Joseph A. Dugdale was thoroughly imbued with that religious fervor that no formal supplication could call forth. It came from a true and childlike heart, and found its way to the hearts of many.

I shook hands with many I had never seen, but I felt that they were brothers and sisters to me for this life and eternity. I was warmly urged to come again next year, and, following my friend F. O. Lyster's example on the occasion of her farewell address to the Philadelphians, I promised that I would return, though it were disembodied.

How cheering it is to behold the growing spirit of self-reliance that is upspringing in woman's breast. She fears no more to give her voice in public in behalf of truth, in the denunciation of error. It rejoiced me to behold my sisters in that meeting endorsing the beautiful sentiments of truth and freedom, and of woman's cause, with public acclaim. My friend, A. M. Stambach, expressed her views briefly and feelingly on the subject of marriage, to the approval of many.

I returned to the city on Thursday night, cheered and encouraged by kind words and hearty God-speeds. I came among them a stranger and unknown; I left with many friends added to my list. With the deepest gratitude I shall remember Longwood meeting, and ever say, "God bless the Progressive Friends!"

Brother Mansfield leaves this city for Baltimore to-day. He has been very successful, even with those usually unbelieving gentlemen—the clergy. Miss Munson is still continuing the blessed work of healing. Mrs. F. Burbank Felton is in our city lecturing. I regret not having heard her yesterday, but I went to a more spacious place of worship than even Sanson Street Hall. I was in the country, worshipping with the birds and flowers; exchanging, for one Sabbath, the inspirations flowing from human lips for the influence of sunshine, fragrance, calm and melody of "God's vast temple in the open air."

Yours for truth, CORA WILBURN.

Philadelphia, June 6th, 1859.

A SPRING WALK IN THE WOODLANDS.

BY CHARLOTTE ALLEN.

The winds were soft, the skies were clear,
No cloud appeared in view,
The elements were all at rest,
And tranquil nature's hue;
I turned my footsteps to a grove
Of tall and stately trees,
And listened to the melody
Of springtime's gentle breeze.
I met a little rivulet,
That, speeling fast along,
Seemed breathing strains of gratitude
In its sweet, murmuring song;
I saw a flower just bursting forth
With innocent modesty,
That whispered to my listening heart,
"Thou art God's creature!"

And then I marked the springing grass,
So bright, so fresh and green,
That, like a mirror, in its face
The Deity was seen.
I heard the little singing birds,
Bright minstrels of the wood,
Warbling their notes of thankfulness
Amid that solitude.

A bee flew by, whose busy hum
Dove so enchant the ear,
And in its long-drawn, drowsy voice,
I did gratefully appear.
And thus they brought a lesson to
My too insouciant heart,
While I exclaimed with fervency,
"Oh, God! how good thou art!"

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

FIRST DAY—MORNING SESSION.

The Seventh Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends convened at Longwood, Chester County, Pa., on First-day, the 30th of Fifth month, 1859. The hour appointed for the meeting was 10 o'clock A. M., but long before that time the house was filled to its utmost capacity, while a great and constantly increasing multitude, unable to gain admission, thronged the adjoining grounds. In these circumstances it was deemed best to open the meeting somewhat in advance of the appointed time.

Joseph A. Dugdale offered an impressive prayer, after which Oliver Johnson, one of the clerks, read the call of the meeting. He then addressed the meeting briefly, referring in terms of congratulation to the favorable circumstances under which it was founded, and expressing the hope that, in spite of any differences of opinion upon the various subjects that might claim its attention, there would be oneness of spirit and purpose in regard to the great objects of the organization.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, of Worcester, Mass., being introduced, delivered a very impressive and interesting discourse, elucidating those principles of progress and reform which the meeting was organized to promote.

John Beeson, the Secretary of the American Indian Aid Association, spoke feelingly of the wrongs of the Indian tribes of the country, and of the duty of Progressive Friends and the whole community to adopt efficient measures for their relief and protection.

The venerable Griffith M. Cooper, of Williamson, Wayne County, N. Y., once a commander in the U. S. Navy, and afterwards, for many years, a minister of the Society of Friends, and an efficient agent of that Society in labors for the Indians, gave a very interesting and instructive account of his religious experiences, and of his conversion to the principles of Peace. He confirmed the statements of John Beeson in regard to the character of the Indians, and their claims upon the sympathy and active aid of the friends of humanity.

The session was closed with prayer by Thos. Wentworth Higginson.

The thousands of people outside of the house were addressed by Joseph A. Dugdale, Edwin H. Coates and Rowland Johnson. The earnest attention given to their remarks evinced a deep and growing interest in the movement in which we are engaged.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The meeting was addressed by Eusebius Barnard, Isaac Treseott, of Salem, Ohio, Amos Gilbert, Samuel Marshall, J. H. W. Tooley, and Wakeman Penfield, from Ohio, a Wesleyan minister. The house was crowded, as in the morning, with an attentive and deeply-interested audience.

Alfred H. Love, Dinah Mendenhall, Sarah Marsh Barnard, William Barnard, Sarah Butziken, M. D., and John G. Jackson, were appointed a committee to nominate clerks for the ensuing year.

Thomas Garrett, Henry M. Smith, William Thorn, Thomas Hambleton and Alice Jackson were appointed a committee to settle with the Treasurer, and to nominate a suitable person to fill that office for the ensuing year.

The following persons were appointed a committee to prepare forms of Testimony on such subjects as demand an expression of opinion from this meeting: Oliver Johnson, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, J. H. W. Tooley, R. W. Hoxziet, Alfred H. Love, Ruth Dugdale, Hannah S. Tilton, Rowland Johnson, Joseph A. Dugdale, Jacob Brotherton, John Beeson, Hannah M. Darlington, Eusebius Barnard, Harrietta W. Johnson, William Shields, Elizabeth Jackson, Edwin H. Coates.

The crowd outside of the house was larger than in the morning, and was addressed by Thos. Wentworth Higginson, Oliver Johnson, Rowland Johnson, Isaac Treseott, John Beeson and Edwin H. Coates.

SECOND DAY—MORNING SESSION.

Prayer was offered by Joseph Bond.

Alfred H. Love, in behalf of the Committee appointed for that purpose, recommended the appointment of Joseph A. Dugdale, Elizabeth Jackson and Oliver Johnson, as Clerks for the ensuing year, and they were appointed.

Epistles, characterized by fraternal feeling and ennobling thought, were received from the Waterloo (N. Y.) and North Collins (N. Y.) yearly meetings of Friends of Human Progress; from the Wabash (Ind.) yearly meeting of Progressive Friends; from the Executive Committee of the Philadelphia Association of Progressive Friends; and from the local meeting of Friends of Human Progress at North Collins, Erie Co., N. Y.

Isaac Treseott, one of the clerks of the Ohio Yearly Meeting of Friends of Human Progress, stated the reason why no letter had been sent this year from that meeting to this. He also gave a very encouraging account of the progress of our cause in Ohio.

William Barnard expressed the pleasure he felt in view of the fact that an Association kindred to ours had lately been organized in Philadelphia, and his hope that the friends of the cause elsewhere would give to that Association the benefit of their co-operation. In this hope Catherine Clement and Joseph Bond earnestly concurred.

Letters of sympathy and encouragement were received from the following persons, whose interest in our cause inspires us with fresh zeal and hope, viz:—L. Maria Child, Samuel Johnson, A. D. Mayo, M. D. Conway, George F. Noyes, Gerrit Smith, John G. Forman, Samuel May, Jr., William H. Fish, George Manchester, Joshua Hutchinson, Jennima Webster, Henry Collins, Daniel Hackett, B. G. Wright, Henry Charles, Angelina Weld.

The clerks were directed to send to each of these friends, whose ennobling thoughts are so refreshing to our spirits, copies of our printed proceedings.

Henry M. Smith, in behalf of the Committee appointed to audit the account of the Treasurer, reported that they had attended to that duty, and found the account correct and properly vouched. They recommended the appointment of Isaac Mendenhall as Treasurer for the ensuing year, and he was appointed accordingly.

The meeting then proceeded to the work of collecting funds to meet the expenses of the ensuing year.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

A few friends united in singing the hymn of Progress. Mary P. Wilson, Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Longwood meeting-house property, presented the following minute from the records of that body:—

"Fifth month, 30th, 1859. One of the Trustees having informed us that he had sold the meeting-house property, on the south, could be purchased at this time for the sum of \$400.00, it was agreed unanimously that the purchase ought to be made, and that the proposition be submitted to the yearly meeting now in session."

The proposition embraced in this minute being unanimously approved, a subscription was opened at once, and Joseph A. Dugdale, Rowland Johnson, Hannah M. Darlington, Alice Jackson and Thomas Garrett were appointed a Committee to obtain further subscriptions, with instructions to make the purchase and secure the title to the Trustees of the Longwood meeting-house property.

The Committee on Testimonies submitted one upon the subject of Spiritualism, and Thos. W. Higginson addressed the meeting upon that subject, presenting an outline of the argument which satisfied his own mind that the so-called spirit manifestations are genuine. Following is the Testimony as presented:—

While many of our number have had no opportunity for personal investigation into the alleged phenomena of Spiritualism, we can yet agree in admitting the increasing importance of the investigation. It is useless to oppose, by ridicule or bigotry, a belief which has taken so strong a hold upon many of the most intelligent and virtuous portions of the community. Lamenting the delusions and errors which often accompany it, as they are apt to accompany new ideas, we cannot but be grateful for the power it is exerting to break up sectarianism, enlighten individual minds, and elevate the lives of many. To remove the terrors which superstition has thrown around death and immortality, is a task worthy of the joint efforts of men and angels.

THIRD DAY—MORNING SESSION.

The meeting resumed the consideration of the Testimony upon Spiritualism. Remarks upon the subject were offered by J. H. W. Tooley, Isaac Treseott, John Beeson, Chandler Darlington, James Grubb, Wm. B. Elliot, M. A. W. Johnson and Amos Gilbert.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The subject of Spiritualism being resumed, remarks were offered by C. Darlington, Oliver Johnson, William Barnard and Levi Preston. The Testimony presented by the Committee, after being amended, was adopted by a considerable majority.

Alfred H. Love, from the Committee on that subject, appointed last year, presented a Testimony entitled "Property—the Relations of Capital and Labor," which was accepted and adopted.

The form of a Memorial, intended to be signed by the Clerks of the meeting, and forwarded to the President of the United States, was introduced by the Committee on Testimonies as follows:

To James Buchanan, President of the United States:

Your memorialists would respectfully call the attention of the Executive to the condition of the Indian tribes. It is generally asserted by the press, and officially reported by the Indian Departments, that the Indian tribes have been repeatedly defrauded of their lands and means of subsistence, and driven by starvation to desperation, and then hunted and massacred as if they had no common rights of humanity.

Your memorialists have been deeply pained to read in the California newspapers that men are hired to hunt and to slay Indians, and are paid by the number of scalps they obtain; and that it is the fixed policy of the people and government of the territories to destroy all they can. We conceive that no argument is necessary to show the dangerous results of the morally criminal sanction of this wholesale murder of a poor race, whose only crime is that they are ignorant of the influence of the white man's power, and that the public sanctioned outrages upon the Indian form a great national scandal to teach hygiene throughout the land.

Your memorialists would therefore pray that a proclamation of cessation of hostilities may be issued, and that a Peace Commission, composed of persons of integrity and ability, may be created.

Signed on behalf and by direction of the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, at Longwood, Chester County, Fifth month, 31st, 1859.

The attention of the meeting was called to this subject by the venerable John Beeson, who has spent several years among the Indian tribes west of the Rocky Mountains, and who has espoused their cause with an earnestness that no opposition or discouragement can repress. This man's appeals touched every heart. Griffith M. Cooper, whose philanthropic labors among the Indians as a member of the Indian Committee of the Society of Friends, have made him familiar with the story of their wrongs, also made some very interesting statements upon the subject. The memorial was unanimously and heartily adopted.

The Testimony upon Tobacco, reported by the Committee was taken up. Remarks were made by Oliver Johnson, Eusebius Barnard, Chandler Darlington, Griffith M. Cooper, William B. Elliot, William Barnard, Joseph A. Dugdale, Mary L. Barnard, Ruth Dugdale, Wakeman Penfield, Isaac Treseott, Edwin H. Coates, John Beeson, and Lizzie M. Farlan. The discussion excited a very deep interest; several friends who had long used tobacco giving their testimony to the sinfulness of the habit, and cheering us with the assurance that they had, after many struggles, succeeded in depriving themselves from its power. Their testimony, affording evidence that our past utterances have done good, encouraged us to persevere in our efforts to diffuse light and create a wholesome public opinion on the subject.

FOURTH DAY—MORNING SESSION.

Joseph A. Dugdale asked the meeting whether it was its pleasure that the clerks should, as in former years, nominate the Committee to assist them in revising our proceedings for the press, and to act with them in issuing the call for the meeting of next year, or whether it would prefer to appoint the Committee without such nomination. C. Darlington remarked that as the clerks were responsible for the work of revision, it was obviously proper that they should themselves select their assistants. The question being put to a vote, the meeting unanimously concurred in this sentiment.

The Testimony on the Treatment of Criminals was taken up, when a very interesting discussion ensued, in which the following persons took part: Alfred H. Love, Edwin H. Coates, Mary A. W. Johnson, J. H. W. Tooley, Rowland Johnson, J. A. Dugdale, Martha Kimber, Thomas Hambleton, Catherine Clement, Griffith M. Cooper. The Testimony, after being amended somewhat, was adopted.

The Testimony on Marriage was next considered. The discussion which this subject elicited was exceedingly impressive. Those who spoke were, Thos. W. Higginson, Mary A. W. Johnson, John Beeson, Catherine Clement, Chandler

Darlington, J. H. W. Tooley, Ruth Dugdale, Miriam C. Worrell, Joseph A. Dugdale, Anna Stambach, M. D. The Testimony, under a deep feeling of its importance, was unanimously adopted. Following is the Testimony as presented:

We regard Marriage as an institution sacred and divine in its ends, but too often degraded by the egotism and tyranny of man, and the dependent position of woman. We renounce the idea, hitherto asserted by church and state, that man is born to command, and woman to obey. We hold to absolute equality of the sexes, as to rights and duties, and condemn all laws and usages which deny this. We claim for women the right of free speech of suffrage, and of just compensation for labor. Especially do we claim for her the supreme control of her own person, and utterly deny the right of any husband to force upon his wife the sacred duties of maternity against her will.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

A few friends united in singing Longfellow's beautiful Psalm of Life.

The following Report was presented to the Yearly Meeting: The Committee appointed to hold meetings during the past year, as was might open, to promulgate the anti-sectarian and reformatory principles of Progressive Friends, report, that a considerable number of meetings have been held, and often attended by large numbers of people, who uniformly gave courteous attention to the speakers.

On behalf of the Committee: JOSEPH A. DUGDALE, DINAH MENDENHALL, WILLIAM LLOYD, RUTH DUGDALE.

It was voted that, when we adjourn, to meet in Philadelphia, at such time as the Revising Committee may appoint.

The Testimony against War, after a few remarks by John Beeson, was adopted.

The Testimony on Temperance was adopted.

The Testimony against Sectarianism, after remarks by E. H. Coates, Isaac Treseott, John G. Jackson, Jonathan Cable, T. W. Higginson and Oliver Johnson, was amended and adopted. Following is the Testimony as presented:

We renew our protest against Sectarianism, and against the superstitions which are the foundations of Sectarianism. No man is sectarian merely from the love of bigotry, but from belief in some superstition which perverts his intellect and narrows his heart. We therefore proclaim to all the most essential mission of our movement to overthrow superstition by love, reason, and true religion.

Among these superstitions we include all creeds and forms which regard God as a stern tyrant, and man as a being totally depraved. We consider that the larger and more conservative sects are bound to a system of formalism which separates them from practical religion and takes the place which should be given to active philanthropy. We hold that the smaller and more progressive sects are checked and weakened by the want of fidelity to their own principles, and by loyalty to the "letter" of the "bible."

We protest against the idolatry which would substitute a book or a man for that inner light which lighteneth every man. Recognizing the value of portions of the teachings of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures and the example of Jesus of Nazareth, we yet assert that the highest authority is the Holy Inspiration which God gives to the willing soul to-day.

Calob Jackson took occasion to enter his earnest protest against the adoption of any testimony whatever by the meeting. He thought such action sectarian, and contrary to the principle of individual responsibility set forth in the exposition of sentiments. He also protested against the appointment of committees to prepare business for the meeting, and urged that subjects should be introduced only by individuals acting on their own responsibility.

The Testimony on Slavery, after earnest remarks by T. W. Higginson, Isaac Treseott, Griffith M. Cooper and Oliver Johnson, was adopted.

The Testimony on Education was adopted without discussion.

That upon Physical Education, was adopted after remarks by Jonathan Cable and J. H. W. Tooley.

The Testimony on Caste was adopted without discussion.

Joseph A. Dugdale, from the Committee of Correspondence, produced a General Epistle, to be signed and forwarded to the bodies which have addressed this meeting in this or in former years. After remarks upon a proposed amendment by J. A. Dugdale, E. H. Coates, C. Darlington, William Barnard, and Thos. Worrell, it was adopted.

Oliver Johnson introduced, and the meeting adopted unanimously, and with manifestations of deep feeling, the following letter:

To our well-beloved friend and fellow-laborer in the cause of Truth and Righteousness, Theodore Parker, the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends sendeth greeting:

As we are about to close our 86th Annual Convocation, our hearts turn with loving remembrance to thee. We remember with gratitude how thy presence cheered us in former years, and how the words of truth that fell from thy lips were as sunlight and dew upon our hearts, enlightening our minds and quickening us to more earnest labor in the cause of humanity. We cannot but cherish the assurance of sending to thee across the ocean a message of sympathy and affection; of heartfelt regret for the illness which has compelled thee to suspend thy public labors, and of hope for thy speedy and complete recovery. The earnest prayer of our hearts is, that the voice which has so often blessed us may not long be silent, but be lifted up with new power in behalf of truth and righteousness.

Signed by direction and on behalf of the meeting. Sixth month, 1st, 1859. JOSEPH A. DUGDALE, ELIZABETH JACKSON, OLIVER JOHNSON, Clerks.

The clerks announced that they had selected the following persons to aid them in revising the proceedings of the meeting for the press: William Barnard, Isaac Mendenhall, Mary P. Wilson, John G. Jackson, Ruth Dugdale, Alice Jackson, Thomas Worrell, Mary A. W. Johnson, Mary F. Smith, Eusebius Barnard, Mary L. Barnard, Miriam C. Worrell, Martha Kimber, Sarah Marsh Barnard, Dinah Mendenhall, William Cox, Cora Wilburn, Annie M. Stambach.

Thos. W. Higginson, E. H. Coates, Isaac Treseott, Catherine Clement and Wakeman Penfield, who, among others, had come from a distance to attend the meeting, spoke with deep emotion of the enjoyment they had found in participating in our proceedings, and in the spirit of love, zeal and progress manifested therein. They had been edified, strengthened and encouraged by what they had seen and heard of the Progressive Friends, and should return to their homes with renewed confidence in the final triumph of the principles of freedom and righteousness which the meeting seeks to promulgate.

Words of prayer were offered by Joseph A. Dugdale and William Barnard, after which the following lines were sung:

Bless be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
This glorious hope we have,
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives
And longs to see the day.
From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

As we are about to separate, we lay upon our hearts in thankfulness to the benevolent God whose love is revealed to us in constantly-recurring mercies, for the privilege we have once more enjoyed of worshipping Him in united labors for the good of mankind, in efforts to discover and disseminate truth, in testifying against popular wickedness, and in cultivating in ourselves those noble and pure aspirations which give assurance of a blessed immortality. We give to one another the parting hand, with the full conviction, confirmed by the experience of the present meeting, that the principles of freedom and progress upon which our movement is based, are in accordance with the laws of human nature, and with earnest solicitude for our mutual welfare and for the speedy triumph of the cause in which we are engaged.

JOSEPH A. DUGDALE, ELIZABETH JACK

The SEVENTEENTH of JUNE will be celebrated by the citizens of Charlestown, as usual. The military companies will participate with the firing of bells rung, and a general display of bunting made all over the "Bunker Hill City."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NEW STAR PAPERS of Views and Experiences of Religious Subjects. By Henry Ward Beecher. New York: Derby & Jackson.

Those of the readers of the *BANNER* who have been in the habit of perusing the published discourses of Mr. Beecher every week—and what reader has omitted so profitable a pleasure?—will require no assurance of the religious worth of this volume at our hands. It is a new series of Star Papers, and an excellent one—not, perhaps, so varied in its manner of treating subjects, or in its range of topics themselves, yet broad, candid, liberal, and outspoken. We observe that Mr. Beecher's reply to the New York Examiner's attack on him for lecturing in Theodore Parker's church, is published in this volume, which many will be glad to get in this form. We expressed our own opinion on its leading points, at the time it first made its appearance. The title it bears we think decidedly one-sided; but that must be set down to Mr. Beecher's theological education. He calls it "Working with Errorists;" that is exactly the way the Pope speaks of those who deny the perfect sanctity of the Romish Church. But the world will grow wiser as it becomes more charitable.

We commend this volume to the perusal of all persons religiously inclined, and to those who are not, also.

PLAIN AND PLEASANT TALK ABOUT FRUITS, FLOWERS AND FARMING. By Henry Ward Beecher. New York: Derby & Jackson.

The contents of the above volume were originally published several years ago, when the author was settled as a minister in Indianapolis, Ind. The preface lets us into the history of the whole matter. His account of the way he acquired his horticultural and agricultural education is exceedingly interesting, and serves to impart freshness and piquancy to the whole. Indianapolis, when Mr. Beecher was first settled there, was a town of but four thousand inhabitants; now it contains twenty-five. These thousands of people, who were the people of the State, as they were published, we can readily believe to have been wide and permanent; they appeared in the columns of the Western Farmer and Gardener. There are many shrewd interpolations of moral truth in the course of the volume, done in the author's own way, and going to make the agricultural advice still more valuable. Not all the observations on farming would answer for New England latitudes, but we think they will be taken at their full value throughout the West.

The publishers have presented this book to the reading public in elegant style, and we are happy to know it is meeting with a ready sale.

THOUGHTS ON EDUCATIONAL TOPICS AND INSTITUTIONS. By George S. Boutwell. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

The contents of this handsome volume consist of a series of Lectures, read by the author—who is an ex-Governor of Massachusetts, and the present Secretary of the Board of Education—before sundry bodies he was called upon to address. Among them are the following topics: The Intrinsic Nature and Value of Learning, and its Influence upon Labor, Education and Crime; Reformation of Children, Elementary Training in the Public Schools, Female Education, Liberty of Learning, and A System of Agricultural Education.

All these topics are treated with thoughtful thoroughness. The assiduous author betrays much learning, and what is still better, a close sympathy with and understanding of the wants of human nature. His style is clear and scholarly, and the illustrations he employs are of that familiar sort which make a direct and impressive appeal to the hearts both of readers and listeners. Gov. Boutwell has gone manfully to work in behalf of this cause of public education in Massachusetts. He first informed himself thoroughly of the state of things, and now labors to awaken public attention, at every possible point, to the wants that are still left unsupplied. That his steady and energetic efforts will result in great improvement to our present system of public education, no one who knows his devotion to the subject can have any doubt. We look to see this volume of his discourses in every family in the Commonwealth. The ideas contained in it are worth the attentive consideration of all.

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND. By Mrs. Cornelius. Boston: Brown, Taggard & Chase.

Mrs. Cornelius published this volume some few years since, but now offers it to the public revised and improved. She has made many friends in many a home by her skillful advice to housekeepers, and especially among young persons newly married; to them, her instructions have been of the widest benefit. We are not at liberty, exactly, to enter on a discussion of the goodness or indifference of this, that, or the other receipt written down by her; yet we cannot help offering our own personal and experimental testimony to the value and correctness of her cookery doctrines, and saying that what she has here taken the pains benevolently to set down between these covers, is to be relied on to the letter.

The volume is published in the fine style for which the publishers are noted, and will achieve a wide and lasting popularity.

SPIRITUALISTS' CONVENTION IN PLYMOUTH.

A Spiritualists' Convention will be held in Plymouth, Mass., on the 8th, 9th and 10th days of August, 1859. The friends of Spiritualism from all parts of the country are cordially invited to attend. Judge Edmonds, Gov. Talbridge, Prof. Brittan, A. J. Davis, Emma Hardinge, Mrs. Hatch, Miss Sprague, and other eminent speakers are by this notice specially invited, and it is hoped that they will be present.

This early notice of the Convention is published to give those an opportunity at a distance to bring Plymouth into their arrangements of summer travels. The place where our fathers first trod the soil of this Continent is an interesting and delightful place to enjoy a few days or weeks of relaxation from business cares. A full notice of the call will be published in due time.

Dr. H. F. Gardner has accepted the invitation, and will preside over the Convention.

The call is signed by the following named:

Barlett Ellis, Charles B. Irish, Bradford Barnes, Joseph Elder, Southward Barnes, Clement Bates, John Butts, Richard B. Dunham, Benjamin H. Grandon, Ichabod Norton, Edwin Morton, Robert Cowing, Putnam Kimball, Edmund Robbins, Frederick W. Robbins, John G. Gleason, Thomas Churchill, Miss Lizzie Doten, Mrs. Mary F. Churchill, Mrs. John D. Churchill, Mrs. Barlett Ellis, Miss Charlotte Allen.

LECTURERS.

EDWARD BANNER.—Permit me to say to my friends, through your columns, that August 7th terminates my labors in New England. After this I proceed on my way westward, (via N. Y. Central Railroad,) where I intend to spend the coming fall and winter. My route will be southward from Cleveland; perhaps as far as Cincinnati; thence westward, thence northward into Indiana, Michigan, northern Illinois and Wisconsin. My address until July 17th will be Williamstown, Conn., care of A. W. Johnson; until August 7th, Springfield, Mass., care of O. J. Leonard; until Sept. 25th, Oswego, N. Y., care of J. L. Pool. I wish the friends who desire my services west and northward, to address me as early as convenient to either of the places above named, as my course will be varied somewhat as cause may determine. Yours very truly,

F. L. WADSWORTH.

UBAH CLARK, editor of the *Spiritual Clarion*, Auburn, N. Y., will lecture and give his public test examinations in Burlington, Vt., on Sunday, June 10th, and in Rutland on Sunday, the 20th.

H. L. BOWKER will lecture in Lawrence, Mass., Sunday, June 19th; Clinton, Sunday, June 26th; Randolph, July 3d. [For a full list of Movements of Lecturers, see seventh page.]

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPHING.—The "Provincetown Banner" contains an account of information derived through a medium which led to the detection of a young man who had run away from home, in Wareham, to go to sea. The spirit, after giving the facts of the case which had already transpired, concluded by saying, "You will find him at Provincetown." The father addressed a letter to that place, describing his son, and requesting his detention. If he should apply to be shipped. After considerable wandering, the young man turned up at Provincetown, and was carried home to his father, who, but for the information given him by spirits, would not have known where to look for his son.

NEW ENGLAND UNION UNIVERSITY.

LOCATING CONVENTION.

The stockholders, members and friends of this Institution are hereby notified that the sum of eight thousand and five hundred dollars is now subscribed, (that sum being required to locate said University,) and that there will be a Convention held at Well's Hall, Lowell, Mass., on Tuesday, the 8th day of July, 1859, commencing at 10 A. M., and continuing two days, or until the following business is transacted according to the constitution:

- 1st. To hear the report of the Locating Committee, and take action thereon.
- 2d. To locate said University by a stock vote.
- 3d. To hear the report of the meeting of Trustees, and take action thereon.
- 4th. To see when and how the Association shall proceed to the erection of said University, and to discuss plans of interior construction.
- 5th. To see if the Association will vote to instruct either the Building or Furnishing Committee.
- 6th. To transact any other business that may legitimately come before the meeting.

The fares over the Boston and Lowell, Lowell and Nashua, Nashua and Wilton, Stony Brook, Groton and Fitchburg, Salem and Lowell, and Lowell and Lawrence Railroads, will be half price.

THE LAYING ON OF HANDS.—A few days since a gentleman in the hardware business, on Water street, was afflicted with what appeared to be a felon on his thumb, which became so troublesome that he was forced to give up business for the time being, and go to his home in Windham. The pain was intolerable, and he started for medical assistance at Willimantic. On the way he stopped at the house of an acquaintance where was a lady given to clairvoyance.

As he entered the house, the lady said that she was impressed with the belief that she could heal his thumb, which was swollen to four times its natural size, and in terrible pain. She proceeded to manipulate the afflicted hand, and in fifteen minutes the swelling and pain had disappeared, leaving the thumb as well and healthy as its fellow. Since then, for a period of a week or more, there have been no signs of a return of the complaint. The transaction is altogether "irregular," and we call upon the State Medical Society to expel the spirits. *Bulletin, Norwich, Ct.*

NAHANT.—The steamer Nolly Baker commences her trips for Nahant on Wednesday, 15th inst. She is commanded by Capt. Calden, who is popularly known; and that experienced pilot, Capt. Pierce, is at the helm. The Nahant House will also open on Wednesday.

Banner of Light.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1859.

Publication Office, No. 143 Fulton Street.

CORA L. V. HATCH

At Dodworth's Hall, Sunday Morning, May 29, 1859.

[The first of a series of ten discourses by Mrs. Hatch on "The Science and Theory of Philosophy." Reported for the Banner of Light by E. F. Underhill and A. Bowman.]

RELIGION: ITS NECESSITIES AND EFFECTS.

We have chosen for our theme on this occasion, "Religion: its necessities and effects." So much is said of religion, and so little known—so much is preached, and so little practiced—everybody has heard of it, yet very few know it. That we design speaking upon a topic which is so fraught with the relations of the human mind and all its aspects; for, among the qualities which the soul possesses, none has more influence—the effects of none are more prominent than those of religion, and yet, among all the qualities, none is so little known, and its effects and causes so little understood.

Religion, in its true and intrinsic sense, signifies the necessity of worship—something to adore, something to admire or reverence—a thing which lifts the soul above itself, and calls upon the universe to furnish the object of its adoration.

The necessity of religion, therefore, is the first thing in the subject; because the very fact that religion exists at all, proves its necessity. The very fact that humanity exists at all, proves the necessity. Whatever may be the object men worship, the feeling, or affection, or faculty of worship belongs to the soul—is a quality and attribute of the mind—belongs inherently to the human organism, as much as sunshine does to the day, as fragrance to the flowers, or the stars to the heaven and sky. It is as much a portion of the soul as human existence; therefore it must be recognized as a necessity.

How and why is religion a necessity? We will tell you why. The soul, whatever may be its power and quality, cannot comprise all the intelligence and all the power which exist in the universe. If there is anything outside of the soul that it cannot comprehend—anything which is superior to the comprehension of the mind—anything which science, reason, or philosophy cannot analyze—anything which is outside of the five senses—this must be worshipped. And, probably, throughout all eternity no soul can ever obtain the achievement of all knowledge. Therefore, religion is a necessity. It is a necessity, again, to conceive of the wondrous universe, fashioned with symmetry, beauty and order, with the strictest mathematical precision, wrought with the most perfect symmetry in all its parts; and, yet, to conceive of no intelligence where that originated and with whom it had its birth, is an impossibility of the human mind. There must be a cause for every effect—a legitimate, positive cause, which has organization, system and form. Therefore, that must be intelligence; and it is an absolute necessity of the soul, when it sees a structure, an organism, a world, or a universe, to infer that there is a cause or creator. Therefore, you must worship that which is the cause.

Again, the soul is so organized that strict self-dependence never exists. There are always outside circumstances, powers and qualities which make up the composition of individual minds. Whenever these outside circumstances are beyond the immediate comprehension of the mind and its development, these are deified. Religion, as a quality of the mind, may be directly traced to fear. What is fear? The consciousness that there is some power superior to one's self, which has the power either to do harm or good—the consciousness that there is a superior being, or beings, or government, or influence, outside of one's self, and makes them subservient to unknown laws. Therefore, it is fear. For instance, in the earliest development which we have of the passion of religion, as a passion, as perceptible among the aborigines of your own country and of all heathen nations, they first conceived of the idea of worship—not because God displayed by any special power his existence, not because his name was written with the stars upon the sky, not because earth and sea and air proclaimed his presence, not because his finger-marks were everywhere written upon leaflets and flowers, but because the sun shone, the stars beamed, and the storm-king came, and the thunder pealed and the lightning flashed. They could not tell why.

The sun was an especial object of worship and adoration of the ancients. Were it not for the God of mind and soul which exists now, we think it would be far more worthy of men's adoration than the material gods which they worship every day, for the sun is absolutely God of the universe, in a material sense. It was supposed to be peopled by the Great God and his train, who shone when he pleased upon the earth, and withdrew under the clouds when he was displeased or angry. And it was conceived to be an especial punishment when the sun did not shine, and when the storm came in all its fury, and the lightning flashed, and the thunder roared, and the wild waves were tossed upon the shore. This fear, deeply seated, caused them to bow down and offer sacrifices to the offended Deity, that he might quell the storm. So sunshine and storm and lightning and thunder were all deified, because men supposed that some especial harm would come in consequence of this superior intelligence, if there was no way of appeasing his wrath or changing the fury and passion of the gods.

The ancient Egyptians conceived the idea of worship, first, in consequence of the phenomenon in nature known as the overflow of the Nile. Whenever pestilence or famine swept over the country, the gods were angry; whenever the river failed to yield its accustomed bounty and verdure in consequence of inundation, then the gods were angry. They conceived of the idea of appeasing the wrath of these gods by offering sacrifices; so in those months or seasons of the year which were appropriate to the things which they most desired—in the spring time, when the young lamb first came into existence—that was taken as an offering; and in the summer time the ox and the sheep were taken, and so on through each successive season of the year, offerings were given to the deities. And thus originated the various names of the constellations. Whatever stars were visible at that period of the year were deified, and named in accordance with the animal then most prominent; and thus the constellation of our solar system originated.

We perceive, therefore, that the idea of religion originated

first in selfishness; because fear is but a selfish passion—the most degrading which the soul knows. Yet it is, nevertheless, the origin of religion. Whenever men fear most, they are the most religious; whenever they are in danger, they are sure to be religious; and even the Christian God of the nineteenth century is made subservient to the petty passion of fear, and is seldom worshipped unless through fear. We will prove it. Each successive development of religion, as civilization has advanced, has proven that intellect has in some degree superseded the ancient superstitions; because, as physical science has proven that the sun rises, or seems to rise, in consequence of the earth's revolution upon its axis—that it shines always the same—that the clouds which rise from the earth sometimes obscure its brightness—that the clouds, formed of the vapors which the sun exhales from the earth, again descend in the form of rain, which refreshes and invigorates the plants, trees, and animals—as it is ascertained that the sun shines from natural causes, that the earth revolves from natural causes, that the thunder-storm, the lightning flash, the tornado, the hurricane, pestilence and famine, are all results of natural causes, men fear less that which they once believed to be the manifestation of the will of Deity. Though the sun may withdraw his rays, intelligent men of the nineteenth century know that it shines just the same; that if night does come, it is because of the revolution of the earth upon its axis. Though the thunder-storm cracks in the firmament with its fury, they know that it is not the voice of an offended Deity, but only the combat of the elements. Though the earthquake smashes its lips, and cities are swallowed up, they know it is not the wrath of an offended God, but simply the results of known natural laws. All this science, and not religion, has developed; it has been the result of the gradual advance of men's intelligence from superstition; it has produced the effect of superseding the passion of fear, and giving to men more confidence in themselves. Therefore, men walk boldly forth; the sea is clouded with the messengers of different nations, and the mighty, tremendous power of steam carries from continent to continent the tidings of the world. Therefore, men are not so religious as they were. The different classes of religion which have sprung up in different nations, and are adapted, each nation to the condition by which it is surrounded, arise from the circumstances which control these nations. For instance, the aborigines of your own country worshipped the thunder-storm, the lightning-flash, the tornado, and the sunshine, all as being subservient to the voice of the Great Spirit—the Father whom they recognized. And, when it thundered, the Great Spirit was angry; the lightning was the gleam of his eye, and the sunshine was his smile. And every tree and every flower spoke wondrous tales of music to the savage ear. That was religion, truly; for though the savage feared it was not there, but the power or intelligence which created them; and the hope of life beyond the grave also lent enchantment to the savage mind. Though intellect was not there, nor science, with her regal power, to claim them as their own, true religion sat enthroned upon the savage brow, and they recognized, in their worship and in their devotion to the Great Spirit, some power which could conquer death, and time, and all the elements, and bear them safely to their new hunting-grounds in the spirit-land. This was the religion of the savage.

Of the various religions of Egypt, and the Mahometan countries, it is useless to speak, except as illustrations. All who have read and known of them, understand the power which religious zeal exercised over men, and the entire subservience of reason, of intellect, and affection, to the passion of religion. The Hindoo mother tears her babe from her breast, and plunges it into the Ganges, there to be devoured or drowned—conquering affection, conquering the impulse of nature, which is to preserve her child, and conquering everything but religious fervor. That is the most acceptable offering to the God she worships; that, and that alone, will insure it a safe passage into the land of the blessed. That, and that alone, will cause her to be recognized as among the favored ones; and the sacrifice must be made, though it breaks her heart. She fears the wrath of an offended God, or Deity; she fears that her child will not be saved—that it will not be smiled upon by the gods—that some calamity will overtake it if she allows it to live. Fear causes her to kneel on a sward laid at its own shrine. The Egyptians, instead of deifying the sun, and the elements, fashioned gods of wood, stone, and other inanimate substances; and these forms are made to represent the various passions of the human mind. Fear, love, and hatred, and charity, and benevolence, and all the passions, are arrayed in their proper places. Their traditions, their bibbles, will tell you the names and qualities of each of these idols, and before them they perform the mummery of worship with mock humility, bow down and utter prayers, and endow souls with life, with sense, with intelligence, and with passions, until a living, moving thing is made out of it. The fire and the water are represented there, and they believe most implicitly that the gods which they have fashioned with their own hands are endowed with power over the elements. This arises from the necessity of having something material to worship. They are not satisfied alone with ideas of God, with the representation of Deity in the elements, but it must come in the form of matter—they must see, and feel, and know that the God is there.

Again, when Christ, the promised Saviour of the Jews, came on earth, a new order of things was introduced; for, though the Jews recognized the one God, an invisible, perfect being, who dwelt far off in the heavens, they still had idols—they still had altars and shrines dedicated to their worship. And when the Christian religion, say that the Saviour, or Messiah, was truly God—that God the Father lived after and reigned supreme, and Christ his only son, was sent to save the world—the Egyptians and the Jews who were simply the professed portion of the Egyptians, those who had advanced in intelligence and in religion refused to recognize his claim, and said, "We have no other God but Jehovah, whose name we fear to pronounce." And to this day the Jews do not recognize Jesus, but hold to the promises of the ancient seers, and prophets of Moses and his followers, that they shall be taken to the New Jerusalem. To this day they believe that Jerusalem will be restored, and that the Father will send, in absolute form, a King, a Saviour, a Messiah, to rule and direct them. Their religion is permanent and steadfast; and not even the advance of civilization, of science and art, can make them recognize or acknowledge that the scientific problems, or the lack of science, revealed in the Old Testament, is not true. Therefore, you will perceive the effect of religion upon their minds. Though they possess numbers and influence in the civilized world and in Christian countries, they hold a large share of the commercial intelligence, comprising as they do some of the greatest commercial houses in your own and European cities, yet they still will not acknowledge the Christian God nor the Christian Saviour. Their religion is as sacred from the innovation of the Christians as the walls of that city which they hope to build—the New Jerusalem. This will illustrate the power of religion upon the human mind—of hereditary religion—for it has been handed down and successfully maintained in all generations, from the time of Moses to the present age. The Christian religion, which is, left alone, an improvement upon heathenism, has its origin in the same qualities of mind. Its effects are precisely the same, viewed in connection with our progress in intelligence, as were the effects of the religions of the Hindoos and Egyptians with them; for, though the Christians do not build idols of wood and stone—for their God is not the sun, or moon, or stars—though they do not reverence the god of the sea, they yet build idols of creeds; they still make their God embody every passion of the human mind, and make him as capricious as the gods of the Hindoos. They make him subservient to the lowest and most debased passions of the mind, and worship him mostly through fear; for, though God is said to be immutable, unchanging and unchangeable, though his Son is said to be seated at his right hand, though the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, is the great trinity power that rules, and governs, and controls the universe, yet neither ecclesiastical institutions nor ecclesiastical societies can fathom any other principle from which men worship Deity, than that of fear. Let us see. The Christian religion says, you must believe in Christ Jesus; you must believe that he was the only begotten son—that he came, and lived, and died—especially dyed—so save the world, to atone for the sins of the world, to appease the wrath of an offended Deity for a sinful world, and the vicarious atonement is made the greatest and holiest virtue in the Christian character. Why do men acknowledge this? Because of their fear. What? The wrath of the Most High! The fate which orthodox, the strictest Christianity, pictures for those who do not believe, is their eternal and irretrievable loss; and they fear suffering, pain, and torture, and fire, if they do not believe it. Now it is very easy to be a Christian when men are compelled to be. It is very easy to be a Christian through compulsion—to say they love God and love their neighbor, and will not lie, and will not steal, and will not murder, and will not commit any of the crimes which are forbidden in the whole catalogue of commandments; because, if they do, they will be damned. Now we would like to know in what religion has its origin in

not in the passion of fear. It is like a child who has been pampered and petted with sweetmeats, and candies, and sugar-plums, and everything it desires, to cause it to be good; and if it is not good with all of those sweetmeats, or toys and playthings, and everything it desires, then it will get a whipping. It is very easy for men to be good, when around in the universe is everything which they desire; and if they are not they will be eternally punished for it. It is very easy to subscribe to such a faith—it is very easy to profess to be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus—to acknowledge the power and sovereignty of the Most High—to believe that Christ's blood washed away all the sins, and that those who are taken into the sanctuary of the church are free forever from their responsibility. It is very comfortable to recognize any power which can take away from individuals the responsibility of their own acts by simply professing to be religious.

Now all church organizations, all creeds, are founded in a greater or less degree upon the passion of fear. Fear has its origin in selfishness. Selfishness is the basis of all religion. Not a person in modern society, Christian society, joins the church, subscribes to the Christian faith, without some selfish motive in view. Contrary to the example of the meek and lowly Jesus whom they profess to follow, who sacrificed self and time and life and comfort, to the fulfillment of what he conceived to be true; who suffered and died an ignominious death in consequence of the theories which he proclaimed and practiced, which he followed; who chose, from the lowest and vilest which then existed, his usual associates, and by instructions of living wisdom drew them up gradually to the standard of moral excellence. Contrary to this, men join the church to be respectable, join the most respectable church-subscribe to the most respectable creed, take the most respectable pew they can find, live in the most respectable manner, and therefore they are Christians. If there are any sincere religionists in Christendom, it is so because men fear—either they are fearing their God, or worshipping Mammon. Nevertheless, religion is a necessity. Of its effects we now propose to speak, as we have done partially. As we said before, it is a necessity because all men must worship something, as none are capable of comprehending the whole of the universe and its plan. What then are the effects of religion? We will present the worst side first. There never has been a revolution, a bloody contest, a dethronement, a revolutionary struggle, an abandonment in countries of thrones, downfalls of monarchs and uplifting of other monarchs, without religion as its basis. For their religion they will fight to the last—will go to war; for Christianity's sake they will invade the sacred sanctuary of hearths and homes; for the sake of advancing Christian civilization they will make an invasion in Japan or in China; for the sake of religion men will war with each other. The Romish church will battle with the heathen nations, the Christian Protestant church will battle with the Christian Romish, and both with Christ as their leader, and the cross as their salvation, will kill and murder and slaughter each other for the sake of their religion. All the revolutions of France and England, and even those memorable ones in America, were for the sake of religion. Freedom of worship was the cry of those who first landed upon Plymouth Rock. That could not be understood in old monarchical England; therefore the battle cry was raised, and it was whether we shall or shall not worship the same God freely through the same power of Christ, by the same merit of his blood—whether we shall or shall not believe such and such things, that it was that caused the battles. Through seas of human gore, civilization and republicanism have advanced; the Protestant religion has raised its banner—has achieved the excellence of wisdom in worship. Homes have been devastated, millions upon millions of human beings have been slaughtered, but it makes no difference—religion was the cause.

To the name God the French Emperor, who is battling for liberty, and the Austrian Prince, who is battling for his rights, pray for sustenance and protection. To the same cross they go for their soul's salvation. To the same power which rules and controls, they apply for encouragement and victory; and one or the other, or both, must be disappointed. Probably both. England, who is Christian, and the Hindoo, who is not, pray to their respective deities to encourage them; England, in her invasions, for their Christianization and civilization, and India and China, to sustain and preserve their own sacred rights. America, young and scarcely fledged, heard the war-cry of old England, its mother, and with unfledged pinions started forth to sweep the air, flying and appealing to the same God to whom Protestant England appealed, to come out victorious. America has been victorious; not by merit of its religion, but its valor, its republicanism, its truth. In America, every city, and especially your own, contains sanctuaries innumerable, dedicated to the worship of the same God. Some are Jews, some are Romans, some are Christians, in all the Protestant forms of Christianity, yet all are worshipping the same God, all profess to acknowledge some great and controlling power. And the Romish, and the various sects of the Protestant churches, acknowledge the same Christ, the same Saviour, but still are at sword's points upon matters of religion; all will fight to the last for their creeds, not as Mahometans do, in their various sects, as to whether they shall commence baptism at their fingers' ends or at the elbow, but upon subjects equally unimportant and absurd. Notwithstanding this, which is the worst side of the picture, religion does, in all its great results, preserve goodness, cultivate, and render truth more perfect; cause aspiration to be great, high, good, and wise. Though its origin is strictly in the passion of fear, and though selfishness is its basis, the Christian religion has this advantage over the heathen religion, that the passion of fear is not for the physical, that it is not because they fear the elements, but it belongs to the mind, and therefore it is superior—superior only because intelligence has advanced. Again, it is not because you fear so much for your soul's salvation, as you do for the general purpose of your being. Therefore, the passion of fear is modified; selfishness grows less prominent, less apparent, in the Christian religion. You wear the semblance of life, and kindness and simplicity. Society wears the cloak of beauty, and order, and harmony. Christian governments have the standard of truth, justice and mercy. Christian churches have the name of being free, and good and generous. This is not without its effect upon the mind, even though it did not exist there in principle. Fix a standard high, and even if you do not attain the mark, it is better than a lower mark. Striving to attain it is better than confining yourself to a lower mark. Therefore, the Christian religion has this ennobling effect—it leads men's selfishness away from themselves; it fixes their love, although love is a selfish passion in itself, upon some higher object, and societies, and families and churches, are made to be religious, not for themselves alone, but for others. Now in all this there is a great and wondrous beauty. It is far better for a man to fear for his brother than for himself. It is far better for you to love and reverence another than to exclusively render yourself subservient to your own passions; it is better for a man to be interested in another's behalf, for the cultivation of his own higher powers, than to say, "I alone must follow out my instincts first, and afterwards this shall be thought of." No, religion is the crowning faculty of the mind—it is most perfect and divine. But when debased, as it is debased by every low and grovelling faculty, it is made the lowest and the darkest.

As the night-time seems dark, and in contrast with the noon-day, and as the same sun always shines, but the face of the earth is turned every day, so the soul, when religion beams upon it, grows more radiant and bright; and, when its light is removed, it is dark. Cultivate religion; the highest is the best. The necessity of worship is felt by all who live. If you worship at all, worship that which is the highest. If it is truth, let your standard be the highest; if it is love, let it be the most ennobling; if it is Jesus, the Christ, who is your Saviour, let your footsteps and example and practices be in accordance with what you profess. If you cannot be Christians, you cannot be true to your own selves, unless you do follow, or endeavor to, as fully as may be, the highest conceptions of religion which you have. I care not how great may be your standard of intellect, how brilliant your logic, how consecutive your science, how perfect the arrangement of your philosophy, and the position you may hold in society; I care not how your name may be honored—if you are the brightest star in the galaxy of science, or art, or religion—something to love, something to reverence, something which you conceive to be better than yourself, is absolutely essential to the highest perfection of man. No man who is purely selfish, who conceives his mind to be the greatest mind, his intellect the greatest intellect, his thought the perfect thought, his power the most perfect power, can ever be a useful member in society, an affectionate member of a family, husband, friend or father; but he who combines intellectual power with the beauty and the chastity and perfectness of religion; who makes the highest standard of life, thought, truth; who makes the object of his worship, undying and constant love; whose life is devoted to justice, to benevolence, to charity—he is religious, though he belongs to no church, and though his name is not enrolled upon the catalogue of those who shall be saved. He who is truly religious, whose soul beams forth in every act and deed, who consecrates his every-day life to the doing of good deeds and thinking pure thoughts; he who follows the highest stand-

ards of excellence, whether they are found in the lowest or the highest place; who consecrates his family altar, his bedside, his hearthstone, his place of business, the street, to good and perfect deeds and thoughts—he is a man of piety and religion. He who elevates the greatest and highest mind, whether they be found in the catalogue of divine or Christian philosophy; who, in the highest standard of his perfection, makes the highest standard of his excellence; who makes of Jesus an example, instead of professing to venerate him and putting upon his shoulders the vicarious atonement and responsibility of his case; he who is responsible for every act, and will do nothing he is not responsible for, and makes his every-day life correspond to his professions—he is religious.

Let religion sit enthroned upon the brow; for while it is not the brow itself, it adds to it beauty and splendor and power. Let religion not run away with reason; but let religion and reason go hand in hand up the steep of time and eternity; religion crowning, beautifying and perfecting intellect; intellect guiding or controlling and being subservient to the splendor of religion. Let religion be the handmaid of the mind, far above all that is low and debasing, exalting men to the true and the perfect. This is our conception of religion.

AGRICULTURAL.

BY PROF. JAS. J. MAPES, EDITOR OF THE WORKING FARMER.

Value of Wood Ashes.

England owes much of her fertility to her importation of American bones, and the pot and pearl-ashes from this country under her manufacturers, and eventually finding their way into her soil. While the wheat crops of Western New York, and elsewhere, have been gradually decreasing, those of England have been regularly advanced.

Potash, the chief constituent of wood-ashes, is a necessary element for most plants, not only as direct food, but as an agent for rendering the soil more porous, and the soil, capable of being absorbed and appropriated in place. While the forests of America are being cut down, and burnt into ashes, and these ashes are being worked into pot and pearl-ashes, the soils producing them at the same time being denuded forever of just this amount of potash. If this were the direct relation of the soil to the removal of potash, these soils, it would be but a question of time, and that of a short time, to renew the fertility; but it is not so. The potash found in the ashes of a tree when burnt, represents a hundred times its quantity as it exists within the particles of soil where that tree grew. The portion assimilated in the tree is the more progressed portion, or the which, having been in plant life occasionally, through all time, is progressed so as to be capable of forming part of the tree; and if that tree were burnt in place, or decayed in place, would furnish its potash back to the soil capable of entering a higher class of life than that of the tree itself. All the potash which enters the soil from the field, and other rocks, these particles, disseminated through all soils, first yielded up portions of their potash to the lichens and mosses, and lower class of plants. These, by decay, furnished it in a progressed form to higher plants, and then turned it still higher, and so on until it reached the soil to grow, which they could not do in the absence of potash. The farmer, therefore, should never sell his wood-ashes; they are worth more to him than he can procure for them from the soap-boiler. We have known farmers to pay four dollars a cord for ashes, and sell their wood-ashes at twenty-five cents, or less, per bushel, having purchased at fifty cents a bushel, and used the ashes properly, they would have been gainers; for, in many instances, the very soils to which they applied the stable manure would grow oats, which would lodge and be blown away, if the soil had contained the potash which the wood-ashes, such as exists in wood-ashes, it would have been given a coating to the oat straw which would have rendered it strong enough to hold the grain, and not to lodge. The quantity required by soil is very large, but at all times larger than the farmer can supply from the stove and fire-places of his house; at least larger quantities than he can supply may be used with increased profit, at a cost of fifty cents per bushel. This remark applies to unleached, and not to leached ashes. There are districts of country, of course, where the amount of potash in the soil is so small, and where the demand for potash will render the sales of ashes profitable for their individual owner; but, for the country at large, it would pay to compensate him to return them to his soil, unless it be intended to be consumed at home in the arts, and thus find their way back to the surface of some American soil. The buyers of ashes for the soap-boilers of Newark may be seen making purchases at almost every farm gate in Essex County, New Jersey. These very farmers are suffering in their soils for want of potash.

Although ashes are valuable to the soil, not only for the potash they contain, but for the progressed alkalies, phosphates, and iron, and other elements which they develop by compost, still they should be applied to the soil in some other form than through the compost heap, where barnyard manure is its chief ingredient. If large quantities of manure, river-mud, or other inert inorganic matter exist in compost, then ashes may form part of it; for where the manure and portions are separated from the manure by the decomposing power of the potash, they may be absorbed and retained by the manure; but with pure stable manure, which contains but a small portion of more matter, an admixture of ashes will disperse the ammonia into the atmosphere before the compost reaches the soil. Ashes may be strewn broadcast over soils, and, to secure their greater diffusion, may previously be mixed with soil, manure, or other divisor, and as they are not volatile they will gradually find their way through the soil, coming in contact with such materials as require their aid. The power, and the result, at the same time, potash to the roots of growing plants.

Leached ashes, such as are used by Long Island farmers, and purchased from the Western asheries, are not so valuable as is usually supposed. If the soap-boiler or potash-maker understands his business, the leached ashes contain little or no potash. Their great value is due to the small portion of phosphate of lime they contain, certainly not equal to one cent per bushel. Superphosphates sometimes contain lime and other constituents used to render the potash caustic at the time of its lyeification, and these in some soils have a decided, but not great, benefit, enabling the farmer to pay ten cents per bushel at Albany for leached ashes, and find them as good as Long Island before using them. One bushel of unleached ashes, to which is added one pound of calcined bone dissolved in sulphuric acid, has more real value than twenty bushels of unleached ashes, for any soil.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. D. P. YARMOUTH, CANADA WEST.—We decline printing your poem. The sentiment does not suit us.

N. R. ST. JOHNSTOWN, VT.—We should be pleased to print the lines—"An Angel Daughter"—did they possess sufficient literary merit to warrant it.

J. S. T. FAIRHAVEN, CT.—Not suitable to print.

"ENQUIRER."—There is a letter at our office from L. R. S. for you.

DUNDEE, ILL.—Our friend who writes for the "Working Farmer," has not signed his name

Dr. E. L. Lxon may be addressed at Lowell until further notice.

Mrs EMMA Housron, trance-speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture Sundays, or week evenings. Address at Fountain House, Boston.

